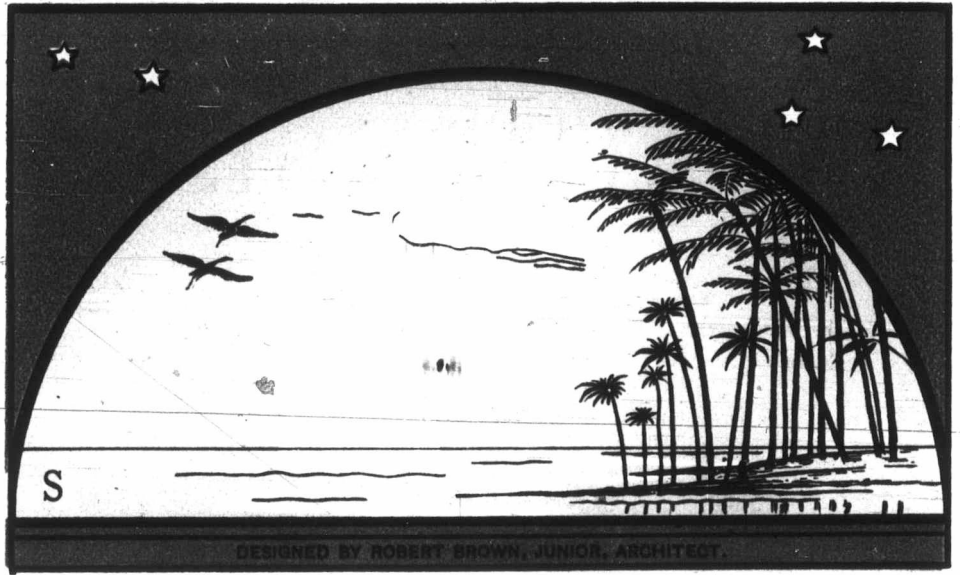


**PAGES
MISSING**



FROM THE FRENCH OF STANISLAS, CHEVALIER DE BOUFFLERS.

(A. D. 1737-1815.)

L' AMOUR.

“ Love is an elf full of deceit,”
 My mother often says to me,
 “ Although his air is mild and sweet,
 Worse than a viper foul f’ he.”
 But yet I fain myself would know
 Of what great ill a child can do
 A shepherdess should fearful be.

I yesterday saw Colin go
 To Amoret, and in her ear,
 Speaking in tones all soft and low,
 And with a manner quite sincere,
 Praise of a charming god told he:—
 It was the very deity
 Of whom my mother has such fear!

All my doubts, then, to remove,—
 This mystery that plagues me so,—
 I’ll go with Luke in search of Love,
 And will not let my mother know;
 Even should he artful wiles employ,
 We shall be two against one boy,—
 What harm to us, pray, can he do?

W. P. DOLE.

ACADIENSIS

VOL. II.

JULY, 1902.

No. 3.

DAVID RUSSELL JACK,

EDITOR.

Old Plate.



O MANY of our readers have professed an interest in old silver, their attention having been particularly directed thereto by the letter from Mr. J. H. Buck, published in the third number of this magazine, that an occasional article upon that subject has been determined upon.

What constitutes old silver? When would you begin to class silver as old silver? These are probably the first questions which will occur to the minds of many of the readers of this sketch, and they are indeed somewhat difficult to answer, so much depending, as an eminent writer once remarked, upon the point of view adopted.

In a country such as this, only just beginning to grow old, practically as yet only in the early part of the second century of its existence, fifty years might reasonably be regarded as a sufficient period to elapse from the time when such an article as a silver chalice, a teapot or a drinking cup had been made until it might be regarded as beginning to grow old.

A precedent for fixing an arbitrary period such as this will be found in the custom adopted by the genealogical magazines which make a practice of publishing church

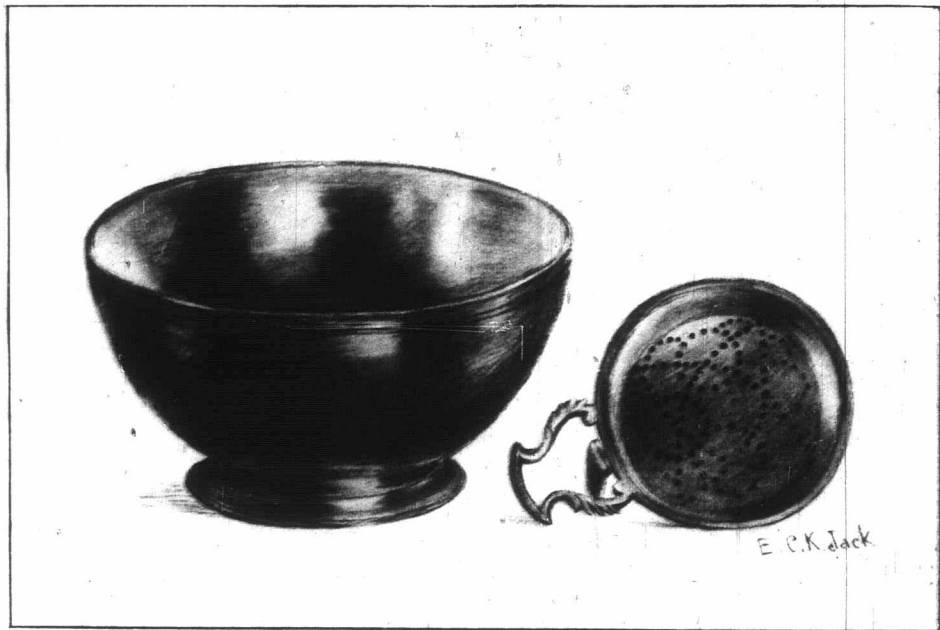
records and graveyard inscriptions. With such periodicals it is customary, in treating these subjects, to eliminate all dates within the period of fifty years from the date of publication.

As in a period of twenty-five years, a new generation is supposed to take the place of those who were active members of a community at the beginning of that period, it may reasonably be admitted that twice that length of time having elapsed, a piece of silverware, a mahogany chair, or even a painting, may in this community be regarded as commencing to grow old.

Some latitude must be allowed, nevertheless, in an article such as the present, and while fifty years will be regarded as the usual limit of age by the writer, this limit will be by no means strictly adhered to. There are many articles of plate in this field, which on account of associations or events connected with them, or of their superior workmanship have become interesting to the student of contemporary history, and it is desirable to leave these columns open to the description of more modern articles, should any examples of sufficient merit be discovered, from time to time, to warrant their being tabulated in the following pages.

In the case of old silver which has been made in the British Isles, it is usually possible to tell the age, even to a year, owing to the practice of marking plate, which dates from very early times. With silver made in America, the age of an article is not so readily learned, the maker's name being usually the only guide in ascertaining the age of a given article.

Before taking up the subject of old silver and its markings, the writer desires to acknowledge his indebtedness to Mr. Buck to whom allusion has more than once been made in the columns of this magazine, and to whom individually, as well as to his very valuable work on "Old Plate," the writer is indebted for much assistance and much of the information which appears in the following pages.



NO. 2 SUGAR BOWL. **NO. 3 PUNCH STRAINER.**
Isaac Allen Jack.

The limited space at command prevents a very full explanation of the various plate marks within the scope of this first article, but certain elementary principles will be laid down which the reader, who is desirous of giving to this interesting subject a fair degree of attention, would do well to bear in mind.

The practice of marking plate dates from very early times. As far back as the year A. D. 1180, there was a hall-mark used on genuine gold and silver articles, and in the year 1300, the present hall-mark of a leopard's head was adopted. Later on, what is known as the sovereign's mark was adopted. During the reign of the late Queen Victoria this consisted of a lion *passant*, but very often in former years, it was the custom to stamp the reigning sovereign's head in miniature.

The marks which should be found on silver of British manufacture are as follows :









1. The maker's mark, which consists of the initial letters of his Christian and surname.
2. The leopard's head, for articles which have been assayed at the London Assay Office.
3. The sovereign's mark, which may be either a lion *passant*, a lion erect, or the reigning sovereign's head in miniature.
4. The letter denoting the year in which the plate was made, which letters are explained by the table below.

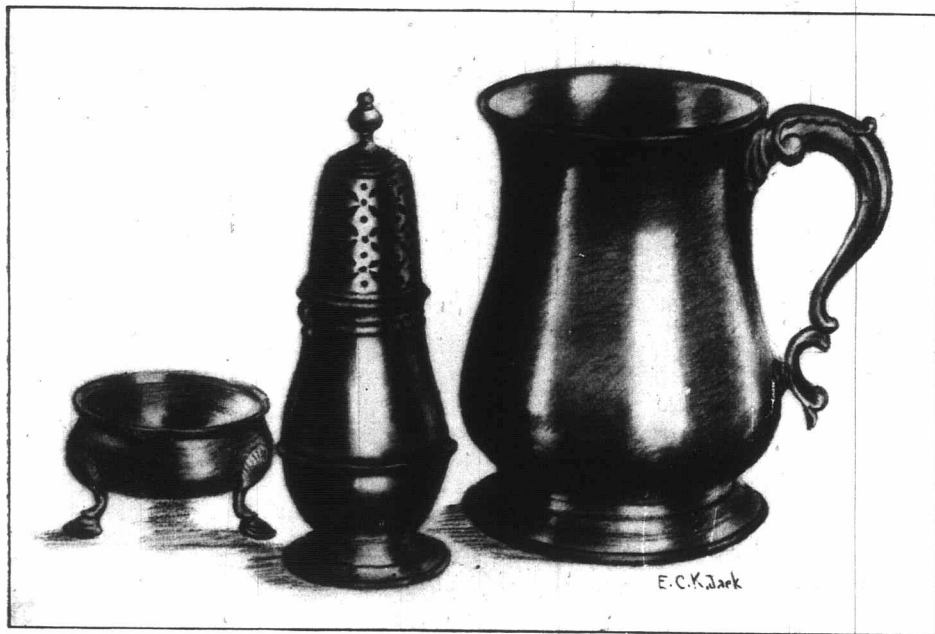
In the twenty-fourth year of the reign of George III., in 1784, the fifth mark was added in order to note the imposition of a duty of sixpence per ounce upon all silver plate, a duty which in 1815 was raised to eighteen pence, at which it now stands.

These marks will all be dealt with more fully in a future article, but for present purposes the very brief outline just given will be sufficient.

By reference to the following table it will be observed that every twenty years the style of the date letter is
















changed, that is to say when the Goldsmith's company have settled upon the style of letter to be used for the next twenty years, they begin at the letter "A," and at the end of each year advance one letter of the alphabet. Therefore to discover the age of a piece of silver, the reader must first find among the following letters one which corresponds in style to that on the silver, and then add to the date at which this style of letter was adopted by the Goldsmith's company, a number of years equal to the number of letters of the alphabet that have been used before the letter on the piece of silver. It will be noticed that the letters are engraved upon shields of different shapes, and to the shape of the shield as well as to that of the letter due attention must be paid.

Lombardic, simple.....	1438-9 to 1457-8	
Lombardic, external cusps.....	1458-9 " 1477-8	
Lombardic, double cusps.....	1478-9 " 1497-8	
Black letter, small.....	1498-9 " 1517-8	
Lombardic.....	1518-9 " 1537-8	
Roman and other capitals.....	1538-9 " 1557-8	
Black letter, small.....	1558-9 " 1577-8	
Roman letter, capitals.....	1578-9 " 1597-8	



NO. 4—SALT CELLAR. NO. 5—SUGAR SPRINKLER. NO. 6—SILVER MUG.
Isaac Allen Jack.

OLD PLATE

Lombardic, external cusps.....	1598-9	“	1617-8	
Italic letter, small.....	1618-9	“	1637-8	
Court hand.....	1638-9	“	1657-8	
Black letter, capitals.....	1658-9	“	1677-8	
Black letter, small.....	1678-9	“	1696-7	
Court hand.....	1696-7	“	1715-6	
Roman letter, capitals.....	1716-7	“	1735-6	
Roman letter, small.....	1736-7	“	1755-6	
Old English, capitals.....	1756-7	“	1775-6	
Roman letter, small.....	1776-7	“	1795-6	
Roman letter, capitals.....	1796-7	“	1815-6	
Roman letter, small.....	1816-7	“	1835-6	
Old English, capitals.....	1836-7	“	1855-6	
Old English, small.....	1856-7	“	1875-6	
Roman letter, capitals.....	1876-7	“	1895-6	

Several of the articles which are illustrated in this sketch are quite old and of much historic interest. Lack of space prevents a full description in this issue, but the various marks will be as fully treated as possible in the following article.

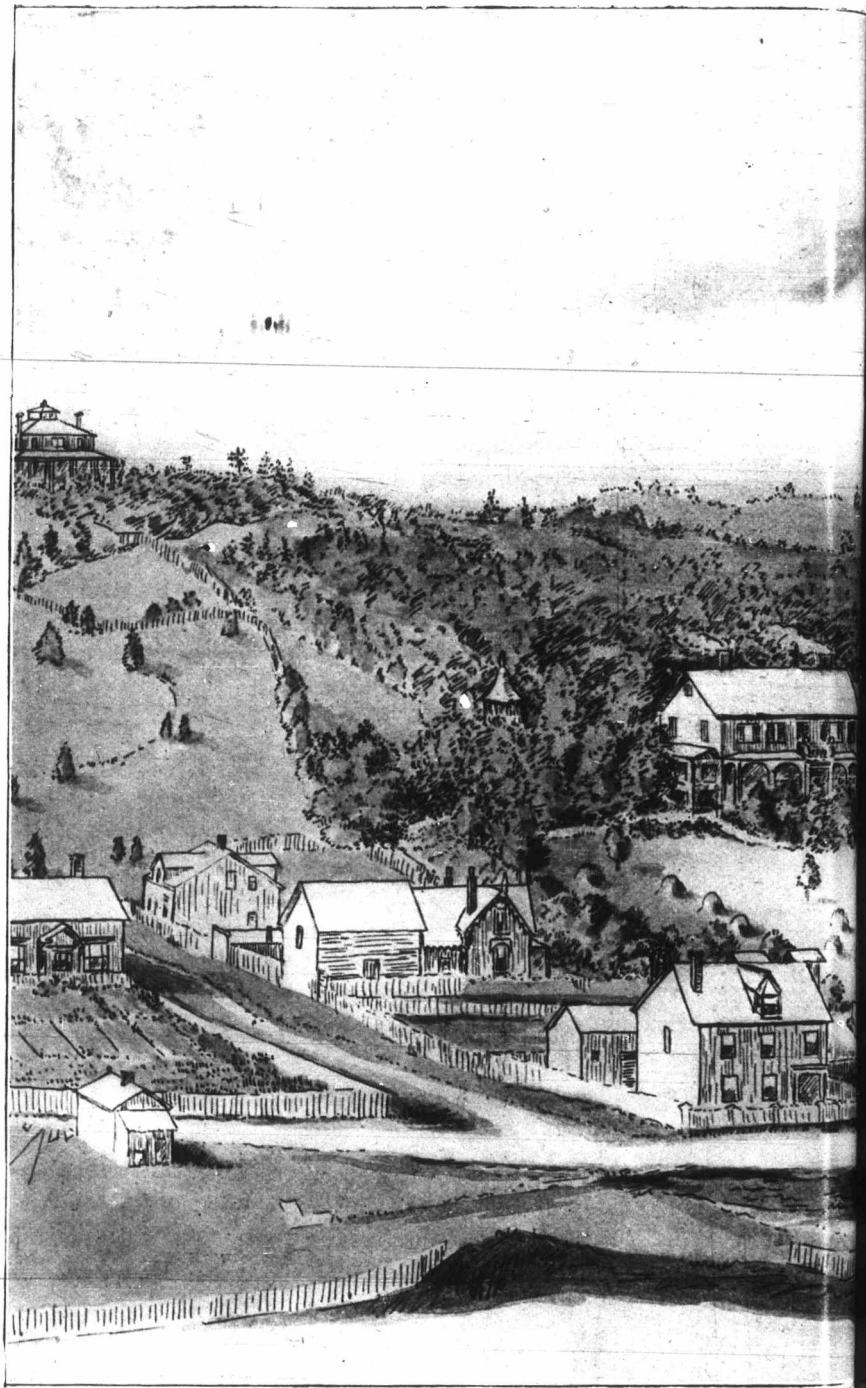
Each article of plate will be numbered in the order of illustration and will be referred to by number in future issues. The co-operation of readers of this magazine is requested by the writer, and any information concerning old plate now in the Acadian Provinces, is earnestly desired. Photographs of articles of plate, together with exact measurements, should be sent, when obtainable, including a full description of the various marks, the coats of arms, if any, and any facts of interest respecting the article described, and its present and former owners.

No. 1.—The spoon, which forms a part of the initial letter design at the commencement of this sketch, is owned by Mr. Isaac Allen Jack, of St. John, and belonged to Judge John Allen, and Hannah (Revil) Allen, his wife. It is what is known as the "rat-tail" variety, from a curious tongue which extends down the back of the bowl. In this form the bowl was more elongated and elliptical than in spoons of older dates, and the extremity of the handle is quite round, turned up at the end, having a high sharp ridge down the middle.

Spoons of this pattern continued to be made as late as 1767, but the example illustrated was probably made about the year 1710.

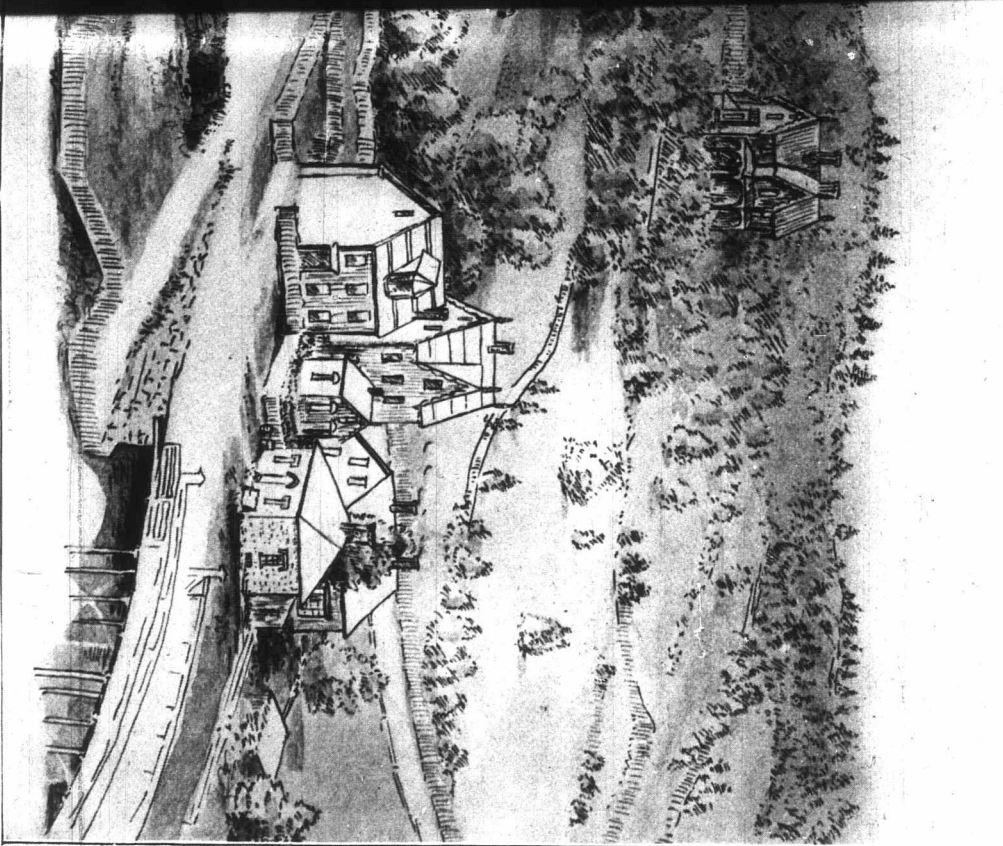
As several of the articles herein enumerated were owned by the Campbell family, of Philadelphia, and by the Allens, an old and highly respectable Loyalist family, with whom they intermarried, a very brief genealogical sketch of the Allens will doubtless be of interest.

Judge John Allen, the first of the family of whom the writer has any knowledge, was born in England, married



For insertion between pages 30 and 31. Volume I. No. 1.

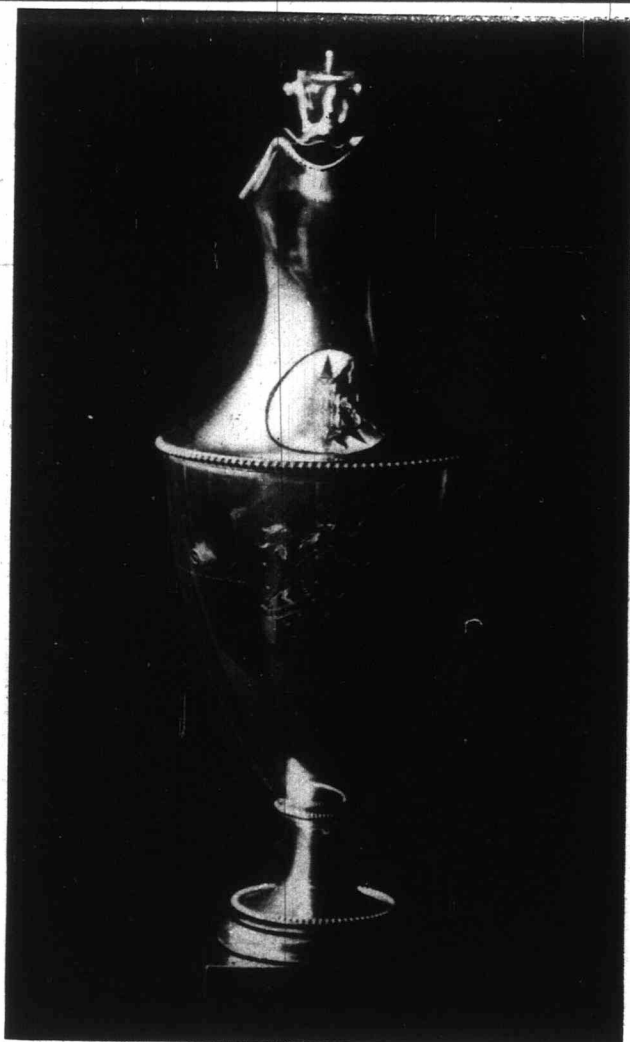
PART OF OLD PO



St. George's Church, Halifax, N. S.

INT. JOHN, N. B.

Drawn by EMMA C. K. JACK, 1901, from photograph, circa 1860.



NO. 7-FLAGON.
St. George's Church, Halifax, N. S.

Hannah Revil, and was Judge of the Supreme Court of New Jersey. He left a son John Allen who was born in 1718, and was married in 1738 to Naomi Watson, by whom he had a son Judge Isaac Allen, a lawyer of Trenton, New Jersey. He entered the military service of the crown at the time of the American Revolution, and in 1782, was lieutenant-colonel of the second battalion of New Jersey Volunteers. He had property in Pennsylvania, and the executive council of that state ordered that, unless he should surrender himself and take his trial for treason within a limited time he should stand attainted. He removed to St. John, N. B., at the peace, was one of the grantees of that city, rose to distinction in the Province, had a seat in the Legislative Council, and was Judge of the Supreme Court. He resided at Fredericton, and died there 12th October, 1806, aged sixty-five. Judge Isaac Allen was married on the 20th December, 1762, at Philadelphia, by Rev. Duche to Sarah Campbell, who died on the 19th March, 1808, and by whom he had a son, Colonel John Allen, who was the father of Sir John Campbell Allen, for many years Chief Justice of New Brunswick.

Respecting the Campbell family, it may be remarked that Captain Peter Campbell, father of Sarah Campbell, wife of Judge Isaac Allen, was a son of Thomas and Elizabeth Campbell, of Philadelphia. Thomas Campbell was a prosperous merchant of Philadelphia. His son, Capt. Peter Campbell was of Trenton, New Jersey, and was a captain in the New Jersey Volunteers. He had property in Pennsylvania, was a Loyalist, settled in New Brunswick at the Peace, received half-pay, and died at Maugerville, in 1822. He was buried at Fredericton.

No. 2.—A sugar bowl, bears the initials of Thomas and Elizabeth Campbell.

No. 3.—The punch strainer, which appears in the same illustration, belonged to a silver-rimmed china punch bowl,

in connection with which some very interesting reminiscences are told. It bears the initials "S. C." (Sarah Campbell).

No. 4.—A salt cellar, bears the initials "S. C."

No. 5.—The sugar sprinkler, which appears in the same illustration, bears upon it the initials "S. & M. C.," and the date 1600. It is, without doubt, quite old, and is much worn from long use. It is unique in design, and curious in construction.

No. 6.—A silver mug, bears the initials "S. C."

All of the articles above enumerated are in the possession of Mr. Isaac Allen Jack, a great grandson of Judge Isaac Allen.

Nos. 7, 8, 9 and 10 are the flagon, paton, chalice and alms bason belonging to St. George's Church, Halifax, N. S. Two of these articles bear the date 1779, as will be observed from the illustrations. Unfortunately lack of space prevents a full description of this valuable and interesting Church service, but this may be looked for in the next article of this series.

(To be continued).

DAVID RUSSELL JACK.

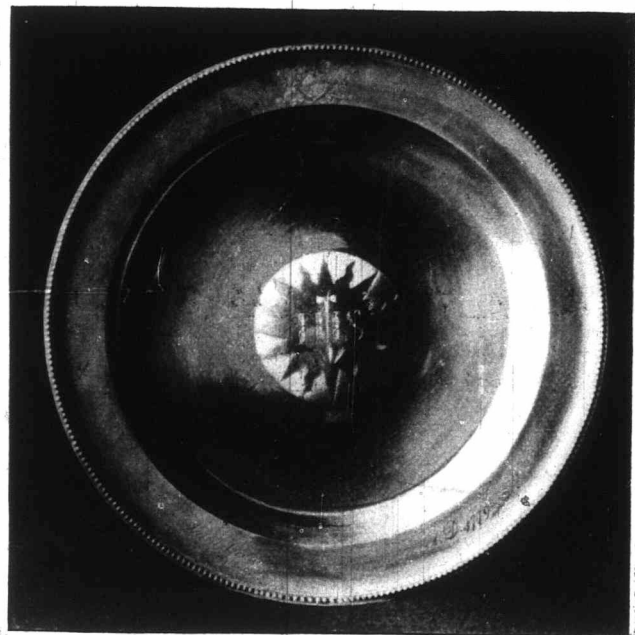




NO. 8—PATON.

NO. 9—CHALICE.

St. George's Church, Halifax, N. S.



NO. 10—ALMS BASON.

A Halifax Privateer in 1757.



ST lies before me as I write,—the old log-book of a forgotten eighteenth century privateer. Before Poland disappeared from the map of Europe, before the thirteen colonies became the United States of America, before Quebec fell, and with it, the power of France in the new world, this venerable sea document had been drawn up and laid away. It is curious to look at ; its every appearance suggests the sea. The half quire or so of blank leaves have been stitched into a bit of old sail-cloth, coarse in grain, and of a very “precious” dusty brown colour. Bits of red official wax stick here and there ; for, in the presence of one of his Majesty George II.’s justices of the peace, the keeper of the log made oath that he had kept a true record ; and the log-book was duly sealed and stored up in the archives of Halifax.

A century after, a curious generation appointed a commission which broke these seals, and now anyone may read therein—if he be skilled in palaeography, and patient. The ink is faded, and the straggling writing and frequent blots tell their own tale of the good ship laboring in the heavy seas, as the painful quill of the sailor scribe slowly traced these pages. As one deciphers the meagre entries, an obscure and forgotten chapter in our history is opened to his view ; but though obscure and forgotten, it is both significant and typical. Up to the present time, privateering, though a large part of naval warfare and a legitimate kind of mercantile speculation, has remained unrecorded. Logs and other sources of information were not given to the public ; it was to the interest of all concerned to keep them strictly private. These tattered pages can tell a

remote and peaceful generation what privateering really was. The old log-book has still another interest. It carries the mind back to the great struggle of the Seven Years' War—the struggle that gave scope to the genius of Pitt, of Wolfe, of Carlyle's Frederick,—the struggle which grew from a squabble on the borders of the American wilderness into a conflict as wide as the world, and drew with it the most momentous and far-reaching consequences.

My title may perhaps raise hopes that are doomed to disappointment. The log-book of a privateer suggests Smollett, Marryatt and Clark Russell; but I have no lengthened tale of desperate encounters at long odds, of hairbreadth escapes and rich prizes. The record consists of some half dozen folio pages, comparatively barren in events, and couched in the very plain phrase of an unromantic Jack Tar. But in this very plainness lies its chief attraction; for the curt, unpretending jottings deal with fact and reveal to us the privateersman's everyday life more eloquently than the novelist's most labored narrative. By piecing out the various entries with information derived from other sources, it is possible to reconstruct, in part at least, the story of this particular cruise.

On November 16th, 1756, six months after the declaration of war, Robert Saunderson and Malachy Salter, merchants of Halifax, obtained a letter of marque for the hundred-ton schooner *Lawrence*, which they owned and had fitted out as a "private vessel of war." A letter of marque empowered a vessel to make war on her own account for the benefit of her owners; and this was only issued after Malachy Salter, Robert Saunderson and Captain Rous had given a bailbond for fifteen hundred pounds, good English money, to guarantee the fulfilment of the conditions on which the letter of marque was granted. The *Lawrence* was to bring all her prizes to Halifax to be adjudged in the Vice-Admiralty court, was to report all information as to the enemy's movements, and to keep an accurate log. On November 16th, the privateer was ready for sea.

The *Lawrence* was named probably out of compliment to the governor of the province, under whose hand and seal her license to carry on private war was issued. She was victualled for six months and carried a crew of about one hundred men. Her armament consisted of fourteen little carronades, throwing a four-pound ball, and twenty swivels. These last were small pieces of ordnance, in some cases no larger than a good-sized blunderbuss. Sometimes they were provided with flare mouths to make the charge spread, and were mounted on light carriages that could be easily trundled about the decks. They were perched on the bulwark sometimes, and even in the tops. Like the various machine-guns of the present day, they were intended for use at close quarters to repel boarders or to cover the rush of their attack. There was besides, "furniture and ammunition in proportion for a six months' cruise."

The officers of our licensed pirate were Captain Joseph Rous; Robinson Ford, Lieutenant; and Andrew Gardner, mate. Gardner kept the log-book. He was evidently a plain seaman, more familiar with the cutlass-hilt and the rope's end than the pen and the mysteries of the spelling-book. Dr. Johnson's dictionary had been published only the year before, and it is quite unlikely that the great lexicographer's two stout quartos formed part of the little *Lawrence's* "furniture for the six months' cruise." The honest sailor's grammar is unfettered by pedantic rules. His spelling is phonetic and never tamely consistent. His handwriting is none of the best when his vessel is at anchor, but when she is bucketing about in a storm, his hieroglyphics require a second Champollion. Of Lieutenant Robinson Ford, I have no facts to communicate. The records are dumb concerning him. The commander, Rous, belongs apparently to a breed of sea-dogs, of whom our early records make frequent mention. Captain John Rous was a man of mark in his time. From being the com-

mander of a colonial privateer, he rose to the rank of captain in the Royal Navy. He was present at the first capture of Louisbourg in 1745, carried the news of that brilliant exploit to England and received speedy promotion for his gallant services. When Halifax was founded, he was Cornwallis's right hand. Any particularly difficult job was given to Rous. He assisted in the second capture of Louisbourg in 1757, and in the more famous taking of Quebec in 1759. It was from his ship that Wolfe issued his last order. Rous himself died the next year at Halifax.

I do not think that I am mistaken in seeing likeness between his career and that of Joseph Rous, commander of the *Lawrence*. His name also occurs in documents relating to the founding of Halifax. He was agent for the Lunenburg settlers, held various commands, and, in his old age apparently was made keeper of the lighthouse at Sambro and Captain of the Port. It would seem, then, that his services had been appreciated, but that his cruises had not made him a wealthy man. In the entries of these appointments, he is styled "gentleman" and "senior." A junior Joseph Rous appears as captain of the pilot schooner *Dolphin*, in 1753. Unless he is the son of Joseph Rous, sr., the distinction would be meaningless. Even a fourth of the name, one William, crops up as commander of the *Anson* schooner, in 1750. It would seem to be a safe inference that the Rous family took naturally to sea-faring and were men of ability and trust.

Thus victualled, armed and officered, the *Lawrence* sailed out of Halifax harbor some time in November to do battle with the enemies of King George II. on the high seas. What she did from November 16th, 1756, until the following spring, whether she was lucky in the way of prizes or not, I cannot tell. But on March 22nd, 1757, she was at anchor in the port of Georges, Bermuda. On that day, Andrew Gardner, mate, wrote the heading of a new log, the old one probably having been deposited with the

authorities of that port. The blank pages were ruled like a modern log-book, with columns at the side for the hours and knots, and a wider space for remarks. The heading that Andrew wrote was this :

“A Log and Journal of Our Intened Cruze by the Permision of God in” (end of leaf gone) “Against His Majest Enemis the Frech in the Lawranes Schoones Prived Vessel of Ware Joseph Rous Commander From Bermuds March 22, 1757 Cap Cept by me Andrew Gardner.”

The next day at noon, the *Lawrence* weighed anchor and got under sail in a very leisurely fashion. The little four-pounders banged away in a nine-gun salute to the town and were answered by a single gun from the shore. A certain captain “Hale” and “severile gentlemen” were on board, no doubt discussing the chances of prize-money and drinking success to the run. When the schooner crossed the harbor bar, she hove to, sent the gentlemen ashore, and paid them the compliment of a five-gun salute. We were very ceremonious in those days. Then she bore away for Halifax, and at six o'clock in the evening the eastern end of the island was four leagues astern. The clear weather which permitted Andrew Gardner to make the good observation, which he notes with satisfaction, continued next day, and the *Lawrence* bowled along steadily with a following wind. On Friday, the “modred and clear weather” continuing, the privateer sighted at one o'clock a strange sail, apparently a full-rigged ship, a Frenchman, for he carried a tier of round ports. The little wasp of a *Lawrence* manoeuvred to windward of the stranger, and then, with the British ensign flying, bore down on her expected prize. Still the stranger showed no colors, as a peaceful and friendly trader should have done. The failure to respond to signals was suspicious ;

“So our Capt Desird the peple to get Redey for we were almost alongside he Gave orders to fire 2 Guns.”

The range was short, and the *Lawrence's* gunners were skilful or lucky, for both shots took effect.

"One went threwe his foremast and the other carid 2 of his fore srouds."

Seeing that the little schooner was very much in earnest, the stranger then "hell ope his Colers," which apparently were English; and a parley ensued.

The two vessels remained alongside, till the stranger captain told Rous that he hailed from Charleston, S. C. This was not sufficient for the privateerman. The stranger was ordered to heave to and send his captain and his papers on board.

"Then Capt Rous Eximand them and found he Cleared out as he said."

Evidently the merchantman did not much relish being run down and fired into without word or warning; for honest Andrew records that "he was very Sasey and yoused Capt Rouse with Bad Langwich," emphasizing the stranger's lack of politeness by capitals; "which," he continues, with a delicious flavor of Bret Harte, "Capt Rouse ordered the Liftand & I to go into the Bote and Examen the peple and Shartch the Shipe which wee did." As she lay helpless under the guns of the privateer, the unlucky trader from Charleston, S. C., could do nothing but submit. Evidently there were high words, and the "Sasey"-ness of the merchant captain only provoked Rous into further annoyance. It would be interesting to know precisely how bad the deep-sea "Langwich" was which would excite remark in a salt of the eighteenth century. Robinson Ford and Gardner found only two English sailors and two Frenchmen on board, the rest were Dutch. These four they brought back to the schooner's quarter-deck, where Captain Rous examined them to see if their tales agreed with the ship's papers, and "wee found," to our visible regret, "we Cold not make a prise of her."

It is too bad that the little mistake has occurred, and Captain Rous does all in his power to make amends. He sent the stranger captain and his four seamen back to their

ship, with Gardner and two carpenters. But the captain turned sulky. Gardner records that he "was not willing to go on Board." Perhaps he had some notion of getting damages for the injury and delay. At any rate, Rous was not to be trifled with. "But Captain Rous ordered him in the Bote," and "we went." Till dark, the two carpenters were busy, cutting up a spar to fish the wounded foremast. Night came on before the work was done, and they returned to the *Lawrence*, leaving the stranger to mend his mast and proceed on his voyage as best he might. It must have been at the close of this eventful day that Andrew sat down in the cabin, to write out his account of the affair. The entry is the longest made and the most graphic. Evidently there were several scenes and many strange oaths. If we could only fish up from its corner of Davy Jones's locker the corresponding entry in the stranger's log!

The same night the privateersman had again hopes of booty. Another sail was sighted, but the *Lawrence* was becalmed and could not make chase. At ten a light breeze sprang up, and at half-past twelve they sighted the stranger again. The watch below were called from their hammocks and the decks were cleared for action. By two, they had overhauled the chase and found, no doubt to their intense disgust, that she was a schooner ten days out from Jamaica. The rules of the war-game do not permit making prizes of our own ships, so the *Lawrence* had to shorten sail and go, prizeless, on her way.

By this time, the schooner had reached the stormy northern latitudes and was nearing the Nova Scotian coast, at the very worst season of the year. From March 27th, till April 5th, the *Lawrence* was battling with a succession of storms, a landsman would call them. But Andrew Gardner was not an emotional person; he never errs on the side of over-statement. He admits that there was a "gale" now and then, and will go so far as to say that it

was "fresh," but from the various happenings on board, it is easy to infer the actual state of affairs. First, it is found necessary to "house" the guns, that is, run them inboard and lash them fast with their noses held immovably against the inside of the bulwarks. Then the weather is recorded as being dark and cloudy, with "a very large See from the W. Bord." We must proceed cautiously, with two reefs in the foresail and three in the mainsail; and under such reduced canvas the little *Lawrence* climbs the huge seas "from the W. Bord," in the rolling forties.

On Wednesday, March 30th, just a week after leaving Bermuda, the entry in the log is very ill-written and the lines straggle away to one corner. Plainly, it was no easy task to drive the quill across the paper as the vessel rolled and jumped about in the rough sea. Then came two days of rain squalls and variable winds. Suddenly the wind shifted and then died away. In the lively pitching which followed, the *Lawrence* racked her bowsprit out. Her crew had barely time to secure it and make repairs when the gale was upon them again. With a mere rag of canvas showing, a double-reefed foresail, the privateer scudded before the storm or lay to and hoped for better times.

On Friday, six of her guns and all her twenty swivels had to be lowered into the hold to steady her and to take the weight off the deck. From the flocks of gulls about the ship, they feared that they were too near some coast to be safe; but the leadsman could find no bottom at ninety fathoms. By this time the rigging was beginning to show signs of strain. There was a succession of more or less serious accidents. On Saturday, the clue of the mainsail broke off short, and it took two hours to repair the damage. For Sunday, the entry reads, "a hard Gale of Wind and Raine and Squales of Snow and Very Cold." To-day, the topping-lift block on the main-boom split and the schooner was hove to until it was replaced. The legitimate inference from the foregoing would seem to be that the

Lawrence was a staunch craft to survive such a buffeting, and that her crew were as stout as her timbers.

On Tuesday, April 5th, the wind moderates in the afternoon, and land is seen on the weather bow. It is Cape "Heare," and for the first time in ten days the *Lawrence* was able to shake out her reefs and carry all her small sails. By noon next day she is abreast of Cape Negro, and the weather is again "mored and clear." They are now in Nova Scotian waters, and, after their two disappointments, and the long siege of rough weather, fickle fortune smiled for a moment on the luckless privateteersmen. They actually have a brush with a genuine Frenchman. On Wednesday they sighted a strange sail, making towards them under a cloud of canvas, carrying even his "ringtail," a narrow little sail rigged outside the spanker, and his "driver," the square sail underneath the bowsprit. The *Lawrence* kept on her course, hoisted her six guns out of the hold, "and Got all ready to in Gadge." As soon as the Frenchman was near enough to get a good look at the schooner's decks all cleared for action, he sheered off and changed his course. The Bourbon lilies and St. George's cross ran up to the mast-heads of the two vessels, the stranger discharged his larboard broadside, doing apparently no damage, and the privateer replied with all the starboard guns she could bring to bear. The Frenchman ran for it. In her very thorough preparation for a hard fight, the *Lawrence* had "crotched her booms," to give more elbow room on deck. The consequent delay in making sail gave the chase a great advantage and enabled him to escape. Gardner's note reads, "We Cold not tell which went best, but it Brest (braced?) oup and we seemed to gain upon him But nite Coming one and it being dark we lost site of him our Cheas was a sloop of 8 or 10 Gones." With a touch of imagination he adds, "we jodged (jogged) along our Corse along shore at 8 Cloake Cape Le have Bore N." The encounter shows the spirit

of the privateer, for the sloop was a sloop of war, and the size below a frigate, and yet the *Lawrence* did not hesitate to attack. The next day about six o'clock, she dropped anchor opposite the Governor's battery at the foot of George street, and her cruise was over. On April 23rd Andrew Gardner appeared before John Duport, Esquire, Justice of the Peace, and swore that his log as aforesaid was "a just and true Journal of the Cruize from the time of the said Privateer's sailing from the Port of Bermuda to her arrival at the Port of Halifax."

Then this rough record of the *Lawrence's* voyage was laid away for a century and a half. Of the hundred men who trod her decks, and stood to her guns, each with his own history and passions and hopes, if only for a fair run and plenty of prize money, only this frail memorial remains,—of interest only to the curious antiquary.

ARCHIBALD MACMECHAN.

Dalhousie College.



The Bells of Peace.

Ring out O Bells ! Ring loud and long !
Your message may the breezes bear ;
Peace !—blessed burden of your song—
The welcome sound we've longed to hear.
Ring out the bloodshed, wounds and death
Of those their country ill could spare ;
Ring in the price which cost their death,—
The principle to do and dare.

Ring in the true, the staunch, the brave,
The brotherhood of man to man ;
Ring out the breath of treachery ;
Ring out the shackles of the slave !
Ring in the gentle arts of peace,
And knowledge with its mines of lore ;
Ring out the ignorance which gave
A nation's death-knell to the Boer.

Ring out the wail of widowed ones ;
Of orphans mourning for their sire ;
Ring in our Christianity,
Philanthropy that cannot tire.
Ring in the law of liberty ;
The sacredness of human life ;
Ring out the reign of cruelty ;
Bad deeds with which the war was rife.

Unfurl the Standard from the staff !
Its folds let every subject see ;
Of freedom may they deeply quaff,
Thus joining in our victory.
For closely twined within our flag
Are honor, justice, truth and love !
May it be ours to never lag
In leading all to look above.

Ring in return of loved ones far,
Who crossed the deep for Empire's weal ;
Ring out all injury or scar,—
Trophies entailed by touch of steel.
Ring in relief to mourning hearts,
For blanks, no victory can atone !
O God, heal thou heart-aches and smarts,
As only thou canst heal alone.
On thee we call, to thee we cry,
In war, in peace, in victory.

LYDIA A. EDWARDS.

Truro, N. S.

The Wetmore Family of Charlotte County, New Brunswick.

PART III.

The compiler of the Wetmore Memorial, p. 200, concerning the marriage of Rev. Jas. Wetmore writes as follows :

"The date of Mr. Wetmore's marriage, and whom he married, we have not been able to discover further than that he was a man of family during his residence in New York, and his wife's Christian name was Anna, and his issue by her two sons and four daughters ; their relative ages, we conjecture, to be as he names them in his will, though this is a supposition only."

The query inserted in the second article of this series has brought the desired information from two sources, regarding the maiden name of the wife of Rev. James Wetmore. Mr. Fred A. Wetmore, of St. George, Charlotte County, N. B., writes, under date April 24th, that

"My grandfather, Caleb Wetmore, said that his grandmother, Mrs. Rev. James, was a Dwight, of New England, Anna Dwight."

A letter from the Librarian of the Massachusetts Historical Society, confirms Mr. Wetmore's statement, and gives further information :

BOSTON, April 21st, 1902.

Dear Sir,—

In answer to your request in the April number (p. 97) of the ACADIENSIS, I will quote from Prof Dexter's "Yale Biographies and Annals," where he speaks of James Wetmore: "He married, in 1718, Anna, the eldest child of the Rev. Josiah Dwight (Harv. 1687), pastor of the Congregational Church in Woodstock, Windham County, Connecticut. She was born October 10, 1697, and died February 28, 1771, aged 73."

Other facts about the family are given in Prof. Dexter's book, and also in Baird's History of Rye, New York, (p. 314).

I notice that you give the date of Mrs. Wetmore's death as February 29th, 1771, which was not a leap year.

Yours very truly,

SAMUEL A. GREEN.

David Russell Jack, Esq.,
St. John, N. B.

Mr. Green is quite correct regarding the date of Mrs. Wetmore's death, the date February 29th, as stated in the previous article was a typographical error, which readers of this number will please note.

The Rev. James Wetmore mentions six children in his will, two sons and four daughters, namely James, Timothy, Alethea, Anne, Charity, Esther.

James Wetmore, son of Rev. James Wetmore, was born in Rye, New York, December 19th, 1727. He married Elizabeth Abrahams, of Westchester County, N. Y. She was born March 15th, 1730. By her he had twelve children, as follows: Abraham, John, Izrahiah, James, David, Josiah, Caleb, Elizabeth, Susannah, Charity, Alethea and Esther.

He was for many years an influential citizen of Westchester County, N. Y., and remained loyal to the crown during the Revolution. Together with his brother Timothy and his nephew, Abraham Wetmore and eighty other influential citizens of Westchester, signed the following declaration, taken from the American Archives, 4th Ser., 1, 802:

RYE, New York, Sept. 24, 1774.

We the subscribers, Freeholders and Inhabitants of the town of Rye, in the County of Westchester, being much concerned over the unhappy situation of public affairs, think it our duty to our king and country to declare that we have not been concerned in any of the resolutions entered into or measures taken, with regard to the disputes at present subsisting with the mother country; we also testify our dislike to many hot and furious proceedings in consequence of said disputes, which we think more likely to ruin this once happy country, than remove grievances, if any there are.

We also declare our great desire and full resolution to live and die peaceful subjects of our gracious sovereign King George III., and his laws."

In 1783, James Wetmore removed, with his family, to New Brunswick, and settled at the mouth of the St. John river, where he taught school for a time. His name does not appear among the grantees at that place, neither does

Sabine make any mention of him. He appears to have remained there but a short time, and to have removed to Hammond River, Kings Co., N. B., where he resided until his death, aged about seventy years. He was buried in the parish of Hampton. His wife survived him for seven years, and died at Hampton, at which place the remains of both herself and her husband were interred.

The Wetmore Memorial relates the following curious incidents regarding the mother of Mrs Wetmore :

Mrs. Wetmore was a daughter of a Mr. Abrahams, a wealthy West India merchant. On a visit to New York he became enamoured of a daughter of a Mrs. Bush, who was a native of Holland, whom he married, which led him to settle in that city, where he established himself in the East India trade, and added still further to his fortune. His wife was remarkable for her courage and muscular strength. It is said that one night she awoke from sleep and saw a black man, or one whose face was blackened, in her apartment opening drawers, etc., she sprang up, seized him and forced him out of the room ; afterwards, a large knife was found on the floor near her bed.

A cartman on one occasion, in passing her door with a cask of molasses, had the misfortune to have the head of the cask started. The man stood with terror at witnessing the molasses fast discharging itself upon the ground. Mrs. Abrahams, seeing the dray-man's distress, rushed out of the house, seized the hogshead and set it upon its end.

Abraham Wetmore, the oldest child of James Wetmore, was born in Rye, N. Y., Nov. 29th (9th ?), 1747. He was among the Loyalists of the Revolution, but did not come to these provinces. Together with his father and uncle, he was one of the eighty-three who signed the Declaration of Loyalty above noted. He was a captain of cavalry under Sir Henry Clinton, and at the close of the war he went to Jamaica, W. I., and settled there. After many years he returned to New York, and died at Marlborough, in that state, on the 6th Feb., 1790. Two of his older brothers came to this Province with their grandparents.

His widow married Sylvanus Whitney, of St. John, N. B. She died in St. John about the year 1804, and her

husband on the 24th day of August, 1827, aged 79 years. Both of them are buried in the old graveyard at Carleton, but no trace of their graves can now be found. It was the custom, during the early settlement of the country, to mark many of the graves with slabs of wood, upon which the inscriptions were painted. When the writer made a record of all the inscriptions to be found in the old graveyard in Carleton, in 1901, only one of these wooden monuments remained, and upon this the inscription was barely decipherable.

A letter from Mr. Fred. A. Wetmore states that the Wetmore Memorial is in error regarding the maiden name of the wife of Abraham Wetmore, which is there given as Sarah Sniffers, and that it should be Sarah Van Sniffen. Mr. Wetmore remarks incidentally as follows :

“ You speak of old silver. We have a few teaspoons that were brought from New York in 1783, by James and Elizabeth (Abrahams) Wetmore, marked with their initials.”

Information is requested respecting the dates of the deaths of James Wetmore and of his wife Elizabeth, and of their marriage ; of the exact date of the birth of Abraham Wetmore, the date of his marriage to Sarah Van Sniffin, and of her birth and death ; also respecting Anneke Jans, wife of Rev. Everardus Bogardus, and her connection with the Wetmore family. A correspondent writes, expressing the opinion that she was Anne, wife of Rev. James Wetmore, but the authorities above quoted effectually disprove that theory.

(To be continued.)

DAVID RUSSELL JACK.



Some Old Letters.

LETTERS written in familiar correspondence between old friends with no thought that they will ever survive to be reviewed and criticized in after years, are of much interest, as exhibiting the manners and customs of the time in which the writer lived, besides containing local historical matter often of much service to the delver in the records of the past.

As they are written freely, without any repression of feeling or sentiment, they bring us closely in contact with the writer, and we share his confidences, his hopes and fears with almost a personal interest, though he be dead and dust for many years.

I have a few old letters from George Hardy to John Ward, jr., second son of Major John Ward, and also from Jane Hardy to Hetty Ward, daughter of Major Ward, written at Lansingburgh, New York, in 1806-7, and 1820-22.

George and Jane Hardy were son and daughter of Elias Hardy, who figured conspicuously in public life during the early days of St. John, a very interesting sketch of whose life and character has been published by the Rev. W. O. Raymond, from which I have extracted a few particulars which may be of interest to those who have not read Mr. Raymond's pamphlet, as showing what manner of man Elias Hardy was.

"Elias Hardy was the son of a non-conformist clergyman, he was born at Farnham, in the county of Surrey, England, in 1744, educated for the Bar, and admitted an attorney and solicitor in the court at Westminster Hall. The confinement incident to this branch of the profession proved

uncongenial to one of his active temperament, and seemed, moreover, to afford a limited field for the exercise of his talents. He accordingly removed in early manhood to the 'King's Provinces' in America, to enter on the more pleasing duties of Counsellor at Law."

The disputes between the old American colonies and the mother country culminated, shortly after his arrival, in the revolutionary war. He resided in New York during nearly the whole of this eventful period, engaging as opportunity offered in the practice of his profession.

The first notice of him engaging in public affairs was at the evacuation of New York in 1783, when he appears as one of the leaders in opposition to the scheme of Colonel Abijah Willard, and his associates for securing extensive land grants in Nova Scotia.

The lands they desired to secure were supposed to include the best and most available locations on the Saint John river, these lands being then included within the bounds of Nova Scotia. This petition caused great indignation amongst the general body of Loyalists remaining in New York, and a copy forwarded to the settlers at the mouth of the Saint John river, caused like dissatisfaction in that locality. A meeting was held in New York to protest against the claims of the petitioners, and a committee was appointed, consisting of Samuel Hake, Elias Hardy and others to prepare a memorial to Sir Guy Carleton relative to the matter. Sir Guy when waited on received the deputation most favorably, and promised that no one person should receive a larger grant in Nova Scotia than 1000 acres.

The difficulties that had arisen in procuring lands for the Loyalists, who had chosen the St. John river as a place of settlement, were instrumental in bringing Elias Hardy to St. John. Many of the old inhabitants, who had settled on the St. John river prior to the revolutionary war, sympathized with their American friends in the

conflict, and some of them even assisted predatory bands from the revolted colonies. So the Loyalists on coming here claimed that the lands on which the old inhabitants had settled or squatted, should be forfeited for their benefit. Elias Hardy was engaged to inquire into the validity of the grants on the St. John river, and to ascertain if they were liable to forfeiture. Hardy furnished a list to Ward Chipman, in which he pointed out many cases in which the land could be forfeited for non-fulfillment of conditions, etc., but Chipman did not think it advisable to take any active proceedings. Hardy was also employed by government to examine claims of Loyalists for compensation for losses incurred through the American Revolution, at the same time he built up an excellent private practice in his profession. He was admitted an Attorney of the Bar of New Brunswick in February 1785. His first prominent case was that of William Davidson of Miramichi, who was interested in lands on the St. John river. In consequence of conflicting claims regarding the property, he was retained by Davidson in suits instituted against James Simonds and others, the question got into Chancery and it was some years before it was settled, but meantime was of substantial benefit to Hardy, it secured his election to the first Assembly of New Brunswick, for the county of Northumberland, through the influence of Wm. Davidson, and led also to his being subsequently retained by James Simonds in a suit against his old colleagues Hazen, Jarvis and White. On the death of Bartholomew Crannell in 1790, he was appointed clerk of the Common Council, and clerk of the Sessions, retaining office till his death in 1798. He represented the county of Northumberland until the dissolution in 1792, and in the next general election, was returned as a representative for the city and county of St. John. At the expiration of the term he was again offered nomination, but declined on account of ill health. In the memorable suit for slander brought by Benedict Arnold

against his former partner Munson Hayt, Elias Hardy was retained by Hayt as his counsel. Arnold claimed £5,000 damages and got 20 shillings, which was regarded practically as a verdict for the defendant. Elias Hardy died in St. John on Christmas Day in 1798. The following brief obituary notice is from the *Royal Gazette* of January 1, 1799 :

“Elias Hardy formed but few friendships, but in these he was always sincere, and the brilliancy of his wit and good humor, made him the life of every circle of which he formed a part. He has left a wife and four children to lament the loss of an affectionate husband and indulgent parent.”

The wife of Elias Hardy was Martha, daughter of Dr. Peter Huggerford, who was surgeon in the “Loyal American Regiment” in the Revolutionary War. Beverley Robinson was colonel, and the Rev. John Beardsley, chaplain. Several of the officers of the Loyalist regiment were prominent citizens of St. John in the early days. Amongst them was the Hon. John Robinson, who was mayor of the city at the time of his death in 1825, and John Ward, who died in 1846, at the patriarchal age of 94, being at that time the oldest half pay officer in the British service. Elias Hardy’s residence was on King Street, south side, half way between Charlotte and Germain. He was laid to rest in the old graveyard in the presence of a large number of St. John’s leading citizens, and to-day the spot of his resting place is unknown.

“Friends and kindred returned to the land of their birth, but the old Loyalist sleeps beneath his country’s flag, and the city of the Loyalists retains within her bounds the ashes of one of the most distinguished of her founders.”

Some years after her husband’s decease, Mrs. Hardy, with her children, returned to New York, where her father and other relatives were living. On her return to New York, Mrs. Hardy found herself in straitened circumstances,

the sale of her property in St. John realized but a small amount, and being a woman of independent character, she would not be a burden on her relatives and so decided to do something towards the support of herself and family. She established herself in a millinery business at Lansingburgh, a town on the Hudson river, above Albany in New York state. An intimate friendship existed between her family and that of Major Ward, and a correspondence, and probably mutual visits were exchanged for many years. Judging from George Hardy's letter to John Ward, the sons of Mrs. Hardy appear to have commenced early to support themselves, and in her daughter's letter, dated in 1822, she mentions that her mother was retiring from business to enjoy a well earned repose. It would be interesting to know if any descendants of Elias Hardy were now living in the States. Jane Hardy writes in 1822, that her brother Henry had married a Southern lady, and that they were trying to persuade him to come north and live with them. This letter from Lansingburgh, in 1822, is the last of the few letters that I have, but I presume the correspondence was kept up long afterwards between such intimate friends. The movements and changes of many years plays havoc with all old documents, and the matter is now a very "old story," and all the principals have been dead for many years, yet it is possible that somewhere in the United States are living grandsons or great-grandsons of Elias Hardy—the London lawyer, and old time St. John Loyalist.

C. WARD.

George Hardy to John Ward, Junior.

LANSINGBURGH, (STATE OF NEW YORK.) }
 October 5, 1806. }

Dear Jack,—

Never did I feel more at a loss, how to address an old friend, than I do at this moment, for when I look at your letter, I think how unpardonably negligent I have been in not answering

it, my feelings are sufficient punishment, you must, therefore, my dear friend, for this time forgive me, and I do faithfully promise to be more punctual in future.

A few days ago I received a letter from R. Whitney, who informed me that he left all my old companions well, at which I assure you, I was sincerely happy,—for nothing can give me more pleasure than to hear that those with whom I have (I fear) passed the happiest days of my life still continue to enjoy themselves. I know not whether the thoughts of me often intrude on your minds, but give you my word that the adage will not apply to me “out of sight, out of mind,”—tho’ I think I hear you say, you have given us a proof of it by your silence, to this charge I should be obliged to plead guilty, but hope for mercy, but a truce with these unpleasant reflections and let me say that I was sorely disappointed at not meeting you in New York last fall, as we anticipated previous to your disastrous voyage. When I left New York there was serious fears for your fate, but happy was I when my mother informed by letter in the winter that you had arrived safe. Have you forgot our casting the dice one day in the Coffee House in the presence of Chaloner? if you have, I have not, it was for a supper of Oysters, and trimmings, and a couple of bottles, I believe you had the best of the bargain, which I should probably have found to my cost if we had met as we expected, and now I have mentioned the name of my friend Chaloner, I must beg of you to remember me to him in the warmest manner, tell him I thank him truly for his recollection of me in your letter and if he had wished to add to the catalogue of obligations under which I feel myself bound to him for his attention to me during my visit to St. John last summer, it would have been by adding a few lines to your letter, if he will do me that favour at a future period, I will with pleasure acknowledge it, for I must confess to you my dear Jack, that his attention to me and the friendly manner in which he always accosted me will always be remembered with gratitude. The night before I left St. John, I went into the Coffee House to take leave of such of my friends as I found there, among others was Chaloner, and when I gave him my hand he expressed his good wishes for my safe passage, and success, with so much sincerity that I was glad to get off, and hide my emotions. I sometimes think it was unfortunate for me that I made that visit to St. John, for I had begun to be reconciled to this place, but after I went there and observed how anxious all my friends were to make my time pass pleasantly, I could scarce bear the idea of returning—I found out long since that the pre-

tended friendly manner, with which the young people here treat strangers is all a sham and that they are a set of — unsociable beings, as ever existed, no more to be compared to our St. John Society, than if I may be allowed to use the comparison, the pleasures of Heaven and Hell. You can form no idea how unpleasant my time passes for want of a few of my old friends, and was it not for the pleasure of meeting some of them to talk over *old Times* I should never wish to see one of them here, as I am sensible they would be disgusted with the Society they would meet with, but let me beg of you, if you should ever find it convenient to make us a visit, not to let what I have said deter you but be assured that every attention that one, who is happy to call you his friend, could shew, to make your time pass pleasantly would be attended to with sincere pleasure—and before I forget it again I will thank you when you see young Willett Carpenter to remember me particularly to him, tell him that I have not forgot (and I hope I never shall) the attention he shewed me on my passage last Fall, with the *Hercules*, and shall always be happy to bear testimony of his friendship—ask him if he remembers our drinking the Egg-nog, whilst one of the men was telling some story to engage his attention from Berton, Hugh Johnston and myself who were making away with it as fast as possible, he will probably recollect the circumstance, tell him at the same time that whenever he visits New York, if he will direct me a few lines by the Mail, I shall be happy to hear from him.

As I fear my letter is growing tedious, I will briefly inform you, that my prospects in business grow brighter every day, and that I am succeeding as well as I should expect for a new hand, my acquaintance with the country daily extends, and of course business must increase. My Mother succeeds far beyond her most sanguine hopes in the Millinery line and has every prospect of making a handsome living. You will not fail to remember me to all my old companions, tell them I would be happy to hear from them if they will favour me with a few lines. You will also please to present my most respectful compliments to your Father, Mother and sisters—and do not forget my friend Mrs. Bourdett, tell her that I was happy to hear by my Mother, that she was pleased with her Callico, which she commissioned me to purchase for her last Fall, and that I am looking for some convenient spot, to dig the *Cave* which I mentioned to her I should need when I turned *Hermit*.

I shall now dear Jack conclude this lengthy epistle, with requesting you will write one as long, and tell me all the news *public and private*.

Direct to the care of Bernard Rapelye, No. 70 Front Street, New York, to be forwarded by Mail, and believe me to remain

Your Sincere Friend,

GEORGE HARDY.

George Hardy to John Ward, Junior.

LANSINGBURGH, N. Y., April 19, 1807.

My Dear Friend,—

With sincere pleasure I now acknowledge the receipt of your truly acceptable letter of the 30th November (on 15th January), and I assure you I was the more pleased with it, as it convinced me you did not decline the correspondence with your old companion and friend, and that I may long continue to hear of your being in health and happy as you could wish is my most fervent prayer, not forgetting all your amiable family for (though I should repeat it in every letter), when I reflect on the attentions that they have shewn to my Mother and Self, I feel myself oppressed with a load of favours that I never shall be able to repay, but rely on your friendship to lighten the weight. I was much pleased to learn by your letter that you are now in the line of doing something for yourself, and if my best wishes for your success in business would avail anything, you have them from my heart but until the career of that Sanguinary Corsican Usurper Buonaparte is at an end, I fear business must be dull in St. John, as there can be no prospect of an honorable peace, for Old England whilst he lives—and God grant he may not live to overturn that Bulwark to the freedom of the Globe. You will see by this my Dear fellow that I have not *turned into a Democrat*, and bent the knee to the pusillanimous Jefferson, nor is there any danger of my *turning my coat*, I was twice warned to turn out in the Militia last summer, and refused, I then had the honour of being brought up before a Court Martial, and ordered to give my reasons for refusing to train. I answered I was an Alien, and had taken the oath of allegiance to the King, and produced my Freedom Certificate, which I took out previous to my leaving St. John in 1804, this staggered them, and I was released, but expect they will try me again next summer, but I'll be — if I do train, if there is a possibility of avoiding it. In your letter you express a wish that we might meet in N. Y., but without you could be there early in

June, we must not think of it. I received a letter from Capt. Woodward yesterday from N. Y. who mentions that he is going home with the Venus, now if you are with her, I can hardly forgive your not writing me a few lines—if it was only to say you had arrived—in future I shall always expect a line to let me know when you are in New York. So regulate yourself accordingly. I should have been down by this time but as my Mother, who takes this with her, will set off to-morrow or next day for her supply of millinery, I must wait, and hope you will be there when I do come down, as I could say a thousand things, and relate many little anecdotes to you, that I dare not commit to paper. I shall have a Budget full when we do meet. It gave me much pleasure to hear that you were all enjoying yourselves so well with dancing—for my part I have danced but once this winter, and then was in a manner drove by my Mother, who wishes me to go into company more than I do, but I have not the most distant wish to go out, as it is impossible for me to enjoy myself with the Society here. And when I sit and think how pleasantly I could pass a few weeks among my old friends, I am almost tempted to fly to them, but I hope the time is not very far distant that I shall be gratified in my wish. I am happy to say that my prospects in Business continue to brighten. I have done very well this winter for a young hand, as near as I can calculate I have made a clean Saving of \$350, after paying every expense, after taking this into consideration, all the difficulties I have had to contend with, is no mean sum, and if it continues to increase in proportion I shall have no reason to complain. My Mother has also had a very good run, and as she gets more known in the Country, her Business gets better. We have had a very severe winter in this Country, indeed such intense cold has not been known for many years, from the middle of December to the first of February, we had hardly an inch of snow, and as Business depends solely on good Sleighing, we did not in that interval make scarcely Salt to our porridge, but when the snow did come, the produce that was brought in almost exceeds belief, as the crops of Wheat were very great last season, it seemed as though there never would be an end to it, the quantity now on hand is immense, not a store in a range of nine miles from this but has from 16- to 30,000 Bushels, besides every other kind of produce in abundance. And now my Dear Jack as your patience must be nearly exhausted by this scrawl, I must think of writing Finis, but allow me first to beg you will give my best respects to your Mother and all your family. You will please remember me to my friend Chaloner, tell him I hope soon to hear

that he has taken a *Rib*, as I shall condemn him very much if he does not, as I anticipate the pleasure of being introduced to Mrs. Chaloner when I visit St. John. Nor must you forget to remember me to Willett Carpenter, tell him whenever he comes to New York, I should be happy to have a few lines, if he has not forgot me, in short you will remember me to all my old friends, that you think would be pleased to hear I was well. I shall expect, and indeed request your next will be as lengthy as this. You must inform me who is dead, who married, or likely to be, and faith anything and everything you think of, and now my Dear Jack, I with pleasure subscribe myself,

Your Sincere (tho' absent) friend,

GEORGE HARDY.

George Hardy to John Ward, Junior.

LANSINGBURGH, Sept. 13, 1807.

Dear Jack,—

I feel rather guilty when I look at your friendly epistle of 30th June (received 30th July), and I think how long I have neglected answering it, but when I inform you that I have been unwell for 3 or 4 weeks with the Influenza, which has prevailed so generally through the country, you will I hope make some allowance for my long silence. You observe in your letter that you were in hopes of meeting me in N. York last spring. I assure you, you could not be more disappointed than I was at our missing each other, but you came rather too early. I was there in June, and shall be down again the latter part of next month. I thank you my dear Friend for your good wishes for our well doing, and believe me when I return them a hundredfold. You are silent on your own success, do say how you come on, tho' from my own knowledge of the situation in St. John, I fear you do not make money faster than you wish, that part of your letter in which you speak of yourself and friend Chaloner, puffing away the hours at Cody's, filled me both with gratitude and envy—gratitude for your sometimes thinking of me in your social chats, and envy (excuse the word) at the pleasure you must take, while I have no place in which to relax my mind, with a friend as I used to in St. John. I think I can figure to myself some of your capers at a *Clearout*, and I could almost curse my bad luck at being deprived of assisting to drain a Bottle with the rest, for I assure you I have not forgot how many I have helped to demolish at Cody's, and anticipate the pleasure of lending you a hand next spring (don't stare) to crack another—it is my intention if I am alive and well of making you a visit about the latter part of May or the first o

June next, as all business will be at a stand from that time to the beginning of this month, owing to its being the season of Harvesting. I think I may as well pass my time in visiting some of my old cronies as idle it away here. Tell me in your next how my old friends Mr. A. Crookshank and family are, and when you see him please remember me respectfully to him. I wish to know when you and Chaloner intend *entering into the blessed state of matrimony*, as I think it will be over with him very soon if you do not spur him up, tell him what I say, as for yourself there is a little more time, and when the *Spirit* moves you, if you cannot get suited in St. John, come this way and look out a stout Dutch lass, with 20 or 30,000 dollars. I assure you there are many such around this part of the country, though you would find it tough work to get to windward of them, they are so cursed close.

I suppose you have all been in an uproar about the late affair of the "Leopard" and "Chesapeak," it has caused a great sensation here, but I do not dread a war, as the *great* Jefferson is of too cowardly a character to fight if he can avoid it, indeed what could this country do in case of war? They have no Navy, excepting a few paltry Gun Boats, to be sure they say "we would take Canada and Nova Scotia," the latter might perhaps easily fall, but I suspect some of them would get their knuckles cracked if they should pay Quebec a visit, in return for this their commerce would be at the mercy of the British Navy, and their Sea Ports battered about their ears, though I believe there are many in this country who would be delighted with a war with Britain, for the sake of venting their hatred to her, which they can only do now on paper. You will observe I am now speaking of the Democrats, the Federalists tho' they would to a man turn out in defence of their Country's insulted Flag, would nevertheless deplore a war with England, sensible of the injury that must arise to both Countries, whose interests are so much to be on terms of friendship. As I am wasting your time with my long-winded epistle, I must now beg of you to present my best respects to your amiable Mother and family, say to them that I shall wait with much impatience, till I can in person wait on them. Remember me to my friend Chaloner, and in my name thank him for his good wishes, and to all my old companions you will remember me, and the first time you are at Cody's, tell him he must prepare himself to meet me in a *Battle*, each armed with a bottle of his best Port Wine.

And now my dear fellow in the hopes of hearing from you soon,

I remain, Yours Sincerely,

GEORGE HARDY.

Jane E. Hardy to Hetty Ward.

LANSINGBURGH, 30th July, 1821.

My Dear Hetty, —

With pleasure I do acknowledge the receipt of yours of the 6th. I had been anxiously waiting to hear from you for some time, and was fearful my letters had not reached you, or that you was ill, and I am very sorry that my fears were too true. I really think if it is possible, that your dear Mother and yourself had better make us a visit this season, it will I am confident benefit the health of both, and we should certainly be very happy to see you, and would do all in our power to make your visit pleasant. Mother has written a long letter to your Father upon business, and she has made the same request that I now make, it was written but a few hours before I received yours. She wishes your Father to send on 6 barrels of Dulse and if he has to pay more for it than my brother did (which was \$4) not to hesitate, and wishes it to be sent as soon as possible. She has written to him to receive some money for her from Mr. Cereno N. Jones of Sissiboo, N. S., and to take out the expenses which he may be at in getting it, and also the pay for the Dulse, and to send her the remainder by the first safe conveyance to New York, to Hay & Wood, or any other person who he may think proper, and write her by Mail, and she will send an order for it, and when he forwards on the Dulse, if he will be kind enough to inform us where it will be put in New York, we would request some of our captains that sail from this place to get it for us.

I am very glad to hear that Margaretta is so promising a girl, I think from your description of her she will be a pleasant companion for you. You say the weather is fine with you, it is so excessively warm here that we can hardly attend to anything, but endeavoring to keep cool by fanning ourselves in the middle of the day, for some days past the heat has been almost beyond bearing, and not a breath of air. At night we open the windows and doors, and sleep without even a sheet over us. Such weather you are not troubled with, but we have at least 6 weeks or 8 yet to expect of the same kind. I wish very much you were here my dear Hetty with your Mother, as we shall have great quantities of fruit this season, the small fruit is nearly gone, and we begin to have Pears, Apples, and in a week or two Plums in abundance, the prospect for fruit of all kinds has not been so great for many years as at present, you know not how much we wish for you both here to enjoy it with us. My brother Henry arrived here from the South, last week, he is in perfect health, and weighs about 20 pounds

more than when you saw him in St. John. So you may suppose he is not a very small man. When in New York he sent your box on by Mrs. Nicolls. I hope it will at last arrive safe, if the bulbs are not defected you had better put them immediately in the ground, and they may yet be good, have them well covered in the Fall with manure and I hope next season you may have the pleasure of seeing them blossom. I shall send you on more this Fall for fear the others may fail. My brother will be on his way to the South in September or October, and he will leave them with Mr. Perrott, as I think that will be the safest way. We expect Charles here soon from Utica to spend a short time, he was well when we last heard from him. The wedding you mention as reported I am not much surprised at. I mean Mrs. B. Miss Dunn I suppose had returned home ere this, but I hope she may conclude to change her name, as I think she will be a pleasant addition to your society, remember my best respects to herself and Sister Mrs. Armstrong. I wish I could spend the afternoon with you all.

LANSINGBURGH, July 30, 1821.

Cereño N. Jones, Esq.

Sir,—

At sight please pay to the order of John Ward, Esq., Sixty-seven pounds four shillings, Nova Scotia Currency, and place the same to account of

(Duplicate)

Yours, etc.,

MARTHA HARDY.

Above Mother has written a duplicate of her order to Mr. Jones, so that your letter is a mixture of business and News. I am pleased that you have received the portraits you expected last Fall, it must be a great gratification to you. I think Lord Powlett might as well have left the children a little more, as he did not make their Father his heir. I do not know how your Father can part with Newton, he is so much attached to him, it will be a hard case if he is obliged to.

Mother is very well and desires to be particularly remembered with myself to your family, and all our old friends. We should both like very much to pay you all a visit, but cannot say when we shall have that pleasure as she is very much confined at home, but I hope the time is not far distant when she will give up business and have more leisure to visit her friends. Let me know in what state the bulbs are when you receive them, as I have a curiosity to know. Present my compliments to Mr. Bedell, Miss Smith, Miss Thompson, and all my friends, and believe me,

Ever your sincere friend,

JANE HARDY.

NOTE.—Miss Hardy's next letter (24th April, 1822) is much the same, friendly gossip, etc., except that she states that her mother has retired from business, and thinks of living at New Haven. She says of her mother :

"My dear Mother enjoys perfect health, and as yet age has made an alteration in her for the better. She has grown fleshy, and of course retains the same look that she did when she left St. John. She is not supposed by any one to be as old by 15 or 20 years as she really is. She has had a great deal to struggle with in bringing up her children, but I hope she is about to reap the fruits of her labour. She will give up business in July, and the rest of her life from present appearances will be spent as she pleases."

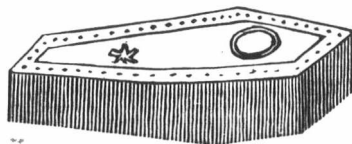
And so ends this little episode of old St. John taken from a few old yellow time-stained letters. Hardy, Ward, Johnston, Chaloner, Carpenter, Berton and all the others alluded to have played their brief part on the stage of life, and gone the common way of all mankind many years ago.

C. WARD.

(From the *Royal Gazette and New Brunswick Advertiser*.)

NEW BRUNSWICK.

ST. JOHN, JANUARY 1ST, 1799.



(*Sic*) MOMENTO MORI.

On Tuesday last, the 25th ultimo, after a long illness which he bore with the greatest fortitude, Elias Hardy, Esquire, Counsellor and Attorney-at-Law—Judge of Probates for this City and County—Common Clerk of the City—Clerk of the Courts of Common Pleas and General Sessions of the Peace for the City and County—Clerk of the Court of Chancery, etc., etc.

The Naming of St. Andrews — a Miss.



ALL normal men are born hunters, though the quarry they follow is diverse enough. With the majority it is wealth; with others knowledge, with some reforms, while most return at times with joy to the primitive original of it all, the capture of the wild game of the woods and waters. As for me, I enjoy several forms of the chase, but the one that I follow with particular zest is the historic origin of the place-names of my native province. I do not believe that any hunter ever yet stalked the lordliest moose and brought him to earth, or any fishermen ever yet played the noblest salmon to gaff, with an intenser pleasure than I experience as I trace some one of our historic place-names through all its devious historical wanderings and bring it to book. But like other sportsmen, I sometimes lose big ones, and this is to tell of a beauty which I thought I had but didn't, because I took the wrong trail.

The name in question is Saint Andrews, on Passamaquoddy. It can be traced back on many maps and in many documents to the Morris Map and Report of 1765, (in Ms. in the Public Record Office, London) where it is applied to the island east of the town, which we now call Navy Island. But earlier than that there is no authentic record of it, though there are two or three hints. Thus in the invaluable Boundary Ms. now in the possession of Rev. Dr. Raymond, are several depositions of residents at Passamaquoddy taken in 1796-97; in one of these, by John Curry, we read: "In 1770, when this deponent first came to the country, there was an Indian place of worship and a cross standing upon Saint Andrews, or Indian Point, and a burying ground which he understood from them

[the Indians] was consecrated ground ;” again, in another, by an Indian, Nicolas Awawas, we read : “ There was a cross put up at St. Andrews Point, and it was standing till about fourteen years ago, and was put up by St. André, a priest. . . . and then it was called St. Andrews.” These statements must be taken with some caution, but they make it probable that there had been a Christian mission at this place, the name of which was St. Andrews. Here, despite much search, the matter rested until a few months ago, when, working through the newly issued volume on Canadian Archives, the Supplementary Volume for 1899, I hit upon these passages :

- July 26, 1702. The Minister writes to the Bishop of Quebec :
“ Is glad to learn by his letter that the negotiations with the Abbot of St. André au Bois, respecting the establishment of his community in Acadia, are going on favorably. (Page 363).
- August 2, 1702. The Minister writes to the Bishop of Quebec :
“ Will do all that depends on him to induce the King to consent to the conditions upon which the Abbot of St. André-au-Bois would undertake an establishment in Acadia.” (Page 363).
- August 2, 1702. The Minister to M. Bignon, Intendant of Picardy : “ Asks him to endeavor to lease for 8,000 livres, the establishment of the Abbey of St. André-au-Bois, in Artois
• On condition that that be done, the Abbot consents to found an establishment in Acadia and to go there himself.” (Page 363).
- April 25, 1703. The Minister to M. Bégon. “ Will grant a passage on the ship going to Acadia to the Abbot of St. André-aux-Bois, of the order of Prémontrés, with 9 Religious of his order.” (Page 370).
- June 20, 1703. The Minister to M. de Brouillan. “ Respecting the Abbot of Saint André-aux-Bois.” (Page 371).
- July 18, 1703. The Minister to the Bishop of Quebec. “ Sends him a letter of the Vicar General of ‘ La Congregation des Prémontrés,’ which will show him what these monks require, before undertaking the missions of Acadia. Thinks their proposals worthy of acceptance, and thinks those which may not be so, would be modified if he should take it in hand.” (page 368).

This is all upon that subject in the volume, but it seemed enough! "Eureka!" (or a scientific equivalent) I cried, "the Monks of St. André-au-Bois came to Acadia, some of them founded a mission at St. Andrews and named it in honor of the house of their order in France. This explains, too, the Indian tradition that it was founded by a priest by the name of St. André." But later my joy was tempered by the reflection that 'twas a goodly guess, but where was the proof? So I set to work to find it. I asked a priest of the Roman Church whether the Order of Prémontrés is still in existence, and if so, to whom I could apply for information about the order and its early missions. He told me the order is still active and gave me the address of the Superior of St. Norbert's College of Du Pere, Wis., who in turn referred me to the Bishop of the Order, the Bishop of Namur, in Belgium, to whom I wrote. A prompt and very courteous reply was received from Father Waltman Van Spilbeeck, Sub-Prior of the Abbey of Tougerloo, Belgium, to whom his Lordship had referred my letter, enclosing an extract from a history of the Abbey of St. André-au-Bois, of which the following is a translation:

André Thomas, XXXVe abbé de St. André-au-Bois (1688-1731).

In one of his frequent voyages to Paris, admitted to present to the Cardinal de Noailles his plans of reform, he met the Bishop of Quebec, who persuaded him to take part in the apostolic work in Canada, and proposed to him to attach himself to his person. The imagination of the Abbé Thomas was immediately fired by the thought of consecrating himself to missions, and of leading beyond the seas his disciples of the Mount-Saint-Martin. The reformer straightway became the apostle.

He sought immediately from the court the authority to devote himself to the propagation of the faith, and through the mediation of the intendant Bignon, asked from the abbey of St. André a subsidy of three thousand livres.

The brother Boubert (proctor) and the prior, unwilling to share with the new world resources hardly sufficient for the abbey itself, granted, not without difficulty, a sum of 1,200 livres; Thomas

. . . . arrived suddenly at Saint André one evening in September, 1703, in the hope to recruit there at least some disciples; some clergy to preach the gospel; some laymen to found a colony; his brother offered to accompany him with wife and two children, but he required from the King the grant of two square leagues of land to be held in fief from the crown of France, with water mills, wind mills, the rank of esquire, and finally permission to cross and recross the ocean whenever he thought best.

At Saint-Omer, at Serques, where Thomas went to promote the advantages of his project, he obtained many adherents; but the monks of St. André knew their abbé too well to risk following him in such an adventure. When it became necessary to leave family and country, when on his return from Paris, where he was to organize the voyage, André Thomas made his appeal to the missionaries and the colonists, no one presented himself; he himself, moved by the tears of his parents, hesitated and sought trivial excuses; he wrote to the Bishop of Quebec that an abbé ought not to abandon his community and traverse the seas without the authorization of the Pope, and the Bishop answered him through the minister Pontchartrain, that he ought to fulfil his engagements, and to be at La Rochelle the 12th of June, 1703. The Bishop of Quebec cared little for the colonists recruited by promises, but he counted upon the missionaries and would not start without them; a last time he wrote to André Thomas; then, as time pressed, he dismissed him in disgrace, whilst the Recollets took his place on the ship which made sail for Canada.—*From the "Histoire des abbayes de Doumartin et de Saint-André-au-Bois," par le Bon Abberie de Calonne. Arras. Sueur-Charruey, 1875, pp. 191 and following.*

The correctness of the statements in the above passage is rendered the more probable from the fact that, as Father Van Spilbeeck points out, there is cited among the authorities on which this history is based, a "Chronicle of Saint-André-au-Bois by F. Boubert, 36th Abbé . . . from 1135 to 1763." As Abbé Thomas was the 35th Abbé, this chronicle was by his successor, and hence likely to be correct. The Abbey itself has long since destroyed, doubtless during the French Revolution.

Thus vanished my beautiful theory about St. Andrews. But I still think it probable that the name was that of a mission to the Indians at this place, established some time

subsequent to Church's raid in 1704. It is a coincidence of some interest that the name Saint Martin occurs in the above passage, as that of a neighboring abbey; for the name Saint Martins in St. John county is also of totally unknown origin, though no record of its occurrence prior to 1786 is known. Incidentally the above passage is also of interest as showing the difficulties the French experienced in securing colonists for New France.

W. F. GANONG.



A WINTER SCENE IN A GARDEN AT FREDERICTON.

Designed by Miss Sadie Macfarlane.



Sir Charles Tupper Bart.

G.C.M.G. C.B.
NO 35.



Book - Plates.



RECENTLY, while making a visit to one of the auction rooms in St. John, as the writer has been wont to do at short intervals for several years past, in search of a stray volume of interest, an old pamphlet or magazine, or some other literary crumb, it was his good fortune to stumble upon a find, the richness of which he has even yet hardly ventured to estimate. Upon a table were displayed a lot of odd volumes, chiefly of such a character as would be found in a clergyman's library. They were a very miscellaneous lot, but several of them were at once recognized as being of value. These were acquired at a modest price, and in reply to an enquiry as to whether any more were obtainable from the same source, the auctioneer replied that he had many cases of similar books stored away in the top flat of his warehouse, and had received orders to dispose of them to the best advantage. After a little negotiation a bargain was concluded, which resulted in a week's labor on the part of the writer—a labor of love, indeed—in a dusty garret, in opening cases and turning over the leaves of volumes which had not seen the light of day for nearly a

quarter of a century. This constituted all that remained of what had once been the extensive library of one of Acadia's foremost literary workers. What a wealth of gems it contained. Here it had lain forgotten and unnoticed for years. The dust of a busy city had penetrated to the inmost recesses of the cases in which the volumes had been packed. A leaky roof had permitted the rain to enter and cause no little damage to many of the volumes.

Here were book-plates galore! No modern book-plates poorly designed and cheaply contrived, but copper-plate engravings. All of them had been designed, printed, inserted in their respective volumes, the volumes had become part of a fine library, their owner had gone the way of all flesh, and his books had been hurriedly packed up and stored away, long before the collecting of book-plates had become a fad, or the first work published upon that interesting subject had been even conceived in the mind of its writer. There they had remained until opened up and carefully examined by the writer of these pages. What a history was here unfolded—volumes presented by members of the family, one to the other, at various seasons and anniversaries in the family history—the donor and the recipient long dead. Volumes that betokened hard study and careful usage. Volumes that, could they have spoken, would have revealed many an interesting incident of college and university life, of a life devoted in its earlier years to the ministry of the gospel, and later to journalistic and editorial work. Here were books that were printed, bound and studied, nearly a century before Champlain, DeMonts and Poutrincourt, during their memorable voyage of discovery, had, on the 24th of June, 1604, sailed into Le Baye Francoise, and dropped anchor at the mouth of what they named—in honor of the day—the river St. John.

At the foot of one tiny volume which lies before the writer at the present moment is printed—"LVGD. BATAVOR. Ex officina Elzeviriana Ao. 1632." Another reads, "Am-

stelodami, Apud Ludovicum Elzevirium—1651." Both of these are bound in vellum, and a close examination reveals the fact that the vellum covering was once part of a much older work, the carefully formed lettering of what had been, possibly, a beautifully illuminated missal stolen from some English monastery, being distinctly visible through the binding.

On the fly-leaf of a book which lacked the title page, appeared a note signed by a Bishop of the Church of England, and dated A. D. 1610.

There were a number of pamphlets and magazines, valuable to the editor of a magazine such as this, for the amount of historical material which they contained.

But it is unnecessary to weary the reader with a longer description of this interesting collection. It is sufficient to add that about two hundred volumes have since passed into the hands of one by whom they will be carefully preserved, and a special book-plate is being prepared, in which will be set forth the name of the prior owner, with such biographical data as may seem appropriate.

Such of the book-plates as are of local interest, only two or three, will be reproduced in the pages of this magazine. The remainder have found a temporary abiding place, with the several volumes in which they are contained, upon the library shelves of one whose sincere wish it is that they may eventually form a part of a national library in the Acadian Provinces.

No. 35.—Sir Charles Tupper, K. C. M. G., etc., etc., whose book-plate is here reproduced, is undoubtedly one of the ablest statesmen, not only of the Acadian Provinces, but of Canada at large, and as such needs no introduction to the majority of the readers of this magazine.

He is the oldest son of the late Rev. Charles Tupper, D. D., of Aylesford, N. S., by his first wife, Miriam Lockhart Low, of Parrsboro, N. S. His branch of the family is descended from Thomas Tupper, who emigrated to

America in 1635, landing at Saugus, now Lynn, Mass., and two years later removing to Sandrich, in the same Province, of which town they were among the incorporators. Sir Charles Tupper first entered public life at the general election of 1855, when he was returned to the Local Assembly as member for Cumberland, defeating the late Hon. Joseph Howe, then leader of the Liberal Party in Nova Scotia, and afterwards Lieutenant-Governor of the Province. For half a century he has been a conspicuous figure in the political life of this country, particularly so in the movement which culminated in the confederation of the Provinces and the establishment of the Dominion of Canada.

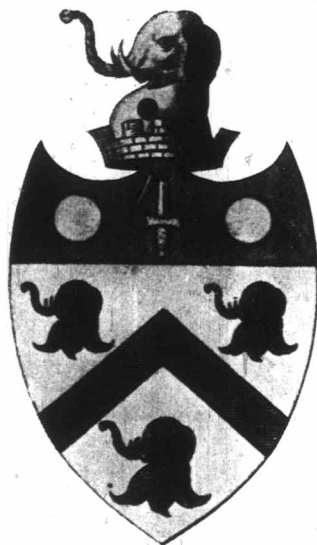
Dr. Tupper was created a G. C. M. G. in 1886, and a Baronet of the United Kingdom in 1888. He is an honorary D. C. L. of Acadia College, N. S., an honorary LL.D. of Cambridge University, England, and Edinburgh University, Scotland, and an honorary Fellow of the Royal Scottish Geographical Society.

He married on October 8th, 1846, Frances Amelia, daughter of Silas Hibbert Morse, of Amherst, N. S. The fiftieth anniversary of their marriage was celebrated at Ottawa on the 8th of October, 1896, on which occasion he and Lady Tupper were presented with many handsome souvenirs of the event, including a solid gold epergne from the Conservative members of the Senate, a solid gold salver from the Conservative members of the House of Commons, and a handsome silver-gilt epergne from the Conservatives of Halifax, N. S.

The book-plate is a strikingly handsome one, well designed and well proportioned. The owner was good enough to place the original copperplate at the disposal of the writer, for use in illustrating this article, but the great expense involved in making a sufficiently large number of impressions from such a plate has precluded its use. A



NO. 36.



Capt. John Saunders.

NO. 38.



JOHN SIMCOE SAUNDERS.

NO. 39.

process plate was accordingly made from an impression from the original copper, and is presented to the readers of this magazine herewith.

No. 36.—The book-plate of Lewis DeBlois is of much interest for many reasons. The reproduction here given is from the only copy known to the writer, although there may be several copies in existence in the neighboring republic. This copy is in the possession of Mr. Lewis DeBlois Millidge, of the city of Saint John, he being a lineal descendant of the original owner. As there were at least three generations of the name, Lewis DeBlois, it is not possible, at present, to state definitely for which member of the family the plate was made.

The first member of the family, concerning whom the writer has any reliable data, and whom we shall designate Lewis DeBlois, Sr., was a merchant, originally, of London, England. He was afterwards a merchant of Boston, Mass., and was an addresser of General Gage, in 1775. In 1776 he was at Halifax, N. S.; in 1778 he was proscribed and banished, and in 1779 he was in London, England. He died very suddenly in England, so Sabine states, (after being out all day) in 1779, aged 71 years.

From the White family Bible, in the possession of Mr. Millidge, the following data was obtained:

Lewis DeBlois, Jr., son of Lewis DeBlois, merchant, of London, was born on the 10th of April, 1762, in Boston. On the 17th of August, 1784, he married Elizabeth Lawton, at St. John, N. B.

A daughter of Lewis DeBlois, Jr., Elizabeth Cranston, was born on the 20th of October, 1790, and on the 2nd of November, 1818, was married to James White, High Sheriff of the city of St. John.

A second daughter, Sarah, was born on the 23rd Sept., 1792, and was one of the first children baptized in Trinity church, St. John, N. B. During all her life she was one of the pillars of that church. She was never married.

No. 27.—Herbert E. Wardroper, Common Clerk of the city of Saint John, is a son of John Wardroper, and was born at Ewell, Surrey, England. He was educated at the Grammar School, at Manchester, England. He came to St. John in 1872, and studied law with James A. Belyea.

In 1878 he was appointed Deputy Common Clerk, which position he continued to hold until the death of B. Lester Peters, late Common Clerk, in 1891, when he succeeded to the office.

Mr. Wardroper was admitted an Attorney on the 18th of October, 1883, and a Barrister on the 7th of February, 1884.



The design of Mr. H. E. Wardroper's book-plate is from that of his great grandfather, Richard Wardroper, of Winchilsea, Sussex, England.

Family tradition relates that one of the early members of the family was keeper of the King's wardrobe, hence the origin of the name, which is allied to that of Chamber-

lain, Barbour, Ussher, etc. The three brushes which appear in the coat-of-arms, allude, probably, to the official position held by the first of the name.

Charles Wareing Bardsley, M. A., in his work, "English Surnames," p. 205, writes :

We have only to look at mediæval costume, its grandeur, its colors, and its varied array, to understand how necessary there should be a special officer to superintend his lord's wardrobe. Our 'Wardrops' are but the former 'de la Wardrobe,' or 'de la Garderoba,' while 'le Wardrober,' or 'le Garderober,' has bequeathed us our 'Wardropers.'

Thus the 'Book of Curtasye' says —

The usshere shalle bydde the wardropere
Make redy for alle, night before they fere.

No. 38.—Captain John Saunders, afterwards Hon. John Saunders, Chief Justice of New Brunswick, was a Captain of Cavalry in the Queen's Rangers, of which Col. Simcoe was the commanding officer.

Captain Saunders was a noted Loyalist during the American Revolution. He was descended from an English family that adhered to the Royal cause in the civil war between King Charles and the Roundheads. His grandfather had emigrated to Virginia, and acquired large landed estates there, which were afterwards confiscated on account of the loyalist tendencies of Capt. Saunders.

With reference to his services as Captain in the Queen's Rangers, it is worthy of remark that his troop of horse was raised at his own expense. In 1780 he commanded at Georgetown, South Carolina, and was twice wounded in partisan strifes. At the close of the war he went to England, became a member of the Middle Temple, and practised law. In 1790 he was appointed Judge of the Supreme Court of New Brunswick, and in 1822 became Chief Justice of this Province. He died at Fredericton, N. B., on the 24th May, 1834, aged 80 years.

His wife, Elizabeth Saunders, who was a native of Elizabethtown, New Jersey, came with her husband to this

Province in 1783. She died at Hammond River, N. B., on the 24th of August, 1828, aged 86 years.

A daughter of Judge Saunders, Eliza, married Adj. Flood, of the 74th regiment, and died at Fredericton on the 8th of January, 1821, aged 26 years.

No. 39.—John Simcoe Saunders was the only son of Hon. John Saunders. He was born in New Brunswick, and was educated at Oxford, England. He was admitted an Attorney on the 18th February, 1817, and a Barrister on the 18th February, 1819. He was called to the Bar of Lower Canada in 1820, and later was made a Queen's Counsel.

He was a prominent man in the educational and political life of his native province. He was President of the Legislative Council of New Brunswick, a President of the Diocesan Church Society, and Senior Justice of the Court of Common Pleas for the counties of York and Sunbury. He was a member of the Senate of the University of New Brunswick, and also held several provincial appointments. He published "The Law of Pleadings and Evidence in Civil Actions," 2 vols., London, 1828. His son, John Saunders, was the founder of the Kings County, N. B., Cavalry. He married Mary Stewart, a niece of the widow of Chief Justice Chipman, of New Brunswick. He died at Fredericton on the 13th of April, 1880, at the age of fifty years.

In conclusion, a few notes from the pen of Mr. E. M. Chadwick, critical of a former article of this series is herewith appended.

It may be taken for granted that the object of publishing book-plates is not merely for the historic interest which attaches to those hitherto in use, but also to aid designers of new plates with such information on the subject as correspondents and others may be able to contribute. Therefore each plate published may be regarded as open to criticism. In the April number of ACADIENSIS you print two plates of Judge Owen and Mrs. Owen, composed in the pictorial symbolic style now so much used. These two plates

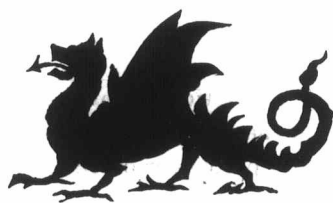
are most artistic, and excellent both in design and execution, but it is rather unfortunate that Mrs. Owen's arms should be displayed as those of an unmarried woman. The heraldic rules as to the arms of women are very precise, and always require that they should indicate whether the bearer is a spinster, a wife, or a widow. The arms in this instance should have impaled those of the husband. With regard to the arms in Judge Owen's plate, there is one thing so peculiar as to be a little difficult to understand, namely, a charge which is apparently a canton, and if so should be enclosed by lines parallel to the middle perpendicular and horizontal lines of the shield, but it is placed at an angle to those lines. If I might venture to offend against the motto, "Ne sutor ultra crepidam," and remark upon matters which are beyond my special field of criticism, I would say that if the figures in these two book-plates had been portraits, the book-plates would have been of the very greatest interest. The quaint costume of the judicial figure would have been appropriate, with but slight variation, for Judge Owen, even though if it might be possibly a little more elaborate and imposing than is usually worn in his court.

Toronto, April, 1902.

E. M. CHADWICK.

To be continued.

DAVID RUSSELL JACK.



The Amaranth.

Away, away, over hill and dale,
Make speed with the breath of the passing gale,
And rise to Brunswick a monument,
Rife with the beauties of a continent—
Abounding in grandeur most sublime ;
New—tho' old as the oldest clime—
Thrice valued gem—thou Brunswick grant,
Hail! all hail! to the AMARANTH.



EARLY in the month of January, 1841, Robert Shives issued the first number of the *Amaranth*, the first literary monthly magazine printed in New Brunswick, and appealed "to a generous public for countenance and support." Every effort would be made on his part, Mr. Shives assured his readers, "to render the work acceptable, and having made arrangements in England for some of the best periodicals of the day, the *Amaranth*—independent of containing a choice selection from these sources—will furnish to its readers many original articles of undisputed merit, written by residents of New Brunswick." He also promised to "use the utmost care in the selections for each number and his best endeavors to render the mechanical portion of the work neat and creditable."

As Mr. Shives was a practical printer, having served a long apprenticeship in the printing establishment of Henry Chubb, the founder and proprietor of the old *Courier*, he fulfilled his promise admirably in this respect, and the pages of the *Amaranth* not only show tasteful composition, careful proof-reading, and good press work, but also good judgment in the selection of articles from other publications. While the larger number of the original contributions were very creditable, and some showed marked

ability, a few might, with advantage to the literary merit of the magazine, have been suppressed.

The January number contained but one original contribution—an Indian tale "The Storm Spirit of the Milicetes," by W. R. M. Burtis, a gentleman who is still well remembered by older residents of St. John, and at that time filled the position of common clerk of the city. Mr. Burtis was a frequent contributor to the *Amaranth*, and during the year wrote for its pages two short tales, "Juana—a Reminiscence of Porto Rico," and "The Ingrate—an Historical Romance."

The February number contained but two original contributions, short poems by "H. C." and "G. M. R.," writers too modest and retiring to sign their names in full. As but few of the writers for this old magazine permitted their names to be appended to their contributions, we are left in doubt as to who were the literary aspirants in those days. We can, however, discover the identity of a few by their initials, and the *nom de plume* of others is still remembered. As the editor and his contributors have all passed away, we can now draw the veil under which these old writers reposed for more than half a century, and rescue their names, if possible, from oblivion. They gave their best to Acadian literature, and performed their work faithfully, if modestly, and without price.

In the number for March appeared the first of Moses H. Perley's sporting sketches of New Brunswick. These sketches were reprinted from the *London Sporting Review*, then the highest authority on sporting matters in the United Kingdom. This sketch is entitled "The Lawyer and the Black Ducks," and was written in Mr. Perley's fascinating style, which at that time made him the most popular writer on hunting and kindred subjects in British America. As usual the Indian is introduced, and old Tomah, the Milicete guide, is the central figure, whose philosophy and resourcefulness give life and interest to

what in reality are the best sketches of the kind given to the world. This was followed by "The White Spectre of the Weepemaw," "The Indian Regatta," "The Bear and the Lumberman," and "La Belle Tololak." The April number contained the only original contribution Mr. Perley wrote for the *Amaranth*. It is entitled "Dark Harbor—a Tale of Grand Manan."

In the May number a comparatively unknown lady writer appeared, who signed her contributions "Mrs. B——n, Long Creek, Q. C.," and who proved to be a most prolific writer of both prose and poetry. "Adelaide Belmore," a tale, was the first, and contains a paragraph at the opening of the story in reference to the heroine, an American girl of wealth and fortune, that seems strangely true of that class at this time. "An undefined hope, and certainly a strange one for an American girl to entertain, flitted before her mind," writes this old romancer, "that her lover must be a nobleman, while probably she had never been in company with one in her life—but she was only seventeen, and romance was part of her nature."

"Adelaide Belmont" was followed by "The Lost One—a tale of the Early Settlers," "Edith Melbourn," an Irish sketch, and "A Tale of New Brunswick," which opens "where the bright waters of the wide St. John roll on their shining course, 'mid woodland height and emerald glade."

"Madeline St. Claire," a short French tale, appeared in the December number, which closed the first volume of the *Amaranth*. This lady was the wife of Dr. Frederick Bevan, an Irish physician, who practised his profession for many years in Kings and Queens counties. Their home was at Long Creek, Queens county. Mrs. Bevan was a daughter of Captain Shaw, a sea captain who sailed for many years out of St. John, and who died in this city about 1845. In 1848, Dr. Bevan, with his wife, returned to Ireland, and I have been unable to learn more of them. Mrs. Bevan was an accomplished and well educated woman,

and wrote with felicity and ease, and a high moral tone runs through all her writings. MacFarlane, in his "Bibliography of New Brunswick," makes no mention of her or of her writings, which were esteemed in their day worthy contributions to our literature.

The imperial army that garrisoned our principal towns for so long a period, had in its ranks men who aspired, as well as their officers, to literary fame. "J. M.," of the 69th Regiment, then stationed at St. John and Fredericton, became a regular and valued contributor. Two of his poems, "The Victim's Dying Hour," and "The African," were very creditable. To the second volume "J. M." made a more ambitious contribution than those made to the first—a tale entitled "The Maid of St. Vincent," which ran through two numbers, and was "most respectfully dedicated (by permission) to Lieutenant-Colonel Monins, Commanding Her Majesty's Forces in New Brunswick, etc., etc., etc., by his most obedient, humble and devoted servant and admirer, the author." The plot of the story is laid on "the beautifully wild and wildly picturesque island of St. Vincent," West Indies, where the writer had been stationed. "J. M." was Sergeant Moore of the 69th, a genial and handsome Irishman, well known among his countrymen in the province.

At the end of the June number, Mr. Shives announced that the "*Amaranth* has now reached its sixth number, and for the first time appears in an entirely new garb," and the editor trusted his friends and patrons were convinced the magazine was firmly established and destined to become very popular. In answers to correspondents the individuality of Mr. Shives asserts itself and recalls the man to those who remember him :

"Our roll of MSS. for our July number," he writes, "is unusually large, and our patience has been severely tried in useless attempts to decipher some of them, which are as unintelligible as the hieroglyphics of Herculaneum. The

rejected articles are very numerous. 'The Tale without a Name,' which comprises twenty-five pages of closely written foolscap, is so imperfectly written as to prevent insertion. 'Lines to Miss L——,' if the author lives to be three years older, he will thank us for not publishing this effusion. 'Lady, thy fate is sealed!' a ballad; this possesses one great merit which we cannot omit to name, viz.: it is written in a beautiful clear hand."

There seemed to be a great deal of poetry offered for Mr. Shives' consideration, and most of the poetry that appeared in the *Amaranth* was very good. The muses were cultivated in those days as assiduously as now, and in all the provincial publications of that period there are to be found original poems worthy a place in any collection. Two that appeared in the first volume were especially good: That entitled "War," and bore the initials "H. C.," from which I quote several verses:

"Come war! come war! I'll try my hand,
I'll prove my heart in deadly strife!
I'll link me with the foremost band
That dares th' exchange of death or life.

"Prove, when the deadly rifle-ball
Shall shrilly whistle through the air,
If power it has my heart to pall,
Or blanch my cheek with dastard fear."

The other poem was simply named "A Song," and is signed with the initials "C. A. M." and dated "St. John, September, 1841." It relates to the death of Sir John Moore, at Corunna, in Spain, during the Peninsular War. The burial of the "Scottish hero" has been made immortal by Wolfe's noble poem, "Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note," which is familiar to every reader of English poetry. But this poem seems to have remained almost unnoticed among the forgotten songs of a past generation:

" 'Twas on Corunna's height
 The Scottish hero fell—
 How deeply he was mourned
 Let England's armies tell !
 Bright shone the tartan hose,
 Which Egypt's sands had known,
 For his own, his gallant Highlanders,
 Again were leading on.

" Moore gave the signal forth,
 Heart-stirring words—though few ;
 And away, on victory's eagle wings
 Britain's ensign flew ;
 The battle wildly raged,
 And yielding was the foe,
 When forth there sped that fatal bolt,
 Which laid the hero low.

" A cheer ran o'er the line,
 Moore, smiling, heard the sound,
 But tears stood on each soldier's cheek
 As they bore him off the ground.
 The dying hero's blood
 Fell faster than the dew,
 And dimm'd proud victory's eagle eye
 With clouds of midnight hue."

The writer of these verses was "a gentleman of this city," Mr. Shives stated in a subsequent number, and that they had been set to music by Mr. Franz Petersilea, a composer of music, who at that time made St. John his home. I have been unable to rescue the writer's name from oblivion ; perhaps some reader of ACADIENSIS may have a key to the secret.

Thomas Hill copied both of these poems (duly crediting to the *Amaranth*) in his collection of "Loyal Songs and Lyrics," published in 1845, and no writer in New Brunswick was a better judge of composition than that talented but erratic genius.

A lady writer, whose *nom de plume* was "Wilhelmina," contributed a number of poems. The acrostic which heads

this article was from her pen. Her first contributions were dated from Bridgetown, Nova Scotia, but the later ones were from Liverpool, Nova Scotia.

In the September number Douglas S. Huyghue, under the *non de plume* of "Eugene," made his first contribution. It was a poem entitled, "The Lammer Geyer." To the October number he contributed a tale "Malsosep; or the Forsaken," and during the continuance of the magazine his writings were the principal feature of the publication.

Mr. Huyghue's best work, and one that will even yet repay perusal, is "Argimou: A Legend of the Micmac," a tale of the English conquest of Acadia. The scenes and incidents of the story are local and provincial, and was probably the earliest attempt to weave these into an historical romance. The story began in the May number and finished in the September number of the second volume, and gives a graphic description of the eastern portion of New Brunswick, with the numerous waterways that intersect this part of the province, and also shows a deep knowledge of Indian character and traditions, woven into a love romance of thrilling interest. The concluding incident of the story, the adventure at the Falls above St. John, will thrill the soul of the most unimaginative reader, and leave a lasting remembrance of that tragic locality. The story was afterwards published in book form in London, and appeared twice in the columns of the *St. John Weekly Albion*, when conducted by the late George W. Day. The friends of young Huyghue looked hopefully forward to a time when his writings would be read beyond his native province, but fame has ever been a fickle jade. Mr. Huyghue emigrated to Australia in the forties, where he died.

The second volume of the *Amaranth* equalled the first in the ability of the writers and variety of their contributions. James Redfern, whose writings are scattered through the files of the newspapers from 1825 to 1855,

contributed two poems. Mr. Redfern was by trade a mason, but through life remained a humble and devoted lover of the muses. He was a talented man, and in another sphere might have won a modest measure of success.

Mr. Shives welcomed this year (1842) as a valuable addition to colonial literature, "The Nova Scotia New Monthly Magazine," a periodical of the same size as the *Amaranth*, printed in Halifax by Simpson and Kirk, and selected from its pages a poem, "The Fossil," a clever satire on Dr. Abraham Gesner, the eminent geologist. Mr. Shives also called attention to a book just published which bore the title "Solitude, and Other Poems," printed by Edmund Ward, of Fredericton, and containing a choice selection of original pieces, which induced the editor to remark, that this work "is another evidence of the truth of an oft repeated assertion that New Brunswick is not deficient in literary talent." A copy of this book would be a valued addition to our Public Library.

Edmund Ward was assistant emigrant agent for the province, and the author of "An Account of the River St. John, with its Tributary Rivers and Lakes," now a very rare publication. Mr. Ward was also a contributor to the *Amaranth*. He afterwards removed to Halifax, N. S., and there attempted the publication of a monthly magazine, but with what success I am unable to state.

Although Mr. Shives appealed to his "patrons" for articles descriptive and historic of New Brunswick, with the exception of Mr. Perley's sporting sketches, and Mr. Huyghue's Indian tale, none appear to have been offered. Romance and sentimentalism were features of many of the contributions, but notwithstanding this, the *Amaranth* compared favorably with more ambitious publications from abroad that had a larger circulation in the province.

Mrs. Bevan and W. R. M. Burtis continued to write for the magazine until the close of the second volume, when Mr. Shives ceased its publication. A wave of commercial

depression swept over the province in 1842, and no doubt Mr. Shives' business felt its effects.

Though the life of the *Amaranth* was short, we have to thank the eccentric and somewhat erratic printer for what he accomplished for Acadian literature. Quick and sharp in his manners there was much of human kindness in his composition, and a patriotism and love of country that induced him to establish the *Amaranth* to combat other tendencies he deemed fatal to the well being of his countrymen. The honor of having issued the first literary magazine in New Brunswick belongs to him, and his name will ever remain associated with periodical literature in Acadia.

Bound volumes of the *Amaranth* are now very rare, and the writer is indebted to the courtesy of Dr. P. R. Inches for the use of a complete set which that gentleman has in his library. Periodical publications are probably the best methods of arousing the latent literary aspirations of a community, and recording and rescuing from oblivion interesting historical facts which have been adopted, and it is to be hoped that our province will not again be without one or more of these interesting publications.

JONAS HOWE.

A list of monthly and quarterly magazines printed in New Brunswick, with the names of the editors and printers :

LITERARY.

- The Amaranth*, Robert Shives. 1841-2. 2 Vols. Robert Shives, Printer.
- The Wreath*, Thomas Hill. 1845. One number. Doak & Hill, Printers.
- The Guardian*, R. Atkins and Edward Manning. 1860. 1 Vol. Barnes & Co., Printers.
- Stewart's Quarterly*, George Stewart. 1868-9-70-71-72. 5 Vols. H: Chubb & Co., Printers.
- Maritime Monthly*, Rev. James Bennett. 1873-4-5. 5 Vols. J. & A. McMillan, Printers.

New Brunswick Magazine, W. K. Reynolds. 1898-9. 3 Vols.
John A. Bowes, Printer.

Acadiensis, D. R. Jack. 1901. 1902. Barnes & Co., Printers.

EDUCATIONAL.

Youth's Companion, Dr. James Paterson. 1823-4--5. 3 Vols.
Henry Chubb, Printer.

The Schoolmaster Abroad, Samuel Miller. Two or three numbers.
1863. H. Chubb & Co., Printers.

Educational Review, Dr. George U. Hay. 1887. 15 Vols. Barnes
& Co., Printers.

Wanted.

Almanacks published in Nova Scotia or Prince Edward Island at any date ; New Brunswick almanacks published prior to 1860 ; a copy of Haliburton's History of Nova Scotia ; old pamphlets, reports, sketches, photographs, etc., relating to the Acadian Provinces ; copies of "Stewart's Quarterly," or "Maritime Monthly ;" historical works relating to Nova Scotia or Prince Edward Island ; also copies of ACADIENSIS, Vol. I., Nos. 2 and 4.

D. R. JACK.



The River Saint John.

The broad, round-shouldered giant earth,
Upbears no land more sweet
Than that whereon in heedless mirth
Went free my childish feet ;
No fairer river furroweth
With its strong, steel-blue share
The hillsides and the vales of earth
Than that which floweth there.

For rigid, fasting hermit John
They name the glorious stream,
As seamen on his holy morn
Beheld its harbor's gleam.
It was like rigid hermit John —
A voice amid the wild,
Its honey and its fatness drawn
From forests undefiled.

Now that the green is on the plain,
The azure in the sky,
Wherewith clear sunshine after rain
Decketh the rich July,
Broad is the leaf and bright the flower ;
Close to the pale gray sands
Coarse alder grows, and virgin's bower
Grasps it with slender hands.

With honey-suckles, meadow sweets
And rue the banks are lined ;
O'er wide fields dance gay marguerites
To pipe of merry wind.
By the tall tiger-lily's side
Stands the rich golden-rod,
A king's son wooing for his bride,
The daughter of a god.

When fresh and bright were all green things,
And June was in the sky,
The dandelions made them wings
And did as riches fly ;
Now the bright buttercups with gold
Empave a toil-trod road—
Can wayfarers their sheen behold
Nor sigh for streets of God ?

The birds are homed amid the boughs
Of oak and elm trees grand ;
As for the snipe, her lowly house
She maketh in the sand ;
The robin loves the dawning's hush,
The eve's the chickadee,
The thistle-bird the garden bush,
The bobolink the lea.

From intervale and swampy dale
Are wafts of fragrance blown,
Of fern and mint and calamus,
And wild hay newly mown ;
God's fiery touch hath reached the earth,
And lo ! its odors rise
Like incense pure of priceless worth
Offered in sacrifice.

MARGARET GILL CURRIE.

[The stanzas which are published above form the introduction to a poetical work of 128 pages, entitled "John Saint John and Anna Gray—a Romance of Old New Brunswick," by Mrs. Margaret Gill Currie, now of Fredericton, N. B. The work is dedicated by the author "to the memory of my father's sisters, Margaret and Catherine Gill, late of St. Marys, New Brunswick, daughters of a United Empire Loyalist." The work is practically a series of poems, varied in metre, the thread of a story being interwoven throughout the entire length of the work. To one who has travelled the St. John River, and has studied its varied and varying beauties, this work will particularly appeal. The work was printed for the author by William Briggs, Toronto, 1897.—ED.]



The Hon. Sir Adams George Archibald,
K. C. M. G., M. P. C., Q. C., D. C. L., etc., etc.

BY THE LATE ISRAEL LONGWORTH, K. C.

Among the many eminent men who adorned public life in Nova Scotia, Adams George Archibald deservedly held high rank. He was born in Truro, in the County of Colchester, 18th of May, 1814. He was son of Samuel Archibald, J. P., and his paternal grandfather was James Archibald, Judge of Common Pleas for Colchester; and his mother's father was Matthew Archibald, long the member for Truro, in the Nova Scotia legislature.

Adams George Archibald was educated at Pictou Academy under Wm. McCulloch, and studied law with Wm. Sutherland, Q. C., afterwards Recorder of Halifax. He was admitted to the Bar of Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia in 1838 and 1839. In 1851, he was elected to represent Colchester in the House of Assembly, and was continuously re-elected up to the date of the union of the Provinces in 1867. Mr. Archibald married (1st of June, 1843) Elizabeth A., daughter of the Rev. John Burnyeat—the first clergyman of the Church of England in the parish of St. John, Colchester, by his wife Lavinia, daughter of Charles Dickson, formerly M. P. P. for Onslow. Mr. Archibald was a Presbyterian. He was created Queen's Counsel about 1855, was appointed Executive Councillor and Solicitor General in 1856, and in 1860 Attorney General, which office, with that of Advocate-General at the Court of Vice-Admiralty, received in 1862, he held until the defeat of the government, of which he was a member, in 1863. In 1857, he was, in conjunction with the late Hon. J. W. Johnstone, commissioned a delegate to England to negotiate with the British Government and General

Mining Association, terms on which the monopoly of that Association, in the coal areas of Nova Scotia, might be terminated, and the control of its mines and minerals fully assured to the provinces. A happy solution of a long-standing difficulty was then accomplished. In 1861, he was a delegate to a conference held at Quebec to discuss the question of an Intercolonial Railway. In 1864, as leader of the Opposition in the House of Assembly, Mr. Archibald seconded a resolution moved by Hon. Mr. Tupper, leader of the government, for the appointment of delegates to confer with delegates from New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island on the subject of a legislative union of the three provinces. He attended the conference held in Charlottetown, P. E. I., in June of that year, and the question becoming merged in the larger one of a union of all the British American possessions, he was found later in the year at the Quebec conference, called to mature this measure, and, after ably advocating it in the legislature of Nova Scotia, took an active part in securing its consummation in the final conference, held in London in the winter of 1866-7. While in the Nova Scotia legislature he took a prominent part in the improvement of the municipal assessment laws, the gold mining acts, the electoral franchise laws, and if it had not been for the generous aid he gave Hon. Mr. Tupper's government on the introduction of the free school system of education in Nova Scotia, that highly important measure would not have become law as early as it did in the history of the Province. When, in 1867, the provinces became confederated as the Dominion of Canada, Mr. Archibald was appointed Secretary of State. Failing, however, to secure re-election by his old constituency, he resigned the office in 1868, but was returned to the House of Commons in 1869, and sat until May, 1870, when he was appointed to the lieutenant-governorship of Manitoba. Having accomplished the pacification of the province and established its government on a constitutional footing, he

resigned in 1873, and returned to Nova Scotia, where he was appointed Judge in Equity in succession to the Hon. J. W. Johnstone. This office he held but a few days, when, on the 4th July, 1873, he was sworn in as Lieutenant-Governor of his native province, on the death of the Hon. Joseph Howe, who had been appointed but a short time previously. When the term of his appointment expired in 1878, he was requested, on the advice of the Hon. Alexander McKenzie, then Premier of Canada, to continue in office, which he did until July, 1883. He had, in 1872, been created by her Majesty Queen Victoria, a Companion of the Order of St. Michael and St. George in recognition of the distinguished service rendered by him in Manitoba, and in 1886, he was made a Knight Commander of the Order in further token of his sovereign's approval.

Retired from office, Sir Adams did not seek for absolute repose. Kings College, Windsor, conferred upon him the honorary degree of D. C. L., in 1883. In 1884, he was chosen Chairman of the Board of Governors of Dalhousie College and University.

In February, 1886, Sir Adams was nominated and elected President of the Nova Scotia Historical Society, whose inaugural address he delivered at the formation of the Society 21st June, 1878. For several years he contributed many valuable papers printed in the transactions of the Society. Notably in the second volume an entertaining biographical sketch of Sir Alexander Croke, Judge of the Court of Vice-Admiralty at Halifax, during the period covered by the Napoleonic wars; in the third volume, an historical account of Government House; in the fourth, a like story of the Provincial Building of Nova Scotia; in the fifth, two invaluable papers on the Expulsion of the Acadians; and in the seventh, a paper on the Exodus of the Negroes in 1791, with extracts from Clarkson's Journals—possession of which he had obtained in one of his visits to England.

On the 30th of October, 1883, on the occasion of the opening of the Law School in connection with Dalhousie College, Halifax, N. S., Sir Adams delivered the inaugural address.

In 1888, a vacancy occurring in the representation of Colchester, through the appointment of Hon. A. W. McLelan as Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, Sir Adams was again elected to the House of Commons. On account of advancing age he declined a renewed nomination at the general election in 1891, and then permanently withdrew from public life.

Sir Adams, feeling that the term of his efficient service was near its close, addressed a letter to the Secretary of the Historical Society declining to be nominated for President at the annual meeting in February, 1892. The Society, however, would not entertain the idea, and re-elected him by a cordial and unanimous vote.

Failing health, followed by serious illness, terminated the brilliant career of this distinguished Nova Scotian at his Truro residence, on the 14th December, 1892, in his 79th year. His remains now rest in the public cemetery of his native town, where a cruciform black marble slab, with appropriate inscription, marks his grave. He leaves no son to inherit his name, one on whom his hopes had centred having been cut off in early youth. Lady Archibald and three daughters survive him. One of these is married to the Right Reverend L. Jones, D. D., Bishop of Newfoundland and Bermuda; another is the relict of the late F. D. Laurie, Esq., of Pictou; and the third, the wife of the Rev. Reginald Thomas Heygate, Rector of Halifax, England.

Book Notices.

Since the issue of the April number, another of Mr. G. Waldo Browne's very interesting books for boys has been received. It is entitled "The Woodranger," and is one of a series of five volumes named "Woodranger Tales." Although each book is complete in itself, the same characters have been continued throughout the series. Like the "Pathfinder Tales" of J. Fenimore Cooper, this series combines historical information relating to early pioneer days in America with interesting adventures in the backwoods.

The work is dedicated by Mr. Browne to his son Norman Stanley Browne. It is illustrated by L. J. Bridgman, and published by L. C. Page Co., of Boston, from whom it may be obtained. Pp. 312. Price \$1.00. Cloth, boards.

"Pensées Poétiques," by Miss Lydia A. Edwards. A booklet containing twenty-three pages of short poems upon various subjects. The work is without title page or index, and the printer's name does not appear upon it. From the personal nature of many of the verses and the style of make-up, it would appear that the work was issued for private circulation only.

"The Physiography of Acadia," by Prof. Reginald A. Daly, printed for the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Harvard College, Geological Series, Vol. V., No. 3. 31 pps. with 11 plates. Prof. Daly concludes his work in the following summary:

"The attempt has been made in the foregoing sketch to show first, that Acadian land forms may be described in terms of two topographical facets, each a nearly perfect plain of denudation, interrupted by incised valleys and surmounted by residual hills; secondly, that there is evidence to show that the denudation was essentially subaerial and referable to two chief cycles of geographic development. This evidence, though not so complete, is of the same quality as that used in the best extant treatments of similar facets in more southerly portions of the Appalachian system. Finally, the following table will summarize the very striking parallel which can be drawn between the physiographic features of Acadia and New England. The similarity between the two provinces is being expressed in terms of a theory of development, but the homologies between the greater facets and the details of relief exist independently of theory. Extending the comparison to the central and southern Appalachians would prove this standpoint of physiographic history, and still further establish the organic unity of the whole system from Georgia to the Gulf of St. Lawrence."

In the appendix is given a bibliography of works bearing upon the subject. The plates are well printed on extra heavy paper, and are engraved by the Heliotype Printing Co., of Boston.

"The Acadian Exile and Sea Shell Essays," by Jeremiah S. Clark, of Bay View, P. E. I. The booklet contains sixty pages of well written verse, and is to be had of Archibald Irwin, publisher, Charlottetown, P. E. I., price 25 cents. Mr. Clark has already been introduced to the readers of ACADIENSIS, his poem "Glooscap" having appeared in our last issue. He is a young man of much promise, and it is to be hoped that the present work may soon be followed by others equally valuable. Numerous illustrations are scattered through the work. Preceding the main portion of the work, the writer, in an aside, reveals somewhat his hopes and aspirations, as well as his admiration for the poet Longfellow, and concludes as follows :

"A thousand times has the sun set behind the distant hills at the bend of the valley, while the writer inhaled the evening air fresh from the meadows of Cornwallis and Grand Pré ; and, often alone, he has hurried over the upland towards the Gaspereau's mouth, or watched the ebb of the receding tide from a suspicious mound in some forgotten hollow, until he knows the country, hill and dale ; and here he would simply remark what he has often felt, as his eyes measured the far receding distances : that if the great American poet had ever visited the scene of the exile, certainly he would not have been surprised with the height or nearness of the neighboring mountains, on whose lofty pinnacles 'sea-fogs pitched their tents but ne'er for a moment descended into the happy valley.' Dear spirit of Longfellow—if such familiarity of address be not considered sacrilege —

"A school boy wandering through the wood
To pluck the primrose gay,
Starts, thy curious voice to hear,
And imitates thy lay."

"A Monograph of the Evolution of the Boundaries of the Province of New Brunswick," by William F. Ganong, M. A., Ph. D., being No. 5 of Contributions to the History of New Brunswick. 450 pp., from the Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada, Second Series, 1901-1902, Volume VII, Section 11.

The object of the work is to attempt to explain the precise factors which have determined for each New Brunswick boundary line its genesis, its persistence, its position, its direction and its length. The work is copiously illustrated with reproductions of maps any of which might be of value to the student in casting additional light upon the various questions which have arisen regarding New Brunswick boundaries. Concerning this interesting subject, Prof. Ganong remarks that

"Everyone versed in the history of this Province will readily recall that some of these boundaries have been subjects of serious international contentions, have exhausted the powers of the highest diplomacy, and have brought great nations within sight of war. A few are old, and interwoven with the earlier parts of our history, while others have had experience sufficiently remarkable or curious. Altogether, it is unlikely that any other country of equal size has had its boundaries so often or conspicuously in contention, so fully discussed by many and weighty commissions, so closely interlocked with its general history, or determined by so many distinct considerations as has the Province of New Brunswick."

"Notes on the Natural History and Physiography of New Brunswick," by W. F. Ganong, reprinted from the Bulletin of the Natural History Society, No. XX, 1901. 48 pages. Paper. Barnes & Co., printers, St. John, N. B.

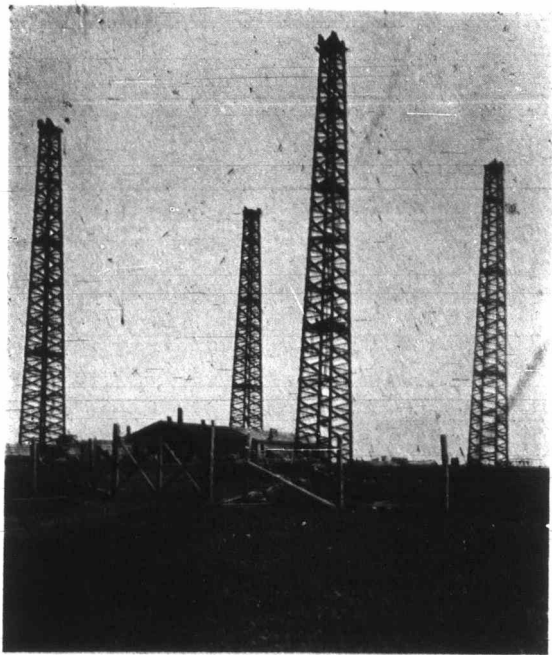
The table of contents, which is as follows, gives a concise idea of the interesting nature of the work :

44. On Forestry Literature Important for New Brunswick.
45. On the Physiographic History of the Tobique River.
46. Great Forest Fires in New Brunswick.
47. Measurements of Magnetic Dip in New Brunswick.
48. The Morphology of New Brunswick Water-falls.
49. The Origin of the New Brunswick Peneplains.
50. The Physiographic History of the Miramichi River.
51. On a Lunar Rainbow seen on Trowsers Lake.
52. On an Unusual Frost Effect of 1901 on the Tobique.
53. On a Hypsometric Section across Central New Brunswick
54. On the Physiographic History of the little Southwest Miramichi River.
55. On the Physiography of the Tuadook (Little Southwest Miramichi) Lake Region.
56. On the Physiography of the Milnagek (Island) Lake Basin.

Query.

Can any reader of ACADIENSIS throw any light upon the origin of the name *Loch Alva*, applied to the largest lake on the Musquash river in the Inglewood Manor? The name first appears along with the series of names from Scott's "Ivanhoe," given by Moses Perley in 1836, but Alva seems not to be in Scott, nor is there any Loch Alva in Scotland or anywhere.

W. F. GANONG.



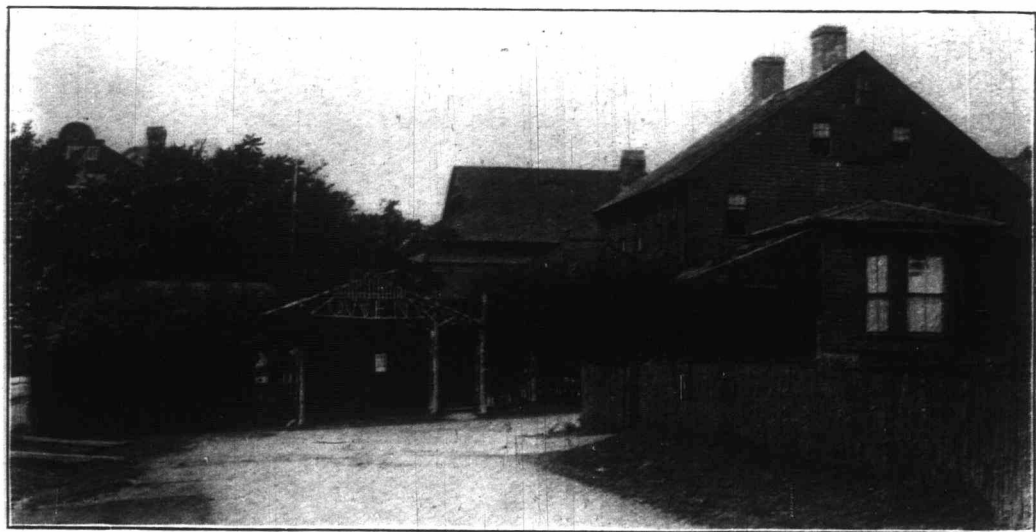
THE WIRELESS STATION.

Table Head, Glace Bay, Cape Breton.

The above illustration, showing the Towers of the new Marconi Station, at Cape Breton, is probably the first which has appeared. It gives a very good idea of the size and construction of the Towers, and illustrates an interesting chapter in contemporary provincial history.

The engineer in charge of the station is Mr. Richard Vyvyan.

Whether the project will be a success remains to be proved. Possibly, before this number of our magazine is in the hands of our readers, the feasibility of the project may be amply demonstrated to the world.



THE OLD OWEN HOUSE AT CAMPOBELLO.
Situate at the entrance to what is now the Owen Hotel