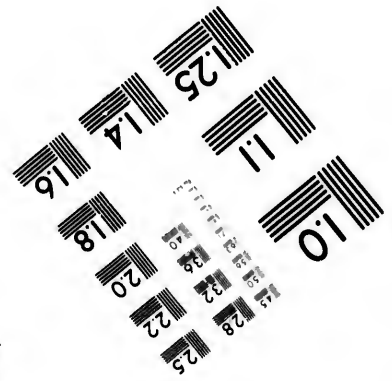
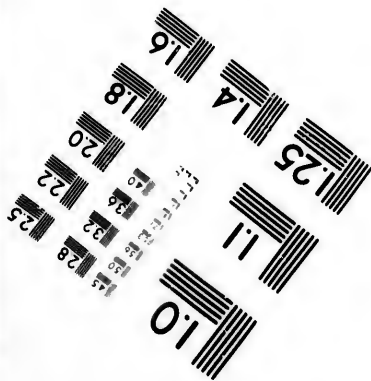
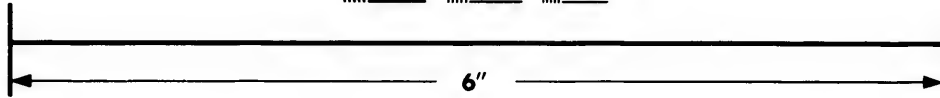
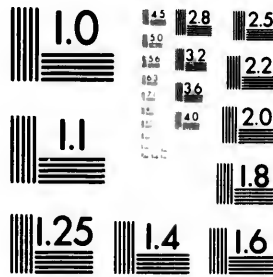


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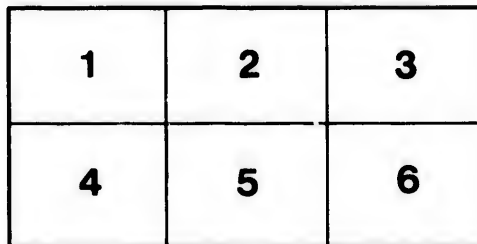
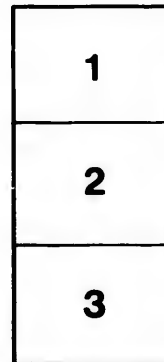
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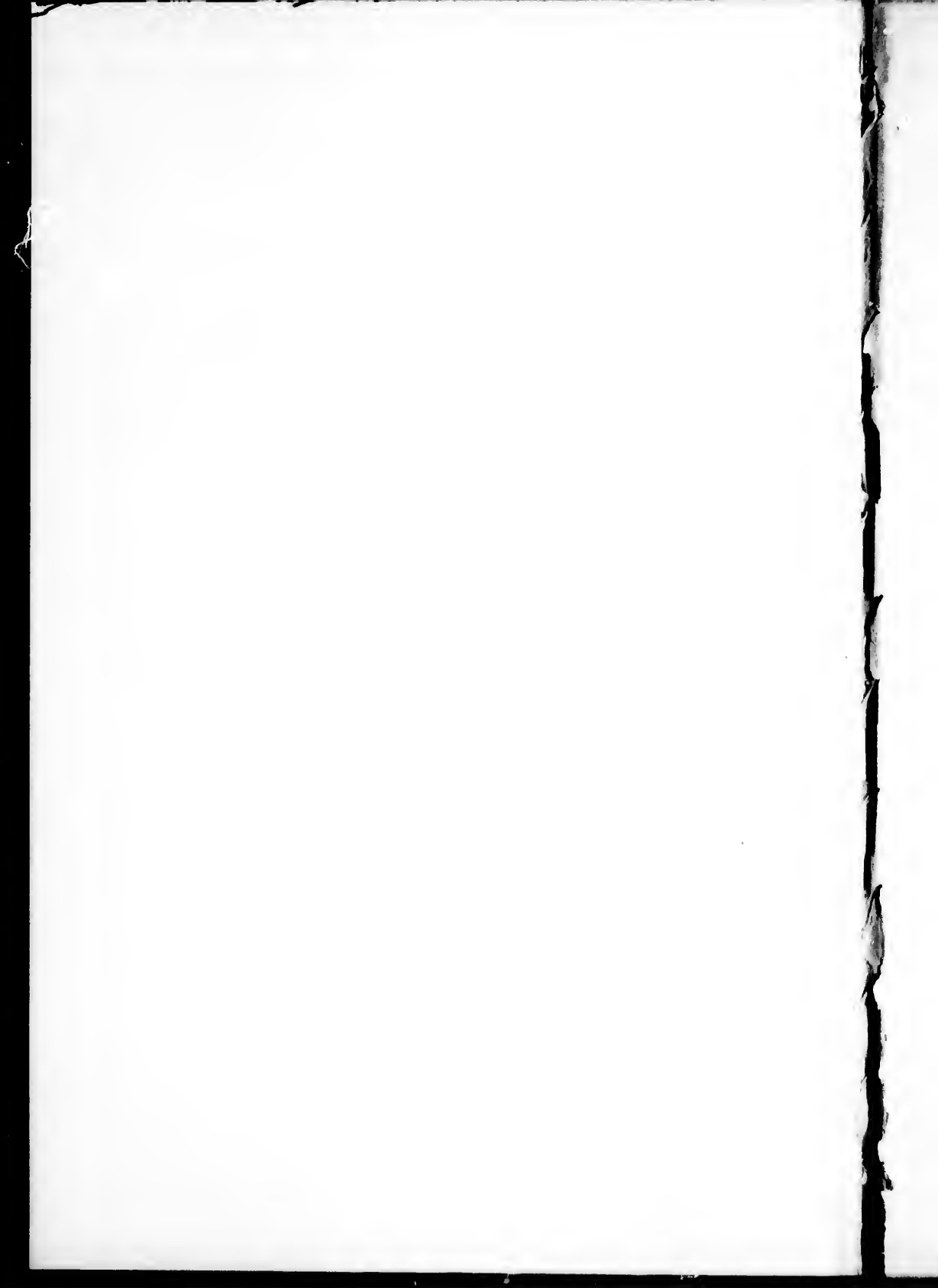
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and he leaned heavily against the hermit, with his face upturned to the snow-clouded sky; and it so happened that the hermit's beard brushed his chin and the weather-beaten cheek lay for an instant against his own.

"Faintin', hey," said Scott. "You'll have a spell of sickness."

"Not at all. I was just thinking of Linda's last words. They are a good motto as well as a prayer: 'That we may meet again.' Good-night, Scott, and good-by. As usual, you are right. The old life shall not out for the new."

He went off briskly down the road.

TO BE CONTINUED.

ANTIGONISH.

"CHANGE cars here for Antigonish and the Straits of Canso!" So sings the veteran conductor of the Intercolonial Railway train between Halifax and Pictou, as the morning express rushes up to the bustling station at New Glasgow. The train pauses to allow those of its passengers to whom the above intimation has reference to collect their ideas and their impedimenta, and dismount to wait twenty minutes in the draughtiest of waiting-rooms until the carriages of the Halifax and Cape Breton Railway come into view. New Glasgow is not a charming place in which to while away even twenty minutes; but if you come from Pictou or from Prince Edward Island you must perforce spend six dreary hours here and are likely to fall into uncomfortable musings.

A few yards from the station an iron bridge spans the small river on which the town is built; on the other side of this river is a narrow track, where, at all hours of the day and night, a small, grimy locomotive, fairly draped in soot, crawls laboriously backwards and forwards, dragging equally sombre coal-carts. This is said to be the oldest railway in America. Tradition tells that two Highlanders, who had never before seen that triumph of modern mechanism, the locomotive, were once terribly frightened by this coal-train. They were walking along the road towards New Glasgow when suddenly, with a hoarse roar followed by a series of short puffs, this black monster appeared to come out of the earth, and crawled slowly along in a groove between two banks of ashes, dragging a long line of "coal-hoppers." "*Seall! seall! Dondill, seall, tiodhlacadh an Diobhail!*" cried Sandy, which

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being interpreted means, "See! see! Donald, see the devil's funeral!"

Besides its great coal-mines New Glasgow boasts of many other thriving industries, such as glass-works, steel-works, etc. A short distance from the town, across the line of route of the "devil's funeral," is the Catholic church, and beside it a beautiful convent and schools, telling of the presence of the good Sisters of Charity, who here do a noble work among the children of the miners. The church is spacious and handsome, the style of architecture resembling that of the more modern Anglican churches.

New Glasgow contains probably the "oldest inhabitant" of the globe. Some years ago a miner, in detaching coal from a piece of stone in which it was embedded, broke the stone with his pick-axe. To his amazement out hopped two live toads. The stone was hollow and contained a little water, and, as the reptiles had neither mouths nor eyes, it would appear that they had lived by absorbing the water through the pores of their skin. One died on its exposure to the air and light; the other lived for some time, and then, as befitted the scion of such an old family, ended its days after the manner of the Duke of Clarence, and, still preserved in spirits of wine, gives evidence that thousands of years ago toads looked very much the same as do the toads of this Darwinian century.

While we were meditating on all the history of all the ages that might have been divulged had one of these toads developed a woman's tongue, the Halifax and Cape Breton Railway conductor shouts, "All aboard!" and off we go to the unknown regions of eastern Nova Scotia, ensconced in one of the cosiest carriages possible. The railway enters Antigonish County from Pictou County by the Marshy Hope Valley, running along the base of Beaver Mountain on the south and skirting the southern extremity of Brown's Mountain on the north. It emerges from Marshy Hope Valley and passes by Beaver Meadow on to James' River, coming in view of a mountain called the Keppoch. This mountain extends far back into the country, and upon it are one or two villages and churches or "stations." After a while we leave the Keppoch behind and come out into a more smiling landscape, where the fertile intervalles wave their golden grain, and angry little torrents rush noisily along, clamoring in their eager escape from their mountain fastnesses. Here and there are wonderful white hills, with a light tracery of hard-wood throwing their chalky cliffs into relief. Nearing Antigonish, we

ANTIGONISH
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see the grand outlines of the Sugar Loaf, and Brown's Mountain gleaming russet and gold in the autumn sunlight, and towering over the sister hills: that with them keep watch and ward over this "city of the vale." Antigonish, the capital of the county of that name, is as pretty a little town as one would wish to see. From New Glasgow the grimy to Antigonish the fair and comely is a sudden and pleasing transition. The latter is one of those places that are always clean and neat and orderly. Yet there is one reminiscence that makes me pause. It is sometimes muddy. But the mud is well-regulated mud: it seems to stick to the streets and has no foolish ambition leading it to adhere to garments, and shoes, and door-mats, and floors, as does the mud of Halifax. One has a feeling that when Antigonish has sidewalks they will be well-behaved sidewalks, and not tip up nor tilt down, but run along smoothly and look fresh and new for ages. Without wishing to belittle the green pastures of the highlands of Nova Scotia, after the manner of Mr. Warner, I may say that comparatively few people have much idea of Antigonish or of its eastern boundaries. They might not rush madly across maritime Canada if sent to look for Baddeck, but until the last few years this charming route for tourists was almost unknown; and, as the Boston traveller says in conceited wonderment, when speaking of the aurora seen in his midnight drive to Port Mulgrave, "these splendors burn and this panorama passes night after night down at the end of Nova Scotia, and all for the stage-driver dozing on his box from Antigonish to the strait!" Then the beautiful Bras-d'Or, and historic Louisburg, and other charming spots in Cape Breton had not become fashionable, and Antigonish itself, only accessible by post-roads or schooners, had not taken her just place among the towns of Canada.

The population of Antigonish is about two thousand; of these almost all are of Scotch descent, and the large majority are Catholics—for it is a cathedral town and the home of the bishop of Arichat. The cathedral of Antigonish is generally admitted to be the finest ecclesiastical building in the maritime provinces, second only to the far-famed cathedral of St. John's, Newfoundland. It is in the Roman style of architecture, and is built of blue limestone and brick; it is one hundred and seventy feet long by seventy feet wide. The arched roof is supported by Corinthian columns, its white and gold relieved by light touches of color. The chancel and numerous lancet windows are very fine; indeed, everything about this cathedral of St. Ninian is on a grand scale and solid as well as beautiful. On the façade over

the main entrance is graven the Gaelic *Tighe Dhe* (the House of God); and the house is worthy of its dedication.

St. Ninian was chosen as the titular saint of Antigonish by Bishop Plessis in 1812. This prelate, according to his own showing, was very particular in looking up Scotch saints for his children in Nova Scotia. St. Ninian was the apostle of the southern Picts; he was the son of a prince of the Cambrian Britons, and went to Rome in early boyhood. After many years spent in the holy city he returned home to teach his countrymen. He built a church at Whittern, now in Galloway, which church he dedicated to St. Martin, whom he had learned to love in France. There he reigned as bishop, and from there he converted the Cumbrians and the southern Picts. He died on the 16th of September, 432. In September, 1874, fourteen hundred and forty-two years after his death, this stately cathedral of the New World was consecrated and dedicated to his holy memory.

Beside the massive and beautiful cathedral stands St. Francis Xavier's College, a flourishing institution, taught by secular priests of the diocese. Across the road is St. Bernard's Convent, one of the most beautiful houses among the many missions of the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame. Up on the hill overlooking these religious institutions towers the palace of the bishop of Arichat. From its windows the view is beautiful, and the little town is seen in its best aspect. Here the saintly prelate lives whose wisdom, learning, and prudence have made him famous—the good and gentle Bishop of Arichat. From here he rules his immense diocese, containing nearly sixty priests, spending his leisure moments in literary pursuits. The Gaelic catechism just issued for the use of the diocese is from the pen of Bishop Cameron.

Little places, like little people, are apt to think too much of themselves. And such is the case with this little country town. The name Antigonish signifies in the Mic-mac language *River of Big Fish*, and the metaphor may be applied to the towns-people, who in their own estimation are very big fish indeed. Their several callings are designated by the definite article: there is *the* judge, *the* doctor, *the* professor, *the* banker, and, acme of provincial greatness, *the* speaker; for the legal gentleman who bears the proud title of Speaker of the Nova Scotia Parliament resides in Antigonish.* Here law and medicine run riot, as is the fashion in Canada, and almost every window shows a "shingle" or a pestle

* Indeed, the place itself is called *the* town, to distinguish it from Halifax, which is *the* city.

and mortar. The shops are good, both as regards their architectural merits and the quantity and style of their contents. Lines of importation get a little mixed sometimes. For instance, I bought a "high art" copy of *Blue Beard* at a druggist's! There is the usual book-store and fancy emporium—the rendezvous for mild gossip, where, if one loiters long enough, one may gauge the intellectual and artistic tastes of the place. Lawn-tennis is much in vogue in Antigonish, and a love of flowers seems general; the fair white houses rise up in the midst of blooming gardens, and the tennis and croquet lawns are shaded by venerable and cool-looking willow-trees, of the kind used by Rhoda Broughton as reading-retreats for her hoydenish heroines.

A lovely little river runs through the town, and is spanned by one or two graceful bridges, which must be crossed to gain the most important spot of this town of *thes*, the railway station. Here twice a day is a scene of hurry and bustle and local importance—a very Babel of English, Gaelic, and French. "How are you?" and "How's yourself?" "Ciamar a tha sibh?" and "Ciamar a tha sibh-fein?" and "Comment ça va-t-il?" etc., fill the air. There one sees all the celebrities and most of the oddities. We were fortunate enough to travel with no less a person than an acquitted murderer. I use the term advisedly; he was certainly acquitted, but public opinion held him as certainly to be a party to the murder. Driving towards the station, we saw the poor wretch washing his hands in the bright ripples of the "Big Fish" River, and possibly echoing the somewhat profane adjurations of that strong-minded Highland heroine, Lady Macbeth. Our other fellow-passengers were a poor woman, very sick and weak, who had travelled home from the far, far West; a comely dame from Bayfield, which is the seaport of Antigonish, and distant about nine miles. Another and more frisky matron, on her way to Sydney, discoursed loudly about the gayeties of Halifax, in which she had been participating; while a pale and serious clergyman, seated opposite, read his breviary in happy disregard of the latest gossip concerning Prince George or the comparative merits of the balls given by the general and the admiral. Behind this priest was a party of French people—three girls just returning from Boston, who had acquired the Bostonian accent and added it to their somewhat slender knowledge of English; the effect was funny, and became funnier when they recognized in a stout Acadian, returning from shopping at Antigonish, an old neighbor who had not acquired "style." As the train passes through South River district the view is most beau-

tiful. Cliffs of gypsum edge the shore, and lovely islets, all of gypsum, dot the water, with here and there ferns and vines, and little trees bending into the waves, forming a very fair landscape.

Heatherton was our destination—a tiny village with a most exquisite church all white and gold and inlaid wood, a gem of delicate and refined taste. The country round Heatherton is very rich and fertile, and settled by prosperous farmers, for the most part Chisholms from Strathglass, in Scotland—men of a clan that, unlike the dwellers in Antigonish, disapprove of a lavish use of the word *the*; in fact, according to the judgment of clan Chisholm, the definite article is applicable only to four personages: the pope, the queen, the Chisholm, and the devil! Attached to the parish of Heatherton is the Indian church of Summerside, where some of the descendants of the once mighty Souriquois meet several times a year for the exercises of that religion to which they have been so faithful. There are quite a number of Indian missions in the diocese, in some of which the red man seems to have retained his primeval simplicity. A good story is told of a surveyor in this country who, many years ago, was appointed to lay out some land at a place called Afton. He ran his lines, and ordered an Indian who was with him to drive stakes at given points. The Indian, maintaining that the stake was not in the right place but encroached on the Indian reserve, wished to drive it further back. The surveyor allowed him to proceed as best it pleased him; but what was the Indian's horror, as he commenced driving the stake, to hear coming out of the innocent-looking piece of wood the words, "Devil here." At every stroke, back, clear and distinct, came the words, "Devil here"! And all along the more distant line, try where he would, his hammer elicited the same awful refrain. The trembling red man came back to the surveyor and reported what he had heard. The surveyor gravely accepted the fact, and suggested that he should try placing the stakes on the correct line. The Indian did so; they were hammered in without further trouble, and the Indians were *quite* convinced that they were the trespassers. The surveyor, it is scarcely necessary to say, was an expert ventriloquist.

In this neighborhood they raise an immense number of cattle for the Newfoundland markets. Within a circle of eight miles are the thriving parishes of Pomquet (from Pogumkek, an Indian name), a place chiefly settled by Acadians; and St. Andrews, the home of Father John MacDonell, a fine old Highlander, who has never preached an English sermon in his life.

Leaving Heatherton, the train calls at Bayfield, the seaport of Antigonish.* A little further on than Bayfield is Tracadie, another Acadian settlement on the shore. Tracadie, commercially, is chiefly celebrated for its oysters; religiously, for the monastery of Petit Clairvaux. In a valley about two miles from the railway station live a large and flourishing community of Trappist monks, who work and pray, and are proprietors of a valuable and flourishing farm. There are forty-two in the community, governed by a mitred abbot, from whom we received the kindest hospitality. About half a mile from the monastery stands what appears to be a rookery of old and tottering buildings, innocent of paint and gray with age. It is not inaptly named (if we may say so without irreverence) the Convent of the Seven Dolours. Within its humble walls nine poor old women represent a community in its death-agony. Originally Trappistine nuns, founded by Father Vincent, a Trappist of holy memory, they did a good work in the neighborhood; but the first sisters died, and those who replaced them were ignorant of even the rudiments of learning, unable to read or to write, and without the knowledge of order and routine necessary for the conduct of a religious house. So matters went on from bad to worse, until the bishop of the diocese forbade their receiving any postulants; and the poor old ladies live on in piety and simplicity, waiting for the summons that will give to these humblest of God's servants an exceeding great reward. To describe the Trappist monastery and convent would take too much space; yet they are most interesting, the convent especially so. Tracadie has quite a large colored population, descendants of fugitive slaves who came to the country in 1814. They are nearly all Protestants.

The next place of interest is Havre-Boucher, so called from the circumstance of a Quebec captain being obliged to winter there in 1759, on account of the ice having formed too quickly to allow him egress. This pretty French village guards the entrance to the Strait of Canso, the bright waters of Bay St. George laving one of its shores, the swift tide of the strait flowing past the other.

The people go in for both fishing and farming. Here we were entertained by one of the most hospitable and popular clergymen of the Dominion—the Rev. Hubert Girroir. His piety and zeal were great, and his love for his race and their history knew no bounds. Death has since stilled the warm heart

* There is not sufficient depth of water in Antigonish harbors to allow of ships loading there.

and closed the bright eyes of this fine old man, but his good deeds outlive him, and his name will long be cherished in the hearts of the Acadian people.

Few who have not travelled in the Highlands of Nova Scotia have any idea of the large Celtic population scattered over the country from prosaic Pictou to romantic Louisburg. Antigonish County alone has a population of eighteen thousand and sixty; of these fifteen thousand three hundred and thirty-six are Catholics. Some of these people are the descendants of emigrants, others are descended from the soldiers of the Highland regiments that were disbanded. With but scant aid from the government these gallant and indomitable men threw themselves into the work of clearing the forests and tilling the soil; most of them soldiers, accustomed to the desultory manner of camp-life, or fishermen whose daily occupation had been to cast their lines in the misty lochs of Inverness-shire or hunt for seals in the northern waters of the Minch, it is wonderful how they succeeded in the new rôle of hard-working farmers. They who were contemptuously turned from their crafts to make room for the Lowland sheep-tenders gave themselves heartily to the new avocation of agriculturists, and adhered to it with the tenacity of their race. To-day their descendants are possessors of "cattle upon a thousand hills," and have become a power in the land of their adoption.

Pictou town, a pretty enough place when seen at a distance, has a very neat little Gothic church and a large and flourishing convent taught by the Sisters of the Congregation of Notre Dame. The popular parish priest of Pictou is the brother of the last incumbent, Father Ronald MacDonald, now bishop of Harbor Grace, Newfoundland. This prelate, during his ministry at Pictou, built both church and convent, erecting the latter at his own expense. From Pictou to the boundaries of Antigonish County the shore, called the "Gulf Shore," is lined with Highland Catholic parishes—Merigomish, Lismore, Malignant Brook, and other names of mixed origin. Malignant Brook, though a name calculated to inspire awe, is a harmless place enough, and acquired its forbidding cognomen from its being the scene of wreck of a ship of war called the *Malignant*. It is either in connection with Malignant Cove or Lismore that there is a good story of Indian generosity and taste. The worthy pastor received one morning a visit from a Mic-mac, who brought him as a present a fine moose. After thanking the generous donor the good father said: "But how shall I cook

it?" The Indian made answer: "First roast him, then boil him," and turned to leave the room; but, struck by a forgotten item in the recipe, he came back, and, putting his head round the door, remarked: "More better put a piece of candle with him, father—make him more richer!"

Arisaig, the northern parish of Antigonish County, with its districts of Knoydart and Moidart, was the pioneer settlement, and around its history is a halo of unwritten deeds of bravery, loyalty, and faith. To quote from a sermon preached by the Right Rev. Bishop of Harbor Grace when he was "Father Ronald" of Pictou:

"In 1787 the first Catholic Highlander, the pioneer of faith, took up his solitary abode in the bosom of the forest primeval which then waved in unbroken grandeur on these shores.* In the territory included by the boundaries of the diocese of Arichat Catholics were at that period few and far between. In November, 1783, the Eighty-second Regiment, which had a large contingent of Catholics from the western Highlands, was disbanded at Halifax. None of these, however, had hitherto made their way thus far to the west. To these forlorn inhabitants of the forest in a strange land the consolations of religion were first carried, as often they had been to others in similar circumstances, by the irrepressible Irish missionary—a character that perhaps had never before been more fully sustained than it was in the present instance by the zealous Father Jones. This was an Irish Capuchin friar, as learned as he was pious. Protected by the toleration extended to him by Edward, Duke of Kent, he publicly exercised the sacred ministry at Halifax unmolested, and held a vicar-apostolic's jurisdiction over the extensive region laved by the waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The country, it is true, had, under the domination of France, an anterior period of Catholic history dating as far back as 1604. Few of the colonists of that period had remained, and fewer were the prospects, from the same quarter, of future colonization. . . . With the former settlers the Catholic religion was banished from Acadia, or at least was confined to the poor, dear, faithful Mic-mac Indians. Thus had the fruits of the first victory of faith gone. Could they ever again be retrieved? Did the last hopes of Catholicity in this country expire when the arm of the French monarch had become powerless to protect it? No! 'Behold the hand of the Lord is not shortened.' How mysterious are the ways in which he brings about the accomplishment of the wise designs of his all-ruling providence! The invincible Highlanders who, on the memorable 25th of July, 1758, followed Wolfe to the conquest of the doomed city, were, in the hands of God, the harbingers of a new, a more glorious, a more enduring victory for our faith.

"On the restoration of peace in 1763 the Highland regiments were disbanded and offered by the imperial government free grants of lands in the most fertile portions of the provinces in which they had so gallantly served. But their predilections for their native straths and glens still

* One John Ban Gillies,

chained them to the sweet homes of childhood. And who could find it in his heart to blame them? What son of the heather could of his free, will exchange his own 'loved green slopes of Lochaber' for the then inhospitable, unexplored wilds of America? Alas! the time at length came when the exchange was no longer a matter of choice but of dire necessity. The heartless chieftain has discovered that the raising of cattle and sheep affords larger profits than the letting of his lands to poor tenants, and forthwith he begins to eject them from the cosy cottages on the mountain where they and their forefathers for centuries had found shelter. This unpatriotic and inhuman policy was maintained in 1790. The year following saw the full tide of emigration rapidly ebb away from the 'Misty Isles,' from the straths, glens, and mountains of Inverness, from Glengarry, Knoydart, Arisaig, Morar, and Strathglass. With the prudent forethought so characteristic of their race, these exiles kept together. Wherever they went they settled down in large groups. The first arrivals to this country colonized the parish of St. Margaret's (Arisaig), and this was the humble beginning of the second epoch of Catholicity in eastern Nova Scotia. Hither the Highland immigrants were soon followed by the first Highland priest, the Rev. James MacDonald, of Morar, and in 1792 their first church was built."

This Father James left Arisaig in 1795, and between that date and 1802 the people of St. Margaret's depended for spiritual care upon Father Angus McEachern, a missionary priest of Prince Edward Island, and afterwards the first Bishop of Charlottetown, who now and then visited them in his canoe. In the year 1802 God sent these faithful people a priest whose name will live for ever in all the country side. Rev. Alexander MacDonald was born in 1754 at Cleanoeg, in Glenspean, in the braes of Lochaber. He was a man of commanding appearance and a brave and generous nature. Of him Bishop MacDonald says :

"The dark horizon which had hitherto circumscribed the wavering hopes of the settlers was at once relieved of its gloom. He inspired them with his own manly courage and cheered them by the example of his great powers of endurance. Everything seemed the better and every heart lighter for his presence."

For fourteen years this pastor led his flock, ministering, preaching, exhorting, teaching, and helping them, loved and venerated by all. In the spring of 1816 he went to Halifax on business, and on the 15th of April he died in that city.

Deep and heartfelt was the grief of his parishioners, sincere the sympathy of all who had known the venerable missionary. The admiral on the station offered to send a man-of-war with Father MacDonald's body to Arisaig ; but, though sensible of the honor intended to be conferred both by the admiral and the

governor, the dead priest's people declined the offer. A gallant little band of Highlanders, who had hastened to Halifax upon hearing that "he whom they loved was sick," decided that no strange hands should be the means of conveying their dear soggarth to his long home. Carrying his loved remains on their faithful shoulders, those sturdy men started on foot, and night and day, over almost impassable roads, dense forests, and swollen rivers, they bore all that was mortal of their best earthly friend until they tenderly laid him to rest within the shadow of that altar the steps of which he had so often ascended to offer the Holy Sacrifice for the living and the dead.

Not far from Lochaber is a parish called St. Joseph's, where, under the shelter of the Keppoch Mountain, ripples a silvery little lake, its waves reflecting one of the prettiest country churches to be found in eastern Nova Scotia. The view from St. Joseph's Church is singularly beautiful, with its lake, mountain, and rich intervalles stretching away as far as the eye can reach. In autumn the foliage here is magnificent, in all the bravery of crimson, russet, and gold. By the shore of St. Joseph's Lake is one of those curious conical little hills where the fairies are said to dwell. A belief in fairies prevailed very generally among the Highlanders of old, and to this day it exists in the minds of their descendants. These small, grass-grown hills are named by them *sin-shill*, the habitation of a multitude, or *sith-eanan*, from *sith*, peace, and *dunan*, a mound; and here in the gloaming the little people are supposed to hold their revels. The idea seems to harmonize with the landscape. The tourist might say with Kilmeny :

"She saw a sun on a summer sky,
And clouds of amber sailing by;
A lovely land beneath her lay,
And that land had glens and mountains gray,
And that land had valleys and hoary piles,
And marled seas and a thousand isles;
Its fields were speckled, its forests green,
And its lakes were all of the dazzling sheen,
Like magic mirrors, where slumbering lay
The sun, and the sky, and the cloudlet gray,
Which heaved, and trembled, and gently swung—
On every shore they seemed to be hung;
For there they were seen on their downward plain
A thousand times and a thousand again,
In winding lake and placid firth,
Little peaceful heavens in the bosom of earth."

The country for several miles around St. Joseph's is called the "Ohio"—why, nobody seems to know.

In Antigonish town the first settlement was that of Colonel Hierlihy and the soldiers of the disbanded Eighty-third Regiment. The government granted to each soldier one hundred acres of land and provisions for three years; but after unsuccessful attempts many of these amateur farmers gave up in despair and left the place. Some of them sold their clearings; others left without even trying to realize money on their farms, which were afterwards sold to pay taxes. It is said that in those days two hundred and fifty acres of land were sold at auction for £2 11s. 7d., and one farm was sold for a suit of clothes!

The principal purchasers were Captain Hierlihy, Edward Irish Baxter, Ogden Cunningham, and several MacDonalDs. To these were added in time two parties of United States loyalists, one of whom, Nathan Pushee, was said to be General Washington's trumpeter. These people underwent great hardships. Pictou was their nearest market for supplies. There were no roads, and their only way of getting to it was along the gulf coast. This journey they often performed on foot. If they possessed a horse it was attached to a sort of vehicle constructed of two poles, the ends of which served as shafts; these were connected with a few cross-pieces of wood. The harness was of straw, and, as a modern historian writes, "Many an honest countryman preparing to return home had the annoyance to find that the hungry village cows had eaten the harness off his horse." As there were no roads, the meal-sacks were often the victims of the thick bushes through which they were dragged and it was usual for a driver to be provided with needles and thread to repair damages. In every possible way the early settlers suffered inconvenience—from scarcity of horses and oxen, from want of wool and cotton, from want of roads and mills and bridges; their sheep, when they got them, were in constant danger from bears and wild-cats, which infested the forests. These and mosquitoes were a constant source of annoyance, and one year, 1815, the invasion of mice became a real plague. They made their appearance in the month of March, and stood not on the order of their coming, but came in thousands. The first contingent were succeeded by an army of smaller ones, and a deadly feud was kept up all summer. It is said that on their march they packed down the snow, or, in local parlance, "broke the roads." A track through the forest at that time was effected by what they called "blazing it." The journeys were very arduous. Great economy was

necessary regarding the size and weight of parcels; the first wheat was brought by handfuls, and the man who introduced potatoes bought a bushel in Pictou, cut the eyes out of them, and brought them home in his pocket. As late as 1817 the mails for the whole of Antigonish and Guysborough were brought over Brown's Mountain in the pockets of the postman.

Near what is called the Town Point the early settlers found the remains of a small chapel, supposed to have been a hundred years old. Age had destroyed its walls, and the roof had sunk to the earth. Under it was a subterranean passage leading to the sea. Here were found several images. Tradition says that the bell, chalice, and vestments belonging to this church are buried among the plaster caves on the shore, and the Indians affirm that on Christmas Eve, when "all things are in quiet silence and the night in the midst of her course," the silvery tones of the bell are heard mingling with the plashing of the waves on the strand. This church was doubtless a relic of the old Acadian times, possibly of the pioneer Jesuits, Fathers Richard, Lionne, and Fremin, who first brought the glad tidings to this Ultima Thule.

Dear, primitive old-fashioned Acadie! What though the splendor has gone from Ile Royale and the picturesque costumes from Grand Pré? Is not the whole land, from Louisburg to Cape Blomidon, dowered with a history of undying fame? The lions of England now float where the lilies of France were wont to wave, and the silvery notes of the sweet French language are heard in concert with the guttural sounds of the Gaelic tongue.

Side by side, *guillean ri guillean*, with the descendants of the persecuted Acadians has risen a strong and stalwart race from the "true and tender north," and Acadia is richer than ever in prosperity, in beauty, and in faith. For though

"In the beauty of the lilies Christ was borne across the sea," these loyal sons of St. Andrew who have "left their nets and followed him" have done much to insure peace and liberty in the exercise of that religion that was brought to their shores by the sons of Loyola in the bygone days of the old régime.

a. h. P. 1884

