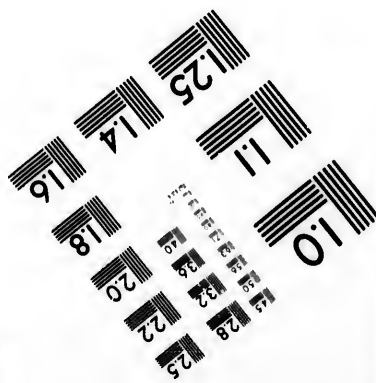
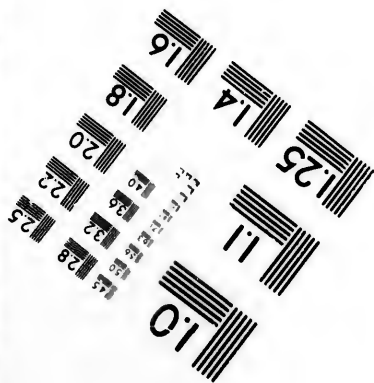
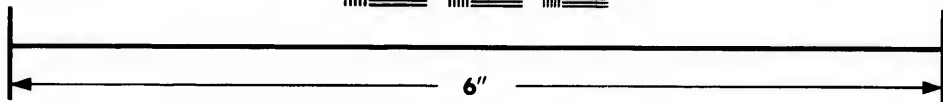
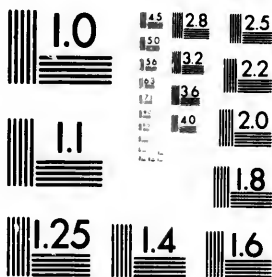


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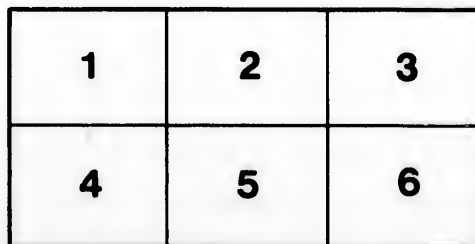
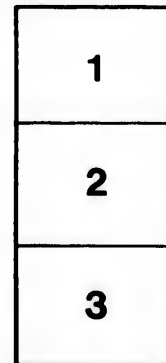
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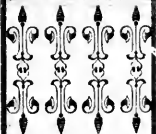
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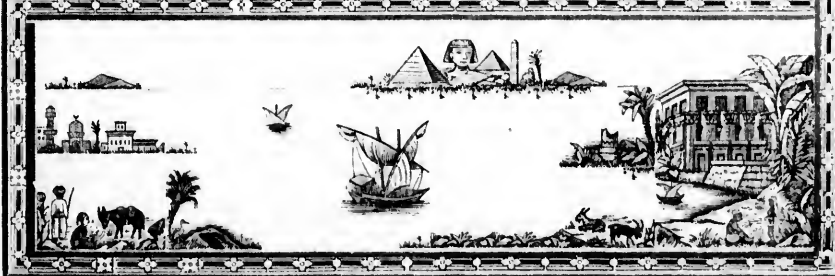


1783



1932

ST. JOHN. — PAST ^{and} FUTURE.



RE

SAINT JOHN:

Past and Future.

READINGS IN CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
VESTRY, UNION STREET,

UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE LADIES' SOCIETY.

JUNE 29, 1882.

SAINT JOHN, N. B.:
ELLIS, ROBERTSON & Co. — "GLOBE" PRESS.
1882.

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SAINT JOHN IN THE OLDEN TIME.

MR. JAMES WOODROW

Read a sketch entitled "SAINT JOHN IN THE OLDEN TIME." At very short notice, he said, he had put together some incidents in the history of Saint John which might be of interest. The information was borrowed from "Hannay's History of Acadia," "Haliburton's History of Nova Scotia," and a variety of sources.

THE place where this city and neighborhood is located was once the capital of a number of nations. Here, it might be said, was the Parliament of several Indian tribes. From this place went forth numerous expeditions of warfare when council and arbitration failed to keep the peace. Five hundred years ago the Micicetes had their headquarters above the Grand Falls. A tradition of an attack upon them by the Mohawks will be read this evening by another.

When the white man first landed here the Micmaes had their headquarters at the mouth of the river. At a subsequent period they were displaced by the Micicetes.

The time allotted will not permit any account of the results (or, more properly speaking, the failures) of the plans of John Calvin, Margaret of Navarre, Coligny and others to plant French Huguenot settlements in the New World. Henry of Navarre renewed the plan at a later period and sought to make a home for the Huguenots in Acadia, with the exception that he hoped to have dwell side by side in peace and harmony both Protestant and Catholic. In 1603, De Monts, a Protestant, with a number of French Huguenots, arrived in the Passamaquoddy Bay, landed at an island now sometimes called Neutral Island, at the mouth of a

river which he named the St. Croix. On this island a small place of worship was erected and French Huguenot service was held. On the 24th day of June, 1604, De Monts sailed up the Bay and landed at the mouth of the Ouygoudy River, which he called the St. John, in honor of St. John the Baptist's Day. De Monts entered into friendly relations with Membertou, Chief of the Miamaes, and soon after proceeded across the Bay. A settlement was formed and called Port Royal (now Annapolis). In Acadia, Huguenot and Roman Catholic lived together in peace during the lifetime of Henry IV., but soon after his death disagreements arose, and gradually the French Huguenots made their way to New England or conformed to the Church of Rome. One Huguenot family, however, held its ground—that of Claude de la Tour. When the Huguenots fled from Acadia, Charles St. Estienne, son of Claude de la Tour, then a boy of 14 years of age, and Biencourt, son of Gov. Poutrineourt, betook themselves to the Miamaes at the mouth of the St. John, and lived with them four years. Subsequently, when Acadia was in possession of England, Claude de la Tour became possessed of large grants of land from the British Government, and he and his son, Charles St. Estienne, built the fort known as Fort la Tour, on the west side of the St. John Harbor. The story of Fort la Tour will be read by another.

Acadia passed through many changes. In the time of Oliver Cromwell it was captured by the British, but subsequently restored to France. Again it was in possession of England, and again restored. At one time it was an appendage of Massachusetts. Of course St. John passed through all these changes.

St. John was at one time captured by Col. Church, the celebrated New England military leader, at the time of the war known as King Phillip's war, when the Indians sought to exterminate the settlers in New England and the other British Provinces. After its restoration to France, and as often as it was held by France, St. John was a rendezvous from which French and Indians went forth to harass New England and the New England people. In the time of Whitefield, New England was aroused to capture Acadia, hold it for the Crown of England, and settle it with a New England population, Whitefield himself finding time in the midst of his revival services to encourage the movement. Largely to the New England Puritans is due the honor of the substitution of the British flag for that of the French in these Lower Provinces. The French flag

floated over St. John for the last time in 1758, when a demonstration was made by vessels from Halifax and Boston. The French garrison destroyed everything they could which was not movable, and led away the small French population. One of the relics of the French occupation of St. John is an old well on Fort Howe, now covered up. This well had the name of being poisoned. It is not many years since boys were accustomed to remove the covering of the well and throw in pebbles, to catch some sound indicating that solid earth had been reached.

As soon as the French had been expelled from Acadia, and the British authorities at Halifax had assumed jurisdiction, Governor Lawrence made an effort to induce settlement from New England, and entered into negotiations for that purpose, more especially with the officers who had commanded expeditions against the French. Deputations were thereupon sent from New England. The proposed settlers being mainly Congregationalists, they demanded guarantees that their civil and religious rights should be respected. Governor Lawrence, to meet their demands, obtained from the King the celebrated document or charter of rights, known in Haliburton's history as the Charter of Nova Scotia, which guaranteed to Dissenters or Nonconformists the same privileges they enjoyed in New England. The provisions of this charter were faithfully observed for a time, but its violation at a subsequent period led to much dissatisfaction and agitation.

Settlements of New England people were formed at Yarmouth, Cornwallis, Liverpool, and other places. The population of Halifax was considerably reinforced from New England. Immigration also set into Nova Scotia from Great Britain.

On the 19th of May, 1762 (some of the authorities have it 1763), the advance party of New England Puritan settlers arrived at St. John and proceeded up the river to Manguerville. The Congregational Church at Sheffield is mainly composed of their descendants.

Soon after the expulsion of the French a few settlers came to St. John, and there was also a garrison, variously estimated at from six to twelve soldiers. Among the names of the settlers we read of Messrs. Peabody, Simonds, White and Hazen.

One of the early documents referring to St. John is dated 1777, binding Elizabeth F. Wyot, of Portland, Nova Scotia, to James White, of Portland, and Elizabeth his wife, for ten years and ten

months. Among the conditions the following were specified: Their secrets she shall keep close; their commandments obey. She shall not play cards or dice; matrimony she shall not contract, nor ale-houses frequent. On their part they agreed to provide for her in sickness and in health, to teach her to read, and at the expiration of the ten years and ten months to give her two suits of clothes—one for working days and one for Sundays.

When the revolution took place in the old provinces the population of St. John was enlarged by some refugees.

During the progress of the revolution there were risings at Halifax, Londonderry, Fort Cumberland, and some other places. These risings were soon put down; but two of the Fort Cumberland leaders, Messrs. Alien and Eddy, did not give up hopes of carrying part of Nova Scotia. Col. Allen, a member elect to the Nova Scotia Legislature, son of a British officer, and owning considerable lands near Fort Cumberland, led a small force against St. John and captured it. Raising the standard of the revolution, he and his party assumed command of the place, having his force divided mainly into two parties, at Carleton and the Straight Shore. His rule was very brief. In 1777 expeditions from Fort Cumberland and New York were sent against him. He was not in a position to make much defence. In May, 1777, he and his party escaped by the way of the St. John River, carrying with them as prisoners Messrs. White and Hazen, who were, however, not detained many days. The retreating parties established themselves about seven miles above St. Ann's (now Fredericton), at Fort Annpake. At this place Col. Allen effected a junction with the Indians under the leadership of Pierre Tomma. Col. Allen's party suffered much from want of sufficient food, and an expedition went up the river from St. John and harassed them. They finally proceeded to Meductie, from which place they made their way to Machias.

In the same year the British authorities stationed a war vessel in St. John harbor. In 1779 a number of Indian warriors threatened St. John, being camped in the rear of Fort Howe, but a treaty was concluded with them by the commandant, and they dispersed.

On the 18th of May, 1783, the population of St. John (which at that time was known as Parr Town) was reinforced by the arrival of the first instalment of Loyalists, and in the autumn other Loyalists and refugees followed.

In 1784 New Brunswick became a separate Province, and Col. Carleton was appointed Governor. The Council was presided over by Governor Carleton, and consisted of Messrs. Beverly Robinson, Abijah Willard, George D. Ludlow, Jonathan Odell, James Putnam, Joshua Upham, Edward Winslow, William Hazard, Gilford Studholm and Daniel Bliss. A Legislature for the Province was convened, and met in King Street, but was subsequently transferred to Fredericton.

From the accounts published it appears that soon after the arrival of the Loyalists St. John was laid out for a city, and streets were surveyed. Public offices were established. W. S. Oliver was Sheriff, Bartholomew Craunall was Common Clerk, and Robert Parker Controller of Customs.

There was a Fire Company called the Union Fire Club, which met at Mallard's Tavern in King Street.

Adino Paddock had a medicinal store. He removed from King to Prince William Street.

There was a tavern out of town, near the present locality of the Public Hospital.

Among the notices in the *Royal Gazette* there is that of W. S. Oliver, Sheriff, who advertised to be sold at public auction a Negro Man and Boy belonging to the Estate of the late Charles McPherson.

Among the other notices is one of John Chaloner, who advertised for sale a lot of land in Prince William Street, 50x200, one of the attractions being a good spring of water.

The Postmaster of St. John was Charitable Sowers, who had the Post Office in his house in Dock Street. Mails were conveyed to Halifax, via Annapolis, once in two weeks, and at a later date weekly. In 1799 William Campbell was Postmaster. His office was at the place now known as Chubb's Corner. Those who had business with the Post Office stood on the sidewalk.

Time would not permit to refer to the religious movements in St. John—the preaching in the streets by Henry Alline; the unsuccessful efforts of Rev. Mr. James, a missionary sent out by the Countess of Huntington, to gather into one Church, on a Congregational basis, all the Dissenters from the Church of England; the organization and erection of Trinity Church, and the subsequent establishment of worship by the other denominations. Suffice it to mention that in 1799 the Church Wardens of Trinity were Messrs. Horsfield and Rogers, and the Vestrymen Messrs. Gabriel Ludlow,

Ward Chipman, William Hazen, Munson Jarvis, Thomas Whitlock, Nathan Smith, Thomas Elmas, Colin Campbell, Nehemiah Rogers, Isaac Lawton, Thomas Beer, and Samuel Hallett.

Political feeling ran as high in the olden time as it does in our day; by the accounts which have come down to us it was even higher. Among the papers and documents of the day were those of Israel Perley, of Mangerville, who characterized the course of the ruling powers of the Province as arbitrary and injudicious. Mr. Perley contended that in many cases men of ordinary capacity were preferred to places of trust and profit, while men of superior abilities were ignored; that the rulers of the Province stood in the way of progress; and that Dissenters were not allowed the rights and privileges which had been guaranteed. For these and other reasons not only were considerable numbers of the old inhabitants leaving the country, but many of the new comers had grown discouraged. Mr. Perley's opponents characterized him as a disappointed office-seeker, and otherwise sought to destroy the force of his arguments.

Among the curious documents is an Election Petition of 1793. This document specified that there had been an election for members to represent the City and County of St. John in the New Brunswick Parliament; that the following persons had been duly elected, viz., Tertullus Dickenson, Richard Lightfoot, Peter Grim, John Boggs, Richard Bonsall, and Alexander Reid; that they had been elected by a decided majority in accordance with the regulations of Governor Carleton, but that the following persons had received certificates of election and had been sworn in as Members of Parliament, although by the votes they were in the minority, viz., Jonathan Bliss, Ward Chipman, Christopher Billop, William Pagan, Stanton Hazard, and John McGeorge. The petitioners stated that while the election was in progress supporters of the majority had been placed in irons, that one of the candidates had been put under arrest, and that great intimidation had been practiced. Whether the statements were reliable or not, the document was signed by William Barelay, Richard Stockhall, Samuel Theall, Wm. Tredwell, John Johns, Nathaniel Travis, Adam Hennigar, Jasper Stymest, Henry Peters, Wm. Burtis, Matthew Partelow, Walter Fowler, Joseph Alward, Jeremiah Mabie, Nathan Brundage, Ezekiel Barlow, John Chubb, John McAlpine, John Melick, Enos Flewwelling, and others, to the number of 174.

The political history of St. John would alone occupy an evening. With the other inhabitants of the Province the people were divided on the great questions that came up for discussion. The young people of the present time can form but a faint idea of the long and protracted struggle of a portion of the people for their civil liberties and equal religious rights, a struggle in which many now living had an active share.

If there were time, allusion might be made to the progress of the city, the extent of its business, its successes and adversities. An account of its fires would be interesting, even if no reference were made to the great fire of 1877. Some of these topics may possibly be assigned to gentlemen who are expected to follow.

THE MAIDEN'S SACRIFICE.

A TALE OF THE ST. JOHN RIVER.

By JAMES HANNAY.

READ BY MRS. I. L. BEMAN.

IN the sweet days of summer,
Five hundred years ago,
Where the broad Ouygoudy
Swept on in might below;
On in a ceaseless torrent
Which down the Grand Falls bore,
Over the steep, with sudden leap,
Full eighty feet and more.

There on the bank above it
An Indian town arose,
Where dwelt the warlike Malicetes.
The Mohawks were their foes.
Those red-skinned sons of slaughter
Had joined in many a fray,
With savage ire and carnage dire,
Shaming the light of day.

But buried was the hatchet,
They went to war no more;
The little children gambolled
About each wigwam door.
Around that savage village
Were maize fields waving green;
So calm the scene, you scarce would deem
That war had ever been.

Sakotis and his daughter,
The dark-eyed Malabeam,
Sailed up the Ouygoudy
Beyond the Quisbis stream,
And there upon an island
They rested for the day.
Their hearts were light, the skies
were bright,
And Nature's face was gay.

(10)

But, like a clap of thunder
When the heavens are calm and
clear,
The war-whoop of the Mohawks
Fell on their startled ear.
And a sharp flint-tipped arrow
Pierced old Sakotis' breast;
Ere Malabeam could raise him,
Her father was at rest.

And bounding through the thicket,
On rushed a savage crowd
Of Mohawks in their war paint,
With war-whoops fierce and loud;
And ere the orphan'd maiden
Had time to turn and fly,
They bound her fast. All hope was
past,
Except the hope to die.

And one who knew her language
Said: "When the sun goes down
Your bark canoe shall guide us
On to your father's town.
Do this, your life is spared you,
Then wed a Mohawk brave;
Refuse, your doom is torture,
Or worse, to be a slave."

Then said she: "I will guide you,
And wed a Mohawk brave;
Since you have slain my father,
I will not be your slave.
The stream is swift and narrow,
And those apart may stray,
Bind your canoes together,
And I will lead the way."

Just as the gleam of darkness
 Spread over hill and vale
 Down the swift Ouygoudy
 The Mohawk fleet set sail.
 Three hundred Mohawk warriors
 Chanted a martial song,
 Their paddles gleam upon the stream
 And swift they speed along.

In four long lines together,
 Each to the next bound fast—
 The maiden in the centre—
 The great canoe fleet passed.
 And Malabeam, what thought she
 As on in front she flew,
 Driving apace with vigorous arms
 Her light and swift canoe.

The night was dark and gloomy,
 The sky had scarce a star
 To gaze upon the pageant
 Of fierce and savage war.
 No moon shone on the river,
 Her gentle beams were paled,
 And through the gloomy tree tops
 A south wind sighed and wailed.

But little cared the Mohawks,
 "The wind might wail or sigh,
 The moon might hide her glory
 And clouds obscure the sky.
 With hearts intent on slaughter,
 With thoughts on carnage red,
 They toiled, and still before them
 The strong arm'd maiden sped.

But now the Indian village
 Lies but a mile below.
 A sound like muffled thunder
 Seems on their ears to grow.
 "What's that?" "'Tis but a torrent,"
 The Indian maid replied,
 "It joins the Ouygoudy,
 Which here flows deep and e.wid"

But louder still, still louder
 The sound like thunder grew,
 As down the rapid river
 The swift flotilla flew.

On either side the foam wreaths
 Shone like a line of snow,
 But all in front was darkness,
 'Twas death which lay below.

Then, with a shout of triumph,
 The Indian maiden cried:
 "Listen ye Mohawk warriors
 Who sail on death's dark tide;
 Never shall earth grave hide you,
 Or wife weep o'er your clay,
 Come to your doom, ye Mohawks,
 And I will lead the way."

Then sweeping with her paddle,
 One potent stroke, her last,
 Down to the fall her barque is borne.
 Its dreadful brink is pass'd;
 And down the whole three hundred
 In swift succession go,
 Into the dark abyss of death
 Full eighty feet below.

And vanished in a moment,
 Like a meteor shooting star,
 The savage Mohawk warriors
 In all their pride of war.
 No eye beheld them perish,
 No living human ear
 Heard the lost band's despairing cry
 Piercing the darkness drear.

But many a day thereafter,
 Beyond the torrent's roar,
 The swarthy Mohawk dead were found
 Upon the river's shore.
 But on brave Malabeam's dead face
 No human eyes were set,
 She lies in the dark stream's embrace,
 The river claims her yet.

The waters of five hundred years
 Have flowed above her grave,
 But daring deeds can never die
 While human hearts are brave.
 Her tribe still tell her story
 Around their council fires,
 And bless the name of her who died
 To rescue all their sires.

“SAINT JOHN.”

By J. G. WHITTIER.

READ BY MRS. CHARLES MACMICHAEL.

[In 1647, in the absence of CHARLES ST. ESTIENNE DE LA TOUR, Lord of Saint John, Fort la Tour — on the West side of the Harbor — was attacked by CHARNISE D'AULNAY, Lord of Pentagoet. The Fort was gallantly defended by MADAME LATOUR for nine days, but was captured by D'AULNAY. WHITTIER tells the story of the arrival of CHARLES ST. ESTIENNE DE LA TOUR subsequent to the departure of D'AULNAY.]

“TO the winds give our banner!
Bear homeward again!”
Cried the Lord of Acadia,
Cried Charles of Estienne;
From the prow of his shallop
He gazed as the sun,
From its bed in the ocean,
Streamed up the St. John.

O'er the blue western waters
That shallop had passed,
Where the mists of Penobscot
Clung damp on her mast.
St. Sauveur had looked
On the heretic sail,
As the songs of the Huguenot
Rose on the gale.

The pale, ghostly fathers
Remembered her well,
And had cursed her while passing
With taper and bell,
But the men of Monhegan,
Of Papists abhorred,
Had welcome'd and feasted
The heretic Lord.

They had loaded his shallop
With dun-fish and ball,
With stores for his larder
And steel for his wall.
Pemequid, from her bastions
And turrets of stone,
Had welcomed his coming
With banner and gun.

And the prayers of the elders
Had followed his way
As homeward he glided
Down Pentecost Bay.
O, well sped La Tour!
For in peril and pain
His lady kept watch
For his coming again.

O'er the Isle of the Pheasant
The morning sun shone,
On the plane-trees which shaded
The shores of St. John.
“Now, why from yon battlements
Speaks not my love!
Why waves there no banner
My fortress above?”

Dark and wild, from his deck
 St. Estienne gazed about,
 On fire-wasted dwellings
 And silent redoubt ;
 From the low, shattered walls,
 Which the flame had o'errun,
 There floated no banner,
 There thundered no gun !

But beneath the low arch
 Of its doorway there stood
 A pale priest of Rome
 In his cincture and his hood.
 With the bound of a lion,
 La Tour sprang to land,
 On the throat of the Papist
 He fastened his hand.

“Speak, son of the woman
 Of scarlet and sin !
 What wolf has been prowling
 My castle within ?”
 From the grasp of the soldier
 The Jesuit broke,
 Half in scorn, half in sorrow,
 He smiled as he spoke :

“No wolf, Lord of Estienne,
 Has ravaged thy hall,
 But thy red-handed rival,
 With fire, steel and ball !
 On an errand of mercy
 I hitherward came
 While the walls of thy castle
 Yet spouted with flame.

“Pentagoet's dark vessels
 Were moor'd in the bay,
 Grim sea lions, roaring
 Aboard for their prey.”
 “But what of my lady ?”
 Cried Charles St. Estienne.
 “On the shot-crumbled turret
 Thy lady was seen ;

“Half-veiled in the smoke-cloud,
 Her hand grasped thy pennon,
 While her dark tresses swayed
 In the hot breath of cannon !

But woe to the heretic,
 Evermore woe !
 When the son of the Church
 And the Cross is his foe !

“In the track of the shell,
 In the path of the ball.
 Pentagoet swept over
 The breach of the wall !
 Steel to steel, gun to gun.
 One moment—and then
 Alone stood the victor,
 Alone with his men !

Of its sturdy defenders
 Thy lady alone
 Saw the cross-blazoned banner
 Float over St. John.”
 “Let the dastard look to it !”
 Cried fiery Estienne ;
 “Were D'Aulnay King Louis,
 I'd free her again !”

“Alas for thy lady !
 No service from thee
 Is needed by her
 Whom the Lord hath set free ;
 Nine days, in stern silence,
 Her thralldom she bore,
 But the tenth morning came,
 And death opened her door !”

As if suddenly smitten,
 La Tour staggered back ;
 His hand grasped his sword-hilt,
 His forehead grew black.
 He sprang on the deck
 Of his shallop again.
 “We cruise now for vengeance !
 Give way !” cried Estienne.

“Massachusetts shall hear
 Of the Huguenot's wrong,
 And from island and creek-side
 Her fishers shall throng !
 Pentagoet shall rue
 What his Papists have done,
 When his palisades echo
 The Puritan's gun !”

"SAINT JOHN."

O, the loveliest of heavens
 Hung in tenderness o'er him,
 There were waves in the sunshine,
 And green isles before him;

But a pale hand was beckoning
 The Huguenot on;
 And in blackness and ashes
 Behind was St. John!

In 1650 Charnise D'Aulnay was accidentally drowned at Port Royal. In 1653 Charles St. Estienne de la Tour married D'Aulnay's widow, and recovered his old possessions. In 1654 he surrendered Fort la Tour to an expedition sent out by Oliver Cromwell, and became subject to the English. He held the Fort until his death in 1666.

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THE ST. JOHN FIRE.

BY K. W.

MR. Chairman, friends and strangers,
I've been asked to say a *'something'*
Of our city and its burning,
Of the great and awful fire fiend,
Which, on date of June the twenty,
Eighteen hundred, seven and seventy,
Swept away our stores and dwellings,
Swept away our year long hoardings.

Much I fear me ye are tired
Of this theme, of its remembrance,
Of the thousand recollections
Of that day of direful story
In the history of our city,
In the chronicles of Saint John.
But, as I should do my duty
To myself and this occasion,
To the lady who did plague me
For this something on this subject,
I will strive to give my version
Of the great and awful burning
Which, upon the date forementioned,
Laid our much beloved city—
City of the hills and hollows,
City of the rocks and ridges—
In one heap of dust and ashes,

Lived I on the Mount called Pleasant
On that clear and cloudless Wednesday
When the cry rose of the smoke cloud
Which was rolling up in volumes
From the portion of the city
Which is designated York Point.
Off I rushed to join the medley

Of the panic-stricken people,
Rushing here and rushing hither,
To convey to place of safety
Household articles of home life,
Mattresses and beds and bolsters,
Chairs and tables, and the such like.
Wild and fearful was the turmoil
As the fiery roiling demon
Crept along the wharves of Lloyd,
Swept away the dens of York Point,
Threatened Dock Street with its fury.
I myself, your story teller,
Went, with others, to the rescue
Of the goods in Burpee's warehouse,
Close upon the stores of Scammells',
Saw the liquid tongues of fire,
Saw the rolling sea of redness
Sweep before it every object,
Staying not at stores of brickwork,
Staying not at sash of iron,
Leaping over gulfs of water,
Leaping over half a city,
Fanned to fury by a tempest,
Tempest of its own creating.
Naught could stay its onward progress,
Seas of water could not quench it.
He who tells this story to you
Was entrapped by the demon,
Cut off from the road to safety,
Left upon the wharf of Scammell,
Near the North Wharf of the city;
But that he might now be with you,
And annoy you with this gibberish,

Came the schooner of the sailor,
 Warping off to place of safety,
 Warping off to open water,
 And upon the passing rigging
 Leaped your landsman very gladly,
 Soon was landed on the South Wharf,
 Soon was battling with the tempest
 And the hurricane of fury.
 On the Square, the mart of commerce,
 Once the market of the city;
 Such a scene was ne'er depicted,
 Such a sight was never witnessed
 By the eye or pen of mortal;
 Rushing here and rushing hither
 Were the merchants of the city,
 Were the cartmen, able-bodied,
 Bearing goods and bearing trinkets,
 Seeking for a safe asylum
 For the merchandise of commerce,
 For the hardware of the builder,
 For the entlery from Sheffield,
 For the dry goods bought in London,
 For the wine and rum accursed;
 All around them screamed the engines,
 Useless now to stay the tempest.
 All around them swept a whirlwind
 Born of heat and filled with ashes,
 Scarcely could one see before him,
 Scarcely could one face its fury;
 Goods were hurried from the storehouse
 To the warehouse, several blocks off,
 Which, ere many moments passed,
 Was a heap of smouldering ashes.
 Saw I from the top of woodshed
 At the rear of this our chapel
 Many stately fabrics burning,
 Filled with fire from base to attic,
 Glaring with their fiery windows
 On the sun, which smiled upon them;
 Saw them vomit up to heaven
 Clouds of smoke and fire commingled,
 Like the crater of Vesuvius;
 Saw them tremble from their bases,
 Rock and bend, and crash to atoms;

Saw the church towers in the distance
 Gleam with flame and sink from vision;
 Saw a vision of Inferno,
 Wild as that which Dante dreamt of;
 Saw the smoke of thousand households
 Blaze and blacken into ruin.
 Households which at midday's hour
 Heard the laugh and voice of home life,
 When the sun had sunk to westward
 Lay a smouldering pile of ashes.
 When the moon rose o'er the city,
 Calm and peaceful and indifferent,
 What a sight lay there beneath it;
 Where had been a noble city,
 Tower and spire and hall adorned,
 Lay a pile of blackened fragments,
 Lay a sea of smoke and turmoil.
 Long, alas! will be remembered
 That wild afternoon and evening,
 When, amid the smoke and blackness,
 Vanished home and hope from many.

But what boots it for to tell you
 Of those sights so full of sadness,
 Bringing to your recollection
 Thoughts that better far were buried.
 Let us think no more upon it,
 Let us think upon the present,
 Then our woes may be forgotten,
 And the memory of the bygone
 Will inspire us with new effort
 For the Now and for the Future,
 For the welfare of our city,
 (The Dominion has no fairer).
 Let us hope for years to follow,
 When our people in this city,
 Now arisen from its ashes,
 Shall have clad its rocky summits,
 Once the haunt of roaming redman,
 Once o'erclad with fir and cedar,
 With the homes of merchant princes,
 With the homes of honest toilers,
 Full of faith in God and goodness,
 Full of trust for the Hereafter.

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THE SAINT JOHN OF THE FUTURE.

It is necessary to explain briefly respecting the poor little figment with which I attempt to occupy your worthy attention for a few minutes.

I suppose that nearly all persons are alike in occasionally becoming "mixed" in regard to time, place and events. For instance: As a traveller, in your journeyings you will pass some day a spot which you *know* by hard facts you *never saw before*—never before was within a hundred miles of it—yet it has such a *strangely familiar* look as to completely bewilder you. It seems like an old haunt of other years—you overhanging tree, this smoothly sloping lawn, this winding bit of path, the green-bowered mansion just beyond—all *so natural* that you have quite a mind to give the lie to facts, and, believing in the transmigration of souls, assume that in some former state of existence you must, as a bird, have built a nest in the tree; or, as a bee, have gathered honey across the lawn; or, as a rabbit, have skurried along the path; or, as a domestic cat, have caught your mice in yonder garret and mewed your nightly serenade on yonder back fence.

But, musing thus and chiding yourself for such pagan notions, suddenly it flashes upon you that it was not in some bygone epoch you became acquainted with this scene. No. It was an hour you once had of *day-dreaming*, when in *fancy* you saw it; a realized vision, the fulfilment of a kind of prophecy. It was a future made present to your mind before its time, now the *real* present made evident to your *eye*.

But again *no!* This belief in visions, this foresight of coming events, is worse than paganism; and you drift back to your former fancy, only to be equally undecided. And so you hardly know yourself, or whether you are living in past, present or future; a mummy, or a prophet, or—what? You give it up that you cannot unbraids the tangle. The real seems so like the fanciful, the fanciful so like the real.

Did you never have such a chapter in the book of your life?

Ah, I know that some of you have. Some people, I grant, *are* level-headed, as solid as the rock under Fort Howe; many pretend to be so who are not; but some of us are liable to be mixed in this way at times.

A sort of world in one's self, a condensed eternity, as every immortal is, it is no wonder that we sometimes mingle the threads and spoil the figures in our weaving.

But to my explanation.

Recently I took a voyage in the gentle little schooner "Sleep." Capt. Clear Conscience, for the famous old country, Dreamland. On the way, after threading the unpleasant channels among Nap Islands, a spell of weather struck us athwartships and drove us sadly out of reckoning.

A long, uncertain cruise we had of it across the night-capped waves, but at length sighted the headlands of Slumber Point, and in due time I set feet on the shore of my destination.

I immediately found my way through Snoring Valley to the hospitable mansion of my acquaintance, Mr. Grand Anticipations, where I was made welcome for as long as I would stay.

This cosmopolitan gentleman lived in St. John in the years of his youth, and I believe has kindred here at present; and of course our conversation frequently related to topics clustering behind that grim sentinel of the harbor, Partridge Island. One day he handed me a letter recently arrived, saying as he did so:

"Perhaps you would enjoy perusing an epistle from the metropolis of New Brunswick, showing how things are going there?"

With a "thank you," I took the packet from his hand and read.

With somewhat the same terms I say to you, my friends:

Perhaps you would be willing to listen to the same "epistle from the metropolis of New Brunswick, showing how things are going there" in 1932?

Eh? Well, then, I will read it to you.

SAINT JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK,
DOMINION DAY, *July 1st, 1932.*

MR. GRAND ANTICIPATIONS:

MY DEAR SIR,—Your excellent letter of a recent date came duly to hand, its perusal affording me much pleasure. In reply, I most cordially yield to your request to write something concerning your native city for the fifty years since 1882, when you were so familiar with everything here.

I premise at the outset that were you to pay us a visit you would hardly recognize in the giant of to-day the St. John of 1882.

You will remember that at that time we were but partially built up after the great fire of 1877, many lots not only, but tracts of the burnt district, being still heaped with the sad and blackened ruins; many of our streets and walks had not been restored after conflagration; many of our business firms, if not all, had not regained their business, drawn elsewhere while we were in ashes; our public works and enterprises, schools, churches, and institutions generally, were incomplete, feeble, or in debt. Our population (city proper) was less than 30,000.

But I need not remind you of the state of things; you will recall it, I doubt not, with vivid accuracy.

Let me, therefore, place the present condition in contrast with your recollections, and thereby possibly excite your interest.

Our population by the census two years ago—that is, in 1930—was 468,000. This is seventeen times larger than it was fifty years ago; yet, as compared with many other cities on this continent, that is not a surprising increase. Toronto has a half century of

history in which she multiplied more than forty-two times; Brooklyn more than fifty-four times; Cincinnati more than seventy-eight times; St. Louis more than eighty-nine times; while Chicago has an almost incredible record. Wherefore, my dear sir, it is not so wonderful that this good old city of St. John should have multiplied only seventeen times in these fifty years. Of course this population includes and occupies what were villages and open country in your day. Portland, incorporated many years ago, has well-nigh lost the old name; Indiantown is no longer the wandering hamlet which you knew, but a quarter of which we are proud; Fairville is city now; and our limits embrace several thriving suburbs never heard of then.

In order to accommodate such a population and breadth of corporation, various carrying lines were long since inaugurated, so that to-day we have horse cars along many of the old streets and several of the new, reaching back to the parks. From the southern point of the city, where the military barracks were in former times, we have rapid transit by a double-track Elevated Railway skirting the water on both sides—by Pitt, Crown, Brussels and other streets on the east, and by Prince William, Dock and others on the west—making a complete circuit of the city, a train every four minutes; also crossing the River at the Falls and running down well toward the salt water at Carleton Point, a train every ten minutes.

You will recall the old-time line of Indiantown vehicles; they went to the wall when the wave of prosperity struck us, and although there was a world of eloquent lamentations wasted over the change, the people finally rubbed their eyes wide open and saw that the age was progressive. The Micmaes, Miicetes and Fogies still occasionally speak of the camping-grounds of former times, but all that is regarded as Ancient History. To a patriarch whose boyhood was cheered by the rattling hurdy-gurdies that used to grace the head of Market Square, these drawing-room street cars and palatial coaches of the Elevated Railway seem like things of a new world; but the invincible spirit of this twentieth century is even now talking of something grander.

The Ferries, too, have taken several new strides, until we have three cross-river lines; an hourly boat from just below the Falls to Partridge Island and back, stopping at various piers along the route; and another that runs across the Courtenay water to Red Head and other points along the east shore.

On Partridge Island, besides other public buildings, there are located numerous hospitals, asylums, and similar charities.

Along the Red Head shore are to be seen a multitude of costly residences and summer hotels, where our prosperous gentry have built, or where our citizens and our countless visitors are in part accommodated during the heated term; while along the up country waters, the St. John lakes and bayous, Kennebecasis and all, the picturesque shores are thickly sprinkled with most magnificent private and public structures.

But imagine yourself under my guidance for an hour or two, while we survey the progress of this half century in the shipping facilities of our city.

We will step on the Elevated and dart out to old Indiantown, from whence we will charter a steam launch and make the entire round of the harbor.

On the Elevated, now, I will improve a moment to explain that St. John has long been the winter port of the Dominion, and gaining that point in the former century, she soon became in consequence the great summer port. Beside, forty or more years ago capitalists from abroad as well as at home began to see some of our immense advantages as a port, and hence capital flowed in without stint; soon Government also came to our help, making valuable improvements.

And now step on board the launch and we will see it for ourselves.

First, look about you on this upper water, old Indiantown harbor. You see piers everywhere, crafts from every up-country line of water-way; twentyfold more business than when you used to bathe, fish and play hereabouts. Here, too, are vessels from many a foreign country, lading and unlading at these wharves—a sight your boyhood saw only at the docks in the harbor below. This is owing to a free ship lock built by Government, by which the Falls can be surmounted in ten minutes at any stage of the tide.

Blasting has also been conducted on such a scale in the river bed and in the cliffs on either side of the Falls, that it is a safe and simple thing for craft to run the narrows as we are doing now.

As we proceed you observe the unbroken line of piers between the Falls and Navy Island, where in your day were almost unbroken native shores, with perhaps one dock and a mill or two. At Navy Island the steam dredge and dynamite have again been at work,

and you miss the former flats and fishing-grounds. Now a deep, wide channel divides between the island and Fort Point, affording fifteen feet of water at low tide. The flats below the island have been scooped out, the rocks broken up and removed, and excellent anchorage for vessels under eight hundred tons exists for acres where in your day the boys waded at low tide.

Proceeding farther, your eye will be attracted by the vast display of dry docks. Fifty years ago very little of this thing existed. St. John, while offering the best facilities in the world for ship repairing, had not developed those facilities. But in time it came to be understood that our high tides might be made the source of our greatest enrichment. Dry docks of stupendous dimensions were gradually constructed, filled at high tide and emptied at low tide, thus dispensing with the difficulties of ports having less rise and fall of tide. Into one of these docks the largest craft afloat, if needing repairs, can be run at high tide; at low tide the water leaves her conveniently placed, nice and dry on the ways, the gates are shut behind her, and there she is, ready for the repairs, without having incurred a whit of the costly, vexatious, and often injurious manipulating of other repairing ports.

When the work is done, her toilet completed, the gates are opened, the tide comes in again, wooing and embracing her rejuvenated charms, and she glides away to sea once more, a thing of life, to tell the white-winged and steam-driven world of crafts where to find this "fountain of youth." In this respect St. John, with her wonderful dry docks and high tides, is to the mercantile navies of the world what the famous all-healing springs are to human flesh. This port is the great resort of sick ships. It is less expensive, quicker and far better in the matter of injury and racking to frame and machinery, and in good and substantial repairs, for a vessel needing much of a job to come here from the States, from South America, and even from England and other lands across the sea, than to stay at home for said repairs.

This, then, being the discovery of this half century, turn your eye, as we proceed, where the flats of Carleton Point inside the breakwater used to be visible. Where now are the reaches of mud and the forests of fishing brush that once covered so many acres there? Gone; and in their place a remarkable array of dry docks and shipyards, containing scores of invalid craft, here for their health.

But another equally notable improvement you witness, as here in mid-harbor we float a few minutes and gaze around. It is low tide, but where are the reefs and ledges that in 1882 used to thrust their back fins out of water, like ship-eating sharks? You remember where the old harbor beacon perched on the rocks; you remember where the great buoy used to float; you remember what care was requisite to make our port and thread our channels without becoming impaled on some croning ledge. All changed now. Government has been in here with dynamite and dredge, and now the rocks that once endangered shipping are piled in yonder new and mighty breakwaters and storm defences. The best anchorages in our harbor for largest ships are now precisely where the reefs once lay.

But as we round the southern point of the city you must notice the stretch of wharf buildings on almost as grand a scale as even Liverpool or New York, right into which the great ocean steamers may run and be housed while they discharge and take on passengers and cargoes. Fifty years ago not one of these great structures was in existence; now our half dozen lines of European steamers, our dozen lines of States and coast steamers, and several South American boats, are thus accommodated. The Intercolonial Railway, you see, as we turn into Courtenay Bay, has dredged the shores, removing the alluvium accumulated in bygone ages, and now the eastern front of the city for half a mile is lined with wharves and slips. Here, too, is another display of dry docks and shipyards.

But we have been on the boat long enough; we will be set on shore at what was once Marsh Bridge, but so no longer now for twenty-five years.

You will note the improvements here, both on water and on shore—wharves; wide, deep channel; shipyards beside which those of 1880 were ridiculous; great storage buildings; and a new era all about.

Having heard so much of the harbor, you will naturally wish me to write of the city itself; it has kept pace with the rest. Come and walk from the old military ground to Union Street. You find comparatively few residences; they were needed for business, or were removed, and on their site these great business structures were erected. The residences are mostly up town, back town, or on Carleton Heights. The *old* city limits contain less population than in 1877, fifty-five years ago. Business called for the space and the people had to yield to the demand. Thus is explained the widen-

ing of the new city limits and the annexing and up building of Portland, Indiantown, etc., to afford homes for the out-driven people. This has been the story of all growing cities. Old London and new London compare as one with forty; New York once reached to Canal Street, then to Bond, next to 85th, then to 210th, ten miles from the point, and now perhaps to Albany; Philadelphia began on four square miles, then nine, then twenty-three, and now one hundred and twenty-seven.

As might be expected, railroads have grown and magnified with the growth and importance of the port. There are now two shore lines—one east, one west; a Salmon River and Miramichi country line; the great double track Intercolonial, with its branches, and three through trunk lines to the northern and western portions of the Dominion.

Only three hours to Bathurst, instead of eight as fifty years ago; only ten to Quebec, instead of twenty-two; only fourteen to Montreal, instead of twenty-eight; only seventeen to Ottawa, instead of forty. And by the Suspension Bridge, with its double track, the St. John River has been compelled these forty-five years to keep its grip from the throat of through travel.

You remember the moist and balmy fogs of other days. Well, we still enjoy that luxury in this 20th century; except that nowadays our immense and numerous factories with their almost countless smoking chimneys and steaming pipes, our harbor full of steam shipping, and our seventeen times more house fires and chimneys, vie with old ocean, and we never lack for a breath of almost every flavor of smoke and fog you can name. If in your old age you should pay a visit to the place of your nativity, you can take your choice of dainty and sparkling adulterations of atmosphere.

Our manufactures are immense as compared with those of former days, when the cotton mills were so new here. Now we turn out in a week more than the produce of a whole year then. Where then St. John loaded a car, we now load a whole train; a single vessel then, a whole fleet now, with our exports.

Then we had an embryo park or two, incomplete and unformed; now we have three magnificent parks of large extent, and several smaller ones of most inviting character, all readily reached by our population on holiday and all occasions.

In those days we had no college or university for lad or lass. The public schools and two or three private institutions absorbed

the effort and ambition of our people. You may well remember the Madras and Leinster Street, where the young idea was taught to shoot; the Victoria, which essayed to give the finishing touch to the education of our beautiful misses. Whoever would drink deeper of the Pierian spring must post to Fredericton or Sackville, to the States or bonny England. Now this, too, is changed. We ask no odds of the world in the matter of educational facilities. Our elementary schools are unsurpassed in any respect, while old Fort Howe hill bears a magnificent University for our young men, and on the lovely banks of Lily Lake rises a Ladies' Seminary fit for the daughters of a Queen. The frogs of fifty years ago in that vicinity have resigned the serenading business to sweeter singers.

Of public libraries we then had none of any consequence; now the serene goddesses of Literature, Science, History and Religion preside over six such noble institutions, containing, in the aggregate, hundreds of thousands of volumes. And, my dear sir, your old time saying that St. John had least of such institutions of any equally proud city in all America, could hardly be uttered now.

But best of all I have to write, and with this my letter must close, our churches, the Y. M. C. A., and all other philanthropic enterprises seem to flourish with almost millennial prosperity.

Rum and intemperance have now for many years been unknown evils among us. The jail is the most rickety, unused building in the city, while the police are getting rich in peaceful avocations, their clubs and uniforms occupying a quaint case as ancient curiosities in the City Museum.

Old Union Street Congregational Church, where you used to chance in occasionally to hear Pastors Dodds, Woodcock, Blanchard and others, was long ago pulled down to give place to a great publishing house; but another church edifice, of grand and imposing dimensions, on a more convenient site, now throws open its sacred enclosure for that people, and the days of their juvenile history are no more,—they are a mighty host for every good word and work. It would do your soul good to look in and see the few white haired remnants of the former flock amid the great concourse of other and younger people.

But having wearied your patience with so long an epistle, and engaging to write you again in a few years, when we number a million people,

I remain, etc.,

P. R. EDICTOR.

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