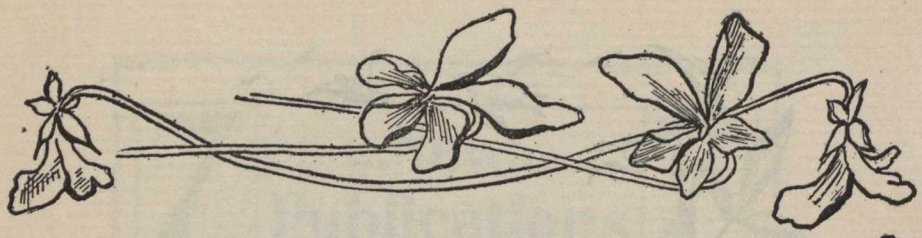
CONTENTS

Vol. V. Nos. 2-3. April-July, 1905.



The Sadness of the Twilight.

When at eventime the wind is in the lillies,
And the shadows drift along the garden way;
When the stars are soft and bright above the mountain,
And the night-bird sings his melancholy lay;

There mingles with the sobbing of the river,
A strange, sad music, faintly blown to me;
Low words that tell of deep unending heartache,
Somewhere beyond the beauty of the sea.

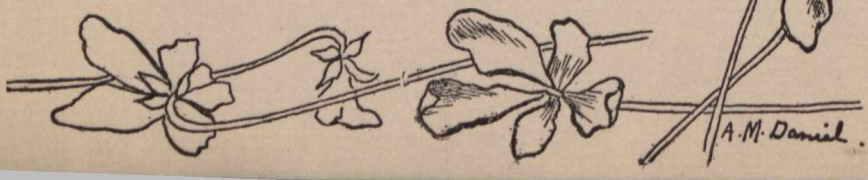
And the sorrow of those far and mystic valleys,
That whispers down the dimness of the tide,
Has wrought a grief amid the Northern meadows,
Where never idle tears were wont to bide.

And to my heart there comes a nameless yearning,
A note of pain, that pleasures may not still,
That e'er repeats its sweetly-plaintive measure,
When the wind is in the lillies on the hill.

When the sunset lights are dead beyond the pine-trees,
And the winds' low chant is ringing down the vale,
Without a sadness of its own to ponder,
My soul is answering to that lone, far wail.

No more for me the soothing of the starlight;
No more sweet dreams, along the grassy lane,
Until, adown the scented summer twilight,
Fades the strange music with its gift of pain.

HERBERT L. BREWISTER.

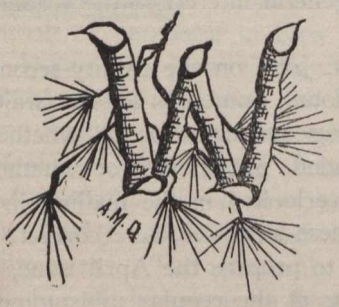


ACADIENSIS.

VOL. V. APRIL-JULY, 1905. NO. 2-3.

DAVID RUSSELL JACK, - - - HONORARY EDITOR.

An Explanation.



WHEN, on the twenty-eighth of November last, the editor of ACADIENSIS, having previously seen the January magazine safely off the press, left St. John for Europe, he fully expected that his return to Canada would be in ample time to prepare the April issue for publication. This anticipation, however, was not realized.

Matters of private business which should have been disposed of in two weeks required his attention in London until the middle of January. When finally he felt free to resume his itinerary, the time remaining at his disposal was all too short for his purpose, as subsequent experience proved.

A number of letters written by the way have appeared in the Saint John *Daily Telegraph*. There was so much encountered that was new and interesting, particularly so to a Canadian visiting Russia at such a critical time in the history of that unhappy country, and such kindly criticisms were bestowed upon the writer upon his return, coupled with a generally expressed wish for further information along the same lines, that he has decided, possibly against

the dictates of his own better judgment, to insert in this issue an article touching upon some of the places visited, illustrated by photographs largely taken with his own camera.

As this journey did not constitute by any means his first visit to Europe, or even to Russia, he cannot be considered entirely as one who sees with the eyes of a novice. He sincerely hopes that what has been prepared may prove of general interest to the readers of ACADIENSIS.

Upon his return to St. John on the twenty-second day of April, the editor found numerous letters awaiting his arrival containing enquiries as to whether ACADIENSIS had suspended publication, or whether the enquirer has been overlooked in the mailing list. Fortunately neither of these surmises were correct.

It being then too late to prepare the April issue, a double number, to appear at the regular midsummer date, was determined upon. The success of this issue is a matter concerning which each reader must be his own judge.

It is hoped that this explanation and apology will be accepted in a kindly spirit, the editor pledging himself that such a thing will not occur again, at least not for some time to come.

Prescott of Lancaster.

HE Prescotts of the County of Lancaster, England, sent forth a Prescott who founded the township of Lancaster in Massachusetts, which, in turn, sent out a Loyalist son who founded the parish of Lancaster in New Brunswick.

Among the New England forefathers whose descendants have spread far and wide over America, and include a large proportion of the people of the Maritime Provinces of Canada,* was John Prescott, a noteworthy pioneer man, and founder of an American family which has had many distinguished representatives. The commonly-accepted pedigree traces his line of descent from James Prescott, of Standish, in Lancashire, in Queen Elizabeth's time. According to this pedigree, John Prescott was baptized in the parish of Standish in 1604-5. He married, in 1629, Mary Platts, *alias* Gawkroger, of Yorkshire, and settled at Sowerby, in Yorkshire, where he lived for some seven years.

In the large emigration from England in the troublous time of 1638, John Prescott, worker in iron, went forth, with his wife and family. He did not

*The percentage of New England blood in the population of the Maritime Provinces of Canada is probably greater than in New England itself. In the State of Massachusetts nearly three-fourths (62.3 per cent in 1900) of the present population are of foreign birth or parentage. The old Bay State has become foreignized by immigration, while in large sections of Canada the original British-New England strain still predominates.

follow the main body of this emigration to the Massachusetts Bay colony. Showing, apparently, that aversion to Puritanism which distinguished him in later years, he went to the island of Barbados. There he became a landowner and lived for two years, but, not finding climatic and other conditions agreeable in the West Indies, he sailed northward for the Massachusetts Bay, and, in 1640, landed at Boston. He took up his abode, where so many of the New England pioneers first pitched, at Watertown. There he had grants of land and lived five years. In 1643 he became associated with Thomas King, of Watertown, Henry Simonds, of Boston, and others* in the purchase from the Indian Sachem Sholan of a tract of land on the Nashaway (Nashua) river, eighty square miles in extent. Here a settlement was formed, of which for near forty years John Prescott was the mainstay. He permanently settled on these lands in 1645, losing, in transit, a portion of his effects and narrowly escaping drowning, with his family, in the Sudbury river. This settlement was then a frontier post in the unbroken forest, though only thirty-five miles west of Boston. Governor Winthrop, in his journal (II, 306), regards this accident, with the pious superstition of that time, as brought about by "a special providence of God," on account of Prescott's association with Dr. Robert Child, who was one of the grantees of these lands, and some other men of broader views than the Puritans, in refusing to bow the knee to what Parkman calls "one of the most detestable theocracies on record." (Old Regime, p.

* Among the grantees of these lands was Stephen Day, who, in 1639, set up at Cambridge the first printing press in America north of Mexico. He printed that famous old curiosity known as the Bay Psalm Book.

21). The Puritan scales on good Governor Winthrop's eyes prevented him from seeing the real interposition of Providence shown in the remarkable preservation of Prescott and his family from a watery grave.

In 1652, when there were nine families settled on the Nashaway, a petition was sent in to the House of Deputies, asking for incorporation as a town, and requesting that it be given the name of "Prescott," which was acceded to. Later on, however, the Puritan deputies, having discovered that John Prescott had never taken the church covenants and was not a "freeman," rescinded this order and called the settlement "West Town." Still later, in 1653, by way of compromise, they changed the name to "Lancaster," after John Prescott's native county in England. The name is perpetuated to the present day, though, from the territory included in the original purchase from the Indians, several "towns" have been carved.*

John Prescott built the first grist-mills in Lancaster and the adjoining town of Groton. He was not only yeoman and blacksmith, but a miller and millwright, a trader, a hunter, a surveyor—besides being a doughty Indian fighter and resister of Puritan oppression.

In 1669, when about sixty-five years of age, John Prescott became a "freeman" and a voter. Charles II. had then been on the throne for some years, and

---

* The counties of Massachusetts are divided into sections called "towns," which, to British ideas, would represent "townships" or "parishes."

If the name originally given the town of Lancaster had been adhered to, there would probably now be a parish of Prescott instead of a parish of Lancaster in St. John county.

the old Puritan "freeman's oath" had been modified by orders from the British government, so that those not church members could become "freemen" and voters. For thirty years "Goodman Prescott" had lived in the Massachusetts colony and declined to take the original oath, remaining all that time without a vote and not eligible for any official place, not even to serve on a jury. He made a brave and notable stand for liberty.

In 1676, during King Philip's war, the town of Lancaster was wiped off the face of the earth by Indians, and many of the inhabitants killed and carried captive. For over three years grass grew where the settlers' homes had been, and all was wilderness again. John Prescott and his family were among those who escaped, and in 1679 he returned and rebuilt his house and mills. Their sites are marked by memorial tablets in what is now the town of Clinton, where the land in the central portion of the town was formerly owned by Prescott.

In December, 1681, the earthly career of John Prescott came to an end. In his will, drawn up in 1673, he exhorts his family "to preserve love and unitie among themselves and the upholding of Church and Commonwealth." His body was interred, as instructed in his will, in "the common burying place here in Lancaster." His grave was marked by a rude fragment of slate rock, upon which might be discovered the words, faintly incised: "John Prescott, deceased."

For 222 years this was the monument of John Prescott. In 1903, when Lancaster celebrated its 250th anniversary, this was replaced by a more suitable memorial stone, erected by Mrs. Roger Walcott (*nee* Edith Prescott), widow of the late Governor of Massachusetts, and a granddaughter of the historian Pres-

cott. It bears the following inscription, written by the late United States Senator George F. Hoar, of Worcester, who was a Prescott descendant:

Here, with his children about him, lies

JOHN PRESCOTT,

Founder of Lancaster, and first settler of Worcester County.

Born at Standish, Lancashire, Eng., died at Lancashire, Massachusetts, December, 1681.

Inspired by the love of liberty and the fear of God, this stout-hearted pioneer, forsaking the pleasant vales of England, took up his abode in the unbroken forest, and encountered wild beast and savage to secure freedom for himself and his posterity. His faith and virtues have been inherited by many descendants, who in every generation have well served the state in war, in literature, at the bar, in the pulpit, in public life and in Christian homes.

John Prescott is said to have brought with him to America a suit of armor which had doubtless been worn by him or some of his ancestors in the British army. In this he used sometimes to array himself, greatly to the terror of the Indians. The common statement—in the Prescott genealogy as well as about all other accounts — that John Prescott was an "officer," or saw military service "under Cromwell," must be classed among the fictions. A brief glance at dates shows that Cromwell himself did not see any military service until the outbreak of civil war in England in 1642—four years after the emigration of John Prescott!

In Eastern Canada the name of Prescott is not a common one, though there are many people in the Maritime Provinces who are descended from John Prescott through the distaff lines. Some of John Prescott's descendants have intermarried with St. Stephen, N. B., families, but the New Brunswick

Prescott family is descended from James Prescott who settled in New Hampshire in 1665. He was born some forty years later than John, and is thought to have been a connection. The pedigree given in Prescott genealogy* makes their grandfathers brothers. From these two emigrant-ancestors most of the people of this name in America are descended. Jesse Prescott, the New Brunswick progenitor, who settled in Charlotte County, N. B., in 1812, was of the sixth generation from James, and a great-grandson of Capt. Jonathan Prescott, of the New Hampshire regiment, who died at Louisburg in 1746.

John Prescott had eight children who reached maturity. One of his daughters —Lydia— married Jonas Fairbank, ancestor of the presnt vice-President of the United States. In 1652 Jonas Fairbank "was fined for wearing great boots before he was worth £200." (Fairbanks genealogy). Among descendants of John Prescott may be mentioned Dr. Jonathan Prescott, of Halifax, the progenitor of the Nova Scotia branch of the family (see ACADIENSIS, IV, 8), who was of the fifth generation from John. Benjamin Prescott, killed at Louisburg in 1745, and Capt. Peter Prescott, one of the early settlers of Granville, Annapolis Co., Nova Scotia, were brothers—uncles of Dr. Jonathan, of Halifax. The "young Dr. Prescott," told of by Paul Revere, who happened to be returning from a visit to his sweetheart, Miss Mulliken, of Lexington, and assisted Revere in his famous "midnight ride" of April 18-19, 1775, was Samuel Prescott, of Concord—cousin to Dr. Jonathan, of Halifax. He escaped by jumping his horse over a wall when Revere was taken by the British patrol, subsequently served on board a priva-

* "The Prescott Memorial," by Wm. Prescott, M. D., 1870

teer, was captured, carried into Halifax, N. S., and died in prison there.

Sarah, a daughter of Jonas, youngest child of John Prescott, married in 1705 John Longley, of Groton, whose son, William, was an early settler of Granville, N. S., and the progenitor of the Nova Scotia family of this name.

Hon. Benjamin Prescott, son of Jonas, was the father of Col. William Prescott, who led the Colonial forces at the battle of Bunker Hill. In 1755 he served as lieutenant in the expedition to Nova Scotia which removed the French Acadians. A monument to him stands on Bunker Hill and another at Groton — the place of his birth. His son, the Hon. Wm. Prescott, was the father of William H. Prescott, the historian. Col. William Prescott's sister, Elizabeth, was the first wife of Col. Abijah Willard, one of the Loyalist founders of New Brunswick.

GILBERT O. BENT.

A Theatrical Interlude a Hundred Years Ago.

"All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players:
They have their exits and their entrances:
And one man in his time plays many parts."
—*As You Like It.*

MONG the miscellaneous characters that found a temporary residence in the City of the Loyalists in the year of grace 1798, was a gentleman whose accomplishments must have been a wonder to the staunch defenders of the British constitution who formed the bulk of the population in those early years, strange and adventurous as the careers of many of these old worthies had been.

It was a memorable year in British history that was drawing to a close. The glorious news of Nelson's victory, "off the mouth of the Nile," had been received four months after the great battle, and had "been productive of general joy throughout the infant city."*

The columns of the two city journals were filled with the names and contributions of the loyal men of those days to the "national fund" for prosecuting the war to a victorious close, and details of the conflicts in which England was then engaged on land and sea were

* In the early newspapers of St. John this expression will often be met.

eagerly looked for and as eagerly read. In the midst of this enthusiasm the hero of our story appeared—in the advertising columns of the city newspapers.

"Mr. Marriott," (in this respectful style the gentleman referred to introduced himself to the people of St. John) had come apparently unheralded—but that was a matter of small account—he had no intention of hiding his light, or rather his accomplishments, under a bushel; in fact they were his means of subsistence, and like a wise man he attempted to make the most of them.

We can easily follow Mr. Marriott's short business and theatrical career in St. John a hundred years ago as he advertised—if we are allowed to use the term—extensively in the *Gazette and Weekly Advertiser,* one of the small newspapers printed in the city, a fyle of which has been preserved in good condition, and is now in possession of the Rev. W. O. Raymond; and he seems likewise to have enjoyed the confidence of Mr. John Ryan, the editor and printer of that valuable journal. What tide of fortune cast him on our rock-bound shores at that early period must remain a mystery, even his christian name escaped the notice of the printer.*

Mr. Marriott's advertisements bear the marks of originality, and prove him to have been a man who had seen the world and buffeted with fortune; in fact they are the only attractive advertisements to be found in the series, covering, as they do, a period of nearly four years. A glance at these old times, and the reproduction of some of Mr. Marriott's advertise-

* From the Roll of Freemen of the City of St. John, we learn that in the year 1798, Fuller Francis Marriott, who is described as a laborer, was made a freeman of the city.

ments, may be of interest in this age of prodigious advertising, and from them learn the important lesson, that the names of the men who advertise will live in history. The first and introductory advertisement is copied entire:

Mr. Marriott

Begs leave to inform the Public of St. John, that he sells *Soups, Broths, Beef and Mutton Steaks,* at the lowest prices, at a minute's warning.—*Dinners* dressed and sent out at an hour's notice.—*Suppers, &c.—Turtles* dressed in the English mode.—*Mock ditto*—made by one day's notice.—*Mutton, Pork* and *Beef Sausages. — Partridges, Ducks, Geese, &c. Spirits, Brandies, Gin, Purl. Wines, &c., &c.,* at the sign of the Red Cross, King Street.

Mr. Marriott humbly hopes that his assiduity to deserve success will meet the countenance of a generous Public.

N. B.—ALSO, Shaving, Hair-Dressing, &c., on the Most reasonable terms.

St. John, N. B., Dec. 28th, 1798.

That first winter in our rigorous climate must have been an anxious and weary season for the stranger, and doubtless Mr. Marriott found business at "the Sign of the Red Cross" dull, for in the issue of the *Gazette* of February 15, 1799, he had an announcement which indicates he was of a literary bent, as well as the possessor of a fund of general knowledge that he was willing to impart for a consideration:

MR. MARRIOTT

Respectfully informs the Ladies and Gentlemen of St. John and vicinity, that he intends opening a

SCHOOL

on Monday, the 6th of March, to teach the *English Grammar* with exact precision in an entire new mode, and conformable to the instructions of our modern authors.

Mr. Marriott will also undertake to teach young Gentlemen to *read* and *speak* emphatically in order to complete an UNFINISHED EDUCATION during his evening avocation, in private either at home or abroad. WRITING and CYPHERING included. — DRAWING — FENCING,. if required, on advanced prices.

Mr. Marriott, from a thorough knowledge of the English Tongue, flatters himself with the idea of accomplishing his Pupils in a short time with those rudiments necessary for education.

ALSO.— Lilley's Grammar, coercive with Dilworth's.—LATIN, &c., if required.

TERMS.—One Dollar entrance, and Three Dollars per Quarter each, for Reading, Writing and Cyphering.

Drawing.—One Dollar entrance, and Six Dollars per Quarter. Fencing, ditto.

To preside over a cooking, drinking and provision store, and a school with many difficult branches to be taught in the evenings, seemed ample to furnish intellectual employment for one man, but Mr. Marriott was also what that generation named in irony, a play-actor. The same issue of the *Gazette* con-

tains a longer and more important advertisement, which exhibited his wonderful versatility, and is copied in full:

BY PERMISSION.

AT MR. JARVIS'S STORE.

MR. MARRIOTT

RESPECTFULLY informs the Ladies and Gentlemen of Saint John, that being assisted by a Lady and Gentleman of this City, he is enabled to get up a Whole PLAY. And a Concert of Instrumental Music—which will be performed on MONDAY Evening, the 25th instant.—

A Celebrated Tragedy

CALLED

DOUGLASS:

The Noble Scotch Shepherd.

Young Norval, ...Mrs. Marriott.
Old Norval, ...A Gentleman.
Glenalvon, ...Mr. Marriott.
Lord Randolph,.. .. ..A Gentleman.
Servants filled by others.
Lady Randolph .. ..
.. .. A Lady of this City.
Anna, ...By a Young Lady instructed for the purpose.

A BENGAL LIGHT, by which the audience will be able to discern 2,000 faces and persons in the *dark,* and the place appear as light as day.

A Scots Song, called
"To the Green Wood Gang Wi Me,"
By a Lady of St. John.

The whole to conclude with a grand Artificial FIRE WORK!

N. B.—As the scenery will be entirely new and adapted for the Play, and every decoration necessary fitted for the purpose, equal to a Theatre, it is humbly requested the generous inhabitants of St. John will patronize Mr. Marriott in his undertaking.

Boxes 2s. 6d. — Pit 1s. 3d.

☞ No money taken at the Door.— The Door will be opened at Five o'clock and the Performance to begin at Six.

Tickets to be had of Mr. Ryan.

Several Gentlemen have kindly promised to form a Band of Music.

It would appear from a postscript to the same advertisement in the next issue of the *Gazette,* that "on account of the uncertainty of gaining a commodious place, and a wish to represent the play with all its perfections," it was postponed until the 27th February, when the performance would be held in the Exchange Coffee House.

This was the first attempt to perform the "celebrated tragedy" of Douglass in St. John. It was written in 1756 by John Home, a Scotch clergyman, who incurred rigorous censure from the elders of the kirk for adorning the stage with this pathetic and interesting composition.* The play became a favorite with the various companies of local amateur players, who afterwards essayed its production at Drury Lane and Hopley's Theatres. Many incidents, some of an exceedingly comic character, used to be related of the players who took part in these performances.

On the 24th of March the tragedy of Douglass was again performed, by desire, at the Coffee House, with

* The British Drama, Vol. I, p. 156. The writer is indebted to Mr. James Coll, the best authority on dramatic subjects in St. John, for the use of the volume.

Congreve's famous old farce, "Love for Love," as an afterpiece. An epilogue of thanks was to be spoken by Mr. Marriott at the close. Tickets to the performance were sold only by Mr. Rogers at the Coffee House.*

It would be interesting now to have the names of the players who assisted Mr. and Mrs. Marriott at these performances. Mr. Ryan, the printer of the *Gazette,* has given no account of them in his newspaper. But they must have been successful, as the play was repeated for the third time for Mr. Marriott's benefit, who, in his appeal to the ladies and gentlemen of St. John, humbly requested "the honour of their countenances" on that occasion.

With true theatrical precedence Mrs. Marriott was also entitled to a benefit, but the play chosen would hardly be supposed acceptable for a lady's benefit—"George Barnwell, or the London Prentice." It was announced that in the course of the evening Mr. Marriott would endeavor to please the audience with a variety of prologues, and the whole to conclude with a pantomimic interlude called "Jack in Distress," with a country dance in characters.

The next enterprise to engage Mr. Marriott was the "Thespian Hotel," and in connection with it a Spouting Club. In a half column advertisement in the *Gazette* of April 17, he stated his scheme, and the benefits to be derived from the club:

*The Coffee House, which stood at the corner of King and Prince William Streets, was the meeting place for the town residents in those early years, and was the scene of many events in the history of St. John.

THESPIAN HOTEL.

MR. MARRIOTT having removed to a House lately occupied by Mr. Duffy, in Tyng Street* next door to Mr. WATERBURY'S, respectfully informs his friends, that having a commodious Room for the purpose, he intends opening a SPOUTING CLUB, on Monday, 22nd April, for the amusement of such gentlemen who shall honor him with their support during the Summer Season.

Open at 7 o'clock and close at 10.

The Club will be continued weekly, on each succeeding Monday.

Terms for subscribers, 1s. 3d. each; 1s. to be spent in any refreshments required; 3d. each for candles, &c.

"Any gentleman professing himself a candidate for this liberal institution, may perfect himself in a prologue, epilogue or speech for the entertainment of his friends. By this means," Mr. Marriott assured the public, "the manners will be more polished, the expression more dignified, the address *easified,* and the voice meliorated."

There is a touch of sadness in the appeal Mr. Marriott made in this advertisement, that "having attempted every mode to gain a winter subsistence with the worthy inhabitants of St. John, humbly hopes his summer endeavors will not prove fruitless."

The club Mr. Marriott desired to establish, and to which he gave the strenuous name of Spouting Club, would be known in after years as a free-and-easy. No doubt the meetings were very jolly as long as

* Tyng Street was the eastern portion of Princess Street, from Charlotte Street to Courtney Bay; the western portion from Charlotte Street to the harbour was named "George Street."

they continued, but whether the club fulfilled all Mr. Marriott claimed, we have no means of knowing. Success does not appear to have crowned any of Mr. Marriott's schemes.

On the 1st of May Mr. Marriott announced to the ladies and gentlemen of St. John, that he had fitted up a theatre, "in so commodious a *stile* as to render it universally agreeable; and flatters himself with a hope of meriting and gaining their support." "This theatre was to be opened positively in the course of the following week, "if fair weather." "The Citizen," a comedy in two acts, and "The Millar of Mansfield," were the plays chosen for the opening performance, Mr. and Mrs. Marriott taking, of course, the leading characters. Mr. Marriott, who was also a poet, was to recite a prologue, written by himself, "on the late happy preservation of the American ship Sally in Hampton Roads by His Majesty's ship Hinde."

I have not been able to ascertain where this theatre was located, it was the first attempt to establish a theatre, with regular performances, such as they were, in St. John. "Tickets were sold, and an exact line drawn of the situation of the seats at Mr. Toole's." All the performances were not advertised in the newspapers, probably on account of the expense.

Notwithstanding his limited resources, Mr. Marriott was very ambitious in his selection of plays, and desired to offer the most popular. Rowe's tragedy, "Jane Shore," was to be played, but on account of the difficulty in procuring a book containing the play it was unavoidably postponed, and Bickerstaff's comedy, "The Recruiting Officer," and "The Citizen," a farce, were performed instead.

In the *Gazette's* issue of June 4th Mr. Marriott in-

formed "his friends and the public at large, that a variety of Fresh amusements, neat as imported, will be ready for their price, as will be expressed in hand-bills." Also "an aditional prologue from the latest calculations," whatever that would mean. It was the custom in those days to open theatrical performances with a prologue and close with an epilogue, and as Mr. Marriott composed and recited for his performances, a copy of his verses would no doubt cast light on the difficulties of an early theatrical manager.

The population of St. John, then about six thousand, was too small to support even as modest a theatre as Mr. Marriott attempted to conduct, and the end came. On the 31st July, 1799, a benefit was given Mrs. Marriott, when Garrick's farce, "The Lying Valet" and "The Citizen" were performed; "each piece filled with performers equal to the task," the announcement stated. This was the last appearance of the Marriotts. For a brief period, probably six or eight months in all, they played their roles, attracted public attention, and furnished gossip for the town gallants—birds of passage, they disappeared, and sought other lands, where, let us hope, they found more pleasure and profit for their talents than in St. John, for life in those early years was a round of toil and disappointments, endured heroically, with little amusement to enliven the struggle for existence.

The plays the Marriotts offered were all well known tragedies and comedies that have held a very high place on the English stage; the setting in which they were presented no doubt was crude, and the players who assisted often awkward, but they taught serious lessons of life, and assisted to create a fondness for the legitimate drama that still exists.

The year following the disappearance of the Mar-

riotts (1800), as I learn from a paper prepared by my friend, Mr. Clarence Ward, and read before the New Brunswick Historical Society, William Botsford, William Simonds, George Leonard and Charles I. Peters petitioned the Common Council of St. John, praying on behalf of themselves and other young gentlemen, leave to fit up the City Hall for the purpose of a theatre; and the prayer of the petitioners was granted.

This organization was the earliest club or society of amateur players formed in St. John. The members were all connected with the leading families of the city, and their entertainments were probably as good as amateur performances usually are. No actors of reputation had then visited St. John, and the critics were the few who had attended theatres in London and other large cities. The members were ambitious and the selections good, and the efforts of the players, "to hold, as 'twere, the mirror up to nature," must have been appreciated.

The first record of the public appearance of the organization represented by Messieurs Botsford, Simonds and associates, was the following advertisement, that appeared in the issue of the *Royal Gazette* of February 3, 1801:

ST. JOHN THEATRE.

[By Desire.]

On Friday Evening, the 6th February,
will be presented
THE NATURAL SON,
A Comedy in Five Acts.
To which will be added the favorite
Farce of
CROSS PURPOSES.

Between the PLAY and FARCE *will be*
Sung the celebrated Song,
"The Lakes of Killarney."

☞The Play will conclude with a Dance by the Performers in Character.

☞TICKETS may be had of the Managers at the Coffee House.

**Performance to begin precisely at Six.

☞The Ladies are requested to appear in very low head-dresses, otherwise the sight of the rear boxes will be obstructed.

N. B.—In case there is not a sufficient number of TICKETS sold in time to defray the expenses of the night, the Tickets may be returned and the money will be refunded.

Vivant Britannicorum Rex et Regina.

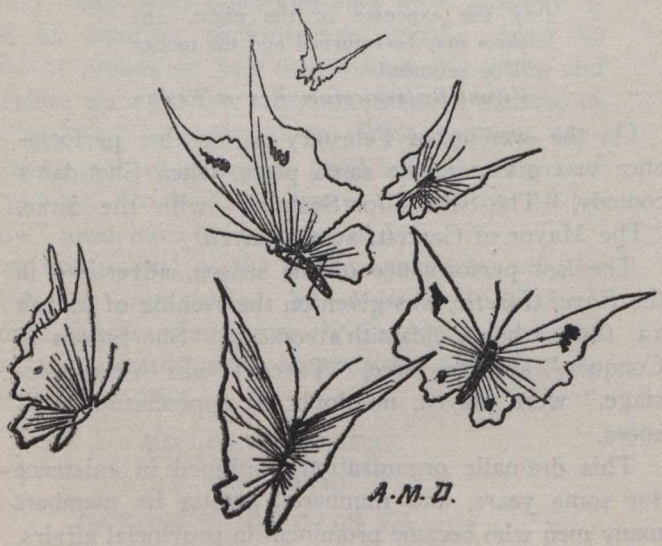
On the evening of February 20, another performance was given in the same place, when Sheridan's comedy, "The School for Scandal," with the farce, "The Mayor of Garrett," were played.

The last performance of the season, advertised in the *Royal Gazette,* was given on the evening of March 13, 1801, when Goldsmith's comedy, "She Stoops to Conquer," and the farce, "Three Weeks After Marriage," were played, no doubt to appreciative audiences.

This dramatic organization continued in existence for some years, and numbered among its members many men who became prominent in provincial affairs, and whose names are even yet familiar to the older residents of St. John. The City Hall, in which the performances were held, stood on the centre of Market Square, opposite King Street. A picture of the building is given in the late J. W. Lawrence's book, "Foot Prints."

It could not be expected that the drama would receive the support it merited in those early years. The struggle in which England was then engaged appealed to the patriotism of the people, and aroused their loyal and poetic feelings; but the drama had to wait for another generation, and more talented artists, to reveal the beauties of the mimic stage.

JONAS HOWE.



The Loyalists' Reception.

Broad stream, mighty stream!
Stream of an ageless past!
Slow gliding down as in a dream,
Bade welcome to these shores, at last
With sails all furled, and anchors cast,
Those noble hardy pioneers—
The Loyalists of old.

Tall trees, stately trees!
Trees of an ageless wood!
Low bending in the gentle breeze,
You kissed the stream from whence you stood,
And homage paid the true and good,
Those noble hardy pioneers—
The Loyalists of old.

Fair lands, golden lands!
Lands of the ageless race!
With open arms and stretched out hands,
Received into your warm embrace,
And sheltered with a kindly grace,
Those noble hardy pioneers—
The Loyalists of old.

H. A. Cody.

Greenwich, N. B.

An Expedition to the Headwaters of the Little South-West Miramichi.

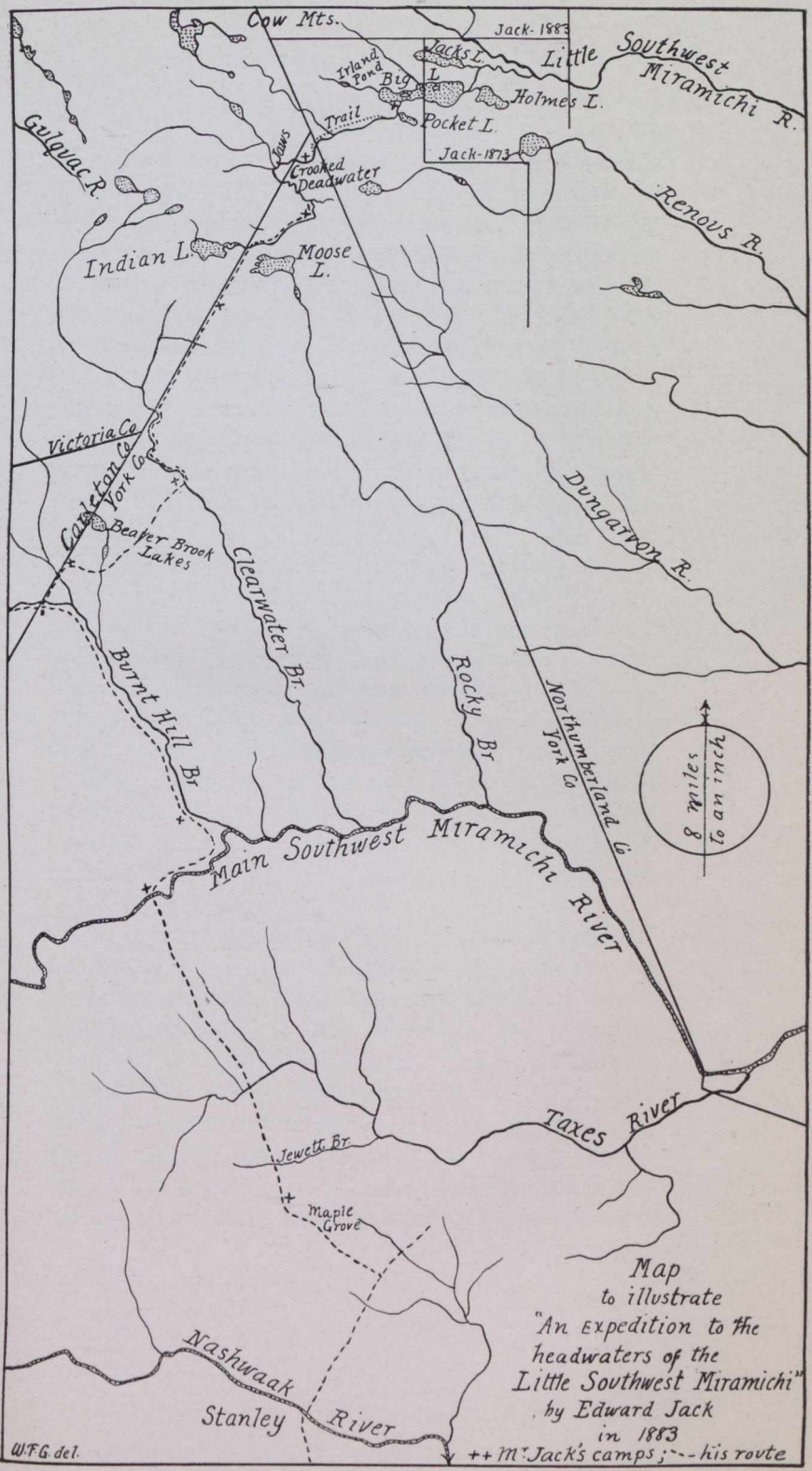
[By Edward Jack.]

Edited and Annotated by W. F. Ganong.

Preface.

The late Edward Jack, as result of a long career as surveyor, lumber cruiser, Crown Lands official, and devoted student of New Brunswick affairs, knew this Province more intimately than had any other man up to his time. He was also an amateur naturalist and geologist of considerable attainment. He had a fondness for writing, but, as facilities for publication in permanent form were very poor in this Province in his day, most of his productions, some of which have a permanent value, either appeared in the newspapers or else remain still in manuscript, in either case being inaccessible, and little better than lost. Copies of most, perhaps all, of his newspaper articles, together with his manuscripts, are now in possession of his nephew, Mr. D. R. Jack, the editor of this journal, with whose co-operation I propose to re-print, from time to time, in Acadiensis the more valuable of these writings. The first is the accompanying narrative of an expedition to the headwaters of the Little South-west Miramichi, herewith presented. It is printed from a manuscript, and apparently is now for the first time published.

Among Mr. Jack's papers are two complete accounts of this expedition. One is more specific as to names, localities, etc., and was apparently written out as a lecture for a New Brunswick audience; the other is


Cow Mts.
Jack-1883
Jacks L.
Little Southwest Miramichi R.
Irland Pond
Big L.
Holmes L.
Trail
Pocket L.
Jack-1873
Taxes
Crooked Deadwater
Gulquac R.
Renous R.
Indian L.
Moose L.
Victoria Co.
Carleton Co.
York Co.
Beaver Brook Lakes
Clearwater Br.
Dungarvon R.
Rocky Br.
Northumberland Co.
York Co.
Burnt Hill Br.
8 miles to an inch
Main Southwest Miramichi River
Taxes River
Jewett Br.
Maple Grove
Nashwaak
Stanley
River
W.F.G. del.
Map
to illustrate
"An Expedition to the
headwaters of the
Little Southwest Miramichi"
by Edward Jack
in 1883
++ Mr. Jack's camps; ---- his route

of a more general character, giving fewer specific details, but fuller accounts of the New Brunswick woods and life in them, seemingly written to be delivered as a lecture some where at a distance from the Province. The former is much the more interesting and important to us, and is here closely followed, with an occasional footnote from the "other copy." It is *verbatim et litteratim,* except that I have given abbreviations in full, made divisions into paragraphs, corrected an occasional slip in the hastily and closely written manuscript, and omitted occasional catchwords, obviously intended simply for guidance of the lecturer.

The region described by Mr. Jack is nearly as wild to-day as when he was there in 1883. More lumbering has been carried on, additional timber lines have been run, sportsmen visit it in considerable numbers under the guidance of the same Mr. Braithwaite who was with Mr. Jack, but otherwise it is still a wilderness. I have myself been privileged to make some scientific and topographical study of it, the results of which have been published in full, with illustrative maps, in the Bulletins of the Natural History Society of New Brunswick, in No. XX, page 461, 1902, and in No. XXIII, page 320, 1905.

The present article of Mr. Jack's has an especial interest as a part of a distinctive New Brunswick literature, a literature of which there is already much, though scattered and little accessible, and of which there will be more in the future. It is a literature of out-door life in New Brunswick, followed for exploration, for sport, for scientific research, or simply for love of the free life of the open. Much of it is poor from a literary standpoint, but it has this great and lasting merit, that it is genuine, trustworthy, and

full of the actual spirit of the life of the woods. In all these respects it contrasts greatly with a more recent literature of our woods and their animal inhabitants, which, while well nigh faultless from a literary standpoint, is otherwise pretentious, artificial and insincere. Each much choose the kind he likes best, but I venture the belief that sincerity will outlast polish, and truth will outlive pretense.

Mr. Jack's Narrative.

On Tuesday the 17th of September, [1883], our party left Fredericton for the purpose of making a survey of some Crown lands on the head of the little South West, a branch of the North West Miramichi River, whose western waters take their rise from the sides and base of a range of hills near the head of the Tobique and Nepisiguit, and which separate the streams tributary to the River St. John from those which flow into the Bay of Chaleur. This country is covered by the original forest, and has been visited only by some adventurous lumberman in search of pine timber or by the solitary hunter, whose blazes and traps one occasionally meets with in his journeyings through its dark and secret recesses.

The day on which we left was bright and warm, and the country bordering on the shores of the Nashuaak River, up which the first of our route lead, looked very pretty beneath the mellowing influence of an early autumn day. The leaves were rapidly changing color. Some of those of the maple were of the most ensanguined crimson, while in the broad leaves of the dogwood dark red and bright green were contending for the mastery. Here and there among the verdant beeches which overshadowed our way we

could see the yellowish tint deepening into the golden one which presages the fall of their leaves. The Nashuaak, which here runs through the grey sandstones of the coal measures, has, during the lapse of ages, worn out a valley a mile or two in width, in the centre of which this pretty stream, free from rock or boulders, meanders, sparkling and bright over a clear gravelly bottom, rippling around grey sandbars with a scarcely audible murmur. On either bank were alluvial lands of considerable fertility. In some places these were extensive, and among them one could trace the course of a river by the elms and maples which grew on its banks. On these intervales the people were harvesting their grain, and everything bore the appearance of comfort and decent sufficiency. The little village of Nashuaak, a cluster of houses through which we passed, about eight miles distant from Fredericton, has set the surrounding country an example of neatness which it would do well to follow. The half a dozen white cottages with green blinds and pretty shrubbery about them, evince a taste which is far too rare in New Brunswick, many of whose farmers, even on some of the richest and most fertile intervales on the St. John below Fredericton, are quite contented to live in dirty looking unpainted cottages, which are not only a disgrace to their owners, but a blot upon the landscape which adorns the shores of that beautiful river which the Abenaquis were wont, in their admiration of it, to call the "Wollestook," the River, as if it excelled all others of which they possessed any knowledge.

At a distance of sixteen miles from Fredericton we left the Main Nashuaak for a time, turning up one of its branches, the Tay. This is a charming spot. At its mouth the stream wanders through a broad

and luxuriant intervale; on either side are high hills, those to the west being for the greater part still covered by the original growth of beech, birch and maple. On one of the hills which form the eastern side of the valley, and overlooking the Nashuaak, there stands a lonely grave, that of Lieutenant Patrick* Campbell, who had fought through the Revolutionary War in a Highland regiment, and whose dust here reposes on soil once his own, but which has long since passed into the hands of strangers to his name and race. Among the first settlers on the lower Nashuaak were some companies of the famous Black Watch which were disbanded here, where are still to be found such typical [Scotch] names as McPherson, McLean, McLeod, Fraser, Forbes, and Ross. They are a hardy race, and many of them yet retain more than a trace of the fire of old Gaul. It was only last season that one of the Ross's, who had emigrated to the far west, having in his charge as express agent of a railway train a large sum of money, when attacked by some six or seven robbers, fought them off, and although twice wounded, succeeded in keeping them at bay for such a length of time that assistance arrived and the money was saved. His mother was still living on the Nashuaak early in the present year.

Ascending the Tay for about half a mile, we turned to the right, where, for some five or six miles, we passed over high, poor, and uninteresting looking hills until we came again to the hills which border the Nashuaak overlooking Stanley, where the rocks of the coal measures are underlaid by lower carboniferous or silurian, a fact which is at once apparent to the eye in increased fertility.

* In the other copy he is called, and correctly, Dugald Campbell.

Stanley, which is situated on the west bank of the Nashuaak on the side and at the bottom of a steep hill, comprises a small collection of houses and three nearly new churches, Catholic, Presbyterian, and Episcopalian, the two latter having neat parsonages connected with them. Stanley was formerly the head-quarters of a settlement commenced by an English company some forty years ago, which, officered by gentlemen newly arrived from Great Britain, without the least experience in the country or people, proved, as might have ben expected, a failure financially.* Much of its land was well timbered with spruce, and when Mr. Gibson, the leading capitalist of New Brunswick, bought the mills at the mouth of Nashuaak, he purchased much of it, which he has turned to the most profitable account, thus showing that the right man in the right place can do more than can be done by vast sums of misdirected capital.** The original grant to the Company from the Crown exceeded 500,000 acres. The greater part of this has since been sold by them to farmers and lumbermen. In the vicinity of Stanley, especially on the narrow belt of lower carboniferous rocks which crosses the Nashuaak close to Stanley, and which extends to the Bay of Chaleur at or near Bathurst, the soil is of exceptionally good quality; indeed, some wheat grown by Mrs. Taylor at Red Rock took the premium at the great exhibition in London in [blank in MSS.]. A yearly

*This was the New Brunswick and Nova Scotia Land Company. Its history is sketched in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada, Vol. X, 1904, Section ii, 81.

**A full account of Mr. Gibson's connection with this property is given by Mr. Jack in the St. John *Sun* (weekly), March 20, 1895, in an article which will probably appear later in this journal.

agricultural exhibition is held in this village in the month of October. This is looked forward to months ahead. There is always a good show of grain and roots, and in the evening a grand supper is given at the Stanley Arms, where Mrs. Logan does the honors in a creditable manner. The ball which succeeds is held in the Temperance Hall, where the young men and ladies of the neighborhood enjoy themselves in a manner unknown to the formalists of city life.

Mr. Patchell, a well to do farmer residing close to the village, formed one of our party, and in the evening over the camp fire described to the party the splendid eating capacities of one of Stanley's farmers and lumbermen, who, at 12 o'clock at night, said to him, "Mr. Patchell, I do not care much about pie (of which he had already eaten ten heaping plates full), I would like a little fowl (he had then finished about three), just another piece of chicken, Mr. Patchell, for I am not going to eat much pie." Mr. Patchell could not exactly say just how much of the bountiful supply of liquors present were required to wash down this supply of fowl, but from his description it must have been something enormous.

Crossing the river by a good bridge, we ascended a hill on the east about a mile long through fertile lands.* We followed the Cross Creek road for about four miles, thence, turning to the north, took the road through Maple Grove, a new settlement about four miles in length, where the soil is of superior quality. We reached the last house in it, that of Mr. James Flynn, where we concluded to remain for the night.

* From this point onward the reader may follow Mr. Jack's route on the accompanying map. The course he followed is shown by the dotted line, and his camping-places by the crosses.

I know of no better upland in New Brunswick than that which is found here, unless it may be that of the County of Carleton, or some spots such as Butternut Ridge. All around Mr. Flynn's clearing stood a luxuriant growth of rock maple and birch, and just opposite his house, Mr. W. Richards, who here owns a tract of 4,000 acres, had about twenty in oats. This land had been carefully cleared, and the fire had not been allowed to run into the magnificent forest by which it was bounded. Three years ago Mr. Flynn came to this lot. There was then not a tree cut upon it. He had a large family of young children and was without means. Now he has a log house, a good frame barn, and an extensive clearing. This season he cut about fourteen or fifteen tons of excellent hay. All of his work was done without hired help, and he may now be considered an independent man. All of the supplies which he grows he can sell to the lumbermen for cash at his door, as the main road to one of the chief lumber districts on the S. W. Miramichi, which we were to follow, passes his door. This lot Mr. Flynn has purchased on time, and had already paid a considerable part of the purchase money by the result of his labors upon it, thus showing that a person desirous of farming had better pay a fair price for his land than to have the inferior soil which is given away to too many settlers under our ridiculous free grant and labor Acts, on condition of their settling upon it, and perhaps also of the government making them a road. Hundreds of settlers have, under these acts, settled upon land upon which settlers should never have been placed, and where their labor, instead of enriching the country, has tended to its impoverishment through the fires which are so destructive to our pine, spruce, and hemlock forests. These Acts

have not only caused great injury to the country at home, but what must people abroad think of the value of a country which not only gives away its land but also makes roads to it, more especially when much of this land is within sight of one of our best railways? It is high time that the Crown lands of New Brunswick should have some outside supervision given them, and that there should be a competent officer appointed who should be required to say where settlements should and should not be made, as well as to examine into and to report upon the character and quality of our timber lands, and in what manner they can best be conserved and utilized, among which investigations that of protection from forest fires should obtain a prominent place.*

But, to return from this digression, the next morning we were astir bright and early, and, bidding Mr. Flynn and civilization good-bye for a month, we entered the forest, taking the portage, which was excellent and free from stone or mire holes. The forest through which we passed was composed largely of maple and birch so free from underbrush that you could see their tall stately trunks for some distance on either side of you, while their overarching boughs, often meeting above our heads, afforded us a refreshing shelter against the rays of the sun.

The little brook which ran past Mr. Flynn's lot was a tributary of the St. John. One mile brought us to Jewett Brook, a branch of the Miramichi, so that we had here crossed the watershed between the Bays of Fundy and Chaleur. The land along the portage was excellent farming land, but there were no settlers.

---

*The policy of the Province in these matters remains exactly where it was when Mr. Jack wrote.

At a distance of six miles, we came to the Taxes, a branch of the Miramichi, and a large stream which we crossed by a good bridge built by the lumbermen. About a mile beyond this, a little way from our portage, we found the camp of Mr. Henry Turnbull, where a party of men were making birch timber for Messrs. Bevan & Co. Our portage continued about the same course across a large tract of land owned by this Company. Along the road which we took the land was excellent and free from stone. A short distance after we had left it, however, when within about two miles of the S. W. Miramichi, the road became very rocky and the soil unfit for cultivation. Growing spruce were however abundant upon it. At what is called by the lumbermen the Bevan Hill, on Guy Bevan & Co.'s tract, I noticed purple slates similar to those which accompany the iron ore deposits of Woodstock, and there were numerous evidences of a deposit of that mineral in the vicinity. It is possible that there may be here an outcrop of the upper silurian which occurs at Woodstock. This would account for the fertility of the soil.

As afternoon drew on we passed down the eastern slope of the high ridge which divides Taxes from the South West Miramichi. The incline was steep and the way rocky, and our tired horses, for we had two pair dragging wooden-shod sleds, appreciated the easy descent. Looking to the east and north I could see steep ridges covered by hard wood, among which, notwithstanding all the cutting that had been done for years, there stood many thrifty looking spruce. We were coming down to a point on the S. West opposite the mouth of the McLean Brook, once the best spruce land on that side of the Miramichi, but which had been more injured by the spruce disease than any land

which I had ever seen. Mr. W. Richards, who logged there a few years since, told me than on one of his brows, where there were browed 100 spruce logs, he could find but ten which had been cut from living trees. Whatever may have been the cause of this forest destruction, the damage done to the country and individuals is enormous. The trees which had been cut among before this pest took place were but little injured. It was only the thick bodies of uncut spruce which suffered. The evil seems to be passed, or nearly so, as I could see few or no red-topped trees on the sides of the ridges which we passed.*

Before nightfall we reached a little depot camp on the banks of the South West, which I had visited a month previously in company with Mr. Henry Braithwaite, who now formed one of our party. At the time of my first visit the river had been fairly high, and Mr. Braithwaite went out with his canoe and he and his companion brought back some six grilse. Now the water was very low, so much so, indeed, that it was hard work to cross in a canoe. We had walked this day sixteen miles, so that all of us were ready after supper to take our places on the fir boughs. As the camp was small and not too clean, we pitched a tent which we had with us near the bank of the river, whose noisy murmurs soon lulled us to sleep. The next morning shortly after sunrise we rose and ate breakfast, sending back one of our teams for more supplies, as they were going to work on Burnt Hill, [Brook], where dams were to be built and rocks blown for the purpose of improving the driving capacities of one of the branches of this stream. We were detained so long the next day by various circumstances

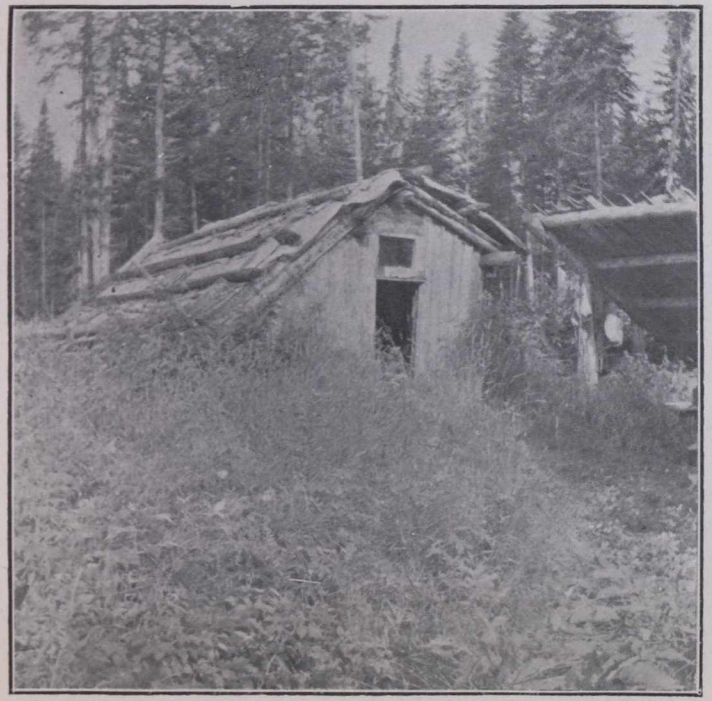
* Nothing, apparently, has been heard of it since this time.

that we made but four miles, pitching our tents by the side of an old burnt depot. This day's walk had been through good spruce land which had been a good deal cut among, but which will yet yield a good deal of timber. We had got some partridges during the day, which made us an acceptable evening meal. The next day we travelled across various branches of Burnt Hill to the depot camp on the south branch, a distance of twelve miles. It was nearly all through spruce land, which will yet produce much money if the fire is kept out of it. It also had been a good deal worked among. After leaving the Bevan block, we had met no land fit for settlement. The last slates which we saw were about two miles S. W., then followed granite. As we came near the depot we found that the white spruce had taken the place of the black, and, as the former grows in a more scattering manner than the latter, the land, for timber purposes, was becoming of less value.

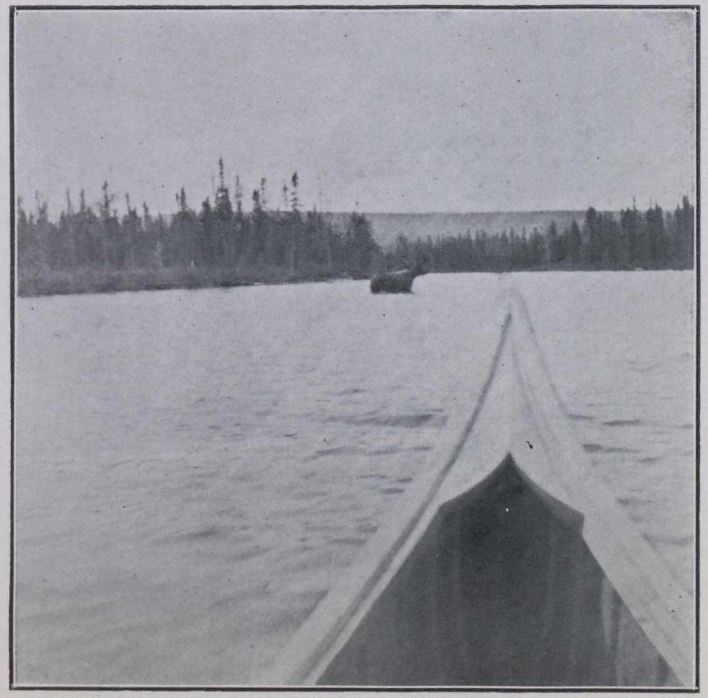
The little camp at the depot which we occupied was the headquarters of Mr. Braithwaite, who, without doubt, is the best hunter in New Brunswick,* and who also possesses the best knowledge of the timber lands on the Miramichi River. It was situated about a mile east of the south branch of Burnt Hill, where was also a large store house where provisions which had been hauled from Kent Station on the N. B. R. R. during the previous winter were stored. There was also a large lumber camp here with the accom-

* This reputation Mr. Braithwaite still possesses. He is now the most popular and successful of New Brunswick guides, and every year takes several sportsmen to the headwaters of the Little Southwest Miramichi. He is not only the most expert of woodsmen and hunters, but a courteous gentleman as well.

panying hovel. About three acres of land had been cleared, in the centre of which stood our residence, which was a camp 12 x 15 ft. in dimensions. Mr. Patchell, who had been occupying it alone during the season, had killed four bears. In it were a small cooking stove, a table, and a rude bed on which we placed some fresh gathered fir boughs. The bed stood about three feet from the stove. Two bunks were placed against the logs on the opposite side. Everything gave evidence of a hunter's residence. In one corner stood a rifle; cartridges and empty shells occupied a shelf, kettles or pans were lying or hanging around; in one corner stood the flour and pork barrels, while just above the door, on a shelf in close proximity to the flour, were papers containing arsenic and bottles of strychnia. Knives and scabbards were visible in several places; a shelf with a tin wash basin stood on the left hand of the door; two little windows about 18 in. high admitted a little light into this chamber, which was parlor, store-room, bedroom and all. There was one little bench. When at meals the side of the bed was occupied as a seat. Over the door was inscribed in mystic word, " Puer Oreando," which one of the men said had been put there by some of the lumber scalers during the previous winter, who also had made this place their headquarters. To the north was a little hill somewhat higher than the eminence on which our camp stood, while to the south there was a higher ridge covered by dark green spruce. The moose birds were flittering about the doors, occasionally gathering up a morsel of meat which had been thrown out by the cook, while a party of cross bills twittered from the top of a high birch near by, which they occasionally left to peck at a piece of pork which lay in a barrel in the old camp. These pretty



Mr. Braithwaite's old hunting camp at the foot of the Crooked Deadwater.



Typical view on the Crooked Deadwater, looking west from above the Jaws. In the water is a large bull moose.

and hardy little creatures, who lay their eggs in the month of February, are very fond of pork, which they greedily devour. Later in the season they are frequently accompanied by a tiny bird well known in Russia as the siskin, with whom they appear to be on very fair terms.

The moose bird, who is a little larger than our robin, is of a dark color, with a white ring around his neck. He becomes so tame that he will take a piece of pork out of your hand. Indeed, we caught one flying away with one of our spoons which had been left out with a little pork fat in it. He is a great mimic, imitating the cries of other birds. So soon as you light a fire and the moose bird sees, or probably smells, the smoke, he at once makes you a visit, hovering around, eyeing you with his sharp bright eyes, turning his head from side to side in the most comical manner until he sees a chance of picking up some scrap of food, with which he flies off, and, after hiding the meat he does not require for food, he flies back to make you another visit. At this season, when trout are spawning, he follows along the shores to pick up the spawn, of which he is very fond. They are great thieves. The cook cannot leave a piece of soap lying out of doors, and I have often seen the moose birds fly away with small pieces thus left out.

Our first business when arriving at camp was to make some bread. The cook had unfortunately forgotten his yeast, but, full of resources, as all true woodsmen are, he remedied the defect by a resort to the forest. There is a broadleafed parasitic which clings to the sides of the maple commonly called lungwort. This is gathered and steeped in warm water for a couple of hours. One-half pint of the decoction and one-half pint of water are mixed to-

gether; into this sufficient flour is placed so that you can beat it up with a spoon. The mixture is now placed where it would be warm and left over night, when it will be ready for baking in the morning. The second use of the leaven makes it perfect.*

On Sunday morning, as we had a good stock of partridges which we had shot along the road, we had a sumptuous breakfast. On Monday we went about 1½ miles north east of the camp to one of the Beaver Brook lakes, accompanied by Mr. Braithwaite, and there secured three fine black ducks. Mr. Braithwaite had one day got eighteen of these fine birds here. The previous day Mr. Braithwaite and two others of the company had been at MeKeel brook lake, where they had fired from an old canoe at a caribou, which they had missed. They got some partridges, one black duck, and a pretty little grebe, which they had cooked and eaten without salt, having been short of provisions. The grebe is a tiny little duck which frequents the seaboard. It is about the size of the teal, and a Fredericton young man who was along told a Grand [Lake] one who was in the company that it was a teal. The Grand Lake gentleman partook of it as such, although he said that he had never seen a teal before whose legs stuck out behind like a loon's. The grebe I have heard called the Devil Diver. I can remember when I was a boy having shot one and having had it cooked in the most approved manner. I tried to eat it, but it was so rank and fishy that even the hunger of youth did not afford sufficient sauce to make the attempt successful.

*This plant appears to be the lichen, *Sticta pulmonaria,* commonly called lungwort, but no property to explain its power of bread-raising seems known to botanists.

On Tuesday we took a pair of horses, on which we loaded our supplies in bags laid on their backs, and followed Turnbull's portage to his camp on the Clearwater, three miles below where the line between the counties of York and Victoria crosses it. At this camp, in which were two cooking stoves, we passed a comfortable night. Just as we were entering the doorway Mr. Braithwaite pointed out to us one of Bruin's freaks. He had taken a paraffine lamp out of the camp and had rolled himself over on the ground between the body of the lamp and the chimney which had fallen off and lay there unharmed. The bear appears to have a great fondness for paraffine oil, as I have seen a spot where it was spilled two years previously at the root of a tree, where the bears had been scratching and tearing around a few days before the date of my visit.

Clearwater, at this place the highest point from which logs had been driven, is four or five rods wide. It is a bright rapid stream running over beds of sand and gravel. It has a steep and rapid descent. Canoes can be easily poled during fair water up to the Turnbull camp, and when it is high, some miles further. It is bounded by high hardwood covered hills, on which there is usually but little spruce, whatever there is growing rather in valleys or ravines between the lofty elevations which constitute the great part of this country, the range extending from Nictau on Tobique to Rocky Brook being by far the most lofty in New Brunswick.* During our journey, after the leaves had fallen, I stood on the summit of one of the high-

* This is correct if one makes the range curve around between Tobique waters and those of the Miramichi and Nepisiguit. But the highest part is that from Dunn (or Logan) Lake to Nictor Lake.

est of these. Its ascent, which was quite steep, measured from base to summit more than half a mile. Looking around me from this lofty elevation, all that I could see was immense round, or rather semi-oval shaped hills, covered with hard woods to their very summits, while to the north Clearwater mountain towered far above his fellows. These mountains were so regular that they looked like the high waves of some tumultuous sea. How vast must have been the struggles of Mother Earth when her heaving bosom solidified into these grand old forms so regular and so true in their outlines. Here are no jagged peaks, no craggy rocks. Each hill is rounded off nearly similarly to his neighbors. The rock was feldspathic, approaching granite, and must at one time, prior to its solidification, have been in a pasty state. Was there a time when the sea-lashed sides and tops of these lofty hills constituted all that is now New Brunswick, or did they rear their heads suddenly into day from the eternal night of their dark Plutonian caves, where fire and water, solids, fluids, and gases in one chaotic whirl strive and struggle for the mastery? What shall I say of the solemn calmness, the eternal grandeur of these silent awe inspiring forests? Here, and perhaps here alone, as mountain after mountain meets the view, man acknowledges his nothingness. Amid the pomp and vanities of courts, the allurement and flatteries of society, the human animal estimates his value at far higher rate than when travelling amid this solitary scene, and where the works of man give place to those of the Creator alone.

The next morning we waded the clear, cold waters of the Clearwater for a distance of three miles, until we came to where Mr. Braithwaite's hunting line

crossed the stream.* Here we took our packs off the horses' backs and sent them back. Here we found a little hunting camp made of poles and birch bark; and here we ate our dinner and made up our packs in order to follow the hunting line which was to lead us to the foot of the Deadwater on the Little S. West. Our supplies consisted of pork, tea, sugar, and flour. We had tin plates and cups, two frying pans, one tin baker, a wash dish and soap, and towels, two tents, and sufficient blankets to cover the whole party. Up the steep hills of the Clearwater we mounted, until, at a distance of four miles, we came to another hunter's camp built of logs. It was situated at the foot of a high hill among a forest of large maple and birch, upon the only decent soil that we had seen since leaving the west side of the S. W. Miramichi. Here we got some pork, beans, and flour, which Mr. Braithwaite had left the past winter. They were in a good state of preservation and perfectly good. The plan which he took to preserve them from the bears and the effects of damp weather was to cut down a small tree; the articles were then placed in a barrel which was wrapped about with birch bark bound with wire. This was then attached by wire to the end of a long pole which was run out over the top of the stump, so as to project a considerable distance beyond it, in the same manner as a bucket is suspended at the end of the old-fashioned wellpole that one occasionally sees

* Obviously this hunting line followed the county line between Victoria and York, which had been run and marked in 1873. It is rather usual for trappers to take advantage of county lines and timber lines in setting their traps, hunting, etc., for not only are such lines well marked by blazes, but they are more or less brushed out, making travel easier than elsewhere.

in our country districts. The short end of the pole was weighted down, leaving the barrel suspended in the air. Bruin did not know how to trip this, while the squirrels can neither climb the wire or gnaw it off as they might if the same had been replaced by rope. We gathered some fresh fir boughs and here made our bed for the night.

The next morning we again took our packs and ascended a hill more than half a mile long, which divides the waters of Clearwater from those of the Little South West. From this elevation two lakes were visible, one to our left, a mile long,* being the head of this branch of the Little S. West, the other, to our right,** the head of Rocky Brook, two miles long. Neither of these are shown on our Province plans. Both, especially Dungarvon,° Lake, abound in trout.

Following the Little S. West through a tangled forest of spruce and fir encumbered by windfalls and underbrush, as evening drew on we pitched our tents ¼ of a mile from the head of a deadwater on the Little S. West, which is three miles long.°° Where we camped there appeared to be no soil,—nothing but rocks covered with moss, which soon burnt off, leaving the bare stones in view. As the deadwater was

---

* Now called Indian Lake, a very charming and elevated lake.

** Moose, or Rocky Brook, Lake; also very pleasing, and the most elevated lake of any size in New Brunswick (1,673 feet above the sea).

° Apparently an alternative name for Moose Lake, perhaps given when it was supposed to empty into Dungarvon River, which is very near.

°° This is the Crooked Deadwater, a great hunting ground. It is mapped (for the first time) in the Bulletin of the Natural History Society of N. B., No. XXIII, 323.

navigable for canoes, and as we could with some difficulty paddle, pole, and carry one down the stream which ran from it to the S. W. Lake, we concluded that we would make one. So next morning Mr. Braithwaite started out to find a pine fit for such a purpose. The one which he knew of proving unfit when cut down, he found another at a distance of about twenty rods, which, on cutting down, turned out to be a good tree. He, Mr. Flinn, and the cook set out to work, although it rained hard, and, with their axes, spokeshave, crooked knife, and an old adze or grub hoe which we had found in Turnbull's camp, the next day had made and carried on their backs to the head of the deadwater, ¼ of a mile distant, one of the prettiest log canoes that I ever had seen. It was christened Molly in honor of a fair Abenaquis whom our Indian boy, Frank Sapier, was said to admire. Some of our party went down the deadwater for a short distance in it and came back with three black ducks and one golden eye. On their return they had seen near the head of the deadwater a couple of beavers feeding, but had failed to get a shot at them. These animals abound here. The next day as I was walking through the hardhacks and heaths which border the shore of the deadwater I saw several of their houses, which looked as if some one had piled up a lot of sticks cross wise over one another, in this case to the height of three or four feet. Indeed the exterior was but a confused mass of these.

"Molly," which was capable of carrying five men in still water, took two men and our supplies, and myself and one of the other men followed the shore of the deadwater. The travelling around it was very treacherous owing to the holes made by the otter,

which, together with his slides, were very numerous.

When about a mile from the foot of the deadwater we met the "Molly" returning, and were ferried across at a singular place called the jaws,* where the deadwater is joined by another large stream which heads about two miles south of Gulquac Lake. This has several lakes on it. Neither it or the lakes are shown on any plan. At the jaws there is a singular horseback, probably of rock,** which runs across the barren for some miles. Its elevation above the surface is but a few feet. The jaws are at the point where it is intersected by the deadwater, thus rendering that stream very narrow. It is at this point that the Loupcerviers cross. As the trees are close down to the water's edge, and as the animals hate to show themselves on the heath, Mr. Braithwaite, taking advantage of this fact, set his Loupcervier traps winter before last, and caught here thirty-five of the animals, and last winter the further number of sixteen. A pile of bones whitening in the autumn sun testified to the success of his operations.

As otter signs were plenty, Mr. Braithwaite placed a trap near the jaws, in which, on our return, was a splendid male hard and fast.

At the foot of the deadwater we found another hunting camp built of logs and birch bark, where we camped for the night. Here we were joined by Mr. Patchell and his son, Archie, who had remained be-

---

*The accompanying photographs of the Jaws, of the Crooked Deadwater, of Mr. Braithwaite's camp and of the Trout Pool were taken by Professor A. H. Pierce, my companion on my trip to these places in August, 1904. The photograph of Big Lake was taken by Mr. M. I. Furbish, my companion on another trip to this lake in 1901.

**It is really of glacial materials, boulders, gravel, etc.

The trout pool at the inlet is Little Southwest (Blg, or Tuadook Lake), one of the best trout pools in New Brunswick.

THE JAWS (seen from the West).

hind. When Archie was coming out at the Eastern Beaver Brook Lake, on the Turnbull portage, a very large male caribou had had the audacity to run up to one of the grey horses that the teamster was driving before him with packs on their backs. When at a distance of seventy feet, Archie fired at him with a partridge load, and Risteen, the teamster, followed up the charge with an axe, when the beast tossed his head, snorted, and ran off. Some years ago on Nashuaak a caribou did the same thing, ran up to a grey horse, evidently desirous of making his acquaintance.

We were in a game country. Even before we had crossed the Clearwater we saw plenty of fresh moose and caribou tracks. These are easily distinguished by the practiced eye, the form of their hoofs being very different. As Mr. Braithwaite had no hunting line from the foot of the deadwater to the Little S. West Lake, a distance of four miles, and as the brush was very thick, we commenced to bush a line to carry on.* In one of Mr. Braithwaite's sable traps I noticed the bones of an owl which had been caught in it.

On the 30th of September snow had fallen which remained until the next day. On the 2d of October kettles of water brought from the brook remained only a few minutes until they were skimmed over by ice. On the 3d of the same month we had snow again, indeed, snow squalls were very frequent. By the 4th of October we had bushed a trail and carried our supplies, tents and blankets to the head of the lower deadwater, which has to the east a gloomy lake** ¾

* This trail is still open, and used by hunters.

** Pocket Lake, dominated by a mountain, Braithwaite's Mountain, to the eastward.

of a mile long, connected to it with a deep wide channel. This lake is shown also on no plan. While two of our men poled and dragged the canoe down the river, over falls, jams, and beaver dams, the country through which we travelled was covered by a thick tangled growth of underbrush and by a great quantity of fallen trees. We kept near the stream nearly all the way to avoid the round hills which surrounded us, and of which we obtained occasional glimpses each time that we came down the river, here from three to four rods wide, and which here presented trout pools whose surface had never been disturbed by other than natural flies. The hills were covered by fir and spruce, largely the white, whose slender and pointed tops rose high above the summits of its less lofty companion.

The second deadwater of which I have spoken is about a mile long. Its gloomy shores are fringed on either side by barrens, and its banks overhung by low densely growing shrubs. Beavers were here numerous, and we noticed where they had eaten the leaves of the water lily and saw the sticks which covered several of their houses. On arriving at the head of the deadwater, at which our canoe was arrived already, we deposited our burdens, while the rest of the company went back on the trail to bring up the balance of our bed clothes. Fortunately our trail had struck one of Homes* old pine timber roads cut fifty years ago, and thus we had saved a good deal of labor. Having gone away a few rods from the head of the deadwater, which is a splendid fishing point for sea trout, just at the junction of the rapid stream

*For whom Holmes Lake was named. All this region was lumbered for pine long before the spruce became of any value.

with the still waters below, on my return to the shore a strange scene met my view. One of the company was hurrying up the shore with Mr. Braithwaite's rifle in his hand, while Frank Sapier, our Indian boy of seventeen, unemotional as all of his race, silently pointed over the stream into the thicket on the other side. The northern shore at this point was low and flat, while the other bank was steep and covered by a thick mass of evergreens. Frank stood on the gravelly shore of the brook. As I neared him he whispered, "Moose, moose." Peering into the dark forest in the direction indicated by Frank's finger, at at distance of 150 feet, I saw as in a vignette, spruce surrounded, the head and antlers of a huge bull moose. It was perfectly motionless. He was apparently contemplating our party with astonishment and evident hate and terror. At this time of year their wonted timidity deserts them, and these then lords of the forest will sometimes approach and even charge upon him who disturbs their ancient domain. By this time my companion advanced, took aim with his rifle, and fired. As soon as the smoke cleared away I again saw that grim head and those demonic horns motionless as before. Surely, I said to myself, we must all have been mistaken. These horns must be the twisted and tangled limbs of some ancient cedar which imagination has formed into horns, and that head so motionless must be the part of some dead tree which the bark has left grey in the winter of its decay. Was our imagination reviewing the freaks of childhood and dressing wonted objects in unwonted guise? Again the rifle was raised, and again those everlasting hills from their undisturbed solitudes reverberated its sound. When the smoke again cleared away the head and horns had vanished, and the crashing of the

branches witnessed to the reality of the appearance which I had seen. Frank and my companion followed the animal's trail for some distance without finding any evidence that it had been wounded, though they discovered a few drops of blood in or near its tracks. The game was gone, and we were left in mute astonishment. I imagine the animal contemplated a charge, and, that, if we had not attacked him, he would have done so to us. The moose is an awkward animal, and in order to have avoided him it would only have been necessary to have stepped behind a tree which one could easily dodge around.

Three of us descended the deadwater with the baggage in the canoe, while the others made their way through the woods. At about a mile's distance we came to a series of rapids, where the brook is full of granite boulders, among which it rushes down a deep descent for about ¼ of a mile, where it joins the Little South West Lake,** which is about 3 or 4 miles long. Our canoe and baggage was carried from the foot of this deadwater to the shore of the lake, where we found the last of Mr. Braithwaite's hunting camps, the roof and sides of which had fallen in. This we set about repairing as best we could with birch bark, which Mr. Braithwaite succeeded in pulling from a tree down the lake. After dinner Mr. Braithwaite, in company with another person, took the canoe and baggage down to the foot of the lake, while a party of men walked around the shore of the lake to join him in order to find the boundary tree,* from which

* Also called Big, or Tuadook, Lake.

**Apparently on a north and south line run a year or two earlier by Freeze, as shown on the accompanying map. No doubt the reason for this expedition, to run only a single line, was that lumbering for spruce was about to be commenced, and it was necessary to mark off the timber limits for revenue purposes.

A view eastward along Little Southwest (Big or Tuadook) Lake from its western end. In the middle background is Braithwaite's Mountain.

we were to start our line, which was distant from our camp about seven miles, as there were no other lines in the vicinity. The head of the Little South West Lake was about ¾ of a mile from the camp. This end of it was very shoal and full of grass and weeds, among which we could see flocks of black ducks feeding. Close to our camp, at the entrance of the inlet into the lake, was a famous trout pool, where we could stand on granite boulders and cast a fly without any danger of entangling our lines in overhanging trees. Out of this we took a number of trout, some of a pound in weight; one weighed 2¾ lbs., but, as they were not in season and did not taste very well, we did not trouble this spot much.*

The shores of the lake here are usually low and fringed with sapling pine, whose light green tops waved beneath the wind, murmuring softly to the cold wind which was blowing among their boughs. The ice was making in the lake every night and snow squalls were frequent for some days. The land just at the head of the lake was low, but at the distance of a mile or so the Cow Mountains, a range of hills thus named by the lumbermen, which extended north

* In the other copy, Mr. Jack adds at this point: "I had been once before at this spot. The month was July. I cut a common pole, and with a line of salmon twine, to which was attached a mackerel hook covered with red flannel for bait, in a few minutes two of us caught more than we wanted. I have known a trout weighing 6½ lbs. to be caught here." He refers to his visit here in 1873, when he ran a line from surveys further south, to and across, the lake, as shown on the map. The late R. H. Lyle, who was here a year later running other lines to the northward, wrote me that he had caught two trout weighing together 13 pounds in this pool. As to Mr. Jack's surveys of 1873 and 1883, his original plans of both are in the Crown Land office at Fredericton.

apparently until they joined the range of mountains on the head of Nepisiguit. A large flat country extended east from their base, while their sides seemed to be well clothed with spruce. A small brook running out of another little lake* empties into the head of the Little S. West, and here we found a motley collections of catarmarans and canoes. The logs of the catamarans were of cedar, pointed at the forward part so as to enable the navigator to propel them more easily through the water. These were held together by cross pieces which were firmly fastened each to the other by cross pieces having holes cut in them, through which wedges were driven. Of the canoes, one was a log canoe of immense size, which had been cut in two, leaving a square end on which pieces of board were nailed. These were calked so as to exclude the water. Here also was one made from spruce bark.** The gunwale was made from two round poles. Outside, or rather beneath these, were narrow strips of wood pressed against the upper edge of the bark. These pieces compressing the edge of the bark were tied to the gunwale by means of the inner bark of the cedar, which is very tough, so much so that the Indians nearly always use it instead of straps in carrying their loads, which they do largely by means of the forehead, across which the cedar bark

* Irland Pond, named for the well-known sportsman-writer who has been several times in this region with Henry Braithwaite. The reader may find this lake and surroundings mapped in the Bulletin of the Natural History Society of N. B., No. XX, 1901, 461.

** Hind, the geologist, crossed the portage from Long Lake to this place in 1864, and his Indians made a spruce bark canoe in which they went to the outlet of the lake. (Report on Geology of N. B., 1865, page 152).

is placed. A round pole was tied to the gunwales across the centre of this strange craft, and the bow and stern, which showed the only seams were sewed up. A piece of wood on either side compressed the bark together. The tops of the gunwales at stem and stern were strongly tied together by bands of cedar bark, some hoops answering the purpose of ribs, while some twenty pieces of cedar served for floor boards. In the centre the gunwales were tied together by pieces of cedar bark well sewed. At one of the ends the fastening was made by means of a piece of codline and a leather thong. The model was good. These spruce bark canoes are built and shape given them by driving stakes in the ground, just as the Indians do when building their birch bark canoes. This canoe had been built by some solitary hunter, as it was capable of carrying but one person. Coming to the old blazes or spots which marked the Indian portage, we followed them for a mile, when we came to a spot where a party had camped some years before. We noticed, not far from this, in pencil on a tree, the words, "John Cameron, T. Paul, June 16th, 1869." Beneath were some words in Indian. The camping ground had probably been that of Capt. Maunsel's party, including two ladies, who some years since ascended the Tobique to its source, and thence by this portage descended the Little S. West to Newcastle. The ladies must have possessed great courage, since the descent of the Little S. West, a very rough and rapid river, would be sufficient to make any men feel uneasy, to say nothing about ladies.*

* The reader may find a description of this rough river in the Bulletin of the Natural History Society of N. B., No. XX, 1901, 54.

As I have mentioned our Abenequis boy, Frank, and he was a character, I may here say a few words of him. Frank was always good-natured, laughing at the big loads which he had to carry from day to day. We had brought some coffee with us, and one morning the cook made us a good kettle of it. When Frank put his to his mouth and tasted the liquid, he said in a most surprised manner, "Wha, what sort of tea is that?" meanwhile expressing the utmost surprise. He had never tasted coffee before. He possessed an insatiable desire of acquiring knowledge. When we camped the first night I heard him asking some of the men how some word was spelled. When they told him, he repeated the letters after them. On questioning him, I found that he could spell a number of words. He said that he had learned this much from the men on the Burnt Hill drive last spring. Having with me a copy of the New Testament, I made Frank a present of it, and it was a strange and pleasing sight to watch his swarthy face and bright intelligent eye as he sat by our flickering camp fire spelling over the words of our blessed Lord's prayer. He said that he had spent two days at the Indian school opposite Fredericton, which was started only a short time since by the Government of the Dominion. It is very strange that these poor people have been so long neglected. With all due thanks to the present Government of the Dominion for this just act, one cannot but regret that it had not been done sooner, as no doubt there are many of the Abenequis, who, like Frank, have thirsted after knowledge if they had known where to obtain it. There is another Indian school also started by the present government of the Dominion. It is at the mouth of the Tobique. Miss Hartt, of Grand Falls, is the teacher. She has already

done wonders in the way of teaching the young Indians whom she finds especially ready at figures.

Sunday, 7th of October. Summer has returned. As I sit alone in our little wigwam, the flies buzz around my head while the warm wind sighs among the trees breathing its softest tones as it waves the topmost boughs of the lofty pine. The bright sun is shining through the pointed spiry top of a tall white spruce to the west of the camp, making its leaves appear as of silver spray, while the blue waters of the lake glimmer through the dark foliage of the evergreen trees. I listen, but there is no voice, no sound, save the murmur of the wind or the voice of the water as it splashes lazily against the shore or descends the rapids among the boulders in the brook. The leaves of the few white birches which stand about the camp are of a sickly yellowing green, while others more exposed are brown. The leaves of a cluster of mountain ash trees are of a brownish red, harmonizing well with the ensanguined hue of its bitter berries, whose brilliant color has attracted more than one partridge to its fate at our hands.

On the morning of the 8th how changed was the scene. The centre of the lake opposite our camp was all ice. The night had been very cold and calm. The only living object visible was a solitary little grebe, who seemed to revel in the unwonted coldness of its waters. The black ducks had left for a warmer climate. Thenceforth we could only expect the presence of sea ducks and wild geese, some of whom had already begun to make their appearance.

On the 9th the party sent to bring up the line returned with a great load of caribou meat. They had found the boundary tree of which they had been in search. Just at the moment that Mr. Braithwaite

had discovered this, with a spring beside it, of which also the party had been in search, as water was scarce among the rocks, a splendid cow caribou walked up to the party, looking enquiringly at them. Mr. Braithwaite took the cover off of his gun, put in a couple of charges of buck shot, and killed her at the first fire. This meat came in good play, as they were short of food, and would have had a poor time without it. Mr. Braithwaite, on leaving us in the canoe, said to one of the men, "Take a good supply of cream of tartar and but little soda." So well had they complied with his request, that, on my asking Frank, on his return, how they had fared for bread, he said, "Just right, we had bread that would make good moccasin skins." So, soon as he had found the corner or boundary tree, Mr. Braithwaite started a line west towards the S. West lakes,* leaving one man behind to cure the caribou meat, which is done as follows: The meat is carefully cut in strips from the bones, a small smoke is made upon the ground, around this four stakes are driven,, and upon them is placed a framework of fir, which gives no taste to the meat, which is placed upon it, where it is subjected to the action of smoke for a sufficient time to cure it, being turned from time to time so as to enable the smoke to act completely upon it. Should the weather become moist, the meat can be protected by a covering of birch bark. When cured this way, meat will keep good for months without the addition of salt.

Beavers were plentiful about the lake, and Mr.

*It is shown on the accompanying map. Recently I asked Mr. Braithwaite in a letter whether he remembered this trip, and he told me he did, and gave me further facts about it.

Braithwaite on his way down had set a trap, which he found sprung on his return, with a beaver's paw in it.

The line started by Mr. Braithwaite crossed the head of the main S. West, here a stream as large as the Nashuaak at Stanley. It is shown on no plan. Near the crossing place Mr. Braithwaite noticed what he thought were salmon. On going down he found that the fish were sea trout on their spawning beds. How far this river extends to the north, I cannot say, but it must be for ten or fifteen miles from the glimpses that I got from a high hill, which showed me an extensive valley extending up to the mountains on the head of the Nepisiguit, apparently a lumber country. I could distinguish pine tops among the spruce. This is but one specimen of our ignorance of our own country. We rely on our timber lands to pay our debts, and here is a country of which we absolutely know nothing.*

The line which ran true west for more than ten miles, until it connected with the county line between Northumberland and Victoria for at least one-third of the distance, is through first class black spruce land, the best, Mr. Braithwaite said, that he knew of on the Miramichi.** He climeed [trees] several times, and said that from what he could see, he believed that this first class black spruce country extended for a very considerable distance to the north. He also said that to the north and east he saw the fog rising from what appeared to be a large lake.° We had

* The country of which he speaks has recently been studied and mapped; a full account is in the Bulletin of the Natural History Society of N. B., No. XXIII, 1905.

** It has since been extensively lumbered.

°No doubt Gover Lake, where now he has a hunting camp

certainly found a large body of black spruce and pine, and ascertained the fact that a very considerable portion of the main Little S. West, and numerous lakes, had found no place on the plan of the province.

As there was very little soil in this country, and as it had been subjected to high winds, it was very difficult to run lines in, owing to the great quantity of blown down firs, by which it was in places covered. Our work completed here, we took our canoe to the head of the lower deadwater and hauled it out, and shouldered our packs for Burnt Hill. At the upper deadwater Mr. Braithwaite found a splendid otter in one of his traps, and a beaver's paw in another, which he had set for a beaver, and not for otter. Just as we were returning to our old camping ground where we made the canoe, Mr. Flinn and Frank were ahead of me, when a hugh bear rushed past Mr. Flinn, who called out to Frank, who had the rifle in his hand. It was, however, unloaded, and Bruin escaped.

The rest of the party made their way to Clearwater, while Mr. Braithwaite and Frank went into the forest for three days by themselves to connect the Jewett survey with one of the mile trees on the county line, so as to establish the accuracy of our survey, which differed a mile from those brought up by others from the mouth of the Little S. West.* On this trip Mr. Braithwaite saw on the head of Rocky Brook two moose and the numerous tracks of others.

We could have loaded teams with the products of the chase. And just here an idea strikes me. The time and place remind me that this is that centennial year which we have looked forward to as the time in

* He probably refers here to the Berton survey of this river made in 1838.

which to do honor to the memories of the departed heroes who first laid the corner stone of our Country. Memorial halls and monuments have been suggested, but would it not be in better keeping with the subject if we should endeavor to perpetuate their remembrance by setting apart a portion of the county which they came to occupy, retaining it as they found it, as a park, in which the moose, caribou, and beaver, who were the sole residents of the country when the Loyalists first landed,* might be preserved for future generations.

In the heart of New Brunswick there is a forest covered country, whose soil is stones, if I may be allowed to use such an expression. But I can convey in no better manner its utter worthlessness for agricultural purposes. It comprises the territory of the head waters of the S. West Miramichi, Nepisiguit, and Tobique. It may be described as follows: Beginning at the northwest angle of Northumberland, thence running southerly 57 miles along the line of this county; thence easterly parallel with the line between Restigouche and Northumberland 33 miles; thence northerly parallel to the first mentioned line of Northumberland 57 miles to the line between Restigouche and Northumberland; then westward along the same to the place of beginning, comprising 1881 sq. miles. By this no injury would be done to settlements, since it includes no settling land, and the forest rangers who would look after the game, would also serve as fire protectors of the forest, and moose, caribou, and beaver would soon become abundant. When sufficiently plenty, hunting permits might be

* A statement much more striking than accurate.

given, which would be a resource for the maintenance of the park.*

The protection of the woods from destruction by fire is especially desirable. We have been, and are yet, doing our best to destroy our timber lands by means of our Free Grants and Labor Acts, $6,000 being voted last session to be expended in this form, as if our farming lands were of so little value that we had to pay people to become settlers upon them, thus bringing our country into contempt abroad. It is only a few weeks since I was shown by Dr. Kingdon a work issued last year by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, giving directions to emigrants. In describing New Brunswick, it says under the heading "Free Grants," in large letters, "Anyone can get 100 acres of land in New Brunswick by settling on it and paying $20, or by performing that amount of work on the roads and bridges." The damage to our timber by these silly and wicked Acts can be counted by hundreds of thousands of dollars. One instance I have now in my view. The Kouchibouguac, which would have yielded a constant revenue to the Province of $4,000 a year, has been so burnt up and destroyed by the location of settlers under these Acts on timber lands unfitted for settlement, that it will soon be nearly valueless for any purpose.

It is about time that the Province of New Brunswisk should awake to the necessity of preserving its timber.

---

* This proposal has been revived, independently, within recent years, under the auspices of the Natural History Society of New Brunswick, and in 1901 the House of Assembly passed a bill authorizing the Governor-in-Council to set aside such a park of not over 900 square miles in extent. But no steps have been taken to carry it into effect.

To return from this digression to the proposed memorial park—two of the side lines of this being county lines,are already surveyed, leaving two others to be completed. The best man to survey these lines and to take charge of this park would be my friend, Mr. Henry Braithwaite, the best hunter in New Brunswick, one who is well acquainted with this county,and who also knows all of the hunting ways, as well as the habits of all the animals which frequent our forests. He says that this can be done at a cost of $2,000 per year, and that large sums of money can be obtained from hunting licenses, enough to pay all expenses. I propose to meet this $2,000 by abolishing bear bounties, which are utterly useless, injurious to the trade of the country, and an encouragement to idleness, and appropriating the money so saved to the protection of game in Centennial Park from extinction and the forest trees standing there from fire.

Prehistoric Times in New Brunswick.

IN the beginning of the last century Wordsworth said:

"The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers;
Little we see in nature that is ours."

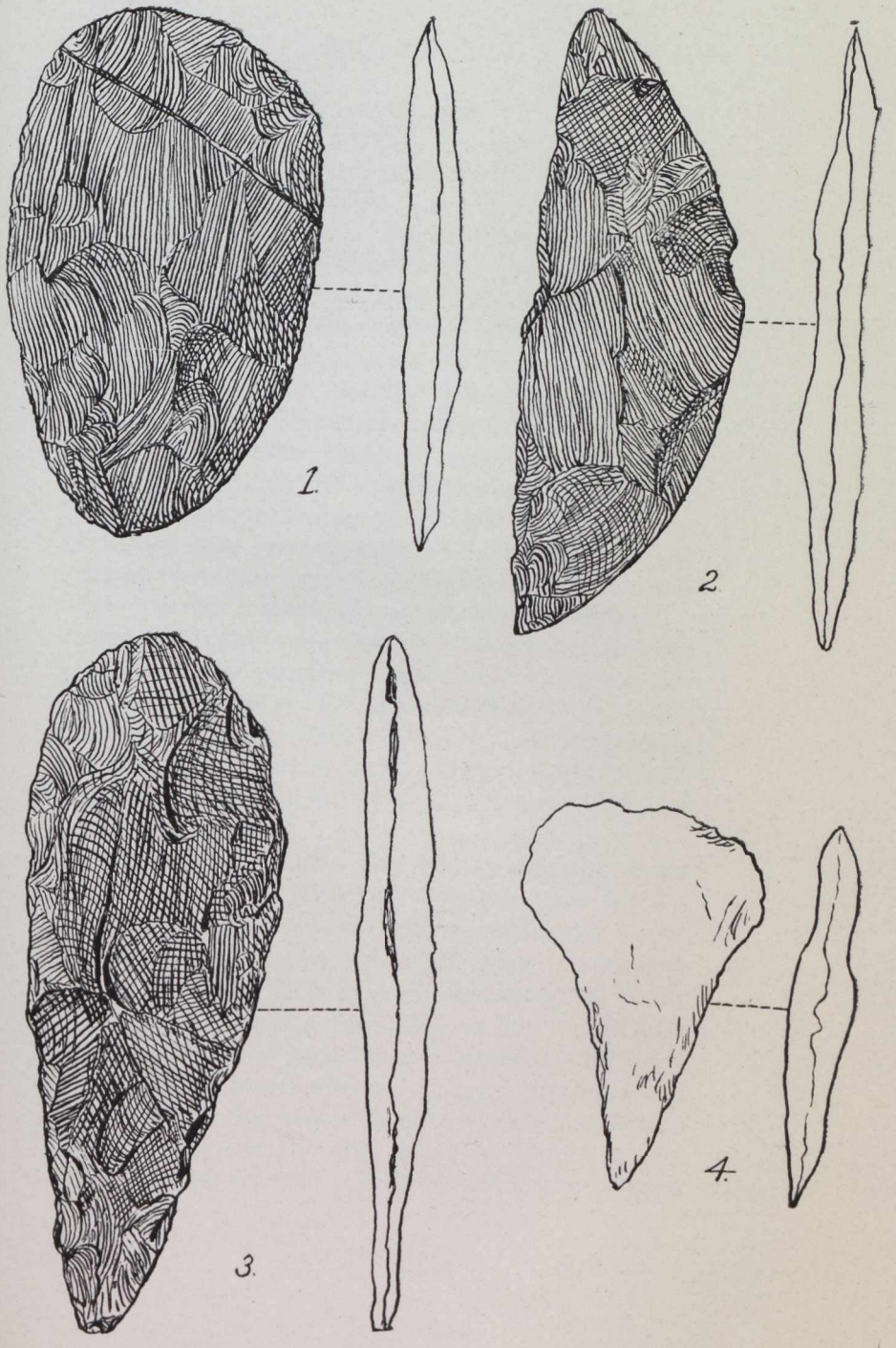
These words apply even with more force to our own time, when the present seems to crowd out contemplation of the past and leaves little time for thought of the future. There will always be found a number, however, for whom a view of the early history of man will have attractions, and for such in our midst I write these few notes.

Investigators are agreed that early man was a savage with no local habitation and no religion; he was a hunter and a fisher. Among the various agencies which lifted man from his lowly state to his present position, the use of tools occupies a prominent place.

In another journal* I have described some of the implements made by the early inhabitants of this province, and in the present article I wish to draw attention to a few of the specimens that have been added recently to the collection of the Natural History Society of New Brunswick. The archæological collections of this society are steadily growing, and now afford very valuable material for students and investigators.

The drawings from which the illustrations have been made were executed by Mr. Charles F. B. Rowe, to whom I wish to express my thanks.

*Bulletin N. H. S. of N. B.


1.
2.
3.
4.

Stone Knives.

Savage man needed a knife, and in this region he made it of stone. Two excellent specimens have been presented to the museum by Mr. Duncan London, of Lakeville Corner, Sunbury Co. No doubt many specimens of so-called arrowheads and spearheads were fitted with wooden handles and used as knives, but these implements would appear to have been specially made for cutting purposes. Figure 1 represents a very interesting specimen of an aboriginal knife. Mr. London found the larger part of it in the spring of 1889 on the southwest shore of Maquapit Lake. In the following year, while carefully examining the same ground, he found the smaller part, and united them with cement. The fracture is shown in the drawing. Many of the articles found on this shore are broken, and I think in most cases this has been done by pasturing cattle, who frequent this locality and cut up the soil with their hoofs. The material is a very dark red felsite, it is very nicely chipped, and is oval in shape. It has a slight "wind." The illustration (actual size) shows two views of this specimen.

The specimen shown in Figure 2 was also found on the southwest shore of Maquapit Lake by Mr. London in 1902, and is the only one of its kind in our collections. The material is petrosilex, a substance well suited for the purpose of the aboriginal workman. Petrosilex is a hard silicious rock of volcanic origin, but not so glass-like as obsidian. This knife does not show much evidence of use. It is three and a half inches long, and probably a wooden handle was fitted on the straight side, which is chipped to an edge for that purpose. Thus hafted, this implement

was probably used by the women to remove the fat from the skins of animals. It reminds me very much of the Ulu or woman's knife in use among the Eskimo women for this purpose, and is of about the same size as some figured by Dr. Thos. Wilson in Report Smithsonian Institute, 1897, U. S. National Museum, page 950, pl. 44.

Spearhead.

The spear is a weapon of high antiquity, and students hold that it long antedates the arrow. In prehistoric times spearheads of stone were attached to shafts of wood, probably measuring from six to ten feet in length. With these weapons the early inhabitants of this region could strike down large game or contend with their savage neighbors.

Figure 3 shows one of these spearheads found on the shores of Maquapit Lake. It has been chipped from a piece of dark greenish grey petrosilex, and is quite smooth with wear.

Borer.

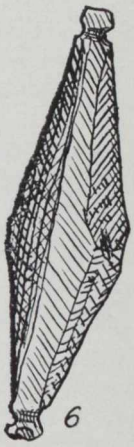
Among the tools that pre-historic man brought into use at about the same time that he learned the use of the arrow, we find implements classed as borers or perforators.

So far as I know, very few of these have been found in New Brunswick, and the only specimen in the collection of the Natural History Society of New Brunswick was found on the shore of Maquapit Lake.

It is made of white quartz, a very durable and attractive material. Two views of this tool are shown in Fig. 4.

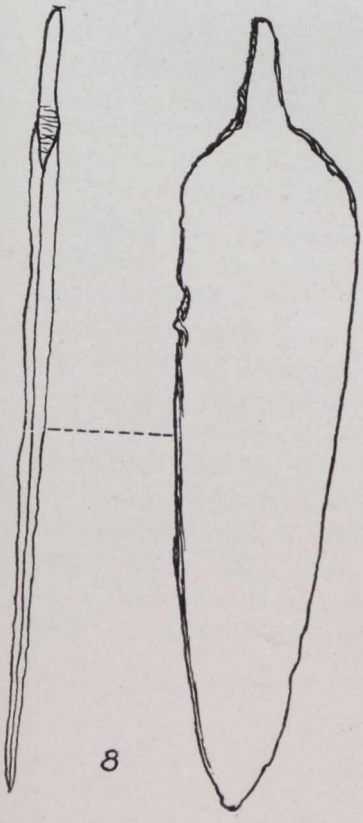
It is not always possible to distinguish clearly be-

5



6

7



8

9

tween a borer and an arrowhead, as no doubt the same implement could be used for either purpose.

Arrow-shaft Scraper.

The invention of the bow and arrow has been assigned to Neolithic times, and Dr. Thomas Wilson considers that it marks an epoch in man's history equal to the discovery of gunpowder in the historic period.

The bows and arrows of the old inhabitants decayed long ago, but the stone arrow-heads may still be found in many parts of the province.

In the making of arrow shafts, stone scrapers were used, and one of these implements made of chalcedony was found in 1901 at Maquapit Lake. An illustration is shown in Fig. 5 (actual size). So far as I know, this is the only specimen of this kind yet recorded in this province.

Sinkers.

Figs. 6 and 7 represent objects unlike anything heretofore in the collections. The larger specimen (6) was found in 1903 on French Island, in French Lake. It is made from hard red shale, and, as will be seen by the drawing, has a notch at both ends. The smaller specimen is made of a greenish grey argillite. It is spindle shaped and somewhat flattened on both sides.

At each extremity it is finely notched, and on one side, at both ends, a grove extends for about one-quarter of an inch. This object was probably used for a sinker, but if such was the case, the line upon which it was fastened must have been very fine.

Iron Lanceheads.

The savages inhabiting this region when it was discovered by Europeans lived almost wholly by the chase. When European traders came this way the natives were quick to see the superiority of iron to stone, and it would seem that traders made articles required from stone patterns received here.

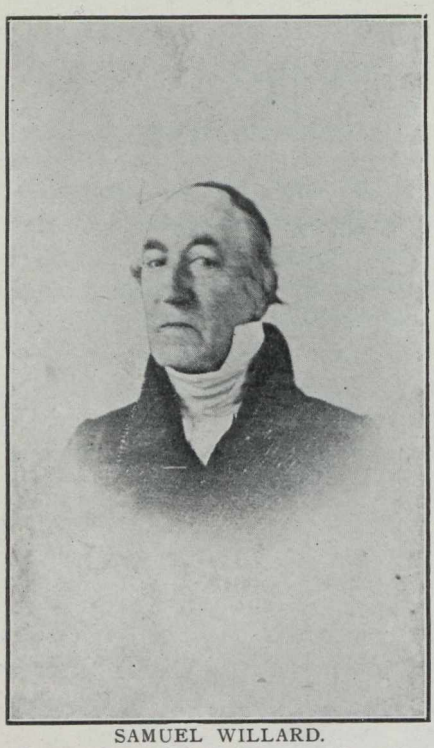
Fig. 8 shows an iron lancehead (actual size). The tang is short, and in this respect, as well as in the length of the blade, it is very like a type of stone lancehead described by Dr. G. F. Matthew from the village site of Bocabec.

Iron Harpoons.

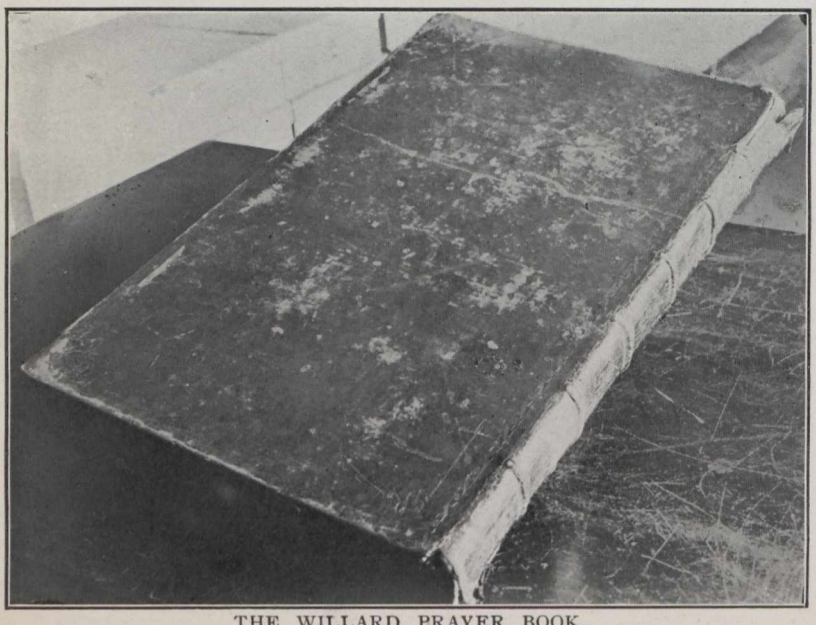
Before the arrival of Europeans the natives used bone harpoons in fishing, a good specimen of which has been found here. The iron harpoon shown in Fig. 9 is three barbed on one side, and has an oval hole in head for attachment to a thong. Directly over the eyehole the head of the harpoon slopes to a thin edge, evidently to facilitate insertion in a wooden shaft.

Similar harpoons have been found in other parts of America as well as in Europe, and it is possible that harpoons of this kind have been made in France from bone specimens brought from those shores by some voyageurs.

S. W. Kain.



SAMUEL WILLARD.
Loyalist pensioner, died at Lancaster, Massachusetts,
January 1, 1856, aged 96 years.



THE WILLARD PRAYER BOOK.

The Loyalist Willards.

AT the outbreak of the Revolutionary War the Willards were the most prominent and well-to-do residents of the town of Lancaster, Massachusetts. They were descendants of Major Simon Willard, the veteran leader of troopers in King Philip's war, and father of seventeen children—fourteen of whom arrived at maturity and had issue.*

Nahum, Abijah, Levi and Abel were sons of Col. Samuel Willard, who commanded the Worcester County regiment at the capture of Louisburg in 1745. These four brothers were Loyalists, and all suffered severely for their adherence to the royal cause. Dr. Nahum Willard lost practice and prosperity by his "Toryism," removed to Uxbridge, Mass., and there died, April 26, 1792. Lieutenant-Colonel Levi Willard served as ensign in his father's regiment at Louisburg in 1745, at the age of eighteen years. He was of the extensive mercantile firm of Willard & Ward. He died at Lancaster, July 11, 1775. Abel Willard was a lawyer. He took refuge in Boston, and, at the evacuation, sailed for Nova Scotia. Thence he went to England, in 1776, and died in London, November 19, 1781.

Abijah Willard — gentleman, soldier, landed proprietor, man of affairs—was born at Lancaster, July 27, 1724. The house where he was born, built

* "Willard Memoir," by Joseph Willard, 1858.

in 1687, is still standing—now in the town of Harvard.* He married (1) December 2, 1747, Elizabeth, daughter of Hon. Benjamin Prescott, of Groton; (2) in 1752, Anna, daughter of John Prentice, of Lancaster; (3) in 1772, Mary, widow of John McKown, of Boston. Abijah Willard was made captain or captain-lieutenant in his father's regiment, before Louisburg, in 1745, at the age of twenty-one. In 1755 he commanded a company, composed principally of Lancastrians, in the expedition against the French in Nova Scotia. His orderly book and journal of this campaign are preserved in family archives. A transcript, "*verbatim literatim et punctuatim,*" made in 1885 by the Hon. Henry S. Nourse, historian of Lancaster, Mass., who died in 1903, is in the town library of Lancaster. The Journal begins April 9, when his company marched forth from Lancaster, and ends abruptly on January 6, 1756. His command sailed from Boston, May 22, on the sloop "Victory," with the fleet organized for this expedition, arrived off Annapolis May 26, and, later, took part in the Capture of Fort Beausejour. August 6, under sealed orders from Col. Monckton, he started for Baie Verte. There were some thrilling experiences with Fundy's world-beating tides. August 9, the whole command had a narrow escape from being engulfed by the roaring and inrushing waters on the precipitous shores of the Basin of Minas. The journal says, regarding this incident:

The men being frightened, travelled as fast as possible. We was obliged to travel two miles before we could escape

* An account of this ancient house, with illustration, is given in Nourse's "History of the Town of Harvard, Mass.," p. 82. Abijah Willard's family removed to the house known as "The Willard Mansion," in Lancaster, Mass., when Abijah was an infant of some two years.

Willard Mansion, Lancaster, Mass., the home for fifty years of Abijah Willard, Loyalist, and where his son Samuel Willard, Loyalist, died in 1856.

From a photograph taken in 1879. Copy furnished by J. C. L. Clark, Esq. Some changes in the appearance of the house have since been made.

the tide and before we got to the upland, where we could get up the banks, was obliged to wade in the rear up to their middles, and just escaped being washed away. * * * * At this place by the be't observation the tides rise 80 foot.

Under date of August 13, the journal relates:

* * * * met Capt. Lewis with his party, and then I opened my orders, which was surprising to me, for my orders was to burn all the houses that I found on the road to the Bay of Verts against the Island of Saint John's [Prince Edward Island.]

He proceeded to burn houses and vessels, barns and crops, and generally to devastate the country, marching the French men, whom he could collect, to Fort Cumberland (as Beausejour had been re-named in honor of the Duke of Cumberland). He relates his experiences at Shepody, Petitcodiac, etc., etc., and regarding his operations at one of the principal settlements, after showing that the Frenchmen "chose to leave their families," he says:

* * * * this afternoon I ordered the whole to be drawed up in a body, and bid the French men march off and sott fire to their buildings, and left the women and children to take care of themselves with great lamentation, which I must confess it seemed to be something shocking.

Abijah Willard received the rank of colonel after this expedition, and, in 1759 and 1760, commanded a regiment in the campaigns of Amherst against the French in old Canada. His orderly book, above referred to, contains the regimental orders for June and July, 1759.

After the capture of Quebec and Montreal, and the ending of French rule in Canada, war alarms ceased for a time, and Col. Willard was enabled, while performing various duties of good citizenship, to attend to the improvement of his estates, etc. But trouble was brewing, and the contest between the Whigs and Tories becoming acute. In 1774 Col. Willard was

one of the thirty-six councillors for the Province of Massachusetts, appointed by royal writ of *mandamus*. These appointments greatly raised the wrath of the Whigs, or Patriots. Col. Willard, while paying a visit to an estate which he owned in Connecticut, was seized by the mob, taken some six miles towards the nearest jail, and only released upon signing a document, August 25, 1774, agreeing not to serve as a Mandamus Councillor.

On the morning of the 19th of April, 1775, Col. Willard, who was the wealthiest citizen of Lancaster, took a horse from his stables, and filling his saddle-bags with seeds, started to ride to Beverley, with the intention of spending a few days in superintending planting and sowing on a large farm which he owned there. He did not sow his seeds at Beverley, but on that eventful day seeds of another sort were sown, which bore, and are still bearing, a great and wonderful harvest. On his way he came upon the minute-men thronging to Concord and Lexington—and the fight was on. Col. Willard kept on riding. He rode as far as Boston and joined Governor Gage and the British. He never saw the pleasant vales of Lancaster or his paternal estates again. He was among those who were proscribed and banished and their estates confiscated.

Col. Willard was appointed by Gen. Gage captain of the first company of "Loyal American Associates" of Boston.

On the morning of June 17, 1775, Gen. Gage and some of his officers stood on an eminence in Boston watching the operations of the Colonial troops, who were fortifying Breed's Hill. Col. Willard recognized, through a field glass, the tall form of his brother-in-law, Col. Prescott, directing operations.

"WILLARD MANSION," LANCASTER, MASS., 1904.

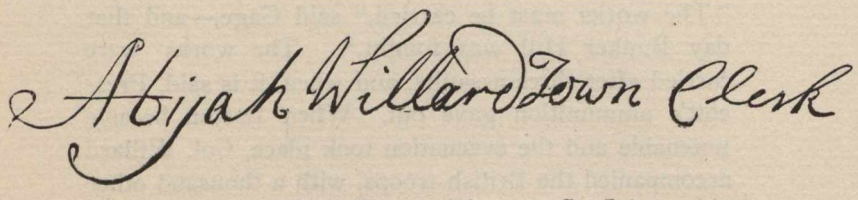
Gen. Gage questioned him regarding Prescott, and asked, "Will he fight?" Col. Willard had campaigned in Nova Scotia with Prescott twenty years previously and knew something of his quality. He replied, "Aye, sir; he is an old soldier, and will fight as long as a drop of blood remains in his veins." "The works must be carried," said Gage,—and that day Bunker Hill was fought.* The works were carried after three assaults, and when, it is said, Prescott's ammunition gave out. When Boston became untenable and the evacuation took place, Col. Willard accompanied the British troops, with a thousand other loyal refugees, who went to Nova Scotia. As one of the British officers put it, using a phrase of that period, "Neither 'Hell, Hull nor Halifax' can afford worse shelter than Boston."**

Col. Willard later served as commissary at Long Island. Sabine's "Loyalists" states that he could have had a commission as colonel in the royal service if he had desired, but he would not bear arms against his countrymen. In 1779 he went to England from New York, and remained there some two years, returning to New York in 1781.° At the close of the war, in 1783, he, with fifty-four others, formed "the fifty-five" petitioners for grants of land in Nova Scotia. He probably went to England the same year, and appears to have been in London in February, 1784.°° His name frequently appears in the pamphlets published in London in 1784, signed "Viator" and "Consistent Loyalist," — the former criticising his conduct and the latter upholding him. He was

* Frothingham, "History of the Siege of Boston," p. 126.
** Frothingham, p. 312.
° Joseph Willard, note in Willard orderly book.
°° Winslow Papers, p. 165.

among the grantees of Carleton of 1783, and upon his return to New York from England in 1784, he proceeded to his new home in New Brunswick.*

He was sworn in as one of His Majesty's councillors for the new province of New Brunswick, and St. John, November 22, 1784. He "chose a residence



on the coast of New Brunswick, near St. John, which he named Lancaster, in remembrance of his beloved birthplace."** His years at the new Lancaster were but few. He died in May, 1789, in the 65th year of his age. Mr. Nourse writes: "As thousands of French Neutrals, from Georgia to Massachusetts Bay, sighed away their lives with grieving for their lost Acadia, so we know Abijah Willard, so long as he lived, looked westward with yearning heart toward that elm-shaded home so familiar to all Lancastrians."

In personal appearance, Col. Willard is described as "large and portly," of "stately presence and dignified manner."

Some time — probably fifteen of twenty years — after his death, his son, Samuel, who was also a Loyalist settler in New Brunswick, returned to Massachusetts, and the family took up its abode at the old homestead in Lancaster, which

* Aug. 9, 1784, Col. Willard, with a thousand refugees, I hear, is embarking for Nova Scotia.—Diary of Justice Peter Oliver, in England.

** Nourse, "The Military Annals of Lancaster, Mass." p. 197. Hence the parish of Lancaster.

formed a portion of the one-third interest in his estate which the confiscation acts allowed the wife of an absentee Loyalist "to the end of her life, or her residence in any of the United States of America." Abijah Willard's property was all seized under the Massachusetts Act, passed April 30, 1779, "to confiscate the estates of certain notorious conspirators." Among the numerous original documents cencerning his estate, at the Worcester County probate records, is a full inventory of the confiscated property—many parcels of real estate, personal property, household effects, plate, books, pamphlets, farm stock, etc., and even "one-fifth part of a pew in Lancaster meeting-house," valued at fifteen dollars.

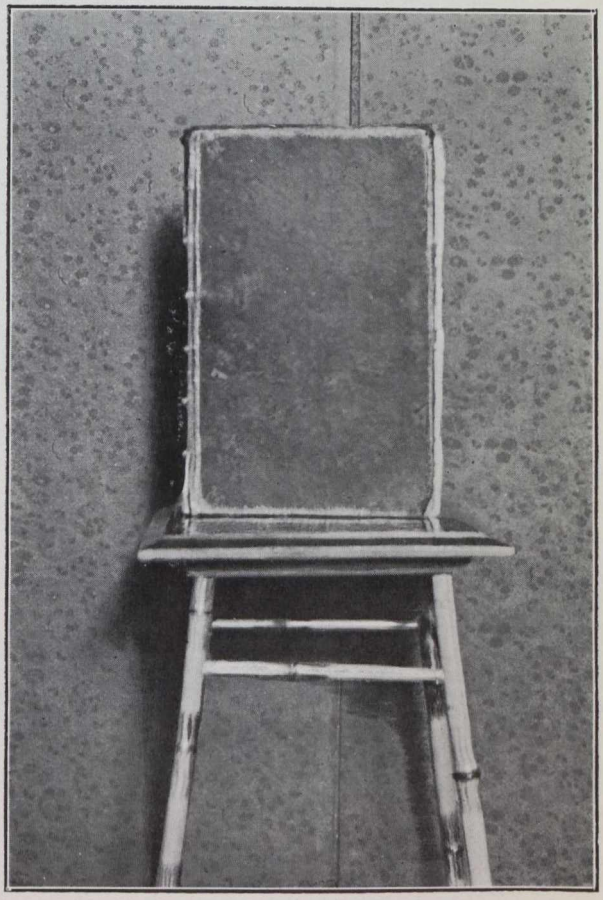
Col. Willard's widow died December 16, 1807, at Lancaster Mass., where her gravestone is standing in "the middle cemetery." His son, Samuel, died at Lancaster, Mass., January 1, 1856, ae. 96, and his daughter, Anna, widow of Hon. Benjamin Goodhue, of Salem, August 2, 1858, ae. 95. Says Mr. Nourse: "Memories of their wholly pleasant and beneficent lives, abounding in social amenities and Christian graces, still linger about the old mansion." These two children received, to the end of their days, small pensions (£20 per annum) from the British government, as "American Loyalists." Some of the vouchers are still extant at Lancaster. Col. Willard had one other child who survived him—Elizabeth, wife of Joseph Wales—who died at Lancaster, Mass., in 1822.

Thus it will be seen that the days of Abijah Willard, Loyalist founder and member of the first council of New Brunswick, were few in the new province, and that none of his posterity there remained. The parish of Lancaster is his memorial.

While this paper was being prepared, the Lancaster, Mass., town library came into possession, through a great-granddaughter of Col. Willard, of a once magnificent prayer-book, which is believed to have formerly belonged to Col. Willard. Its battered covers (16¼ by 10¼ inches) bear upon them, in faded gilt, the crowned monogram of King George fifteen times. The book was given by Col. Willard's son, Samuel, to the latter's daughter, Mrs. Jeremiah Lyon, who died at Lancaster, Mass., in 1884, ae. 85 years, the record of her death stating that she was born in New Brunswick. It bears imprint, Oxford, 1783, "*cum privilegio.*" One fly-leaf has been cut out. What is the story of this interesting old prayer-book? Was it a royal gift to the member of the newly-formed government of New Brunswick? Perhaps someone can throw light upon the subject.

The old home of "the Loyalist Willards," the beautiful town of Lancaster-on-the-Nashua, as at present constituted, comprises an area of twenty-eight square miles, and has a population of 2,478 souls. There modern culture and liberality eminently hold sway, and ancient and unfortunate feuds between Patriot and Loyalist no longer disturb. Its namesake by the Bay of Fundy, adjoining the city and seaport of St. John, is now the parish of Lancaster —protegee of Abijah Willard. It is a fine agricultural, residential and manufacturing territory, and includes a rapidly-growing seaside resort. Its area (the census district of Lancaster) is forty-six square miles, and population 5,278.

When, in 1900, Massachusetts law obliged towns to have an official seal, the town of Lancaster adopted the ancient Lancashire arms as the design for its seal. There had previously been in use for many years on



THE WILLARD PRAYER BOOK.

the book-plate of its town library an adaptation of the arms of the English town of Lancaster, with the legend *Ad Alaunam; Ad Nashuam,* referring to the Lancasters "on the Lune" and "on the Nashua." For the use of the third generation of this line of Lancasters—the Lancaster "on the Bay"—the legend might be further extended.

GILBERT O. BENT.

Lancaster, the county town [of Lancashire] is the chester [town] on the Lune, formerly the *Alauna,* whence the name *Ad Alaunam,* as the Roman station at Lancaster was called. —Taylor's *Names and their Histories.*

NOTE.—Acknowledgment is due John C. L. Clark, Esq., the town clerk and historical authority of Lancaster, Mass., for valuable aid, including photographs, kindly furnished in the preparation of above article.

Renvoyé.

By Mary Mellish, M. L. A. 67.

(Read at a public meeting of the Mount Allison Alumni and Alumnæ Societies, Sackville, N. B., May 26, 1873. Reprinted from "Allisonia.")

"If only good that can bestow
The pow'r approved at last to stand,
How poor is all the pageant grand
By names of *good* that mortals know.

For when the mighty hand of time
Bore to the goal of mortal state
The laurelled army of the great
In noble deed and thought sublime;

Their latest hour we vainly deemed,
Would prove their virtue more than name,
And crown the glory of their fame
With good as lasting as it seemed.

But vanished all the might that bound
A myriad list'ners to their breath;
No warders at the gates of death
For them an easier entrance found.

And yet we seek the envied boon
We wrestle for it in the strife
We crave the sun to cheer our life
That chance, will set before its noon."

MARY MELLISH ARCHIBALD

'Twas thus I spoke, as half alone,
And half to her who with me rov'd
Thro' many a glade and gloom we lov'd,
And made each others thoughts our own.

(My childhood friend—what mem'ries thrill,
My Widow'd heart where thou hast been!
E'en tho' the green earth grows between
I feel thy presence with me still).

Then in reply to what I said,
She breathed her deep-life thought to me,
And shamed my low philosophy,
As thus she taught *her* faith instead:

"When I was a child, with a nature as wild,
As the winds in their frolicsome glee,
My pulses were stirred with the joy of a bird,
As I roved by the shores of the sea;
And I thought no song out of heaven so sweet,
As the song that the waves brought to me.

So daily I trod on the summer-green sod,
On the banks where the tide rose and fell;
And wrote on the sand in a mystical hand,
Which the art of a sage might not tell.
Aye, there in the sand wrote my four-letter name,
On the shore where I loved best to dwell.

Each wavelet was bright, with its jewel of light,
One fair morn as I stood by the sea,
And over it came in a halo of flame
A bright gem that was wafted to me:
O never a gem, thought my rapturous heart,
Half as fair as this treasure, could be.

So jealous my care, of my jewel so rare,
That I hid it in fondness from view;
Far dearer to me was my gift from the sea,
Than the rest of the world ever knew;
And I hid it away in the depths of my heart,
And around it my heart's tendrils grew.

It filled all my days with sweet magical lays,
Like the stars sang one morning of yore;
It wrought in my dreams with the mystical beams,
Fairest visions of joys yet in store;
And the years in their flight wrought no change in my heart
But the change that I loved it the more.

But *nevera* rose did its beauties disclose,
But to fade e'er the summer was o'er;
And never a star rose in glory afar
But at morn was a beacon no more;
And long lost to me is my gift from the sea,
That I found when a child by the shore.

Yet daily I stray, in my own childish way,
To my haunt by the broad ocean's side,
And over its breast where the sky seems to rest,
Long I watch for a sail on the tide;
I watch for the sail of a boatman pale,
Who will bear me away as his bride.

And patient I wait, for he'll not tarry late,
Soon his sail will appear in the west;
And this well I know, for my heart tells me so,
When I pray for a season of rest.
My child-world was bright, but 'tis all changed to-night,
And I think that to go will be best.

But when I shall stand, with the glorified band,
By the river that flows by the throne,
I know there will glide, o'er its clear crystal tide,
A bright gem, in its glory, alone.
And come to my hand, far more radiant and grand,
My dear treasure—forever my own,—

A part of my joy to become evermore,
As I tread on the banks of the heavenly shore.
Yes, the future I know, will bring back to me
The gem that I found when a child by the sea."

We parted then; full well she taught,
Good may be lost, but not for aye;
Its worth, unknown in meaner thought,
Disclosed in never ending day.

Then rose before my faith's clear sight,
A garden clad in Eden's flowers,
All bathed in hues of nameless light,
Entwined in amaranthine bowers.

Some bore a semblance to my own,
That perished in the blighting frost,
And tho' in beauty far outgrown,
I knew they were what I had lost.

And Knowledge spreads its path of light,
Which winding o'er a plain began,
Then circling up in mountain height,
Far lost in giddy distance ran.

And toilers thronged the path along,
Some old, some launching on life's tide;
A few had pass'd the common throng,
And climb'd far up the mountain side.

And there were they of old renown,
  Who oft had roved the stars among,
And back from day's majestic crown,
  The settled clouds of ages flung.

But ever thus—must loss reveal
  The treasured boon that is in store?
Can mortal never trust in weal
  To find what he has lost before?

And what is good, and what is ill?
  Who knows the import of the twain?
Not always *good* what suits the will;
  Not always *ill* the source of pain.

A light breaks o'er life's leaden skies;
  Some glad events, presaging joy
Bring hopeful tears from hopeless eyes;
  And blissful thoughts sad hearts employ.

And they forget their painful lot;
  Aye more—the gain once understood
Of suff'ring here, is all forgot,
  And good is lost in *seeming* good.

No joy of time, no wish den'ed;
  Life but a cloudless summer day;
The spirit cries, "not satisfied,"
  Wrapt in the body's pamper'd clay.

But sudden comes a direful change,
  His lot reversed; perchance he will
Be richer far in heav'n's estate,
  And good evolve from seeming ill.

Then, must I seek the murky night,
And shun the sunlit golden day?
Cast off my jewels clear and bright,
And wear the ashes of the clay?

Count saddest scenes and deepest woe
Meet heritage to mortals given,
To wean the soul from scenes below,
To seek its solace but in heaven?

"Ah no!" Kind wisdom's voice replies,
It is not thine to seek the pain,
That final good may thence arise;
Loss is no precedent of gain.

"Nought can they estimate, who see
No sunshine thro' their prison bars,
Who knows of good and ill to be,
Must often peer beyond the stars.

"Not all require refining fire;
Perchance the dross in some is less,
Or, his estate in glory higher,
Who wears the crown 'mid deep distress.

"And the short day in human lot,
Of gall and wormwood pow'r the most,
Linked to the time that faileth not,
Is in the endless ages lost."

O knowledge rare! on all bestow'd
Who haply learn to trust and wait,
And patient tread the rugged road,
That leads beyond the golden gate.

O weary feet, too sore to climb!
O tired eyes that watch in vain!
Bruised hearts that beat the walls of time,
But short the record of your pain.

O silent songs, and broken lyres!
O faded bays, and trampled crown!
Bright lives that lit your own death fires,
Ye may not tell of lost renown;

If ye proclaimed a worthy fame;
Leucadian skies no more may weep,
But warm the clay, with gladder flame
Where Sappho's treasured relics sleep.

Else, science charms no more our eyes,
The oracles of wisdom dumb,
If all we prize, beneath the skies,
Be lost in ages yet to come.

The boon bestowed, or higher set,
To tempt our eager steps to climb,
Tells of a grace unfathom'd yet,
The herald of a nobler time.

An Affair of Honor.

THE writer is indebted to Mr. J. Douglas Hazen for a copy of the following statement which was prepared and signed by Mr. Anderson, containing a somewhat detailed account of the earliest duel which took place in the province of New Brunswick, of which we have any record.

The principals in the affair were Messrs John Murray Bliss and Samuel Denny Street, the seconds being Capt. Stair Agnew for Mr. Bliss and Mr. Anderson for Mr. Street.

Mr. John Murray Bliss was born in 1771; came to what was then the Province of Nova Scotia as a Loyalist in 1783, was Solicitor General of New Brunswick in 1809, and was appointed to the bench of the province in 1816, succeeding Mr. Edward Winslow. He died in 1834.

Like Mr. Street, Mr. Bliss was prominent in provincial life, and his remains lie buried in the old Loyalist graveyard in the centre of the city of Fredericton. He was a generous and perhaps an impulsive man, one who was much admired by his contemporaries. He was the owner of Belmont, one of a number of beautiful estates which fronted on the St. John river near Fredericton. Among other donations for public purposes was the gift of a block of land in the Parish of Lincoln, in Sunbury County, fronting on the main highway between Fredericton and Oromocto, which he presented for the purpose of a graveyard.

Mr. Samuel Denny Street was a man of small size, about five feet seven inches in height, and a contemporary has described him as "a regular game-cock," one who would brook no slight from any man. It is said that he had been a midshipman in the British navy, and the writer is informed that he bore the marks of combat in many places about his person. He had been an officer upon the British side during the War of the American Revolution, and in 1781 was in active service at Fort Howe, at the mouth of the River St. John. At the organization of the New Brunswick courts in 1785 he was admitted to the bar, and settled in Sunbury County.

Mr. Street was the father of John Ambrose Street, Denny Lee Street, George Frederick Street, and of William Henry Street, senior partner in the old firm of Street & Ranney of St. John.

George Frederick Street was a principal in a later duel between himself and George Ludlow Wetmore, in which the latter was killed.*

Samuel Denny Street died on the 11th of December, 1830, in his seventy-ninth year.

Captain Stair Agnew, formerly of the Queen's Rangers, was a leading man in the early history of New Brunswick.

Benjamin Marston gives an interesting account of Captain Agnew and his family connection in his letter to Edward Winslow, from London, England, dated the seventeenth of March, 1790. He says:

I felicitate you on such an acquisition to the country as the Agnew family. I believe I have some small merit in derecting their course to N. B. Their original plan, after they had determined for America, was to go to Canada, but the many conversations which I used to have with them on the subject they thought it might be as well, when the Doct'r came out

* See "Footprints," by J. W. Lawrence, pp. 57-8.

to explore the country, to take a look at N. B. in his way. I was well assured in my own mind when they so determined what would be the event. I find I was not mistaken. Capt. Agnew, the son, will be the bearer of this. He brings over all the family, his mother and wife. He comes with a vast predilection for New Brunswick, which I hope no circumstance nor accident will lessen. He has a laudable undertaking in view. To lay the foundation for a large patrimonial landed estate and to raise up a family to inherit it. He is a Gentleman who has had a good early education in Britain, has rather superior abilities and has missed no opportunities of acquiring information as he has come on in life. With such talents and so improved, joined to an active disposition, he will be a very valuable member of society, which I am confident he will ever be ambitious to serve. He was a Captain in the Queen's Rangers, was wounded at Brandy-wine by which he was I think (for some time at least) rendered unfit for field service. His Lady is an English woman of a family which has good connections here. She is a well-bred accomplished woman and of a very amiable disposition—she will be a real acquisition to your Lady folks. The old Lady (as is Capt. Agnew also) is a native of Virginia and practises all the good old customs of that once hospitable country. I am sure her goodness of disposition wont fail to engage the esteem of all who shall be so happy as to form an acquaintance with her. I know her tea table has offered me many a comfortable dish of tea.*

The writer regrets that he is at present unable to identify Mr. Anderson, who acted as second for Mr. Street. There were two of the name who were particularly prominent in York County about the date of the duel. The first was John Anderson, a pre-loyalist settler and magistrate, from whom Rev. John Agnew, D. D., and his son Captain Stair Agnew, on January 30th, 1790, purchased a tract of land containing about 1,000 acres, at the mouth of the Nashwaak river, the price paid being £540. The second was **Peter Anderson, who was in 1782 a "Loyalist Associator" at New York

*Winslow Papers, p. 376.

**Sabines' Loyalists of the American Revolution, Vol. I., p. 164.

to settle at Shelburne, Nova Scotia, in the following year. He went to St. John, New Brunswick and was a grantee of that city. He died at Fredericton in 1828 at the age of ninety-five.

The following is Mr. Anderson's account of the duel:

(Copy.)

AN AFFAIR OF HONOR.

Thursday, 16th January, 1800, at half past five o'clock in the afternoon, Mr. Street sent a message by Mr. Anderson to Mr. John Murray Bliss to meet the next morning at the Artillery Barracks gate at seven o'clock, to proceed to the grounds for adjusting a difference. Capt. Stair Agnew waited on Mr. Street with Mr. Bliss' answer, that he would rather meet him in an hour as he had business which would call him elsewhere in the morning. Mr. Street replied in half an hour if he pleased, it was then fixed that we should retire to dinner and should afterwards proceed from Vanderbecks. About eight o'clock in the evening Capt. Agnew called on Mr. Anderson and proposed that Mr. Street should alter his message which was in such strong and direct terms that it left Mr. Bliss no alternative. Mr. Anderson replied that he should not consent to the alteration nor make the proposal to Mr. Street as he was confident Mr. Street would not alter it, but told Capt. Agnew he might call on Mr. Street in person and propose it. He did so and Mr. Street positively refused.

We accordingly proceeded to the Court House, the place of meeting, the pistols were loaded by Capt. Agnew, who then proposed that the parties should submit themselves wholly to their seconds throughout the business, and that if the first shot took no effect that the business should then terminate. To this Mr. Street refused assent, saying the seconds had no right to measure out satisfaction to him, nor to prescribe anything but the mode of proceeding.

The seconds then adjusted the distance, nine paces. The principals then took their stations. After an objection made by Mr. Street, to the apparent greatness of the distance, being over-ruled received the word and fired nearly together—but without effect. Mr. Street urged a reloading of the pistols. Mr. Bliss said he was ready to go on. Capt. Agnew and my-

self interfered and insisted the business should go no further. Mr. Street insisted in strong terms he would have an apology or the blood of his adversary—some altercations ensued, in which the principals were desired to leave the room, and when wanted should be called in. We agreed Mr. Street should not nor had a right to renew hostilities. Upon my giving Mr. Street an assurance on honor I would agree to nothing short of an apology he waived his demand for another shot. I was induced from the first to believe from Capt. Agnew that Mr. Bliss would apologize but a mistaken point of etiquette prevented him. I proposed to Mr. Bliss with the consent of Capt. Agnew that if he did not mean anything personal to Mr. Street he should say so. Mr. Bliss very handsomely acceded, upon which I informed Mr. Street Mr. Bliss would apologize to him, which he immediately did by saying that he did not mean to offend him or to convey the least personal insult, nor to charge Mr. Street personally with the utterance of any falsehood to the jury on the cause they had tried that day, and every matter being adjusted the gentlemen parted apparently good friends.

(Sgd.) ANDERSON.

DAVID RUSSELL JACK.

Epitaphs.

Old Burying Ground, St. Andrews.

Transcribed by D. R. Jack.

Continued from Vol. 4, p. 49.

Sacred | to the Memory of | Mary Ann | Infant Daughter of | A. L. Street, Esq. |of this town | Obt. 7th Sept. 1831 | Aged 9 months.

In memory of | Saml. D. Street | who died | Mar 29, 1837 | AEt. 22.

In memory of | Arthur Owen Street | who departed this life | 14th September, 1854 | aged 19 years. | Alfred Walter Street | who died 22nd Octr. 1833 | aged 1 year, 8 months, | And Saml Denny Street, | who died 20 Octr. 1845 | aged 2 years, 9 months.

Robert Aubrey | son of | George D. & S. Street, | Died | Oct. 6, 1848, | AE. 3 yrs. & 5 mos. | Suffer little children to come | unto me, and forbid them not, | for of such is the Kingdom of God.

In memory of | Walter D. | Second son of George | and Susan Street, | Who died at sea | 22nd June, 1858, | Aged 17 years. | What I do thou knowest not now, | but thou shall know hereafter.

Sacred | To | The memory of | Margaret | wife of | Peter Stubs | Esquire. | Born at Liverpool, G. B. | May 7th, 1782, | Died January 5th, 1831.

In memory of | an infant | son of John | & Mary Strang, | 1820.

Henry Jesper | son of Benjn M. and | Eleanor Stymest | Died May 9, 1816, | aged 1 month and 1 day. | Happy the child who privileged by fate | To shorter labour and to lighter weight | Receiv'd but yesterday the gift of breath | Order'd to-morrow to return to death.

Percy Charles Thompson | Sep. xxix | mdcccliv | AEt. iv ms.

Gertrude Jane Thompson | July v | mdccclvii | AEt. xxv yrs.

Sacred | to the memory of | Dugold Thomson | who died | Oct. 17, 1812, | AEt. 63, | Also | Experience | his wife | who died | Jan. 15, 1846, | AEt. 80.

In Memory of | Dougald Thomson | Who departed this | life Oct. 17th, 1812. | Aged 63 years.

Sacred | to the memory of | Alex. Thomson | who departed this life | April 20th, 1830, | Aged 44 years.

Sacred | to the Memory of | Mr. Thomas Tompkins, | who departed this life | on Sunday, the 30th | day of March, 1817, | Aged 78 years.

Sacred | to the Memory of | Mrs. Elizabeth | Margaret Tompkins, wife of Mr. Thomas Tomkins, | who departed this life | on Wednesday, the 2nd day of April, 1817, | Aged 81 years.

In | Memory of Fanny | Dan of John D.|& Catherine|Wilson| died | 21st Oct. 1850, | Aged 8 years 1 mo & 9 days. | Suffer little children to | come unto me, and forbid | them not, for of such is | the Kingdom of Heaven.

In Memory of | Elizabeth Wren, wife | of William Wren, who | Departed this life Sept. 30th, | 1829, Aged 25 years.

In memory of | John Wren, | who died Oct. 18, 1827,| aged 30 years, | Also | Fenwick Wren | his son | who died Aug. 3, 1837, | aged 1 year 4 mos. | Decay ye tenements of dust | Pillars of earthly pride decay | A nobler mansion waits the just | And Jesus has prepared the way.

In memory of | Mary Ann, | who died | Dec. 20, 1853,| aged 18 yrs. | Eliza | died Jan. 19, 1853, | aged 2 yrs. | daughters of Wm. & | Julia Ann Wren.

Mary | wife of | Thomas Wren, | Died | Nov. 11, 1843, | AEt. 30, | Elizabeth F. | their daughter, | died Aug. 15, 1840, | AEt. 6 weeks. | Think not cold grave that we resign | This treasure to be always thine; | We only ask for it to stay,| 'Till Heaven unfolds eternal day.

In memory of | Sarah | wife of | Joseph Walton | who died | Sept. 18th, 1857, | Aged 86 years.

Edward | son of Robert and | Hannah Walton, | Born May 18, 1846, | Died June 18, 1847, | aged 13 months.

The next stone broken and lying on ground, the written part entirely destroyed. Gathered up enough pieces to find that it was in memory of Joseph Wilson.—D. R. J.

Sacred | to the memory of | Robert B. Watts | who died | Oct. 9, 1842, | Aged 19 years. | Cease, ye mourners, cease to languish, | O'er the grave of those you love; | Pain and death and night and anguish | Enter not the world above.

Erected | In memory of | Phebe Ann A. | wife of | John Waycott, | who died | Jan. 4th, 1857, | aged 27 years. | May her soul rest in peace.

In memory of | George Albert | Son of John | & Susan Waycott, | who died | 30 Nov. 1859, | Aged 17 years, | & 4 months.

In memory of | John | Son of Capt. John & | Phebe A. A. Waycott, | who was lost by the fall of the | mast of the Schr. Julia Clinch, | Sept. 25, 1867, | Aged 17 years. | Also George A. | Died Oct. 25, 1863, | aged 3 years. | And Maria A. | Died Aug. 1, 1863, | aged 21 days, | Children of Capt. John & | Agnes A. Waycott.| Weep not for us parents dear, | We are not dead, but sleeping here, | As we are now, so must you be, | Prepare for death and follow we.

(On reverse of stone):

Ye blistering winds and lofty waves | Has tossed me to and fro, | But now by God's decree | I'm in harbor here below. | At anchor now I safely ride, | For here I rest and sleep, | Once more again I must set sail | Our Saviour Christ to meet.

Sacred | to the memory of | Jane Whitlock, | relict of the late | Wm. Whitlock, Esq. | who died | Feby 3, 1838, | Aged 68 years. | I know that my Redeemer liveth | and that he shall stand at the lat- | ter day upon the earth, and though | after my skin worms destroy this | body, yet in my flesh shall I see God, | whom I shall see for myself and mi- | ne eyes shall behold and not another's.

In memory of | William F. | Died 2nd Sept. 1858, | Aged 9½ months, | Eliza | died 21st Oct. 1863, | Aged 8 years, | Julia | died 30 Oct. 1863, | Aged 5 months, | Annie | Died 6 Nov. 1863, | Aged 2 years | & 4 mos. | Children of Henry & | Agnes Whittaker.

In memory of | Thomas Wyer, Esq. | who died | Feb. 24, 1824, | AEt. 79 years 8 mos. | Jesus thy blood and righteousness, | My beauty are, my glorious dress; | Midst flaming worlds in these array'd | With joy shall I lift up my head! | When from the dust of death I rise, | To claim my mansion in the skies; | Ev'n then shall this be all my plea, | "Jesus hath lived, hath died for me."

In memory of | Mrs. Mary Wyer, | wife of Mr. Thomas Wyer, | who died Oct. 26, 1801, | AEt. 37. | Teach us submission, to they awful doom, | To view they mercies thro affections gloom, | Yet still remembering that the parting sigh | Appoints the Just, to slumber not to die, | The starting tear will check and kill the rod, | And not to earth resign thee, but to God.

In | Memory of | Jeremiah Pote Wyer, | who | departed this Life | at Martha Brae, Jamaica, | 25 December, 1794, | Aged | 18 years & 7 months. | Mourn not for friends, that we could meet no more, | And let your unavailing sorrows cease, | With me the bitterness of Death is o'er, | And all that is to come is joy and Peace.

In memory of | Mr. David Wyer, | who died | Jan. 23, 1828, | AEt. 32 years. | "Jesus saith I am the resurrection | and the life, he that believeth in me, | though he were dead, yet shall he | live, and whosoever liveth | and believeth in me shall never die."

In memory of | Thomas, | infant son of Thomas | and Sarah Wyer, | who departed this life | Oct. 3, 1815.

In | Memory of | Honorable Thomas Wyer, | who died | Dec. 23rd, 1848, | Aged 68 years. | Jesus said, I am the resurrection | and the life; he that believeth in | me, though he were dead, yet | shall he live.

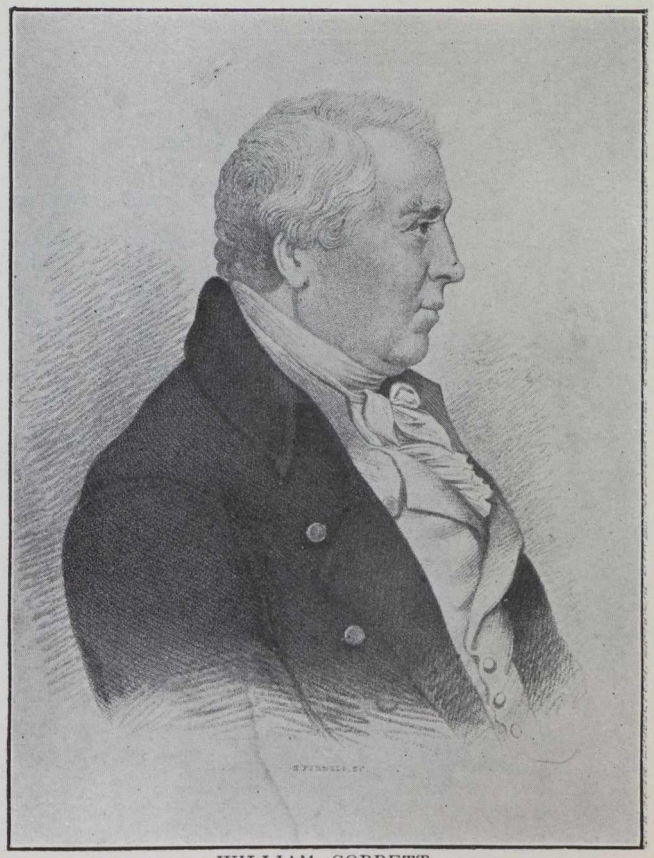
Sarah, | Relict of | Hon. T. Wyer, | Died | September 29, | 1865, | Aged 85 years. | "Come unto me all ye that | labor and are heavy laden | and I will give you rest."

In memory of | Mira, | infant daughter of | Thomas & Sarah Wyer, | who departed this life | Sept. 5, 1818.

William Cobbett.

MONG eminent men who have lived in this province, I do not think there is another who has obtained and exercised so great an influence on the life and thought of his time, and on the history of England, as William Cobbett. Though his public service was rendered, and his public offences, if we choose to call them such, were committed after he left the province, it was here that he trained himself for his great life work. It will be seen that the remarkable versatility of knowledge and of sympathy, the extraordinary energy, industry and capacity, the fury with which he pursued his enemies, the power of concentration and expansion, the almost superhuman self-esteem, the rugged horse sense and adaptiveness, which he displayed in the wider circles, whereof London and Philadelphia were the centres, were developed and exhibited here in the barracks of St. John and Fredericton.

It is not my present purpose to discuss Cobbett's place in history, or to describe any part of his extraordinary career—as royalist in democratic America, and democrat in royalist England; as the political comrade and sworn foe of Pitt; as the friend of the royal family dined and wined at Halifax by the Duke of Kent, and afterwards charging the Duke of York with the sale of promotions in the army for the maintenance of his mistress; the man who took up the fight of Queen Caroline against George the Fourth,



WILLIAM COBBETT.

COBBETT'S FARM.

K. Meadows, Delr.

and who wrote for that picturesque female the pathetic letter to her husband which moved the nation to tears by its touching confession of a mother's fond affection and a wife's tender devotion.

This much may be said now, that Cobbett, whom the common people heard gladly, was in his way the greatest of pamphleteers inasmuch as he could get a glad hearing, whether he denounced Paine or Pitt, paper money or potatoes; whether he condemned the use of tea or commended small beer; whether he discussed the political issues of the day or the Protestant Reformation; advocated the introduction of Indian corn or manhood suffrage; whether he maligned the Methodist church, the bishops or vaccination; whether he scoffed at the plays of Shakespeare, exposed the bad English of Addison, or used the speeches from the throne as sentences to be corrected in grammar. Writing from his mean lodgings in some back street, from a fine house in London, from his £40,000 farm at Botley, from his seat in parliament, from Newgate prison, or from country taverns on his rural rides, he wrote for the crowd, and the crowd heard him. Sometimes his income as an author was $50,000 a year, sometimes it was only libel suits, bankruptcy, prison and exile. But he never lost his audience.

This Cobbett, reformer, radical, or royalist, was always and everywhere a preacher. It is not too much to say that the rise of the modern democracy in England, which has made that country's government more responsive to independent and original public opinion than any other on the continent, is due more to William Cobbett than to any other man.

This paper, however, does not deal with Cobbett as a public man, either in England or the United States,

but the events connected with his life as a soldier in this Province.

One would expect that whatever dispute might arise about Cobbett's various and picturesque moods and political re-adjustments, there could be in the case of a man so remarkable for precision and so fond of discussing his own career, no question of the year of his birth. More especially should this be expected since Cobbett himself makes so much of the claim that he was a good soldier at seventeen, a corporal at eighteen, and that he was "at an age under twenty years raised from corporal to sergeant major at once over the heads of thirty sergeants."

Now Cobbett joined the army in 1784. He was a non-commissioned officer in 1795, and sergeant major in 1796. This appears from the recommendation for his discharge given by Lord Edward Fitzgerald, as follows:

"By the Right Hon. Major Lord Fitzgerald, commanding His Majesty's 54th Regiment of Foot, whereof Lieut.-Gen. Frederick is colonel. These are to certify, that the bearer hereof, William Cobbett, sergeant major in the aforesaid regiment, has served honestly and faithfully for eight years, nearly seven of which he has been a non-commissioned officer, and of that time he has been five years sergeant major to the regiment, but having very earnestly applied for his discharge, he, in consideration of his good behaviour and the service he has rendered to the regiment, is hereby discharged.

Given under my hand and the seal of the regiment, at Portsmouth, this 19th day of December, 1791.

EDWARD FITZGERALD."*

General Frederick endorsed this action, added his thanks to those of Lord Edward, though as an ornamental colonel he probably knew little about Cobbett's services. In fact Lord Edward himself must have

*Political Register, June, 1809.

known little more, except from hearsay, as he was not with the regiment more than six months, and probably a greater part of that time he was roaming about the New Brunswick woods, as was his romantic habit.

If Cobbett were right in the statement of his age, he would have been born in 1766, and in several places in his writing he gives that year as the date of his birth. He excuses one of his love affairs and many of his political utterances on the ground of his youth, representing himself always to be four years younger than he really was. To add to the confusion, Henry Morley, in his introduction to one of Cobbett's books, says that he was born in 1762, but makes him only twenty-eight years old in 1794, and the *Encyclopedia Brittanica* gives 1766 instead of 1762 as the date of his birth. The whole matter is settled by the register at Farnham, by which it appears that he was christened with a younger brother in April, 1763, and the inscription on his coffin, which gives the correct date of his birth, March, 9, 1762.

This weakens the pleasing tradition of Cobbett's precocity. He was not sixteen or eighteen, but twenty-two when he joined the army, not seventeen, but twenty-three, when he came to New Brunswick, not eighteen, but twenty-three, when he became corporal, and his promotion to sergeant major occurred when he was twenty-five, instead of nineteen or twenty. When he saw his girl at the spring on the hill where Rockland Road is now, he was twenty-five or more, and when he met the other girl at the Nashwaak he was twenty-seven. He was married at thirty.

We do not need to deal here with much of Cobbett's early life. Not much is known of it, except what he discloses incidentally in his various books.

It seems that his father gave him the rudiments of good common school education. He was taught to read at an early age, and he was well grounded in arithmetic. His father did not teach him grammar at home, as he did other things, for the father does not appear to have understood the technical terms of grammarians. But he evidently had the substance of the science, for he seems to have been a master of good English.

As a boy, Cobbett made great use of his eyes and ears, and his frequent allusions to the scenery and natural objects which attracted his attention in childhood shows that he began his studies of nature and human nature at an early age. He also showed a disposition in extreme youth to retaliate upon those who injured or insulted him.

"When I was a boy," he says, "a huntsman, George Bradley, gave me a cut with his whip because I jumped in among the dogs, pulled a hare from them and got their scent on Seal Common near Waverley Abbey." At the time Cobbett could do nothing but call names, and he gave Bradley plenty of these. He goes on to say that,—

"The native resources of my mind made me inflict justice upon him. I waited until Bradley and his pack were trailing for a hare in the neighborhood of the same Seal Common. I placed myself with a red herring at the end of a string, near a path where I was sure the hare would go. By and by I heard the view hallo and full cry. I squatted down on the fern, and my heart bounded with the prospect of inflicting justice, when I saw my lady come skipping by toward Pepper Hollow. I clapped down my herring, went off at a right angle, clambered up a steep bank where the horsemen could not follow, went over the roughest part of the Common, through Moore Park, there I gave some twirls about to amuse Mr. Bradley for half an hour. Then off I went and down a hanger at last, to the bottom of which no horseman could get without riding around a quarter of a mile."

At the bottom was an alder moor ending in a swamp and a river. Cobbett says that he tossed the herring into the stream and then re-climbed the steep hill which he calls a hanger, where he watched the proceedings of the hunters. The sport continued until late at night, overrunning the track a hundred times, spending an hour in the stubble field, plunging and miring in the moor, crossing the river at a mill and exploring both sides of the stream, finally, "amid conjectures, disputations, mutual blamings and swearings, they concluded, some half-leg deep in dirt and going soaking home at the end of a drizzling day." It may surprise this company to know from Mr. Cobbett "that at this time I was only about eight years old."*

One other incident to show his early appreciation of good literature, and we shall proceed at once to his military life in this country. Cobbett always had a passion for Swift, the first writer with whom he made acquaintance after Moses. Whether he heard about Swift from his father does not appear, but the elder Cobbett might have known that Swift was a resident of Temple's home near by. In fact it was at his same Moore Park, through which the boy dragged the herring, that the Tale of a Tub and The Battle of Books were written. This fact, however, did not introduce him to the Tale of a Tub. Young Cobbett heard of the beautiful gardens of Kew, and had a desire to work in them. He set out on a June morning to walk thither (say thirty miles), having in his pocket thirteen half pence, of which he lost one. Two pence he spent for bread and cheese, and one for small beer. He says:

"With three pence for my whole fortune, I was trudging through Richmond in my blue smock frock, and my red

*Letter to Hon. John Stuart Wortley. Cobbett's Pol. Reg. Vol. 81, page 513.

garters tied about my knees when, staring at me, my eyes fell upon a little book in a bookseller's window, on the outside of which was written, "Tale of a Tub, price three pence." The title was so odd that my curiosity was excited. I had the three pence, but then I would not have any supper. In I went and got the little book, which I was so impatient to read that I got over into a field in the upper corner of the Kew Gardens, where stood a hay stack. On the shady side of this I sat down to read. The book was so different from anything that I had read before—it was something so new to my mind —that though I could not understand some parts of it, it delighted me beyond description, and produced what I have always considered a birth of intellect. I read on until it was dark without any thought of supper or bed."

The boy slept by the stack that night, and next day went on reading as he went to Kew, where the Scotch gardener gave him work. He also lent him books on gardening, but they seemed dull after Swift. This little volume he carried about with him everywhere for several years. The fate will be mentioned later. Cobbett says that at this time when he preferred Swift to his dinner, when he was ready to sleep behind a haystack rather than postpone the reading, and when he was allowed to scour the country looking for work with six pence in his pocket, he was eleven years old. I need not say that " The Tale of a Tub," great book as it is, would hardly absorb the attention of many boys of that age. It is a political or ecclesiastical allegory, requiring a somewhat mature and cultivated mind to see its force. I am disposed to add to the age of Cobbett, at the time of the red-herring episode, and the Tale of the Tub adventure, the four years that we must add to the years he claims when he joined the army. Even then we may see in one incident the promise of the greatest controversial pamphleteer of his time, and in the other the sign of the intellectual activity and industry which are the wonder of all his biographers.

The Tale of a Tub story is taken from a note in a recent Life of Swift, and was published in the *Evening Post* when Cobbett was appealing to Reformers to pay his election expenses. The Annual Register of 1835 contained a long obituary notice, in which it was stated that Cobbett's father was a publican as well as a farmer, and that the tavern he kept was called "The Jolly Farmer." The authorities all agree that the lad had a desire to go to sea, and that once he went on board a man-of-war at Portsmouth, intending to enlist as a marine. Also that when he actually did enlist at Chatham, he thought he was joining the navy.

He left home in 1783 (May 6) to go to Guilford Fair, but on a sudden impulse he rode on with the coach to London, thereby disappointing a group of girls whom he had promised to take to the show. A hop merchant who knew Cobbett's father got him a place as a copying clerk with Mr. Holland, an attorney at Gray's Inn. He stayed there nine months and then enlisted. At Chatham he was clerk to General Debeig, in command of the garrison. It was this general who advised him to study grammar, and recommended Bishop Lowth's textbook. Cobbett copied the whole volume three times and learned it by heart, imposing upon himself the task of saying it all over every time he did sentinel duty. In later years, when he himself became a writer of grammar, he did not think so highly of his early master.

Cobbett was in many respects a typical man for a non-commissioned officer. He had a perfect physique, and was capable of enormous labor. When he was an elderly man, and weighed, as he said, as much as four bushels of wheat (240 pounds), he could ride

nine hours in the field, or after the hounds, without dismounting. He was methodical, determined to excel, well educated for a soldier, and absolutely sure of himself. It is not surprising that he commended himself to the officers and obtained advancement. If the officers were half as lazy and inefficient as he represents them, it was convenient for them to have a sergeant major to do the work that they should have been able and willing to do for themselves.

A man who rose at daylight in summer and at four o'clock in winter, who dressed with extreme neatness, shaved with cold water, and was always ready for duty hours before he was needed, who abstained from drink, even refusing tea, and was exceedingly temperate in his eating, who could write a hand like a copperplate, who was a perfect master of English composition, who could draw plans for buildings or fortifications, could ride a horse, go through the woods without getting lost, manage a team or a canoe, who knew the exercise book better than any of the officers, was pretty sure to find an opportunity in a new country such as this province. He was with a regiment that contained many recruits and many officers who did not know their business, while the colonel was absent all the time, and the major nearly all.

When the 54th came to Halifax from the war which closed in 1783, it would require fresh men. Among those sent over from England in 1785 was Cobbett, who had enlisted at Chatham during 1784, and had been, it would appear, less than a year in barracks at home. During that time he had made a particular study of English grammar. He bought his books, pen and paper out of his six pence a day allowance, or rather out of his two pence per week left over after the necessary expenditure at the market. He often

went to bed hungry because of this outlay, and once cried like a child over the loss of a half penny. But when he did learn grammar, he knew it as one can see who takes the trouble to examine the text-book which he wrote.

Of Cobbett's short residence at Halifax there is little mention. It is probable that the regiment came to St. John soon after he joined, for though in his papers he makes frequent mention of what he saw in New Brunswick, there is hardly a personal allusion to Nova Scotia. The troops would come from Halifax by water. The only mention that Cobbett makes of his trip is one about The Tale of a Tub. "When at twenty years old I lost that book in a box that fell overboard in the Bay of Fundy, North America; the loss gave me greater pain than I have since felt at losing thousands of pounds." I think Cobbett was a corporal when he came to St. John. If not, he was appointed about that time. He was also made clerk to the regiment (Register, June, 1809). Before his promotion, a clerk was an officer with no other duties but to make out the report for the regiment. He says: "I rendered the clerk unnecessary; and long before any other man was dressed for the parade, my work for the morning was done, and I myself was on the parade walking in fine weather for an hour perhaps."

The domestic romance whcih is associated with St. John in the life of Cobbett, and which alone would make the ridge from Fort Howe to L'ly Lake a pleasant memory to him, will stand another telling. The regiment to which Cobbett belonged was quartered immediately below Fort Howe. It is said that the Mission Church stands on the site of the officers' quarters. Farther east, and on higher ground,

were the quarters of the artillery corps, in which Cobbett's future father-in-law was a non-commissioned officer. It would on its own account be a pleasant morning stroll to climb the hill and walk toward Lily Lake, past "Cobbett's spring," the spot associated with his delightful love story. Here is the first chapter as he gives it himself:

"When I first saw my wife, she was thirteen years old, and I was about a month of twenty-one. I sat in a room with her for about an hour in company with others, and I made up my mind she was the very girl for me. That I thought her beautiful is certain, for that I had always said should be an indispensable qualification, but I saw in her what I deemed marks of that sobriety of conduct of which I have said so much, and which has been by far the greatest blessing of my life. It was now dead of winter, and, of course, the snow was several feet deep on the ground, and the weather piercing cold. It was my habit when I had done my morning's writing to go out at break of day to take a walk on the hill, at the foot of which our barracks lay. In about three mornings after I had first seen her, I had by invitation to breakfast with me, got up two young men to join me in my walk; and our road lay by the house of her father and mother. It was hardly light; but she was out on the snow scrubbing out a washing tub. 'That's the girl for me,' said I, when we got out of hearing. From the day that I had first spoken to her, I never had a thought of her ever being the wife of any other man more than I had thought of her being transformed into a chest of drawers; and I formed my resolution at once to marry her as soon as we could get permission, and to get out of the army as soon as I could. So that this matter was at once settled as firmly as if written in the book of fate. At the end of about six months, my regiment, and I along with it, were removed to Fredericton, a distance of a hundred miles, up the River St. John; and, which was worse, the artillery (to which her father belonged) was expected to go off to England a year or two before our regiment. The artillery went, and she along with them; and now it was that I acted the part becoming a real and sensible lover. I was aware that when she got to that gay place, Woolwich, the house of her father and mother, necessarily visited by numerous per-

sons not the most select, might become unpleasant to her. I did not like, besides, that she should continue to work hard. I had saved a hundred and fifty guineas,—the earnings of my early hours, in writing for the pay-master, the quarter-master, and others,—in addition to the savings of my own pay. I sent her all my money before she sailed; and wrote to her to beg of her if she found her home uncomfortable, to hire a lodging with respectable people; and, at any rate, not to spare the money by any means; but to buy herself good clothes, and to live without hard work, until I arrived in England; and I, in order to induce her to lay out the money, told her that I could get plenty more before I came home.

"As the malignity of the devil would have it, we were kept abroad two years longer than our time, Mr. Pitt (England not being so tame then as she is now) having knocked up a dust with Spain about Nootka Sound. Oh, how I cursed Nootka Sound, and poor bawling Pitt, too, I am afraid. At the end of four years, however, home I came; landed at Portsmouth, and got my discharge from the army by the great kindness of poor Lord Edward Fitzgerald, who was then the major of my regiment. I found my little girl a servant of all work (and hard work it was) at five pounds a year, in the house of a Captain Brisac; and without saying hardly a word about the matter, she put into my hands the whole of the hundred and fifty guineas unbroken. Need I tell the readers what my feelings were? Need I tell kind-hearted English parents this anecdote, and what effect it must have produced on the minds of our children? Admiration of her conduct and self-gratulation on this indubitable proof of the soundness of my own judgment, were added to the love of her beautiful person."

There is something more to be said about Cobbett's wife, but at this stage in the story we may turn back. I take up another New Brunswick love story in which he does not appear to quite the same advantage.

Again we take his own narrative, which is interesting not only as a part of the story of his own life, but for the light it throws upon the condition of things in the province one hundred and twenty years ago:

"The Province of New Brunswick, in North America, in which I passed the years from eighteen to that of twenty-

six, consists, in general, of heaps of rocks, in the interstices of which grow the pine, the spruce, and various sorts of fir trees; or, where the woods have been burned down, the bushes of the raspberry or those of the huckleberry. The province is cut asunder by a great river, called the St. John, which is about two hundred miles in length, and, at half way to the mouth, full a mile wide. Into this main river run innumerable smaller rivers,there called creeks. On the sides of these creeks the land is in some places clear of rocks; it is, in these places, generally good and productive; the trees that grow here are the birch, maple, and others of the deciduous class; natural meadows here and there present themselves; and some of these spots far surpass in rural beauty any other that my eyes ever beheld; the creeks abounding towards their sources in waterfalls of endless variety, as well in form as in magnitude, and always teeming in fish, while water-fowl enliven the surface, and wild-pigeons of the gayest plumage flutter in thousands upon thousands amongst the branches of the beautiful trees, which, sometimes, for miles together, form an arch over the creeks.

"I, in one of my rambles in the woods, in which I took great delight, came to a spot a very short distance from the source of one of these creeks. Here was everything to delight the eye, and especially one like me, who seems to have been born to love a rural life, the trees and the plants of all kinds. Here was about two hundred acres of natural meadow interspersed with patches of maple trees in various forms and of various extent; the creek (here about thirty miles from its point of joining the St. John) ran down the middle of the spot which formed a sort of dish, and high and rocky hills rising all around it, except at the outlet of the creek, and these hills crowned with lofty pine; in the hills were the sources of the creek, the waters of which came down in cascades, for any one of which many a nobleman in England would, if he could transfer it, give a good slice of his fertile estate; and in the creek at the foot of the cascades, there was, in the season, salmon, the finest in the world, and so abundant, and so easily taken, as to be used for manuring the land.

"If Nature, in her very best humor, had made a spot for the express purpose of captivating me, she could not have exceeded the efforts which she had made here. But I found something here besides the rude works of nature; I found

something in the fashioning of which man had had something to do. I found a large and well-built log dwelling house, (standing in the month of September) on the edge of a very good field of Indian corn, by the side of which there was a piece of buckwheat just then mowed. I found a homestead, and some very pretty cows. I found all things by which an easy and happy farmer is surrounded; and I found still something besides all these, that was destined to give me a great deal of pleasure and also a great deal of pain, both in their extreme degrees; and both of which, in spite of the lapse of forty years, now make an attempt to rush back into my heart.

"Partly from misinformation, and partly from miscalculation, I had lost my way; and, quite alone, but armed with my sword and a brace of pistols, to defend myself against the bears, I arrived at the log house in the middle of a moonlight night, the hoar frost covering the trees and the grass. A stout and clamorous dog, kept off by the gleaming of my sword, waked the master of the house, who got up, received me with great hospitality, got me something to eat, and put me into a feather bed, that I had been a stranger to for some years. I, being very tired, had tried to pass the night in the woods, between the trunks of two large trees, which had fallen side by side, and within a yard of each other. I had made a nest for myself of dry fern, and had made a covering by laying the boughs of spruce across the trunks of the trees. But unable to sleep on account of the cold, becoming sick from the great quantity of water that I had drunk during the heat of the day, and being, moreover, alarmed at the noise of the bears, and lest one of them should find me in a defenceless state, I had roused myself up, and had crept along as well as I could. So that no hero of eastern romance ever experienced a more enchanting change.

"I got into the house of one of those Yankee Loyalists, who, at the close of the Revolutionary War (which, until it had succeeded, was called a rebellion), had accepted grants of land in the King's Province of New Brunswick; and who, to the great honor of England, had been furnished with all the means of making new and comfortable settlements. I was suffered to sleep until breakfast time, when I found a table, the like of which I have since seen so many in the United States, loaded with good things. The master and

mistress of the house, aged about fifty, were like what an English farmer and his wife were half a century ago. There were two sons, tall and stout, who appeared to have come in from work, the youngest of whom was about my age, then twenty-three. But there was another member of the family, aged nineteen, who (dressed according to the neat and simple fashion of New England, whence she had come with her parents five or six years before) had her long light-brown hair twisted nicely up, and fastened on her head, in which head were a pair of lively blue eyes, associated with features of which that softness and that sweetness, so characteristic of American girls, were the predominant expressions, the whole being set off by a complexion indicative of glowing health, and forming, figure, movements, and all taken together, an assemblage of beauties, far surpassing any that I had ever seen but once in my life. That once was, too, two years agone; and in such a case and in such an age, two years, two whole years, is a long, long while. It was a space as long as the eleventh part of my then life. Here was the present against the absent; here was the power of the eyes pitted against that of the memory; here were all the senses up in arms to subdue the influence of the thoughts; here was vanity, here was passion, here was the spot of all spots in the world, and here were also the life and the manners and the habits, and the pursuits that I delighted in; here was everything that imagination can conceive, united in a conspiracy against the little brunnette in England. What, then, did I fall in love at once with this bouquet of lilies and roses? Oh, by no means. I was, however, so enchanted with the place; I so much enjoyed its tranquility, the shade of the maple trees, the business of the farm, the sports of the water and the woods, that I stayed there till the last possible moment, promising, at my departure, to come again as often as I possibly could; a promise which I most punctually fulfilled.

"Winter is the great season for jaunting and dancing (called frolicking) in America. In this province the river and the creeks were the only roads from settlement to settlement. In summer we travelled in canoes; in winter in sleds on the ice or snow. During more than two years I spent all the time I could with my Yankee friends; they were all fond of me; I talked to them about country affairs, my evident delight in which they took as a compliment to themselves; the

father and mother treated me as one of their own children; the sons as a brother; and the daughter, who was as modest and as full of sensibility as she was beautiful, in a way to a chap much less sanguine than I was would have given the tenderest interpretation; which treatment I, especially in the last-mentioned case, most cordially repaid.

"It is when you meet in company with others of your own age that you are, in love matters, put most frequently to the test, and exposed to detection. The next door neighbor might, in that country, be ten miles off. We used to have a frolic, sometimes at one house and sometimes at another. Here, where female eyes are very much on the alert, no secret can long be kept; and very soon, father, mother, brothers, and the whole neighborhood looked upon the thing as certain, not excepting herself, to whom I, however, had never once even talked of marriage, and had never even told her that I loved her. But I had a thousand times done this by implication, taking into view the interpretation that she would naturally put upon my looks, appellations, and acts; and it was of this I had to accuse myself.

"Yet I was not a deceiver; for my affection for her was very great; I spent no really pleasant hours but with her; I was uneasy if she showed the slightest regard for any other young man; I was unhappy if the smallest matter affected her health or spirits; I quitted her in dejection, and returned to her with eager delight; many a time when I could get leave but for a day, I paddled in a canoe two whole succeeding nights in order to pass that day with her. If this was not love, it was first cousin to it; for as to any criminal intention, I had no more thought of it than if she had been my sister. Many times I put to myself the questions, 'What am I at? Is not this wrong? Why do I go?' But still I went.

"Then, further in my excuse, my prior engagement, though carefully left unalluded to by both parties, was, in that thin population, and owing to the singular circumstances of it, and the great talk that there always was about me, perfectly well known to her and all her family. It was matter of much notoriety and conversation in the province, that General Carleton (brother of the late Lord Dorchester) who was the governor when I was there, when he, about fifteen years afterwards, did me the honor, on his return to England, to come and see me at my house in Duke Street, Westminister,

asked, before he went away, to see my wife, of whom he had heard so much before her marriage. So that there was no deception on my part; but still I ought not to have suffered even the most distant hope to be entertained by a person so innocent, so amiable, for whom I had so much affection, and to whose heart I had no right to give a single twinge. I ought from the very first to have prevented the possibility of her ever feeling pain on my account. I was young, to be sure; but I was old enough to know what was my duty in this case, and I ought, dismissing my own feelings, to have had the resolution to perform it.

"The last parting came; and now came my just punishment. The time was known to everybody, and irrevocably fixed; for I had to move with the regiment, and the embarkation of a regiment is an epoch in a thinly settled province. To describe this parting would be too painful even at this distant day, and with this frost of age upon my head. The kind and virtuous father came forty miles to see me, just as I was going on board in the river. His looks and words I have never forgotten. As the vessel descended, she passed the mouth of that creek, which I had so often entered with delight; and though England, and all that England contained, were before me, I lost sight of this creek with an aching heart.

"On what trifles turn the greatest events of a man. If I had received a cool letter from my intended wife; if I had only heard a rumor of anything from which fickleness in her mind might have been inferred; if I had found in her any, even the smallest abatement of affection; if she had but left go any one of the hundred strings by which she held my heart; if any of these had occurred, never would the world have heard me. Young as I was; able as I was as a soldier; proud as I was of the admiration and commendations of which I was the object; fond as I was, too, of the command, which, at so early an age, my rare conduct and great natural talents had given me; sanguine as was my mind, and brilliant as were my prospects; yet I had seen so much of the meanness, the unjust partialities, the insoluent pomposity, the disgusting dissipations of that way of life, that I was weary of it; I longed to exchange my fine laced coat for the Yankee farmer's homespun, to be where I should never behold the supple crouch of servility, and never hear the hectoring voice

of authority again; and, on the lonely banks of this branch-covered creek, which contains (she out of the question) everything congenial to my tastes and dear to my heart, I, unapplauded, unfeared, unenvied and uncalumnated, should have lived and died."*

Mr. W. G. McFarlane, in a series of papers written some years ago for the St. John *Sun,* speaks of this incident, and locates the Loyalist farmer on the Oromocto. It seems to me much more likely that he dwelt on the Nashwaak. The distances given by Cobbett in his New Brunswick reminiscences are often exaggerated, the scenery seems to suit the Nashwaak, while the early settlers of that district included many families such as are described. Still I quote a passage from another of Cobbett's works which may be thought more favorable to the Oromocto theory. In describing a journey of his own in Kent about a third of a century afterward (1825), Cobbett writes thus of the journey from Tenterten to Appledore:

"The fog was so thick and white along some of the low land, that I should have taken it for water if little hills and trees had not risen up through it here and there. Indeed, the views was very much like those which are presented in the deep valleys, near the great rivers in New Brunswick (North America), at the time when the snows melt in the spring, and when, in sailing over those valleys, you look down from the side of your canoe, and see the lofty woods beneath you! I once went in a log-canoe across a sylvan sea of this description, the canoe being paddled by two Yankees. We started in a stream; the stream became a wide water, and the water got deeper and deeper, as I could see by the trees (all was woods) till we got to sail amongst the top branches of the trees. By-and-by we got into a large open space; a piece of water about a mile or two, or three to four wide, with the woods under us! A fog, with the tops of trees rising through it, is very much like this; and such was the fog I saw this morning in my ride to Appledore."*

*Advice to Young Men, Morley's Edition, page 126.

*Rural Rides, Edition 1853, page 239.

We may, if you like, though we are not bound to do it, suppose that Cobbett was on this occasion returning from a journey to his Yankee girl, and that the Yankees who rowed him were the stalwart brothers.

It may be said here that Cobbett's hastily chosen wife was a treasure to him. Surely the world could not have contained a woman better fitted to be the wife of a man so strenuous, so full of self-esteem, so enterprising, so terribly fond of raising trouble in the world. In the perpetual cyclone which Cobbett managed to keep in operation, Mrs. Cobbett moved serene and equable, bearing strong children and bringing them up, minding the house and the farm, visiting her husband at Newgate when she could, at other times sending him hampers of fowl and eggs, roast pig and vegetables and home made cheese. If a mob smashed his windows in England, or threatened to lynch him in America, Mrs. Cobbett did not go into hysterics. She received Tallyrand and other noblemen, met leading public men in London, or in her country home, and sat up till two or three o'clock in the morning, like Lucretia, with a supper ready for her lord when he should return with his comrades from some of his political agitation meetings. Toward the end of his troubled life, Cobbett said that he owed it to his wife that he never had real cares. He could always leave his house and family with as little anxiety as he would quit an inn, not more fearing to find anything wrong than he feared a discontinuance of the rising and setting of the sun. He had all the numerous delights of home and children, and all a bachelor's freedom from domestic care. Many sons this woman who grew up in St. John bore him, who became as tall and strong as their father;

several daughters as beautiful and as good as their mother. She had each one inoculated with small-pox, while she nursed it, Cobbett having a malignant aversion to "that beastly cow stuff," as he called vaccination, and having fiercely opposed the grant of £20,000 to Jenner for the discovery. Yet Mrs. Cobbett never had the small-pox. The girl of the wash-tub outlived her husband, who died at 73, and when she had been a widow eleven years, published an addition to his work on Cottage Economy, wherein she gave a number of new receipts for cooking and housekeeping, with particular reference to the dishes her husband used to like.*

And Cobbett was a good husband. He never stayed away from home when he could help it. Her praise was constantly in his mouth. At her first quiet suggestion he gave up, after his marriage, a boisterous soldier's habit of being familiar with other girls.*

In Pennsylvania during their early married life, when she was in delicate health, he came home from his work and went out again to parade the street all night with a club driving off the dogs, whose barking was disagreeable. The only thing she feared was thunder, and if a storm arose when he was giving an English lesson to French royalist refugees, at Philadelphia, he dropped his conjugations and started full run for home, so that it became a by-word, when making his class appointment, "*Sauve le tonnere, monsieurs.*

The first child died, and it was while watching with the mother over this babe that he wrote the grammar for teaching French people English, which in his

*Cottage Economy, 19th Edition.

*Advice to Young Men.

modest way he says "has been for thirty years, and still is the great work of this kind throughout all America, and in every nation in Europe." I may go out of the way to say that in Cobbett's opinion all his books were the greatest of his kind; one gathers from his criticisms that only about 130 volumes of good literature have been written in English. That is approximately the number of Cobbett's works.

One thing more might be said respecting this marriage. In Philadelphia, where Cobbett soon made himself a storm centre by attacking the radicals, he was called a deserter from the British army, and it was slanderously affirmed that the lady he brought to America with him was not his wife. Cobbett produced his marriage certificate, which he showed to Rev. Dr. Abercrombie, an eminent scholar and divine. In his English grammar, printed years after, Cobbett devotes a couple of pages to Abercrombie's bad English,* though in that interesting text-book he observes that the doctor was a kind and worthy man, and that he baptized the two eldest Cobbett children. And if he devotes two pages to Abercrombie's bad English, he gives many times more to the errors of Addison, Dr. Johnson, Blair and Dr. Watts.

It will be remembered that Cobbett gave his betrothed 150 guineas, which seems to have been the savings of two years as sergeant major and one year as corporal, or 50 guineas a year. He explains in the register that after his marriage he had only £200, which shows that he only saved £50 in the last four years, most of the time spent at Fredericton. I suspect that he lived a gayer and more social life there.

A pleasing picture of Cobbett's house is given by a distinguished literary woman, Miss Mitford, who

* Cobbett's Grammar, page 65.

with her father was a frequent visitor at the Botley estate. There she met, among others, Mr. Gifford, of the Quarterly, with his family, and also the most famous of Lord Dundonald's ancestors, that Lord Cochrane, who became a great national hero because of his dashing career as a naval officer, and who was destined like Cobbett to suffer fine and imprisonment. Dismissed later from the navy and disgraced, he went abroad, commanding with great success the navy of Chile, and then the fleet of Brazil. Returning to England he vindicated his character, became rear admiral, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Miss Mitford found this young hero, afterwards known on the South American coast as "El Diablo," to be in Cobbett's house, "a gentle, quiet, mild young man," though already famous as "a burner of French fleets and a cutter out of Spanish vessels." Cobbett's house was then thronged with guests of all ranks, "from the Earl and his countess to the farmer and his dame," and he explains in his books that he supported a family of nineteen, including nephews and nieces.

In these rather exacting circumstances our lady of the washtub rose easily and gracefully to the occasion. Miss Mitford was in her day the guest of the finest houses in England, and knew what a hostess should be. She says:

> Everything was excellent—everything abundant— all served with the greatest nicety by trim waiting damsels; and everything went on with such quiet regularity, that in the large circle of guests no one could find himself in the way. I need not say a word more in praise of the good wife to whom this admirable order was mainly due. She was a sweet motherly woman, realizing our notion of one of Scott's most charming characters, Alice Dinmont, in her simplicity, her kindness, and her devotion to her husband and children.

When Cobbett was a corporal, that is within two years after he enlisted, "the new discipline," as it was called, was introduced. This Dundas system, as they named it from the war minister, was sent out in little books to be studied by the officers. According to Cobbett, the officers at St. John did not study much. He says, "Any old woman might have written such a book, as it was excessively foolish from beginning to end." But it ordered a total change, and this change was to be completed before the next annual review. We may quote further:

> To make this change was left to me, who was not then twenty years of age (he was 24) while not a single officer in the regiment paid the least attention to the matter, so that when the time came for the annual review, I then a corporal, had to give lectures to the officers themselves, the colonel not excepted; and for several of them, if not for all of them, I had to make out upon large cards, which they brought for the purpose, little plans of the position of the regiment, together with the list of the words of command, which they had to give in the field.*

At the review we may suppose that General Carleton, governor of the province, was present, and it was hard on Cobbett's pride that he was no longer prominent. He says:

> There was I at the review upon the flank of the Grenedier company, with my worsted shoulder knot, and my great high, coarse, hairy cap, confounded in the ranks amongst other men, while those who were commanding me to move my hands or my feet, thus or thus, were uttering words which I had taught them, and were in everything, except mere authority, my inferiors, and ought to have been commanded by me.

Out of the bitterness of these reflections and a discovery made by Cobbett while the regiment was at St. John, came the resolution to bring down the pride of some of his officers. If about this time, 116 years

* Cobbett's Political Works, Vol. 3, page 252.

ago, one of us could have passed by the quarters of Sergeant Major Cobbett, at three or four o'clock in the morning, he might have seen that sturdy and portly, but athletic, young man, hard at work copying papers, inspecting regimental books, making memoranda, and doing it all with caution and circumspection. Later at Fredericton the light in Cobbett's quarters burned late and early. He had now with him in these secret operations a still younger and much smaller man, a corporal, only five feet high. They two were working up a boodle investigation. Let us take Cobbett's own story. He was clerk to the regiment, and had all the business in his hands. Before he had held the job a year "neither adjutant, paymaster, or quarter-master could move a step without my assistance." He discovered that the quarter-master who issued the men's provisions kept about the fourth part to himself. Cobbett informed the old sergeants and they told him this had gone on for years. They were terrified at the idea of Cobbett mentioning it. He did mention it, however, to some of his superiors, but the answer he got led him to conclude to say no more until he got to England. Meanwhile there was nothing to hinder his preparation of the case as he had access to all the books. But in the winter of 1791 he began to see that after he should get to England the books might not be available. So he made extracts. Then it occurred to him that he should be in a position to prove his extracts genuine.

Corporal Bestland was a sort of assistant clerk. "He was," says Cobbett, "a very honest fellow, much bound to me for my goodness to him; and was, with the sole exception of myself, the only sober man in the whole regiment." They, two, made themselves

busy in the matter. "To work we went, and during a long winter, while the rest were boozing and snoring, we gutted no small part of the regimental books."

It will be seen that the Nashwaak lady was not allowed to take his attention from this mission.

They took copies, signed each with their names, and clapped the regimental seal to it, so they could swear to the copy. Cobbett had a strong box made, in which he kept these dangerous papers. He had several bad frights, but got his papers safe to Portsmouth and to London.

The subsequent story of the charges is a long one. Cobbett laid his complaint before the war office. He had first secured his discharge, as already mentioned, through the good offices of Lord Edward Fitzgerald, but unfortunately little Bestland was still in peril. In spite of Cobbett's urgent appeals the regimental books were not secured by the war office. He had then to fall back on his copies. But he had promised Bestland, who feared a flogging, that his name would not be brought into the case until he also was discharged. Cobbett asked that the war office would promise to discharge a man whom he should name after the promise was given. This was refused. The case dragged a few weeks. Then Cobbett, who had married on his return to England, packed up what he had, took the lady of the washtub, and made his way to France.

It was always stated by his enemies that he did not go empty-handed. In short, the charge was that he took money to abandon the case. There is, however, no need to suppose so, for it was evident that he could not get far with it.

Years afterward Cobbett supported the charges made against the Duke of York, son of the reigning King, who was accused of giving commissions and promotions to undeserving people in consideration of substantial payments to Mrs. Clarke, the Duke's mistress.

In the stormy discussion of these charges, Cobbett's sudden abandonment of the New Brunswick case was thrown up to him, and it was in answer to these reflections that he gave the statements which have been quoted.

If Cobbett went to France in the spring of 1792 somewhat acquainted with the French language and literature, it was because the study of French was another of his New Brunswick activities. This study seems to have been taken up from pure lust for work. He could not when here have foreseen that he would find it convenient to rush to that country, or that having been driven from France by the revolution which followed hard upon his arrival, he should make several hundred pounds a year during the next three years in Philadelphia by teaching English to French refugees. This he did, while incidentally he belabored Tom Paine, Jefferson, Franklin and Citizen Genet through his pamphlets. His career in the Quaker city was closed by a condemnation to pay $5,000 damages to Dr. Rush, who, according to Cobbett, had killed some hundreds of people by excessive bleeding — among others, George Washington.

Cobbett did some other things in New Brunswick. In no less than three of his books he mentions a certain royal commission. The date should be about 1790, for he intimates that it was a year before he left the province.

"I remember," he says, "a set of commissioners being sent out from England, a part of whose business it was to make a statement and report of the population. They lived about our quarters for some time; they had some jovial carousings with our officers; but it was I who made out their statement and drew up this report to be sent home to the King, for which, by the by, they never gave me even their thanks. This statement, which, as was the case with everything that I meddled with, was done in so clear, correct, and in point of penmanship, so beautiful a manner, that I have been told the Duke of Kent, when he afterwards became commander-in-chief in these provinces, had it copied, and took away the original as a curiosity."

I copy this from the Political Register of 1809.

In his book, called Cobbett's Corn—quoted in the note to Rural Rides—it is stated that the document came into the hands of the Duke of Kent. There is no hearsay about it this time, for Cobbett states that the Duke showed the paper to him on the often mentioned occasion, when Cobbett, proceeding from Philadelphia to London, had the honor to dine w th that royal personage. This was in 1800, and Cobbett wrote in 1828.

A third story he gives in the Register of 1824. As this passage is rather interesting from a local point of view, I quote a somewhat long extract.

Cobbett is denouncing Sir Francis Burdett, a former intimate associate, from whom he had received £3,000, which, according to Burdett, was a loan never repaid, and in Cobbett's view a political subscription. Burdett had been a radical member of parliament, and was a colleague of Lord Cochrane when the latter was sent to prison and sentenced to stand in the pillory. This latter part of the sentence was not carried out. If it had been, Sir Francis would have voluntarily stood in the pillory with his friend and colleague.

Burdett had a scheme for sending the suffering Irish to the colonies, and Cobbett was contending in his demagogical way that it would be better to provide for them at home. He gives a dramatic statement of the difficulties of transporting a million people and starting them as settlers in the woods, and adds:

But the best way of showing what must be done in such a case, is to show what actually was done, when this government colonized New Brunswick, which country is, in my opinion, one of the best colonies for purposes of this sort that belong to His Majesty's Dominions.

At the close of the American war, our government sent a parcel of old soldiers, who during the war had married Yankee girls, and a parcel of native American royalists, who thought it inconvenient to remain among the rebels. These were to settle a district, which in honor of that glorious family of which Mr. Charles Yorke talks so much in answer to the slanders of the wicked Mrs. Clarke, is called New Brunswick. The district begins at the northern end of the Atlantic coast of the United States, and it extends northward about eight or nine hundred miles perhaps. The main settlement was at the mouth of a very fine river called the St. John, which comes down nearly from Quebec and empties itself into the Bay of Fundy.

I was in that province not long after the colonizing began. Commissioners were sent out into the province after I had been in it about six or seven years. Their business was to make a survey of the province—they did make the survey. Their mass of rude materials, and more rude I never saw, were put into my hands, and I, who was a sergeant major, drew up their report, which they sent to the government. That was about thirty-five years ago, and I dare say, those commissioners have, if they be alive, pensions to this day.

I know, therefore, something about the manner in which a government colonizes. The distance which the people had to go was a mere trifle. The expense of this was very little. Then the settlers were far from being poor. They were soldiers, who had gone through a war, or they were able Yankee farmers. * * * * Yet they had provisions (pork,

flour, butter, peas and rice) found them for four years. They had blankets found them to a liberal extent. They were supplied with tools, nails and other things. * * * *And though they were not more than 20,000, the suffering among them after the four years was very great. * * * Is it likely that each settler cost the country less than 50 pounds? There was a provision store for them which served afterwards as a barrack for 400 men.

Who composed this commission? What was its object? Why was the beautiful report of Cobbett left at Fredericton? I am not able to answer these questions, unless the commissioners were Dundas and Pemberton, who came to this country to inquire into and report upon Loyalist losses. In the Winslow papers, edited by Rev. Dr. Raymond (page 321), we find Lieutenant Gordon writing from Halifax to Edward Winslow, that the Loyalist commissioners will go to New Brunswick in June, 1796. In connection with Cobbett's reflections, it may be worthy of notice that "Pemberton was one of a whist party at the general's." In December, 1796, Dundas writes to Earl Cornwallis an account of the condition of things in the province, in which it shows that his enquiry went beyond the Loyalist losses. He did not get away until the summer of 1787, which was the year of Cobbett's removal from St. John to Fredericton. It is perhaps material to this enquiry that the Duke of Kent came to St. John and visited Fredericton in 1794.

Still we have not exhausted the special labors of Cobbett in the province. I quote again:

The fame of my services and talents ran through the whole country. I was invited to visit people in all parts of the province. I had the settling, or rather the preventing, of eight or nine law suits, while we lay at Fredericton. I had the affairs of the whole regiment to attend to, all its accounts,

its parades, its guards, its everything. I found time to study English and French. I built a barrack for 400 men, without the aid of either draughtsman, carpenter or bricklayer. The soldiers under me cut down the timber and dug the stones, and I was the architect. I went through a tract of timber of above 100 miles, where no man ever ventured to go alone before, and this I did for the purpose of putting a stop to desertion, by showing the regiment that I myself was able to follow the fugitives. And accordingly, after that, we had no more desertion to the United States. With all these occupations (of which I mention only a few particulars that occur to me at this moment) I found time for skating, fishing and shooting, and all the other sports of the country, of which, when I left it, I had seen and knew more than any other man.*

I cannot refrain from giving another short quotation from the same letter:

Why I always had weight and power wherever I was. I was a leader, and it would have been a base abandonment of the claims which nature and habit have given me to pretend that I am nothing more than such a man as Parson Woodcock.

This is rather vain-glorious, but it is true, that even before Cobbett left New Brunswick his fame had begun to spread. In 1805 General Carleton went to Cobbett's house in England to remind him that he had the pleasure of knowing him in New Brunswick. He had been reviewing general when Cobbett thought that others were getting all the praise. General Carleton desired to see Mrs. Cobbett, remarking that he had heard in New Brunswick of Cobbett's love affair.

It is fair to say that Cobbett made one exception in expressing contempt for his officers. He told the Duke of Kent in Halifax that Lord Edward Fitzgerald was a fine officer. The same year, dining at Mr. Windham's with Mr. Pitt, Mr. Canning and

* Political Register, June, 1809.

others, Cobbett explained to Pitt that Lord Edward was "the only sober and only honest officer I had ever known in the army." But Lord Edward was not long with the 54th. He had served in the American war in other regiments, and in 1788 he joined the 54th in New Brunswick, because some disappointment in love impelled him to cross the seas. The impulsive and romantic disposition of this remarkable man had already begun to exhibit itself. Two letters of his to his mother, published in Moore's Life of Fitzgerald, shows that when Lord Edward arrived in Halifax, June 21, 1788, he refused to take the ordinary route by Annapolis. He had just crossed the Atlantic for at least the third time, and seems to have enjoyed it, yet professed to his mother that he was afraid of the Bay of Fundy trip from Annapolis to St. John, a passage which he had heard sometimes consumed a fortnight. Of course this was not the true reason. Lord Edward had already become a disciple of Rosseau, was fond of living in a state of nature, and much given to solitary and adventurous journeys. ? Lord Edward made the overland journey, with the colored boy who had saved his life at Eutaw Springs, arriving at St. John about the middle of July. He reports to his mother that the regiment is still there, but a part of it must certainly have gone to Fredericton. He would hardly get to Fredericton before August.* ?

On the 19th of the following March Lord Edward was in Quebec, having walked all the way on snowshoes in thirty-five days, thirty-one without seeing a house, and making the journey by a new route. Thence Lord Edward went west and south, bringing

* Probably Cobbett was then engaged in building the barracks.

up at New Orleans. He was turned back when he set out for Mexico, and had become initiated into an Indian tribe at Detroit.

As we have seen he was home in England when Cobbett arrived, and assisted him to obtain his discharge. But he left the regiment and the service soon after Cobbett, for while Cobbett was making his way to America to escape the French revolution Fitzgerald was having a glorious time with the revolutionists in France. There he drank the health of the nations with which Britain was at war, became a comrade of Tom Paine, and was so exuberant in his hatred to monarchies that the folks at home retired him from the army. How he made a sudden marriage with a certain Pamela, by some said to be the daughter of a Newfoundland man, and by others affirmed to be a daughter of Louis Philippe (Egalite), and sister to the later French king of that name; how he joined the king's enemies in fact at the last becoming commanding officer of Wolf-Tone's army of United Irishmen; how after defeat he resisted capture and died of wounds received in a fight with the officers—is another story.

Of Cobbett, I will only give a few references to New Brunswick and one more allusion to his life here. In Household Economy he speaks of keeping cows and sheep and goats. Then he says:

When I was in the army in New Brunswick, where the snow lies on the ground seven months in the year, there were many goats that belonged to the regiment, and that went about with it on ship board and everywhere else. Some of them had gone through nearly the whole of the American war. We never fed them. In the summer they picked about wherever they could find grass, and in winter they lived upon cabbage leaves, turnip peelings, potato peelings, and other things flung out of the soldiers rooms and huts. One of these

goats belonged to me, and on an average throughout the year she gave me more than three half pints of milk a day. I used to have the kid killed when a few days old, and for some time the goat would give nearly, or quite, two quarts of milk a day. She was seldom dry more than three weeks in the year.

It may interest people of St. John to know Cobbett's opinion of sea-ports, since this is the one where he lived longer than at any other:

I hate commercial towns in general. There is generally something so loathsome in the look, and so stern and unfeeling in the manners of sea-faring people that I have always, from my very youth, disliked sea-ports.*

Here is an opinion of his concerning Canada.

Speaking of a crowd of Norfolk people who were "fleeing from the country," as he puts it, he said:

These were going to Quebec in timber ships, and from Quebec by land to the United States. They had been told that they would not be suffered to land in the United States from on board ship. The roguish villains had deceived them, but no matter. They will get to the United States, and going through Canada will do them good, for it will teach them to detest everything belonging to it.

Again referring to Hull, he says:

Ten large ships have gone this spring (1830) laden with these fugitives to escape the fangs of taxation. Those that have most money go direct to the United States. Single men, who are taken for a mere trifle in the Canadian ships, go that way, have nothing but their carcasses to carry over the rocks and swamps, and through the myriad place-men and pensioners of that miserable region.*

Again he denounces "the rocks and swamps of Nova Scotia and Canada."

From Glasgow the sensible Scotch are pouring out amain.

Those that are poor and cannot pay their passage, or can rake together only a trifle, are going to a rascally heap of

* Rural Rides, 1853 edition, page 592.

* Rural Rides, page 600.

sand and rock and swamp called Prince Edward Island, in the horrible Gulph of St. Lawrence; but when the American vessels come over with Indian corn and flour and pork and beef and poultry and eggs and butter and cabbages and green peas and asparogus, for the soldier officers and other tax eaters that we support upon that lump of worthlessness—for the lump itself bears nothing but potatoes—when these vessels come * * * with apples and pears and melons and cucumbers. The sensible Scotch will go with them to the United States for a dollar a head, till at last not a man of them will be left but the bed-ridden. These villainous colonies are held for no earthly purpose but that of giving money to the relations and dependents of the aristocracy. * * * Withdraw the English taxes, and except in a small part of Canada, the whole of these horrible regions would be left to the bears and the savages in the course of a year.

Such English as this, and other far stronger, for instance his description of fashionable life at Chiltenham, or the really scurrilous abuse of Tom Paine, whose bones Cobbett afterward reverently resurrected to give them greater honor—(an honor they failed to receive because they fell into the hands of a receiver in bankruptcy)—such English Carlyle had in mind —when, classing Cobbett with Walter Scott, he said, "Cobbett also as the pattern John Bull of his country, strong as the rhinoceros, and with singular humanities and genialties shining through his thick skin, is a most brave phenomenon. So bounteous was nature to us when British literature lay all sprawling in Werterism, Byronism, and other sentimentalism, tearful or spasmodic nature was kind enough to send us two healthy men, of whom she might still say not without pride, 'These also were made in England: Such limbs do I still make there.'"

S. D. SCOTT.

A Fay Song

by W. McAdam

Fay-caps of the columbines,
And the wind in the summer weather.
Petals pink and petals white
Showering down together.

Downy dandelion shuttlecocks
Toss airily to and fro;
Borne by light wind's battledore,
Hither and yon they go.

Slender grasses sway and nod.
White butterflies flit by,
Bearing fond lovers messages
To maid-hearts pure and shy.

Oh, a velvet suit of the wild-rose leaf,
And a columbine cap and feather!
And a tilt with the knights of Fairy-dom
All in the sweet June weather.

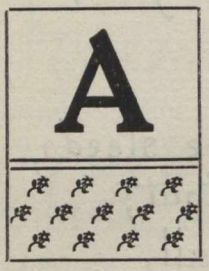
Gallant the Knights have entered the lists,
And gallant the prize will be;
A cup of purest buttercup gold,
Set in green tracery.

Mettlesome are our wild-bee steeds,
Lances and hearts are stout;
Clad cap-a-pie in beetle-mail,
The Knights career about.

Hung with gossamer lace and pearls,
Are the lists where we must ride;
Flower-flags in every hue
Flutter on either side.

Oh, ladies smiles and glances bright,
And a tilt in the summer weather.
Favors pink and favors white
Showering down together.

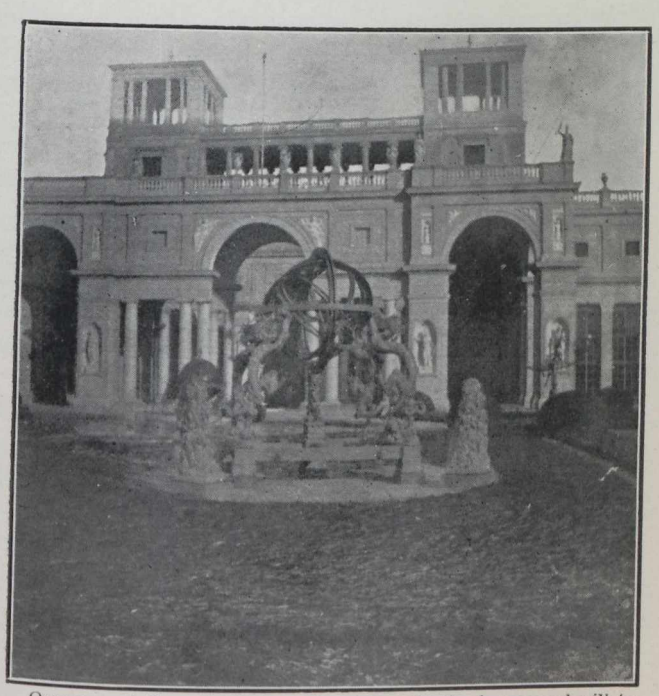
Europe as Seen by an Acadian.



NOTHER man's soul is darkness," says a Russian proverb, "and darker darkness still is the soul of another nation. Men go abroad and return with accounts of foreign nations, their habits and absurdities; but the candle flickers only on the outward things. From time to time, however, some foreigner takes pity on us, and throws a glimmer from within."

These words, written with reference to another nation than Russia, convey nevertheless a true idea of much that has been put before the public with reference to this unhappy country. Russia is probably the least travelled of any of the European states, and those from other lands who do venture within her borders usually do so in fast express trains, along certain well defined lines, stay at hotels where "English is spoken," and consequently leave Russia with a poorer knowledge of the country and the people than they might have obtained had they stayed at home, and contented themselves with reading up the subject as treated by the best available writers.

Realizing the truth of the allegations in the quotation just alluded to, the writer has endeavored conscientiously to see something from within, to realize from the Russian standpoint some of the political and other difficulties with which the nation is confronted. The present occasion does not constitute his first visit to Russia, and he sincerely trusts that it may not be his



Orangery at Sans Souci, near Potsdam. In the foreground will be observed the bronze astronomical instruments removed with other "loot" from Pekin by the Germans during the recent troubles in China.

last, so warm have been some of the friendships formed, and so pleasing have been many of the experiences through which he has passed.

For the individual who has travelled through central and southern Europe, but has not visited Russia, there is in store a host of new experiences. Under French, Spanish or Italian administration, the passing of the frontier by the ordinary traveller is a matter that can be disposed of usually in half an hour, amid a scene of hurry and bustle. Ordinarily it is a scramble for first place and first attention, in which the person who holds up the largest coin first catches the eye of the customs official and is easily the winner. Upon entering Russia an entirely different condition of affairs will be encountered.

In proceeding from Berlin northward, about eighteen hours' travel brought the writer to the last station in German territory. There the train was boarded by several Russian officials, and after a very brief interval moved slowly across the frontier line into Russia.

Upon both sides of the track from this line to the first Russian station, a short distance, Russian soldiers with bayonets fixed, were stationed, about forty feet apart. These were to prevent the escape of any individual from the train, or the throwing off of contraband articles to confederates who might be in the vicinity for the purpose of receiving them.

The Russian frontier station on this line is a large and commodious stone building, quite ample for all requirements, and in this all the passengers, with their belongings and whatever freight might be in the cars, were speedily collected, sentries in the meantime surrounding the station and the train, so that none should escape. Each passenger upon entering the building handed his passport to the sentry at the door.

If, for any reason, he had no passport to present, it meant deportation without delay.

The examination room, similar to other rooms for the purpose, was provided with a raised platform upon which the passengers, upon entering, deposited their baggage and awaited the pleasure of the officials. In the centre of the room was a large writing table, and about this table the officials, military and otherwise, gathered. There was no unnecessary delay, and when all was in readiness the porters, with the officials, stood at attention, and the chief official appeared from an inner room.

The examination of passports was first taken up in the order in which they happened to fall, and upon being found in order were returned to their respective owners, the examination of whose baggage was then commenced. Nothing was handled roughly or carelessly, but the examination was thorough.

The cameras and typewriter of the writer were soon brought to light, and were carefully weighed upon a huge scale in the centre of the room. They were apparently within the limit allowed by law, as they were passed without remark, the only charge being a small fee of fifteen copecks, about eight cents, probably for the vise of the passport. Upon the completion of the examination permission was granted to repair to the waiting room or to the restaurant, but not to leave the building.

The whole examination was probably the most thorough, orderly and polite that a traveller in any part of Europe would encounter, and by the individual who had nothing to conceal there was absolutely nothing to be feared. This being at a time when European Russia was in a state of political ferment, the conditions would doubtless be as acute as would be at any time encountered.

The famous Windmill (now royal property) in the park of Sans Souci, near Potsdam, which the owner is said to have refused to sell to the king, meeting threatened violence by an appeal to the judges of Berlin.

After passing the customs examination the majority of the passengers repaired to the restaurant, where a good meal was served at a moderate price. At all the entrances to the room, including the doors to the kitchen, armed sentries were posted, under whose watchful eye the traveller might regale himself of such Russian delicacies as his fancy might suggest. Caviarre, sauer-krout, raw fish pickled or smoked, salads, bologna, red cabbage and a number of other dishes which do not constitute the usual diet of the ordinary Canadian were spread out in an appetizing array upon a counter; but there was a good beefsteak and plenty of good bread and butter and coffee for those who desired a simple meal.

Luncheon over, there was nothing to do but loiter about the station until the train for the next part of the journey had been made up. During all this time the passengers were kept under strict military guard, as though they were a body of recruits intended for the far east, not being permitted even to enjoy the fresh air on the station platform.

At this station the writer changed from the fast express to the slow train, which makes many more stops and is much more patronized by the Russian people. This afforded also an opportunity for about an hour and a half at Riga, where minor disturbances had occurred.

In passing from Germany into Russia, the character of the buildings, the style of dress and racial features of the people, and the appearance of the landscape all changed abruptly. Upon the German side the result of the reafforestation plans which have been consistently carried out during a period of years, is noticeable. Up to the boundary limit, the houses are all of brick, with red tiled roofs, the farms are well tilled, and have a prosperous appearance, the people appear

well fed, stoutly built, and thoroughly German in every characteristic.

Upon the Russian side everything is typically Russian, the buildings are nearly all of wood, usually constructed upon the solid plan without air spaces, a construction thoroughly Russian. The majority of the buildings are of logs, flattened on two sides, and carefully mortised together, the cross partitions being made in the same manner and mortised into the outside walls. The roofs are either covered with shingles or with sheet metal, not a tiled roof to be seen. In strange contrast to the stoutly built Germans, who are usually fairly well dressed and approximately of a uniform size of figure, one observed a variety of types and figures, from the small, undersized Tartar of about five feet in height, up to the huge, raw boned rough haired type that made an ordinary six-footer appear like a pigmy in his presence. The long knee boot, either of Russia leather or felt, is almost universally worn by the Russian peasant.

Those of the readers of ACADIENSIS who wish to know just what a Russian peasant looks like have but to recall the Doukhobors who entered Canada a few years ago, clad in sheep skins, having the woolly side of the hide turned in. The women, as well as the men, are usually clad in sheep skin garments, the skirt being short, usually not much below the knee, and the boots of the same type as those worn by the men. Among the better class of peasant women, a kerchief, usually woven of white goat's wool, is worn over the head, but the poorest classes wear anything that will help to keep the cold out, from a woolen scarf to an old salt sack.

These fur-lined coats of the Russian peasants do not strike the observer as being particularly clean, but they are doubtless as much so as many of a more pretentious make. A well known St. John man used to boast

RUSSIAN PEASANTS.

A RUSSIAN MUJIK, OR PEASANT WOMAN, CLAD IN RUSSIA LEATHER.

that his great-grandfather had an overcoat which he wore for twenty-seven years, and bemoaned his fate that he could not buy one of the present day manufacture which would last one-quarter of that time. Should he happen to read this article his attention is respectfully invited to the Russian leather coat just described, upon the bosom of one of which the date 1888 was artistically embroidered, the year in which the coat was made. From present apparance it bids fair to outdo the twenty-seven year record of the good old Loyalist forefather.

The Russian Empire, as we are of course, aware, includes in its vast population Slavs, Germans, Mongols, Tartars, Lithuanians, Finns, etc. These various peoples each retain their own language and customs with the utmost tenacity, uotwithstanding all the efforts of the Russian government to cement them into one race. There is consequently little in common among them, and this fact will explain much of the apparently cold blooded barbarism with which the troops, when so ordered, will shoot down those who are in name at least their brethren and fellow countrymen.

Regiments raised in one district are used to police and keep down the people of another portion of the empire, and thus the iron heel of despotism is ever on the neck of these unfortunate people wheresoever they may happen to dwell. The Tartars are most in evidence in St. Petersburg and vicinity, and are usually regarded as the most terrible and bloodthirsty of all the Russian soldiery.

So strict is the watch kept upon incomers that the captain of a British or American steamer calling at a Russian port is not permitted to retain even his revolver, and this, with all the ship's signal rockets and any powder or other explosives, is removed to the arsenal

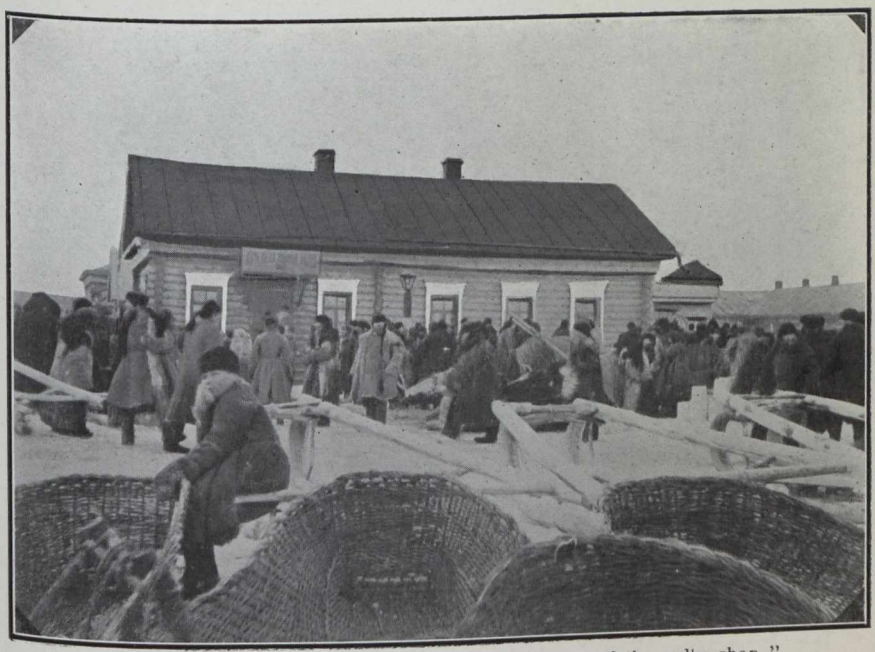
upon the arrival of the steamer, there to remain until she is again ready for sea.

The difference in the written language increases the difficulty of travel in Russia very greatly, so much so in fact, that to the ordinary pleasure seeker Russia is practically an unknown land. To all but the experienced traveller the difficulties are so insuperable that some more easily followed route had better be undertaken.

Peter the Great is said to have invented the Russian alphabet, but the language is difficult to acquire, and one of the professors of the St. Petersburg University assured the writer that its mastery could only be attained, except in unusual cases, by persons actually resident in the country. It will be readily understood, therefore, that the task which the Russian government has undertaken, namely, the unification of the language throughout Russia, would appear to be almost superhuman. To those of us who believe in the Biblical reason for the diversity of languages, it would seem that the task is one that can never be completed, all the ukases to the contrary notwithstanding.

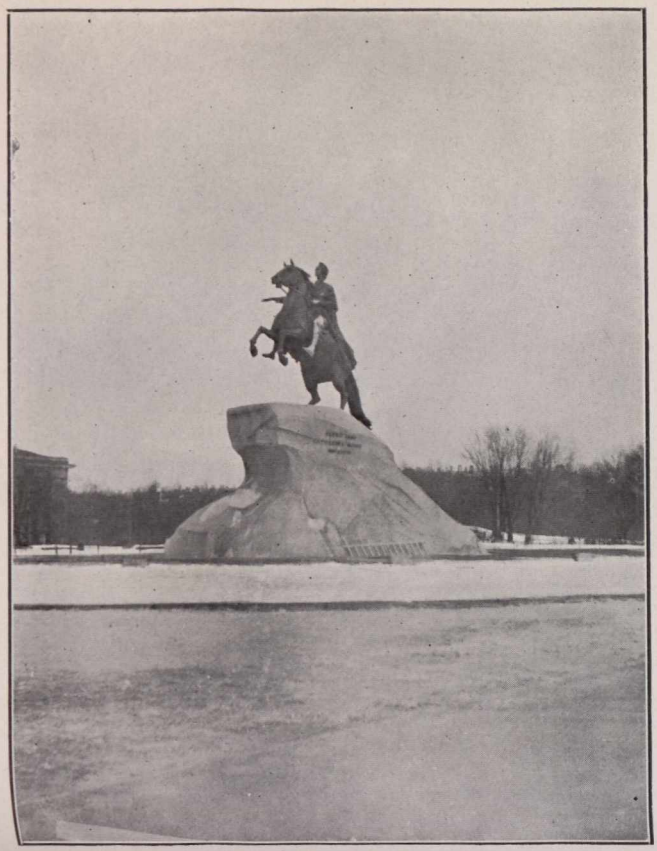
Were the people a willing factor in the case, the difficulty would be considerably modified, but as the Germans and Poles, particularly, cling to their own language with the same tenacity that the French Canadian does that of his forefathers, and as nine-tenths of the people of Russia are absolutely illiterate, it would appear necessary to first educate them in their own tongue before they can be expected to acquire what is to most of them an unknown language.

The following concessions embodied in the Czar's proclamation of religious liberty will give the reader some idea of the restrictions hitherto placed upon unorthodox religious worship in Russia:

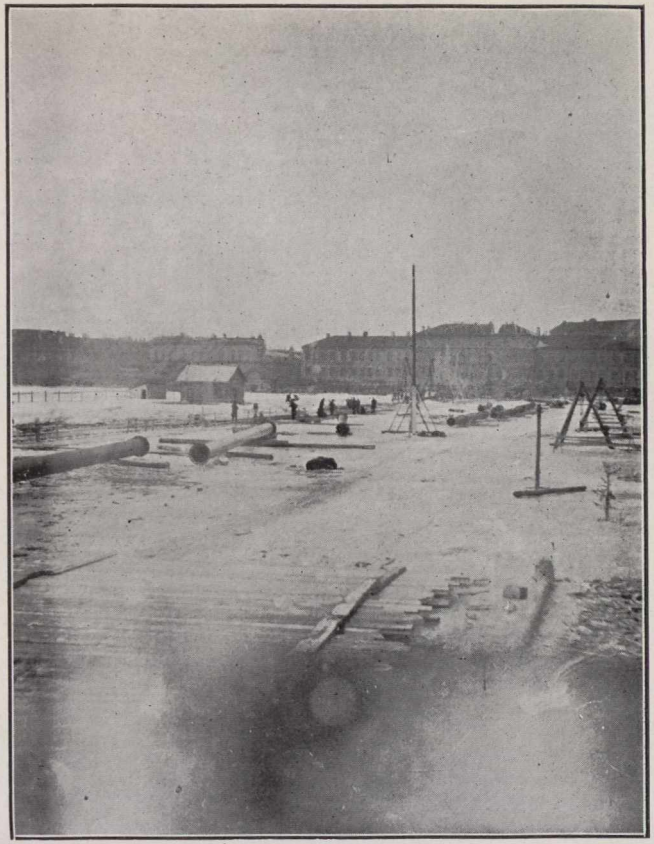


"There is usually a crowd of farmers and peasants around the vodka shop."

TYPICAL RUSSIAN FARMHOUSE.



STATUE OF PETER THE GREAT, ST. PETERSBURG.



Pipe Laying Across the Neva in Winter—Taken from the Winter Palace.

1. Dissent from the Orthodox Church in Russia in future will not involve prosecution or the loss of civil rights.

2. Dissenters are permitted to hold real and personal property.

3. They may establish monasteries and hermitages.

4. They may build schools wherever there is a considerable population of their persuasion.

5. The closed meeting houses of the Stundists may be reopened.

6. "Old Believers" (the sect of Raskolnike) may be promoted to the rank of officer, and dissenters generally can receive the military medal for valour.

7. Roman Catholics, Mahommedans, Buddhists, and Lamaists are granted similar privileges, and the monasteries and convents in Poland may be re-opened.

8. Punishments for past religious offences may be lightened or remitted.

St. Petersburg unlike most of the other great cities of the world, is not the result of the slow growth of centuries. The city owes its creation to Peter the Great, the great reformer of the Russian Empire, who, bent upon obtaining a position in Western Europe, a window, to use his own words, through which western customs and ideals might penetrate into the vast semi-barbarous territory which he ruled, seized the territory in the middle of which now stands the present city of St. Petersburg, from the Swedes, about the year 1700, and commenced the plans for the present city.

Upon an island in the middle of the River Neva, about three miles down the stream from the fortress of Nien Schauz, a fortress was built, which was the nucleus of what is now the military centre of St. Petersburg. This island is known as "The Fortress" (Kriepost), and was a chief base of operations for the troops, for the measures taken by the military for the

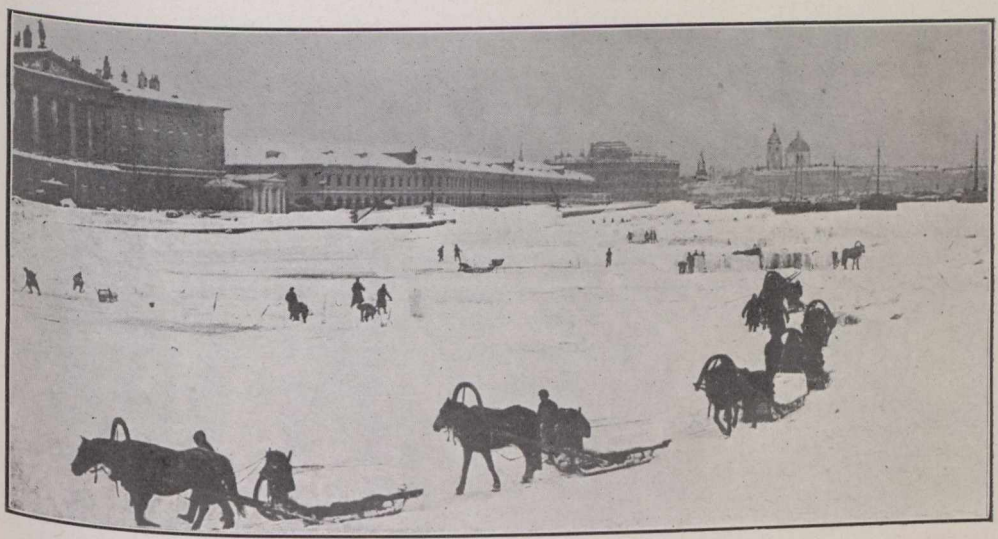
purpose of suppressing the recent outbreak. Upon this island stands the cathedral of SS. Peter and Paul, in which are buried, with but one exception, all the emperors since the time of Peter the Great. Within this fortress the mint is also situated.

The island fortress is connected with the mainland by the Troitsky bridge, near one end of which is the Winter Palace of the Czar of all the Russias. Along the bank of the Neva on the palace side is a broad driveway, divided from the river by a wall substantially built of hewn granite. On a fine afternoon, during peaceful times, this driveway is much frequented by the nobles and gentry. Here, too, the troikas, the three-horse conveyances with the splendid Bess-Arabian horses, are seen to the best advantage.

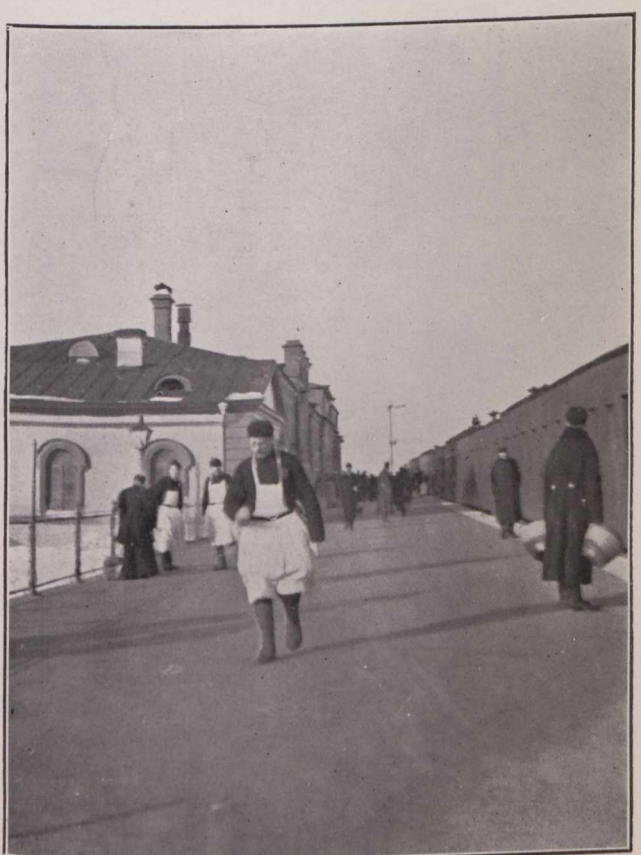
Extending along the river fronting upon the driveway is one facade of the Winter Palace. The windows of this facade command a fine view of the Neva, the fortress and of that portion of the city which lies beyond. It was from these windows that the press representatives and others were gazing upon the occasion of the annual ceremony of the blessing of the waters of the Neva when the shower of bullets occurred which shattered much of the window glass of the palace, and marked in a dramatic manner the outbreak of the present troubles.

The Winter Palace is a very long pile of sandstone buildings, having several courtyards within, and it was in these courtyards that the various bodies of troops were quartered during the night of Saturday, January 21, prior to the terrible slaughter of the following day.

The opposite facade of the Winter Palace fronts upon a magnificent square or parade ground, one of the very finest in the world. The palace forms one side of the huge quadrangle. Standing in its doorway one sees to the left the British and other foreign embas-



"Busily engaged in cutting and hauling ice on the river."



"At the Railway Station some of the passengers would always run out for tea."

sies, from the windows of which as well as from the palace a portion of the recent terrible slaughter could have been witnessed. The buildings to the right and left of the Winter Palace, with the exception of the British embassy, which is of red brick, are of brown sand stone, and of uniform height. The fourth side of the parade ground is completed by a semi-circular range of buildings, through the centre of which is a wide street, the buildings meeting overhead and forming a splendid archway. Immediately over the archway is a group of bronze figures of heroic size, of the kind for which Russian sculptors are justly famous. The group is representative of Victory in a Roman triumphal car drawn by six horses.

For three days after his arrival in St. Petersburg the writer was unable to obtain any news concerning any agitation that might be working in the community. Upon the surface everything about the city was in a normal condition. The shops were all in their usual attire and were apparently doing a thriving business. The hotels were fairly full, but the visitors were not much in evidence, the majority of them preferring to have their meals served in the privacy of their own rooms, rather than appear in the public dining room.

The only noticeable feature about the city, to a stranger, was the large number of troops engaged about the streets in breaking up the ice which had accumulated during the winter. In this work they were assisted by several thousand peasants with carts, who carried away the ice as quickly as it was broken up by the soldiers. The latter were a hardy, well developed looking lot of men, and appeared the picture of health and cheerfulness as engaged in this work. They would probably much rather work about the streets of St. Petersburg than be en route to Mukden, under the then existing circumstances.

At every street corner a policeman and a soldier were stationed. There were only half a dozen sentries on duty, apparently about the Winter Palace, but in some of the large government buildings within a block or two, large numbers of soldiers were quartered in the basements. In every direction about the city, officers innumerable were to be seen, so much so in fact that one naturally wondered why many more of them were not at the front, engaged in fighting the battles of their country. If one enquired about any strikes, he was at once told that there were no strikes, that everything had been arranged, and that the men had all returned to work. Becoming finally somewhat sceptical as to the truth of this assurance the writer having in the meanwhile obtained a pocket plan of the city and its environments, determined to do a little investigating on his own account. The Putiloff Iron Works, really a government institution, having been already the scene of much incident, apparently afforded the most interesting and most available ground for investigation. Accompanied by Mr. Nesbit, a mining engineer, who was a chance acquaintance at the hotel, a visit was paid to the works which are situated at some little distance from the city, but are easily reached by the aid of a tram-car. The road from the city outwards is closely built up, along both sides, with small provision shops, workmen's dwellings, vodka shops and cheap boarding houses. The sale of vodka is a government monopoly throughout Russia. A bottle of vodka, which contains about 40 per cent. of alcohol, retails at about one rouble, equal to fifty cents per quart bottle.

Some little distance out, about three versts from the city, one came to quite an open space, where the highway took an oblique turn to the left. Here is situated a large memorial arch of stone, under which the road

" All the morning we waited about the entrance to the Works, the crowd of strikers increasing coutinually. "

" Near the Putiloff Iron Works is a fine stone archway, which had been newly painted and gilded to conceal all traces of the terrible conflict which waged about it on the 22nd January. "

passes. This is the place which had been barricaded by the military in order to keep the workmen out of the city proper, and at which the terrible loss of life, due to the ruthless shooting down of the strikers by the military recently occurred.

How many were killed on this occasion will never be known, as, during the night following this affair, the bodies of the dead were all gathered up in carts and removed from the city in railway cars, being all interred in one common grave.

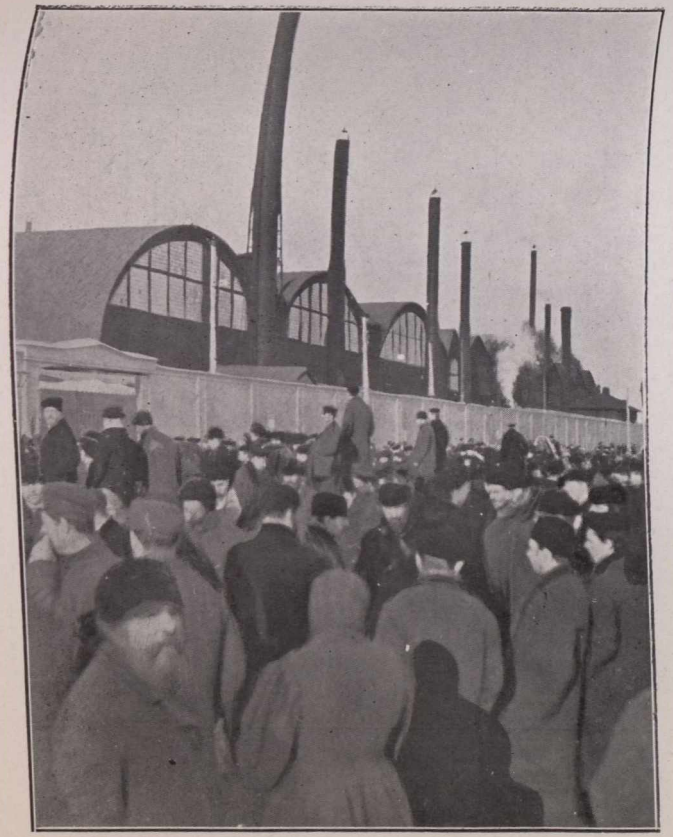
When anxious relatives enquired next morning for those who were missing, and asked permission to bury their dead, they were told that they need give themslves no concern, as the government had already disposed of the bodies in a proper manner.

One individual who claimed to have a personal knowledge, stated that fourteen car loads of bodies were removed from this one point. This was the most conservative estimate given. In March last all traces of the affair had been obliterated, and the stone arch had been newly painted and gilded. It was stated by an intelligent employe of the Putiloff works, a Scandinavian employed as a draftsman, that there were 2,000 men missing from those works alone, and that the relatives of many of these men did not know whether they had been arrested and thrown into prison or whether they were among the fourteen car loads which had been buried.

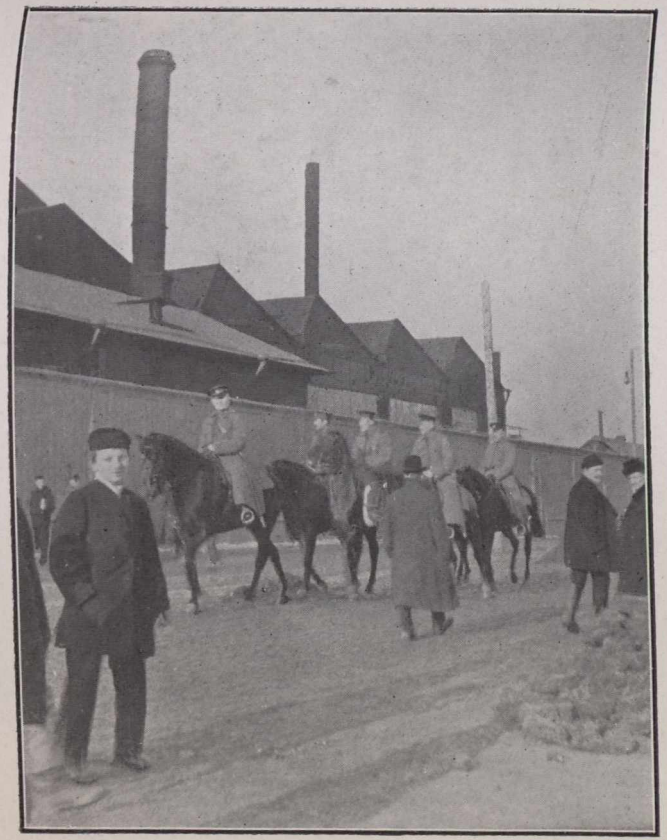
From the arch to beyond the Putiloff Iron Works the highway continues in a straight line, the works being on the shore or westerly side of the road. Immediately upon passing the arch, large numbers of men were noticeable, moving about singly or in small groups, and it was at once apparent, even to the veriest stranger, that the Putiloff works were by no means being operated at their full capacity.

Proceeding further, the throng increased, until upon arrival at the works the crowd, in which there were many women and children, became very dense. About 10 o'clock most of the men who had been working, discontinued, leaving only some 900 men, barely enough to keep the cannon works in operation, which the government was determined to continue to operate at all hazard, owing to the urgent demand for cannon at the front. As Mr. Nisbett had been for some time engaged at the Iron Works, he was able to interview three individuals connected with the works, who were idle on account of the action of the strikers, but were not particularly identified with the movement. One of these, a Scandinavian, before alluded to, upon the assurance that he was quite safe in doing so, was willing to talk freely with regard to the condition of affairs. The others appeared, and somewhat naturally, disinclined to give any information concerning the actual condition of affairs.

The Putiloff Works give employment to from ten to sixteen thousand men, nearly all Poles, who receive an average wage of about fifty cents a day. Work is commenced at 6 a. m. and continued until 12, noon, when, after an intermission of two hours, it is again resumed. This, it is needless to say, makes a very long day, and as food is by no means cheap in the vicinity of St. Petersburg, the pay can scarcely be deemed a living wage. For a number of days, owing doubtless to some pre-conceived plan, the majority of the men had commenced work in the morning and about 10 o'clock dropped their tools and left the works. This was certainly a very aggravating policy, and the aim of the strikers appeared difficult to understand. There was apparently a difficulty in preserving unity of action among the men, and as the government had determined to



"By one o'clock the crowd outside the works had increased to a mob of thousands, composed altogether of the strikers and their families."



"A few of their number returned to the road. which they continued to patrol.'

resume work in certain departments at two o'clock upon the day on which the writer visited the works serious trouble was anticipated. Acting on the strength of this hint, it was determined to await developments at that hour, and instead of returning to the hotel for lunch, to take pot-luck at the best of the boarding houses in the vicinity, usually frequented by the clerks and heads of the departments. The result proved so unsatisfactory, as to cleanliness, although the dining room had a large seating capacity and was apparently well patronized, that a couple of boiled eggs and an orange were all the refreshments partaken of.

The Iron Works, it may be explained, are enclosed on all sides by a board fence, strongly constructed, about fifteen feet in height, the principal entrance being through two large gateways which were guarded by a squad of infantry, with fixed bayonets, stationed inside, and which were only opened, as occasion required, to admit cartloads of supplies which arrived under military escort. Between the two large gateways are fifteen small low doors, purposely constructed so as to permit the passage of only one person at a time. Inside of each of these small doors a very narrow passage way had been railed off, and beside each door on the inside stood one or two armed infantry. All of these precautions, it is perhaps somewhat needless to explain, were for the purpose of preventing the entrance from being "rushed" by any preconcerted plan on the part of the strikers.

The main road from the city is crossed by the railway just at the commencement of the works. The crossing being a level one, is protected by gates, and to facilitate traffic a narrow overhead footbridge has been constructed. This bridge seemed to afford a good point for observation, and from it a number of photos of the surroundings were taken, but as a serious effort was

contemplated by the strikers, to prevent the return of any men to work at 2 o'clock, and mindful of the affair at the archway of a few days before, the writer concluded that a less exposed situation would be more to his liking.

The dropping of a Canadian by a bullet, stray or otherwise, like a crow from the limb of a dead tree, would probably not greatly benefit the cause of humanity. A small building immediately opposite to the entrance to the works, flanked by a high board fence, having a good solid stone church in the rear, and behind which he could fairly well conceal the working of his cameras, appeared to offer the desired protection, with an opportunity for a hasty retreat, if necessary. Here the writer took up his position to await developments.

By one o'clock the road was so densely packed with strikers that it became difficult to move about. Soon an individual from the works appeared, and under military protection read a printed notice, which was listened to without comment by the strikers, and was then posted up on an adjoining building. About a quarter past one the soldiers on guard were reinforced by a platoon of cavalry armed with rifles and with bayonets fixed. These were admitted to the works and a few moments afterwards about fifteen of their number returned to the road, which they continued to patrol, evidently prepared to charge upon any group that might show a disposition to create a disturbance. At a quarter before two, the small door-ways elsewhere alluded to were opened, and a number of men, in rather a sheepish and morose manner, passed in to resume work, in all probability about ten per cent of those upon the roll. At two o'clock the doors were again closed, and it was evident that any demonstration or violence that had been contemplated had been over-

This Bridge seemed a good point for observation, but as serious effort was contemplated by the strikers the writer concluded that a less exposed situation would be more to his liking."

"Just opposite the Putiloff Works is a fine brick church, which seemed to offer a good opportunity for cover in case the expected shooting commenced."

awed by the display of force on the part of the government.

The city of Moscow is, like that of Rome, situated upon seven hills. It is the second capital of the Russian empire, contains about 1,000,000 people, about 20,000 houses and covers forty-six square miles of territory.

Through the city runs a small river upon one bank of which fronts the Kremlin, a fortress of which Russia is justly proud, once considered well-nigh invulnerable, but now little else than a vast collection of ancient churches, historic monuments and stately palaces, some of which contain jewels and other treasures of fabulous value.

Within its walls are four churches, in one of which lie the remains of forty-seven Russian princes, including all the Czars down to the time of Peter the Great.

In another are three banners of solid gold, which the novice would scarcely notice amid the oriental splendor of the surroundings, but the jewels of only one of which are worth $225,000.

The amount of money that is represented in all the rest of the gold and jewels and paintings and sculpture and enamels with which the building is adorned must be vast indeed if one may judge by the single item alluded to. In the Cathedral of the Archangel Michael, built in the year 1509, lie the remains of Ivan the Terrible, a trace of whose blood must have flowed in the veins of the late Grand Duke Sergius, so greatly was he dreaded by the people whom he ruled with such ruthless sternness. For his wife the popular affection appeared to be as marked as was the hatred for the husband. It is reported that it was only the presence of the Grand Duchess, and the disinclination even of the malcontents to harm her that prevented the royal victim from meeting the fate which ultimately befell him, at an earlier date.

The walls of the Kremlin are 7,000 feet in circumference, and are pierced by five gates. These walls are of brick, and are of great interest, as they are much older than the buildings which they now surround. They have remained intact through many vicissitudes, and have lasted while the buildings which they contain have been many times destroyed and rebuilt.

Probably the most important of the gates to the Kremlin is the Spass (the Saviour's) Gate, surmounted by an ikon or holy image which is held in especial veneration by the Russians. It was through this gate that the ancient Czars rode forth to battle, and under which they passed upon their return. This ikon is the same that was displayed before the Tartars when they were defeated in the year 1526.

Within the Kremlin is also the tower of Ivan Veliky, built in 1590, with its fine peal of bells, the largest of which, cast in the reign of the Empress Anne, in 1733, weighs 200 tons. This bell is sixty-eight feet in circumference, and stands upon a stone pedestal at the foot of the tower, having had a piece knocked out of its side by the fall of a rafter during the fire of 1737.

There is probably nothing in Russia so familiar to the readers of ACADIENSIS as this bell, which still remains the largest in the world.

The treasury contains an unrivalled collection of old silver, jewelry, firearms, portraits of Russian Czars and Polish kings, the Astrachan, Georgian, Kazan and Siberian crowns—carried in great state processions—also the crowns and sceptres of former Czars. When one sees this vast display of wealth and learns of the dire poverty and lack of education throughout the empire, one is almost tempted to exclaim: "Why are not these jewels sold for much money and given to the poor?"

A RUSSIAN CARICATURE OF LEO TOLSTOI.

"A few idlers surrounded the place, a wooden railing enclosing the spot where just previously the Grand Duke Sergius had been killed by a bomb."

Mention of the Kremlin riding school, large enough to accommodate at one time 5,000 mounted horsemen, with roof unsupported by post or pillar, should not be omitted.

Just outside of the walls of the Kremlin and opposite the Spass, or Saviour's Gate, is the Cathedral of Wassili Blazenny, Basil the Beatified, one of the most remarkable architectural productions in the world. Built in 1555 by Ivan the Terrible, to celebrate the defeat of the Tartars, it contains nine chapels, none of which is more than twenty feet in diameter, but having each a lofty roof. The chapels are lighted from above, in the case of the middle chapel the light coming down through a shaft probably not less than two hundred feet in depth. This shaft forms the interior of the centre minaret of the group of which the building is principally composed. Around the outside of the building on the principal floor, runs a narrow passage way about three feet in width, through which the visitor is conducted. This cathedral is only used once a year for religious worship, and as the chapels which it contains are very tiny the building is of no practical value. It forms a unique illustration of the way that much money has been wasted in Russia without benefit or advantage to anybody.

It is related that after the building had been completed, Ivan the Terrible invited the architect to dine with him, and after complimenting him highly upon his skill in designing a building totally unlike any that had been previously constructed, remarked that he supposed that, if any other person should desire a cathedral at all similar, he should decline to lend his assistance. The unfortunate architect, little suspecting what was before him, replied truthfully that if he was employed for the purpose by a different individual, he should of course be guided by his new

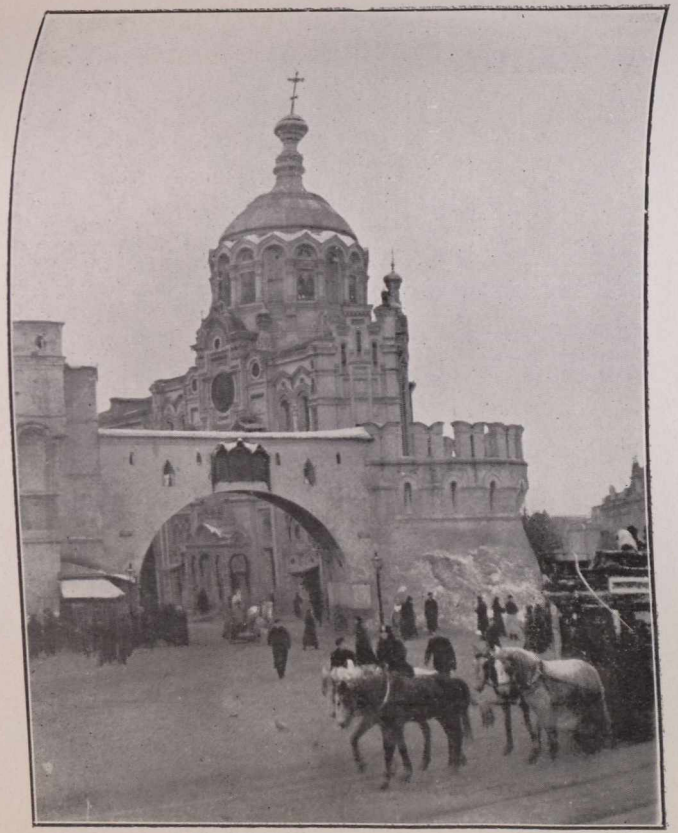
patron's wishes in the matter. Upon hearing this just and fearless statement Ivan was so enraged that he ordered the architect to be immediately blinded and thus effectually prevented his ever designing a building which might in the least resemble that which had been designed for himself.

Beyond the first line of walls of the Kremlin is a second wall, enclosing the so-called "Chinese Town," and which wall is also pierced by several beautiful gates. It is between the first and second line of walls that many of the principal business houses and hotels in Moscow are situated.

Volumes might be filled with descriptions of all the wonders of this great city, for it is truly great in many ways. It is more typically Russian than St. Petersburg, is semi-barbaric in its display of wealth and coloring, it contains, not one, but several of the finest business houses that the traveller will find in Europe, one of the largest theatres in the world, and best of all for the comfort and convenience of the traveller, has one of the cheapest and best systems of cabs and sleighs, in addition to numerous street car lines. In the winter time there are no less than 17,000 small low sledges plying for hire, all numbered and under license, in one of which any point in the principal part of the city may be reached for the trifling sum of twenty copecks (about ten cents).

In explanation of this extensive cab service it may be mentioned that many of the peasants who are farmers during the greater part of the year, flock to the cities with their horses in the winter and become sledge drivers; thus earning enough to support themselves and their horses during the severe winter weather.

The difficulties of the language shut one off so completely from all the usual sources of information, that



GATEWAY IN THE SECOND LINE OF WALLS, MOSCOW.

"The architect had his eyes put out so that he could never design another at all similar.

the services of a guide, for a portion of the time at least, are indispensable. F. F. Hoger, a German by birth, who speaks English with the fluency of a native, is most reasonable in his charges, and is thoroughly familiar, not only with the city and its surroundings, but with the history and traditions connected with all the various items of interest in the treasury, in the cathedrals, in the museums and in the Royal Palace, which latter is within the inner walls of the Kremlin, and contains no less than 700 rooms. He also claims to have escorted touring parties to within the limits of the Arctic circle, and throughout Eastern Russia and Japan.

Great is the interest for the traveller and the student, in this wonderful city, its luxuriance, its splendors, the superstition of its people, the wealth of its rich men and the dire poverty of the poor. It contains 1,050 churches and only 200 schools, yet even in the matter of education it is in advance of the rest of the Empire.

It gives the writer great pleasure to be able to testify to the great and unvarying courtesy with which he was treated by all classes during his brief visit to Russia. From the military commandant of more than one of the principal posts through all grades of society down to the humblest peasant, he did not experience a single instance of discourtesy. It would not be unreasonable at the present time to expect some slight friction, and in fact he was frequently warned in England, France and Germany that he should not undertake the journey which he has here attempted to describe, and that should he do so he was assuming grave risks of unpleasant treatment. Such, however, has not been his experience.

The Right Rev. T. E. Wilkinson, Bishop of the Episcopal Church in North and Central Europe, comments strongly upon this point in a letter addressed to

the editor of the London *Daily Mail,* in which he appeals to the British press to refrain from publishing exaggerated and unfair reports with reference to Russian affairs. A short quotation from his excellent letter may, perhaps, be permitted:

"To aggravate and torture a worsted sister nation is not magnanimous and is altogether unworthy of us as a great nation. Bismarck used to say that Germany had to pay for the windows broken by her press. England will have to pay the same bill some day.

"Russia has proved herself in war to be brave, enduring, and in her attitude and utterances toward her victorious enemy, chivalrous.

"The English who live in Russia, will, I know, bear me out in what I have written, for there is no country in Europe where English people have been treated with such unvarying kindness and consideration as in Russia. I travel and work through ten nations of Northern and Central Europe and I hear complaints, loud and many, from our countrymen in not a few of them, as to the troubles to which they are subjected, but not in Russia.

"The Russians are a kind-hearted, generous, and friendly people; they have never oppressed the English who have lived among them; on the contrary, they have allowed them many and great privileges and advantages, since the days of Peter the Great onwards."

Among the reforms most urgently needed in Russia the following may be mentioned, a primary condition to the establishment of good government, namely the discontinuance of the present war upon the best terms obtainable, having, as a matter of course, been first admitted:

Representative government, including curtailment of present powers of Czar.

Religious freedom for all classes.

Grand Duchess Sergius, beloved by the people as much as her husband was hated.

Freedom of the press.

The right to openly debate public questions.

Education for the masses.

Separation of church and state, as being in the best interests of both.

The abolition of contract prison labor.

Abolition of prison labor in mines.

Provision of modern jails and penitentiaries.

Abolition of espionage, as a part of government system.

Trial by jury.

No indefinite imprisonment without trial.

These reforms cannot all be effected in one year, or even in ten years. If the Czar and his advisers show the people that they are sincere in their declared intention of granting reforms, by the immediate organization of some system of representative government, no matter how crude it may be in its first inception, serious disaster to the nation may be averted.

Internal warfare, like a two-edged sword, keen and terrible, is hanging over the country, suspended but by a single thread. A breath of wind may, at any moment cause its descent upon the people. Serious for Russia as has been the result of the war with Japan, it would be overshadowed by the ruinous effects of civil war, should such a contingency occur.

All that is needed to precipitate a crisis at any moment is the appearance of a leader of sufficient energy and ability to organize and consolidate the existing units of discontent, and, like a flame sweeping across a prairie covered with dry grass the empire, extending across two continents, would be swept by a wholesale carnage, the like of which the world has never witnessed.

From Moscow to Constantinople by rail is a continuous journey occupying three days and three nights.

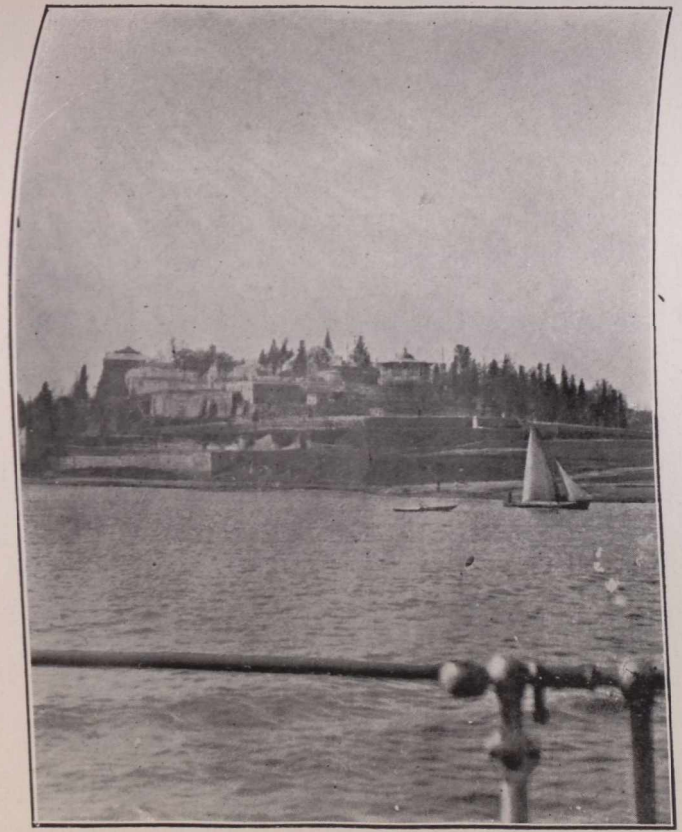
The land until the traveller approaches the Black Sea is level and monotonous. There are several large towns or cities between Moscow and Sebastopol, and as one nears the latter city the country has a more prosperous appearance than in the more northern part of European Russia.

The city of Sebastopol is well built, principally of stone, and nearly all traces of the Crimean war have been obliterated except the cemetaries and various national monuments to those who died in the war, and which alone remind the traveller of what has been.

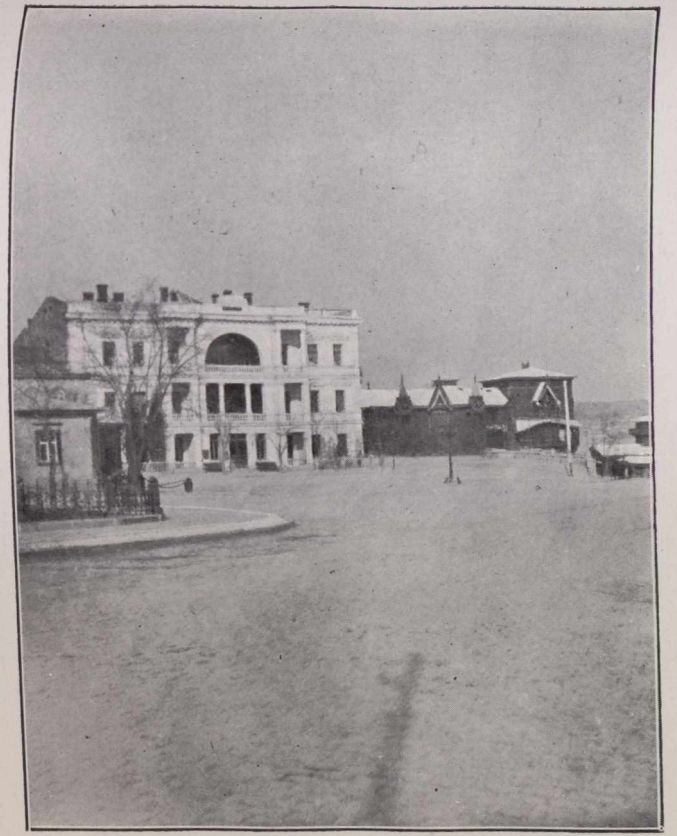
The usual route from Sebastopol to Constantinople is by water, the steamship service being fairly good, and the journey one of thirty hours duration, not excessively long.

The number of efficient Russian ships of war of good size is about seven, supplemented by about fifteen torpedo boats and other small craft. The Russian Black Sea fleet is by no means a formidable one. Many of the guns from the ships in these waters were removed on merchantmen, surreptitiously, to eastern waters at the outbreak of the Russo-Japanese difficulty.

The city of Constantinople is, without doubt, one of the most picturesque of Southern Europe as viewed from the water, but in few instances will such serious disappointment be felt by the traveller, as when having landed, he commences to explore the city critically for places and features such as are ordinarily supposed to interest a visitor. The mosques, with their attendant minarettes, give a charm to the landscape, as viewed from a distance, and break up the sky line with a grace peculiar to this particular city; but having examined one of them, the traveller has, one might almost say, seen them all, and looks in vain for something else of interest to which he may turn his attention.



"As we steamed down the Bosphorus we passed the Harem of the Sultan of Turkey,"



KIST HOTEL, SEBASTOPOL.

The streets of the city are, at best, but narrow lanes and alleys, strewn with offal and garbage, even the "Grand Rue," the principal business street in Para, which is the fashionable quarter of the city, being scarcely twenty-five feet in width. Narrow as are the streets, the sidewalks are proportionately narrower, and in most instances scarcely admit of two persons walking abreast.

The city is over-run with dogs, a species of mongrel who barely manage to sustain life upon the garbage, which is thrown into the streets even in the best parts of the city. These dogs, whose only home is in the streets, sleep in the sunshine upon the sidewalks in the day time, where they are safe from the wheeled traffic, and after dark wander about in quest of food. Fighting and snarling all night long, they make sleep well nigh impossible to one unaccustomed to the uproar.

The banking arrangements in Turkey for extortion are about the most refined and complete that intelligent officials can devise. Both small change and gold are at a premium of from 8 per cent. upwards. Upon presenting a draft from a London bank upon the Credit Lyonaise at the agency of that concern in Constantinople, the payment is made in Turkish paper money of large denominations. In case that one receives more money than he intends to use in Turkey he must pay a premium in order to have it exchanged into French or English gold. If he wishes small money for use about the city he must pay a premium. Payment of drafts in gold is refused. French gold and silver is usually accepted for payment of small accounts, but coins of the time of the Empire and the Republic, although current at the office of the Credit Lyonaise in Paris, are "bad" in Constantinople. For changing French gold into small Turkish silver and nickel-plated coppers the writer was charged 25 per cent. by the obliging clerk

of the Para Palace Hotel, although it was pointed out at the time that according to the table of exchange published in the guide book, this was a gross over-charge. That the guide-book was wrong, was the only explanation offered.

Turkish rugs may be bought much more reasonably from a reliable dealer in London or New York than in Constantinople. For the services of a barber, for instance, the tourist pays nearly double the price charged in the most expensive establishments in the West End of London. This scale of extortionate demands pervades all classes of trade and business.

Very few women are to be seen about the streets of Constantinople, the few that appear in the stores and restaurants being principally Greeks. One may spend a week in Constantinople and not see more than twenty Turkish women, those who appear in public being closely veiled. Upon the lower half of all the windows of a Turkish city residence close screens of wood carefully prevent intrusion from prying eyes.

The street costume of a Turkish woman is invariably of one color or shade, and is uniform in style among the rich and poor. In color, black predominates, but occasionally rich brocaded silks of light weight are worn by women of wealth. The cloak is long, reaching to the ground, and is caught in at the waist. With this cloak, a cape which covers the head and shoulders is worn, while a black veil, thin, but almost impenetrable to the eye, is invariably used to cover the face. Among the more elderly women, and those of the lower classes, the veil is so disposed that the eyes and nose are uncovered, but the mouth and forehead are carefully concealed.

The streets of Constantinople are paved principally wih round cobble stones, which, in addition to the

unevenness with which they have been laid, are rendered even more unpleasant for walking upon by the filth and slime with which they are coated. This in addition to the steep gradients of the principal streets, their narrowness and the consequent congestion of traffic, make them almost impassable to pedestrians.

That portion of the sidewalks which is not occupied by sleeping dogs in day time, is largely taken up by boot-blacks, who sit about in the sun and pound their boxes with their blacking brushes in order to attract the attention of any one who may appear to be a likely customer. The remaining space not utilized by the dogs and boot-blacks is appropriated by innumerable beggars, who display club-feet, stumps of amputated limbs and diseased parts of their bodies, artistically arranged, so as to best work upon the feelings of the passers-by.

Much of the cooking at the innumerable restaurants of the poorest class is done on a charcoal brazier upon the sidewalk, the principal disadvantage, if not the only one in the eyes of the Turk, being the danger of losing the mess while in preparation, by theft, upon the part of one of the pariah dogs.

In Constantinople, every man wears a fez, red, with a black tassel, and to appear upon the street with any other head dress is to at once make oneself a target for all those who lie in wait.

The Turk as seen in guide books, upon picture post-cards and hand-bills, and in devices for the ensnaring of the unsophisticated traveller, is a trim looking individual, clad in a picturesque costume of brilliant coloring, which harmonizes well with his swarthy skin.

In real life he is a very different being. A bundle of rags of various hues, shoes from which toes and heels protrude, a face unshaven, a red fez from which per-

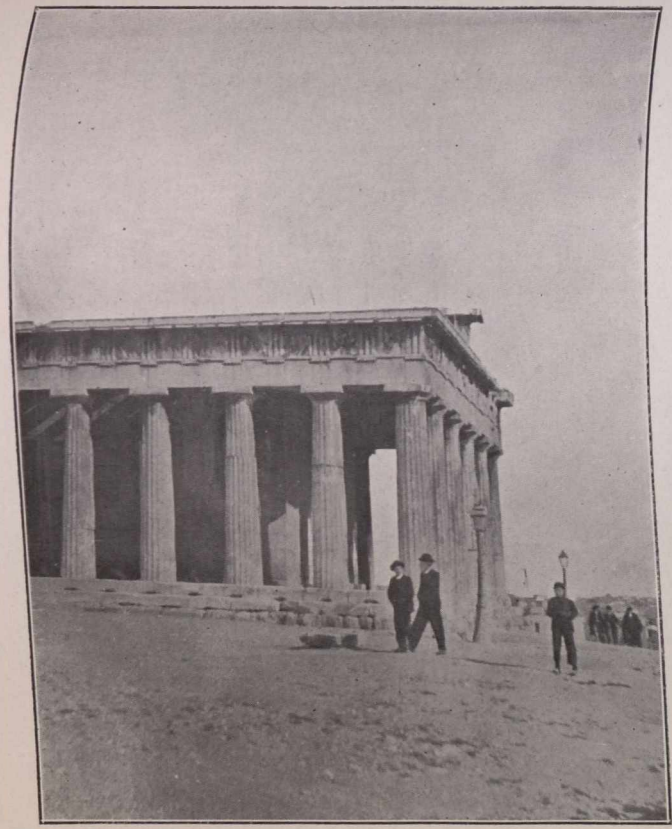
spiration has long ago eliminated the dye around the lower edges, a general indication of the avoidance of the application of the cleansing principle of water either to person or apparel, an odor of garlic pungent and unmistakeable, all these features more truly represent the average Turk as he actually appears, and mark him as something to be avoided.

The only Turkish costumes, corresponding at all to the traveller's ideal in such matters, to be seen about Constantinople, are those worn for advertising effect by some of the employes of the principal hotels. They are supplied by the employer and in them a dirk and a huge revolver stuck through the belt are given undue prominence.

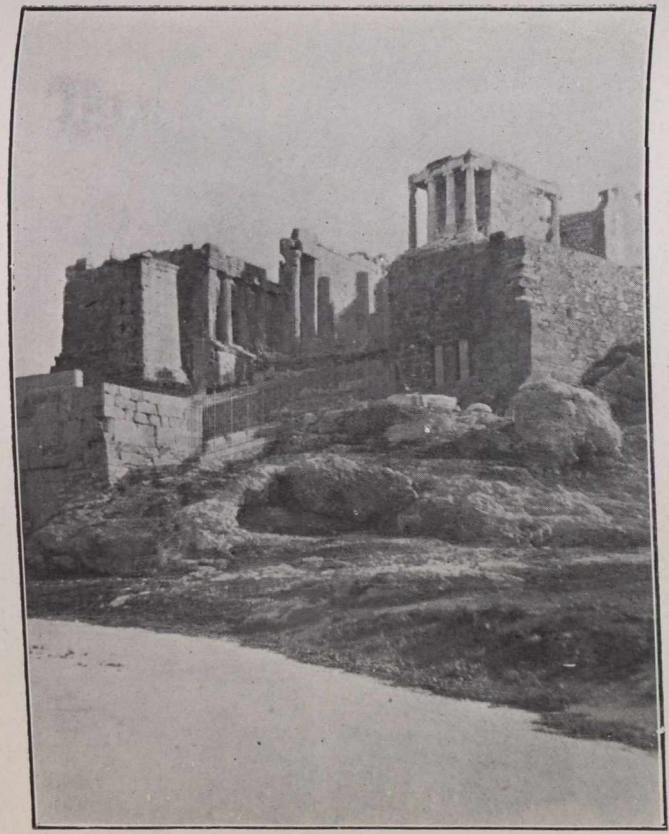
Having once seen Constantinople few travellers will in the least regret their departure, and fewer still will ever experience a desire to again visit such a place of uncleanliness, dishonesty and discomfort.

From Constantinople to Piræus by water is but thirty hours' journey, and the sail during the latter part of the month of March is, under normal conditions, probably one of the most delightful in the world. All along the route the traveller passes innumerable islands, many of them devoid even of vegetable life. Occasionally one sees the ruins of an ancient temple standing lonely upon a hilltop on a barren island, and one naturally wonders why it was placed there and what its history might be.

Protected by islands in every direction, the sea is usually smooth, and the air soft and balmy, so that even in mid-winter the traveller may sleep at night with the port-hole of his stateroom open, secure against bad air and the inroad of the rolling sea, which make ocean travel so greatly to be dreaded by many people in the winter season in a more rigorous climate.



"The well preserved Doric temple to the north of the Acropolis at Athens, commonly known as the Theseum, was long supposed to be the sanctuary in which the bones of Theseus reposed. Built circa 5th Century B. C."



The Propylæa, at the western end of the hill of the Acropolis, Athens.

Piræus is practically the modern city of Athens, being situate on the water front, while Athens proper is but about five minutes distant by electric car. There are innumerable electric railways in Greece running for greater or lesser distances, varying from the limited town trolley line to the fast "third rail" system, by the aid of which one may travel easily, swiftly and economically.

To tread the classic soil of Greece and gaze upon the innumerable architectural memorials of Hellenic genius is the desire of almost everyone who has read anything of Grecian history. There is no country in the world that opens the floodgates of memory, or excites the imagination, as does this classic archipelago. The names of its great men are familiar to students in all walks of life. Its sculptors, statesmen, orators, poets, historians and philosophers have all in their respective spheres impressed an influence upon human thought and human ideals lasting even to the present day.

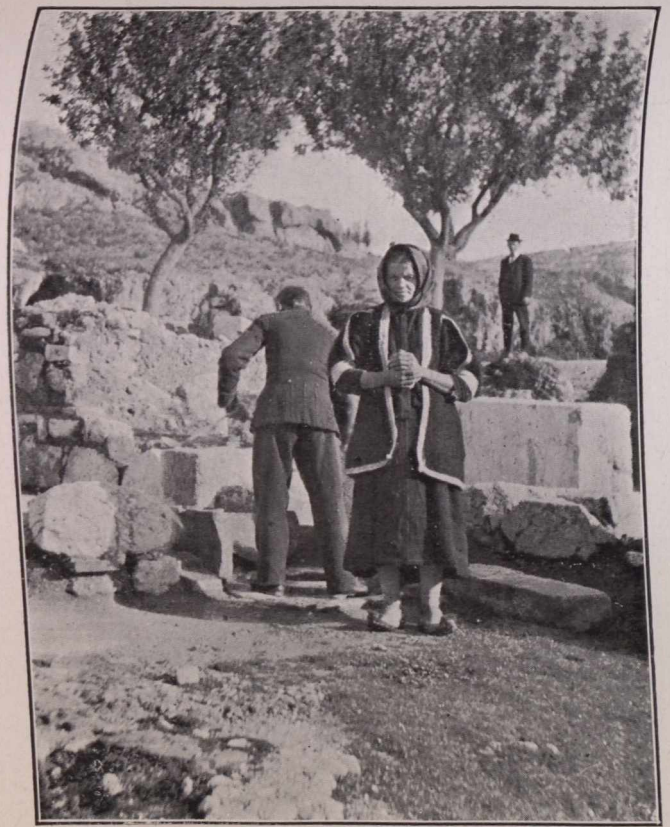
The centuries that have elapsed since Greece was at the crowning point of its glory have not entirely changed its national customs and characteristics. Successive settlements of Venetians and Turks have not effaced all that the Romans and Goths left of its enduring relics in stone and marble.

Leaving the more modern city, and proceeding towards the hill of the Acropolis, one comes first to the Temple of Theseus, one of the most perfect of the various ruins which have remained almost in their entirety. Following up the hill we reach the cellars of what has been a large collection of houses, just under the shadow of the hill of the Acropolis. Here one observes the results of the efforts which have been systematically made to recover some of the numerous art treasures which undoubtedly lie buried here. In the

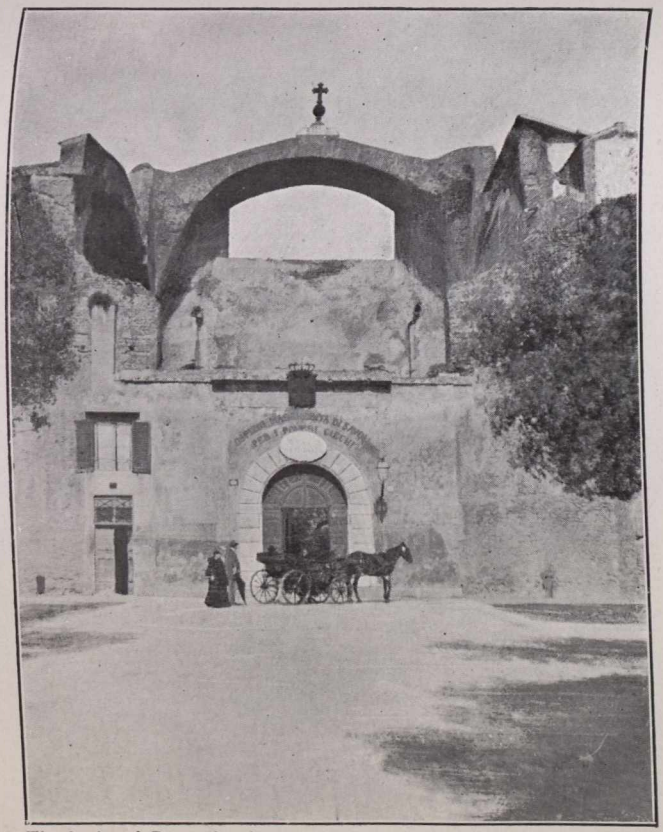
course of these excavations, wells, walled up with cut stone and of great depth, have recently been discovered in perfect condition, and after having lain disused probably for twenty centuries, are now a source of daily supply to many of the small houses which have, comparatively within recent years, sprung up in the vicinity.

Passing on by a winding roadway we gradually reach the summit of the noble hill of the Acropolis and the Parthenon, the buildings upon its crest a monument of the climax of centuries of culture. The glory of the Athens of old is here illustrated to the best advantage by this grand pile, the Parthenon towering above its neighbors, the Temple of Athena, the Erectheum and the Propylea. The view from the summit of the hill is most inspiring. Just below one sees the Aereopagus, and nestling against the hill there stands in splendid preservation the Pnyx where Demosthenes and Pericles stood and poured out their flood of burning eloquence to listening thousands. Standing upon the rostrum where once stood these great men, and gazing upon tier above tier of semi-circular marble seats, one may, in imagination, easily re-people them with the men and women of so many centuries ago.

From the hill of the Acropolis one may also look down upon the plain of Marathon, now covered with vineyards and olive gardens, but where, nearly two thousand four hundred years ago a battle was fought which practically decided the destiny of the world. Upon this plain there is a mound which, it is maintained, is the identical heap of earth which was raised over the bodies of the Athenian soldiers who fell in that great struggle. We can still distinguish the slope where the Athenians charged the Persian line, the valley up which Miltiades retreated and the marshes over which the Persians were pursued by the victorious Greeks.



"An old well walled up with cut stone, and very deep, at the foot of the Acropolis. The dwellings have long disappeared, but the well remains. The man and woman were engaged in drawing water with the aid of a long rope. The woman turned from her work to gaze at a stranger and was photographed"



The baths of Caracalla, the largest mass of ruins in Rome, except the Coliseum.

From Piræns to Patras by water is about a day's journey. Many travellers cross Greece from point to point by rail in order to avoid the longer sea voyage. To one who is fond of the sea the longer journey is the more preferable.

The air at Patras is beautifully clear, and looking up from amid the sweltering heat at mid-day on the steamer's deck on a fine afternoon it seemed as if one might almost touch the snow covered mountain peaks towering high above the cloud line directly in front. Between the two points, the steamer's deck and the far off mountain top, were vineyards and olive gardens, orange groves and clusters of fig trees and gardens full of spring vegetables, the latter for all the world as one might see them in Canada in July.

Half way up the hillside is the ruin of an old castle, which must have been built upon a grand scale. Even yet its outer wall is almost intact, while its donjon-keep does duty as a penitentiary. If one might know its history what tales of intrigue, of valour, of human ambitions and disappointments, of human weaknesses and vanities might be disclosed.

The town of Patras is one of the cleanest of southern Europe, its people appear frugal and industrious, its market is well supplied with provisions of every sort, fresh fruits and vegetables abound, it is a centre for yachting, fishing and innumerable other amusements, it is most beautifully situated, it has not yet become polluted by that element which seems to pervade nearly all the resorts frequented by travellers, namely of people unwilling to work, striving to obtain something for nothing and ever on the alert for money, no matter how obtained. The people appear simple in their tastes, and even the little homes of the workingmen, consisting of a small cottage frequently containing but

a single room, appear a marvel of neatness and cleanliness. There is not, as yet, any large hotel there, but people of simple tastes will find no difficulty in making themselves comfortable.

Between Greece and Italy, near the southern end of the Adriatic Sea, lies the Island of Corfu, a favorite winter resort of Europeans on their way to and from Cairo, who spend a week or two there in order to avoid a too sudden change of climate. It is quite noted as a resort for sportsmen, and the shooting, particularly woodcock, is excellent. In the interior of the island wild boar, roe-deer, chamois, bears and wolves are said to be plentiful.

From Corfu to Brindisi is but a few hours journey, and here ended one of the most delightful voyages the writer has ever experienced. The delicious warmth of the climate was intensified by contrast with the terrible cold of the Russian winter, the green grass waving in the fields overlooked by towering mountain crags was the antithisis of the dreary snow-covered level plains of Russia, the cleanliness of the towns visited was in marked contrast to the filth of Constantinople.

In the evenings the steamer was boarded at whatever port she happened to be in by small stringed orchestras, who assisted to beguile what might have been a weary hour, and the members of which were satisfied with very trifling remuneration.

Brilliantly lighted cabins, secluded deck corners, a balmy air, sweet music, ample space to dance or to promenade, courteous attendants, luscious tropical fruit, the perfume of innumerable roses, the hum of conversation or the quiet enjoyment of ones own thoughts as preferred, a smooth sea, the stars brilliant over head, the horizon sparkling with countless electric lights, foreign costumes in every conceivable hue were all con-

ditions which were encountered upon each evening spent in one of the numerous ports of call. Difficult to please indeed must be the individual who could not find enjoyment amid such surroundings.

Leaving Brindisi in the early morning, and after an all-day journey in a fast express, one arrives at the great city of Rome. Augustus J. C. Hare, in his *Walks in Rome* tells us that:

"If we would profit by Rome to the uttermost, we must put away all prejudices, whether Roman Catholic or Protestant, and we must believe that it is not in one class of Roman interests alone that much is to be learnt. Those who devote themselves exclusively to the relics of the kings and the republic, to the walls, or the vexed questions concerning the Porta Capena, and who see no interest in the reminiscences of the middle ages and the popes, take only half of the blessing of Rome, and the half which has the least of human sympathy. Archæology and history should help the beauties of Rome to leave their noblest impress, in arousing feelings worthy of the greatest of pagan heroes, of the noblest of Latin poets, of the most inspired of sculptors and painters, as well as Paul of Tarsus, who passed into Rome under the Arch of Drusus, upon whom the shadow of the tomb of Caius Cestius fell as he passed out of Rome to his martyrdom in that procession of which it is the sole surviving witness, and who, in Rome, is sleeping now, with a thousand other saints, till, as S. Ambrose reminds us, he shall awaken there at the Great Resurrection."

As the majority of the readers of ACADIENSIS are aware, the Vatican Palace, where His Holiness Pope Pius X, resides immediately adjoins Saint Peter's Cathedral, being situated on the right hand side and a little to the rear as one approaches from the front.

Passing through the long colonade which appears prominently in all illustrations of Saint Peter's, one is met at the doorway by several members of the Swiss Guard, famous for several reasons, and whose brilliant costumes of red, yellow and black were especially designed for them by Michael Angelo.

In order to obtain an audience with His Holiness, it is primarily a necessity for the visitor to Rome to bear a letter from the bishop of the diocese from which he comes, which letter, in the case of Canadians, must be exchanged at the Canadian College at Rome, for another letter to the major-domo at the Vatican. Upon presenting this second letter to the guard, the visitor is shown up two long flights of stairs, and awaits his turn for a short interview with the proper official, who receives the letter and makes any necessary enquiries as to whether a special audience is desired, the nature of the business to be transacted, and any other details with which it is necessary that he should be acquainted.

If the visitor is particularly fortunate, he may receive his card of admission, which is sent out by special courier and not through the mail, in a week's time, the arrangement of the date being largely dependent upon the number of applicants already in waiting, and the amount of time that His Holiness may be able to devote to such audiences.

All preliminaries having been arranged, the visitor must arrive promptly at the appointed hour, and is received usually in the hall of Saint Gregory, a large audience chamber upon one of the upper floors of the Vatican Palace, and in which all those who are to attend the audience assemble to await the pleasure of His Holiness.

This hall is picturesquely decorated with frescoes upon the walls and ceiling, the wooden shutters for the windows being of oak, beautifully carved. The floor

Photo by Dosio & C., Rome.

POPE PIUS X

is of marbles inlaid one upon another, and the only furniture consists of wooden seats placed against the wall. To reach this hall it is necessary to pass at least two sentries, while a third is in attendance at the entrance to the chamber.

At the upper end of the hall, usually seated upon one of the wooden forms, are three others of the Swiss Guard in charge of a captain, armed with the picturesque but now obsolete battleaxe and halbert. Although apparently very much at their ease, the members of the guard are obliged to pay strict attention to all who enter or leave the audience chamber, and in the case of notable personages, to come promptly to the salute. The papal secretaries wore the usual evening dress, the one or two cardinals present were in black and purple, while other officials, probably equerries in waiting, were clad entirely in purple, wearing cutaway coats, knee breeches and silk stockings.

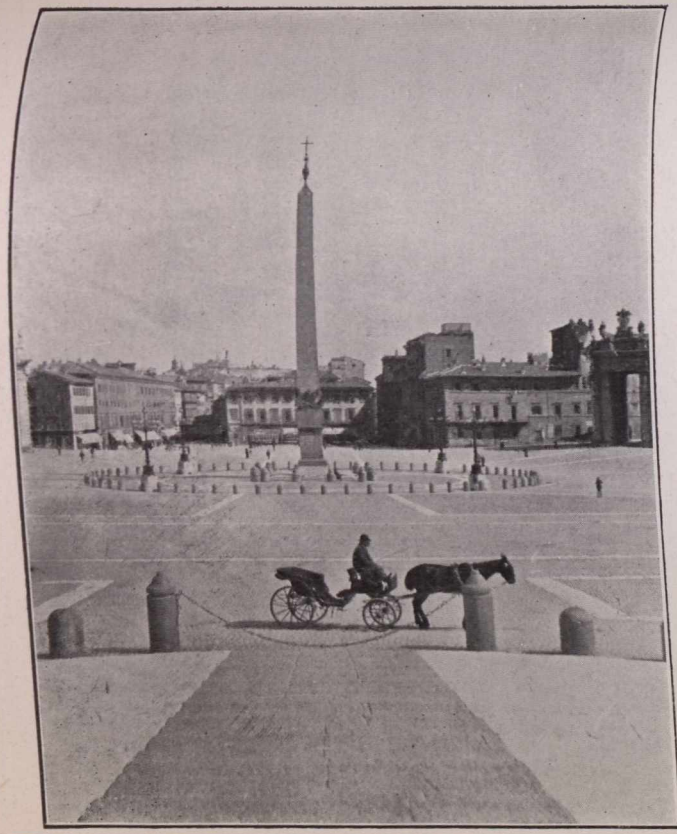
Among the visitors, probably one-quarter of the number were of the fair sex, dressed almost without exception in black silk and wearing upon their heads the black lace mantilla, familiar to all those who have travelled in southern Europe. The assemblage was very cosmopolitan, including several ladies of the Italian nobility whose carriages were in waiting in the courtyard below, attended by their servants, members of various religious orders in their respective habits, women of the middle class and a peasant girl in the simple but marvelously effective costume worn usually by the Italian women of her station in life. She was accompanied by an elderly woman of the same class and was evidently in a high state of excitement in anticipation of the honor in which she was to participate. She wore nothing upon her head and her luxuriant hair was neatly braided and was quite fair,

indicating that she was from the north of Italy, not far from the Swiss frontier. At every foot-fall the color came and went upon her face like a zephyr playing upon the placid surface of a lake on a summer day. All the men who were received in private audience were in evening dress. The remainder of those present were principally members of a body of pilgrims who, to the number of over 500, had arrived from France on the previous day.

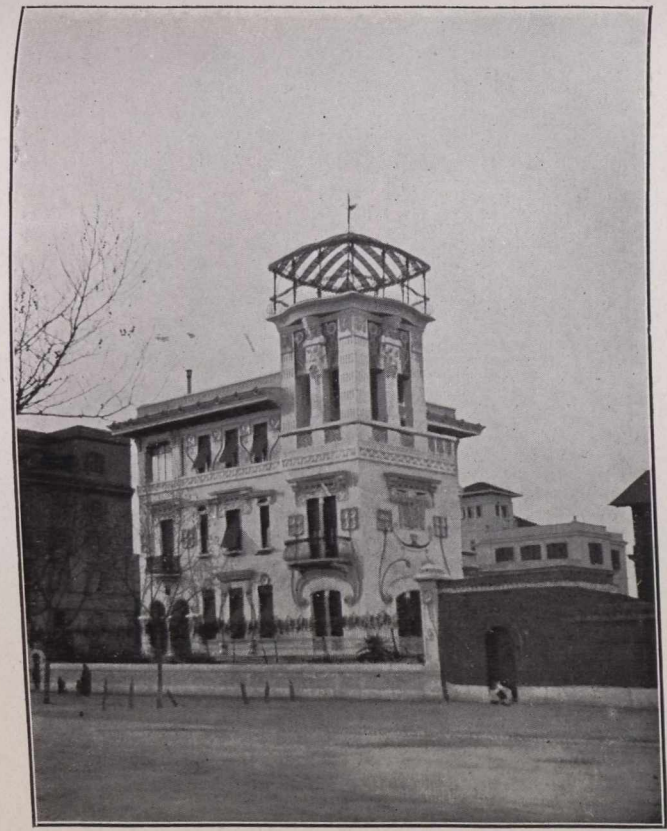
After an interval of waiting, during which those who had arranged for a private audience were received in an inner room, it was announced that His Holiness was in readiness. The Swiss Guard stood at attention at the upper end of the room, while facing them the the visitors were arranged in a semi-circle extending from the door on the north side of the audience-chamber to that on the south.

Soon His Holiness appeared, wearing the white robe with white silk sash appropriate to the occasion, and accompanied by the major-domo and all those who had been received in private audience. At the appearance of the Pope all present sank upon one knee, and His Holiness passed along the line exchanging a salutation, and in some special instances a few words with a particular individual, who might be indicated by the accompanying official. This ceremony over, he pronounced a benediction and the long anticipated ceremony was at an end. The scene was one that was most impressive and strikingly picturesque.

The Pope, with his white costume, silvery hair and bright countenance would impress the beholder as a man of strong character, but nevertheless of a most mild and pleasing expression. His was a face in which gentleness appeared to be the predominating characteristic, and seemingly unmarred by human passions or earthly cares.



VIEW FROM THE PRINCIPAL ENTRANCE TO ST. PETERS, ROME.



A MODERN DWELLING IN THE NEW PART OF ROME.

The remains of the Baths of Caracalla form the largest mass of ruins in Rome except the Coliseum. Formerly they were most beautiful, from the immense variety of foliage with which they were adorned. Now all this is changed, and even the tiniest plant has been carefully removed to prevent further injury to this structure. These baths could accommodate 1,600 bathers at once, and were commenced in A. D. 212 by Caracalla. They covered so vast an area that Ammianus Marcellinus remarked that the Roman baths were like provinces. Bulwer Lytton remarks of them:

"Imagine every entertainment for mind and body; enumerate all the gymnastic games our fathers invented; repeat all the books that Italy and Greece have produced; suppose places for all these games, admirers for all these works; add to this baths of the vastest size, the most complicated combination; intersperse the whole with gardens, with theatres, with porticoes, with schools; suppose, in one word, a city of the gods, composed but of palaces and public edifices, and you may form some faint idea of the glories of the great baths of Rome.

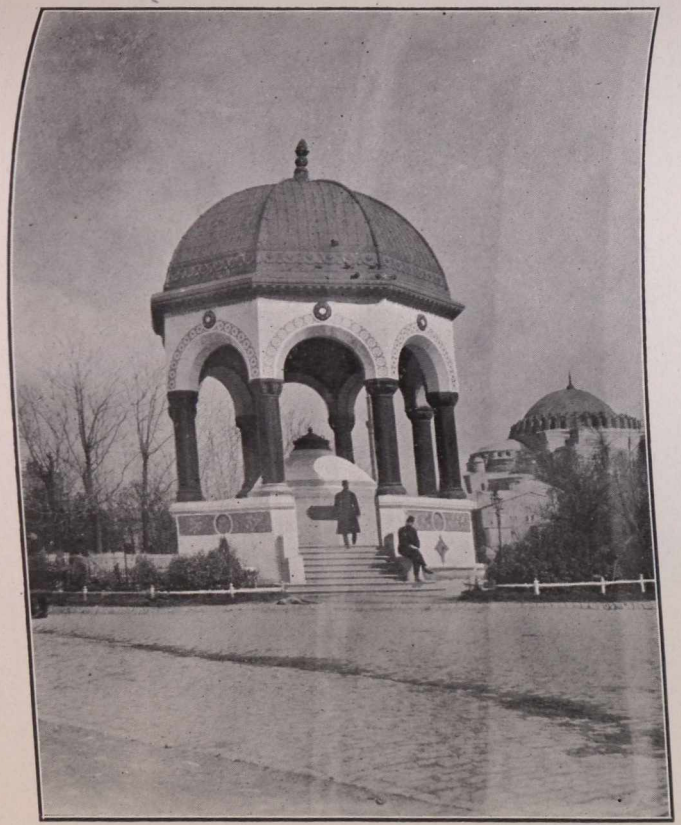
Possibly the reader will permit but a short quotation from Gibbon in order fully to portray, in as few words as possible, this vast collection of buildings as it must have been at the zenith of Rome's period of luxury and splendor:

"These *Thermae* of Caracalla, which were one mile in circumference, and open at stated hours for the indiscriminate service of the senators and the people, contained above 1,600 seats of marble. The walls of the various apartments were covered with various mosaics that imitated the art of the period in elegance of design and in the variety of their colors. The Egyptian granite was beautifully incrusted with the

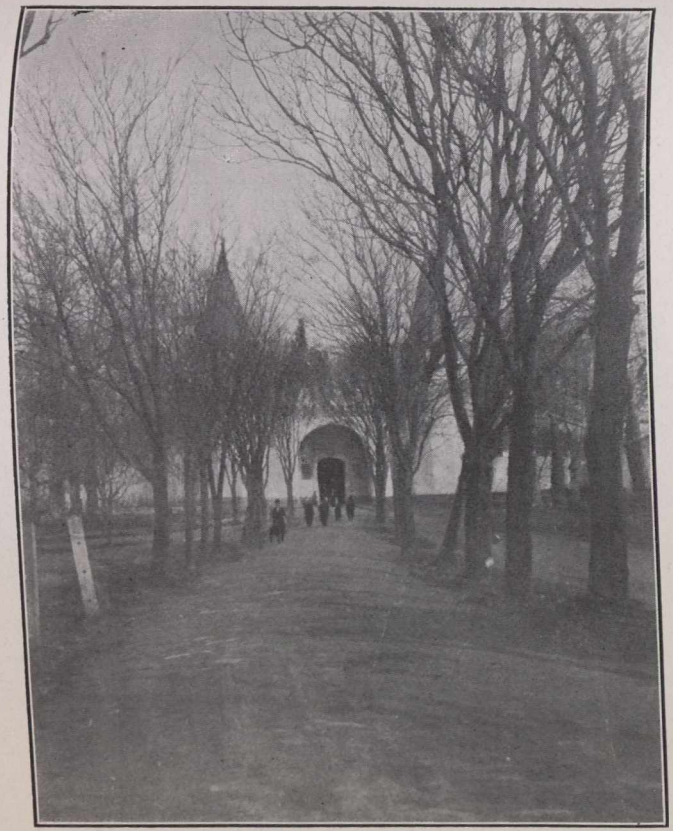
precious green marble of Numidia. The perpetual stream of hot water was poured into the capacious basins through so many wide mouths of bright and massy silver; and the meanest Roman could purchase, with a small copper coin, the daily enjoyment of a scene of pomp and luxury which might excite the envy of the kings of Asia. From these stately palaces issued forth a swarm of dirty and ragged plebeians, without shoes and without mantle; who loitered away whole days in the street or forum, to hear news and to hold disputes; who dissipated in extravagant gaming, the miserable pittance of their wives and children, and spent the hours of the night in the indulgence of gross and vulgar sensuality."

The modern city of Rome is becoming, almost as much as Paris, a place where people with money are attracted by every method that can be devised. New hotels, outrivalling in beauty of architecture and sightliness of location, even the palaces of bye-gone generations. Well-kept streets, modern sanitation luxurious hostelries, freedom from the dreaded Roman fever, a beautiful climate, magnificent trees in the parks and streets, music and paintings one might almost say unsurpassed, added to many other means of enjoyment, make Rome a paradise in which to spend the winter. Even the individual with comparatively small means will find comfortable quarters in a desirable locality at a moderate price.

An illustration of a modern dwelling in the new part of Rome is given in order that the reader may form some idea of the style of building now being constructed by the Roman citizen of today who has means sufficient to gratify his tastes in this respect. The beauty of detail in the design, the audacity of the color scheme, the convenience of internal arrangement, the solidity of construction, are all worthy of



The fountain presented by the Kaiser Wilhelm during his tour to the Holy Land.



" Walking up the avenue towards the entrance to the Harem, with camera open, a soldier, with bayonet fixed, ran out and gesticulated threateningly. "

note. A feature which should not be overlooked in the particular instance before us is the spacious and yet secluded place upon the roof of the tower where, raised above the dust and bustle of the street, the owner may, with his friends, enjoy the cool breezes in the evening protected from the dangerous dews of night by a canopy of vari-colored glass.

In conclusion the writer begs to remind such of the readers of ACADIENSIS as may have followed this somewhat lengthy and disjointed account of a few of the places visited, that the illustrations, with the exception of the portraits, were all taken by an amateur while *en route* and developed under conditions, the difficulties of which were too numerous to be here described. Dark days and a high latitude with very little sunshine are not conducive of good results in this class of work, as the veriest dabster is aware. When to these are added the difference in the systems of weights and measures, the difficulty in obtaining, particularly in Russia, fresh and pure chemicals, the lack of a proper dark room and of running water; the danger in some instances of obtaining, under the very eyes of spies and detectives, a proper exposure even with a carefully disguised apparatus, it will be concluded that the best results could not reasonably be expected.

The greater portion of the foregoing article has appeared in a series of letters published in the St. John *Daily Telegraph*. The addition of the illustrations and the elimination of much that was of passing interest has changed the character of the work sufficiently, it is to be hoped, to justify the republication of a portion of it in magazine form.

DAVID RUSSELL JACK.

Juvenile Exploration.

SOME twenty-five years ago the conditions of travel northwest of Grand Falls differed greatly from those existing today. The railway, ending at Edmundston, had barely ceased to be an object of awe to the simple minded habitants, who thought the use of steam power a tempting of divine Providence, and occasionally obstructed the track. Not yet had the unpleasant shriek of the iron horse disturbed the valley of the gently-flowing Madawaska. No dam and saw mill were seen then; no unsightly rock cuttings on the winding shores of the Temiscouata.

We were young boys, too young, perhaps, to be so far from home alone, when we alighted from the train at Edmundston amid a group of chattering Frenchmen, and sought shelter at the tavern of one Magloire Hebert, in the "lower town," so called. Our birch canoe had got side-tracked somewhere on the way up from Fredericton, so a great hole was made at once in our limited supply of money by the necessity of engaging a team to search for some substitute. Octave Bosser, the guide, whose lonely cabin fifteen miles up Madawaska stream we reached next day, loaned us a small pirogue or dugout, a miserable rotten little canoe, about half the usual size, and very cranky. Then came our first experience of poling, which is the fine art of canoeing to those understanding it. The Madawaska is not considered "strong water" but it is deep at times, with here and there a soft bottom, covered with long grass which waves

in the current. Our canoe kept whirling about so that bow and stern were continually reversed. One of the poles were often left sticking in the mud, for in swinging suddenly with the current, unless we could extricate it quickly it was a choice between letting go or falling overboard. Many narrow escapes were thus recorded. Our goods we tightly lashed to the canoe, to the amusement of Bosser, himself a skilled and mighty poler.

In a day or two, by better luck than management, and with the powerful aid of Bosser over the lower stretches, we glided forth upon the broad expanse of Lake Temiscouata. The day was intensely hot; every leaf hung motionless; the azure sky, green woods and high burned ridges, now yellow with faded small growth, were alike vividly mirrored upon its glassy surface. We at first clung closely to the shore, having been persistently warned against sudden squalls by the natives below; but experience soon proved that, in respect to weather, Temiscouata much resembled the familiar waters of the lower St. John.

Our canoe was indeed a crazy thing, so much so that throughout the voyage both natives and tourists expressed surprise at it. Some kindly disposed Boston fishermen eloquently, yet vainly, urged us to proceed no farther. By hitting, however, upon the expedient of strapping small logs, of some two and a half feet in length by three inches in diameter, to the sides of the canoe, conditions became so improved that a sail was improvised next day of a tattered blanket, and we reached Notre Dame de Detour du Lac after speeding some hours before a heavy south wind, which raised great "white caps" all about us.

After a stay at Detour, where some supplies were purchased, we tented by the bank of the green and sinuous Cabineau, subsequently poling up that stream

to fish trout. Here in the rapids the poling was very different from that on the placid Madawaska. To avoid upset we were obliged to jump out into the foam-flecked eddies, and thereafter tethered the pirogue to an overhanging alder, and fished by wading. About three dozen fair-sized trout were taken. On returning to camp we found that some rapacious animal had entirely consumed a supply of buns and other stuff, purchased that morning at a farm. The loss was serious, for on this trip every cent had to do the ordinary work of a dollar.

It was understood at home that we were only to go as far as Grand Falls, and we were supplied with cash accordingly. We had secretly determined to explore Lake Temiscouata, but not until our arrival at Cabineau did we entertain the wild project of pushing through to Riviere du Loup on the St. Lawrence. A needy Frenchman, one Dennis Pelletier, agreed to drive us across the watershed and back again for four dollars and a half, paying his own board. Deducting the cost of meals from the balance in our joint treasury, there would still remain, when we returned to Cabineau, about two dollars; quite enough, we agreed, barring accidents, and provided we caught fish, for the down trip of two hundred and ten miles to Fredericton. So all one night we rattled in a buckboard over the mountains. Continuous travel was essential to lessen the number of meals en route. How bitterly cold it was in the valleys! My friend, Arthur, ran before the horse at times wearing, for warmth, a white night gown over his clothes. As he was evidently taken for a ghost by some alarmed habitants, we intensified the effect by such noises as seemed appropriate to the spirit world.

One bright hot day was spent at Riviere du Loup, with the luxury of a sea bath, a few hours repose,

and a visit to the splendid waterfall, a sheer descent of about one hundred feet, overlooked by a circle of great fir-crowned cliffs. Our attempts to talk French caused much merriment. Then Dennis harnessed the horse, and the weary hours of another sleepless night brought us back to "Camp Cabineau." What with poor diet, frequent drenchings, and hard night travel, we both became ill, and for some days of the return trip even the excitements of the journey and the beauty of the surroundings failed to arouse enthusiasm. The late Mr. Rainsford Balloch kindly invited us to his house, so finely situated on the lower Madawaska, where we enjoyed a much needed rest. Bosser plainly intimated, when we returned the canoe, that he never expected to see us alive again. At Edmundston we found our own good birch canoe, and greatly was it needed, the reduction of our treasury reserve to sixty-one cents making railroad travel impossible. Fifty cents we spent in telegraphing home for some money, to be sent to Grand Falls, the remainder purchased a fifteen cent loaf of bread, a suitable discount being made for cash. So, with light hearts and empty purses, we launched our stout birch and "shot" the Little Falls of the Madawaska. The big curling wave at its base broke over the bow, half filling the canoe, but no upset occurred. After a paddle by moonlight we tented and rested a day, where the emerald waters of the famous Green River mingle with the amber colored stream of the St. John. Ere long, at Grand Falls, where funds awaited us, we partook of the first good meal we had tasted for a week.

What remained of the trip was less eventful, save for one incident. Arthur, who was quite expert in the water, and found the August heat oppressive, jumped from the canoe and swam through various

troubled waters, an act more suggestive of valor than discretion.

How long ago all this seems! As the years roll by, gradually shrouding such youthful adventures in an almost mythical haze, we feel the force of Virgil's well known line, *"Forsan et haec olim meminisse juvabit."*

JOSEPH WHITMAN BAILEY.

The Glory of God.

The moon have I for shallop; and the stars
My far-off beacons by the which I steer
On sapphire sea past changeful isles and bars
That hoist bright silver banners as I near
Their faery shores. To me the planets sing
Of Art and Arms, of Glory and of Years;
And Earth, the mother unto whom I cling,
Sighs her deep undertone of pain and tears.
And so my boundless vesper dreams are swept
With Star-lanced ether and through veiled eyes
And lids that harbored many tears unwept
I feel, what no man sees or else he dies!

CHARLES CAMPBELL.

Book Reviews.

Proceedings and Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada, second series, Vol. X, Parts I and II. Meeting of June, 1904.

This latest publication of the Royal Society of Canada appears to contain even more than the usual amount of data contributed by Fellows of the Society residing in the Maritime Provinces, or relating to these provinces.

The contents include an account of the proceedings of the Society, of the general business transacted at the session of 1904, the president's address, entitled "The United Empire Loyalists and their Influence upon the History of this Continent," by Lt.-Col. G. T. Dennison, and various other papers read before the Society.

Among the associated, literary and scientific societies which presented reports were the following, whose headquarters are in the Maritime Provinces, namely: The Miramichi Natural History Association, The Natural History Society of New Brunswick, The Nova Scotia Institute of Science, The New Brunswick Historical Society, and the New Brunswick Loyalists' Society.

Possibly the most important paper published, from an Acadian point of view, is that of W. F. Ganong, M. A., Ph. D., entitled "A Monograph of the Origins of Settlements in the Province of New Brunswick" (with maps). (Contributions to the History of New Brunswick, No. 6). The paper which forms 184 pps. of the first volume is of great interest to the students of Canadian history, and forms an installment of a complete history of the Province of New Brunswick, which Dr. Ganong is preparing with that thoroughness which has always been a characteristic of his work. This article is illustrated by numerous maps, the arrangement of which is most ingenious, showing the location of the early settlements and their origin, the physiographic features of the province, the quality of the soils, the early highway roads, and the distribution of population in 1904.

Other contributions by Acadian writers were entirely to Section IV, Geological and Biological Sciences, and were as

follows: "New Species and New Genus of Batrachian Footprints of the Carboniferous System in Eastern Canada, by G. F. Matthew, D. Sc., LL. D.; The Volcanic Rocks of New Brunswick, by L. W. Bailey, LL. D.; The Study of Canadian Fungi: A Review, by G. U. Hay, D. Sc.; Bibliography of Canadian Botany for 1903, by A. H. MacKay, LL. D.

Among the illustrations are portraits of deceased Fellows, M. Edward Richard and Abbe H. R. Casgrain.

Part II of the Proceedings and Transactions is devoted entirely to an "Inventaire chronologique des livres, brochures, journaux et revues publics dans la province de Quebec, de 1764 a 1904," by N. E. Dionne, LL. D., Quebec, who has spent much time for several years in compiling this most valuable addition to the Canadian works intended to assist students of history.

"The Statutes of Nova Scotia passed in the Fifth year of the Reign of His Majesty King Edward VII," published at Halifax, N. S., X+366 pps. This work which is issued from the office of Mr. R. T. Murray, King's Printer, is valuable as a work of reference to those having occasion to consult the statutes. It is well printed and strongly bound.

"Le Montin de Dumont" par Phillipe-Baby Casgrain, K. C., Ex-M. P. for L'Islet County, Quebec, and Ex-President of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec. 11 pps. 8 vo. paper.

"The Fight for Canada," by Major Wood, and "The Fight with France for North America," by A. G. Bradley, reviewed by Phillippe-Baby Casgrain, the author of the work just noticed above. 29 pps. Large 8 vo., paper.

This pamphlet is a reprint of an article on Major Wood's book which appeared in the Quebec *Daily Telegraph*, January 21, 1905; also of the reply of Mr. A. G. Bradley to Mr. Casgrain's notice of his work, reprinted from the *Telegraph*. Upon the title page of the pamphlet appears a note inviting the attention of the members of the press who have noticed Mr. Bailey's book."

Review of Historical Publications Relating to Canada, Vol. IX, 1904, edited by George M. Wrong, M. A., and H. H. Langton, B. A., both of the University of Toronto. XII+240 pps. Cloth. Large 8 vo.

This volume is one that is of great value to the student of Canadian history, and in fact is almost indispensible to one

who would keep abreast of the times regarding the Canadian works which during each year are passing from the press in an ever increasing stream.

That section of the work relating to provincial and local history, more particularly to the sub-division dealing with the Maritime Provinces, is more carefully edited than in former years, and there is thus an indication that Acadian writers are being more generally recognized, and that literary Canada does not lie entirely within the confines of the province of Ontario.

The following from the table of contents will give some idea of the nature of the portion of the work particularly referred to. Aside from the French Shore Question, the writings under review comprise the following: A United British North America, Pouton; The Newfoundland of To-day, Willey; History of Presbyterianism in Prince Edward Island, MacLeod; New Brunswick Historical Society Collections, No. 5; ACADIENSIS; What Acadia Owed to New England, Weaver; Nova Scotia and New England during the Revolution, Weaver; The Mira Grant, Gilpin; The Loyalist Tradition in Canada, Davidson; Ten Years in a Prohibition Town, (Fredericton, N. B., Ed.), Davidson; Atrophy of the Maritime Provinces, in the New England Magazine; The Wood Family, Wood.

Among other works reviewed, possibly of local interest, may be mentioned the following writings: A History of Canada, by Chas. G. D. Roberts; Joseph Howe, by Hon. J. W. Longley, reviewed at length in this issue of ACADIENSIS; Discoveries and Explorations in the Century, by Chas. G. D. Roberts; Acadian Magazines (Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada), D. R. Jack.

Bureau of American Ethnology, twenty-second annual report, 1900-1901, published 1904. Part 2, 372 pps., 4to., cloth.

This volume is devoted to "The Hako: A Pawnee Ceremony," and is the work of Alice C. Fletcher, holder of Shaw Fellowship, Peabody Museum, Howard University; assisted by James R. Murie, who is an educated Pawnee who has taken up the task of preserving the ancient lore of his people, in which endeavor he has not spared himself. A high compliment is paid to Mr. Murie, concerning whom we are informed that "his patience, tact, and unfailing courtesy and

kindness have soothed the prejudice and allayed the fears of the old men who hold fast to the faith of their fathers and are the repositaries of all that remains of the ancient rites of the tribe."

In order to obtain accurate transcriptions of the Indian songs, graphophone records were taken of all belonging to the ceremony. The music as printed has been transcribed from the cylinders by Mr. Edwin S. Tracey, and each transcription has been verified by him from the singing of the Ku rahus.

Tahirussawichi, an old and full-blooded Pawnee, from whom the ceremonial was obtained, must have been an extremely intelligent and interesting individual, and the short sketch of him which appears as a preface to the work gives the reader some idea of the man who has been thus instrumental in preserving the records of his race for posterity.

Miss Fletcher relates that "it took four years of close friendly relations with my kind old friend to obtain this ceremony in its entirety. . . . His work as it now stands shows Tahirussawichi to be broad minded as well as thoughtful, reverent and sincere."

The book is beautifully printed and illustrated, and undoubtedly of great value to the student of American Ethnology.

Royal Colonial Institute Proceedings, Vol. XXXV, 1903-4, X+513 pps., cloth, 8 vo.

The Royal Colonial Institute which was founded in 1868 has its headquarters on Northumberland Avenue, London, W. C. The object of the Institute is to provide a place of meeting for all gentlemen connected with the Colonies and British India, and others taking an interest in Colonial and Indian affairs. A reading room and library is maintained for the purpose of providing recent and authentic intelligence upon Colonial and Indian subjects, and also a museum for the collection and exhibition of Colonial and Indian productions. A further object of the Institute is to facilitate interchange of experiences amongst persons representing all the dependencies of Great Britain; to afford opportunities for the reading of papers, and for holding discussions upon Colonial and Indian subjects generally, and to undertake scientific, literary and statistical investigations in connection with the British Empire.

His Majesty King Edward is the Patron of the Institute, and the Fellows are divided into two classes, resident and

non-resident. The membership is probably over 4,000, it being reported at the last general meeting that an increase of 139 Fellows had been made since the previous meeting. It is pointed out that out of 2,971 non-resident Fellows, over 1,000 belong to South Africa, 800 to Australia and New Zealand, and only 115 to Canada. A large amount of attention is nevertheless devoted to Canada and Canadian affairs in the proceedings of the Institute, and it would seem that Canadians are not making the best of their opportunities in allowing such a small representation to exist in such an important institution, avowedly carried on for the benefit of the colonies.

The fees for non-resident Fellows are small, and it would appear to be the duty of every Canadian whose desire is to see a more united Empire to cordially support such a valuable adjunct to the promotion of Canadian interests in the mother country.

In unity is strength, and if we would see the dream of Mr. Chamberlain realized and Canada represented, as she should be, in the council halls of the Empire, such an object could not be more properly aided than through the support afforded by such an institution. We sincerely trust that in the next annual report the list of Canadian Fellows may appear to have materially increased.

The St. Lawrence River—Historical—Legendary—Picturesque, by George Waldo Browne, 365+xix pps., cloth, illustrated, large 8 vo. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London, 1905.

The fact that this book is from The Knickerbocker Press is sufficient guarantee that the mechanical portion of the work is of the best quality, while the reputation of Mr. Browne as a writer of historical novels is well known to lovers of that class of fiction both in Canada and the United States. One or more of Mr. Browne's Woodranger Tales have already been reviewed in ACADIENSIS, and his latest publication would seem to be quite a step in advance of his former works, admirable as they were in style, diction and the charm of plot unfolded. In the work at present under review Mr. Browne confines himself strictly to facts and though much has been written regarding this, the most noble river probably in all North America, the writer claims that his effort represents the first attempt made to collect and embody in one volume a complete and comprehensive narrative of this great water-

way. The author has undertaken as far as he could in a single work, to present a succinct and unbroken account of the most important historic incidents connected with the river, combined with descriptions of some of its most picturesque scenery and frequent selections from its prolific sources of legends and traditions.

As is stated in the preface, it does not seem practicable to make a continuous narrative in a work of this kind, but this plan has been followed as nearly as possible, while giving at the same time an intelligent account of the incidents in their order.

The work is embellished by about one hundred illustrations, in the selecting of which much care has been taken to give as wide a scope as possible to the views belonging to the river.

Regarding the St. Lawrence, and quoting from Sir J. M. LeMoine, F. R. S. C., of Quebec, we read that "It lies a thousand miles between two great nations, yet neglected by both, though neither would be so great without it,—a river as grand as the La Plata, as picturesque as the Rhine, as pure as the Lakes of Switzerland. . . . The noblest, the purest, most enchanting river on all God's beautiful earth . . . has never yet had a respectable history, nor scarcely more than an occasional artist to delineate its beauties."

Mr. Browne would appear to have succeeded well in the task which he has so valiantly assumed.

Ontario Historical Society, Papers and Records, published by the Society at Toronto, 170 pps., paper, large 8vo., illustrated.

The following is the table of contents of this valuable publication: The coming of the Missionaries, J. Hampden Burnham; The first Indian Land Grant in Malden, C. W. Martin; Journal of a Journey from Sandwich to York in 1806, Chas. Aikens; The John Richardson Letters, Col. E. Cruikshanks; Ontario Onomatology and British Biography, H. F. Gardiner; The Origin of Napanee, C. C. James; Napanee's First Mills and Their Builder, Thomas W. Casey; Local Historic Places in Essex County, Miss Margaret Clare Kilroy; Notes on the Early History of the County of Essex, Francis Cleary; Battle of Queenston Heights, Editor; Battle of Windsor, John McCrea; The Western District Literary and Agricultural Association, Rev. Thomas Nathass; Battle of Goose Creek, John S. Barker; McCollom Memoirs, W. A. McCol-

lom; Brief Sketch of a Canadian Pioneer, reprint; The Switzers of the Bay of Quinte, E. E. Switzer. The State Historian of New York and the Clinton Papers—A Criticism, H. H. Robertson; Anderson Record from 1699-1896, Mrs. S. Rowe.

The Hero of the Hills, by G. Waldo Browne, the third of The Woodranger Tales, 312 pps., cloth, $1, L. C. Page & Co., 200 Summer St., Boston, Mass. Illustrations by Henry W. Herrick.

The Hero of the Hills is a tale of the captive ground, St. Francis, and life in the northern wilderness in the days of the pioneers, and is dedicated by the author to Frederick Worman Stark, a lineal descendant of the hero of the work.

The capture of Louisburg, described in the second of the Woodranger Tales while a performance of military skill and daring worthy of rank among the decisive battles of America, resulted in harm to the New England colonists, by whom the victory was won, from the fact that it aroused in the French a spirit of retaliation. According to their method of warfare in the colonies, they at once urged the Indians to commit those attacks upon the pioneer homes of New England, which carried terror all over that extensive territory.

The story under review covers the period between the short war just passed, and the longer and more sanguinary conflict which followed.

During this period, the Indians, sallying forth from their stronghold, St. Francis, made several attacks on the settlers, which were fierce, bloody and unexpected. During one of these attacks, the hero of the story and his companions were seized as described in the pages of the work. Their adventures, how they lived and hunted the beaver and moose with Fitzgaw and his dusky companions, the love of the Indian for his children, his devotion unto death under certain conditions, all make interesting and it might be added exciting reading for old and young alike.

That the Indian was a warrior by nature, goes without saying, and the price of his liberty was eternal warfare, notwithstanding which the author claims for him traits that redounded to his credit and benefitted those with whom he came in contact.

DAVID RUSSELL JACK.

From the press of Morang & Co., of Toronto, comes a *de luxe* edition of the Hon. James W. Longley's biographical study of Joseph Howe. It forms one volume in the series entitled "The Makers of Canada." It is a book of three hundred pages, admirably printed in bold, clear type, and bound in buckram. The frontispiece is a photogravure portrait of Mr. Howe seated at his desk.

Mr. Longley deals with his subject gracefully, fluently, and, we think, judiciously. With personal recollections of Mr. Howe at his command, he is able to vivify contemporary records, to discard what is least interesting, and to keep the salient features in continuous, picturesque and bold relief. It was not permitted to Joseph Howe to play a large part in the history of this country as a federated section of the British empire. He withdrew from active participation in Dominion politics not long after the union of the provinces had been effected, and shortly after that withdrawal he died. But in the period of his greatest activity, no Canadian leader did more than he to centre the attention of the British Colonial Office upon Canadian affairs, no man displayed a greater capacity for healthy revolution, and few equalled and none excelled him in his genius for constructive statesmanship. Space prevents detailed discussion of his campaign on behalf of responsible government, a campaign which involved the matching of the popular will against a narrow, ignorant and corrupt oligarchy, and which led him into direct and, to them, fatal collision with Sir Colin Campbell and Lord Falkland. Nor may we follow Mr. Longley too closely in the chapters treating of Howe as a minister, as a railroad commissioner, as the persistent, eloquent and convincing representative of his colony in London, of his journalistic activities, and of his relation to the local literature of his time. Perhaps the most graphic passages in the book cover the epoch when Howe opposed Confederation, and afterward apparently stultified that opposition by entering the cabinet at Ottawa as Secretary of State. The latter action was held by his enemies, of whom he had not a few to indicate a black and unpardonable treachery. To his friends, whom it bewildered, it appeared at the best as an inexplicable and inexcusable inconsistency. But now that the situation is revealed in clearer perspective by the passage of time, the present generation, which knows

Joseph Howe only as an historical figure, will appreciate his motives and justify his course. No other man than he could have arrayed the whole province of Nova Scotia against Confederation as he did in the September elections of 1867, and few men would have had the moral courage to disregard the verdict thus given to his case and embark in an agreement with the very forces against which that verdict was cast. Howe took this step simply because he realized at last the futility of further opposition to the expressed will of the Colonial authorities in London. He was absolutely devoid of selfish inspiration, and sincerely desirous of promoting the best interests of Nova Scotia as a unit in a system from which it was found impossible to withdraw. Howe's view of the Confederation project in its inception and consummation was unfortunately distorted by his political far-sightedness. He overlooked the possibilities of the present. He was chargeable with the error which a distinguished American journalist once imputed to a professional rival, the error of cutting the future into too large slices. He was a federationist by instinct, but his contemplated union called for the active hegemony of the mother country and the intimate association of the colonies with her in a scheme of comprehensive, tolerant and progressive administration. Of course, this was a dream, but to a man of Howe's rich and fertile imagination, it was a dream worth cherishing. And he cherished it to the end, even when he knew that he was powerless to contribute to its realization.

In conclusion, it may be said that Mr. Longley's book is one no student of Canadian history can afford to be without. History is the biography of those who make it, and in this part of Canada, at least, Joseph Howe, as a history maker, ranks foremost. A. M. H.

John Waterbury, Loyalist.

The "Mr. Waterbury" referred to by Mr. Merriott in his advertisement (see ACADIENSIS for July, page 108), was John Waterbury, formerly of Stamford, Connecticut, a grantee of the City of St. John in 1783. Mr. Waterbury was banished from his native province of Connecticut for loyalty to the Crown and his property confiscated; he was one of the early merchants of the city and accumulated a handsome fortune in trade. He died in St. John in 1817. His only child, Rebecca, married Lieutenant James Cudlip, of the Royal Navy. The late John Waterbury Cudlip, who represented St. John in the Provincial Parliament, previous to Confederation, and was Inspector of Dominion Customs in New Brunswick, which office he continued to hold until the time of his death, was a grandson of John Waterbury the Loyalist, after whom he was named. JONAS HOWE.

"The Judges of New Brunswick,'' edited by Dr. A. A. Stockton will be continued in the October issue. Pressure of parliamentary duties prevented the preparation of the manuscript in time for this number. *Ed.*