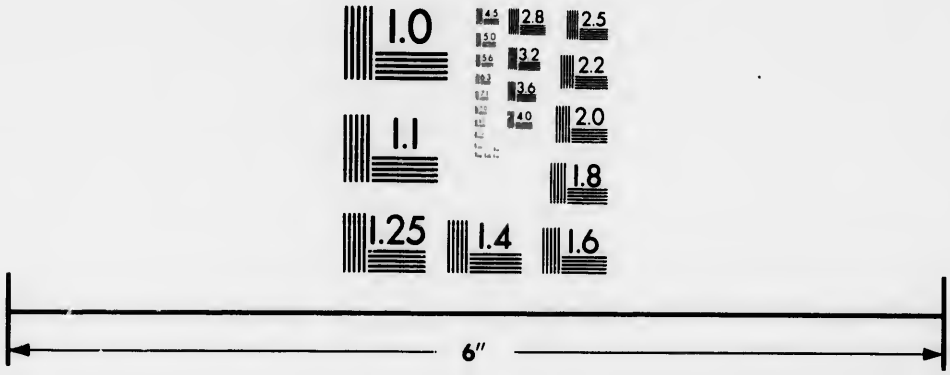
IMAGE EVALUATION TEST TARGET (MT-3)



Photographic Sciences Corporation

23 WEST MAIN STREET
WEBSTER, N.Y. 14580
(716) 872-4503

CIHM/ICMH
Microfiche
Series.

CIHM/ICMH
Collection de
microfiches.

Canadian Institute for Historical Microreproductions / Institut canadien de microreproductions historiques

© 1981

Technical and Bibliographic Notes/Notes techniques et bibliographiques

The Institute has attempted to obtain the best original copy available for filming. Features of this copy which may be bibliographically unique, which may alter any of the images in the reproduction, or which may significantly change the usual method of filming, are checked below.

L'Institut a microfilmé le meilleur exemplaire qu'il lui a été possible de se procurer. Les détails de cet exemplaire qui sont peut-être uniques du point de vue bibliographique, qui peuvent modifier une image reproduite, ou qui peuvent exiger une modification dans la méthode normale de filmage sont indiqués ci-dessous.

- [x] Coloured covers/ Couverture de couleur
- [ ] Covers damaged/ Couverture endommagée
- [ ] Covers restored and/or laminated/ Couverture restaurée et/ou pelliculée
- [ ] Cover title missing/ Le titre de couverture manque
- [ ] Coloured maps/ Cartes géographiques en couleur
- [ ] Coloured ink (i.e. other than blue or black)/ Encre de couleur (i.e. autre que bleue ou noire)
- [ ] Coloured plates and/or illustrations/ Planches et/ou illustrations en couleur
- [ ] Bound with other material/ Relié avec d'autres documents
- [ ] Tight binding may cause shadows or distortion along interior margin/ La reliure serrée peut causer de l'ombre ou de la distortion le long de la marge intérieure
- [ ] Blank leaves added during restoration may appear within the text. Whenever possible, these have been omitted from filming/ Il se peut que certaines pages blanches ajoutées lors d'une restauration apparaissent dans le texte, mais, lorsque cela était possible, ces pages n'ont pas été filmées.
- [ ] Additional comments:/ Commentaires supplémentaires:

- [ ] Coloured pages/ Pages de couleur
- [ ] Pages damaged/ Pages endommagées
- [ ] Pages restored and/or laminated/ Pages restaurées et/ou pelliculées
- [x] Pages discoloured, stained or foxed/ Pages décolorées, tachetées ou piquées
- [ ] Pages detached/ Pages détachées
- [ ] Showthrough/ Transparence
- [ ] Quality of print varies/ Qualité inégale de l'impression
- [ ] Includes supplementary material/ Comprend du matériel supplémentaire
- [ ] Only edition available/ Seule édition disponible
- [ ] Pages wholly or partially obscured by errata slips, tissues, etc., have been refilmed to ensure the best possible image/ Les pages totalement ou partiellement obscurcies par un feuillet d'errata, une pelure, etc., ont été filmées à nouveau de façon à obtenir la meilleure image possible.

This item is filmed at the reduction ratio checked below/
Ce document est filmé au taux de réduction indiqué ci-dessous.

10X		14X		18X		22X		26X		30X	
				✓							
	12X		16X		20X		24X		28X		32X

The copy filmed here has been reproduced thanks to the generosity of:

National Library of Canada

The images appearing here are the best quality possible considering the condition and legibility of the original copy and in keeping with the filming contract specifications.

Original copies in printed paper covers are filmed beginning with the front cover and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression, or the back cover when appropriate. All other original copies are filmed beginning on the first page with a printed or illustrated impression, and ending on the last page with a printed or illustrated impression.

The last recorded frame on each microfiche shall contain the symbol → (meaning "CONTINUED"), or the symbol ▽ (meaning "END"), whichever applies.

Maps, plates, charts, etc., may be filmed at different reduction ratios. Those too large to be entirely included in one exposure are filmed beginning in the upper left hand corner, left to right and top to bottom, as many frames as required. The following diagrams illustrate the method:

L'exemplaire filmé fut reproduit grâce à la générosité de:

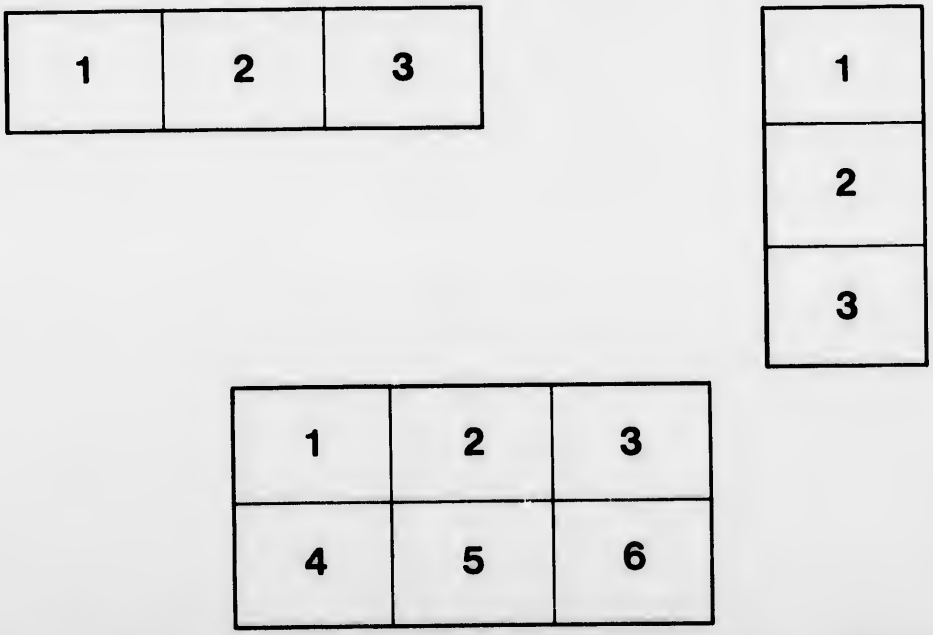
Bibliothèque nationale du Canada

Les images suivantes ont été reproduites avec le plus grand soin, compte tenu de la condition et de la netteté de l'exemplaire filmé, et en conformité avec les conditions du contrat de filmage.

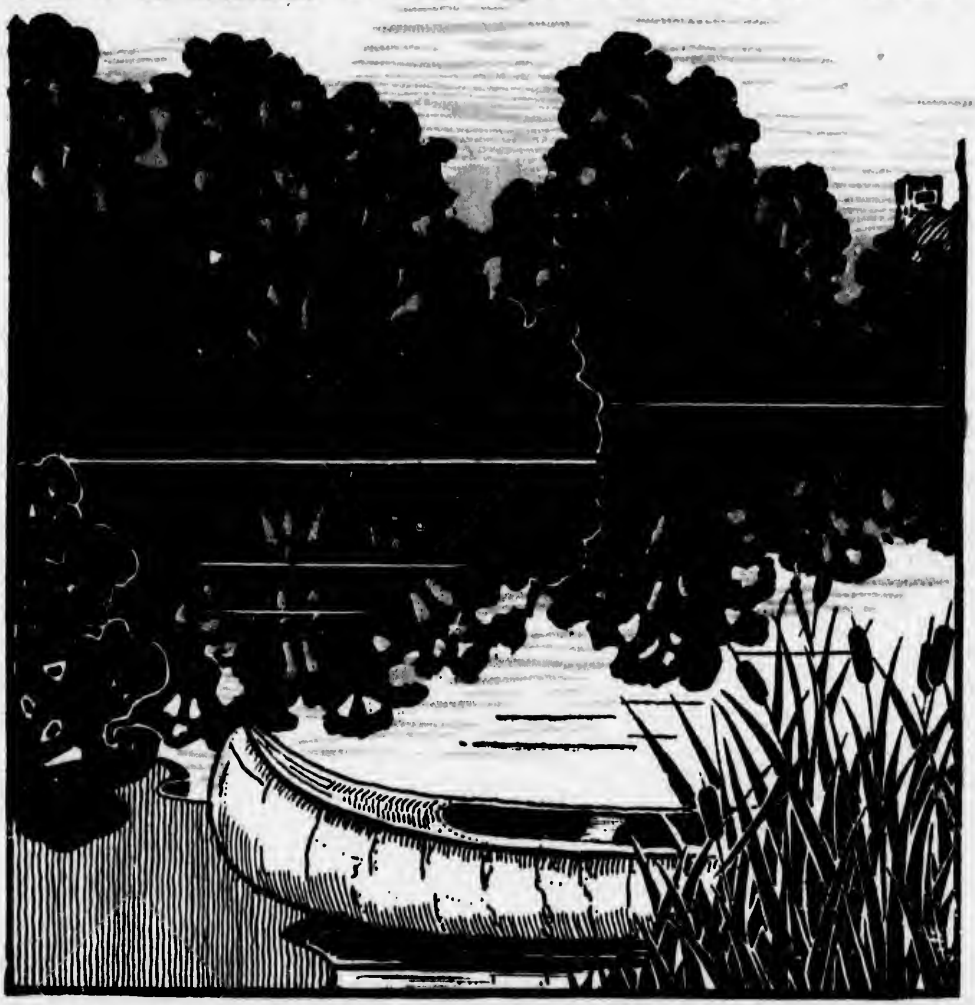
Les exemplaires originaux dont la couverture en papier est imprimée sont filmés en commençant par le premier plat et en terminant soit par la dernière page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration, soit par le second plat, selon le cas. Tous les autres exemplaires originaux sont filmés en commençant par la première page qui comporte une empreinte d'impression ou d'illustration et en terminant par la dernière page qui comporte une telle empreinte.

Un des symboles suivants apparaîtra sur la dernière image de chaque microfiche, selon le cas: le symbole → signifie "A SUIVRE", le symbole ▽ signifie "FIN".

Les cartes, planches, tableaux, etc., peuvent être filmés à des taux de réduction différents. Lorsque le document est trop grand pour être reproduit en un seul cliché, il est filmé à partir de l'angle supérieur gauche, de gauche à droite, et de haut en bas, en prenant le nombre d'images nécessaire. Les diagrammes suivants illustrent la méthode.



RIPPLES ON THE ST. JOHN RIVER



IN LOYALIST DAYS

FC 2471
.3
R5

RIPPLES ON THE ST. JOHN

Proceeds from the Sale of this Book will be devoted to The Little Girls' Home in St. John, N. B.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED & NINETY-EIGHT

1898 St John N B

2

FC 2471
.3
R5

Proceeds from the Sale of this Book
will be devoted to The Little Girls' Home
in St. John, N. B.

RIPPLES ON THE ST. JOHN RIVER IN LOYALIST DAYS

TO THE ST. JOHN LOYALIST SOCIETY
THIS BOOK IS RESPECTFULLY
DEDICATED BY THE AUTHOR J. C. T.

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED & NINETY-EIGHT

1898 St. John N. B.

The Historical Societies and Loyalist Societies of New Brunswick, as well as the Tourist Associations, have done much to revive the memories of our forefathers, and to create a greater interest in those who came to make our country's history.

It is still to be regretted, however, that so little has been made known of the personal experiences of our loyalist ancestors.

Travellers on the Rhine feel a deeper interest in the passing scenery while reading the legends of that country. Each towering cliff, each foaming waterfall, and ruined castle, has its own weird story, adding the charm of romance to the beautiful river. We who claim our St. John River as "the Rhine of America," may enhance its attractions by gathering together the reminiscences of those pioneers, whose stories may be less romantic than those of the Rhine, but which should be more touching because of their reality. Some of their stories were related to me in my childhood, and though I recall but a few, I trust that other descendants will soon add their recollections to mine.

At a recent meeting of a Historical Society in the United States, one of the speakers said: "One of the mysteries of the Revolutionary War was that so many prisoners escaped." The mystery of at least one escape can now be explained, for my grandfather was one of the prisoners of war once confined in "The Simesbury Mines." The relatives of the prisoners were sometimes permitted to visit them and to carry them provisions which had first been inspected by officials. By some ingenious method, my grandfather

had taken an impression of the key-hole in the lock of his cell, and when his wife came to see him, he gave it to her, telling her how to make a mould for it, and to melt leaden bullets to form the key. When complete, it was rather a ponderous affair, and how could she expect it to escape detection if carried on her person?

But woman's wit came to her aid, and making a cheese, she pressed the key into it while yet the curds were soft.

At the prison, her well-shaped cheese was inspected and passed, and that same night the key was fitted into the lock, the door opened, the stairway of the underground prison was cautiously ascended, the guard knocked senseless, and my grandfather, with several other prisoners, escaped.

All night they travelled, but when day dawned, they had to find concealment. At one time, when my grandfather was hidden in a hollow log lying beneath a bridge that his pursuers were passing over, he heard one say: "If we could catch that fellow H, we'd tar and feather him, for he is the ringleader in all this mischief." Luckily he was not captured, and never received the cruel treatment.

Another instance of how a wife aided her husband to escape, will show that there were brave women as well as brave men in those days.

A little Quaker woman, whose husband was in prison without money to aid him if he should escape, collected what gold and silver she could, and, knowing she must be searched, quilted the money into her

petticoat. It was not detected and she contrived to give it to her husband, who shortly afterward escaped. The wife was charged with knowing his whereabouts, and was subjected to much annoyance. Her two sons, aged twelve and fourteen years, were taken from her to be held in bondage until she should reveal the father's hiding place. 'Twas a crucial test for the wife and mother, but she was loyal to her husband, though suffering the agony of suspense in regard to the fate of her boys.

They were restored to her after three weeks, but soon her home was invaded and stripped of its furniture. My grandmother was then a child eight years old, and "All that I remember of that time," she said years afterwards, "is, that I cried when they took away the bureau where my doll was kept, and when I begged for the doll, the soldiers laughed and roughly pushed me aside."

This Quaker family finally moved to Sheffield, where some of their descendants still reside. Shortly after their coming to the new country, one of the daughters was milking, when a sudden thunder storm arose. The cow stood under a tree which was struck by lightning. A large branch from the tree fell on the girl and killed her instantly. This was indeed another sore trial for these parents in a strange land, though here their sorrow was shared by the neighborhood, for in the country, where their is one house of mourning, all are mourners.

May 25th, 1783.—I left Lloyd's Neck with my family and went on board the "Two Asters," commanded by Captain Brown, for a voyage to Nova Scotia, with the rest of the loyal sufferers. This evening the captain took tea with us; he appears to be a clever gentleman. We expect to sail as soon as the wind shall favor us. We have very fair accommodation in the cabin, though it contains six families beside my own. There are, all told, two hundred and fifty passengers on board.

Monday, 26th.—We lay at anchor in the bay the whole day, not having taken all of our passengers yet.

Tuesday, 27th.—At eight o'clock we set sail for Nova Scotia with a fair wind. At 11.30 we were brought to by the captain, but we were not long detained, and with a fair wind sailed through Hellgate, but just as we got through, the wind and tide headed, and we had liked to have gone ashore, which caused much excitement and anxiety. After vain attempts to proceed on our proper voyage, we were obliged to anchor at Harlem Creek, where we lay all night.

Wednesday, 28th.—We weighed anchor at Harlem Creek at 6.15 a.m., with a fair breeze, but the tide not being high enough, we struck a rock at 6.30, and in a few minutes we struck a second time. At 7.30 we got off clear. At 10, at the lower end of the City of New York, the tide not serving to go round into the North River, to which we were destined, I went on shore in Captain Judson's whale boat, thence to Mr. McKay's and Mrs. R's, also Mr. P's, where we danced. There we met Major Hubble, who formerly

commanded the Loyalists at Lloyd's Neck. In the evening, we returned to our ship and drank tea with my little agreeable family, and played a game of cards with Mr. F., who is my affectionate husband.

Tuesday, June 3rd.—My husband had to go on shore in the morning to bring my father on board. I long to hear from mother and my brothers and sisters by him. We have had a bad storm this evening. Our ship tosses very much, making some of our people very sick.

Saturday, 7th.—Mr. F. went on shore and brought father on board to breakfast. My husband brought green peas, of which I am very fond, but could eat none to-day.

Sunday, 8th.—We are still lying at anchor in the North River, but expect to sail for Nova Scotia to-morrow.

Monday, 9th.—Our women all came on board with their children, which made great confusion: so many children in the cabin, and as it grows towards night, one cries one place and one in another. I feel as if they would set me crazy. I stayed up on deck until near eleven o'clock, and now must go down to bed, if I can find room to get to my bed.

Tuesday, 10th.—I rose early, not being permitted to sleep, for the noise of the children, and feel almost sick for the want of my natural rest. The children are quite sick; my little girl has been ill all day. All possible preparation is being made to sail though the wind is ahead, and a thunder storm is passing over us.

Wednesday, 11th. — We weighed anchor in the North River about 6 o'clock, a.m. These Loyalists wrangle sometimes and make themselves very disagreeable.

Friday, 13th.—Mr. F. altered my berth in the cabin, so I could go to bed. Towards evening I got up to rest myself, while he lay down to rest him. He afterward made me a cup of tea, for I am faint for want of nourishment, yet cannot eat.

Sunday, June 15th.—12.30. Our ship is getting ready to sail for Nova Scotia. At 3 p.m. we had a gale of wind and shower of rain, which drove us all below deck. At 5 o'clock, we came to anchor about six miles from the lighthouse at Sandy Hook. At 6 o'clock we had a heavy thunder shower, with hail stones the size of ounce balls. At sunset we had another shower. Mr. F. gathered a mug full of hail stones, from which we made a glass of punch, the ice remaining in it all the evening.

Monday, 16th.—At 9.30 we have a signal fired for all the ships to lie to, for the "Bridgewater," which has lagged behind on account of some misfortune to her yesterday. Soon afterwards we got orders to crowd on all sail; then we had orders to lie to. I wonder why, for the tardy vessel has come up. Our fleet is thirteen ships, two brigs, and one frigate, which is our commodore's. The men are out fishing for mackerel. The water is very calm, consequently we make little progress on our journey.

Wednesday 18th.—At noon we are 110 miles from the light house, with a fair wind S. W.

Thursday, 19th.—We are steering North by East. At 6 o'clock we saw a sail ahead, which evidently tried to get away from us, but our frigate knew how to speak to her and gave them a shot, which made them shorten sail and lie to. Our captain discovered that she was a rebel brig; he could see her thirteen stripes.

Friday, 20th.—Our mate says we are 500 miles from Sandy Hook now. About 5 p.m. we began to run into fog, which, I am told, is natural to this place. I am so tired.

Saturday, 21st.—About 10 a.m. the fog lifted, so that we could see the chief part of our fleet. At 12 the fog set in again, but we could hear their bells all around us. This evening Captain Brown showed Mr. F. and me the map of the whole journey, and told us that we are 240 miles from Nova Scotia. It is so foggy that we have lost all our company, and seem entirely alone.

Monday, 23rd.—Very dense fog until noon.

Wednesday, 25th.—Fog again. We have measles aboard our ship; not a very pleasant contemplation.

Thursday, 26th.—This morning the sun shone out clear and lovely; the fog has gone, to our great satisisfaction; ten of our ships are in sight; we are near the banks of Cape Sable; we begin to see land; how pleasant, after being nine days out of sight of it. Our captain told me that we will be in the Bay of Fundy before morning; he says it is only about one day's sail to St. John, after we get into the bay. How I long to see that place, which is to be our future home, though a strange looking, iron-bound coast it is, looking

like a fit place for bears and wolves, which I believe it has in numbers. But I am tired of being on shipboard, though our good captain has done all in his power to make us comfortable.

Friday, 27th.—About 10 a.m. we passed Annapolis, after that the wind died away, and our people got out their lines to catch codfish.

Saturday, 28th.—When I rose this morning, found that we had land near to us, both sides of the ship. I believe we are in the River St. John. At 9 a.m. our captain fired a gun for a pilot; at 10 one came on board; at 1.15 our ships stood off against Fort Howe, in the St. John River. Some of our people went on shore and brought on board spruce, gooseberries, grass and pea-vines, with the blossoms on them, all wild and natural to the country we have come to. They say this is to be our city. Our land is five and twenty miles farther up the river. Here we have only a building lot with a frontage of 40 feet, with 100 feet back. Mr. F. has now gone on shore in his whale boat to see how the place looks, and has promised to hasten back for me, who am longing to set my foot on land once more. He soon came back, bringing a fine salmon with him.

When I got ready to go on shore with my husband, Mr. W. set up a high time about it, and showed his authority as officer of the ship. One might expect no more from him if he had been Lord Protector of the whole territory. But I shall go on shore without his liberty. I am sorry he is so disagreeable.

Sunday, 29th.—This morning looks very pleasant on shore. I am going to take my children and walk on the land of our new country. I think it is the roughest country I ever saw. We are to settle on our land up the river. We are all ordered to land to-morrow, and not a shelter to go under."

The "land up the river" was in Kings County, where some of Mr. and Mrs. F's descendants still reside.

BOW-AND-ARROW BLOOD.

About the year 1763, white settlers on the St. John River were subjected to much annoyance through the Indians, who used to menace them, sometimes with threats and sometimes by plunder, and we learn from C. L. Hatheway's History of New Brunswick that a dozen or more Indians had been known to go through a whole settlement depriving men of their fire-arms, by whose means the farmers killed bear or moose, with which the country abounded, and on which many depended for their ordinary food.

These depredations became less frequent as the country became more cultivated and the population increased. The Indian retreated to his hunting grounds farther back from the river banks, for the ways of civilization did not suit the children of the forest; but wherever there was good fishing to be found in summer and hunting grounds in winter, there he "set down," claiming all right and title by the law of possession. If questioned as to the place of his abode, the reply, "Me set down Perley Farm," would be given with as

much assurance as if the Perley Farm were his own, —was not he, the red man, owner of all these lands before "white man" came trespassing? "Pale face no Indian's friend, he take him land, him fish, him meat; for Indian's furs and skins he pay in fire-water, make Indian weak, and sick and bad." Thus lamented the poor warrior, fast journeying toward the setting sun.

The Milicete was probably the most peaceable of all the tribes, with less of the bow-and-arrow blood than the Micmac or Mohawk, but sometimes he was revengeful—"wily and treacherous," as some might say, forgetting his ignorance and his provocation.

Moreover, the Indians of New Brunswick are greatly changed, even from fifty years ago. Their habits were then more thrifty and independent, their manners more fearless, their ways more simple and artless. In the winter they were careful to select a sequestered spot on the intervale land, where the Rock Maple grew in rich abundance. In the finest groves of these forest trees the Indian "set down," and the life-blood of the maple was intercepted in its upward course to the branches, and the birch trees stripped of their bark without let or hindrance, for the farmer knew he had no redress. He knew, also, that when the lengthening days and melting snows gave intimation of spring freshets the encampment on the lowlands would fold its "tents like the Arabs, and as silently steal away," for the Indian migrates in the oppsite direction from the wild geese that visit our shore—he goes in the spring and returns in the fall.

Less than fifty years ago, when game grew scarce in winter or the hunters were indolent, the women of the encampment were sent into the settlements for supplies, bringing their baskets and other handiwork to exchange for provisions. The friendly manner and assurance of the squaw was no whit less than that of her *Sanop. She came in a company of ten or twelve, who, without ceremony, entered the farm-house kitchen, seated themselves in a circle on the floor and made themselves thoroughly at home.

The price of a basket was usually its full measure of meal or flour pressed down and running over, with many additions in response to the familiar appeal,—"Just leetle piece pork, sister, leetle sugar an' molasses, some leetle tea an' some penny for tobacco." The women had "equal rights" with the men in the matter of smoking, and, alas! of drinking.

At one time an invitation from a friendly squaw was accepted, and a youthful party from a settlement visited one of the encampments on the lowlands. How delightful it was, after a cold drive across the open fields to gain the shelter of the forest! How quiet and peaceful the scene, with the delicious odor of newly cut trees, and the sound of trickling sap from the sugar-maple, while the ride on the rough wood-sled over fallen trees and small hillocks, clinging to the side stakes for support, was keenest enjoyment!

Upon nearing the wigwams, the stillness was broken by sweet strains of wild, weird music, though not a creature was visible. After securing the horses to a

---

*Sanop — husband.

tree, the party ventured to enter the wigwam whence proceeded these solemn sounds, and there, stretched upon the ground face downwards, with heads in a circle around two note-books and forms radiating outward, were eight young Indian men. They made no sign when we entered, and there was no pause in the music until the piece was ended, and then, like the fashionable "pale face" singers, they absolutely refused to respond to an encore. Such singing would be a fine acquisition to an amateur concert in the city, especially if rendered in the reclining position of the Indian minstrels whose clear voices were soft and in perfect harmony.

Fourteen years ago, when descending from the tower of Saint Paul's Cathedral, London, the guide in attendance exhibited an old book in the library there with the remark that it was "the most hancient note-book in the world," and to our great surprise the notes, square, not round nor oblong, were like those in the Indian note-book seen so many years before in the New Brunswick forest. What is the story connecting these incidents—these broken threads of history? How did the descendants of the aborigines come by exact copies of "the most hancient note-book in the world," and who taught them the value of each note?

In a camp adjoining that of the singers was found the same number of young squaws, who, with eyes cast down, kept steadily at work on the gay beaded moccasins and colored porcupine quill boxes. Very picturesque they looked in their bright surroundings, with their dark hair twisted in one long coil down the

back and fastened with gay colored string. The soft white blanket was then a part of every Indian woman's costume, and the tall beaver hat was also characteristic —a pity that they have been exchanged for the tawdry gown and flowered hat of the present!

The maidens were kept carefully until after marriage, and as these girls sat on the fresh green boughs, one could not repress a sigh at the thought of how soon their easy, happy life must end. Everything was made pleasant for them; they did the lighter work of the family during the day, and at evening time wandered in the moonlight under the whispering leaves, listening to "the old, old story" told by their dusky lovers.

> "The while her cheek a warmer glow
> Enmantled fair, she knew not why,—
> The woman in her bosom stirred
> More than the simple maiden guessed;
> And of her joy in song of bird
> Her heart the secret half confessed."

The wild beauty like the wild flower, is the soonest to fade, which is doubtless owing to the life of toil after marriage, for the wife becomes not only the child-bearer but the burden-bearer of her indolent spouse; her Sanop is her lord and master; she must serve him. This truth was enforced upon the visitors on reaching the next camp, where surrounded by dirt, dogs and noisy children were gathered the older women. The odor of smoke and muskrat was almost overpowering,—like Esau, they smell of the field and the venison that their soul loveth.

The story is told that when Sir Guy Carleton was appointed Governor of New Brunswick, he invited an Indian Chief to dinner at Government House. The chief, not to be outdone in hospitality, returned the compliment and invited the governor to dine with him at Indian Village. Arrayed in "his royal mantle wove and wrought with to-tems of his race and name," his beaded leggings, glittering breast-plate and belt of wampum, this mighty sachem, "with pipe and meat and courtesy, gave welcome to his noble guest." On his visit to the "white chief," he had observed the frequent changing of plates with the different courses, and resolved to adopt the same style though he had a very limited supply of plates—"the bowls and spoons from which he fed" were only sufficient for one course. However, Indian sagacity was equal to the occasion, and at stated intervals throughout the feast the command was given to those in waiting—"Take 'em away; now bring 'em back," and the plates carried away were returned as they went out, uncleansed. But what matter, if the fare was good and "each had a portion of the feast"? For, "one of the most attractive features of Indian society was the spirit of hospitality by which it was pervaded."

On the Albert Memorial in Hyde Park, and elsewhere in England, America is represented by the crude figure of an Indian partially clothed in a blanket. From the crown of his bald head grows a bunch of long, straight quills; possibly it is intended for a scalped Indian, as it bears not the slightest resemblance to the Indian known in America, and the sight of it is

enough to stir all the bow-and-arrow blood in their veins, and to make even the "pale faces" of America feel a little bit savage.

From the speech of an Indian Chief at Chicago in 1821 can be gathered the sentiments of all the tribes: "Our country was given to us by the Great Spirit, who gave it to us to hunt upon and to make down our beds upon when we die, and He would never forgive us should we bargain it away."

"Our hearts are good—but do not seek
For more to get our little land;
Your dusky children's hands are weak—
My Father's is a mighty hand."

"Oh! open wide your ears—Oh! let
Your hearts, too, hearken what I say;
I speak for all in Council met—
We would not go afar away."

THE BLUE-EYED SQUAW.

As previously mentioned, the white settlers on the St. John River suffered by threats, plunder, and fear of treachery from the Indians. The red man was long in becoming reconciled to the loss of rich possessions. He was a wily foe, and sought revenge where it would wound the most, and in one fair home this trait caused bitter sorrow.

One summer day, a little girl of four years old had begged to go and meet her father, that she might walk home with him to supper. The mother's former apprehensions had been quieted by the length of time since any depredations by the Indians, still, she charged

the little one not to go from sight of the house nor beyond call, then tied on a small pink sun bonnet, kissed the sweet face, and gave her a tin cup for the berries she was to pick for father's tea. She knew she could trust the child, who had always been obedient, so she returned to her work without thought of harm until her husband came home for supper without the little daughter. After the father had learned the circumstances of the child's absence, neither parent could look into the other's face, for the great fear that fell upon them.

There was only one solution to the mystery of the child's failure to meet her father—a party of Indians had been lurking in the neighborhood. The neighbors were notified, and every man joined in the search for the child as if she had been his own. No trace was found excepting a little shoe that had stuck in a mossy swamp far from the house, and, caught on a bush, a pink string, torn from the little bonnet so carefully tied by the mother to protect the fair face and tender skin of her darling.

No words could express the suffering of those parents thus bereft, no death could be so hard as that agony of suspense, that fear of the cruelty and wrong which might be the fate of their lost one. How much the human heart can suffer and still live on! The fate of little Mary, like that of Virginia Dare—the first white child born in America—was never known.

Years afterward, there came to the front settlement a party of Indian women, among whom was one with blue eyes. A blue-eyed squaw was something to ex-

cite curiosity, and one of the farmer's wives questioned an old squaw who could best speak "white tongue." The woman was very indignant that her "white sister" should think such wrong as that the oddity was "white squaw."

"She got Injun sanop. Injun sanop no want white squaw! She all one same Injun."

Notwithstanding the vehement protestations and the doubtful compliment to "white squaws," the farmer's wife, who remembered little Mary Price, felt convinced that the long lost child was now the blue-eyed squaw. Butternut dye and barbaric skill might darken the fair skin, but no human device could change the eyes of heaven's own hue.

A RIVER TRAGEDY.

There is not an old homestead on the river banks but has its story. Those old grey houses, with hingeless doors, and windows gaping wide, were once the fair homes of happy chiidhood, and have seen much sorrow and much joy.

The drooping willows, the stately elms, that grow to such perfection on the rich intervale, and the tall poplars that stand like sentinels before the deserted homes, could tell us many things could we but understand their solemn whisperings—could tell of lover's walks beneath the summer moon, of plighted troth, and of happy, hopeful plans made beside the hawthorne blooms, "that scent the evening gale."

From those now paneless windows fair young faces have watched the summer rain, the first snow fall, and the stars shine out. From those half-sunken steps, bride and bridegroom have walked forth to their new Eden, and from every wide-open door

> "Friends have been scattered like roses in bloom,
> Some at the bridal and some at the tomb."

One spring-time long ago, when it became known that Ruth C—— and Richard S——, who had been "keepin' company" all winter, were to be married in the early summer directly after planting, there was the usual excitement that such an event creates in a quiet neighborhood. It was generally agreed that this was a suitable match, for Ruth was a universal favorite and Richard "a well-to-do young man," quiet, industrious and "a good provider."

There had been preparations all through the winter: Richard working every spare moment on the new house, while Ruth and her mother plied spindle, shuttle and needle, spinning and weaving flax for the household linen, and making the patchwork quilts, that neighbors might aid in the quilting. When the afternoons were long in the spring, and the freshet came over the meadows, water flowing into the creeks and interfering with roadway travel, was the time most propitious for the primitive quilting party. It was a most popular social event for the young folks, who came together by boats, and found much enjoyment in helping their friends on such festive occasions.

In those days, a maiden must have a bountiful supply of quilts, blankets and household linen before she was

fitted for marriage, and Ruth C—— was to have more, for she was going to St. John to purchase the dainties and more personal part of her trousseau. Early in June, she took her passage in Beckwith's sloop and embarked after a tearful parting, for a journey to the city was a serious undertaking, often lasting a week and longer when the wind was not fair. It was Ruth's first journey, she was shy and timid with strangers and wholly unaccustomed to shopping, but neighbors who accompanied her were women of experience, and had promised her assistance and motherly care on the expedition.

The travellers had been provided with generous hampers, and plenty of sewing and knitting to help the hours in passing and to prevent waste of time on the voyage. Sometimes when becalmed they would go on shore in search of early berries that ripened in the sunniest meadows.

In this way nearly a week had elapsed before they came in sight of St. John, or rather, of the Indiantown shore. All gathered on deck to watch the approach and landing, but Ruth stood a little apart in silent, maiden musing. The vessel was keeping close to the rocks on account of the depth of the channel, when suddenly from the cliff overhead a rock was loosed, and with a noise like thunder crashed onto the deck, crushing the young girl beneath it.

It was as if a bolt had fallen from heaven and paralyzed all who were present. When the stone was rolled aside, the young heart so recently filled with sweet hopes had ceased its beating forever. One can

imagine that grief-stricken group who had promised such care to the mother. How could they return with tidings so sad, and no way of breaking more gently the blow? No telegram or letter of warning then. The only post was the vessel, that must carry back the beloved form that it had borne away so fresh and fair.

A funeral took the place of a wedding, and a new grave was made beside the river.

SECOND SIGHT.

Old traditions and superstitions were not left behind when our Loyalists came to the new country, and strong was the belief in second sight. A child born with a caul or veil over the face was supposed to see visions and to be able to foretell the future.

Mrs. Millar's fourth son was born with this addition to his features, and she named him Samuel because of that Samuel who had revelations in the Temple.

The boy was held in awe not only by his own family but throughout the neighborhood, and this had the effect of making him feel superior to others, and encouraged him in disinclination for work. As he grew to manhood his indolence increased, and his health was not so robust as in those who took more exercise.

"He would enter a house without knocking, sit down, shut his eyes, and see a funeral!" Such an uncanny visitor was never a very welcome guest. On one occasion he entered the kitchen of one of the brightest and most quick-witted women in the place,

and in solemn tones inquired: "Mrs. B——, have you seen Jim lately?"

Now, Jim was Mrs. B——'s eldest son, an active, handsome fellow, and the pride of his mother's heart. "No," she said briskly, "I can't see him very well, for he is away stream driving."

"You will never see him again," said the oracle with closed eyes.

The mother's heart quaked with a sudden fear, which she bravely sought to hide.

"Now, Sammy Millar," she exclaimed, "you can't make me believe you can see more with your eyes shut than other folks can with their's open. I heard from one of the men that's working with Jim, and he's enough better employed than you be, goin' round to make folks feel uncomfortable!"

"I see a river," continued the imperturbable Sam, "I see locks of soft brown hair floating on the water. I see a funeral leaving this house. Your son Jim is not walking in the procession."

Shortly after this interview an accident, quite common in those days, helped to fulfil the dismal prophecy of the man with second sight, and strengthened the belief in his "gift."

The Jim alluded to, while breaking a brow of logs, was knocked into the river and drowned.

The mother never recovered from the shock, and for a long time was deprived of her reason, always imagining that she saw "Jim's brown hair floating on the water."

Among the early settlers on the river was one who was considered eccentric by his neighbors. Greatly wishing for sons, he had been blessed with a family of girls only, for which he blamed "Providence," and, perhaps by way of a mild revenge, he always alluded to his daughters as if they were of the desired sex. Not only his own, but all girls were spoken of as "he" and "him."

On one occasion, he had a fine field of wheat ready for the harvest, but he let it stand for a while, saying that since he had been denied sons for such work, Providence might send help in some other way.

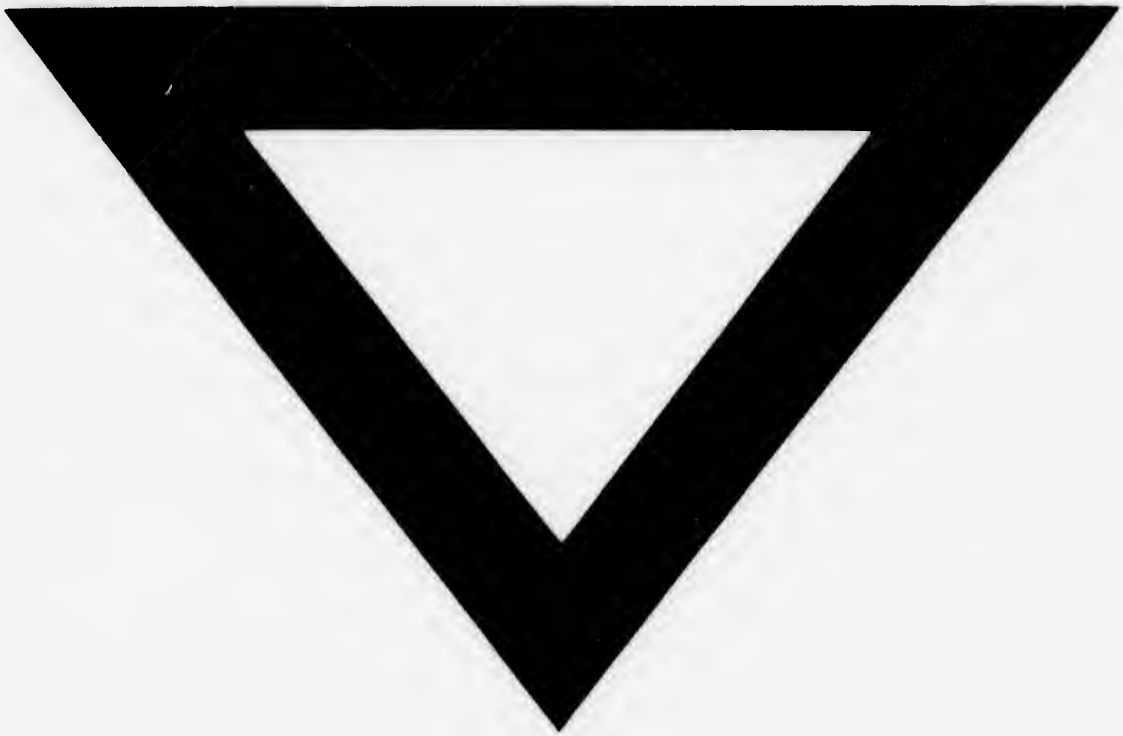
This speech was repeated, and some of the young men proposed that they should carry out the old man's idea. They met on a certain night when the harvest moon was "at its full" and reaped the ripened grain. In the morning when the old farmer saw what had been done—the grain that had stood so erect before now lying on the ground ready for gathering into windrows for drying—he expressed no surprise, merely remarking, "The angels have done the reaping, and I wish they hadn't left quite so much for me and 'my boys' to finish."

This self-denial or labor of love of the young men had its reward, for in due course of time the daughters married some of those "Angel Reapers."

On a small point of land just below the City of Fredericton, is an antiquated burial place that is still without a history, though not without a date. From the distance between the rough stones that mark the head and foot of the graves, one might believe that "there were giants in those days." The graves are seven or eight feet in length, and some are filled with forest trees of not less than a century's growth.

A strange spot it seems for burials, so near to the margin of a river whose banks are so frequently overflowed in the spring freshets. Were those here interred denied the Christian rites of burial? Were they "buried darkly at dead of night," through fear of interference of some authority, or were they a people desiring the privilege of burial in accordance with their own traditions?

Although it was a lonely spot when selected, yet it may have been some loving hand that placed there the old symbolic plant called "liveforever," that now in summer time covers each grave with a shroud of green. The only inscription, which is given below, is on one brown stone, partially covered with a fine green moss.

From those lonely graves, we would pluck a spray of the hope-inspiring plant to lay upon the graves of our Loyalists, with the hope that their memory may live forever.

M X B
DC T x DC x
Y3 1785