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THE

NOVA



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MAGAZINE.

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JANUARY, 1894.

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This little periodical was owned, edited, and printed by a young printer named Richard Findley, who lived on Agricola Street, Halifax. He published only two numbers and then abandoned it. In fact, although the second number was printed, yet it is doubtful if it was distributed. Findley printed my "Chronological Table of Dates."

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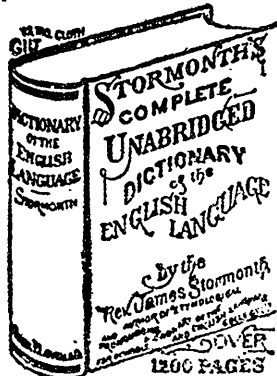
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Vol. I.

Halifax, N. S., January, 1894.

No. 1.

A SKETCH OF CANSO, NOVA SCOTIA.

ABRAHAM HART.

It matters not how obscure a place is in itself, if it becomes identified with any question involving public interests more especially if international issues surround the subject the public pulse calls for information. The Atlantic fishery question, which drags its spasmodic length through the years and involves grave international periodic deliberations, brings into the arena of public inquiry the hitherto comparatively obscure fishing town of Canso, Nova Scotia. In the seventeenth century it was visited annually by fishermen from the west coast of England, and also by the Portuguese and French. While all the surrounding lands have been granted, the old watering place which supplied the fleets, and where hostiles met to trade scalps at sixteen shillings each, still remains a government reserve. The Cape of Canso is the eastern extremity of the mainland of the Dominion of Canada and the nearest point on this continent to Great Britain. The town as originally laid out and partially settled was named Wilmot, after the earl of that name. Early in the present century the late Abraham Whitman planned a new town adjoining it on the north, under the supervision of the government, on land he had obtained by grant and purchase, and it is on this land that the modern, bustling town of Canso is principally built. The old name of Wilmot has been given to the

municipal district and is spoken in connection with the town no more. Canso is built on a ledge of granite which slopes gently to the ocean and rises suddenly again in several islands which, grouped around the cape, form the harbor, which is about three miles long and three quarters of a mile wide, and is accessible at all seasons. The conformation of the coast prevents the drift ice from packing so as to close both the north and south entrances at the same time, therefore ships are always sure of anchorage at one or the other. The inner harbor is capacious enough to shelter five hundred sail of ordinary fishing schooners. Burying Island, so called from having been used by the French army and navy for that purpose, is the principal protection from southern gales, and was gradually disappearing under their action, but a revetment wall around its surface has rescued it and saved the harbor's shelter. Here commander (afterwards Sir William) Pepperel rendezvoused while gathering his fleet preparatory to the attack of Louisburg. Since 1820 it has been almost exclusively appropriated by the Atlantic fishing fleets of Canada and the United States as a sort of refuge where, according to the treaty of 1783, the latter were only permitted to "obtain wood and water, and for no other purpose whatever." Under the reciprocity treaty of 1854, and now under the *modus vivendi*, they have equal privileges with the Canadians, and sell and tranship whole catches, as

well as buy ice, bait and fishing supplies in large quantities. Here, in the good old days of bounties, the "Cape Codder," after having caught his full fare in six weeks or less, came to "lay out" his bounty days, to secure which he had to be absent from home not less than three months. The Western Union and Commercial cables land here and have their staffs and establishments, the latter on rising ground about two miles in rear of the town, which, under the name of Hazle Hill, forms a handsome village, all owned by that company. From this it will be seen that, though held secret until given to the New World at New York, the knowledge of the fall of stocks or empires in the Old World is first known on this continent in this obscure corner. A United States consular agent resides here with jurisdiction of the neighboring ports of Whitehaven and Crow Harbor. On the south and west large deposits of soil forty feet deep exist, leading to the presumption that back in the "dark ages" the sight of the town had been submerged and scrubbed by drifting ice which, while passing over, has dropped the huge boulders and sea-worn beach rocks now found miles inland. The climate is bracing and without extremes. Facilities for boating and fishing are unlimited, safe and enjoyable. Five steamers per week connect it with the railway system of the continent at Port Mulgrave station, fifteen miles distant. A large, handsome public school house and several fine churches reflect the civilization; and its great wharves, ice houses, lobster factories and other business accessories denote the volume

of trade. The new look of many of its buildings and the number dotted about in course of construction indicate that it is rapidly expanding; while hourly the arrival and departure of fishing and coasting vessels, with their wings spread to the breeze, enhance the marine view, already made picturesque by the white breakers as they come rolling and tumbling over the reefs, which poke out their blackened, sea-beaten backs after each receding wave



A NARROW ESCAPE.

A short time ago Hon. W. H. Ray, of Annapolis, was out judging the damages of the right of way on the line of the Nova Scotia Central Railway. One day when he had become separated some considerable distance from his companions, as he was passing through a thick woods, and just as he was in the act of jumping over a fallen tree, he suddenly found both feet caught in a moose snare. Before he had time to realize his position he found himself dangling in the air, strung up by the feet, with his head just reaching the ground. Despite all his efforts he was unable to reach the snare with his hands or to make the slightest progress at extricating himself. He twisted and turned, reached and struggled, but all in vain. There he hung and there he seemed likely to hang, for his gun had slipped beyond his reach and he was unable to fire the two shots, the signal agreed upon with his companions at parting. What was he to do? Nothing but yell, which he did right lustily, and was at last heard by his companions and quickly rescued.

A REMARKABLE ADVENTURE.

About a year ago Capt. George Irving, accompanied by one passenger and two of a crew, left Cape Traverse, P. E. I., for Tormentine, Nova Scotia, in an ice boat. The passenger's name was Elmer Baker, of Bedeque, P. E. I., and he was on his way to the Pacific coast for the benefit of his health. The two boatmen were Charles Carruthers and Mullins Snow. When they reached mid-gulf the snow began to fall heavily, and the compass got wet and became unreliable. They soon became lost in the storm, and try as hard as they could they were not able to make land. They wandered about until night set in, when they turned the boat up-side-down for the purpose of using it as a protection. Here they remained all night, but not a wink of sleep did they get. They were afraid that if they closed their eyes they would be frozen, and they kept moving about all night to keep their blood in circulation. Next morning was clear but intensely cold. After anxiously looking about for some time they saw what they thought was land about twenty miles distant which turned out to be a settlement called Cano-Cove, on the Island side. They made for the land with all possible speed, and after travelling all day over a road remarkable for its roughness they reached shore about seven o'clock, being much exhausted, but otherwise none the worse for their perilous adventure. They were hospitably treated by Hugh McLean, of whose kindness and courtesy they speak in terms of praise. Their escape from a terrible death was little short of miraculous. Fortunately the passenger Mr. Baker, had a valise well filled with food with him, and he generously shared it with the crew. He also had with him a big trunk filled with good warm clothing, which he also shared with his companions in order to better protect them from the biting cold. A huge

fur coat and cap which he wore himself was the means of saving his own life.

CANADA.

My fondest song shall be of thee,
Land of the Pine and Maple tree!
To thee, as to their chosen home,
The sons of many a clime shall come.

Let every symbol join with thine;
Be holly woven with the pine;
Let Albion, Erin, Scotia, prove
How they as one can live and 'rove.

Soon as the Mayflower's modest face
Looks at us from its forest place,
Say, with this sweetest child of earth,—
Love thou the land that gave thee birth.

The red Rose on her thorny tree
Shall mind us oft whose sons we be,—
What royal blood within us flows,
All rich and ruddy as the Rose.

The Northern Thistle's prickly gem
Shall nestle in our diadem;
And the pure Lily-flower of France
Shall mingle grandeur and romance.

The Shamrock, in its scented hood,
Bewept, and stained with tears of blood,
Shall in our garland woven be,
And speak the married peoples three.

Yet dearest they, whose infant eyes
First gazed upon these northern skies,—
Whose cheeks our native breezes fanned,
Should prize this fair Canadian land.

My fondest song shall be of thee,
Land of the Pine and Maple-tree;
My heart is turning to thy shore,
And, absent, I but love thee more.

ARTHUR JOHN LOCKHART.

Cherryfield.

Pastor F. E. L.

THE WIND'S TRIUMPH.

"Heigho! Heigho!" cried the flakes
of snow,

As down from the sky they flew;

"On a moonlight night we're a pretty
sight,
With the clouds above so blue."

"Heigho! Heigho!" cried the noisy
hail,

"I can out rival you, snow!

I can turn your flakes into icy cakes,
If such is my will, you know."

"Heigho! Heigho!" cried the angry
wind,

"You're too conceited to-day;"

So he blew a blast as he swiftly passed,
And swept them all away.

ANNIE CAMPBELL HUESTIS.

Halifax, N. S.

THE "HORSESHOE FALLS."

Formerly the Canadian side of the Niagara Falls was U shaped, which caused the name "Horseshoe Falls" to be given it. For the last ten or a dozen years, however, that side of the fall has been V shaped instead of U shaped, the change being caused by a wearing away of the ledge over which the waters pour. On January 4, 1889, a great displacement of rocks again took place and now the Canadian side of the cataract has again its former U shape. It is pretty generally known that the Falls of Niagara are moving to the south. A deep cut through the solid rock marks the course they have taken in their backward march. It is a wonderful excavation, a mighty canal dug out by the sheer force of falling water. Not less astonishing is the removal of all this debris. The rocks have been thorough-

ly pulverized and swept out into Lake Ontario. Once it was believed that the fall would ultimately wear back to Lake Erie and degenerate into a second class rapids. The latest idea is that the fall will recede two miles further to the southward and then stop still; that is as far as the backward tendency is concerned. The cause of this will be that at that point a solid foundation for the limestone ledge over which the waters pour will be found. Two miles of a wearing back will make the falls only 80 feet in height, instead of 160, as at present.—(Exchange.)

Early Mention of Niagara Falls.

The first historical notices of Niagara Falls are given in Lescarbot's record of the second voyage of Jacques Cartier, in the year 1535. On the maps published to illustrate Champlain's discoveries (date of maps either 1613 or 1614) the falls are indicated by a cross, but no description of the wonderful cataract is given, and the best geographical authorities living to-day doubt if the explorer mentioned ever saw the falls, Brinson's work to the contrary notwithstanding. Father Hennepin is believed to have written the first description of the falls that was ever penned by one who had personally visited the spot. The editor owns a map dated 1657 on which does not figure the great lakes or the falls.—(St. Louis Republic.)

NOTES: QUERIES: REPLIES.

We wish to make this one of the most important features of the NOVA SCOTIA MAGAZINE; all are cordially invited to make free use of it.

THE HOMESTEAD.

Winter.

I found the fullest days of summer here,
Between these sloping meadow-hills
and yon ;

And came all beauty then from dawn
to dawn,

Whether the tide was veiled or flowing
clear.

To-day in snowy raiment nowise drear,
Thou liest peaceful, as with hair
undone,

And every jewel aside : thou dream-
est on

Soon to be waked by the new-flowering
year.

Old trees and walks will never make
thee old,

For years add beauty to a peaceful
age.

Thou art amidst all change the
same, and strong,

Crowning the whole broad view that
lies outrolled ;

The mountain and the sea thy heri-
tage

To keep thee beautiful ; to keep
thee young.

J. F. HERBIN.

Wolfville, N. S.

 THE CAPTURE OF "ACADIE."

A TRUE STORY OF THE WAR OF 1812.

During the war of 1812-14, the people of Nova Scotia and the New England States made frequent attacks upon each others coast towns and villages, so that truly eternal vigilance was the price of liberty. The temptation to privateering could not be resisted and the seafaring

people of both countries, with or without license, fitted out armed vessels and preyed upon each others shipping and undefended coasts, with more or less success throughout the war.

This was the condition of affairs on the 18th of July, 1813, when good old Benon D'Entremont stood on the deck of his schooner "Acadie," off the southwest coast of Nova Scotia and mentally calculated the probable profits on a certain liquid cargo beneath that deck, if he got it safely to land.

He was one of an historic family, was old Capt. D'Entremont. One of the race of French Acadians exiled years before when the English settlers of Nova Scotia decided the country was not large enough to hold two races and their French neighbours must leave. In the winter of 1756-57 a vessel sailing from some part of New England was wrecked off Cape Sable. James D'Entremont, Baron de Pobomecup, in whose veins coursed the blood of the royal house of Bourbon, was in the wildernesses hiding from the English foe. Out on the ice, on the coast, hunting seals, he saw the wreck and managed to save the lives of the captain and crew, who eventually made their way home, deeply grateful to their preserver. The following spring, a British cruiser, sailing off the coast, led to the discovery of the hermit Baron, and he was captured with his family and conveyed to Boston where he was thrown into prison. The captain he had rescued a few months before learned of the Baron's misfortune and made such representations to the Governor that D'Entremont was sent for. Broken in spirit and feeling that

his torn raiment and shabby appearance ill-befitted a representative of Le Grand Monarque, he declined to accept the invitation. His grateful friend discovered the cause of his refusal and presented him with a suit of clothes and a handsome walking-stick, curiously wrought with silver mounting and carrying in its handle a concealed dagger. Thus equipped, the Baron was prevailed upon to appear before the Governor, and from an exiled prisoner he became a welcome guest in the city. His knowledge of seamanship gave him ready employment in Boston and here he ended his days. His grave may still be found in Roxbury.

By this time a new condition of affairs made it possible for his sons return unmolested, to their old Acadia home and at Pubnico (a corruption of the old name Pohomeoup) in Yarmouth County, Nova Scotia, they founded a settlement. In that thriving village to this day may be seen, as a treasured heirloom, the curious dagger cane presented to the old Baron, in Boston. It was one of the returned sons, Bensoni D'Entremont that we find on the deck of his schooner, at the opening of our story, in the summer of 1813, on his way from St Pierre et Miquelon with a cargo of brandy. The wind had fallen almost to a dead calm, and a mile from him he could see another in the same plight. While he looked, a boat put out from the other vessel and pulled rapidly towards him. As they drew near he saw the boat was crowded with armed men. D'Entremont's crew consisted of two Acadians and two Englishmen, without weapons of any description.

In a moment they were boarded without any pretence of resistance, and such a villainous looking crowd of cutthroats it would be hard to find elsewhere. Their vessel was a Yankee privateer, and without even bothering D'Entremont with questions as to his nationality or where his vessel was from, they bundled him into his boat with all his crew but one, whom they meant to use as a pilot.

The coast of Lockport Island was in sight, and D'Entremont's boat was headed there. They observed the privateer left a portion of his rough gang on board the "Acadie" and returned to his own vessel, which with a light breeze which sprang up, got under sail and was soon out of sight. The prize crew on the "Acadie" seemed to feel perfectly secure as they dropped anchor where they were for the night.

D'Entremont and his three men arrived at Lockport that evening and related their story. It was Sunday evening, and good Deacon Locke was on his way to "meeting," to lead in prayer and discourse on the "word," when the little knot about the forlorn sailors attracted his attention. The Deacon was a tall, spare man of tremendous strength and undoubted piety; but such a frame and such a jaw as he possessed were never meant for peaceable pursuits, entirely. The audacity of the capture within sight of land seemed to fill him with thoughtfulness.

"So the rascals even anchored with their ill-gotten gains off our coast?" he enquired.

Yes, "replied D'Entremont, "and pity it is we had not a way of letting Shelburne know where they be.

Shelburne, then, was a military post and a city of about 13,000 people.

"Verily, it seemeth wrong that we should devote the Sabbath to thoughts of possible courage," said the Deacon. "Let us go to our wonted place of meeting, but good neighbor D'Entremont, tarry about for an hour or so, till the darkness comes on, and I may have a word or two with thee." The good Deacon repaired to his meeting and there long and earnestly expounded the Scriptures and prayed for preservation from 'battle, murder and sudden death. But, when the meeting was over, he called to him two of his fold and held a whispered consultation. The result was that half an hour later the stalwart Deacon, with something suspiciously like a musket on his shoulder, and accompanied by two able-bodied "class-leaders," similarly equipped, marched to the cottage where D'Entremont and his crew were resting and called out the Acadian captain, the Deacon exhorted him thus:

"Neighbor, it grieves us to think that thou shouldst have been robbed of thy substance within sight of our very doors, and that too by the armed enemies of our King, God bless him. The Lord forbid that we should counsel undue harshness, but, if by silence and stratagem we may encompass our enemy's downfall for thine being and give him a chance to redeem his mispent life, I see no reason why we should not, even in the darkness of the hallowed Seventh Day, seek so to do.

We have done our duty in prayer and exhortation and if it so be that Providence should ordain that we may

aid the wronged and bring the transgressor to see the error he hath fallen into, before daylight comes upon us, why the Lord's will be done.' Capt. D'Entremont stared in amazement at the muscular preacher as his meaning dawned upon him. "Do you mean to attack the pirates to night!" he asked.

"Nay we are not for bloodshed. But if it should chance that we may come upon them in the fancied security of their wicked possession, then we might peaceably overcome them. If they have taken for themselves more of that cargo of strong waters than is good for their health, then it might please the Lord to deliver them into our hands. We have provided a few muskets and a hanger or two in case ought should befall us, that it be needful that we defend ourselves from the uplifted hand of the ungodly." Behold, then, a boat load of men, consisting of D'Entremont and his men reinforced by the Deacon and his two friends, all armed to the teeth, put out from the shore. Pieces of sheep skin were used to muffle the oars, and they proceeded in thoughtful silence. After two hours rowing they could hear the privateer's prize crew aboard the stolen schooner singing and making merry. They had evidently been investigating and overhauled the cargo, "sampling" freely. As the boat noiselessly neared the vessel, D'Entremont began to quake for fear his own man might chance to be on deck and be startled into some outcry. It had been decided that if the watch on deck, gave any alarm he must be shot down and a dash made for the deck before the remainder of

the crew could scramble up. As luck would have it, the privateers felt so secure in their numbers and distance from any armed port, that they were all below having a carousal and compelled the prisoner to remain with them. The boat was pulled along-side, the crew softly climbed to the deck and fastened their boat to the rigging. Then three musket barrels were pointed down the cabin hatch-way, while the other men cheered, jumped about and made a noise as though the vessel were being boarded by a strong force of men. D'Entremont called to his own man below to come on deck and bring the hammer and box of nails. He was permitted to do so without interference from the surprised and terrified crew, who called out for mercy. They were ordered to pass up their weapons and this being done, the hatch was closed and nailed down. Availing themselves of a breeze, the rescuers proceeded to Shelburne. There the gallant Deacon was made the lion of the hour and the privateer's crew locked up. Two hastily armed schooners were sent out in search of the Yankee vessel but failed to sight her. The Deacon returned to his farm, family and meetings, while Bensoni D'Entremont lived to a good old age and is known in provincial history as the first French Acadian Justice of the Peace ever appointed by the British crown. His son, Simon D'Entremont, was elected to the Legislature of Nova Scotia and was the first of his race who ever occupied a seat in that assembly.

PUBNICO.

From "The Week."

HOW NOON.

Baron Von Humboldt well has told—
When solemn night came down to screen
The Planos of the Argentine
With its impenetrable feld
'Round all except the stars on high,—
How, sweeter than the matin-song
To him and his intrepid band—
Low-couch'd upon the yielding moss,
And lulled by dreams of father-land—
Sounded the sentinel's welcome cry,
Breaking the silence deep and long,
Whene'er the mystic Southern Cross
Stood upright in that foreign sky:
"Mitternacht ist vorbei!"

The pledge of fuller life I feel
Inflowing like a friendly tide
That makes the narrow channel wide
And safer for the dubious keel,—
When pausing, half in dumb amaze
And fear on dark, untraversed ways,
Unseen by any pitying eye,
I ask the depth and ask the height,
What of the weary-dragging night?
And hold my breath for the reply,
And strain my vision to decree
Some token of returning light,
A whisper falleth from the sky,
"Mitternacht ist vorbei!"

MOSES H. NICKERSON.

Lockport.

Nova Scotia is remarkable for the number of its old people. It has a larger population of centenarians than any other country, there being one to every 19,000 inhabitants, while England has only one in every 200,000.

The N. S. Game Society have decided to offer \$100 for the arrest of persons caught snaring moose.

THE "WITNESS."

The Montreal WITNESS is now offering the remainder of 1893 free to new subscribers for 1894 as an encouragement to give that valuable paper a trial. The WITNESS, both WEEKLY and DAILY, has, during the year, adopted what it declares to be the model form, with neat, small, convenient pages, being enabled, by the possession of one of the most complete printing presses ever built by the Hoes, of New York, to vary the number of pages at will. The paper enters the press at two places, on rolls broad or narrow as required, and the newspapers come out at lightning speed, pasted and cut. Besides the improvement in form, there is a remarkable improvement in typography, the type being set by the wonderful Linotype machine, which attains the speed of five men, and casts a new type face every time. The proprietors invite visitors to Montreal to see these machines. The picture element has so greatly developed in the WITNESS, that it may now be fairly called an illustrated paper. The WITNESS has moved to the busiest corner in Montreal, the junction of Bleury and St. Peter Streets with Craig Street, and has a spacious building there which is in some respects as fine a newspaper office as is anywhere to be seen. The price of the "Daily Witness" is three dollars, and of the "Weekly Witness" one dollar, while the little pioneer paper, the "Messenger," costs only thirty cents.

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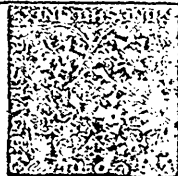


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