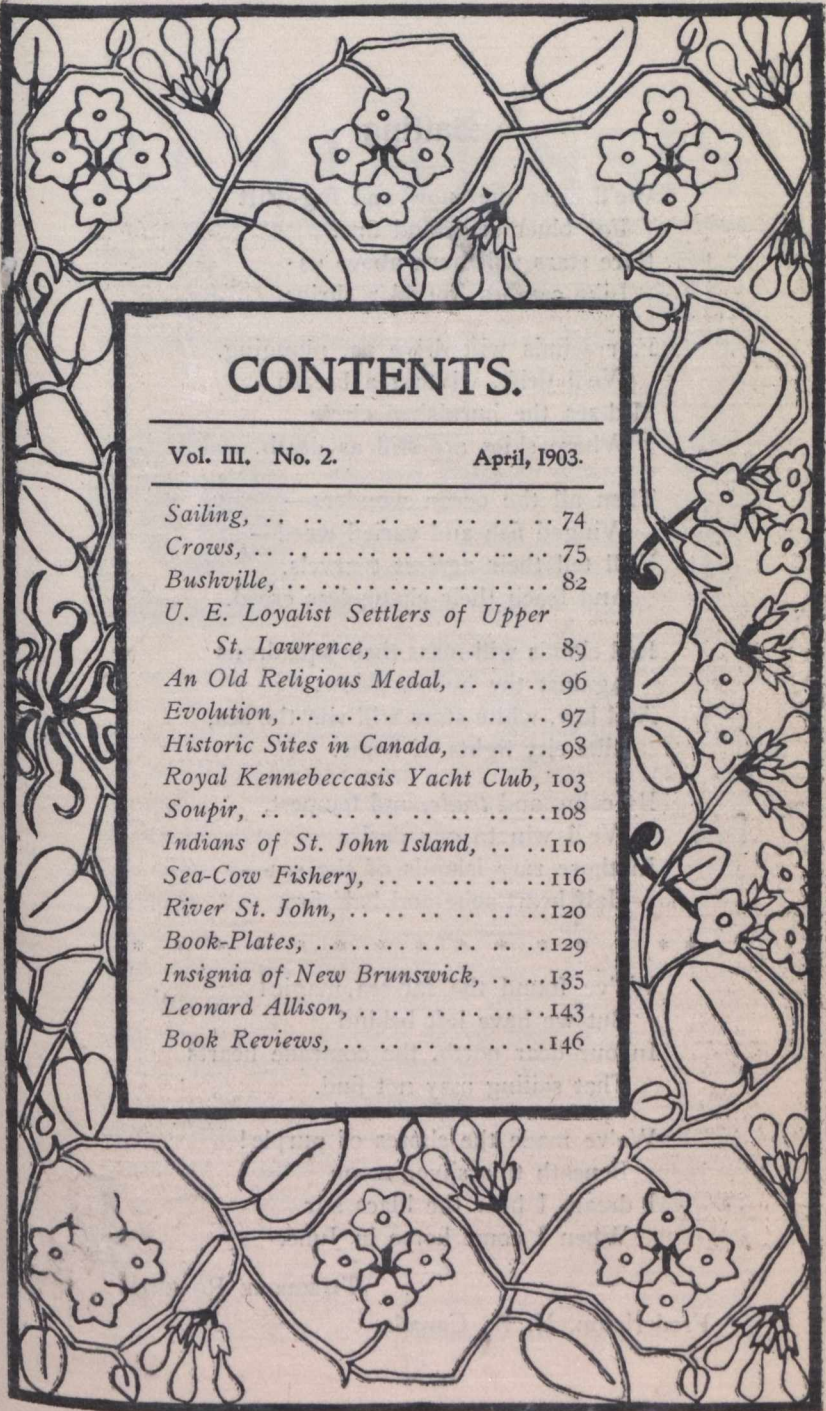




COMMODORE ROBERT THOMSON,
Of the Royal Kennebecasis Yacht Club.



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Sailing.

We'll clear the snow and fog-drift
For bluer seas, and fine.
Rare stars will burn above us
Like candles 'round a shrine.

Fair winds will drive us, plunging.
We'll drift, without a breath,
Mid-sea the burnished circle
Where skies are still as death.

Then all the ocean wonders—
Winged fish and varied weed—
Will tell their ageless marvels,
And teach their changeless creed.

Red clouds will mass their squadrons
Against the hollow dome,
And low, white stars will rim the sea,
Like city lights of home.

By calm, and *trade*, and tempest,
We'll win to our desire
In those rare islands of the sea—
Half heart-ache and half fire.

* * * * *

We've found the far-sea magic!
But we have left behind
In our dear north, the comrade hearts
That sailing may not find.

We've made the shores of purple!
Beneath this silver moon
I dream I hear the lilacs stir
When I come home in June.

THEODORE ROBERTS.

Fredericton, N. B., Canada.

ACADIENSIS

VOL. III.

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No. 2.

DAVID RUSSELL JACK, - - - - - EDITOR.

Crows.



HAT crows are common and conspicuous, and therefore generally known by name, if no more, will be readily admitted. There is a large family connection, including ravens, jays, blackbirds, and magpies. The raven is often mistaken for a crow by untrained eyes; but he is about a quarter larger than the crow, his wings are longer than the tail and overlap it, the bill is thatched, with stiff bristles that hide the nostrils, and there are many other differences between the Common American Crow and the Raven of the eastern portions of North America. Their habits are very dissimilar. The raven is a solitary bird, choosing the deeper forests and the lone sea-shore, and away from the haunts of men. They have long been considered birds of ill omen, and our literature abounds with references to this reputation. However, they are readily tamed if taken from the nest when young, and may even be taught to speak a few words, as every reader of "Barnaby Rudge" must have learned, wherein a specimen of this kind is an important character. Emboldened by hunger, they will pick up a chicken. Crows are never alone, in the breeding season they are paired during a few weeks, and then the young are urged out of the nest to a friendly limb near at hand, fed, and tended a few days, and apparently instructed in early lessons of crow talk, for there

is no end to the cawing and croaking at that time. Very soon this brood of crows gets on the wing and finds another brood, and by the early fall in some localities they congregate by hundreds in a favouring grove where they pass the nights.

Our crow is an all-round bird, he can walk in elegant fashion, he can run well, and hop in fine style. These three modes of locomotion are seldom found in the same species. If we could get onto the line of evolution that produced the crow, we would find that it took distinctive departure from others by reason of a grain more of gumption than his fellows. The separate strain began with an individual of superior wits at a period in their history when they did not look much like crows. This gleam of higher intelligence was valuable in the way of maintaining an existence in a world of continuous struggle, and was therefore passed along to descendants by laws of heredity, and thus the crow family got set off as a separate branch, or if brains are the true measure of birds as well as men, then they are the tip of the main stem, and our common American crow merits highest rank in the family to which he belongs, wherein there are several species. He is not equipped with hooked claws and beak like birds of prey, nor has he any very special feature in his structure. In scientific terms he is not specialized, with long legs like the waders with webbed feet like the swimmers, with sharp, long bills like the woodpeckers, or wide stretching wings like the hawks and gulls. He is a generalized bird with structure suited fairly well to many purposes. He can fly straight ahead in a respectable fashion, but he is not calculated for any giddy gymnastics on the wing like swallows and gulls and goatsuckers. He has length of leg enough to answer all his purposes,

and thus throughout his body one sees the evidences of the habits of the creature. He is not calculated to fit into some one calling for a livelihood like a woodpecker, or a snipe, or a loon, but he is adapted to take advantage of many situations where his superior wits indicate an opening for a meal. The wide variety of his food is just what we should expect from such a make-up of a body. Meat, and fish, and eggs, and berries, and fruits, and grains, and insects, and reptiles, and worms, and clams, are all eaten in their season. His universal appetite for what can be had has tided him over hard places in the struggle for existence, and he has escaped with his life when other birds of narrower ranges of food supply have perished. His search for something to eat, like that of all other creatures, man included, has been his principal employment, and it gave him an experience as varied as his bill of fare. It is a modest estimate that the human race has been here one hundred thousand years, and thousands of years before, that this bird was a crow, very much as we see him. He got his high grading for intelligence in the bird world before there was anything to pelt him with stones, or pierce him with arrows, or riddle him with shot, or catch him in a trap. He has been long enough acquainted with people to know they are not to be trusted, long enough for the young crows to have inherited a wholesome fear of all our kind, and know a gun at sight as quick as a chicken knows and fears the very shadow of a hawk that it never yet saw. Crows invade a cornfield with a distinct understanding that they are to be treated as enemies and no quarter given. They know the range of a shot gun, and calculate closely how far away will be a safe distance. The cleverest scarecrow does not long deceive them. Some

of their number are always on the lookout and ready to give the alarm.

His black plumage has been against him, so far as making him conspicuous was concerned, but his size and strength was a notice to let him alone, and predaceous birds heeded the notice. On the ground where he obtained most of his food the foxes and other flesh-eaters would be on the watch for him, at a pinch; but the vigilance of the crow was sleepless. His intelligent prudence, made the more effectual by his gregarious or flocking habits, did not peculiarly encourage any protective color of plumage, as it was not needed in a creature so well adapted to take care of himself by other means.

One never gets near enough to a crow to make an intimate acquaintance, unless he takes a nestling and tames it. This is a very easy matter. The creature at once becomes friendly; it is too early for their instinctive fear of mankind to get into operation, like an alarm clock it was set to go off at a later stage, but will never be heard from if the mechanism is disturbed by removing the creature from its natural environment. These instincts are arranged with nice precision, a chicken hatched in an incubator will follow a hen any time within a couple of days after hatching, but after that will not heed a hen at all. The instinct reached out like a tendril of a plant and found nothing to seize upon, and shrivelled up and disappeared. The tame crow soon prefers human company to that of its kind; he will join a flock for a few hours, but return to his quarters where he is acquainted. He may be trusted out of doors with no fears that he will stray away altogether, but one should have some misgivings about the mischief he makes when left to amuse himself. It is crow nature to be always busy; his brain is active

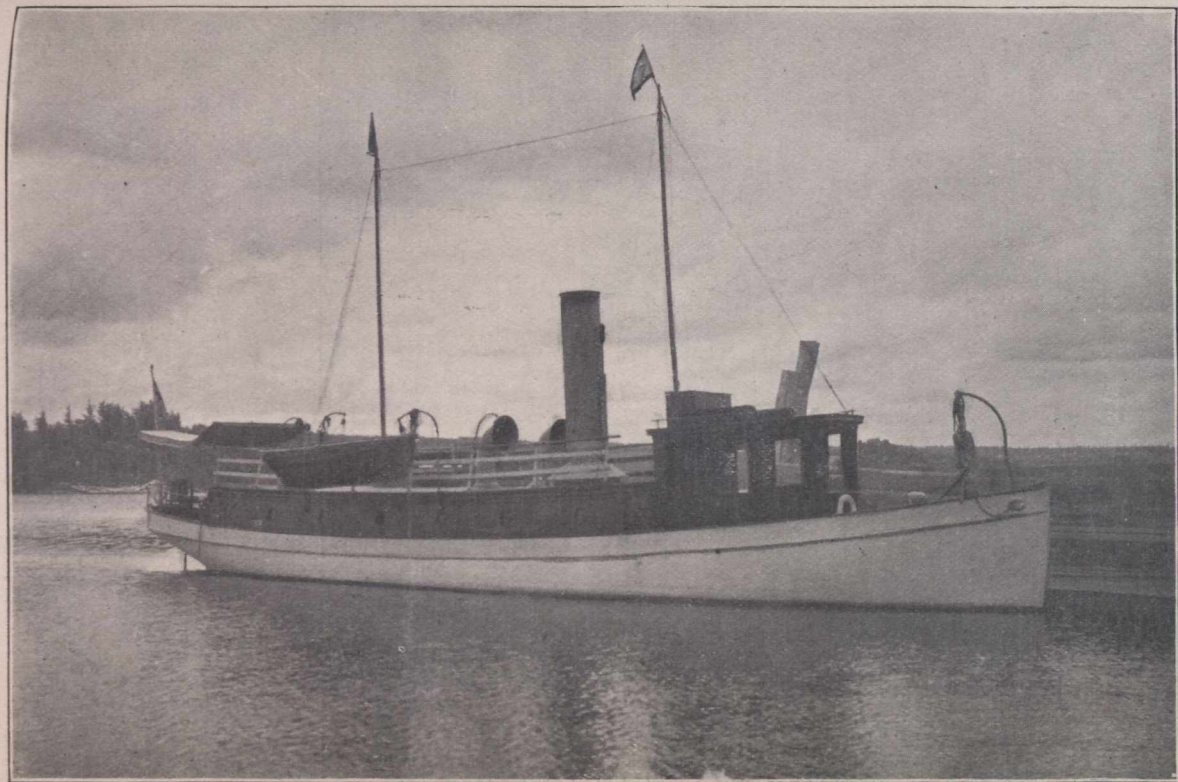
and his body responds. When wild in the woods and fields and shores, they are never long in one locality, but flying hither and thither, with shout and hurry, now to raid a cornfield, now to rob a bird's nest, now to hunt for clams, now to sample a dead fish on the shore, a ripe apple on the trees, or a frozen potato in the furrows. The same uneasiness of temperament is marked in the tame individual—he must have something to do. They take evident interest in securing bits of bright metals and getting them together in a pile and make the locality a favorite resort, where they turn over their treasures as a connoisseur does his art collection. Jewelry is preferred by them. The Bower bird of Australia is of the crow connection, and exhibits the characteristic in a marked degree, for they work together to construct a roofed bower in the long grass and decorate it with bits of beautiful shells and corals, often brought miles from the sea-shore to the dainty bower.

The tame crow will very adroitly hide any bit of food that is more than he needs. In this he follows the habit of his kind. He came to understand, or in some way know that the morsel must be out of sight, but takes no pains to prevent it being found by the sense of smell. In this they differ from dogs and foxes, which bury bones and bits of meat, and evidently have in mind the nose as well as the eyes of other hungry brutes. The crow will fetch a chip and carefully cover the provision with it, and then step away a few feet, and inspect the work, and if it does not look right, will go back more than once to adjust it to his liking. He must surely be thinking that other eyes will find it if not better concealed, for he always made it better in that respect. Such a habit as this is a great advantage in the struggle for existence. We may be confident that a crow was not made a crow at

one cast by a mere fiat, for the bird class is found fossil through the rocks that were formed during millions of years. During the vast lapse of time, when our coal mines were forming, there were no birds, and no animals that suckled their young. The first feathered creatures that the rocks (that were once the beds of the shallow seas) preserve are very lizard-like in their structure, and ages passed away after their time, before such a bird as a crow had an existence. If we could trace his pedigree, it would take us through many strange bird-forms to the world of reptiles. By these considerations we may learn that his instincts have been slowly formed from actions that became habits, and these being of great importance to the individuals, were inherited, and preserved. In this instance it may have begun in an individual going back to the same place to feed from what had been left and accidently covering it, so that he was obliged to uncover it at another visit, and out of some such small beginning the habit might have had its origin. I think, however, that the habit more likely arose from contention over food when various individuals secured what they could out of the scuffle and flew away from others less fortunate and had sense enough to put it out of sight.

Perhaps we shall never know the origin of the instinct, but the performance being of much advantage to the individual would really become a habit, for we all know how easily they are formed. Such a peculiarity could very well be inherited and get itself bred into the descendants as an instinct, and these descendants having such an advantage over other individuals of their species would eventually outlast all the others.

If one doubts that a habit would be readily inherited, he has only to look into the instances of the common eave-swallow and the chimney-swift, miscalled swal-



STEAM YACHT "ZULEIKA," OWNED BY MF. J. FRASER GREGORY, ST. JOHN, N. B.
Length 48 feet. Beam, 9 feet.

low. Before the coming of white men to America, these swallows built under the niches of cliffs, and still do in the wilder portions of the Rocky Mountain region. The swifts nested in hollow trees before there were chimneys, and still do in localities remote from houses. In both cases the act of a few, or perhaps but one pair of each, was inherited by the young that had been reared in these strange places. The individuals that took advantage of the asylum afforded by man multiplied faster than those which contended with more enemies in the outside wilds, and long ago all Eastern North America witnessed these swallows and swifts in the asylums offered by barns and chimneys. Thus we see that not in all instances is instinct such a hard-and-fast arrangement that a bird cannot get away from its operations and take a new departure.

Farmers are rather rough on crows, because they do not know their friends when they see them, for this bird destroys a vast horde of objectionable insects in a season, far more than enough to even up the score against him as a thief.

R. R. McLEOD.



Bushville.



USHVILLE, partial views of which are here presented to the readers of ACADIENSIS, is situate on the southern bank of the famous Miramichi, about a mile from the Westerly limit of the town of Chatham and 2 miles from the business part.

On the easterly side the house is well protected from Easterly winds and storms by a large stately grove of ancient pines (once called the Bushville tunnel) on both sides of the highway. From the house is a very pretty view to and over the river, through which may constantly be seen the passing of the great freight steamers—the river steamers which almost hourly come to or go from its prettily winding landing place—as well as of the more graceful sailing vessels, and giddy restless skiffs—and still, though less frequently than of yore, the light frail Indian bark canoe adding pleasing variety to the pretty water scene.

The building is of stone. The whole building covers an area of about 60 or 65 feet square—with further extending ells or wings both east and west in rear about 18 feet square—the former once used for the deputy treasurer's office, now for judges' chambers containing a well filled library, the latter as always for ordinary kitchen and culinary purposes.

The principal rooms are especially large and commodious—ceilings $10\frac{1}{2}$ feet high—the main hall very spacious, 13 feet wide and about 33 feet long, from which proceeds the easy stair case and very handsomely turned winding balustrade leading to the bed rooms over the main part of the house.



THE RESIDENCE OF HIS HONOR JUDGE WILKINSON, AT BUSHVILLE, N. B.

The house was built and the place laid out originally by the late Hon. Thos. H. Peters; the building was pretty well completed at the time of the Great Miramichi fire, whose ravages, though near, it happily escaped. This happened 7th Oct., 1825, and from about that time to the time of his death 30th April, 1860, it remained the family homestead of Mr. Peters, though at the time of his death such of his family as had not been taken from him by death, were married and had homes of their own and were away from the old home.

As the name of Mr. Peters, who designed and made the place in the first instance, is naturally associated with it, one can hardly withhold a few particulars and reminiscences of him and his honoured family. He was himself one of the U. E. Loyalists, of very commanding figure and mien and a man of rare good judgment, and may very aptly be described as one of nature's own noblemen. By profession, a lawyer, he enjoyed in those early days, without jealousy, most of the local offices, such as Clerk of the Court, Clerk of the Pleas, Surrogate Judge of Probates, and local Deputy Provincial Treasurer, and later he was called to the Legislative Council by his friend the Hon. John Ambrose Street, then the Attorney General. Mrs. Peters' maiden name was "Sherman." They had five children, three daughters, two sons. Mary, the eldest, became the wife of the Hon. Joseph Cunard, and was the first to leave home; they later removed to England and both died there. One son, Edward, and one daughter, Mrs. Cummin, survive them, and still retain very pleasant memories of and friendly correspondence with the present inmates of Bushville. Thomas S., the youngest son died in January, 1841. This was followed by the death of Susan, in the beauty and flower of her age, in June, 1844, and in the following December Mrs. Peters died, the much loved wife and mother.

Some years later, Caroline, regarded, perhaps, as the beauty of the family, was married to Mr. Barnard, post office official from England. Afterwards his duties called him to Dublin, where they both lived and died, leaving several sons and daughters then surviving.

Jane (one of the happiest of hostess') was the last to leave her father, and it is understood that in contemplating marriage, she realized that he would be left alone and expressed great concern on his account. His reply was quite characteristic, "Better for one to be alone than for two to be alone," and so she was married to Mr. Alexander of Liverpool, both now deceased, leaving a daughter surviving.

James, the eldest son, left home in December, 1834, for England, to attend the terms of the Inns of Court to complete his student legal course. It is believed he went into the law chambers of Mr. Chitty. Afterwards (about 1838) he went to practise his profession at Charlottetown, P. E. I., and after a difficult but very successful practice, became a distinguished judge there. He was married to Mary, eldest daughter of Sir Samuel Cunard, and left three sons and two daughters. His sons, the Honourables Fred. and Arthur, the former and present Premiers of P. E. Island, are closely following in the steps of their father as distinguished lawyers, while their brother Thomas Sherman, has chosen a less anxious vocation in the honourable systematic pursuit of agriculture. "Like father, like sons." The writer remembers the great pleasure and pride with which the father of the judge told him on one occasion of the disposition and favourite pursuits of his son, that he had three great traits, namely, that he was a great lover of his profession, a great farmer, and a great sportsman. And as characteristic of his love of sport, he instanced that

while a student in his office, it was his custom as often as he could get away to hire Indians and canoes to go for sport and game, but a time came when his father thought these occurrences were too frequent and likely to interfere with his studies, and on one occasion when preparations were being made, the father thought it desirable to be firm and put his foot down. James pleaded in vain against his decision, but it evoked from him this earnest exclamation, "*I wish to gracious I had been born an Indian!*"

On another occasion the old gentleman said, I was passing up the fields and I found James firing at a mark, I said to him, "What is this you are trying to do James?" "I am trying to strike the bull's eye," "And can't you do it? just hand me the gun." "I fired, and as good luck would have it, the shot went right to the bull's eye." James, surprised and excited, said, "you can't do that again father; do it again father," but the old gentleman, too wise to hazard again so desperate a chance, said, "That's enough for the present. Do you do that first and then come and ask me," and I handed him the gun and passed on enjoying the fun.

His eldest daughter was married to Mr. Bayfield, son of Admiral Bayfield, and Margaret the younger, unmarried.

Mr. Peters, the elder, died 30th April, 1860, and the present owner having purchased the homestead from his trustees, came to reside here October, 1862, the father of Mrs. Wilkinson, the Reverend Samuel Bacon, the rector of the parish accompanying them. He died 16th February, 1869, full of years and honoured for his work's sake and as the embodiment in every word and action of "the fine old English gentleman, one of the olden time," having been Rector of the parish for nearly half a century. And so Judge and

Mrs. Wilkinson have lived here for over 40 years. They have had in all six children. Three died young. Of the others, "Eliza Bacon" was married to Hon. John P. Burchill, Mary Edith to Professor Butler, M. I.C.E., and the Rev. Wm. J. Wilkinson, B.D., to Eliza Tremain. The old home continues to be a pleasant rendezvous for both children and grand children, and its swings, walks, trees, prehistoric rocks, and the mysterious old cave, recall and renew the pleasant child-life. But time, "thou silent cheater of the eye," moves on, and now the household is reduced to Judge and Mrs. Wilkinson and their cousin, Eliza Bacon Cutler, whose facile pen deserves and possesses more than local interest.

And whatever there be that is picturesque or admirable about the old home must be attributed to the practical good sense, good taste, and good judgment of the first owner for its selection and the building of it, and as is believed his assiduous planting of some of all kinds of the forest trees that did not at the time already happen to be near and about the laying out of the new home, as well as others more difficult of procurement, including two sturdy oaks, now probably 100 years old, others have since been planted. Many specimens of graceful elms and limes, and others to which the present owner has contributed specimens of Scotch elms, the mulberry, the ash, hardy catalpa and others.

The aim and desire of the present owner has been that the place should not suffer or become dilapidated or neglected in his hands, not interfering with the general design and plans of the once for all well established home and making only such improvements in the way of repairs as time and circumstances have required. Things as they are, seem to impress the general public as well as visitors passing up and down our



THE ROADWAY AND ENTRANCE AT THE GROUNDS OF HIS HONOR
JUDGE WILKINSON, BUSHVILLE, N. B.

river for business or pleasure, that Bushville is a charming ideal home. A Blackville writer in describing objects and points of interest on the river, has, perhaps, with somewhat of poetic license, this to say:—

Bright bonny Bushville that blooms between them,
 How could a poet e'er pass you by—
 Its scenic beauties—say have you seen them—
 In its fair wood—you would live and die.

As regards "mahogany, old silver, and fitments of that kind," the *lares et penates* as it were of the family, I can tell little of general interest. There is the same old fashioned substantial and convenient sideboard, which may be called handsome and unique. It fills the same large niche in the dining room for which it was no doubt imported by Mr. Peters. The same large substantial dining tables upon which has been dispensed old time generous hospitality. There is the same old capacious, comfort-giving sofa. A pair of handsome globes which have been here from the beginning, all seem to belong to the old place. There are here, too, old substantial mahogany dining chairs, remarkable for nothing except that they are so old, probably not less than 85 years, and yet are so good and strong.

In the drawing room is a handsome, much admired fire-place, with curious brass designs of the Lion and Unicorn covering and adjoining the grate, with corresponding fender and belongings, over which is the substantial marble mantelpiece. Here too, is the same handsome chandelier hanging as it always has.

Of old silver that can by any supposition be of any public interest, I may mention a handsome tea service presented to the late Rector by his parishioners, the inscription on the teapot tells the occasion and story thus:—

Presented
to the Rev. Saml. Bacon by his parishioners at Miramichi
as a Testimony for his zeal and ability
as a Minister of the Gospel
in refusing the Mission of Annapolis Royal,
a much more lucrative and desirable situation,
from his anxiety to promote the spiritual interest of his
congregation.
1838.

About the same time was presented to Mr. Bacon a very handsome silver snuff box by a friend (though never used by him as such). The inscription tells the story thus:

"THE REV'D. S. BACON."

(Under which is inscribed his family crest) and round the lid:

"A token of regard from his friend, R. Morrow, Esquire."

There are some other family relics, say an excellent bust of the late Rector, taken by his brother, John Bacon, in 1836 or 1837. The companion bust of the same brother at the same time was unfortunately so defaced and delapidated by a little visitor that it could not be repaired.

Of more interest to the antiquarian, perhaps, is the beautiful old portrait of Mrs. Wilkinson's grandmother, wife of the first John Bacon (the celebrated sculptor) and her uncle, Charles, then an infant, supposed to be one of the last works of the celebrated Sir Joshua Reynolds, about 1790 or 1791.

The same Charles was the father of Henrietta, wife of Sir Rutherford Alcock, K.C.B., envoy to the Chinese Government. While acting British Consul in Shanghai, Sir Rutherford and family sent to their uncle and cousin quite a number of Chinese curiosities and valuable presents. Some have been divided up among the family. Of those that still remain here may be mentioned a gorgeous and capacious ladies Chinese cloak.

WILLIAM WILKINSON.

The U. E. Loyalist Settlers of the Upper St. Lawrence River Valley.



IT WAS about the first of June, 1784, history tells us, that our U. E. Loyalists' ancestors came up the St. Lawrence River to take possession of the land granted to them by a grateful King, George the Third, and the Home Government for their loyalty to the British flag during the late United States rebellion, in which they had fought so long and so bravely.

These "King's men," as they were called, on refusing to take the oath of allegiance to the U. S. government, they and their families, delicate women and little children, were driven at the point of the bayonet, as we all well know, from their homes in the New England colonies, New York State, as well as the Southern States, to this land of Canada, now a British possession having been lately conquered from the French. The U. E. Loyalists dwelling on the United States seaboard fled by ships to your land, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, but those in the inland part of the States came mostly to us, settling in the valley and along the north shore of our Upper St. Lawrence River. The eastern portion of our Province of Ontario was assigned to them. This grant of land, so history tells us, was from the now Quebec province line to the head of the Bay of Quinte, which forms part of Lake Ontario.

At the outbreak of this rebellion of the American British colonies, and for more than a century before, there were two great highways into French Canada, so A. S. Bradley tells us, in his history, "The Fight with France for North America." One was from Albany, on the Hudson River, by that stream to Lakes George and Champlain. By this route came most of the settlers to the County of Dundas, and also our own counties of Leeds and Grenville, in our St. Lawrence River Valley. These U. E. Loyalists had first taken refuge in St. John's, Quebec, but as soon as the Revolution was ended most of them took possession of the land granted them on our River St. Lawrence. It is of them, their trials and hardships, I wish particularly to write, as I understand from your letter that the history of the U. E. Loyalists of this part of Canada is not very well known to your Lower Province people.

As most familiar with them, I will give you a short account of the lives of my own U. E. Loyalist forefathers, Thomas Sherwood, my great-grandfather, and his well-known son in these parts, Sheriff Adial Sherwood, my grandfather. I shall borrow the historical part of their lives from T. W. H. Leavitt's "History of Leeds and Grenville." It is taken from a copy of a letter written by Adial Sherwood concerning the U. E. Loyalists' history of his father and himself. Speaking of his father, he writes that he and his family made their escape from the United States to St. John's via Lake Champlain during the Revolution in 1779.

He, Thos. Sherwood, was an officer in Major Jessup's corp, and fought in it during all the American Rebellion. At the close of the war the regiment was disbanded, and he, with his colonel and many of his brother officers, came and settled on his farm granted him in the Upper St. Lawrence Valley, in the town-

ship of Elizabethtown, a few miles below where the town of Brockville now stands, where he lived till the time of his death, in 1826.

Sheriff Sherwood claims that he saw his father cut down the first tree in the County of Leeds and township of Elizabethtown. That he was also one of the first magistrates appointed in these districts, and as such, among his many other duties, he became legally qualified to perform the marriage ceremony. The following incidents are given of the peculiar fees this good J. P. received on these occasions, which are of some interest as characteristic of those times.

One was a young man who asked him to tie the fatal knot for him, but honestly confessed he had no money to pay him, but promised to make him a good wheat-fan, which was duly delivered. The other was an old man who came on the same errand, his offer being a corn basket with oak splints, and so compactly made that it was warranted to hold water. It was needless to say that he also was made happy. This is a glimpse, as it were, of the simple lives and doings of these officers of the British army and their families in our early settlements in our beautiful valley of the St. Lawrence. Thos. Sherwood, as we have already said, lived a long life on his farm, dying at eighty-four years of age. "I am," so his son wrote, "happy to say that he lived in comfort and died in peace."

Of the sufferings and hardships underwent by these U. E. Loyalist forefathers of ours in their attempts to ascend the awful rapids and other impediments of our St. Lawrence River between Montreal and Kingston, our good Sheriff in this same letter gives a most graphic description. As I have already in my paper on "U. E. Loyalist Women" related it in full, I will now only give a short account of it.

It was about 1784, the Sheriff wrote, that I, then a lad about five years old, left St. John's, Quebec, with my father and family for our farm in Elizabethtown. We came with several other U. E. Loyalist families like ourselves in batteaux from Lachine along the banks of the St. Lawrence and settled on our place between where the towns of Prescott and Brockville now stand. The shores of the river were then one unbroken dense forest between Montreal and Kingston. Landing on its banks men had to drag the heavily laden batteaux up the formidable rapids of our river, being often for days up to their waists in mud and water. The women and children were landed on the shore to scramble through the dense wood as best they could in deadly terror of the bears, wolves, and other wild animals with which they were infested, as they passed each rapid. Sheriff Sherwood also writes of one of his own experiences of that time. Among the other U. E. Loyalist refugees in our batteaux was another young lad about my own age called Justus Sherwood. He was afterwards Chief Justice Sherwood of Toronto. His family had with them a slave called Cæsar Congo, who alternately carried Justus and myself on his back over the long portages we had to make passing the rapids. Congo lived and died in Brockville to a great age, cared for by both members of the Sherwood family.

I will here also give another U. E. Loyalist gentleman's account of this same trip, a Mr. John Ferguson. He says that it took him nineteen days to go from Lachine to the Bay of Quinte. He made this trip in 1788, four years later than the Sherwoods and their party of Loyalists. He says: "After a most tedious and fatiguing journey I arrived here; nineteen days on the way, sometimes for whole days up to my waist

in mud and water." The average time, he tells us, required to ascend the rapids of the St. Lawrence between Montreal and Kingston, leaving out the Lachine, the most formidable of all, was from ten to twelve days, and to descend them from three to four. Now, every day except Monday, the Richelieu, Ontario steamers, laden with from four to five hundred American tourists, pass our town, leaving Kingston between five and six in the morning and arriving in Montreal between five and six in the evening. And then by our magnificent system of canals, these same boats leave Lachine at twelve o'clock one day, reaching Kingston between two and three in the afternoon of the next day. Then, compare the time required to pass between these two places by train in the days of our fore-fathers and our own. Owing to our fine railway system we can now board a G. T. R. car at Montreal at nine o'clock in the morning and reach Kingston at one o'clock the same day in time for lunch. Truly our lot to-day, descendants of the old U. E. Loyalists, is one of great luxury and ease compared with that of our fore-fathers. Are our lives as noble and unselfish as theirs? I have my doubts.

Band after band of these loyal exiles cheerfully underwent these toils to live and die under their beloved British flag, the Union Jack, and still more bravely endured long years of incessant hard work and privations to win for themselves homes on the banks of our river. Sheriff Sherwood lived to the great age of ninety-six years, having served faithfully his Queen and country both in his military and civil capacity. He retired as colonel of the First Regiment of Leeds, after fifty years service, and also Sheriff of the united counties of Leeds and Grenville, having officiated in that capacity for thirty-five years. He was also one

of the oldest Masons in the country, and of very high rank in that order. Deputations of Masons came from all over the States and Canada to attend his funeral.

Besides these two families of Sherwoods, there were many others who came up at the same time in these batteaux and settled in these counties, many of whose descendants are among us to this day.

It was these U. E. Loyalist fore-fathers of ours who helped so largely to make our Province of Ontario what it is. They were ever found foremost among our statesmen, government officials, law officers, clergy, and merchants, and many of them died leaving large fortunes behind them. We are also happy to say that several of their descendants occupy most distinguished positions in our land to-day.

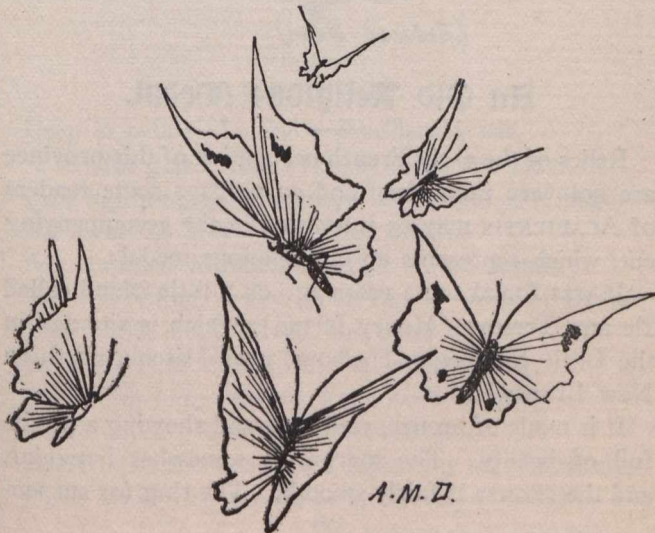
There is many a romance, legend and story gathered about the lives of these early settlers. We have also some remains of the early owners of our land, there being an Indian painting on the rocks on the property now owned by Senator Fulford, in our good town of Brockville, who is himself a descendant of one of our U. E. Loyalist families.

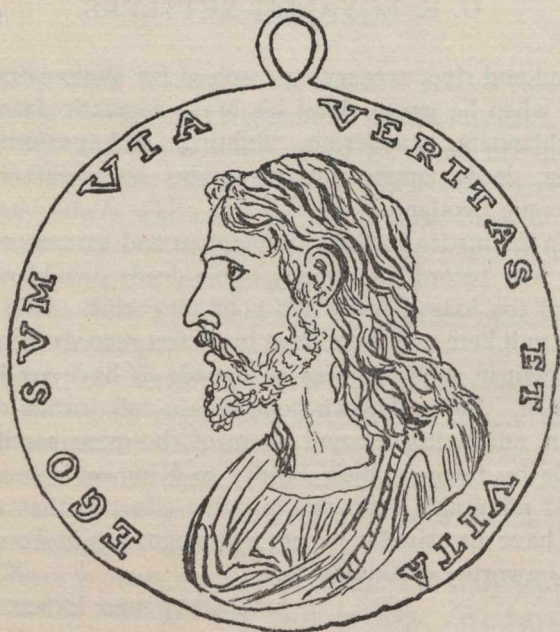
Several stories have been written about this rock picture, including one by the writer of this sketch. There have also been many battles and skirmishes fought between our people and those of the United States along the shores of our river, such as the battle of Chrysler's Farm and the battle of the Windmill. The very acme of romance and poetry lurks in the midst of our most lovely "Lake of the Thousand Islands." Oh! that some Canadian "Wizard of the North" would arise among us! He would find as worthy a theme in the heroic, brave, noble lives in this band of U. E. Loyalist men and women, dwelling, as they did, amid the beauty and grandeur of our lake,

island and river scenery, as inspired Sir Walter Scott's pen when he wrote about his brave romantic Jacobite Highlanders, wandering, fighting and performing brave deeds among the mountains and heather of "Bonnie Scotland."

To do justice to these heroic men and women, or in any way record their many noble deeds, would make much too long a paper for your magazine. One can only cull here and there most imperfect records of some of them in such histories of Canada as have yet been written. Some day we hope to see full justice done them, and a full account given of the great sacrifices made by them in their loyalty to King and country. Your admirable magazine is a fine effort in that way. We have also similar papers and magazines in Toronto not unworthy of this cause.

V. CRAWFORD MORDEN.





Old Religious Medal.
(Actual Size).

An Old Religious Medal.

Relics of the early French occupation of this province are not very numerous, and so perhaps some readers of ACADIENSIS may be interested in the accompanying cut, which represents an old religious medal:

It was found some years ago on a little island called Ile aux Tresors (Money Island), which is situated in the Little Shippegan Harbour, near Miscou, northern New Brunswick.

It is made of bronze, well cast, and showing a profile full of beauty. The margin is somewhat irregular, and the reverse is fairly smooth. The ring for suspen-

sion has been made separately and cast in with the medal. The medal is very thin, about one-sixteenth of an inch. The raised representation of our Saviour on the face of the medal is splendidly preserved, as also is the inscription, "Ego Sum Via Veritas Et Vita." (John xiv, 6).

The medal was probably hung about the neck of some savage chieftain on the occasion of his baptism into the Christian faith. It is now the property of the Rev. J. R. Doucet, of Lameque, Gloucester County, N. B., who kindly allowed me to examine it.

SAMUEL W. KAIN.



(Epigram.)

Evolution.

Deep in primeval slime a shuddering stir,
 A baleful glare from eyes of loathsome blur,
 Like lightning-flash through horn—and Life begins.
 All loves, all holy virtues and all sins
 Are summed within the gurgle of the breath,
 First, ravening, drawn upon those shores of Death!
 This is the story delved, the other day,
 By some explorers, from that ancient clay,
 Mistaking Life (poor helot, forced to shift!)
 For Heaven's later and immortal gift!
 But while these wise ones deem they see the whole,
 Fools know that reptile ne'er developed soul!

CHARLES CAMPBELL.

Historic Sites in Canada.

(Extracts from a speech delivered by Senator Church in the Senate of Canada, 1902.)



HISTORIC sites, to my mind, would embrace other scenes than those where battles were fought. I listened to him with much pleasure with regard to his remarks on Louisbourg, that great fortress which the French put there as the key of the Gulf of S. Lawrence. As he justly said, until this fortress, the Dunkirk of the continent of America, was taken, Great Britain could not have possession of this portion of North America over which the Union Jack now flies. But there are other portions of Nova Scotia which the honourable gentleman has not alluded to. I do not profess to know much about the historical events with regard to New Brunswick, except as far as I have learned from my reading generally in addition to what I learned at school. Referring to Nova Scotia, we find that Port Royal was settled about 1604, and that old fort with the surroundings it not kept in the state in which it should be. Still, however, some old buildings are preserved. The parade ground is fairly well preserved. The people of Annapolis continue to take quite a pride in this old historic fort because it was a place of much importance in the beginning of the seventeenth century, and the Historical Society of Halifax, of which the Speaker of this Senate is an honored member, has preserved the history of our province from the first. The settlement

of the American continent began by the Spaniards. The Spaniard gave way to the French, and the contest between the French and the English continued for many years as in Europe, when peace was brought about, after the battle at Quebec, a peace honorable to all alike. We trust the two nations, France and England, will live harmoniously side by side and build up a great country here. There are other spots in Nova Scotia besides Annapolis. In the county of Lunenburg, although now settled principally by Germans, was originally settled by France. That is, they built the first settlements. In the early part of the seventeenth century, a year or two later than Port Royal, there was a French fort at the mouth of the La Have river. There is a spot there known as Fort Point, so called because the French erected a strong fort there. A portion of the masonry is there, still more, the granite foundation of the old French chapel is there. If you look at the inscriptions there you will find the names of French people. When Captain Argall sailed from the New England colonies he went to the mouth of the La Have and destroyed the French settlement there. The French fled. There is a small pond near the fort in which it is said their valuables were thrown to save them. The people in the surrounding district, mostly all of German origin, have appropriated this old French cemetery as a cemetery for all the people, and there the bodies lie, German, French and English, side by side. Here is a place whose history should be retained. As regards block-houses erected during the war of 1812-15, the people of Nova Scotia on the Atlantic side were much interested in that war. The United States fitted out privateers who came to the province of Nova Scotia. They went into several ports on the coast and the people had to defend themselves as best they could. The raw militia of the

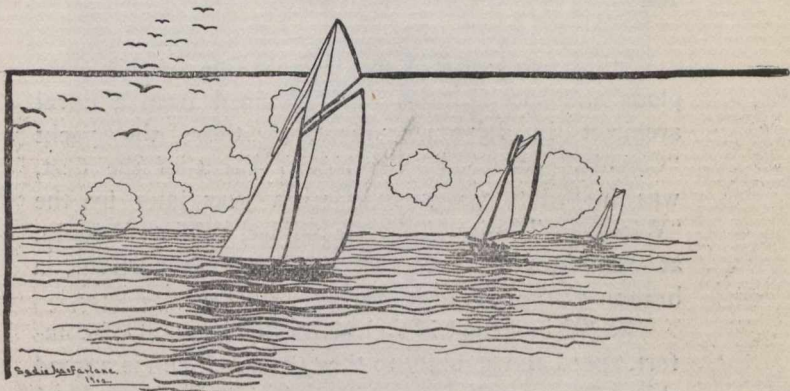
country were equal to the emergency. A few captains and men of military experience were sent to guide and direct them, and they built block-houses at the expense of the government along the coast at several points. Many of those old block-houses were more or less in a good state of repair when I was a boy, but unfortunately they have nearly all gone down. One of these was erected on the peninsula at Chester, and another at the town of Lunenburg, another at Kingsburg, in Lunenburg county. These have all gone down. At the mouth of La Have, a little below Fort Point, there were cannon on Oxner's Point. The cannon are still there. There was an old lady, a near relative to a gentleman who represents the county of Lunenburg in the other Chamber, who lived on this point. An American privateer came in; the men were away fishing; she took a firebrand and fired two shots. The Americans thought there was a large number of troops there and they sailed away. This is an historic spot. The cannons are there; I have seen them myself. If you go to the adjoining county of Queens you will find historic spots also. We read of the French going along there at one place. They saw a sheep on the shore there and they called it Port Mouton. There is another point, Rossignol. We have Chebogue and similar names in the County of Yarmouth. The block-house sites could be at a very little expense marked by stone or iron tablets to commemorate the events of the war. There is no doubt, owing to the bravery of the men, and women too, on the coast, that the Americans could not get a footing there, and these spots should be commemorated. It would not cost much to do it. Annapolis has been spoken of, but what of the beautiful country, the Annapolis Valley and Grand Pré, where the Acadians went in and reclaimed the land from the ocean and raised crops to

supply their neighbors. There is a spot there, and it is rather a sort of reflection on the history of the province of Nova Scotia. I refer to the expulsion of the Acadians. All French Acadians have read of the expulsion of the Acadians. It has been the subject of much debate whether it was justifiable or not. For reasons of state this policy may have been required. Perhaps it was not necessary for them to live on this land, but I, as a Nova Scotian, think the way in which it was done was altogether too harsh and severe, and history afterwards will say so. The people were separated, the husband torn from the wife, and both from their children, and deported to different parts of the continent of America. What happened? Many of them went into the woods; many of them came back, and a great many Acadians of Nova Scotia, who are among our best citizens, and have made their mark in the history of the province, returned and settled in Digby, in the county of Richmond, in Cape Breton and different parts of the country. These are scenes the history of which, I think, should be preserved. The history of our country has not been written. We owe a great deal to Longfellow, who describes in his "Evangeline," Grand Pré. It appears he never had been there, but he got his facts from Nova Scotians, and put them down admirably in his book. We owe a great deal to Parkman, who has written about the pioneers of New France. Some of those historic scenes and incidents should be commemorated in some suitable way. There is no greater object lesson to a boy going through his native country than seeing a monument, however inexpensive, and asking what it commemorates. Take the French settlement in my county, there they commenced farming and fishing. Then Argall came in and destroyed them. Go to Grand Pré. The people there settled the country of

Evangeline, have done but something to mark the sites, but more should be done. I think on the sites where block-houses stood some tablets should be put up. Go to the United States and enter the old statehouse at Boston and you will find historic matter to commemorate the time the Englishmen set his foot in Jamestown. There is something to notice and learn, and a boy going there will learn more in an hour, than he will by poring over a school book for months. The history of our country has yet to be written. I do trust that somebody will yet write the history of Acadia. It took in New Brunswick and part of Maine and Prince Edward Island. It was a large country. When the French planned to build the fortress at Louisbourg they showed their sagacity. But the Latin race apparently are not good colonizers; they did not succeed well. The Anglo-Saxon came in and won from the French, and now they are honorably living together and working side by side to build up a strong nation. When Tennyson was at the zenith of his fame, in his ode of welcome to the Princess Alexandra on her marriage to the Prince of Wales, he said: "For neither Saxon or Norman or English or Scotch are we. But all of us Danes in our welcome to thee, Alexandra!" And may we now not say that as regards our country, that neither Saxon or Norman or English or French or Scotch or Irish or German are we, but all of us united in respect for the history of thee, fair Canada!



CORONATION CUP, WON BY THE YACHT "CIBOU," 1902.
Presented for competition by Commodore Robert Thomson of the R. K. Y. C.



Royal Kennebecasis Yacht Club.



WITHIN the past six years very great changes have taken place in the interest manifested in the Maritime Provinces of Canada in that noblest of sports, yachting. This fact will not be contradicted, I feel sure, by any person who has ever taken any interest in yachts or yachting. One requires to be a true man to be a true yachtsman, and yachting is no sport for anyone who lacks a keen eye, a steady nerve, and manly courage.

It was only about seven years ago that yachting began to be recognized as a sport in the Province of New Brunswick, and even then it was only carried on by a few enthusiasts in a desultory way. At that time there were not more than eight or ten yachts owned in the city of St. John. A club was started about 1896, named the Saint John Yacht Club, and racing was encouraged, resulting in the purchasing and building of new boats, thus augmenting the tonnage owned very materially.

Within two years of the organization of this club, plans and specifications were obtained from a naval architect in Boston, and from these the yacht "Canada," considered the banner yacht of the fleet, was built. She was followed a year later by the "Winogene," designed by the builder, William Brittain, at Millidgeville, on the Kennebecasis River, a branch of the River St. John.

The "Winogene" is a close second in point of comfort, speed and stability to the "Canada," and is a good object lesson as to the skill and ability of our local mechanics.

Something on a larger scale being desired, some of our yachtsmen made a visit of inspection to some of the yachting centres of the United States, with the result that the schooner "Windward" was added to the fleet, an addition of which the club had every reason to be proud.

During the past season the club fleet has been splendidly enhanced by the addition of the new schooner-yacht "Dahinda," now the largest and finest sailing yacht in the fleet. She was designed and built by A. G. Harned, of West St. John, and is fast, handsome, and very comfortable.

The same builder also constructed the "Louvima," the largest single sticker, and without doubt the best finished and most comfortable sloop in the fleet.

A number of steam launches are owned by members of the club, which is now known as the Royal Kennebecasis Yacht Club. Of these launches, there are quite a number of small size, but three or four of them are in the vicinity of one hundred feet in length.

The steam yacht "Scionda," an illustration of which accompanies this article, is the flag-ship of the fleet, being owned by Commodore Robert Thomson. She is a beautiful craft, one hundred feet over all, is the



REV. LINDSAY PARKER, D. D.,
Chaplain of the R. K. Y. C., and his yacht, the "ARMOREL."

personification of comfort and luxury, and is in every way a boat such as the members of the club have every reason to be proud of.

Of steam and sail the club now owns fifty-five, with every prospect of valuable additions year by year.

The club membership at present reaches nearly three hundred, most of the individuals of which it is composed being legitimate yachtsmen, full of zeal and energy for the cause, and fond of the sport for the promotion of which the club was organized.

A new Club House has recently been built at Millidgeville at a cost of three thousand dollars, having every convenience for the members, and which is in charge of a competent steward. This building is located on the bank of the river, commands a wide view over a beautiful stretch of water, and is a monument to the energy, push, and determination, of Commodore Thomson and the officers and members of the Royal Kennebecasis Yacht Club.

Commodore Thomson has proved himself a most popular officer and a generous patron of the club, his election to the chief office having been one of the best moves ever made by the club. By his genial ways, enthusiasm, and liberality, he has done much for the club and the promotion of yachting generally. Last season he offered for competition a valuable solid silver cup, valued at \$75, an illustration of which is shown. The race for this cup was sailed on the Kennebecasis River, with the result that the trophy was captured by the "Cibou," of the Cape Breton Yacht Club, and borne off triumphantly to Sydney, very much to the chagrin of the members of the R. K. Y. C.

The Commodore has offered another handsome trophy in the shape of a solid silver cup for competition among cabin yachts only "all freaks being debarred."

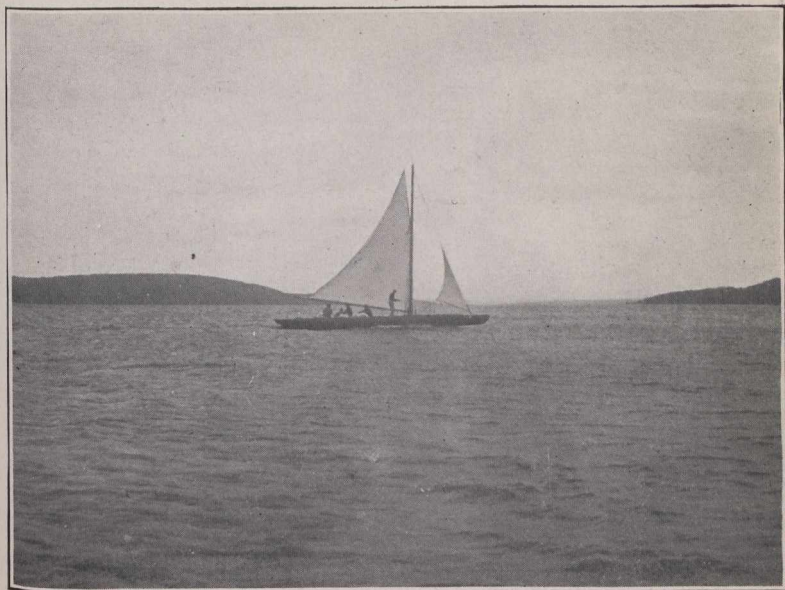
The "Cibou," which captured the previous cup is a Duggan boat, and while very speedy, is not regarded by the members of the R. K. Y. C. as a legitimate competitor in yacht racing. An illustration of the "Cibou" from a snap-shot accompanies this sketch, but unfortunately but little detail of construction is observable on account of the distance from which the picture was taken.

This very brief sketch of the club would not be complete without some mention of the worthy Chaplain, Dr. Lindsay Parker, of Brooklyn, New York, who has a country home on the banks of the Kennebec-casis, at which he spends his summers. His yacht, the "Armored," is known all over the St. John River and its tributaries, and is a fast sailer, with very good accommodation. The genial doctor is immensely popular among the club members, and may well be spoken of as one of the features of the organization.

The fortnight cruise, held annually by the club, is looked forward to each year with keen anticipation, and by no means the least enjoyable feature is the annual sermon, preached by Doctor Parker to the members of the club, always upon some open spot along the river bank, usually from beneath the shade of some spreading elm or lofty pine tree.

The chaplain is a rare raconteur of good stories, and the following anecdote related by him at a lecture recently delivered in St. John is full of humor and originality:

"It is told of the late Dr. Norman McLeod, familiarly and affectionately known as 'O'er Noorman,' for many years minister of the Barony Church, Glasgow. A poor woman, living in one of the back wynds of the city, sent for the rector of a certain church to come in haste to see her husband, who was lying dangerously ill with typhus fever of the most virulent kind. The



YACHT "CIBOU," OF SYDNEY, C. B.
Winner of the Thomson Cup, 1902.



YACHT "CANADA."
Owned by Messrs. Fred. S. Heans, Howard Holder and Howard Camp. Length, 36 2. Beam 11.4

good rector at once responded to the call, saw the sick man, administered ghostly consolation, and, the family being wretchedly poor, gave the woman some money as he was leaving. As he handed it to her, and was about to depart, he said: 'You are not a parishioner of mine are you, my good woman?' 'Oh, no sir," she answered. 'We sit under Noorman.' 'Ah, yes,' said his reverence of the Church of England, 'Dr. Norman McLeod of the Presbyterian Church, a very excellent man indeed. But, may I ask,' he continued, 'why you did not send for your own minister to visit your husband. I was quite willing to come, you understand, quite willing, but now, why did you send for me, rather than for your own minister?' The woman simply pointed towards the room where the typhus victim lay, and said, 'Mon dear, do you aye think we wad risk 'O'or Noorman' wi the like o' that.'"

In a future article an effort will be made to give a more complete idea of the club's fleet, and of its fine property at Millidgeville. The fixtures, and the personnel of some of the other officers, including the past commodores will also be dealt with.

EDGAR H. FAIRWEATHER.



D. R. JACK, ESQ.

My Dear Sir,—This little verse translation—made a good number of years ago—was done a month or so after the French author, Sully Prudhomme, had published his elegant stanzas in *Macmillan's Magazine*. I have always considered my version of it as one of the happiest hits,—of the kind,—I ever made. In the original, it would, no doubt, be of interest to French Acadian readers of ACADIENSIS; and I think there is music enough in the English version to make it agreeable to English readers. In my opinion, it would be a good little thing to set to music, as either a French or an English song.

Yours truly,

W. P. DOLE.

Soupir.

Ne jamais la voir, ni l' entendre,
 Ne jamais tout haut la nommer,
 Mais fidèle toujours l' attendre,
 Toujours l' aimer.

Ouvrir les bras, et las d' attendre,
 Sur le néaut les refermer,
 Mais encor toujours les lui tendre,
 Toujours l' aimer.

Ah! ne pouvoir que les lui tendre,
 Et dans les pleurs se consumer,
 Mais ces pleurs, toujours les répandre,
 Toujours l' aimer.

Ne jamais la voir, ni l' entendre,
 Ne jamais tout haut la nommer,
 Mais, d' un amour toujours plus tendre,
 Toujours l' aimer.

SULLY PRUDHOMME.

A Sigh.

TRANSLATION.

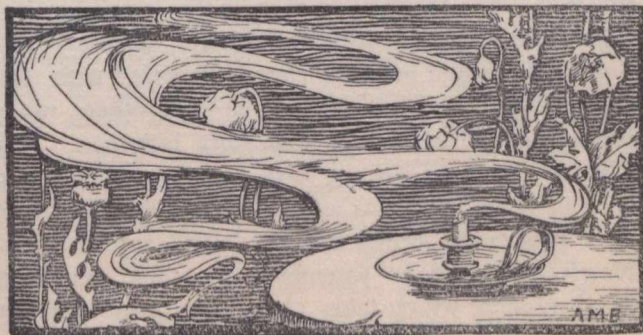
Never to see her, her voice never hearing,
Never to utter aloud her name,
But faithfully still await her appearing,
Loving her ever the same.

To open the arms, and weary of watching,
Clasping nothing, to close them again,
Yet ever for her vacant arms outstretching,
Loving, though loving in vain.

Ah! to be able only, the arms outspreading,
In sighs and tears to wear life away,
But tears, idle tears, unceasingly shedding,
Loving her fondly alway.

Never to see her, her voice never knowing,
Never to utter aloud her name,
But, with a love ever tenderer growing,
Loving her ever the same!

W. P. D.



Indians of St. John Island.

SURROUNDED by the blue waters of the Bras d'or Lake, that lovely "arm of gold" that forms a natural waterway between the different parts of the island of Cape Breton, lies a little grass-clad island, known in the days of the French regime as the Ile Ste. Famille, the Island of the Holy Family, but now called indifferently either Indian or Chapel Island. It is separated from the mainland by a narrow channel, not more than a hundred yards in width, and is situated seven miles from the quiet little town of St. Pierre, where once the famous Nicholas Denys had a settlement, and which later, as Port Toulouse, formed with Louisburg and St. Anne's one of the chief French settlements in Cape Breton.

For fifty weeks out of the year the island is without an inhabitant; and its two buildings, a plain wooden church and a plainer wooden house, seem to add rather than to detract from the picture of loneliness which it presents. For the greater part of the remaining fortnight, however, all is life and activity. The level portion of the island near the church is dotted with tents and wigwams, some made of birch bark, others, rather incongruously, of the more modern tarpaper. The Micmacs of Cape Breton, with many from other sections of Nova Scotia, as well as a few individuals from New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and even from Newfoundland, have assembled for their annual ten days' mission, which takes place every year about the

feast of St. Anne, who, doubtless as a result of the devotion to her of the early French missionaries, has always been looked upon as the patron saint of the tribe. Whilst the island was probably looked upon as a sacred spot even prior to the conversion of the Micmacs to the Christian faith, it is now doubly sacred; for here well nigh two hundred years ago the good Abbe Maillard, who, leaving the shores of sunny France, had devoted himself to spreading the religion of the Christ among the savages of Ile Royale, as Cape Breton was styled when the golden lilies waved over the battlements of Louisburg, first preached the gospel of redemption to the assembled Indians. To-day the granite rock which formed the rude pulpit from which this man, nurtured in a high born family of France, addressed the wondering Redmen, is carefully fenced in from desecration. Upon the rock itself is rudely carved a plain cross. This again is surmounted by an ornamented iron cross, clearly of much later date.

The whole mission is of an intensely interesting character. For some days boatloads of Indians are arriving at the island, bringing their families such household effects as they are likely to need, bundles of birchbark, from which the tepees are to be erected; but above all their very best gala attire. The first day is devoted to the erection of the wigwams. After that the usual order of the day is high mass at ten, catechism for the children, rosary and vespers in the afternoon, and in the evening dancing and games. During the course of the mission all of the Indians make their confessions, the children found prepared receive their first communion, and nearly all marriages take place. Micmac engagements are, as a rule, very brief. At the mission a young man meets a maiden whom he fancies. He applies to the parents and, if there is no

impediment, the priest almost immediately ties the knot. The season of the mission also affords a great opportunity for the reunion of relatives and friends. During the week the large wigwam opposite the church is used as a court house, where the chief, assisted by the captains, and guided by the advice of the priest who has charge of the mission, disposes of any disputes that may have arisen amongst different members of the tribe.

The chapel itself, which is of course dedicated to St. Anne, differs little from the ordinary Roman Catholic church in the poorer districts, except that it possesses a shrine of the patroness, brought out from France by the good Father Maillard himself, which is regarded by the Indians with the deepest veneration. The figure of the saint is about three-quarters life size. She is represented as seated and teaching the Blessed Virgin, then a young girl, from an open book which she holds upon her knee. The shrine is upon a portable stand surmounted by a canopy, and generally occupies the position of honor to the left of the altar. For years the church also possessed a curiously carved French altar, which bore upon the tabernacle the date 1717, and regarding which an interesting story is told. It is said to have been first used in the French chapel at Port Toulouse. When that place was taken by the English, the French carried off the altar and hid it in the neighboring woods. They themselves never returned to seek it, but it was found by the Indians who kept it religiously for years as one of their greatest treasures. Unfortunately, some years back a priest who at the time had charge of the mission, persuaded them to give it to him for his own church and to replace it with a modern altar decked out with the customary white enamel and gold paint.

The most interesting day during the mission is the

Sunday nearest St. Anne's Day. Mass is said at ten by the priest, who occupies the only house on the island. One of the Indians acts as server. After the sermon, which is in English, the chief addresses the congregation, partly translating the words of the priest and partly, as the present chief told the writer, speaking to them in his own words. The musical part of the services is supplied by the Indians themselves and is in Micmac. Their chanting, which is mainly in the minor tones, is weirdly sweet and haunting. After mass the shrine of St. Anne is placed upon a litter, and the Indian women proceed to drape the canopy with lace curtains and bright colored cloths. At the same time the figures of St. Anne and of Our Lady are crowned with flowers, as well as draped with bright colored vestments. Meanwhile, the men are employed in marking out, with poles surmounted by white flags bearing red crosses, the course for the procession, which goes from the church to the spot where Father Maillard preached the first sermon, returning thence to the church.

Early in the afternoon all the preparations are completed. A small cannon, brought from Louisburg, fires a salute and the procession starts from the church in the following order:—

An aged Indian bearing the processional crucifix.

The priest and the chief walking together.

The sacred shrine, borne by four Indians, wearing blue sashes and supported by four maidens, walking two on each side, dressed in all the colors of the rainbow, and each bearing a vase of flowers.

An Indian bearing a blue banner with three crosses.

The choir, the leader of which sings from a huge manuscript book made from a leather-bound ledger, which is carried before him by two younger Indians, wearing green sashes, who walk backwards during the whole procession.

The whole body of the faithful men, women and children, many of them carrying flags and banners.

During the progress of the procession the choir chant the Magnificat and other hymns and the cannon is discharged at frequent intervals. All the men walk with bared heads and the greatest reverence and decorum are observed. When the sacred spot itself is reached, the procession halts, whilst some prayers in Micmac are recited. All the Indians then approach the shrine of St. Anne one by one, make the sign of the cross, kneel a few seconds in silent prayer, deposit their lowly offerings of a few cents, kiss the feet of the saint and reverently withdraw. The procession then returns to the church. When it has gone about half way from the sacred rock a halt is made and the whole multitude kneel in prayer for a few minutes, presenting a striking picture as the bright rays of the afternoon sun illumine their awed and devout faces. The procession then proceeds round the church, which is then entered, the shrine being deposited in the centre of the aisle, whilst a brief Micmac service is held. Later in the afternoon vespers are said.

Ths Micmac prayer books used by the Indians are exceedingly interesting, and those who use them seem evidently to have a very intelligent understanding of their meaning. In addition to the Service of the Mass, the books contain the day, hours, and numerous other prayers and instructions. After the Abbe Mailard had reduced the Micmac language to writing, for a long while the tribe used manuscript books prepared either by their priests or by themselves. About forty years ago, however, a German priest, of great intelligence and culture, named Father Kauder, who had buried himself from the world at Tracadie in Nova Scotia, took a great interest in Indian work, learnt the language, collected all the manuscript prayer books he could find, prepared a new edition, and finally persuaded a learned society in Vienna to undertake the

publication and to supply the Indians with copies, provided they received in return the old manuscript books. The printed books were issued in 1866 and distributed to the Indians through the Roman Catholic priests in the province. Copies of these books were sent at the time by the Rev. Father Quinan, of Sydney, to the poet Longfellow and to the library of Harvard University. The books were well printed and strongly bound in leather with a flap so as to resist moisture. The written language is hieroglyphic, each character representing a word. A star for instance, stands for heaven; a double circle for the earth, and so on, though of course most of the symbols are less obvious in character. The printed books are now getting very scarce and a new edition is badly needed.

The mission affords an excellent opportunity for religious influence to be brought to bear upon the Indian. Every year, however, as the Indians are taking to the ordinary avocations of life, which prevent their long absence from home, the attendance is growing smaller, and it is doubtless only a matter of a few years before this picturesque festival becomes a thing of the past.

C. W. VERNON.



The Sea-Cow Fishery.



THE TERM "Sea-Cow Fishery" has anything but a familiar sound to men of the present day. It may be doubted if, in the Maritime Provinces, there are any now living who can remember a time when this industry was prosecuted. Yet, at one time, the sea-cow abounded in our waters and the fishery, if such it can be called, was of much importance, of so much as to claim the attention of the home government and to call for special local legislation for its regulation and preservation. Unfortunately that legislation failed in its object. The sea-cow has long ceased to frequent these waters. In its time the fishery was actively followed. The unwieldy animals were of considerable value to the early settlers of this island, as also to those on the coasts of the mainland.

After the formation of this island into a separate government, legislation affecting the sea-cow fishery was enacted, almost at once. Walter Patterson, our first governor, when leaving London to take up his residence here, received particular instructions to enquire into the method of conducting this industry. In fact it appears to have engrossed more attention, in official circles, than any of what we are accustomed to consider our principal fisheries. Oysters, lobsters, not to mention codfish, mackerel, and other deep sea-fish, seem not to have been "in it" with the sea-cow.

Patterson only arrived in Charlottetown on August 30th, 1770, but he lost no time in investigating the

manner in which the business was carried on, and was equally prompt in taking measures for its protection. In a despatch dated 25th October of that year, now on file in the Record Office in London, Patterson wrote to Lord Hillsborough as follows :

“Agreeable to Your Lordship’s directions, given me at your office, the last time I had the honor of seeing you before I left London, I made as soon as possible after my arrival, all the enquiry I could into the manner of carrying on the Sea Cow Fishery at this island, and finding there were likely to be disputes between a Mr. Gridley, who lives on one of the Magdalen Islands, for the purpose of carrying on the same sort of fishery there; as he generally sends people to this island either to take the Sea Cows, or to prevent their landing and by that means force them to resort to the Magdalens; and some New England fishermen, who frequently land for a few days, to kill sea cows; and the inhabitants of this island, who have endeavoured to carry it on for some time past and fearing by that means the fishery might be rendered useless to all parties, if not entirely ruined, I have, by the advice of His Majesty’s Council, passed an Act for the better regulation of it, which will be herewith transmitted to Your Lordship, that I may know His Majesty’s pleasure concerning it.”

So far as I can learn this was the very first legislation of the new government. I suspect that his Excellency, the Governor, himself was “His Majesty’s Council,” and that it was his own advice upon which he acted.

Lord Hillsborough, in his reply, dated Whitehall, 2nd January, 1771, says :

“The putting a stop to these practices which must have the effect to destroy the Sea Cow Fishery, appears to have been a very proper object of your immediate attention and if the licenses required to be taken out by persons carrying on that

fishery are not made to operate as a burden upon this useful branch of commerce, I do not see, at present, any objection to the regulations prescribed by your ordinance, but as this is a matter upon which the heads of trade must be consulted, I have received the King's commands to transmit the ordinance to them for their consideration."

I have no copy of the Ordinance itself.

These efforts proved unavailing. The fishermen and others quickly exterminated the herds, so thoroughly that not one has been seen or heard of in these waters within the memory of the "oldest inhabitant." It is an illustration of the old story of "killing the goose," just as fishermen and some traders whose real interest it is now-a-days to preserve the lobster and oyster fisheries, seem to be the ones most determined, despite all law and common sense, to destroy them.

Though the sea-cow is no longer found on our shores, it has left its name on the nomenclature of the country. In the western part of this province we have "Sea-Cow Pond." On the right hand, as we make Summerside Harbor, "Sea-Cow Head" tells of the animals that once haunted the waters there or made their clumsy way on to and over the dry land.

The sea-cow was of much value to the old settlers. Its oil would not only be of use to them, but would also be an article for barter or trade. Whether or not use was made of the flesh, I cannot say, but the hide was of great consequence. At a time when ordinary articles required about the new settlement were most difficult to procure, when goods could only be obtained with much trouble, and most frequently not at all, the sea-cow's hide afforded an exceedingly strong and excellent material for traces and other parts of harness used in the new lands, and to a great extent would take the place of leather for other purposes.

The herds frequenting these coasts must have been large, as I have seen it stated that the number of sea-cows caught in a season sometimes ran up into the thousands. The correctness of this statement I am unable to verify, but that the animals were numerous is evidenced by the interest taken by government in their preservation, as well as by the facts, regarding the parties hunting them, set out in Patterson's despatch.

The sea-cow would seem to have been very easily captured. It frequently came on to the land and made its way for short distances inland. Its unwieldiness would render it practically helpless on shore, where it would fall an easy prey to its captors. In the water it was more at home, and its pursuit, at least in the smaller boats, was probably not without an element of danger. The late Judge Alley, who was an authority on matters relating to the earlier days of settlement in this island, informed me that one method adopted by the fishermen in hunting the animals was, when possible, to catch a young calf and take it on board their craft, when the noise made by the youngster attracted the old ones to the vessel's side where they were readily despatched.

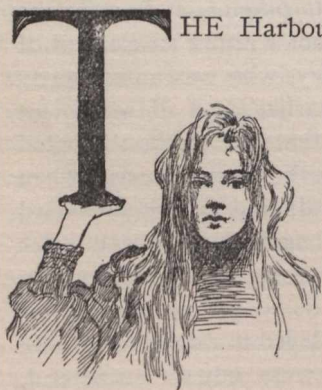
Whatever the methods employed to catch them, there can be no doubt but that they were only too successful, the results being that the herds have long since become extinct. That they ever existed is almost forgotten, and with the exception of a few references to them in official papers and a few place-names, there is little now to tell of what was once an important industry.

A. B. WARBURTON.

Charlottetown, 31st December, 1902.

The St. John River.

Description of the Harbour and River of St. John's, in Nova Scotia, and of the Townships of Sunbury, Burton, Gage, and Conway, lying on said River, as received from Charles Morris, Esq., Surveyor General of Halifax, and contained in a letter wrote to Capt. William Spry, one of the Proprietors of the said Townships. Dated 25th Jan., 1768.



THE Harbour, or mouth of the River North Side, of the Bay of Fundy, distant twelve Leagues due North by the Compass, from the gut of Annapolis. About the Fort, and the Parts adjacent, are broken Grounds with rocky Hills; the Soil fit for Pasture Land, but not for Agriculture, About one mile from the Saint John's lies on the Fort is the only Entrance into the River St. John's, which is about eighty Yards wide, and about four hundred Yards in length, and this Passage is called, The Falls of the River; this Passage being streight and a Ridge of Rocks running across, whereon there is not above seventeen Feet Water, renders it insufficient to discharge the Fresh Waters of the River

above: The common Tides flowing here about twenty Feet at Low Water. The Waters of the River are about twelve Feet higher than the Waters of the Sea, and at High Water, the Waters of the Sea are about five Feet higher than the Waters of the River, so that in every Tide there are two Falls, one outward, and one Inward; and the only time of passing this Place is at the Time when the Waters of the River are level with the Waters of the Sea, which is twice in a Tide; this Opportunity of passing continues not above ten Minutes at all other Times it is impassable, or extreme dangerous. After you have entered through this Place, which is called the Falls, you enter into a Gullet, or Neck, which is about a Quarter of a Mile wide, and about two Miles long, winding in different Courses; having about twenty Fathom Water in the Channel. When you have passed this Gullet, you enter into a fine large Bason, about one Mile and a Half wide, and Eight Miles in Length, entering into the Main River of St. John's. The Lands on the South Side of the Bason, are low, but broken and stony; indifferently well timber'd; would make pretty good Pasture Land, but not fit for Agriculture: Black Birch, Beach, Maple, Hemlock, Spruce, and Pine, are the principal Growth of the Woods. From this Bason you enter into the main Branch of the River St. John's; and after having passed about two Miles and an Half North-West, you enter into that part of the River, called, The Long Reach; which from a Place called Beaubert's Fort, to Belle-Isle, is six Leagues; in this Course you have from six to ten Fathom Water, till you come to Thirty Penny Island; from thence to Oak Point, keeping pretty near the Island you have six fathom, and from Oak Point, passing thro' the Channel of Rushes, you have not above two Fathom and an

Half, till you have passed the Rushes, and then you have six or seven Fathom to Belle Isle.

The Course of the River from Beaubert's to Belle-Isle, is North-East: The Main Branch of the River at Belle-Isle turns North but there is a Branch of the Long-Reach, that still continues North-east about ten miles, through a broken, rocky Country. The timber of all the Lands having been burnt about six years ago by the Indians. From Belle-Isle to Jemseg and Grimross, is about sixteen Miles. Here the Borders of the River are formed of Intervals and Marsh Lands; the Intervals are those Lands that border next the Stream, and are covered with Timber Trees, such as Elm, ash, Beach, and what the Inhabitants call Black Walnut, not such Timber as the Black Walnut of Virginia and Maryland, but is so called, from a Black Walnut which it bears, about the Bigness, and indented like a Peach Stone, but rougher, and is of a blacker Colour; the Colour of the Timber is somewhat darker than Maple, and of a Grain much like it. The Soil of these Intervales is very rich, producing, when cultivated, Wheat, Barley, Oats, Maze, or Indian Corn, Flax, Hemp, or any other Vegetable in great Abundance. These Intervales have been formed from Time to Time, by the overflowing of the River, and are themselves overflowed in the Spring of the Year, so that they will never stand in need of Manuring; these woody high intervales, though they are found in Places for several Miles in length, in this Part of the River, yet they are not above thirty or forty Rods in width from the River, before you come into Sunken Lands, which are called, Marsh Lands; These Marsh Lands produce no Timber, but are covered in the Summer Season with a high Coarse Grass, a natural Grass of the Country, which serves

very well for keeping Cattle in Winter, if cut in Season. Between these Sunken Lands and the Main Land, are generally Ponds and Lakes, with Outlets into the River. About midway between Belle-Isle and Grimross, on the East Side of the River, is the Entrance into Washedemoiac, which is a great Lake, about fifteen miles in length; at the Head of which is a River whose Branches extend towards Petecosteyeack River, where there is an Indian Carrying Place from one River to the other. All the Timber on both Sides of Washedemoiac, has been burnt by the Indians; the Land appears excessive stony, but an indifferent Soil, no Intervale. The Land Carrying-Place, between the Head of this River to the River Petecosteyeack, is six Leagues; this is the Communications that the Indians of St. John's have with the Indians of the Bay-Verte and Peninsula.

Grimross is the most considerable Settlement that the French had upon St. John's; but their Houses are now all demolished, and their improvements laid waste; the Country here abounds with great Quantity of Meadow for Grass, and cleared Intervale.

From Grimross, about two miles farther up the River, on the East Side, is the Entrance into the Grand Lake; this is several Passages between the Island, which form the Entrance into Grand Lake; the Course of the River St. John's from Grimross, after you have turned the Point at Oromocto River, is West North-West, and you have sometimes three, and sometimes four Fathom water; the Lands on both Sides of the River are Intervale, or very low Upland all the Way, which Intervales are wider than any of the Intervales below, being from sixty to a Quarter of a Mile wide, having a like kind of Marshes and Sunken Lands behind them; and the Growth and produce of the Intervale, the same as these already described.

The River Oromocto, comes from the South-West into the River St. John's, as far as we surveyed, which was about twenty-two Miles, as the Course of the River runs; and here the tide flows about one foot; it is about thirty Rod wide; a deep still River, and about three Fathom Water in the Channel all the way, having a great Number of Channels coming from the Marshes and Low Lands; which Marshes and Low-Lands, appear to be in General one Mile wide, and in some places near two. The St. John's Indians, have a Communication with the Passamoquoddy Indians by this River, and Several Lakes where the whole Land Portage is not more than five miles. Opposite to Oromocto River, upon the Northerly Side of the River St. John's, is the English Settlement of disbanded Soldiers from New England, consisting of about eighty Families, who have made great Improvements, and are like to make an established Settlement there: And by some late Tryals they have made of Hemp upon the Intervale, it succeeded beyond their Expectation. I measured myself Hemp that was 9 feet High, that had not come to its full Growth in the latter End of July. They generally have about 20 Bushels of Maze, and about 20 Bushels of Wheat from an Acre of Land that was only cleared of its woods and harrowed without ever having a Plow in it. When I was on the River last year, I saw myself eighty Bushels of Indian Corn raised from one Acre of Land, that had been ploughed and properly managed. I would observe, that the Corn raised on this River is not of the same Kind as the Corn in New England; neither the Climate or Soil would be suitable to it; they get their Seed from Canada, and they Sow it in Rows about three Feet distant, as we do Pease in our Gardens; it takes about a Bushel to sow an Acre; the ears grow close to the Ground, as thick as they can stick one by

another, pointing outwards like a Cheveaux de Frise, upon each Side of the Rows: The Richness of the Soil, the manner of sowing it, and of its growing, may account very easily for its producing so much to the Acre. Some of the Old French Inhabitants of that River, have informed me that they raised in a seasonable Year, near one hundred Bushels of Indian Corn per Acre.

From Oromocto to St. Ann's, is North-West about ten Miles, the Intervale continuing upon both sides of the River, as far as St. Ann's upon the South-West Side of the River, and as far as Nashwactish, upon the North-East Side. At St. Ann's was a French Village: here also was a considerable Settlement, and about five Hundred Acres of cleared Upland in English Grass, from whence the Inhabitants of Maugerville get the Chief of their Hay for their Stock; and they inform me, that it produces about a Load and a half to an Acre. The French Houses are all burnt and Destroyed. On the North Side of the Mouth of the River Nashwactish, is the Ruins of a French Fort; and there is at present established a Factory for the Indian Trade which is the farthest English Settlement from the Fort up the River.

From hence, after you get about two Miles up the River, it winds to the West to Auhpack, which is about seven Miles from St. Ann's, where the French had Settlements all the Way, upon the Uplands, but drew their Substance from a Number of Islands formed by the River, now Intervale. At Auhpack was the Indian Church, and the Residence of the French Missionary: The Church, and other Buildings about, were all demolished by the Indians themselves. An Island opposite Auhpack, called Indian Island, is the Place where the Indians of St. John's make their annual Rendezvous. On this Island is their Town,

consisting of forty mean Houses, or Wigwams, built with slender Poles, and covered with Bark. In the Centre of the Town is the Grand Council Chamber constructed after the same Manner as the other Houses; from thence as far as we measured up the River, is twelve Miles more, inclining to the South-West; there is nothing remarkable, but that this Part of the River is full of Rapids, which renders it extreme difficult to proceed even so far; in this Course there is but very little Intervale to be met with, except in the Bend of the River; the Soil of an indifferent good Quality; the Country well clothed with Timber of the Hardwood Kind, such as Beach and Birch, principally with a Mixture of Spruce and Pine.

As to the Navigation of the River, there is Water at all Times, (except in dry Seasons) for Vessels of a Hundred Tons, to proceed as high as St. Ann's and into all the Branches of the Lakes before described. Upon the East Side of the River, towards the Middle of May at Farthest, and in an early Spring, sooner, the Snow, and Ice in the Country melting, makes a general Overflow in the River, which rises so high in some Years, as to overflow all the Intervale as well as the sunken lands. I measured the overflowing in 1765 by the marks the inhabitants of Maugerville had set up, and I found the Water had flowed above the common Heighth of the Water in Summer, near seventeen Feet and a Half; last Year twenty Feet.

I would further observe, that the Course of the Main Branch of the River St. John's, from the End of my Survey, (by Capt. Peache's Observation) is North a little Easterly, seventy-five Miles, measuring the several Courses of the River to the Great Falls, and from the Great Falls Northwesterly, 35 Miles to the Mouth of the River that empties out of the Lake Gamascowata, and from thence to that Lake North-West,

Twenty-Four Miles. The Lake Gamascowata, is said to be Thirty Miles in length, and from three to one in width. The Source of the River St. John's, from the Mouth of the River that empties out of the Lake Gamascowata, is West Southerly, distant about One Hundred Miles; so that from its Source to its Discharge into the Bay of Fundy, is Three Hundred and Fifty Miles. Musquash Cove, is distant from the Mouth of St. John's Harbour, or Partridge Island, three Leagues to the Westward; it forms a Bay, the Entrance about three Quarters of a Mile wide, widening within about one Mile and a Half, and is Two Mile deep; at the Entrance you have about fourteen Fathom water, and you have gradual Soundings and good anchoring till you come into four Fathom. This Bay is a good Harbour for any shipping shifting Sides as the Wind may be, except when the Winds are from South South-East to South South-West, which blows directly in. If you would proceed farther up into the River you must wait the Tide, the upper part of the Bay being almost dry at Low Water. About one Mile up the River the Salt Marsh begins, in some Places about One Hundred and Fifty Yards wide, and in others from that to Half a Mile wide. The Tide flows among these Marshes about four Miles from the River's Mouth; here it is fresh and very small, with Falls of about twenty Feet perpendicular, to which you may go with a Vessel of One Hundred Tons at High-Water. The Uplands are high rocky Hills, and broken Ground, wholly unfit for Cultivation, producing no Timber of any kind fit for use; you see nothing but little Spruce growing out between the Rocks. In Summer this is a noted Place for hunting Wild Geese, Ducks, and other Sea-Fowl, which breed here in great Plenty, and feed on these Marshes.

The Front Lots of the Township of Gage, are laid out only sixty-five Rods in width, and about six Miles and a Half in depth, so that you see a good Settlement cannot well be made without taking eight or ten of them together. The Islands in the Front of this Township, and Grimross Head, contain about Five Thousand Acres of Intervale and good Meadow Land; this will be above Seventy Acres to each Proprietor. Long Island was granted to Sir Robert Wilmot, the other Islands and Grimross Head, are not yet divided, because we judged it best they should lay in common, as they afford great Quantities of very good Grass, which will be a great Ease and Advantage to the first Settlers, by turning their Cattle on them till they can make Fences and Improvements on the Main. The Method I propose to settle mine, is to get good industrious Families that one can depend upon, and give them some of the Land out-right; they will soon make the rest valuable. However, whatever the general Scheme is, I shall follow. If all those tracts of Land the Society have obtained on the River St. John's, were in the possession of six or seven Persons that had a little Mercury, and a Plenty of Money, it might soon be made one of the best Settlements in the Province, or perhaps upon all the Continent of America: It is really a fine Country of Land in general, a good Navigation to every Man's Door; the River full of Fish, such as Sturgeon, Salmon, Bass, and Trout, the finest I ever saw, and every necessary Convenience of Life can be had at an easy Rate, by very little Industry.



Nos. 49-50-51.



WHEN, a few years ago, the library of the Mechanics' Institute of Saint John was offered for sale, a few of the collection of over 5,000 volumes which it contained, fell into the hands of the writer. In the front of each book, was carefully pasted a large label indifferently printed in black ink upon common white paper. This label informed the beholder that the book was the property of the institution, but that it might, under certain conditions, be kept out for two weeks.

The librarian, for many years prior to the final closing up of the institution, was an old soldier, precise in his methods and a stern disciplinarian. Woe betide the unfortunate member who should venture to keep a book out beyond the allotted time, during his regime. The writer well remembers when as a small boy, having secured, upon one occasion, *The Headless Horseman*, a thrilling narrative, he presented himself before the librarian with many protestations of regret that he should have overlooked the limit of time allotted during which the book might be kept out. There was a display of stern reproach, that the son of his father should so far forget himself as to keep the book out a whole day longer than the time permitted by the rules. And yet withall, Mr. C. C.

Parker was a kindly man, and a valuable man for the institution. He tried his utmost to keep it alive, but they both grew old together, and, unfortunately for him, the institution died first.

Quite recently since the commencement of this series of articles, a spirit of investigation seized upon the writer, and the removal of the black and white label from an old volume revealed another, printed in red, older by many years, and this having been removed, a third in turn was disclosed, probably printed about 1838, when the institution was first organized, and of which the following is a reproduction:—

No.

ST. JOHN MECHANICS' INSTITUTE
LIBRARY.

[EXTRACTS FROM THE RULES.]

No person, except Members of the Board, shall be suffered to move a Book from its place in the Library, without permission of the Librarian.

No Member shall be entitled to receive a Book from the Library until he shall have paid all sums due from him to the Treasurer.

Deposited Books and those marked in the Catalogue with an asterisk, together with such other Works as the Board shall from time to time designate as Books of Reference, shall not be taken from the Rooms, except by special permission of the Board.

A Member applying for Books shall receive but one volume at a time.

A Folio or Quarto may be kept three weeks; any other sized work, two weeks. Any person detaining a Book longer, shall pay a fine of *One Penny* for a Duodecimo, *Two Pence* for an Octavo, *Six Pence* for a Quarto, per day, for every day's detention, and shall be debarred from the use of the Library until such fine be paid.

~~is~~ This book may be kept out weeks.

No. 52.

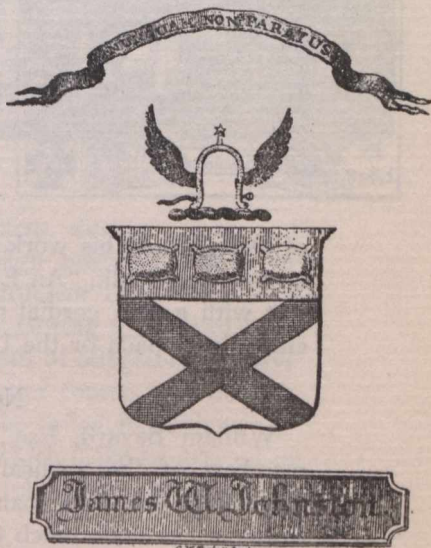
Hon. James Wm. Johnston was born at Kingston, Jamaica, and was educated in Scotland. His family subsequently removed to Nova Scotia where Mr. Johnston studied law, and was admitted to the bar of that province in 1815. He entered into partnership with the late Hon. Simon Bradstreet Robie, then among the first practitioners in that province. He rose rapidly in his profession, and was finally elevated to the bench of the Supreme Court of Nova Scotia.

In August, 1872, he left Nova Scotia for the south of France for the benefit of his health, but did not experience the benefits resulting therefrom which were earnestly hoped for.

On the death of Hon. Joseph Howe in 1873, Mr. Johnston was offered the governorship of Nova Scotia, which office he at first accepted, and prepared to return to that province. Before his preparations to leave England were completed he was compelled by reason of his fast failing health and strength to resign the office which he was so well qualified to fill.

He retired to Cheltenham, England, to pass the winter, and there, on the 21st of Nov., 1873, at the ripe age of 81 years, he passed away.

A more complete notice of his life appears in The Canadian Biographical Dictionary, from which the above is an extract.



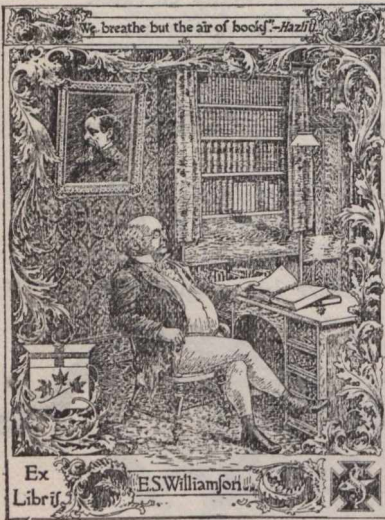
No. 53.

Mr. E. S. Williamson, whose book-plate is here-with inserted, has been for the past fourteen years in the employ of the Ontario Government. For the past ten or twelve years he has made a special study of Dickens' life and writings, and of collecting Dickensiana. The Dickens section of his library is said to be the most comprehensive in America.

The book-plate portrays Mr. Pickwick in the chair, with a portrait of Dickens himself hanging upon the wall. The Ontario coat of arms, and the "winged hand," the official badge of the shorthand writers of America, are also noticeable.

About four years ago Mr. Williamson published a brochure, "Glimpses of Dickens," in a limited edition of 250 copies, now out of print.

The latest development of Mr. Williamson's study of Dickens and his work, has been the preparation of an illustrated talk, "An Evening with Dickens," which met with a very cordial reception wherever delivered, either in Canada or the United States.



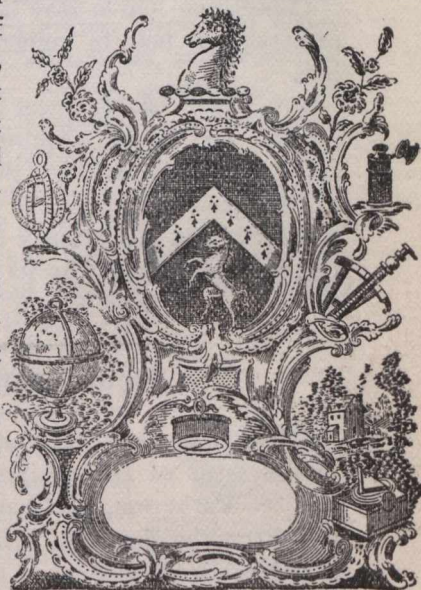
No. 54.

William Bayard, Esq., M.D., is one of the oldest members of the medical profession in the Acadian Provinces, and is a man who, by his influence and example has done much to build up and maintain the

high standard of professional etiquette, which it may safely be claimed is a feature among the members of that profession throughout these provinces today.

Dr. Bayard is of ancient and honorable lineage, and in addition to being of French Huguenot descent, can also claim descent from some of the oldest and most notable colonial families of pre-revolutionary America.

Dr. Robert Bayard, father of the subject of this notice, was a lieutenant in the British army at the early age of thirteen years. On account of his youth he was allowed to proceed with his studies at Windsor, N. S., his father's regiment being then stationed at Halifax. He subsequently gave up his commission, and studied medicine, being the recipient, during a long and honorable career, of many high honors. Just after his graduation, he became Professor of Obstetrics in the University of New York. During the war of 1812 he was required to take the oath of allegiance or leave the country. He chose the latter course, and making his way to Portland, Maine, he sailed from thence to St. John in an open boat, at which place he arrived in May, 1813. He died in St. John, June, 1868, at the age of eighty-one years.



Dr. Bayard holds his degree from the University of Edinburgh, and his life throughout has been a record of a succession of brilliant achievements in his profession and in the matter of establishing beneficent institutions in his native province.

Concerning him it may be said that no man in his profession is held in higher esteem throughout Canada.

When the establishment of ACADIENSIS was first mooted, Dr. Bayard required no second invitation to assist in the promotion of the work, assuming a share of the financial responsibility of the undertaking with a cheerfulness and alacrity that did much to brighten the work undertaken by its promoter.

DAVID RUSSELL JACK.

New Contributors.

Among the new contributors whose names appear in this issue of ACADIENSIS are the Honorable Mr. Justice Warburton, of Charlottetown, P. E. I., who writes on the Sea-Cow Fishery; Mrs. V. Crawford Morden, Vice-President of the Loyalists' Association at Brockville, Ontario; His Honor Judge Wilkinson, who has consented to contribute, at the urgent request of the editor of ACADIENSIS, an account of his charming home on the River Miramichi, and Past Commodore Edgar H. Fairweather, of the R. K. Y. C., who contributes an interesting article on the Yacht Club. It is hoped that additional articles with regard to yachting in the Acadian Provinces may be secured for future issues of this magazine. Yachtsmen, members of other clubs who have good photographs of their boats and information which would be useful in writing such articles, are invited to correspond with the editor of ACADIENSIS.

The Insignia of New Brunswick.

WITH advancing civilization there always comes an increasing culture which manifests itself in a greater regard for education, literature, science, art, and everything which appeals to the higher intellectual and æsthetic nature. One of its phases is a more active interest in all that relates to one's people and country, including the various symbols or emblems interwoven with its history. In New Brunswick there is a growing regard for these matters, and I think a brief discussion of the symbols and emblems of the Province will be acceptable at this time.

I. THE PROVINCIAL COAT OF ARMS.

This is the only generally known and legally recognized symbol of New Brunswick. It bears the familiar Lion and Galley, arranged as in the crude accompanying sketch. It was adopted in 1868, but its history is so closely bound up with that of the Province Seal that we may best consider the two together.



2. THE PROVINCE SEAL.

The present seal is not the one most closely associated with the history of New Brunswick, for it has been in use only since Confederation. The older seal was granted by the Imperial Government on the foundation of the Province. It is that "Great Seal for New

Brunswick," sent out from England by Lord Sydney, Secretary of State, to Governor Carleton, on Feb. 25, 1785, as we learn from a note in the Archives Report for 1895 (N.B. page 3). This seal, as was customary in those days, was impressed upon a thick disk of wax attached to its document by a band of tape. Upon the obverse side it bore the British Coat of Arms with the inscription GEORGIUS TERTIUS DEI GRATIA BRITANNIARUM REX FIDEI DEFENSOR, (*George the Third by the Grace of God King of the British Defender of the Faith*). Upon the reverse it was engraved as shown upon the following cut, which is from a tracing of a photograph of an original, reduced to one-half the true size:



I have tried, but so far in vain, to obtain through the Herald's College, and also through the office of the Colonial Secretary, the original heraldic designation or description of this seal, wishing it partly because of its intrinsic interest, and partly in the hope that it would throw some light upon the precise meaning of the different features, and hence upon the reasons for

its adoption. In the absence of such information I can only surmise that the ship was selected in allusion to the vessels which brought the Loyalists to the Province and that the motto *SPEM REDUXIT* (*she restored hope*), refers to the idea that in the new land to which she brought them they could look forward to peace and prosperity after their years of anxiety and persecution. The row of cabins along the shore, with the conventional evergreen trees behind, would no doubt typify the new homes they were carving from the boundless forests of the Province. Perhaps I interpret these features too literally, or otherwise wrongly, and if so, I hope some reader will correct me. There is something about this picture, perhaps something mournful in the droop of the sombre trees, perhaps something lonely in the presence of the solitary ship, perhaps something sad in the humbleness of the tiny cabins, which brings before me more vividly than does anything else a realization of how our ancestors must have felt, when, on that morning in May, now long ago, turning their backs forever upon their native land, they began to face in exile the hardships of life in an unsubdued wilderness. This seal was used through the reign of King George III., but on the ascent of his successor, a new one was of course prepared, inscribed with *GEORGIUS QUARTUS*, but in design like the former. It was, however, made from new dies, and differs in several details from the older, notably in the ship. In the older seal the vessel is square rigged on all the masts, and has all the sails furled except the fore and main topsails, which are filled aback, to symbolize, as I suppose, that the vessel has reached her haven and is at anchor. In the later seal the vessel has a spanker on the mizzen-mast, while her fore, main and mizzen topsails are all set and drawing ahead, a much less

effective symbol, as it seems to me, than the older. There are other minor differences, and, taken as a whole, the engraving of the new seal, while sharper than in the old, is more angular and less effective. It is this George IV. seal, and not the original of George III. which is figured in Lawrence's "Footprints." I have not seen the seals of William IV. and of Victoria, but presumably they resemble in general these two.

Such was the Province seal used from the foundation of New Brunswick until Confederation. The first step towards its replacement by the one now in use, as I infer from information kindly sent me by Mr. Geo. Johnson of Ottawa, was taken in the Royal Warrant of May 26, 1868, assigning armorial bearings to the Provinces of Canada, wherein those assigned to New Brunswick were the familiar lion and galley, as above mentioned. I have not obtained the original description of these arms, but have seen them described thus, "*or, a galley proper (floating in a blue sea) in chief gules a lion passant of the first or.*" This means that the background of the upper half of the shield is red, and of the lower gold, while the sea is blue, colors represented in heraldry by the lines and spots as shown in the sketch at the opening of this paper. I have tried without success to ascertain why these particular symbols were chosen, but I presume the lion typifies the British connection, as is most appropriate, while the galley is the heraldic equivalent of the ship of the earlier seal, or else it may allude to New Brunswick's prominence at that time in ship-building. The warrant granting seals to the Provinces of Canada was issued a year later, May 7, 1869. Each seal was to show in the center the Royal Arms without supporters, but surmounted by the crown; surrounding the shield the motto DIEU ET MON DROIT; below this shield a somewhat smaller one containing the provincial coat

of arms, and surrounding the whole the words, THE SEAL OF THE PROVINCE OF NEW BRUNSWICK, (or whichever it was). Thus the seals of the provinces are alike except for the coat of arms and the province name. This seal for New Brunswick is that now in use, and a crude cut of it, made from a tracing of a photograph about the true size, here follows:



It has no reverse side and in use is stamped upon a very thin wafer of sealing-wax faced by paper, and is attached directly to the document. The recent impressions I have seen are unfortunately very dim, to such a degree indeed as to make it difficult to distinguish the design. Presumably this is because the die is much worn, in which case a new one should be obtained; for the Province Seal should be clean-cut, like the character of the people who possess it.

As to the appearance of this seal, all will agree, I believe, that both its general plan and the details of its early English design are appropriate, tasteful and pleasing.

(Note, inserted April 2nd.)

I have received from the Colonial Office, through the courtesy of the Honorable Colonial Secretary, the official descriptions both of the Great Seal of 1785 and of the Coat-of-arms of 1868. The former reads as follows :

“Engraven on the one side with a Representation of a Ship sailing up a river on the Borders of which is a new settlement with lofty Pines on each Side destined to Naval purposes, with this motto, *Spem reduxit*, and this Inscription round the Circumference Sigill, *Provinciae, Nov: Bruns:*”

The description of the coat-of-arms reads thus :

“Or on Waves a Lymphad or Ancient Galley with oars in action proper on a chief gules a Lion passant guardant, Or.”

3. THE PROVINCIAL FLAG.

While there is of course no New Brunswick flag, there is something approaching it in the official flag of the Lieutenant Governor, adopted within a few years. It is the Union Jack with the Coat of Arms of New Brunswick in the center.

4. THE PROVINCIAL COLOR.

There is no recognized provincial color. But if we inquire whether there is any one more appropriate than another, we should doubtless be most likely to agree upon red, the color of the flag. But our color might well be a brighter shade appropriate to the brighter clime of the new world, and hence could well be carmine. This color has been used in the printing of the stationery of some of the Government Departments, notably the Crown Land office. The Provincial Color, when adopted, should be taken by the students of the

University of New Brunswick as their color, the more especially as their present combination has neither meaning nor beauty.

5. THE PROVINCIAL FLOWER AND TREE.

No floral or tree emblem has yet been adopted, though both have been suggested. In the "New Brunswick Magazine" for January, 1899, I have defended THE SPRUCE as the most natural, and at the same time a most pleasing, tree-emblem for this Province. The only competitor for the honor would be the White Pine, but as that is pre-empted by Maine (commonly called the Pine-tree State) and is now of comparatively little importance in the vegetation or lumber-trade of the Province, it would seem to be much better to adopt the valuable and characteristic spruce. The largest, finest and most valuable of our spruces is the Red Spruce (commonly called by lumbermen black spruce), which is the one we would naturally choose. It is of interest to note that the pine appears unmistakably in the beautiful seal of Fredericton, adopted in 1848.

As to the floral emblem, it is reported (in the "Educational Review" for October, 1898) that Mr. I. Allen Jack, surely in waggish mood, has stated that the potato is our provincial plant! But the evidence therefor is not forthcoming. In the "Educational Review" for March, 1901, Dr. G. U. Hay made the admirable suggestion that the Twin-flower, (or Fairy Thimble), called by botanists *Linnaea borealis* (or more recently *Linnaea Americana*) would form an appropriate provincial emblem, and he has published various poems and other literature relating to it. I have advocated his choice as strongly as I could in the same journal for May, 1901. The only objection I know to the *Linnaea* is that, being a shy plant, it is little known to

our people generally. But in its favor are many things. Above all it is a typical forest flower, as the emblem of New Brunswick, the Forest Land, ought to be, and is widely distributed throughout the Province. It is a running evergreen vine, occurring abundantly everywhere in moist shaded woods. Rising upon slender stalks are the pairs of exquisitely graceful bell-shaped flowers, of a delicate pink and white color and of delightfully sweet fragrance, the most charming odor of our northern woods. It is entirely individual and unmistakable, and will conventionalize well for artistic uses.

Its only competitor would be the Mayflower, but that is pre-empted by Nova Scotia. Let us adopt the *Linnaea*, the beautiful, modest, pure, fragrant, forest-loving, New Brunswick-loving Twin-flower for our provincial emblem.

6. THE PROVINCIAL ANIMAL.

No animal emblem is recognized as yet. It would most appropriately be the Moose, unquestionably the most characteristic New Brunswick animal. It has already been adopted as the supporters of the arms of the city of St. John, but this is no objection to its provincial use.

7. THE PROVINCIAL MOTTO.

The Province has at present no recognized motto, for the *SPERM REDUXIT* of the older seal was not of this character, and none was assigned with the coat of arms. There is, however, a motto, interwoven with the foundation of the Province by the Loyalists, whose watchword it was, expressive of its history ever since, and appropriate to its people today. It is thus already the New Brunswick motto, and needs but to be acknowledged. It is this,—

FEAR GOD. HONOUR THE KING.

W. F. GANONG.



THE LATE LEONARD A. ALLISON, M. A., K. C., OF SUSSEX, N. B.

Leonard A. Allison.



LEONARD A. Allison, M. A., K. C., of Sussex, who died at Torquay, England, January 8, was a man of remarkable industry in many directions. For twenty years and more, while engaged in active professional practice, he found time to pursue several lines of independent study and intellectual activity. Probably no other working lawyer in this province has retained and increased his knowledge of the ancient classics as Mr. Allison did. A few years ago a visitor to his library found him reading Thucydides, and on looking over the volume discovered that Mr. Allison had nearly covered the margin with historical, critical and grammatical notes. When he was a member of the Sussex School Board it was his custom to spend several hours a week in the school, and to follow closely the work of the higher classes in all the subjects of the course. It may be mentioned as indicating Mr. Allison's disposition and varied accomplishments that when he was choir leader of the Methodist church at Sussex, he prepared for the service a collection of hymns and chants, selecting the music from all available sources, arranging some of the pieces himself, copying the whole into neat books for each member of the choir.

Mr. Allison was a first rate amateur photographer, which art he made subservient to his historical work. His views of historic spots and buildings will in time to come be of great value to antiquarians.

It is most to the purpose of this publication to speak of Mr. Allison's work as a local historian and

genealogist. Soon after he settled in Sussex he became interested in the history of Kings County, and began to collect data concerning old families and early settlements. Had he been less conscientious about his work he could have published more than he did, but he always refused to give any historical matter to the press until he was satisfied that he had established all the facts beyond question. This unwillingness to publish incomplete records was rather unfortunate, as absolute correctness and finality is impossible in historical inquiry. No one else can now make as good use of Mr. Allison's memoranda as he could himself, but it is understood that he made such disposition of these papers that they will be available for others working in the same field of inquiry.

A good example of the thoroughness and care with which Mr. Allison conducted his historical research is shown in his published biography of Rev. Oliver Arnold, the first Rector of Sussex, and in the history of the Indian school, established in that town a century ago. Several papers read before the New Brunswick Historical Society were contributed by him. But the greater part of Mr. Allison's historical work was never published.

He began some ten years ago to collect documents relating to Sir William Fenwick Williams, the hero of Kars, and in later life governor of his native province of Nova Scotia. General Williams was connected with the Arnold family of Sussex, and many letters of his were at the time that Mr. Allison began his researches in possession of relatives in this province and in the west. This material was evidently not in the hands of the writers of the standard biographies of General Williams, and Mr. Allison, by making a careful study of the published memoirs, as he did in the early stages of his enquiry, hoped to be able to

prepare a much fuller and more accurate record of the career of this distinguished Nova Scotian than is now in existence. Death cut short this work and the others in which Mr. Allison was engaged, and brought too early to a close the life of a good man, a model citizen, and a strenuous laborer in the field of historical research.

L. A. Allison was born fifty years ago in Newport, Hants County. His father, John Allison, was a descendant of one of the New England families who came to the provinces about 1760. One of his father's brothers represented Hants, first in the provincial legislature and then for two terms at Ottawa. Another is now president of Mt. Allison University and was formerly Superintendent of Education in Nova Scotia. Leonard Allison took his Arts degree at Mt. Allison and was for several years thereafter teacher of classics in the Academy there. He studied law, first with his former fellow student, H. A. Powell, K.C., of Sackville, and afterward with Silas Alward, K.C., of St. John. Then he removed to Sussex and became the law partner of another college companion, Hon. A. S. White.

S. D. SCOTT.



Book Reviews.

It is rumored that Miss Jones, daughter of Hon. A. G. Jones, Lieutenant Governor of Nova Scotia, is preparing for publication another book. Her previous effort, a story entitled the "Night Hawk," was well received, and no doubt the forthcoming work will at least be up to the previous standard.

Mr. W. Albert Hickman, whose "Handbook of New Brunswick" created no little discussion in the New Brunswick Legislature during the session of 1902, has written a novel entitled "The Sacrifice of the Shannon," a story of the Straits of Northumberland. The Shannon is an ice-crushing boat, and the conditions described are quite within the range of possibility in that part of the Acadian waters. Mr. Hickman is gifted with a vivid imagination and an easy style, and it is probable that in the field of realistic novel writing he will be able to do effective and interesting work. William Briggs, Toronto, publisher.

From Mr. John C. Crane have been received two pamphlets of interest. The first is entitled Rev. William Blackstone, "The Pioneer of Boston." The second is entitled "The Nipmucks and their Country," and is about twenty pages in extent.

The Nipmucks, the writer explains, were among the principal tribes of Indians found by the white man upon his advent in New England. The name Nipmuck signifies "Fresh Water." Their territory consisted chiefly of the central part of the old Massachusetts province, and, in consequence of its isolation in early times, it became the hatching-place of many plots against the early English settlers.

The original Nipmucks are described as a well-built, brave and hardy people, capable of great endurance. Previous to the coming of the white man, it would seem that they had been over-governed, and had lost much of their original standing and influence. Later events which are related show that they recovered somewhat their former position, and proved a foe to be feared. The writer further remarks that —

"In the course of many months spent among the red men of our own country, Canada, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, I

have been unable to discover any great difference in the daily life and habits of one tribe from another. The male Indian among them all is averse to persistent hard labor with his hands, and fears to sweat his brow by honest toil."

Regarding the alleged cruelty of this tribe, Mr. Crane takes occasion to remark, in closing, as follows:

"The narrative of the many massacres in which they were engaged shows many inhuman deeds performed. Yet we must remember they were a savage people at best, and war is ever demoralizing. The history of our own late civil contest presents many pictures of inhumanity that equals theirs. This was done by men whom we consider civilized, and who boasted of the highest culture. Shall we condemn the Indian and pass the white man by? The key to our Indian troubles in those early days was jealousy. The French settlers of Canada were jealous of the English here, and the leading men among the Indian tribes were jealous of them also. One helped on the other in the cruel work performed. Fate, or whatever you may call it, decreed that the Nipmuck should go, and the fact remains that from them all not one of pure blood remains."

To discover many links in the chain of history that binds the past of the great republic to the south of us to that of our land, one has only to read such writings as the "Address by the Rev. Edwin S. Lines, D.D., at the One Hundred and Sixtieth Anniversary of the Building of Christ Church, West Haven, Conn." During the course of his address Dr. Lines takes occasion to refer to Rev. Richard Samuel Clarke, son of Samuel Clarke, who was born in West Haven in 1737, graduated at Yale College in 1762, ordained in England in 1766. He was the church missionary at New Milford until 1786, when, with many other Loyalists, he came to New Brunswick. A ministry of twenty-five years at Gageton and thirteen at St. Stephen brought him to the close of his life, in 1824, the oldest missionary at the time in the British (American) colonies.

To Dr. Lines we are also indebted for a copy of a work of about two hundred pages in extent, entitled "Sketches of Church Life in Colonial Connecticut, being the story of the Transplanting of the Church of England into forty-two parishes of Connecticut, with the assistance of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, written by members of the parishes in celebration of the 200th Anniversary of the Society." The book is edited by Lucy Cushing Jarvis. In addition to the chapters devoted to parochial histories specifically, the work contains a prefatory note by the Right Rev. C. B. Brewster, fifth Bishop of Connecticut; an

outline of the S. P. G. in Connecticut, by Rev. Samuel Hart, D.D.; Anniversary Sermon, West Haven, by the Rev. Edwin S. Lines, D.D., and a number of interesting chapters by the editor.

In a personal note Dr. Lines writes:

"I send you, as editor of ACADIENSIS, a copy of Colonial Church Sketches, which we published in Connecticut this year, as a work of love rather than profit. You will see some connecting links with your part of the world. You will find a cut of the old church at West Haven, the oldest of our church buildings. I am greatly interested in what you write about the Brownes and the old church at Gagetown, Queens Co., N. B. I hope some day to see New Brunswick."

From Albert Britnell, dealer in rare and second-hand books, 248 Yonge street, Toronto, has been received a copy of "The English Emersons: A Genealogical Historical Sketch of the Family from the Earliest Times to the end of the Sixteenth Century, including various Modern Pedigrees, with an Appendix of Authorities," by P. H. Emerson, M.B., B.A., (Cantab.) The work is copiously illustrated, and contains many genealogical charts of the Emerson family, as well as portraits of many of the name. The Emerson coat-of-arms is given, and the armorial bearings of the Emerson family are gone into with much minuteness.

Dr. Emerson is the writer of over twenty published works, and the preparation of the work at hand reveals a great deal of careful study and research. Mention is made of one or two of the name in Nova Scotia, and a more careful examination of the work might disclose much information of importance to those interested in the genealogy of the English family of that name.

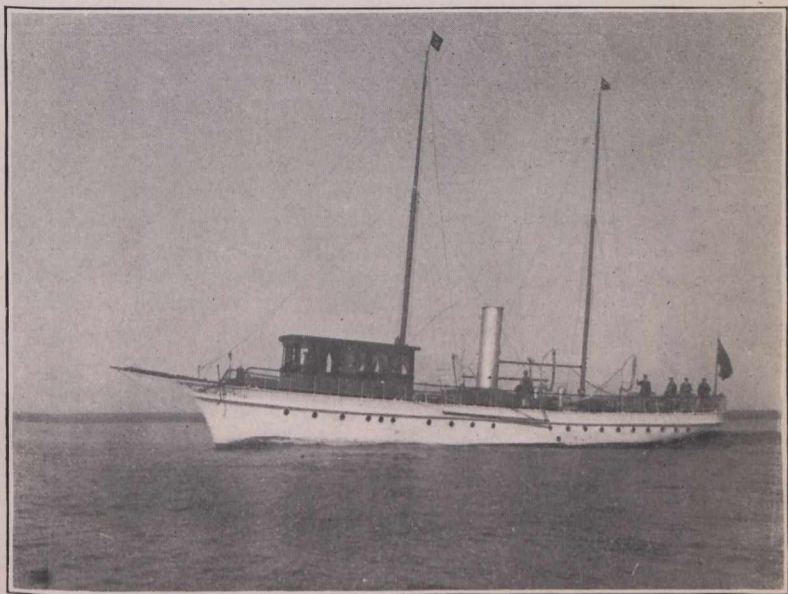
The Review of Historical Publications Relating to Canada, edited by George M. Wrong, M.A., Professor of History in the University of Toronto, and H. H. Langton, B.A., Librarian of the same university, published by the librarian, is a work the issue of which is looked forward to each year by those interested in the study of Canadian history.

Volume VII., the one just received, contains 222 pages, and is well printed on heavy paper, bound in cloth, large 8vo. in size. The table of contents is divided into six sections, as follows:

- I. Canada's Relations to the Empire.
- II. The History of Canada.
- III. Provincial and Local History.
- IV. Geography, Economics, and Statistics.
- V. Archæology, Ethnology and Folk-Lore.
- VI. Law, Education, Bibliography.



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In sub-Section 1 of Section 3 the following works relating to Newfoundland and the Maritime Provinces are reviewed:

Acadiensis.

The Chignecto Isthmus and its First Settlers, by Howard Truman.

The Baronets of Nova Scotia (in Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada), by Sir Edward Mackenzie, Baronet of Nova Scotia.

The Anglican Episcopate and the American Colonies, by Arthur Lyon Cross.

The Anglo-French-American Shore (in North American Review), P. T. McGrath.

La Question de Terre-Nueve (in Questions Diplomatiques et Coloniales), by Henry Lorin.

Year Book and Almanac of Newfoundland, 1902.

In Quest of the Quaint, by Eliza B. Chase.

On the Grand Banks (in Ainslee's Magazine), by P. T. McGrath.

Relentless Pursuit of the Newfoundland Caribou (in Outing), by P. T. McGrath.

Other reviews of interest deal with Loyalism in New York during the American Revolution, by Alexander Clarence Flick; An Appeal from Canada, by W. Frank Hatheway, and Monograph of the Evolution of the Boundaries of New Brunswick, by Prof. W. F. Ganong.

Copies of the publication may be obtained from the librarian of the university, bound in cloth, at \$1.50, postage 16 cents extra.

"The Loyalists of the American Revolution," by Claude Halstead Van Tyne, Senior Fellow of the University of Pennsylvania, is one of the most dispassionate and fairly written works relating to this subject that has yet been written. The writer has for his material, as far as practicable, gone to original sources, although the "Works of John Adams," second President of the United States, are much quoted from. A very valuable feature of the work, contained in Appendix B, is an Analysis of the Test Laws passed by the Legislatures of the Thirteen Colonies during the Revolutionary War, in which is revealed the bitterness of the persecution against those who chose to remain loyal to the British Crown.

The preface opens with the following:

"The formation of the Tory or Loyalist party in the American Revolution: its persecution by the Whigs during a long and fratricidal war, and the banishment or death of over one hundred thousand of these most conservative and respectable Americans is a tragedy but rarely paralleled in the history of the world. We may only venture the suggestion that the youthful errors of the American Republic in the matters of finance,

diplomacy and politics might have been in part corrected by the presence of that conservative element which had either been driven into exile, or, if permitted to remain, was long deprived of political and social influence because of an unremitting intolerance."

Another passage:

"Patrick Henry, when making a plea that the Tories might return unmolested, had been told that they were dangerous, and at this he exclaimed: 'Afraid of them! What, sirs! Shall we who have laid the proud British lion at our feet now be afraid of his whelps?' Many reasons were advanced, by those who reasoned about the matter, for a generous treatment of the Tories."

Reason would not be listened to, and they were driven out a hundred thousand strong, at the point of the bayonet, to found another nation. That the Loyalists included many of the ablest statesmen, most eminent jurists and conservative element of the country at that time will not be disputed, and it is to these Loyalist men and women and their descendants that the Acadian provinces owe much of the hardy race of men, able to hold their own against the world, in peace or at war, that now live within their borders.



Our Next Issue.

It is proposed to make the July issue of ACADIENSIS a Saint Andrews number, with much valuable historical information relating to that picturesque and historic town, at one time one of the greatest trade centres in the Acadian Provinces. This number will be even more copiously illustrated than any previous number, and as the strike-off of this magazine is largely limited to the number of actual subscribers, it would be well for those wishing extra copies to place their orders for the same without delay.



THE LATE ISAAC ALLEN JACK, K. C., D. C. L.

The Late Isaac Allen Jack.



SAAC ALLEN JACK was born at St. John, New Brunswick, on the 6th June, 1843, and died at the same place on the 5th of April, 1903, in his 60th year. He was a son of the late William Jack, Q. C. His paternal grandfather was David William Jack, who came from Cupar Fife, Scotland, towards the close of the eighteenth century, and settled at Saint Andrews.

David William Jack married Rebecca Russell, a daughter of Thomas Wyer, one of the Loyalists of 1783, who had served the Crown as lieutenant-colonel during the war of the American Revolution, and at the close of that struggle had left his old home at Falmouth, Mass., now known as Portland, Maine, and taken up his abode at Saint Andrews.

Isaac Allen Jack received a liberal education, and was a graduate of King's College, Windsor, N. S., where in 1863 he received the degree of Bachelor of Arts. In 1877 he received from the same source the degree of Bachelor of Civil Law, and in 1884 that of Doctor of Civil Law.

After studying law with his father, Dr. Jack was admitted an attorney in October, 1866, and a barrister the following year. He was appointed Recorder of the City of Saint John in April, 1885, and was again appointed to that office upon the amalgamation of the cities of St. John and Portland in 1889. He was created Q. C. on March 18th, 1891. Upon the death

of Mayor Barker he filled the vacant office until the election of his successor, at the same time performing his duties as Recorder.

Dr. Jack was a member of the Saint Andrews Society, and during his long illness of nine years he spent much of his time in writing a history of the society, from data compiled by a committee of its members, aided by his own knowledge of men and events connected therewith, extending over a membership of many years duration. The history alluded to is now in process of publication, about one-half of it being already off the press. Regarding this work, it may safely be claimed as one of the most important historical works published in New Brunswick, and one which will be found to be of great value to many families, members of which are no longer connected with the society.

With the New Brunswick Loyalists' Society, as well as with the New Brunswick Historical Society, Dr. Jack was actively connected. For the welfare of the old Mechanics' Institute he gave many years of faithful service as a director upon the board of management, and as a lecturer in its annual course, which was long a feature in the social life of St. John. He was on many occasions a generous donor to the funds of the institution, which during the years in which he was connected with its management passed through many vicissitudes.

When in 1886 the City of Portland, Maine, formerly Falmouth, Mass., celebrated the one hundredth anniversary of its incorporation, invitations were sent to many descendants of those who had remained true to the cause of the British Crown during the Revolutionary struggle, to come as the guests of the City of Portland, and aid in the due celebration of the event.

In response to that invitation, Dr. Jack, accompanied by the writer of this sketch, repaired to Portland, where they were royally entertained.

Upon the evening of July 6th, 1886, at a meeting held in the City Hall, Dr. Jack addressed an audience of some thousands, being introduced by ex-Mayor Charles F. Libby, chairman, in part as follows:

"We are honored to-night by the presence of a representative from the City of Saint John. He comes here not merely as a representative of a city with which we have intimate commercial and friendly relations, but as a descendant of one of the early merchants of Falmouth, whose name is still borne by many of our citizens. I take great pleasure in introducing to you the Honorable Isaac Allen Jack, Recorder and Deputy Mayor of the City of Saint John."

In response, Dr. Jack spoke briefly, relating how his ancestor, Thomas Wyer, who was a Loyalist, left Falmouth in a schooner and sailed to the Province of New Brunswick, taking up his residence at Saint Andrews. The speaker said that, just before leaving St. John, he had received a letter from the daughter of Colonel Wyer, a lady then past eighty years of age, in which she expressed her regret at her inability to attend Portland's centennial celebration. Towards the close of his remarks, Dr. Jack alluded to the fishery question, which was then an active issue, and said that he was satisfied, that so far as his fellow citizens were concerned, they desired the closest commercial relations with Maine and the other New England States.

Dr. Jack was a Fellow of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec, Fellow of the Haliburton Society of Windsor, N. S., a member of the Associated Alumni of King's College, Windsor, N. S., and a

member of the Faculty of the Law School of King's College, St. John.

In 1894 his health began to fail, and in that year he was obliged to retire from active life, resigning his office as Recorder of St. John.

During many of the years which he was obliged to spend in the confinement of his own chamber, he kept up an active correspondence with the members of his family living abroad, and with old friends and acquaintances.

Always a man actuated by high principles and of a sterling character, when he realized the fatal nature of the disease with which he was afflicted, he prepared with Christian fortitude for the terrible ordeal through which he was to pass. Retaining the full possession of his mental faculties until the end, his life was that of an exemplary Christian, and he went down into the shadow of the grave in the sure and certain hope of a glorious resurrection.

DAVID RUSSELL JACK.

