

# Old Sydney

J. G. MacKinnon

F 5249  
S85  
P4  
1918

OLD SYDNEY





# OLD SYDNEY

SKETCHES OF THE TOWN AND ITS  
PEOPLE IN DAYS GONE BY

BY

J. G. MACKINNON

SYDNEY, C. B.

PRINTED BY DON. MACKINNON

1918

F5249

S85

M4

1918

COPYRIGHT, CANADA, 1918,  
BY J. G. MACKINNON

## FOREWORD

This little book is not issued as a history of Sydney. It contains some bits of history, but the greater part consists of tradition—accounts of past happenings that have been handed down by older generations, fireside versions that are now known to but very few. The historical portions were gleaned from books, newspapers, letters and public documents, the traditions were gathered here and there as opportunity offered. Taken as a whole the contents are such as to admit of no exact classification, but an attempt has been made to arrange them in order of time.

It has been the aim to make the work as accurate as possible, and where matters of history are dealt with, they may be accepted as correct. With regard to tradition no great accuracy need be expected. That which is passed along by word of mouth naturally becomes vague and indefinite, and often, like the rolling snow-ball, gathers as it goes. I can only assure the reader that I have taken care to get the



material from reliable sources, and that nothing here given is the product of my own imagination.

Perhaps I ought to offer a word of apology for what the book does not contain as well as for the imperfections of what it does contain. Some important subjects are not dealt with because there is not sufficient information in my possession to make the sketches complete. But this being, as I believe, the first attempt made at collecting facts and traditions about Old Sydney with a view to having them preserved, the reader will not be too critical as to what he finds or does not find in these pages. A later edition may supply what is lacking in this.

I am indebted to a number of persons for furnishing material used in this book, and to these, without going through the formality of naming them one by one, I wish to express my hearty thanks.

J. G. MACKINNON.

July, 1918.

## CONTENTS

NAMES, PAST AND PRESENT . . . . .	1
FIRST ON SYDNEY HARBOR . . . . .	3
SYDNEY'S FIRST SETTLER . . . . .	5
MELONEY'S COW—COW BAY . . . . .	6
JOHN MELONEY, JUNIOR . . . . .	9
A SEAT OF GOVERNMENT . . . . .	11
A GARRISON TOWN . . . . .	25
THE BLACK WATCH . . . . .	26
"MINE OR NOBODY'S" . . . . .	29
AN INDIAN WAR SCARE . . . . .	31
OUR TRUE GHOST STORY . . . . .	33
THE INGOVILLE FARM . . . . .	39
THE FRENCH WILLOWS . . . . .	41
OLD TIME JUSTICE . . . . .	43
JUDGE MARSHALL . . . . .	48
THE FLAHAVEN MURDER . . . . .	58
THE WASHING-BROOK . . . . .	68
GARRISON SOCIETY . . . . .	69
TEMPERANCE . . . . .	71
OLD SYDNEY SCHOOLS . . . . .	76

THE BAD SCHOLAR	82
OLD BUILDINGS	84
THE FAIRY CHILD	97
NEWSPAPERS	98
A SYDNEY NOVELIST	104
A LITTLE POEM	107
POWDER AND PILLS	108
LORD DUFFERIN'S VISIT	110
OLD TIME ELECTIONS	113
THE FIRE BRIGADE	116
OUR FIRST BAND	121
THE CORNET BAND	123
TOWN AND CITY	126
THE OLD 17TH	130
SECOND SIGHT	133
MICMAC LEGENDS	136
LOOKING BACKWARD	141

# OLD SYDNEY



## NAMES, PAST AND PRESENT

THE old Micmac name for our harbor was Cibou, which means river or inlet. The term was applied to other arms of the sea near by as well as to this: Saint Anne's Bay, Great Bras d' Or, Little Bras d'Or, and East Bay all being known as Cibou. If the dusky aboriginies called the harbor by any name peculiar to itself, that name has not been handed down.

When Cape Breton became known to the eastern world, and European fishermen began to ply their calling near its shores, an agreement was made that ships of different countries should frequen different harbors, and thus avoid misunderstandings and quarrels. The harbor at Louisbourg was, by common consent, left as headquarters for the English fishermen, and St. Anne's Bay for the French. This harbor, at the same time, was assigned to the Spaniards, and so, for over two hundred years, its waters were known as Spanish Bay or Spanish River.



Nicholas Denys in his descriptions of the North American Coasts, published in 1672, speaks of it under that name, but on the map issued with his work, an arm of the sea that is clearly intended for this harbor is marked "La R. Denys." There is a river in Cape Breton named after Denys, but it flows into the Bras d'Or Lake, and it may possibly be that placing the name at Sydney harbor was an error made by the engraver. It seems strange, however, that a body of water somewhat minutely described by him in his book should not be indicated on his map. Perhaps, after all, it was his intention to have the harbor named after himself. But whether or not, the port continued to be called after the people of Spain.

When Governor DesBarres established his capital here, as a compliment to the Honorable Thomas Townshend, Lord Sydney, then Colonial Secretary, he gave the new town the name of Sydney. Spanish River still remained the official designation of the harbor, as may be seen by reference to early documents, but it gradually fell into disuse and gave way to the present name of Sydney Harbor.

In September 1788 Sydney was visited by

Prince William Henry, afterwards William IV, who came here on the *Andromeda*, and remained in town for several days. In his honor Lieut.-Governor Macormick gave the harbor the name of Prince William Henry's Sound, a name that was used a few times in official documents, and then happily forgotten.

Lord Sydney is in no danger of being forgotten, at least not in Cape Breton. On this side of the harbor we have not only the city of Sydney, but also Sydney River and Sydney Forks, while on the north side they have North Sydney, Upper North Sydney, and Sydney Mines. The latter town, a few years ago, nearly discarded its name in favor of a high-sounding one "made in Germany," but, fortunately, the good sense of its people asserted itself in time, and the old name was retained.



## FIRST ON SYDNEY HARBOR

**P**ROBABLY the first settlement on the shores of Sydney Harbor was at Upper North Sydney, where Adam Moore and William Campbell took up adjoining lots of land in 1786, four years

before the first settler came to Sydney. There, for several years, each lived the lonely life of a bachelor pioneer. Moore afterwards married, his wife being a Miss Sparling, but Campbell remained single, and his farm eventually passed to Moore's family, and still remains in possession of his friend's descendants. The first house built by Moore was in existence until five or six years ago when, unfortunately, it was destroyed by fire.

Of William Campbell we have been unable to obtain any further particulars. Adam Moore was born in Aberdeen. His father was a native of Ireland, but came to Scotland as a soldier of fortune during the rebellion of 1745, and fought under Prince Charlie until the cause of the Stuarts was finally lost at Culloden. After that he made his home in Aberdeen, married and raised a family, of which Adam was one.

These men are buried in a small cemetery on the Moore farm. The new branch of the Intercolonial Railway passes by their last resting-place, in fact would have gone through it if carried in a straight line, but the road was diverted just enough to avoid desecrating their graves. Let us be thankful that those in charge of the

work had sufficient respect for the worthy pioneers to leave their ashes undisturbed.



## SYDNEY'S FIRST SETTLER

**S**YDNEY'S story began in 1784, when the first United Empire Loyalist arrived and made his home here. In the early summer of that year came John Meloney. The place was then an unbroken forest. He and a number of others landed at Battery Point, and as soon as their boat touched ground the men grasped their axes, jumped ashore and took turns at felling a tree, the first to be cut down on the peninsula.

John Meloney was the only one in the party to make his home in Sydney, so that to him belongs the honor of being the first settler. He took up what was afterwards the James Muggah farm, east of the Creek, and there erected the first house built in Sydney. An apple tree planted by him shortly after his settlement on that farm was bearing fruit as recently as 1899, but soon after that was destroyed during the erection of the Steel plant. People who sampled its apples testify that they were



hard as marbles and bitter as gall, but apples nevertheless.

John Meloney was born in Ireland, in the year 1738, married there and raised a family. But death entered his home while he was comparatively young, taking away his wife. He then decided to leave his native isle, and, placing his children with friends, came to seek his fortune in America. There he married again, his second wife being Cornelia Dennis, and made his home at Staten Island, New York, where he remained until the United States had gained their independence. Wishing to live under British rule he left there in 1783, making his way to Quebec. There, or on the way thither, the youngest two of his children died, their death, in all likelihood, being caused by the hardships of the journey. In the spring, as we have seen, he came to Sydney, where he lived for twenty-three years, his death taking place on Novemer 10th, 1807, when he was sixty-nine years of age.

His children by the first wife were Roman Catholics. He had them brought out soon after he came to live here. A son, Hugh, shortly afterwards removed to Ontario. Two daughters remained in Syd-

ney. One of these married James Carlin, and the other a Mr. Hankard, and through them he became ancestor to the Carlin, Hankard and Fitzgerald families of Sydney. The second wife's children were Protestants. One daughter, Anne, married John Muggah on the 4th of January, 1793, another, Rachel, married Captain John Ferris. The third surviving member of this family was John, the younger. Through these three, our first settler became ancestor to the Peters, Muggah, Lorway, Townsend, and Burchell families of Sydney, as well as to the Meloney, Moore, Moffatt, and Musgrave families of North Sydney.



### MELONEY'S COW—COW BAY

**S**OOON after coming to Sydney, John Meloney made a trip to Louisbourg, then completely shorn of its former greatness, but still the most important place in Cape Breton. At Louisbourg he bought that most useful of family possessions, a cow, which he brought with him by schooner to his new home. For some time the animal was carefully watched, but as the weeks went by, this vigilance relaxed,

and one evening the Meloneys had to go without milk, their cow having disappeared. Search was made for her, and a few days later she was found, quietly feeding, at Morien Bay, twenty-five miles from Sydney, having gone that far in trying to make her way to her old home.

The place where she was found from that time on became known as "Cow Bay," a name that clung to it for over a hundred years. The name was changed to Port Morien by vote of the residents in 1894, at which date it was a prosperous mining town. Some of its older inhabitants claim that the place has had no good luck since: that while it was Cow Bay it was steadily coming up in size and population, and that since it became Port Morien, it has been as steadily going down. To put it plainly, they would have us believe that the decline in its fortunes began when the people decided no longer to perpetuate the memory of Meloney's cow.

JOHN MELONEY, *Junior*

JOHN Meloney, the younger, was born at Long Island, N. Y., March 8th, 1778, and was a little over six years of age coming to Sydney. When quite young he purchased a shallop and became one of the first coasters to Halifax. Later on, he sailed a topsail schooner, the largest of the Creek fleet at that date. In those days it was the custom with the coasters when going to Halifax, to take on a load of coal at Cranberry Head, digging the dusky diamonds out of the cliff and carrying them on board in boats.

There was a bit of romance in this man's early life that may be worth relating. While yet a mere boy he imagined himself deeply in love, and asked the object of his affections, Catherine Grant, to become his wife. She, being many years older, wisely said "no," but, not wishing to be too cruel, promised him that if she married some one else he could wed their eldest daughter. Not long after this she did marry some one else, Samuel Peters; their second child was a daughter, and this daughter, Anne, at the age of nineteen, became the wife of her mother's one-time lover. Their



marriage took place December 8th, 1811, when John Meloney was thirty-three years of age. They had a family of eleven, five sons and six daughters. One of the sons, John Daniel, died only five years ago.

In 1830, our subject moved to Baddeck, and there took up a large tract of land, his object being to keep his sons from following the sea. A series of early frosts in those years rendered the farms unproductive, and reduced many of the people to the verge of starvation. John Meloney was then appointed collector and almoner for the poor, and for years received subscriptions from those who had means at Sydney and Sydney Mines, and distributed provisions to the needy along the Bras d'or Lake. He at one time sent as many as seven teams up on the ice laden with the necessaries of life for those who were suffering. He was also made Magistrate, and in that office became noted, not for holding courts and collecting fees, but rather for inducing the disputants to settle their differences without going to law.

At the end of nine years he removed from Baddeck to North Sydney, where he purchased the Stewart mills and property. There he lived the remainder of his days,

honored and respected by all who knew him. His death took place on April 17th, 1874, he having reached the age of ninety-six years. His wife survived him for seven years, her death taking place in 1881.



## A SEAT OF GOVERNMENT

**I**N 1784 Cape Breton was made a province, and for thirty-six years it enjoyed, or endured, a Government of its own. During that time the reins of state were held in succession by nine or ten different men, some of whom were appointed as Governors and some as Presidents of Council. All but one were retired army officers, whose profession had naturally unfitted them for the task of administering the affairs of a province, or of bringing order out of the confusion that naturally attends the settlement of a new country. The longest term served by any of these was seven and a half years: the shortest, nine months. Most of them were recalled before their terms were up; two went away on leave of absence and did not return. One man's going was greatly regretted, while in the case of another the

people thanked the King for removing him. One or two made an honest effort to live up to their responsibilities, and as a result the island province made some progress, but all their attempts were hampered by quarrels and dissensions among members of the Council.

The members of Council were selected by the Governor, the people having no voice whatever in their appointment. There was an imposing array of officials whose duties, as carried out, were not very onerous, altho each received a substantial salary paid out of the British Treasury. Judging by the written accounts of their doings, Governors, Presidents and Councilors spent most of their time in quarrelling among themselves, and paid as little attention as they could to the affairs of the country. Men were appointed to office, suspended, reinstated, and dismissed as often as the majority in the council happened to swing for or against them. For instance, one man, given a seat in the council in 1792, was suspended in 1797, reinstated in 1798, dismissed in 1799 and re-appointed in 1800. He had in the meantime challenged another member of the Government to fight a duel, had been fined a shilling and

costs for so doing, and, his salary having been stopped, had spent part of a year in gaol for debt. Another prominent official, after some suspensions and reinstatements, determined to bring his case personally before the Home Government. With that object in view he set sail for England, but when nearing the coast of Britain the vessel in which he was taking passage was captured by a French frigate, France and Britain then being at war. His career ended in his being thrown into prison, where, a few months later, he died.

Let it be said that the British Government of that time was not noted for wisdom in its conduct of affairs, either at home or in the colonies. Its policy was vacillating, and sometimes quite unfair to the men entrusted with the duty of carrying on the local administrations. Those were the days of "rotten" and "pocket" boroughs, when the British Parliament did not by any means represent the people, when the King and the court party ruled with a high hand, and were wedded to autocratic methods of government that had already cost the empire most of the American colonies and that made many of its people strongly sympathise with the objects of the French

Revolution. Place and position were bestowed by favor, not on merit, and there were jealousies, quarrels and intrigues in high places as well as in those farther down. Indeed it may be questioned if any colonial Government at that time more closely resembled the Home Government than did the turbulent group of men that composed the Government of Cape Breton.

It may be interesting to read a list of Cape Breton's Governors, which is as follows:—Major F. W. DesBarres, 1784–1787; Lieutenant Colonel Macormick, 1787–1795; David Matthews, 1795–1798; Brigadier-General Ogilvie, 1798–1799; Brigadier-General Murray, 1799–1800; Major-General Despard, 1800–1807; Brigadier-General Nepean, 1807–1813; Brigadier-General Swayne, 1813–1816; Lieutenant-Colonel Fitzherbert, Feb. 5 to Nov. 4, 1816; Major-General Ainslie, 1816–1820. It may be found necessary to make further mention of one or two of these, but as for the rest, their acts and their quarrels, are they not to be found in histories already written?

The first Governor was Major Frederick Walle DesBarres, who received his appointment July 7th, 1784. He arrived at Halifax on the 16th of November, and from there

sailed for Louisbourg. The first item of expenditure under the new Government was dated November 19th, which may be taken as the day on which Governor DesBarres and his party landed and began operations. They were met there by a party of Loyalists, who had arrived three weeks earlier under charge of Col. Samuel Peters, Captain Jonathan Jones and Neil Robertson. These, as well as the members of the Government, remained at Louisbourg for the winter.

Major DesBarres had spent the previous twenty years in making surveys and plans of the coasts and harbors of Nova Scotia and Cape Breton. Acting on knowledge thus secured as to the natural advantages of Spanish River, he decided to place his seat of government on the peninsula at the head of the South Arm, and, as already noted, gave it the name of Sydney.

In the spring of 1785—the exact date is not known—Governor DesBarres, together with the Loyalists and others, about 800 in all, arrived in Sydney, and began the work of clearing the land and building log cabins for their accommodation. A proclamation was issued, offering three years' provisions, lumber for houses, and tools for farming,



free to all incoming settlers. These liberal terms naturally attracted a large number of people,—some of whom, by the way, were not very desirable citizens,—and Sydney became the scene of considerable activity.

Barracks were erected for the housing of the 33rd Regiment, six companies of which were sent to Sydney under command of Lieut.-Colonel John Yorke. Not many months passed before a serious disagreement arose between the Governor and Colonel Yorke, the latter having assumed charge of all the food supplies, and refusing to issue rations to any but soldiers and Loyalists. To keep the rest of the population from starving the Governor bought a cargo of provisions at Arichat, had the ship cut out of the ice there and taken to Louisbourg, from which place the provisions were hauled on sleds to Sydney. Before this he had applied to the Governor of Nova Scotia for assistance, and had met with refusal. When he sent his bill to London the British Government not only refused to pay it but ordered him home. It was claimed that he had exceeded his instructions in offering the same liberal terms to other settlers as to the Loyalists,

and that he seemed anxious to foster discord between his own Government and that of Nova Scotia. Be that as it may, it was rather a strange perversion of judgment to condemn British subjects to die of starvation, as these might have done, because a British Governor had gone somewhat beyond his authority. If governor DesBarres erred, he erred on the side of humanity. The people looked upon it in that light, and his departure from Sydney was deeply regretted. After his arrival in England he endeavored to secure payment of his accounts, but without success, and he had to retire to the Isle of Jersey to escape being imprisoned for debt. It is not known that he ever was reimbursed for his expenditures on behalf of Cape Breton. He afterwards came to Nova Scotia, and died in Halifax on the 24th day of October, 1824, being then in the 103rd year of his age.

Governor DesBarres' experience appears to have put a damper on immigration to Cape Breton. Not one of his successors seems to have shown any zeal in the matter of bringing in settlers, and the new capital soon began to decline. At the end of ten years, when the second Governor—Lieut.-Col. Macormick—left "on leave of absence"

there were on the peninsula 85 houses, 14 of which were public buildings: of the others, only 27 were inhabited, 17 were vacant and 27 were in ruins. To quote from a report made by a member of Council: "The total number of inhabitants was 121, of whom about 26 were preparing to emigrate, and when these should have left there would not be a single person in the town except those who had salaries to subsist upon—not a tailor, shoemaker, smith, butcher—not even a washerwoman."

Thus greatly reduced in population and enjoying but little prosperity, Sydney dragged along its weary way for several years, nothing of historic importance happening, nothing even taking place to give spice to the dull routine of living but the never-ending bickerings of Governors and Councillors. The opening years of the nineteenth century saw Cape Breton with barely half a dozen miles of passable roads, its coal mines poorly worked and unprofitable, the garrison at Sydney down to ten men, and an air of depression overhanging the whole colony. The only progress that could be noted lay in one direction: grants of land had been issued to settlers, and many of these had taken to cultivating the soil, thus

laying a foundation for their own independence and for the prosperity of their new island home.

The population of Cape Breton then was but slightly over 2500, consisting of Micmacs, Acadians, English and Irish. But a movement had already set in that was to change, and perhaps finally fix, the national complexion of the island. During the last quarter of the eighteenth century, large numbers of immigrants from the Highlands of Scotland settled in Prince Edward Island and in Pictou and Antigonish. The lands in the last named places having been largely taken up, in the closing years of the century some of the later arrivals crossed the Strait of Canso and made their homes along the north-west shore, while others found their way to the Bras d'Or Lakes. Sydney saw the first of this movement in 1802, when on the 16th day of August a ship sailed into its harbor carrying 299 passengers--104 heads of families and 195 children--all hailing from the Highlands. Like the Loyalists and other settlers who had come in 1785, they were unable to provide for themselves, and the Council loaned them for twelve months a sum sufficient to enable them to live until they had raised crops. These people had

left their native land to escape the tyranny of their landlords. The old clan system, under which their fathers lived, had been broken up, the patriarchal chiefs had given place to devotees of pleasure whose sole aim in life seemed to be to spend with a lavish hand abroad the hard-earned money wrung from an impoverished tenantry at home. And when these could no longer yield enough revenue, there began wholesale evictions. Countrysides were cleared of men and turned into sheep-farms, and those who had populated the historic glens were forced to seek homes beyond the seas. The Highland immigration to Cape Breton, growing from year to year, reached its height in 1817, after which it gradually lessened. The last ship of which all the passengers were bound for this island arrived at Sydney in 1828, but smaller bodies continued to come for perhaps another twenty years. It has been estimated that in all more than 25,000 Highlanders settled in Cape Breton. Their descendants today form by far the greatest part of the population, and it looks as if their adopted home would be Highland for all time.

By 1812 largely owing to this immigration the population of Cape Breton had in-

creased to over 5000. In that year, on account of dissatisfaction over non-granting of lands, the inhabitants sent a petition to the king asking him to call a General Assembly. The prayer of this petition was not granted; it was not even seriously considered until five years later. Then it was decided "that a House of Assembly would be destructive of the prosperity the island then enjoyed, limited as it was, and that there was not a sufficient number of persons in easy circumstances to attend an Assembly." This decision was the beginning of the end.

In the meantime another question had arisen that helped to hasten the death of Cape Breton's Government. For many years the said Government had levied a small duty on rum and spirits, which served the double purpose of restricting the sale of intoxicating drinks and producing a much-needed revenue. But in 1816, Messrs. Leaver and Ritchie, lessees of the coal mine, refused to pay the duty, claiming that the Government had no authority to levy duties or taxes of any kind. Action having been taken against them, the case was tried before the Supreme Court, and Chief Justice Dodd gave his decision in their favor. This decision being concurred



in by the legal advisers of the Crown, the local Government was thrown into hopeless confusion. Not only was the principal source of its revenue cut off, but many of its ordinances and regulations were found to be illegal, having been made without authority. It was clearly seen that it would be impossible to carry on the business of the province without convening an Assembly elected by the people, and in May, 1819, the inhabitants of Cape Breton once more petitioned the King for that privilege. The population at that time was 9000. The petition was not answered, but in the course of a few months the news came that the British Government had decided to re-annex the island to the Government of Nova Scotia. The people of Sydney and the near-by districts at once sent a strongly worded remonstrance against the change, stating that annexation to Nova Scotia would be injurious to the best interests of the island, and claiming as British subjects the right to govern themselves. But the remonstrance, like the petition that went before it, had no effect. Annexation having been decided upon, it was speedily carried out. Lieutenant-Governor Ainslie, who had been here since



1816, was recalled, and Sir James Kempt, newly-appointed Governor of Nova Scotia, was instructed to take the necessary steps with all despatch. On the 20th day of June, 1820, the Council of Cape Breton sat for the last time, the members present being: Archibald C. Dodd, President, David Tait, Thomas Crawley, Joshua W. Weeks, Frederick Imthurn, David Stewart and Charles R. Ward. Two days later, Lieutenant-Governor Ainslie sailed direct for London. Sir James Kempt came to Sydney early in October, proclaimed the Island of Cape Breton annexed to Nova Scotia, and made arrangements for the carrying on of the Government services until such time as they would be taken over by the Government of Nova Scotia. Among other provisions was one that the old laws should remain in force for the time being, and that the courts should dispense justice as before. The Supreme Court of Cape Breton sat as usual in November, the last case heard being that of Charlotte Flahaven, (afterwards hanged for murder) who was accused of felony, found guilty, and having escaped the death penalty by pleading the Benefit of Clergy, was sentenced (Nov. 15th) to three months imprisonment.

This is the last entry in the court records for that year, and it probably was the last item of business transacted under the old Government of Cape Breton.

Annexation was very unpopular in and around Sydney, but it must be said that some change was inevitable. Cape Breton was but a small colony, and those sent out to govern it were, with few exceptions, men of small calibre, more intent on their own petty affairs than on the welfare of the province. In addition to that, the frequent change of policy on the part of the parent Government regarding this island retarded its settlement, so that at the end of thirty-five years its population barely numbered ten thousand. Everything considered, it is nowise strange that Cape Breton's Government accomplished so little, and that it eventually ceased to exist. Had the fates been kinder, had the early rulers been men of stronger fibre and of keener vision, it might have been different. It undoubtedly gave place to a better order of things; yet we can hardly review its doings or record its passing without a feeling of regret.

## A GARRISON TOWN

**S**YDNEY was a garrison town for a period of sixty-nine years,—1785 to 1854. The first garrison was made up of six companies of the 33rd regiment, commanded by Lieut.-Colonel John Yorke. This strength was maintained only for a few years, it being reduced in 1789 to two companies, and these under orders to be ready to move at the shortest notice. Four years later, there were in Sydney but twenty-one men wearing the King's uniform, but the garrison did not reach its lowest ebb until 1802, when it was down to ten men—a sergeant and nine privates. During the next ten years or so, the number was slightly increased and, after 1812, the usual strength was one company. In the forties and early fifties, the number of men ranged from less than fifty to a hundred, including officers. The last garrison consisted of a detachment of the 76th regiment, which was removed at the outbreak of the Crimean war. Since then, there has been no garrison in Sydney.

Most of the old military buildings have been destroyed, some by fire, and some by the corrupting hand of time. The three

that still remain,—erected in 1833—are kept in good repair, and barring accidents, will survive another generation. Of late years they have been used as headquarters for the 17th Field Battery and for local companies of the 94th Battalion.

The original barracks, we are told, were built by John Muggah and Samuel Peters, who were sent here for that purpose, and who received grants of land in part payment of their services. Both made their homes here, and are today represented by a large number of descendants.



### THE BLACK WATCH

**A** PART of the 42nd regiment, commonly known as the "Black Watch," was stationed here for three years, 1786 to 1789, at the end of which time it left direct for England. Six companies—three hundred men,—was the number sent to garrison Sydney. The commanding officer was Lieutenant Colonel Graham, and among the other officers were: Captain Alexander Grant, Paymaster Rose, Sergeant Donald MacDonald, and Corporal James MacIntosh.

In the register of St. George's Church, it is recorded that the following infants belonging to the regiment were baptized by the Rev Ranna Cossitt, Parochial Minister: Kittie Blake, on the 18th of June, 1786; Jane, daughter of Robert MacKay and Elizabeth MacKay, on June 25th 1786, the parents in the latter case being the sponsors. On May 30th, 1787, Alexander Cameron was baptized, but whether he was an infant or an adult is not stated. A curious entry is that which tells that "James, a negro, his parents belonging to the 42nd regiment, was baptized on May 10th, 1787. We are left in the dark as to what part of the Scottish Highlands the parents of this colored child hailed from; possibly one of the soldiers had married a negress in the West Indies where the regiment was stationed just before coming to Nova Scotia. A more likely explanation, however, would be that the child's parents were slaves belonging to the regiment, slavery being at that time a well recognized institution.

Some men belonging to this regiment may have stayed here, their term of service having ended. We are told in the same records that on April 16th, 1789, there was buried Thomas Fraser, formerly of the 42nd

regiment, a single man, aged 41, who was unfortunately drowned by falling through the ice.

The early coming of these Highland soldiers, with their plaids and kilts and skirling pipes, was somewhat prophetic of the later coming of thousands of their countrymen, whose settlement on this island made it a second Highlands of Scotland.

In 1851, a detachment from this regiment was again sent to Sydney, arriving by the *Cygnets* on Thursday afternoon, June 19th. On disembarking they marched, headed by a piper and drummer, to the barracks square, where they were loudly cheered by men of the 38th who left by the same ship that evening. This detachment consisted of three officers,—Captain Daniels, Ensign Robertson, and Doctor Kirg; four sergeants, eighty rank and file, a piper and a drummer, eighty-nine in all. Not long after their arrival, Captain Daniels was replaced by Captain MacQuarrie, who was in command when they removed. They left here on May 12th, 1852, and were replaced by about half as many men from the 97th. During their eleven months' stay the "Black Watch" became general favorites. According to a newspaper of the day, they were better liked

than perhaps any other regiment ever stationed in Sydney. Their conduct while here was exemplary: not one of their number having appeared in the civil court charged with any offense whatever. Many of them were members of the Sons of Temperance, and joined the local Divisions in their processions; on such occasions a civilian and a soldier walked together, the latter's military training helping to keep the others in line and in step. Some of the older residents still remember and speak of hearing the pipes play as these gallant soldiers paraded to and from church on Sunday mornings.



### “MINE OR NOBODY’S”

ONE of the early Governors of the Island having received a rather peremptory notice to remove from here, adopted an unusual method of showing his resentment. Counting on remaining for some years, he had planted a garden in which were growing large numbers of beautiful flowers. He spared no pains in looking after it, so that it became one of the beauty spots of Sydney—a constant re-



minder to himself and to others of the old home-land across the sea.

His hopes as to his stay in Cape Breton were doomed to a rude disappointment. One Sunday morning, towards midsummer, while the people of the town were at church a ship sailed up the harbor and cast anchor opposite the barracks. At the close of the service the Governor was met near the church door by an orderly who handed him a letter. Opening this letter he found, to his surprise, that he was to leave Sydney at once, and that his successor was aboard the ship ready to take his place.

Naturally enraged at this summary way of dismissing him, the Governor went home in no good humor to enjoy his noon-day meal; as may well be believed, his thoughts were not of the best. After dinner, Sunday tho it was, he ordered a servant to gather all the straw and dry litter he could find about the barn, and to spread it thickly over the garden. This done, he set fire to it, the result being that all his cherished flowers were destroyed, root and branch. Next day he set sail, having first made sure that his successor should not enjoy any of the fruits of his labors. His motto seems to have been: "Mine or nobody's."

## AN INDIAN WAR SCARE

**A** FEW years after the first settlement of the town, the inhabitants had trouble with the Indians, who were then quite numerous and inclined to be hostile. The captain of a ship had the misfortune to kill one of their number. We do not know the circumstances attending the killing, but are told that it was done without intention, and that in the eyes of the law it could not be looked upon as murder. The Micmacs, however, regarded it as a crime that must be avenged, and demanded that the unfortunate skipper should either be hanged or handed over to them to be punished according to their own way. The authorities of course refused, and tried to explain the matter to them, but no explanation would be accepted. At the time the local garrison was small, and the government was not in a position to dictate. The Indians gathered from all parts of the Island, encamping at what is now the Dobson farm, on the west side of the harbor. They were greatly excited over the affair, and worked themselves into a very ugly mood. The Governor was warned by them that unless

the man that killed their tribesman were given up to them by a certain time, the white settlers would be massacred. The Governor, however, had sent a messenger to Halifax asking that an armed force be sent here to protect the people. He succeeded in gaining time by entering into negotiations with the Indians, and continuing them while awaiting the messenger's return. A brig of war was promptly sent along by the authorities, arrived here in the nick of time, and anchored opposite the encampment. The Indians were ordered to disperse at once, and to ensure obedience to the command, a few cannon shots were fired into the woods over their heads. On this they quickly struck their camps and packed off to their respective parts of the Island. They saw that the game was up, and they made no further attempt to avenge their fellow's death. This was probably the only occasion on which the Micmacs of Cape Breton threatened the existence of the new settlements.

## OUR TRUE GHOST STORY

VERY early in its history, Sydney became the scene of a ghost-story which has come to be looked upon as one of the best authenticated tales of its kind. Efforts have been made at different times to have the matter sifted and the facts verified, the result in each case tending to strengthen the belief that the story told is undeniably true.

On the 15th day of October, 1785, a few months after the first garrison had been moved here, two young officers, Captain John Cope Sherbrooke and Lieutenant George Wynyard, were sitting in the latter's apartment, studying. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon, and perfectly light. They had dined, but had taken no wine or liquor. There were two doors in the apartment, the one opening into a passage, and the other into Wynyard's bedroom. The latter had but one window and it was "puttied down" for the winter.

While engaged in their studies, Sherbrooke happened to look up, and there, at the door to the passage, stood a tall young man, about twenty years of age, with sunken cheeks and wasted frame, and dressed in a

light indoor costume. Surprised at the presence of a perfect stranger, so lightly clad, while they wore heavy clothes and furs, he called Wynyard's attention to him, and the latter, seeing the form before them, turned pale as a corpse, and became unable to utter a word. They both gazed in silence at the intruder, and as they did so he turned and walked slowly into the bedroom, pausing while going by them to cast a look of melancholy affection at Wynyard.

When he had passed into the bedroom, Wynyard recovered his speech sufficiently to mutter an exclamation that that was his brother. The astonished Sherbrooke at once seized his arm and led him into the bedroom into which the strange visitor had just gone; but altho there was no possibility of any one making his exit except through the door, the room was empty. Whoever he was, he had left as silently and as mysteriously as he had come.

Wynyard from the first believed that the visitant was none other than the spirit of his brother—John Otto, who was at the time in India as a Lieutenant in the 3rd regiment of Foot-guards—and feared that his brother was dead. Sherbrooke, on the

other hand, thought there was some deception in the matter, and tried to convince Wynyard that the apparition was nothing but a joke cleverly played by some of their friends.

On the advice of a brother officer, Lieutenant Ralph Gore, they took note of the day and hour, and made up their minds not to mention the occurrence to any others. But Wynyard was so agitated over the matter that he could not help making known his fears to some of his friends, and before many days had gone by the story of the strange visitant was known throughout the garrison and to a number of people about town.

Letters from England were anxiously awaited. But none came to hand that fall, all the ships that reached Sydney after this happening having left the other side in the early part of October. No ships arrived during the winter months, and it was not until the 6th day of the following June that the first mail was received. There were no letters for Wynyard, but Sherbrooke received several. He opened and read them, one by one; they were business and friendly letters. But the last one of which he broke the seal contained the long looked for

news. "Dear John," it read, "break to your friend Wynyard the death of his favorite brother." He had died on the day, and at the very hour, on which the friends had seen his spirit pass through their chamber.

Sherbrooke was still incredulous. He could not believe it possible to have communication with the spirits of the dead. Some years later, after his return to England, he was walking one day on Picadilly when he saw, on the opposite side of the street, a man bearing the most striking resemblance to the figure seen in the Sydney barracks. He at once crossed the street, spoke to the man, and related the story of the apparition, expressing his belief that he must have had something to do with it, only to be told that the person addressed never had been out of England, but that he was twin-brother to the late John Otto Wynyard.

Sherbrooke, afterwards Sir John Cope Sherbrooke, G. C. B., was a distinguished military commander, and became Governor of Nova Scotia in 1811, holding the position until 1816. George Wynyard was afterwards Lieutenant-Colonel of the 24th Light Dragoons, and died June 13th, 1809. These gentlemen, who were men of undoubted veracity, were known to have told



the story on several occasions, Sherbrooke doing so shortly before his death, which took place in 1830. Lieutenant Ralph Gore, afterwards Colonel Gore, in 1823 wrote a statement of the facts in the case in answer to a series of questions asked by Sir John Harvey. He was then an old man, but had a distinct recollection of the circumstance, and told the story practically as given above. His version differed only in that he placed the occurrence later in the season, when the harbor was blocked with ice, and that the man seen on Picadilly was not the twin-brother of John Otto Wynyard, but a man named Hayman, who so closely resembled him that only their immediate friends could tell them apart.

The story is further confirmed by an interesting entry recently turned up in the old court records, which states that, on the 2nd of February, 1786, the Grand Jury made the following presentment to the Supreme Court of Cape Breton: "It is the general opinion of the Grand Jury that Lieutenants Wineyard and Norford ought to be examined before His Majesty's Supreme Court for refusing Messrs. William Brown and others sent by His Excellency the Governor to examine the floor in said

Wineyard's and Norford's room in the Barracks at Sydney. The Grand Jury are also of opinion that Hunt, a soldier of the 33rd Regiment, and the servants of the above named officers should also be examined before His Majesty's Supreme Court." It will be noticed that this presentment is dated over three months after the ghost had been seen, and five months before the news of young Wynyard's death had reached Sydney. It would appear that, when the story had become known throughout the town, the Governor thought it well to satisfy himself that there had been nothing in the nature of a trick about the matter, and for that purpose sent men to examine the room. Lieutenant Wynyard, who wished to keep the matter as private as possible, naturally resented this intrusion, and he and his room-mate refused to let their chamber be examined. The civil and military authorities, not being on good terms at the time, and the same William Brown being foreman of the Grand Jury at that sitting of the Court, are facts that make it easy to understand how the presentment came to be made. The discovery of this old document is valuable in that it goes towards proving,

if any further proof were needed, that the Wynyard ghost-story is absolutely true.



## THE INGOVILLE FARM

**A**T Sydney Forks, eight miles from town, farming on a large scale was commenced three years after the government was set up at Sydney. Philip Ingoville, a native of Jersey, there granted a thousand acres of land, and, in the course of a few years, brought a large part of it under cultivation. At one time he employed no fewer than forty men, and local tradition has it that on pay days each man received his wages out of a keg of "pennies" brought from Sydney for that purpose. When this farm was at its best, there were kept sixty milch cows, besides young cattle, horses and sheep. In the fall the hay and other feeds were carefully divided, and were dealt out during the winter so that no more than one half should be used by St. Patrick's day.

In all likelihood this farm was started for the purpose of ensuring a sufficient supply of dairy and farm products for the garrison, and while the latter was kept at

its original strength, there was a good market to reward Mr. Ingoville's enterprise. But, as already noted, the garrison was soon reduced, and other markets had to be sought. We are told that ships were acquired by him, and employed in exporting his products to Newfoundland, to Halifax, and even as far away as the West Indies.

His ships, however, were lost at sea, probably in the great gale of 1811, and, as he carried no insurance, the loss was irreparable. Mr. Ingoville's wife had died in May, 1791, and he himself was now well on in years. The farm was then given up and was rented from about 1812 until its owner's death in 1818, when it passed into the hands of his son-in-law, Napoleon Gibbons. It has been divided since into several small farms, two of them being now owned by James Currie and Dr. A. S. Kendall.

One of the barns was still standing in 1830, and for some years after, when the Highland immigrants were settling around the lake. On account of this building, that beautiful sheet of water, until then called Portage Lake, became known locally as Barn Lake. Another name applied to it

was Forks Lake, but latterly it has been known as Blackett's Lake, and a Post Office on its northern shore goes by that name.

It may be interesting to note that while the lake, a very considerable body of water, has been having a succession of names, a little stream that flows into it from the south has had one name all through the years, one given to it by the fact that a man in humble circumstances once lived on its banks. His name was Edward Foley, and, as one story goes, was a colored man, owned or employed by Ingoville as a cooper, or as another has it, an Irish umbrella-mender. The man and his occupation are all but forgotten, but the hill on which his cabin stood and the brook that flowed by it are still known as Teddy Foley's Hill and Teddy Foley's Brook.



## THE FRENCH WILLOWS

**P**HILIP INGOVILLE was a native of Jersey, and when stocking and fitting up his farm, naturally imported most of what he required from the island

of his birth. Among other goods there came to him a crate of dishes. This crate, having been emptied of its contents, was thrown aside, and after having been knocked about for a day or two, finally got into the brook. It was made of willow twigs, and some time later these twigs were found to be sprouting. They were at once taken out and planted. From these twigs grew the very large number of willow trees still found on the old Ingoville and neighboring farms, and also, it is claimed, those found at Sydney and in the surrounding country, including the lone veteran in Victoria Park.

In one way or another, the French willows found their way to different parts of the island. One incident in this connection may be related. Two of the early settlers in Malagawatch came to Sydney, over eighty years ago, to secure their land "tickets," the journey being made on foot and in winter. On the way they encountered a vicious dog from whose attacks they barely escaped. Made wise by experience, they armed themselves for the return by cutting two stout cudgels off one of the Sydney willows. These sticks, having served their purpose, were taken

home and carelessly thrown on the roof of a sheep-house, where they remained all winter. Early in the summer they were found to be budding, and were at once stuck in the ground. To-day these one-time weapons of defence are beautiful, spreading trees, under whose shade many a weary toiler has enjoyed the cool breezes off the Bras d'Or.



## OLD TIME JUSTICE

**S**YDNEY was settled many years before capital punishment ceased to be inflicted for theft, and in the early days more than one man came very nearly being executed for what would now be considered trivial violations of law. One or two cases found on the old court records may be related.

At the Michaelmas term of the Supreme Court, which met November 2nd, 1785, a man was indicted for stealing from the Loyalists' store at Louisburg, kept by Jonathan Jones, Esq., the following articles: "Sixteen pairs of white yarn stockings of the value of eight shillings, eight check shirts of the value of twelve shillings, and



two pairs of cloth breeches of the value of two shillings." The trial came off at the next term of the court the following February, and the accused was found guilty. On the 15th of that month, to quote the records, the prisoner was "called to the bar and informed by the Court that he had been indicted for felony to which he pleaded not guilty, and for trial put himself upon God and his country, which country found him guilty. He was then asked what he had to say why sentence of death should not be pronounced against him and an execution awarded thereon according to law. The prisoner pleaded Benefit of Clergy, which was allowed. The prisoner was then sentenced to be burned in the hand, and to work six months in His Majesty's mines at Spanish River." This was the first sentence passed by the Supreme Court of Cape Breton.

Fifteen years later—July 15th, 1801—another man was indicted for grand larceny, tried and found guilty. "The Attorney-general moves for judgment on the verdict. The prisoner being asked if he had any thing to say why judgment of death should not be pronounced against him, says that he is a clerk, and prays the Benefit of

Clergy, which is granted to him. The Court sentenced the prisoner to be whipped until his back is bloody from the gaol door along the street called Charlotte Street to the house of Thomas LeCras, from thence down the street to the Esplanade, and along the Esplanade to the house of the Honourable Richard Stout, and from thence to the gaol door; and that he undergo six months imprisonment and costs. The prisoner was remanded until his sentence be executed."

The Benefit of Clergy was a survival of the days of Chivalry, a law by which a man who was able to read and write—a clericus, or clerk—could be exempted from the death penalty, at the discretion of the Court. Several others in addition to those mentioned above took advantage of this ancient law when face to face with a sentence of death in the early days of Sydney. But if local tradition be true, there was at least one man convicted of theft who did not, perhaps could not, plead the Benefit of Clergy, upon whom the sentence was actually pronounced, and who came within an ace of being executed. The story is as follows:

The man in question was addicted to

drink, and one day in his tipsy wanderings he came to a little log house that stood a short distance north and west from the corner of Prince and Bentinck Streets, the home of a poor widow. He found the house locked, the occupant being away. A window—perhaps the only one the building could boast of—had a pane of glass missing, and the hole was stuffed with old clothes, among others being a man's coat. The wanderer saw this, pulled it out and tried it on, and finding it fairly good and about his own size, walked away with it. Some days later, to his great surprise, he was arrested on a charge of theft. In due time he was tried, and the proof of his guilt was considered positive, the coat, which the widow identified as her own, having been found on his person. He was found guilty and thereupon sentenced to be hanged by the neck until dead. The people of the town and the surrounding country were horrified to think that a human life, however worthless, should be taken for the stealing of an old coat. But law was law, and must be carried out. A petition for pardon was at once circulated, signed by everybody within reach and hastily despatched to the authorities. At

that time communication with the outside world was slow and uncertain, but after some delay a favorable reply was received and the criminal was pardoned and set at liberty.

Going back to the Court records, we find that on November 21st, 1810, a man found guilty of stealing a pair of shoes worth 4s. 6d. currency (90 cents) was ordered "to be publicly whipped from the Stocks of the Market House to Mr. LeCras' corner and from thence down street to Timothy Hogan's, from that to Mr. Stout's corner, to commence on Thursday the 22nd between the hours of eleven and two."

This sentence shows that the Stocks were maintained as an instrument of punishment in the old town. That the pillory also was used in that way, and in comparatively recent times, is revealed by the fact that, on the 27th day of August, 1829, a man convicted of a criminal offence was condemned to "six months' imprisonment, and to stand in the pillory for one hour." We have been told that the Stocks were used for the last time to punish and perhaps reform a man convicted of habitual drunkenness.

## JUDGE MARSHALL

**O**F all men that lived in Sydney within the first half of the nineteenth century, perhaps the most prominent and best remembered was Judge Marshall. A somewhat extended reference to him may be in place here, not only on account of our interest in his own life and doings, but also because some of the incidents in which he figured give interesting glimpses of Cape Breton in days now far in the past.

John George Marshall was born at Country Harbor, N. S., in 1787, and was the son of a Loyalist, Captain Joseph Marshall. When he was seven years old, the family removed to Guysborough, where he received his early education. At the age of seventeen, he went to Halifax to study law, and was there admitted to the bar in 1808. Shortly afterwards he made his home in Pictou, where he settled down to practice his profession. In 1811 he succeeded his father as member for the county of Sydney, (now Antigonish and Guysboro), in the Assembly of Nova Scotia. In 1815 he removed to Halifax, when he entered into a lucrative practice, but continued to represent the county of Sydney until 1820.

In 1823 he was appointed Chief Justice in the Courts of Common Pleas and General Sessions for the County of Cape Breton, which then embraced the whole Island. He made his residence at Sydney, and for eighteen years administered the laws in a manner that commanded the highest respect, and exercised an influence that had much to do with bettering the moral and social condition of the people. That conditions were not ideal may be gathered from the following account, written by himself, of one of his first experiences in Sydney:

“The first criminal case, of any serious nature, which was tried before me was in that town in the same year, (1823). It was a case of the very worst description of violence on the person of a female. The prisoner was convicted, on the most satisfactory evidence, and I sentenced him to two years imprisonment in the Bridewell at Halifax, and he was put on board one of the colliers bound to that port; and under the charge of two peace officers, as guards, who were sufficiently armed, to prevent his escape, and the prisoner being confined in irons in the fore-castle of the vessel. The vessel had to take in her

cargo of coal about 9 miles from the town, and near to the mines. At that time, there was a large proportion of the miners lawless and violent characters. These having heard of the conviction, and adjudged punishment of the prisoner, about forty of them, 'as reported, conspired to rescue him and effect his escape. Accordingly, while the vessel was lying at the wharf, taking in her cargo, a large number of the lawless band, with their faces disguised, rushed from the "Shute" as it is called, by which the coal was being conveyed into the vessel, seized and secured the guards, carried away the prisoner to a blacksmith's shop near the mines, had his irons taken off, and set him at liberty. He was never afterwards captured, or suffered the punishment adjudged. This transaction gave me fully to understand what sort of people I had to deal with, as a Magistrate and Judge, in that part of the County; and I may further say, that in other parts of the Island, at that time, there were not a very few, who were of a similar lawless disposition and conduct."

In his day it was no uncommon thing for the high bloods to settle their difference by fighting a duel. On one occasion



there was a falling-out between a prominent resident of Sydney and an army officer from Halifax, and it was agreed that they should fight with pistols, the battle to take place at Sydney. The meeting-place selected was a spot on what is now the Corbett farm at Westmount. All the arrangements were carried out with the greatest secrecy, but in spite of that fact, when the appointed day arrived, quite a number of people had got wind of the affair, and made their way thither. It was a cold winter day, there was glib ice on the harbor, and a stiff north-east wind was blowing. The Judge noticed the unusual number of men crossing the harbor, made enquiries, and soon became aware of what was up. At once he ordered his horse saddled, and with all haste started off to prevent, if possible, a breach of the law. While galloping across the ice, his hat was blown off, and away it went, over and over, on the smooth ice until it landed in a clump of bushes on the shore below what is now the Moxham property. But the Judge never once looked after his hat: he had other work to do. Bareheaded as he was, he kept galloping on to his destination. He reached the duelling-ground in

time, compelled the would-be combatants to quit, and bound them over to keep the peace. He probably caught cold, but he did his duty. This was but one of many instances in which he made men respect the law of the land.

Once, on the way back from Halifax, the Judge lost his way. The king's highway between Sydney and St. Peter's at that time was nothing more than a crooked bridle-path following a blaze which it was perhaps easier to lose than to find. Somewhere about Red Islands he missed the path, and became hopelessly lost. But fortunately he was picked up by Donald MacLean, of Sydney Forks, who was then carrying the mail between that place and Sydney, and the two started on their way, the judge on horseback, the mail-carrier on foot. At Ben Egin they called at the house of one Donald Gillis, wishing for rest and something to eat. They were, as a matter of course, made heartily welcome. The family meal was about ready, and MacLean was asked to partake of it with themselves, the diet consisting of potatoes and codfish. The Judge was not invited to this meal, for the reason that his host and hostess did not consider the fare good

enough for one in his station. So he had to hold his appetite in check while they prepared something more elaborate. There was some home-grown wheat in the house, a portion of which was hastily dried over the fire, ground in the quern, or hand-mill, carefully sieved and made into bread, the dough being put in a pot-shaped oven and baked in the open fire-place. This bread, with butter and tea, and perhaps a couple of eggs, formed the Judge's dinner. He enjoyed it thoroughly, the bread proving so agreeable to his palate that he took some pieces away with him. He was profuse in his thanks to the host and hostess, but on the way to Sydney he remarked to his companion: "You can't imagine, Mac-Lean, how much I envied you your dinner. I so wanted to eat some fish and potatoes."

A winter trip to Halifax in those days was no small undertaking. Early in 1837, Judge Marshall started for the capital to arrange for the publication of a book. When about a third of the way on, a series of snow-storms set in, detaining him to such an extent that nearly four weeks elapsed before he reached his destination. On the return journey, some weeks later, he had fair weather and good roads, but

the spring was well advanced, and the ice was getting unsafe. About seven miles from Sydney he met with an accident that might well have ended his life, but he escaped unhurt. The narrative may be given in his own words:—

“I was on horseback, and alone, proceeding rather slowly, on the ice of Sydney River, with a heavy overcoat on, as it was freezing keenly. Suddenly, I felt the hinder part of the horse going down through the ice, and instantly threw my feet out of the stirrups, and rather rolled them sprang off the horse. I had the presence of mind, at the moment, to bring the reins of the bridle over the head of the horse. When I reached the ice, on my feet, and with the bridle in my hand, the whole body of the horse was through the ice, and floating on the stream, which was running at the rate of probably three or four miles an hour. The animal made a few strong efforts to get on the ice, but failed, the ice giving way, after he had once or twice got his knees upon it. As this was passing I retreated, still keeping the bridle in my hand, at the full stretch, so as to keep the horse from being carried under the ice. The poor animal, after

making those unsuccessful efforts, gave some deep groans, and as if in despair, seemed to give himself up to death. I looked around for some prospect or means of relief, but there was none. Thick woods were on each side of the river, and not a single habitation in sight, and it was nearly sunset. There I stood, in these perilous and distressed circumstances, in danger of the ice giving way under my feet, but determined to preserve the horse as long as possible, and if the ice should be failing under me, then, of course, to let the horse go and endeavour to save myself. I remained in that situation, probably six or eight minutes, when I observed a man, nearly a mile below, crossing the river.\* I shouted to him as loudly as possible, and waved my hat, but for some minutes he did not see or hear me, and proceeding on his way, had got within but a very short distance of a wooded point, which, in a few moments would have hid him from my view; but, most providentially, he suddenly stopped, having seen or heard me,

\* This incident took place opposite the farm now owned by Nelson Greig. James MacKenzie, who owned the farm at that time, was the first to come to the Judge's assistance. One of the other men was Alexander MacDonald, a neighbor of MacKenzie's.

and judging as to my danger, he gave an alarm to some of the inhabitants near the shore, whither he was going, and immediately came running to my assistance. So soon as he reached me, I gave him the bridle to hold, and then crept round to the side of the horse, and reached my hand down in the water, loosed the girths of the saddle-bags and saddle, and drew them off. Shortly after this was accomplished, three or four men arrived, who had heard the alarm, and one of them had the prudent forethought to bring a rope. And then was performed an act, or rather *feat*, which I had neither witnessed, nor heard of, before. A running noose was made on one end of the rope, which being placed round the neck of the horse, and rather tightly drawn, as it began to choke him, and draw him up, he made a desperate effort, and safely reached the ice on his feet. After thanks to the friends, the horse was saddled, and I proceeded on the wet seat, chilled with cold, and reached my home some time after dark. I may be permitted to say, that had I been obliged to let him go, a part of the property on his back would have been a *public loss*, for it consisted of the whole of the manuscript of

the work I have mentioned, amounting to upwards of thirteen hundred pages. I had no other prepared copy, and had it been lost, it is not very probable I would have undertaken the arduous and protracted labour of again preparing the work."

In 1841, the office of Chief Justice of the Common Pleas was abolished, and Judge Marshall was retired with a pension. After this he removed to Nova Scotia,—first residing at Guysborough, and afterwards in Halifax—and during the next twelve or fifteen years devoted the greater part of his time to the advancement of temperance. He travelled extensively, not only in this Province, but in Western Canada, and in the British Isles, where he resided for five years, 1845 to 1850. He took an active interest in public matters, and, when Confederation was a live issue in politics, he wrote a number of letters and articles to the newspapers, opposing it.

He was the author of at least four books. One published in 1819, dealt with the industries and resources of Nova Scotia. Another, "A Guide to Justices of the Peace, &c.," first published in 1837, is still looked upon as the standard in its own department of law. A third, a very inter-



esting volume of "Reminiscences," was published in 1865; and the fourth, "A Brief History of Public Proceedings and Events," appeared in 1879.

The closing years of his life were spent at Halifax, where he died on the 7th day of April, 1880. A letter written by him early that year shows that his hand had not lost its cunning, for he could still write neatly and legibly, notwithstanding his ninety-three years. Neither had his heart grown indifferent to the welfare of his fellow-men, for in that letter he says: "I am almost tempted to wish I were rich, that I might give lavishly to the poor who suffer so severely this cold weather." He always had taken a kindly interest in the well-being of others, and this interest he retained to the very end.



## THE FLAHAVEN MURDER

**I**N 1833 there was witnessed in Sydney the unusual spectacle of a triple execution, two men and a woman being hanged for murder. The crime was committed at North Sydney, the victim, John Flahaven, being murdered by his

own wife, Charlotte Flahaven, William Johnston and Reuben Easman. The two men were sailors, one of whom had become very intimate with Mrs. Flahaven, and had planned the foul deed with her, the object being to get the husband out of the way.

Flahaven kept a tavern, or bar-room, at which he sometimes gave food and lodging to travellers. That summer he had bought an ox at Little Bras d'Or which he intended to fatten for his winter's beef. A few days after the animal had been bought, Johnston and Easman came to the place while Flahaven was doing some work about the banking of his house. Unknown to him they went around to the barn, untied the ox and drove him up the road to Little Bras d'Or. The animal was eager to get back to his old home, started off, and as soon as he was out of sight, one of them went to tell Flahaven that his ox had broken loose and run away. The unfortunate man at once set out in pursuit, the sailors stealthily following him. The road at that time was little more than a bridle-path, and at places was darkened by overhanging trees. At one of these dark places, a little distance from his own house, they

overtook him, and there set upon him, one using a club, the other an axe. His piteous appeals to be spared, with the promise to leave the country never to return, fell upon deaf ears; he was beaten to death, and his body disposed of as quickly and as securely as, under the circumstances, could be done.

The murderers then went back to the house, where, it being early morning, all but Mrs. Flahaven and the eldest daughter were still in bed. But the second daughter, a girl about fifteen years of age, who slept in a small room over the kitchen-barroom, had noticed them driving the ox and following her father. She now saw them returning and noticed that their hands were stained with blood; she at once concluded that they had taken his life. It may be said here that this girl, in the family quarrels that had been frequent since these men had appeared on the scene, always sided with her father. She seemed to feel that he was being unfairly used. So, when she saw the men coming to the house as they did, and knowing that something was wrong, she kept perfectly still and listened through the cracks in the floor of her room to what was going on in the room

below. On the men coming in, Mrs. Flahaven asked them if they had seen her husband. "Yes," was the reply; "he will trouble us no more!" "What did you do with him?" she asked. "We buried him!" was their answer. She then heard the men go to a basin that stood on a little shelf in the corner and there wash their hands. A little later, fearing that she had overheard their talk, they came into her room to assure themselves, but she feigned sleep, and thus in all likelihood escaped a fate similar to that of her father. The house was a low structure, and the girl's room was on the upper side, so that the window was scarcely six feet from the ground. This enabled her to escape through the window unobserved, which she did soon after they left her room, and she ran with all speed towards Sydney Mines, a distance of three miles, where lived an uncle of hers, her father's brother. She took the precaution of going through the woods until within half a mile of her uncle's house. It was well for her that she did, for on coming to the road she saw the two sailors not very far behind in pursuit of her. Fear gave her further strength, however, and she succeeded in reaching

the house before they could catch up to her, and, panting for breath as she was, managed to tell about the awful crime that had been committed.

With as little delay as possible, the girl's uncle took her to Leitches' Creek, to the house of Captain MacKinnon, who was a Justice of the Peace, and to whom she told the story of what she had seen and heard. Altho the magistrate could hardly believe that a crime of such a revolting character had been committed, he made out a warrant and sent three constables—all the peace officers north of the harbor—to make the arrest. These arriving at the Flahaven house found it so barricaded that they could not effect an entrance, and were obliged to go back. The magistrate then came to Sydney, had a search warrant made out, and more constables appointed. After this the arrests were made without further difficulty, and the three prisoners were taken across and lodged in the county gaol.

In the meantime the whole neighborhood had turned out to search for the murdered man's body, the finding of which proved to be no easy matter. The ground being swampy, it was not easy to find or

follow a track. At last the searchers found the axe with which the fatal blow had been given, and there they found evidence of the ill-fated man's last struggle for life. Even then the body was not found until they resorted to the expedient of getting Flahaven's dog to scent the trail. The faithful animal in very short time led them to where his master had been thrown under a fallen tree, partly buried in soft earth and covered with moss, fallen leaves and scurf. It is said that one hand was overground; either the interment had not been completed, or the wretched man had not been quite dead when placed there, and in his dying convulsions had worked his hand to the surface.

The trial began on the 27th of August and was concluded the following day. Justices Uniacke and Hill presided. On being arraigned the prisoners pleaded 'not guilty.' Nine jurors were objected to by them or on their behalf. The Attorney-general conducted the case for the Crown: the court records do not state whether or not the prisoners were represented by counsel. The jury that sat upon the case consisted of: Thomas Wagner, foreman, John English, James Nicol, Philip Daniel,

John Livingstone, Peter Guthro, David LeCras, William Lewis, Walter Hendrikin, John Murphy, John Battersby and William Owens. Nine witnesses were called upon to give evidence among whom were three of the Flahaven family, the two girls already mentioned and their uncle. The jury returned a verdict of 'guilty.' At the close of the court, August 30th, the indictment was read, and the prisoners were asked if they had anything to say, after which they, the said Charlotte Flahaven, William Johnston and Reuben Easman, were sentenced "to be taken hence and hanged by the neck until they are dead."

The execution took place on the 19th day of September, and according to the custom of the time, was in public. People flocked from all parts of the country to see the terrible sight. The gallows were erected on ground now enclosed by the railway, some distance north and east of where the storm-drum is. It was feared that an attempt would be made to rescue the prisoners, as had been done with success in the case related by Judge Marshall, so the garrison, with the exception of those on sentry duty, was called out to prevent any such attempt being made. The garri-



son at the time being but small, the militia was also called out. The soldiers marched up street to the gaol, where they formed a hollow square, in the center of which the condemned persons were placed. Thus guarded, they were taken to the place of execution. It is said that they appeared to be quite calm and unconcerned, showing no signs of having repented of their awful deed. Indeed it is related that Mrs. Flahaven, at the very foot of the gallows, gave evidence to the contrary. She asked that she might see her second daughter—she that had gone with the news of the murder to her uncle's. On this being denied her, she said that her only object was to get a chance to take the girl's life, and that she would have done it so quickly that no one could have prevented her.

The Sheriff had had some difficulty in securing a hangman. Nobody wanted the job, and, in fact, there would be some danger attached to it, there being some very lawless characters in the country at the time who would naturally side with the criminals. But the evening before, an immigrant ship had come into port, and one of its sailors, hearing of the dilemma, expressed his willingness to act the part.

The Sheriff gladly hired him to do the work for five pounds, paid him the money and locked him in gaol over night for safe keeping. The man carried out his contract, doing the gruesome work quite satisfactorily. But as soon as he had pulled the trap, while every eye was intently fixed on the bodies dangling on the ropes, he hastily got down from the scaffold, made his way through the crowd, ran away and was seen no more.

There is something pathetic about the life-story of one of the men, Reuben Easman. He was an Englishman by birth, and had landed at North Sydney only a short time before the murder, the ship on which he had been sailing having been wrecked on Petrie's Ledges. The ship's carpenter, who afterwards made his home in Sydney, knew him well when aboard and during the period that he spent ashore, and described him as a quiet, inoffensive man, who had every appearance of having been well brought up. While at North Sydney, doing odd jobs around the place, he fell in with Johnston, who, it seems, easily gained an evil influence over him, eventually leading him into murder. Soon after the sentence of death had been passed

upon him, Easman got word sent to his former shipmate, requesting him to go to see him, which the latter did. To him he entrusted a few articles of personal property which he wanted sent home to his people, asking him at the same time to let them know that he was dead. It was a most painful meeting to his friend, who never could understand how he came to have a hand in the crime. But his wishes were loyally carried out; the articles were sent to England after the execution, together with the news that he was dead; but the manner of his death was not stated. There was no reply to the letter—possibly the sender did not give his address—and it never was known here whether or not Easman's people ever learned the sad story of his end.

The three bodies were buried near the gallows, about where the railway crosses the point. All traces of the graves have long since disappeared. The scaffold was taken down soon after the hanging, but the gallows posts were left standing, and remained there until they had rotted with age—silent but effective reminders of the darkest tragedy in the annals of Cape Breton.

## THE WASHING-BROOK

OUR little capital was a hundred and some odd years old before it had water-works installed. During that century the people depended for their supply of water on wells dug in their own or their neighbors' yards. But this well water was hard, and, while good for cooking and drinking purposes, was not just the thing for washing. This difficulty, however, was soon overcome by the resourceful housewives. A large brook was discovered flowing into Meloney's Creek, east of the peninsula, whose waters were found to be soft enough to gladden the heart of any washerwoman. So it came to pass that on wash-days fires were built along the banks of this brook, boilers were hung on tripods and forked sticks, and clothes of all descriptions were washed and spread on the bushes to dry, while the busy workers told and retold the news of the past week. In this way the Washing-brook received its name and at the same time became quite a popular social centre. The name is likely to survive. There was a Washing-brook Road and a Washing-brook Lane, but the hand of the fastidious was raised against

them, and they gave place to names with more euphony and less meaning. The Washing-brook itself, let us hope, will "go on forever," in spite of the fact that, as a social attraction, washing has long ago given way to bridge whist.



## GARRISON SOCIETY

**W**HILE Sydney was a garrison town, army officers and their families naturally played an important part in local affairs. Some of these were held in high esteem by the townspeople, but others, for various reasons, were not by any means popular. In the former class would be the two officers appreciated in the following paragraphs, which are from an article written in 1889 by the late Sheriff John Ferguson:—

"Lieutenant Samuel Rigby, otherwise Captain Rigby, was Barrack Master, and held that position for many years, till the soldiers were withdrawn from the Sydney garrison. He was undoubtedly the most popular officer ever known in Sydney—a generous, kind, warm-hearted, hospitable gentleman—ever ready with an open hand,

an open pocket and an open purse, to help the poor, to feed the hungry, and whenever in his power to relieve sickness, misery and want. Peace be to his memory, ever fresh and ever green!"

"Lieut. E. Sutherland, or, as he loved to be called, Major Sutherland, was a gentleman of culture and refinement; took a very great interest in agriculture, and the improvement of stock; occupied the farm afterwards owned by Mr. Donald John MacNeil, on the western side of Sydney River; left Sydney between 1855 and 1860, and died in Stockton, California, about thirty years later at a very advanced age, and far from those who respected him in his prime of life and esteemed highly himself and his amiable family."

In the unpopular class would be included the wife of an army captain who was here in 1849, and who is described in the next paragraph by the same writer. The reader will here see what a caustic critic Mr. Ferguson could be when occasion demanded. His description and estimate of this fair lady is as follows:—

"She was passably fair, and ruddy; of medium size; very aristocratic, looking down with unfeigned disdain on such of

our Sydney "quality" as presumed to be thought ladies. This dainty gentlewoman was a walking perfumer's shop, using musk and other mysterious cosmetics to a most offensive extent. The church, the shop, the market, and even the public highway, felt and acknowledged her presence. One in search of a pleasant locality to end his days in could make his choice between her and Lazarus."



## TEMPERANCE

**S**YDNEY was perhaps old enough to have celebrated its jubilee before any of its inhabitants thought of having anything in the shape of a society to promote temperance. The evil effects of drinking too much liquor had been recognized all along, much the same as we to-day recognize the hurtfulness of drinking too many cups of tea, but no concerted effort had been made to restrict the sale or the consumption of what was then looked upon as a good creature of the Creator's. Strong drink was sold in the general stores as freely as was flour or molasses, and few purchases of any size were made that



did not include a gallon or two of rum.

But as the nineteenth century was crawling on towards the forties, men of advanced ideas in the town thought it well to band themselves together to encourage sobriety. So they founded Sydney's first Temperance Society. We do not know what name the new society took to itself, or if it held regular meetings, but it was duly organized, elected officers, and had a constitution and by-laws. It was a temperance society in the old sense of the term: its members were not bound down to total abstinence, their pledge being to drink no more than four glasses of rum a day—one at each meal and one before going to bed. There were a number of members, John L. Hill being one of the foremost. Another, whose name we know, was Edward Liscombe. Many of the members kept their pledge for the rest of their lives, some in the sense that they drank no more than the number of drinks a day allowed, and some in the sense that they drank no more, and no less.

Total abstinence first became known here in the forties, when the Father Matthew pledge was taken by large numbers of people from Father John Loughnan,

then Parish Priest of Sydney. Protestants as well as Catholics took this pledge, and each one taking it received the Father Matthew medal. We have heard of some of these medals still being extant, having been preserved carefully by the pledged ones as mementoes of their deliverance from the drink habit.

At the time of which we speak, there lived here a worthy man whose calling in life was tailoring, and who, with the assistance of two boy apprentices, ran a fairly good business. He had not, it seems, joined that first temperance society, for he sometimes took more glasses of rum, or of something stronger, than was good for him. On one occasion he got well "over the bay," and the apprentice boys found him on the bank opposite where now stands the Sydney Hotel, blissfully unconscious of the world and its doings. The boys took his watch, which was a valuable one, fearing he would lose it, and for safe keeping placed it in the hands of his wife, a wise, capable woman. On coming to himself the tailor took the boys into his confidence as to the loss of the watch, urged them to search for it as the woman in the parable searched for her lost piece

of silver, and for finding it they were to be generously rewarded. But he cautioned them, for goodness' sake, not to tell his wife. He had a wholesome fear of her finding out the truth. To her he represented that something had gone wrong with the time-piece and that he had left it at the watchmaker's. But in spite of the boys' diligent searching, day after day went by without the watch being found. The story as to its being at the repair shop would not do for very much longer. The tailor felt so keenly about its loss, and about his own loss of self-respect, that he decided to turn over a new leaf. The following Sunday he went to St. Patrick's Church and at the priest's hand took the pledge and received the Father Matthew medal. Returning home he handed the medal to his wife, and the good woman, glad to see that token of better intentions, produced, and presented him with, his lost watch.

In January, 1849, Star-in-the-East division, Sons of Temperance, was organized, its first Worthy Patriarch being James P. Ward. Among the charter members was the hero of the story related above. This Division has had a long and useful car-

eer, and is still actively engaged in the work. Some years subsequent to this, the Catholic Total Abstinence Society was organized, Rev. Father Quinnan being the President, and John MacKinnon the first Vice-President. This was succeeded about twenty-five years ago by the League of the Cross.

In the fall of 1877 a great impetus was given to the cause of total abstinence by a series of lectures delivered by D. Banks MacKenzie, introducing the Blue Ribbon movement. His visit was in many respects an epoch in the history of Sydney and the mining towns. He first lectured here on the 16th of October, in the Court House, and aroused great interest. On the evening of the 24th a grand procession was held, in which over two thousand persons marched with lighted torches, the old Band leading. All the houses in town were illuminated. The first train to and from Louisburg ran that day, bringing many passengers that joined in the celebration. One seller of the ardent on that occasion took the pledge and donned the blue ribbon. He kept the pledge and wore the ribbon till the day of his death.

## OLD SYDNEY SCHOOLS

THE first school opened in Sydney was taught by Edward Pate, a young man 25 years of age, who began teaching here in the summer of 1786, about a year after the town was founded. The next year Governor DesBarres and the Rev. Ranna Cossitt recommended him to the Society for Propagating the Gospel, asking that a small salary be allowed him by the Society. Mr. Pate evidently left here in 1788, for, on the 10th of November that year, we find Mr. Cossitt, with the approval of Governor Macormick, recommending another man for Schoolmaster, Hiram Payne, formerly of New Hampshire. The certificates and testimonials accompanying this recommendation, however, were of so high a character that the Society did not think it proper "to adopt Mr. Payne, or to appoint him to the teaching of the poorer sort of children merely to read and write a little and to teach them the first rudiments of religion, when his abilities would be better employed in a school of a superior kind." But as the Society's decision did not come to Mr. Cossitt's hand until the 19th of June,

1789, it is possible that Mr. Payne may have taught here during the intervening months.

In 1796 the British Government granted forty pounds to pay a Schoolmaster, and from that time on Sydney had a school, sometimes more than one, which, in spite of many ups and downs, lived and did good work. In 1809, James Hill was the Public Schoolmaster, receiving a salary of forty-five pounds. After Cape Breton was annexed to Nova Scotia one of the old government buildings was used as a school-house, and in the course of years the adjoining grounds became known as "the school field," a name that was at times changed to the more pretentious one of "College Hill."

In 1835 an act was passed by the General Assembly of Nova Scotia authorizing the Lieutenant-Governor (Sir Colin Campbell, K.C.B.) to appoint trustees and to make a grant of land for school purposes in Sydney. A year later Trustees were appointed as follows: Rev. Charles Inglis, A.B., Clerk, Rector of St. George's Parish; Rev. Henry McKeagney, resident Clergyman of the Church of Rome; Charles E. Leonard, Esq.; Edmund Murray Dodd;

Esq.; and William Ousley, all of Sydney. The Trustees were appointed during pleasure, any vacancies to be filled by the Governor.

A grant dated October 25th, 1836, was issued to these as "Trustees of Sydney Academy," the land conveyed being the "School Field," bounded north by DesBarres Street, south by Amelia Street, east by George Street, and west by Charlotte Street. Out of this block two pieces of land were reserved—one for the Court House 80 by 105 feet, now owned by Sheriff Ingraham, and one for the Market House 20 by 105 feet, now the property of Arthur Butler.

Seven or eight years later a new academy building was erected on this land at a cost of \$2800. Campbell Street, named after the Governor, had been opened through the property and the land not required for school use divided into lots, some of which were sold to provide funds to pay for the new building. But the academy did not prove a success: the people at that time were not very enthusiastic in the cause of education. A mortgage of \$1000.00 or thereabout could not be lifted, altho, in 1851, twelve more lots of land were sold to



replenish the treasury. The building got out of repair, and ceased to be used for school purposes, "it being tenanted by the rooks and the swallows." In 1852 the Trustees—Captain William Ouseley, John Fergusson and George Burchell—were authorized by the legislature to sell the property forthwith. But before doing so they offered it to the school district of Sydney, then embracing only the peninsula, at the price of the mortgage, payable in instalments of \$100 a year and interest. The section failing to respond to this generous offer, the property was sold at public auction, August 2nd, 1852, a building that cost \$2800 and two acres of land going for \$940, the mortgage against them amounting to \$680. At the sale the building and grounds passed into the hands of Donald Norman MacQueen. In more recent years this property was owned by the Misses Gibbons, the Academy having been turned into a dwelling. A part of this building—No. 78 George Street—is still standing and in good condition.

Altho the Academy had turned out a failure, Sydney was not without schools. The year 1850 had seen the establishment of a Grammar School in the town, which

was opened in July, under the superintendence of Mr. Alexander Campbell, "in the house of William Turnbull, formerly occupied by Mr. William C. MacKinnon." Mr. Campbell resigned in November, after which Mr. Isaac MacKay, an alumnus of the Edinburgh College, was appointed Rector of the Institution. Mr. MacKay began his work in the same building, but within a few weeks the school was moved to apartments prepared for it in the new Temperance Hall, where he taught for several years with gratifying success and to the satisfaction of all who had to do with him.

Mr. John Forbes, later of North Sydney, opened a common school in the building numbered 33 and 35 Amelia Street on June 9th, 1851. Afterwards he moved his school to a room in the house now 90 Charlotte Street. Mr. John L. Hill succeeded him in the latter building, and taught there for several years: a picture of Mr. Hill and his scholars, taken about 1865, is still extant.

When the public school law came into force, the first schoolhouse owned by the Sydney section was on the south side of Pitt Street, where the Telephone office

stands. Another building was erected on South Charlotte Street, on the lot now owned by A. D. Gillis, in the fall and winter of 1865, the cost being \$1200. It contained two rooms, a preparatory department and a High School. It was first occupied on May Day, 1866. These were the schools in which those now middle aged received their early education. Both buildings were destroyed by the great fire, October 19, 1901. One of the teachers, well and kindly remembered by his pupils, was Mr. Alexander Morrison, whose family still reside in Sydney. It may be noted here that in those days teaching was somewhat strenuous work: only every second Saturday was a holiday, while the summer vacation lasted only three weeks.

The next school building erected was on the site of the Central School of today. It was built in 1881, at a cost of \$6000, and was first occupied the following January, the first Principal there being Mr. Hector MacInnes, now a prominent barrister in Halifax, and a member of the House of Assembly. This building, which became known as the Sydney Academy, contained eight rooms, but previous to 1900 only six of these were used as class-rooms.

Fifty-one years ago, there were four teachers employed in our little town, their names and salaries being as follows: John Stewart, \$400; Alexander Morrison, \$350; Annie Harrington, \$250; Miss Hill, \$200; each teacher receiving his or her provincial grant in addition. In the same year the school buildings, furniture and equipment were valued at \$3600. Now, there are 91 teachers employed, their salaries aggregating about \$45,000 a year; and the city owns school buildings and equipment worth at least \$360,000, while it rents for school purposes buildings worth \$140,000 more, a total value of half a million dollars.



### THE BAD SCHOLAR

**I**N a school kept not far from Sydney, in the late fifties, a certain lad named "Billy" was the bad boy. Probably he was not much worse than the ordinary wild youth, but had been spoiled by a too liberal application of corporal and other kinds of punishment, administered by the teacher, with the cordial approval, if not the assistance, of his own father.

The punishments then meted out in

school seem to have been more severe than sensible. To be sent home with a rope around his waist, or made to wear a paper cap with his offence written thereon, were mild tho humiliating forms of expiation, but to be stood for hours at a time in the "stocks" was totally different. These stocks consisted of a framework of boards in which the culprit had to stand with his toes turned out at an uncomfortable angle, and must have been regular torture to a restless boy who had enough "growing pains" without having other pains inflicted on him. The torture certainly produced no good results in Billy's case. On one occasion, having made use of some bad language, he had to spend the greater part of the morning in the stocks. On being released at noon, he went out and chased the teacher's ducks, wringing the neck of each one that he succeeded in catching.

The science of boy training was not well understood in those times; other boys in other schools were punished in the same ways, and with the same results. In this case an observant neighbor hit it off pretty well when he said that "if dey knocks one devil out of him, dey knocks seven more into him." Billy remained incorrigible,

and finally left the place for parts unknown, it being supposed that he sailed from Sydney on board of a man-o'-war.



### OLD BUILDINGS

THE oldest house now in Sydney is the cottage numbered 75 Charlotte Street, which stands a little off that street on the east side, less than a hundred feet north of York Street. It was built in the year 1787 by the Rev. Ranna Cossitt, the first minister of St. George's Church. The cost of the building was about £200, or \$1000.00. It was first occupied by Mr. Cossitt and his family on June 5th, 1788. The lumber used in its construction was brought all the way from Virginia, not because there was any scarcity of timber here at the time, but because there were no mills or other means of turning trees into boards and shingles. The three gables on the front were not there when the building was erected, but were added at a comparatively recent date. Until a few years ago two venerable Lombardy poplars stood on either side of the gateway, but were decaying so fast that they became a

menace and had to be cut down. The house has been kept in good repair, and despite its age is a comfortable dwelling, good for many years to come.



**A**NOTHER old house of which Sydney can boast is that owned and occupied by Donald Lynk, Esq., situated on King's Road, the last house in the city going west. The frame of this building was raised August 7th, 1797, by Mr. Halliburton, the owner being either John Storey or Thomas Uncle. Stone for the foundation as well as brick for the chimneys were brought by schooner from the old forts at Louisburg, and in all probability first came from France. The property came into Mr. Lynk's possession in 1890. Apart from necessary repairs, the house remains unchanged from what it was at the close of the eighteenth century.



**T**HERE are several houses in Sydney well over a century old, among the number being one situated on north Esplanade. This was one of the best in the town in 1812, but when the present



owner bought it some sixty years later it was quite out of repair, old and dilapidated. It has been outwardly remodelled once or twice in its time, but its interior arrangements are to-day practically the same as when it was built, altho the front has been changed, and the old door knocker has given place to the more modern bell.

This house was at one time occupied by a Doctor White, and while he was residing there a soldier in the garrison committed suicide. In some way or other Dr. White got possession of the body, which he proceeded to dissect in his office. The fact of his having done so got noised abroad, however, and the worthy surgeon, fearing trouble, buried the remains in the back yard. There they have lain undisturbed until the present day.



**A**N OLD house on north Charlotte Street enjoys the unique distinction of having in its frame-work timbers once used at an execution. It was built in 1833, the year of the Flahaven murder. While the gallows were being erected for the hanging, the carpenters ran short of

lumber, and had to borrow some scantling from this house before they could finish the gruesome structure of death. After the execution the timbers were returned and became part of the building. It is still in excellent condition, as well-kept a house as there is in town, and, strange to say, never was known to be haunted.



HERE is an uncanny story told in connection with an old house at the north end. It is said that in the winter of 1789-90 it was used as a prison or house of detention for the convicts after they were brought here. On these unfortunates being allowed to go their ways the house remained vacant for some years, after which time it changed hands. When the new owner went to clean and repair the property, he found several human skeletons in the cellar. These were supposed to be the remains of convicts who had died or been murdered by their fellows during that winter. How that could have been done without anyone outside knowing it, we are left to surmise. Perhaps there was not much attention paid to them other than that involved in seeing that

they had food. When the gruesome discovery was made, the man naturally decided that it would never do to have his dwelling over a graveyard; so he had the house moved to another part of the lot. When he digged a new cellar he filled up the old one, leaving its ghastly contents as he found them. Needless to say, that house for many years had the name of being haunted, those most sure of it being those who tried to live in it. A few years ago, however, it was well repaired from top to cellar, and since then the ghosts have laid low. The strange noises, the spirit footsteps, the untimely opening and shutting of doors that had been heard and seen for over a century, have ceased, and the present owner now sleeps in peace and quietness as far as unearthly visitors are concerned. Perhaps he sleeps none the less soundly because of his not knowing that the nice green lawn by his door is a convict graveyard.



**A**N OLD time hotel was the house now numbered 90 Esplanade, at one time owned by Mrs. Ahearn. In its own day it was the best boarding-house in town,

and those who liked well-cooked meals and good beds put up there. Judges of the Supreme Court, when here dispensing justice, made Mrs. Ahearn's their place of abode, and always fared well. Nearly always, rather, for on one occasion a judge lost the principal part of his dinner.

It came about in this way: A man from up the lakes came to town selling meat. Mrs. Ahearn was one of his first customers, and gladly bought a quarter of lamb for his lordship's dinner. Let it be remembered that this was long before the days of butcher shops, not to say cold storage, and that fresh meat in summer was not the commonplace article of diet that it is today. Our friend peddled his boat-load of meat around town, and having sold it to his satisfaction came back to the hotel for dinner.

It was then high twelve, and the judge was expected back from court every minute. So the table was spread, and the meat vendor sat down alone, his own quarter of lamb, well roasted and temptingly dished, being placed before him. A long morning, half of it spent on the salt sea and the other in trading and bargaining, lent him a good appetite, the result being that, when

he had finished, the whole quarter of lamb together with what went with it, had disappeared. For this sumptuous repast he paid the usual fifteen pence (25 cents) and went away happy and content, leaving his worthy hostess figuring out her profit, and wondering what on earth she could do for the judge's dinner.

For part of the summer of 1831 there boarded in this house a family of Highland immigrants fresh from the old sod. The head of the family, a poet of no mean ability, related some of his experiences there in a lengthy poem, of which the verses following are a fragment. They may be of some interest to those who know the language of Eden:—

Mo mhallachd-sa gu siorruidh air cailleach 'Heran,  
Sud far 'm bheil a' bhiadh ann am meadhon baile!  
'Theab gu'n d'thug i dhiomsa mo chuid is m'anam  
Air son greim dhe'n bhiadh agus aite 'm fanainn.

Tha mi 'dol 'gan aireamh an deigh mo challa:  
Na'm faighinn an caineadh, 'se sud bu mhath leam;  
Na bheil dhe na h-abhair sin anns a' bhaile—  
Cailleach dhubh Fitz-Padruig is Larry Barry.

'Nuair a bhios mo phaisdean a stigh ri conas,  
Bhios mo sporan fas gus a dhol 'ga sholar,  
An deathad air a saoiread gu'm bi i dolar;  
'S an deigh dhaibh a faotainn cha bhi iad toilicht'.

Tha mi 'dol am bliadhna do Chataloan,  
Far am bheil na Crìosduidhean a muigh romham:  
Fagaidh mi na biasdan ud os mo dheighidh—  
Daoine mora, fiadhaich, is Dia na 'n aghaidh!



ON the north side of Dorchester Street, where the *Post* building now stands, there stood until a few years ago what was known as Willow Top Cottage. It was a small, old-fashioned building, with a vine-covered porch in front. In its latter days it was not much to look at—a passer by would hardly give it a second glance—but in its prime it was the high-toned hotel, and was patronized by the most distinguished people that came to town.

When the Marquis of Lorne visited Sydney, August 19th, 1880, it was at this house he was entertained. His stay was short, and he had but one meal—dinner. Altho he came here as Governor General of Canada, the noble Marquis could not forget that he was "*Mac Cailein Mor*," and his piper was kept playing outside while he was dining. This was probably the only occasion on which a Highland Chief dined in state in the old capital of Cape Breton. It may be added that the

people of Sydney made the most of the Marquis's brief visit, and gave him a rousing welcome at the old Court House.



THE building on the north-east corner of Pitt and Charlotte Streets, recently damaged by fire, has a distinction all its own. Sixty years ago it was only half its present width, and had an ordinary gable roof. It was an old house even then and was owned by Alexander MacInnis, of East Bay. Having decided to enlarge it, Mr. MacInnis conceived the idea of erecting another house like it alongside and making the two one by putting a flat roof on between the ridges. This he did, the result being that the building appeared in its present shape. To celebrate its completion the owner secured a piper, sent out invitations for a frolic, and he and his friends had an evening of jigs, strathspeys and reels on the housetop. This would probably be the first flat roof in Sydney, and those who enjoyed a dance there doubtless felt as dizzy and as high up as do those who go to take a look at the world from the top of a modern skyscraper.



ONE of the most interesting of Sydney's old buildings is that now owned by Mr. S. H. Stevenson, and occupied by him as a dwelling-house. It is not known just when it was built, but there is reason to believe that it was before the year 1800. It is known that it was used as the Governor's residence between the years 1807 and 1813, and possibly it may have been so used before that time. The late John L. Hill, Esq., in 1886, when he was about 84 years of age, wrote a letter in which he gave a brief history of this and near-by buildings and of people that had lived in them. This letter, entitled "Reminiscences of Sydney in the long ago," is now in possession of the present owner of the building, and through his kindness is given here in full:

*June 22, 1886.*

"The house now owned by Mr. James Burchell was occupied by General Nepean, who was, at the time I write about, Governor of the Island of Cape Breton. Polly King of Little Bras d'Or was his house-keeper, and her brother, "Prince," was the Governor's errand-boy, and was always dressed in blue livery. The Governor was white-headed and broad built. I think he

was a German. I remember my father being dressed in small-clothes and stockings for dinner at the Governor's home years before the battle of Waterloo in 1815. Captain MacLean of, I think, the 104th Regiment, also lived in the same house, after General Nepean. He had several daughters, viz., Mrs. Leonard (Isabel), Mrs. H. W. Crawley (Ann), Mrs. Nutting of Halifax (Margaret), Mary Ann and Eliza, both of whom died at Point Amelia.

"In the house at the corner opposite, Mr. William Bown, the grandfather of Charles Bown and of Mrs. Robert Ingraham of Sydney, and father of Mr. Harry Bown lived and died. He carried on a trade with the West Indies, kept a store, bought codfish from Cape North, St. Anne's, Bras d'Or, Lingan and Low Point, and sent them to the West Indies in large casks screwed in, which operation I have often witnessed, and sent them in his own brig, with his own son as supercargo, and received back rum, molasses, sugar, coconuts, oranges, lemons, etc., which I have often seen landed. He was an enterprising man, and the father of a large family. Margaret was married to Joseph Noad, Esq. She died in Sydney, and he had an

appointment in New Foundland. Matilda was married to Frederick Crawley, brother of H. W. Crawley, Esq. The sons of Mr. Bown were, George, who married Harriet Stout, daughter of Richard Stout, and niece of John Lewis Stout, after whom I was named.

"In the house which stood where Mr. Liscomb's dwelling house now stands, William MacKinnon, the Secretary of the Island lived. He was father of the late Lieut. John MacKinnon of "Morrison Pill" fame. He had a military funeral as a Captain in the British Army.\* The 104th Regiment marched in breeches and white stockings, with drums muffled with crepe, and fifes playing the dead march of "Rosslyn Castle," and a farewell salute of three volleys was fired over his grave. The procession went down the street, turned Harrington's Corner, passed the "Ark" (Capt. Ingoville's), then turned up Judge Dodd's and down to the Church Yard.

"The house east from Liscomb's, where Mr. Burchell's now stands, was a long, low,

\*"Mr. MacKinnon died April 13, 1811, from the effects of a wound received on board the 'Bristol,' in the attack on Sullivan's Island, near Charlestown, under Sir Peter Parker."—*Brown's History*. He was buried Easter Monday, April 15, aged 58 years.

one-story house, and was the Government school house as long ago as I can remember. My father was then the Government Schoolmaster, and the sons and daughters of Mr. Bown, and Sally Clarke, who was sister of the late Peter Hall Clarke, came to school there. The convicts wrecked at Main-a-dieu, of whom Brown writes in his History of Cape Breton, were located in the house just noticed, which was before I can remember, but I have heard my mother tell of their fightings, and nocturnal fightings and quarrellings, and it was thought that some of them had been murdered and buried in the cellar.

“My grandfather, Rev. Ranna Cossitt, who was Rector of St. George’s in Sydney at the time, and a Loyalist, when he left the U.S.A., brought the frame and all of the materials with which the house in which, as I believe, Mrs. James Jost now lives, was built, from the States with him, even to red cedar shingles, and when I was a boy my mother lived there for a few years. The house was afterwards sold to Capt. John Lorway, and I negotiated the sale, and obtained the signatures of all the heirs, ten in number, and got a few dollars for my trouble, and the late Judge Dodd drew the deed. Yours truly, J. L. HILL.”

## THE FAIRY CHILD

**I**N the house mentioned above as having been Governor Nepean's residence, there were gathered together, one day in the long ago, a number of girls not yet in their teens. They were in an up-stairs room, playing games and enjoying themselves as children will.

While the enjoyment was at its height, the girls, all of a sudden, noticed in their midst another little maid, a stranger to them, looking on and apparently anxious to join in their games. The girls at once clustered about the unknown one, and, with childlike curiosity, plied her with questions as to her name, where she came from, and how she got in without having been seen. But to all their questions she answered not a word. They tried to play with her, but their every effort to touch her was in vain: she easily and gracefully eluded them. Not to be beaten in their attempts, they made a concerted rush trying to surround her, but, on this, she lightly skipped out of the room, bounded over the banister into the stair-well, at the end farthest from the top steps, and disappeared, to be seen no more.

Our authority for this story is one that heard it told about fifty years ago, by a lady who was then between seventy and eighty years of age, and who was one of the group that saw the strange little visitor. She had no hesitation whatever in declaring that she had seen her with her own eyes, and that there was no illusion about the matter at all. This singular appearance, it seems, never was explained. The girls that were witness to it often spoke of it in after years; rarely did they get together without their talking it over. But not one of them ever pretended to have known who their visitor was, nor could they assign a reason for the coming of her whom they always referred to as their Fairy Child.



## NEWSPAPERS

THE first newspaper published in Sydney was *The Cape Breton Advocate*, the first number of which appeared on Wednesday, August 26, 1840. It was an eight-page paper, each page having four columns of the ordinary width, and was published weekly. The type used was new,

the printing as a result being done in an excellent manner. Richard Huntington was editor and proprietor, and for the first five weeks did most of the mechanical work as well. He was a comparative stranger in Cape Breton at the time, which probably accounted for a notable scarcity of local news in the columns of his paper. *The Advocate* had for its motto: "The Queen, the Laws, and the People."

In November or December, 1841, appeared *The Spirit of the Times*, a paper slightly smaller than the one just noticed, but printed from the same types. Indeed, it may be safely assumed that it was but the *Advocate* under a new name, for, altho J. D. Kuhn was proprietor, Richard Huntington was editor, and the day of publication was the same—Wednesday. In those days, the press did not enjoy the freedom that it does today, and it is quite possible that some statements made in its pages may have led to legal complications, so that a change became necessary. The motto of this paper was: "Our adopted Country."

I have been told that, a few years later, Mr. Huntington moved from Sydney to one of the western counties, and that his



editorial work was taken up by William C. MacKinnon, grandson to William MacKinnon who was for many years Provincial Secretary of Cape Breton. The new editor was a young man, and given to expressing his opinions quite freely in the columns of his paper. It is said that on one occasion he gave offence to an army officer by a personal item, and that, as a result, he had to meet the irate officer in a duel. The outcome, however, was not very serious, both escaping unhurt.

Mr. MacKinnon, later on, published two other papers: *The Times and Cape Breton Spectator*, at North Sydney, 1847 to 1850; and, about the same time, *The Commercial Herald*, probably in Sydney. The former may have been a survival of *The Spirit of the Times*. Of the latter I have never seen a copy, and cannot speak positively. Both of these papers ceased publication early in 1850, if not before.

The first local paper to obtain a comparatively long lease of life was *The Cape Breton News*. Its initial number came out early in July, 1850, and it continued to be published for over twenty years. At the start, it was a four-page paper, with four columns to the page, being slightly over

half the size of the pioneer *Advocate*, but in later years it had six wide columns to each page, practically doubling its size. It was published every Saturday, but during the first winter it came out but twice a month. It had for its motto: "The liberty of the press is like the air we breathe; if we have it not we die." The editor and proprietor was James P. Ward, who did his work in a most capable manner. In fact, it may be said that the newspapers of those days, altho small, maintained a higher standard of literary excellence than is the case with many papers of modern times. At that time, it was not a question of filling so much space, but rather of finding the space to fill.

From their general sameness in appearance and size, it can be readily seen that the same plant was used in printing all the Sydney papers mentioned above. The presses are still in town, altho not in use. An imposing-frame dating back to those early times is still in daily use in the office in which this book is printed, while a jobber—a 6x9-inch lever press—is not many miles away, still turning out some good specimens of amateur printing.

The *News* ceased publication in 1871 or

1872. Its plant was taken over by Molloy & Jordon, who began to publish, in November of the latter year, a second *Cape Breton Advocate*. This was a four-page, six-column sheet, issued every Thursday. About a month before the *Advocate* began its career, there appeared another paper called *The Cape Breton Times*, somewhat larger than it, being a four-page sheet, with eight columns to the page, also published on Thursday. In politics the *Advocate* supported the Conservative party, while the *Times* supported the Liberal. The latter was published by MacKay & Hill. Its publication was discontinued soon after the Dominion election of 1878.

For a few years, the *Advocate* had the field all to itself, until *The Island Reporter*, started at Baddeck in 1884, moved to Sydney a few years afterwards. For several years these two papers were Sydney's news-givers as well as moulders of political opinion, one being Conservative and the other Liberal. For a period of twelve years, May 1892 to July 1904, there was issued here the *Mac-Talla*, whose contents were entirely in Gaelic, the only weekly paper ever published in that language.

In the spring of 1878, both *Advocate*

and *Times* started a daily edition, each being a small four-page sheet, the page only two columns in width. They were, doubtless, intended to be made useful during the election campaign of that summer, but they did not live to see the beginning, much less the end, of that historic struggle. The *Daily Times* started first and stopped first. The *Daily Advocate* lasted a little over two months. The following year, 1879, saw the exit as well as the entrance of the *Semi-Weekly Express*, edited and published by F. G. Muggah and Joe Kavanagh. Sydney was not yet ready for a paper that came out more often than once a week. Nor was it ready when the *Morning Sun*, published by J. W. D. Stearns, made its appearance in the fall of 1892, and like the fall sun declined more and more as the days went by. It eked out a precarious existence for about three months, and died. The *Sun's* plant was taken over by the *Advocate*, after which transaction the latter ceased to be turned off on a hand-press, a drum cylinder press being a part of the plant purchased. The *Reporter* had preceded its rival in the matter of press; ever since its coming to Sydney it had been printed on a cylinder, a wonder-

ful combination of worn cog-wheels, loose bolts, and knotted strings that rarely turned out an issue without at least one breakdown.

September 1898 marked the beginning of the end for the old Sydney weeklies, when there appeared on the scene the daily *Record*. Three years later came the daily *Post*. When the latter began publication, the *Advocate* ceased, its plant and good-will having been bought by the new daily. The *Reporter* soon shared the fate of its contemporary. Merged in the *Record*, it was for a few years issued as its weekly edition, and then quietly dropped.



### A SYDNEY NOVELIST

**W**ILLIAM C. MACKINNON, who edited and published *The Spectator and Commercial Herald*, was a talented writer who made for himself a name as a novelist. In 1850 he resided for some time in Boston, and while there, had published in the *Waverly Magazine* several original tales, among which were: "Castine," "The Rival Brothers," and "The Midnight Murder." The editor of the Magazine refers

to the last named tale and its writer as follows:

"It is a thrilling story and will be read with great interest. There are some characters and scenes represented which we would rather have seen omitted; but the character of the plot required their insertion. The writer holds a gifted pen, and is a gentleman of rare talents; he bids fair to become one of the best novelists of the day. We would remark that the main features of the story were of actual occurrence."

Some at least of the stories mentioned above were also published in book form. In 1851 he published another novel entitled "St. George, or The Canadian League," a most interesting book of over 100 chapters. The scene was laid in Quebec and Ontario during the rebellion of Papineau and MacKenzie in 1837. In depicting his leading characters, the writer resorted to the expedient of taking as models some well-known local men whose manner of life and speech he knew well and could faithfully reproduce. Papineau, for instance, was represented by the late Robert Martin, Sydney's Postmaster at the time, and Mac-

Kenzie by some Highland Scot whose name has not been handed down.

His career as a novelist was cut short by his decision to enter the Ministry of the Methodist Church, and his belief that a preacher of the Gospel could not consistently be a writer of novels. He resolved not only to write no more fiction, but also to destroy, if possible, what he had already written. With that object in view, he bought up as many of his published books as he could find and burned them, and so thoroughly did he go about the business that very few copies escaped.

We do not know that any of his works have been preserved, nor do we know the details of his after life. Let it be said, however, that while there may well be a difference of opinion as to his judgment in regard to the writing of novels, there can be none as to his sincerity. Men of limited means are not apt to spend hard-earned money in order that their piety may be seen by others.



## A LITTLE POEM

**S**HORTLY after the first *Cape Breton Advocate* made its appearance, there was placed in the hands of the editor a manuscript volume containing a number of excellent poems written by "C. L." Several of these were afterwards published in the columns of that paper. Who the author of these poems was, we do not know. The letters "C. L." may have been his initials, or may have been used as a pen-name only. The beautiful little poem following appeared in the *Advocate* for September 16th, 1840.

## THE SMILE OF AFFECTION

How chaste is the moonbeam that rides on the billow,  
 How mild is the breeze that now dimples the wave,  
 And sighs through the leaves of the pendulous willow  
 That bends o'er the moss-tinctured tomb of the brave.

How soft is the tear on the moist cheek of beauty,  
 That flows from a heart touched by feeling and love:  
 'Tis the balm of affection, the tribute of duty,  
 The incense that falls from the altars above.

But sweeter by far is the tender emotion  
 That wakes a fond smile on the cheek of the fair—  
 'Tis sweet as the moonbeam that plays on the ocean,  
 And soft as the zephyrs that sport in the air.

The tear-drop that flows from emotion of sorrow,  
 And trembles with light, like the beam on the wave,  
 Dissolved in a smile a new lustre shall borrow,  
 And heal by its sweetness the wound which it gave.

## POWDER AND PILLS

**A**BOUT fifty years ago there were growing up in Sydney two scapegraces that made life weary for many a quiet, peace-loving person. They were up to all sorts of mischief, not to say badness. If a pane or two of glass were found broken, anyone could guess whose hands threw the stones. If two roosters were found picking and pecking at each other's combs, the owners knew, without asking, on whom to vow vengeance for setting their birds fighting. They were lads of unbounded energy, for which they were always seeking an outlet.

Every season brought them its own opportunities. Raiding orchards was one of their regular pursuits in autumn, one in which they took special delight. Many a spencerful of apples, both green and ripe, did they get away with in the silent hours of the night. Often and often, apple-pies were not eaten by those lawfully entitled to enjoy them because the apples that should have gone to make them had been eaten long before by these daring youths.

But one fine, starless night, they reckoned without their host. While they were

raiding an orchard owned by a doctor, and stowing away apples at a lively rate, the man of pills rushed out with a musket. Dropping from the trees, they scampered off with their booty, but as they were getting over the fence, the musket flashed and banged, and each of them got a fair share of its charge. To their great surprise, they were neither killed nor crippled, altho they had some stinging wounds along their backs. These wounds, in the course of a few days, developed into sores of the same shape and color as pimples. At this stage, they thought it wise to report their condition to their parents, without, of course, making any reference to what took place in the orchard.

The parents, alarmed, at once sent for the doctor. The doctor came in due time, examined the patients, with a serious air pronounced their complaint small-pox, and ordered them to be quarantined. This was done, and the young law-breakers were kept in the close confinement of their homes until the legal period had gone by, by which time all the doctor's fruit had ripened and been gathered into a place of safety.

It may be added that the musket with

which the good physician fired at the raiders was not loaded for bears; the charge consisted of nothing more deadly than powder and pills. The pills, no doubt, were good when used internally, but as to their virtues when, as in this case, applied externally, there would, doubtless, be a serious difference of opinion between the doctor and his patients.



### LORD DUFFERIN'S VISIT

**L**ORD DUFFERIN, when Governor-General of Canada, paid one visit to Cape Breton, in the month of July, 1874. His trip was unofficial, his object being to see the country rather than to receive honors. He had an interesting reception here, nevertheless. He came by a Government ship to Louisburg, visited the old town there, and then, accompanied by one of his party, drove across country to Sydney.

On their arrival, the two were dusty and travel-stained, and as our native soil, laid on thickly, makes all men look alike, not many of those that saw them suspected that one of the two was an eminent mem-

ber of the British aristocracy and a representative of Royalty. They stopped at what was then and for many years after the best hotel in town, the landlord of which, a kindly, hospitable Celt, at once proceeded to get his newly-arrived guests settled and made comfortable.

The second man in the party took the landlord aside while the other was being helped off with his duster. "That gentleman," said he, "is Lord Dufferin; kindly see that he gets the best accommodation that you can provide."

Sydney at that time had its full share of practical jokers, some of whom, perhaps, had tried their hand at the good landlord. In any case, Mr. Mac lived in an atmosphere of suspicion, always keeping a sharp look-out for a joke. "O, yes," he answered, looking wise, and nodding and smiling at the new-comer; "Lord Dufferin; I understand; Lord Dufferin; Yes, yes!"

The other man, somewhat annoyed, repeated his statement, and tried to emphasize the fact that indeed and in faith this was none other than Lord Dufferin. But the landlord was not to be impressed; he smiled and nodded and said "yes, yes," but paid no more than the ordinary attention

to the object of their conversation. The other persisted, and grew more emphatic, even to the extent of using a little strong language. Whereupon Mr. Mac gravely placed a finger on his eyelid: "My friend," he asked, "can you see anything green in that eye? No! no! you can't fool your uncle!"

While this was going on in the hotel, word had gone around outside that the vice-regal party had arrived. Needless to say, the public were more easily convinced as to the visitor's identity. Mr. F. N. Gisborne, then manager of the Reserve Mines and a resident of Sydney, soon came with a pressing invitation to the noble lord to put up at his private residence. This invitation was accepted, and Mr. Gisborne had the honor of entertaining the Governor-General.

His stay in Sydney was very brief, lasting but a day or two. The people of the town, however, took advantage of the opportunity, called a meeting, and had him presented with a public address, to which he fittingly replied. On leaving the town he and his companion went by the same conveyance that brought them,—a plain country waggon,—and joined their ship at Louisburg.

## OLD TIME ELECTIONS

CAPE BRETON knew nothing of representative government until after it had been annexed to Nova Scotia in 1820. In that year two members were elected to sit in the House of Assembly, Richard J. Uniacke and Lawrence Kavanagh. Only two polls were opened, one at Arichat, the other at Sydney. At that time, and, in fact, until 1847, the polls were kept open for several days, as long as electors continued to present themselves. There was no law to forbid treating, so both parties kept open house while the polling lasted. Each party vied with the other in extending hospitality to all and sundry, no distinction being made between friends and opponents. Enough food and drink was provided to satisfy hunger and create thirst in as many as chose to come.

Within the memory of men not yet old open voting was the law at all elections. The Sydney polling-booth, which at that time served for the whole countryside, was at the old Court House, the site of which is now occupied by the residence of Sheriff Ingraham. A high board fence ran along the street in front of the Court House; six



or seven feet from the ground there was a square hole made in the fence large enough to admit a man's face, and through this the voting was done. A man going to vote went up a couple of steps onto a platform under this opening, and in answer to questions asked by officials inside, gave his name, occupation and residence as required. If he proved to be a duly qualified elector, he was then asked to name the person for whom he wished to vote. This he did openly and aloud, upon which his vote was recorded, and he stepped down. If an ardent supporter of the man for whom he did not vote happened to be near by, the retiring elector very likely received a clout in the ear as he stepped to the ground, which courtesy he could either ignore or return in kind as best suited his disposition. At these old elections a fight was never out of order. Since 1872, voting has been done by secret ballot.

The election held in 1859 was a very keen contest. The Liberals carried the day throughout the province, but so slowly did news travel in those days that the result was not known in Cape Breton for eight or ten days afterwards. In this county, the Conservatives, John Bourinot and William

Caldwell, were elected over their Liberal opponents, John Fergusson and William Gammel.

The results, as far as even the county was concerned, could not be known for a day or two, but that did not prevent some ardent supporters of those who afterwards proved to be the successful candidates from at once beginning to celebrate the victory. First they serenaded their leading opponents at their residences, after which they dragged an old cannon from the barracks, placed it in position on a railed platform that stood on the water-front at the foot of Amelia Street, and began to fire. Heavy charges of powder were used. After each shot the gun should have been swabbed, but either this was not done or it was done carelessly and one time some sparks of fire remained in the muzzle. The result was that when the gun was next loaded, the shot went off while the charge was being rammed in, and a pole that was being used as a ramrod was driven through the body of the man using it, killing him almost instantly.

The unfortunate victim of this accident was from Sydney Mines, a man by the name of Patrick Ronan. Sectarian feeling

ran high there as elsewhere, and, at the mining town, it is said that both parties had been arming, in full expectation of there being a riot on the Sunday following the election. Ronan's sad death, however, created so much sympathy for those bereaved that all unfriendly feelings were forgotten, and so it happened that when Sunday came there was no riot. Instead there was Patrick Ronan's funeral. All classes and denominations joined in the sad procession, and bowed their heads together at the solemn service of burial. Forgetting that they belonged to opposing parties and creeds, they remembered for a time at least that all men were brethren.



## THE FIRE BRIGADE

**S**YDNEY had its first big fire in 1851. On the 28th of November, at three o'clock in the morning, the inhabitants were awakened from their slumbers by the ringing of bells and cries of "Fire!" A vacant building on the Esplanade was ablaze, and before the fire could be checked, it and three other buildings were burned to the ground. There was no fire-fighting

apparatus owned by the town, but the Black Watch Highlanders, then in garrison, were on hand with the military fire engine, and together with the towns-people worked hard to keep the fire from spreading, but in spite of their best efforts, much property was destroyed. The buildings destroyed were all on the Esplanade, just south of Amelia Street. Only one was insured, that owned by Hugh Munro, Esq., who was at the time in Halifax attending the sitting of the House of Assembly.

Following this conflagration, an agitation sprang up for the purchase of a fire engine, and the raising of an efficient fire brigade in connection with it. It was learned that an engine was for sale in Halifax that could be had for sixty pounds, and, in response to a house-to-house canvass made by Henry Ingles, that sum was subscribed for its purchase. It was, however, found to be unsuitable for the needs of Sydney. A new engine would cost from one hundred to four hundred pounds, which was rather more than could be afforded. At a public meeting held the first day of July, 1852, it was decided to request the Sessions to amerce the Township of Sydney in the sum of one hundred

pounds towards procuring a fire engine, and it was hoped that the problem was about to be solved.

The Sessions, it seems, did not accede to this request, probably because the town, which would reap all the benefit, was but a small part of the Township. But shortly afterwards, an understanding was arrived at with the military authorities by which the garrison fire engine was donated for the use of the town. The Fire Brigade was then organized, Henry Ingles, who had been largely responsible for its formation, becoming its first Captain. The old military hand engine was kept in use for a long time. It was easily worked and gave a good stream of water. Some years after the formation of the Brigade, William Micheau became its Captain, and during his term another engine was secured. Those who worked it say it was a "man killer," five minutes being the longest shift that men could keep at it.

The old Market House, at the corner of Amelia and Charlotte Streets, became the brigade headquarters, the market bell doing service as a fire alarm. This bell is still preserved, though not in use, at the central fire station. Shortly after Sydney became

an incorporated town, three fire alarm stations were built, one on Amelia Street, one at the foot of Pitt Street, and one near the King's Road Bridge. The regulation was that when a fire broke out a fireman ran to the nearest station and rang the bell until a sufficient number gathered to fight the fire.

Previous to the installation of water-works the firemen were greatly handicapped through lack of water. Wells were the only source of supply, and these often became dry before the engine had been very long at work. They could easily stop a fire caught at an early stage, but when the fire got well under way before they got at it, they could do little but keep it from spreading to adjoining buildings. In such cases, to quote an old time captain, they "usually saved the chimney and the cellar."

Among those who were Captains of the Brigade during the first fifty years of its existence were: George E. Burchell, Matthew Bradley, John E. Burchell, Joseph Woodill, Frank Liscomb, Charles H. Musgrave, Edward Grantmyre, Charles W. Hill, and Ronald Gillis. Richard Menzies, elected in 1900, was the last to be Captain of the Fire Brigade while it remained on a

purely voluntary basis. In 1903 a paid fire department was organized, and Mr. Menzies became the first Chief, a position held by him until 1910, when he was succeeded by A. E. Sullivan, who was, in 1917, succeeded by the present Chief, H. M. Mersereau.

Some of our older citizens served on the Fire Brigade for a long period of time, J. E. Burchell, T. C. Harold, F. C. Liscomb, and some others were firemen for over twenty years. The record for fire service, however, is held by John MacFadden, who has forty or forty-five years to his credit. One of these veterans got the habit of always being ready to respond to a fire alarm so firmly fixed that, altho long since out of the service, he still puts his clothes in fire-fighting order every night before going to bed. Each article of wear is laid out in its own place, so that he can get up and dress in the dark as easily as he can by daylight. He never has to lose time groping for a sock or a boot.



## OUR FIRST BAND

THE first brass band in Sydney was organized in 1870, its organizer and first leader being Robert Wilson, who was then manager of the Low Point Mine. Mr. Wilson was an enthusiastic bandsman, having no less than three bands to his credit in Cape Breton—at Sydney Mines, the first band on the island, (1862), at Victoria Mines, and at Sydney. He had also started one at Albion Mines, Pictou, in 1860, the year that the late King Edward, then Prince of Wales, visited Canada.

The instruments for this band cost \$1700, which sum was raised by public subscription, F. N. Gisborne, Esq., contributing \$1000. Robert Wilson was appointed bandmaster, and among the other members were: Henry Woodill, Frank Liscomb, Edward Liscomb, Henry Liscomb, William Liscomb, James Florian, Thomas Rigby, Angus MacLellan, Wm. H. Jordon, Walter Power, Daniel Matheson, W. E. Peters, Robert O'Callaghan, Thos. C. Harold, John Young, Henry Turner, and George Armstrong. All these, with the exception of the bandmaster, were Sydney boys. Some time later, there were added to the number

three Englishmen:—Joseph Spain, George Wald and Robert Morgan—and two Germans—Carl Werther and Carl Palm. Some of the above-named Sydney musicians had played in a band that had been going at North Sydney for a few years previous to this, usually called the Purvis Band.

This old Sydney Band lasted ten or twelve years, and in that time took part in several important functions, one worth recording being the laying of the cornerstone of the old Court House on DesBarres Street, and another, the Blue Ribbon procession, held October 24th, 1877. Robert Wilson was succeeded as bandmaster by Robert Morgan, and he in turn by Henry Woodill. The band secured its first quarters in Matthew Bradley's house, later on in the barracks, and finally in the old tannery—a part of which is still standing—a little north of Ingraham's wharf.

## THE CORNET BAND

THE Sydney Cornet Band came into existence in December, 1884. Its business affairs were placed in the hands of a Managing Committee, of which John Menzies was chairman, and Fred Moseley, Secretary. They secured the instruments that had belonged to the old band, and used such of them as were in good condition. New instruments were purchased to replace those that were found to be useless, and the band was soon under way.

The first instructor and leader was Thomas Gillespie, who was a native of Sydney, having been born in the old barracks, while his father was serving in the garrison. He himself was brought up to be a soldier, enlisted in the Black Watch, and served in its ranks for twenty-one years, twelve of which were passed in India. On receiving his discharge, he came back to the land of his birth, and for some years lived at Mira.

The members of the band were: Bass—Frank J. Liscomb, Chas. A. Farquharson; Baritone—William W. Dillon; Tenor—John Menzies, Joseph MacMillan; Alto—Thos.

C. Harold, William E. Peters, Thos. W. Publicover; Cornet—Richard Menzies, Angus MacLellan, Fred G. Muggah, Joseph Woodill, Edward Woodill; Flute—Edward C. Hanrahan; Piccolo—Fred Moseley; Clarionette—Ronald Gillis; Snare-drum—Harry Menzies; Bass-drum—Robert O'Callaghan.

This band played in public for the first time at the 36th anniversary of Star-in-the-East Division, in January, 1885. Its program consisted of four pieces: Rosebud—a waltz; Sherry—a schottiche; Hagan's March and Saucy Kate, the latter a quickstep arranged by Bandmaster Gillespie.

After giving the new band a few months' instruction, Mr. Gillespie transferred his services to a rival band at North Sydney, but, nothing daunted, the members elected Thos. C. Harold Bandmaster, and went on as if nothing had happened. Mr. Harold held that position until the fall of 1887, when he retired, and Richard Menzies was appointed in his place. Mr. Menzies was kept in the office until the band ceased to exist, seven or eight years after the "boom."

The Cornet Band lasted well over twenty years, and during that time gave the public an excellent brand of music. With its own funds it erected a band-stand on

the Esplanade, opposite the Freemasons' Hall, and there gave regular concerts during the summer season. It had the exceptional advantage of being in touch with French naval bands from off the warships that visited the port every summer. Many valuable lessons were learned from these, and many a fine piece of music was donated by them to the little town band. These French naval bands, it may be added, by their frequent playing here, were the means of educating the Sydney public to an appreciation of high-class music that would not have been acquired otherwise.

When the band was in its prime, some of the more far-seeing members mooted the project of buying the Biscoe property, then on the market, and turning it into a park. Real estate at that time was still below the clouds, and as the land in question could have been secured on easy terms, the plan was quite feasible. The band had enough money on hand to pay the first instalment, and could earn enough from time to time to meet the other payments as they came due. Unfortunately, there came up a counter proposal to buy uniforms, and after some heated discussions at several meetings, a motion to buy the

uniforms prevailed, and the park proposition had to be abandoned.



## TOWN AND CITY

**D**URING the first century of its history, Sydney had no form of self-government. For the greater portion of that time, in fact, it was not large enough nor of sufficient importance to be given a say in its own affairs, even if it had been the custom of the time to give communities a measure of freedom in caring for themselves. A hamlet of ruined buildings and 121 inhabitants, as it was reported to be in 1795, or a village of half a thousand, as it is described in 1840, could not claim, much less secure, the right to look after its own local business, either in the closing years of the eighteenth century or in the fourth decade of the nineteenth.

For the first thirty-five years, under the old regime, its wants were attended to directly by the Governor and Council. After that, for sixty years or more, local affairs were looked after by the General Sessions, a body composed of County Magistrates, who, it is said, transacted the public

business with as much dignity and as little work as was possible. Then came the era of the County Council, Sydney being part of a Polling District that elected two Councillors, and in a few years more came incorporation as a town.

On February 22nd, 1883, a meeting of ratepayers was held in the Court House for the purpose of considering the question of incorporation. Strong and determined opposition developed at this meeting, resulting in the proposition being voted down. The matter was kept before the people, however, and the opposition gradually decreased, until, two years later, a majority voted in favor of Sydney becoming a self-ruling town, and incorporation became an accomplished fact.

The town was divided into three wards. Ward One included that part of the peninsula north of Dorchester Street and the northern part of the district east of Mughah's Creek. Ward Two had its boundaries as at present, while Ward Three took in the section south of the old Reserve Railway, including part of what is now Ward Four. In 1899 the town was enlarged to its present limits, the number of Wards being increased to five.



The first Council was elected towards the end of October, 1885, those elected being as follows: Clement H. Harrington, Warden; Duncan MacLennan and George L. Burchell, Councillors for Ward One; James Campbell and Colin MacKinnon, for Ward Two; Ronald Gillis and William H. Morley, for Ward Three. The Council held its first meeting in Mr. Morley's office—now numbered 380 Charlotte Street—on the 3rd day of November following the election, at half-past one o'clock in the afternoon. Councillor Burchell was not present at this meeting. There being an epidemic of small-pox here at the time, the first item of business transacted for the new burg was the appointment of a Board of Health,—Messrs. W. H. Morley and J. A. Gillies,—to act in conjunction with the existing county or district Board.

Elections were held in October for two years only. Beginning with 1888, town elections were held on the first Tuesday in February. In Sydney, those whose terms of office expired in the fall of 1887, held their seats until the following February, with the exception of Warden Harrington and Councillor MacKinnon, both of whom resigned, and whose places were filled at a

by-election by Captain Philip H. Worgan, as Warden, and Captain John Carlin, as Councillor for Ward Two. In 1888 also, the Chief Magistrate's title was changed from Warden to Mayor, the latter designation first appearing in a minute of Council dated May 29th.

The autumn of 1899 saw the starting of the Steel Works, and Sydney's population, which then stood at about 3000, was more than trebled within the next eighteen months. This rapid growth entailed so much work on the Council that it was thought better to have the powers of that body enlarged, and, with that object in view, application was made to the Legislature for a City Charter. A Charter was granted in 1903, and went into effect the first day of January, 1904, since which date the old capital of Cape Breton has been ranked as a City.

During the thirty-three years that have elapsed since its incorporation, there has been the same number of elections, some of which have been very keenly contested. In the earlier days the "war office" and the "straw office" were well known to the citizens as headquarters for rival parties engaged in the game of town politics,

always planning and making ready for the next campaign. It may be said, however, that party politics, as such, never entered into these contests. Thirteen men have been elected to the office of Warden or Mayor. The first eleven of these were men born out of Sydney, three of them being from the mother land. In 1917, for the first time, a native born Sydney man was elected to the office in the person of Sydney E. Muggah, who, at the end of his year, gave place to another native born Sydneyite, William Fitzgerald. These gentlemen, it may be added, are both descendants of John Meloney, Sydney's first settler.



### THE OLD 17TH

THE Sydney Field Battery—the 17th—was organized in 1887, its officers being: Dr. William MacK. MacLeod, Captain; Walter Crowe, 1st Lieutenant; Charles A. Farquharson, 2nd Lieutenant (provisional); Dr. Michael A. MacDonald, Surgeon. John MacLean was Quartermaster-Sergeant, and John MacDonald, Sergeant-Major. All these, with the exception of the 2nd Lieutenant, had taken a course

of instruction at Quebec, beginning the first of January the year above noted.

The Battery's first appearance in public was on the 24th of May the same year, when it paraded at the Barracks and fired a royal salute in honor of Her Majesty's Birthday. On the 10th of July it went into camp on the old military grounds, remaining there for two weeks. The Battery consisted of four guns,—9-pounders, smooth bore and muzzle-loading,—one of which was reputed to have seen service in the Crimean War. On inspection day officers and men were highly complimented on their appearance and general efficiency, Captain MacLeod was promoted to the rank of Major, and Lieutenant Crowe to the rank of Captain.

Major MacLeod remained in command until 1897, when he was succeeded by Major Crowe, who was followed in 1896, by Major Bruce A. Ingraham, and he, in 1910, by Major Harvey G. MacLeod. The latter three, while in command of the Battery, were promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, but after the war broke out each reverted to the rank of Major and volunteered for service overseas.

Several members of the Battery served

in the South African War. Soon after the present war broke out, the Battery volunteered as a unit, and left here on the 28th of August, 1914, arriving in France the following February, where it has been on active service ever since. A number of its men have fallen, the first to make the great sacrifice of life being its Quartermaster-Sergeant, James MacMullan. On the roll of honor is also the name of its Commanding Officer, Major Harvey MacLeod, who, on account of his splendid service, was about to be promoted to the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, and placed in command of a brigade, when death overtook him, "somewhere in France," December 4th, 1915.

Two other officers that we know of have been rewarded for their services on the field of battle, Captains John A. MacDonald and J. George Piercey, both having been given the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. Others, officers and men, have nobly done their duty fighting for king and country. The Battery number has been changed—it is now the 6th—and there are other units in which we are interested, yet for the sake of old associations and old times, the people of Sydney take special pride and

have a special interest in what they still call the old 17th.



## SECOND SIGHT

**A** WELL authenticated instance of the phenomena known as "second sight" comes to us from the Sydney of thirty or forty years ago, the subject being that very commonplace thing, a railway train. The facts as given here are vouched for by men still in our midst, men whose evidence can be relied upon without question. It would be some time previous to 1885, when the only railway train that reached the town came by way of the old Sydney and Louisburg Railway.

One Sunday evening in summer, a man who lived on what is now Townsend Street, across the Washing Brook, was quietly wending his way home from church. When nearing the little pole bridge that spanned the brook at that time, he was surprised to hear the stillness of the Sabbath twilight broken by the distant rumbling of a train. He began to wonder what the Coal Company meant by running a train

on Sunday, what it was never known to have done before, and concluded that some emergency had arisen which made it necessary. As the rumbling increased he kept looking beyond the trestle, at the eastern end of which he expected to see the engine emerge from the woods. But neither train nor engine was to be seen, and as the noise was momentarily growing louder, he suddenly became aware that the cause of it was behind him, and turning around he saw the dim outline of a train coming from the south-east, and heading for him at full speed. It had come so close to him that he could barely get out of its way, as it rushed ahead, steam hissing, wheels and springs clanking and thumping as it sped along the rails. After passing him, it slowed up and came to a stop, as he judged, about a quarter of a mile north of where he stood, on the western shore of Muggah's creek.

He told this to a number of his acquaintances the following day and even showed some of them where the phantom train had passed him, expressing his conviction that some day a railroad would run here. At the time there seemed to be little or no prospect of Sydney getting rail-



way connection with the outside world, the Government of the day considering this island too remote and too unproductive to warrant the cost of building a road. It was a common saying that a railway in Cape Breton would not pay for its axle-grease.

A few years later, however, the Government decided to extend the Intercolonial Railway to Sydney, and the road was actually built. The first intention was to have the station built off King's road, near the present site of the Oil Tanks. Our seer's friends more than once took occasion to twit him about the railway stopping so far short of where he had seen the train stop. "Never mind," he would answer, "this may not be the railway that is going there, but there will be one some day."

Before the road was completed, an agitation sprang up to have the railway brought into town; a petition for that purpose was circulated, largely signed and forwarded to Ottawa, and after some delays and bargainings the prayer of the petition was granted, the track was extended along the shore of the Creek, and the station built where the seer had seen the train stop.

One man to whom the place had been

pointed out years before the railway was built and who was here on a visit from the States some years after, had the curiosity to go to see where the track crossed Townsend Street. He found it to be exactly on the spot pointed out by the man who had seen the vision.



### MICMAC LEGENDS

THE Micmacs tell of many great men of their tribe who did heroic things in the ages of the past. The greatest of all these heroes was Glooscap, who would seem to have flourished about the time that the white men began to come across the great water to the east. To judge by his achievements, he must have possessed the powers of a god, yet he was Indian to the core; he could do miracles, but still he thought, acted and felt as did the humblest of his clan: he was bone of their bone and flesh of their flesh.

In the larger number of the legends, Glooscap is shown as having Minas Basin and the surrounding country as the scene of his activities. It would appear, however, that his life was not all spent in that dis-

trict, that all his wonderful works were not done in one place. According to some tales picked up in Sydney, he often, perhaps every summer, came to Cape Breton, making his encampment on the island of Boulardarie, and was there many years after the French first came to these shores to claim and occupy the land.

In these tales the hero is not represented as a blood-thirsty warrior whose glory it is to scalp and slay those who have the misfortune to offend him. There is no blood shed, not a single life is cut off to appease his anger. Those who displease him are made to suffer inconvenience and feel his power, but are neither tortured nor put to death. We have here, perhaps, an indication that the ideals of the Micmac were not those of war and blood, but rather of peace. It is well known that as a people they were not so savage in their ways as were some other Indian tribes inhabiting the country when it was discovered.

On one occasion, so the local story goes, Glooscap wishing to have an interview with the king of France, set about arranging for a visit to that far-off country. There happened to be no vessels from

Europe on the coast at the time, and as the Indian craft were too frail to attempt a voyage on the Atlantic, Glooscap was at a loss what to do. Altho he possessed marvellous powers, he never exercised them except in great emergencies. This proved to be such an emergency; after waiting in vain for a passage by ordinary means he decided to make the voyage independently of all human aid. A small island not far off the head of Boulardarie was pressed into service. Glooscap rowed to this island, with a word of magic loosed it from its foundations, and on it sailed on his way to France. Arriving there, he went to gay Paris, had his audience with the king and came back across the Atlantic on his rocky little island, which he then placed back where he found it, and where it remains firmly anchored till this day—a sanctuary for the wild fowl and a place for the fisherman to dry his nets.

At another time a French Admiral had anchored his fleet in the Great Bras d'Or, near Glooscap's encampment. The Indians and the French were always on friendly terms, but in some way the relations between these two became strained, so much so that Glooscap, after exercising great

patience, decided to teach the admiral a lesson. One fair evening the latter set his watches, and he and his men went calmly to sleep, but during the night Glooscap's magical powers were at work, and in the morning when the admiral looked out he beheld, not the blue waters of the Bras d'Or but a wilderness of trees and shrubs and blueberry blossoms. He and his fleet were high and dry on the top of Cape Dauphin.

It was quite unnecessary to ask who was responsible for this, or to question any one as to what was to be done under the circumstances. Nothing could be done but send an embassy to Glooscap, to confess the admiral's fault and to implore forgiveness. But the great chief was not easily appeased. Before the pale-face could obtain the favor he had so thoughtlessly thrown away many valuable gifts had to be sent to the redskin's wigwam, the choicest of which was a large copper pot. Finally, Glooscap having become satisfied that the punishment meted out had produced the necessary repentance, agreed to send the fleet back to its native element. The admiral was told to go to sleep that evening as usual, setting his watches and

assigning to each man his duty the same as when at sea. This the admiral did: he and his men laid them down to sleep, and when they awoke the next morning the fleet was riding at anchor in the Great Bras d'Or.

Needless to say the admiral made haste to get away. He ordered his ships to put to sea at once, and in obedience to his command everything was put in readiness. Sails were unfurled, anchors were weighed, every man at his post. A strong westerly breeze was blowing, but, to the astonishment of all, not a ship moved. Fearing that they had offended Glooscap again, messengers were despatched to see him and to make amends. The messengers were told that their ships were held fast and would so be held until they had paid proper respect to him whose land they were leaving, and the admiral was warned never again to leave these waters without first firing a royal salute in honor of the great chief. The messengers having returned with this warning, the admiral gladly acknowledged his fault, the salvo was fired, the outcome being that before the echo of the twenty-first gun had died away, the ships with bulging sails were making for the ocean.

## LOOKING BACKWARD

**H**ERE, for the present, our sketches of Old Sydney must end. In these days, our minds are so taken up with present-time events that we are inclined to give but little thought to that which pertains to days gone by. We are all interested in the awful conflict in which the nations are engaged, we all look for but one issue, whatever be the cost. There is so much in the present that to many it may seem but folly to stir up memories of the past.

Yet, in times of war as in times of peace, memories have their place. A people without traditions can never be a nation, nor can a country without a history fight for freedom. A look backward may not always be satisfactory: such a view may not be uniformly pleasing. But if we are to measure progress, we must once in a while look the past fairly in the face. And if we find that our ways are better than the ways of those whom we have succeeded, we must not forget that the credit belongs largely, not to us, but to them. They labored to improve conditions and modes of living; we enjoy the fruits of their labor.



There is inspiration in the past. We see good deeds and bad deeds, we see successes and failures, gladness and sorrow. We also see the causes that underlie these, and unconsciously the pattern of our life begins to change. We are inspired to choose the right, to avoid the wrong; we resolve and sometimes act as we are inspired; and perhaps these resolutions and actions of ours may inspire others—when the far future shall have become the present, and the present shall have receded into the mists of long ago.

There is a fascination about the past. Memory loves to linger there, and to look upon things with a kindly eye. In her vision, school-days with their many tasks and ill-borne restraints are remembered as the brightest and happiest period of life, while the old home farm is transformed into a paradise of green hills, rippling water and blue skies. Memory brings back men and women long since gone; we watch their movements, hear their footsteps, listen for their voices, and see them visiting their old haunts, living as in the days of old.

And it must be confessed that we delve into the past, not because we seek wisdom

or inspiration, but because we want to satisfy our intense longing for a better knowledge of humankind, for a more intimate acquaintance with those who have gone before us. That, after all, is the great incentive to writing history, the main motive in gathering tradition. It is, in any case, the only reason that can be given for the writing of this little volume on Old Sydney.

THE END