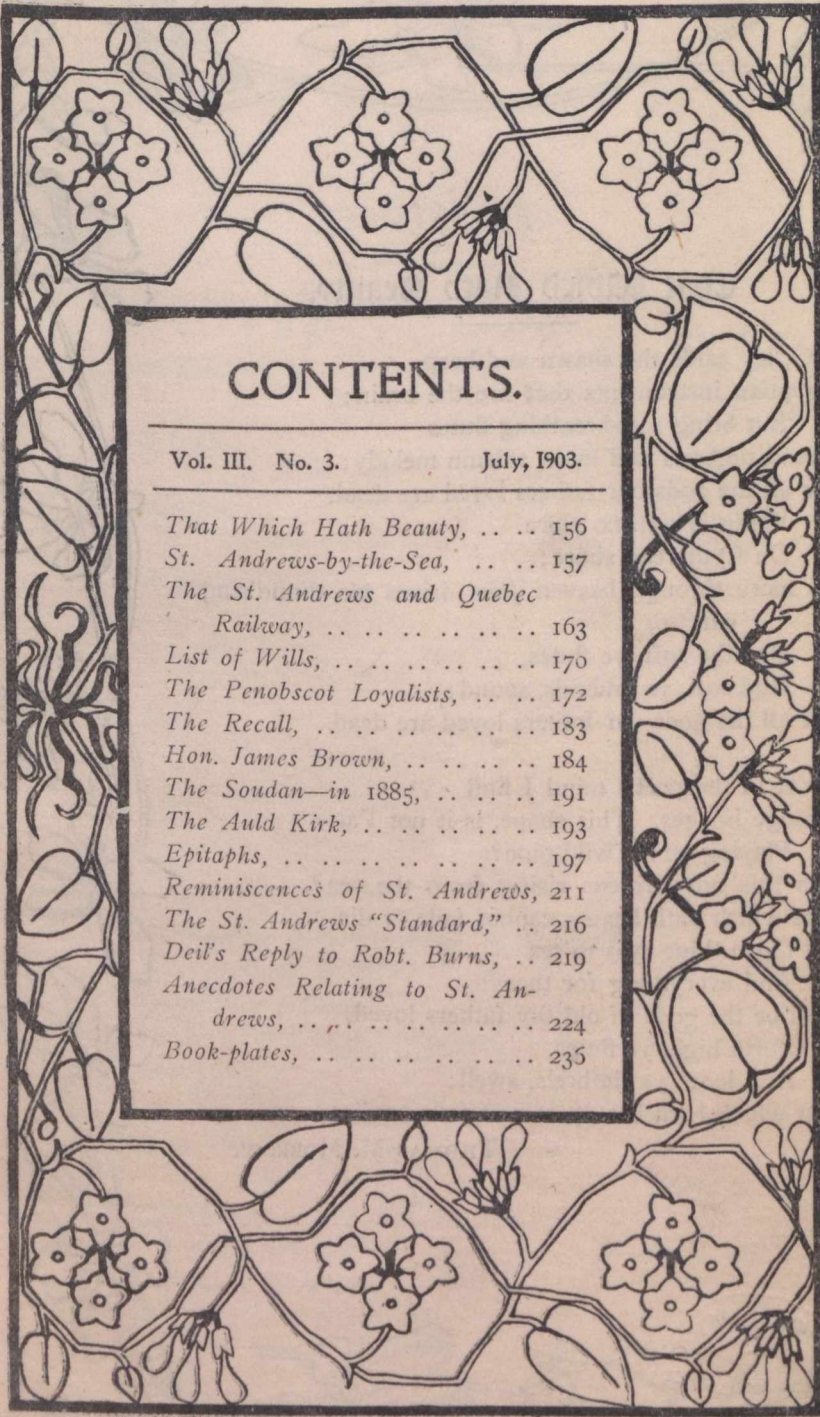




RESIDENCE OF SIR WILLIAM C. VAN HORNE.

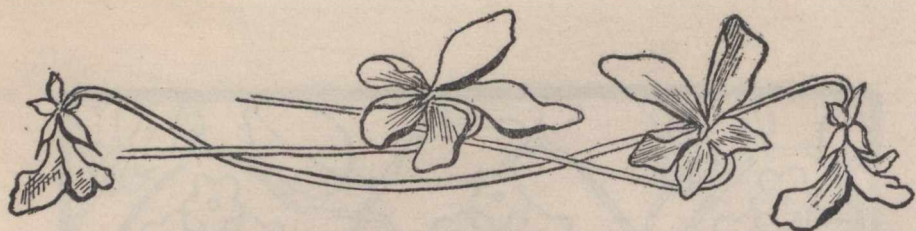


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That Which Hath Beauty.

O, lay aside the shawn and harp,
Egyptian instruments that fire the brain;
But bring soft-breathing flutes
And timbrels and make solemn melody;
For all the gods our fathers loved are dead.
Venus is seen no more
On Cytherean shore;
No more through heaven Jove drives his thund'ring
car.

Breathe soft, ye flutes,
And soft, ye timbrels, sound;
For all the gods our fathers loved are dead.

Yet in the poet's mind I find
Strange images. This shape, is it not Pan
Playing on his wild pipe?
Is this not Proteus rising from the sea?
That which hath beauty cannot fade or die.
Open thine eyes to see
And everything for thee
Shall be the gods of old thy fathers loved.
Shrill high, ye flutes,
And loud, ye timbrels, swell;
That which hath beauty cannot fade or die.

THOMAS M. MORROW.



A. M. Daniel.

ACADIENSIS

VOL. III.

JULY, 1903.

No. 2.

DAVID RUSSELL JACK, - - - - - EDITOR.

St.-Andrews-by-the-Sea.



IF we examine the map of New Brunswick, which Province the far famed St. Croix River divides from the State of Maine, we will discover in its southwest corner the beautiful Passamaquoddy Bay, one of the finest sheets of water, among the many in the Acadian Provinces. Protected by a circling chain of islands from the fog, wild storm and chilling breath of the ocean, it forms what is indeed an ideal cruising ground for the yachtsman, and deep sea fisherman. Here are islands galore, Pendleton's Island among others, where will be found fine opportunities for picnics or camping parties.

On a peninsula running far out into this bay stands the town of St. Andrews, back of which may be observed Chamcook Mountain, a hill of about four hundred feet in height, from the summit of which we command a view over many miles of magnificent scenery. Hill and dale, river and bay, town and country, forest and cleared fields, all lie at our feet.

Looking in one direction we observe the little island where in the summer of 1604, the Sieur de Monts and Samuel Champlain with their small band of adventurers endeavored in vain to establish a colony. This is the Doucette's Island or Docia's Island of today.

Turning our gaze upon the town of St. Andrews we

observe its broad roads and streets, lined with beautiful trees, its splendid situation upon a gradual declivity, the ground sloping from the water front back to the brow of the hill once crowned by Fort Tipperary, within whose ancient earthworks may now be observed snugly ensconced the beautiful summer cottage of Sir Thomas Shaughnessy.

Further to the north we may observe Minister's Island, where is situated the charming home of Sir Wm. C. Van Horne. Here is a stock farm of which a king might be proud, and stables fit for a palace.

Minister's Island is reached from St. Andrews by a lovely drive out by Mowat's Grove, and along the Bar road. At low water we may drive across upon the broad sandy bar or walk dry shod to the island. At high tide this bar is covered by twenty feet of water. The drive across it has been compared by a Canadian writer to the journey of the Children of Israel across the Red Sea, where the waters fell back on either side, while the Israelites passed through.

From St. Andrews there radiate many beautiful roads, where we may wheel or drive at will, through the Cedars to Joe's Point, around Indian Point, along the St. Croix River to St. Stephen, or by the post road towards St. John, along which lie many picturesque hamlets and villages.

There is much about St. Andrews to interest the historian and the antiquarian, and while an effort has been made to give the reader a fairly general historical outline in this number of ACADIENSIS much must necessarily be left to future issues.

In commercial importance, the port of St. Andrews once rivalled that of St. John. Here in days gone by have been seen from eighty to one hundred square rigged vessels leaving port at one tide, under convoy of British ships of war.



POINT MIDGIC



BLOCK HOUSE AT JOE'S POINT.

If we stroll through the old church yard, we cannot but observe upon the tombstones the small percentage of names of men between twenty and sixty years of age. Death at sea, by sickness in foreign ports, or by ship-wreck, robbed St. Andrews of many a brave and stalwart son. The denudation of the forests, the decline of wooden ship-building and many other causes, have acted unfavorably upon the trade of the port. To the close observer, however, it would appear that the town has passed through the most trying period of its existence, and the recognition of its charms and advantages as a summer resort, is causing a favorable reaction upon the trade to the very material advantage of its inhabitants.

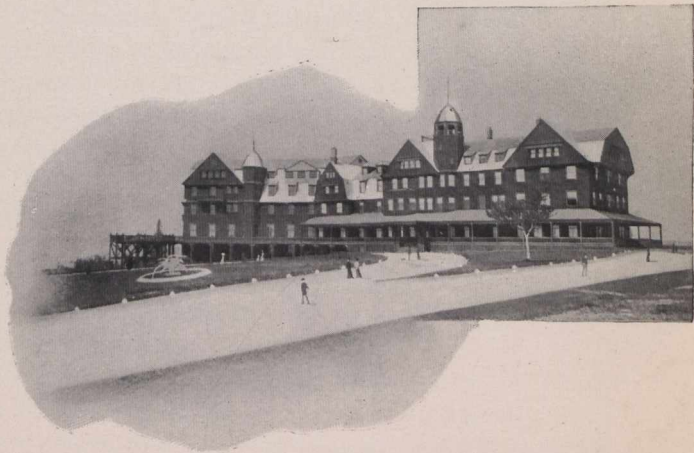
By any person who mingles freely with the people of this old town, there may be gathered up a wealth of anecdote and story. St. Andrews was always rather famous for its stories, and among those of bye-gone generations were many who might well be classed as rare raconteurs. Even yet, a good story well told may frequently be heard, and the writer knows of no one more capable in that respect than mine host Kennedy, whose well kept hostelry has been a favorite stopping place, for nearly half a century, for tourists in summer, and gentlemen of the grip the year around.

Upon Fort Hill in line with the fine residences which have been constructed there by several wealthy Canadians, stands the Algonquin Hotel, a long, rambling picturesque pile of building, in which every room is a front room, and every window commands a fine view over land and water. If we enquire as to what principle was followed in the construction of this building, we might be told that like Topsy it "jes growed." Two or three fortunes have been spent upon it. First what was considered to be a modern and roomy hotel was constructed. This was found to be too small, and it

was nearly doubled in size. Recently the title to the property, so it is stated, has been acquired by the Canadian Pacific Railway. When the writer visited St. Andrews in March, and again in April of the present year, he found an army of men at work, under the management of the Superintendent of Hotel Construction of the C. P. R., and under whose direction money was being lavished upon the structure. Here and there a new balcony, to one side a fine extension destined to be a music room, throughout the building, from garret to cellar, doors were being closed up and others opened, more bath rooms were being fitted up, partitions removed in some places and new ones constructed in others. The one place in the building that did not appear to need any further improvement was the kitchen, which in the excellence of its lay-out appeared to leave nothing to be desired.

This beautiful summer resort may be reached by rail or water. For the Upper Canadian or the dweller in the far west, the Canadian Pacific Railway is, of course, the best, indeed the only route, but for the tourist from the United States, who would prefer a journey by water, it may be reached by the steamers of the Eastern Steamship Co., which connect at Eastport with smaller craft, and land one at St. Andrews in something over two hours time, after leaving the larger boat.

Returning again to our historical reminiscences, there will be found in St. Andrews many curious old houses, notably those once owned by Robert Pagan, the frames of which were brought from what is now Castine, Maine, at the close of "The Rebellion," and set up anew in St. Andrews. For years St. Andrews was a garrisoned town. Now all but the earthworks and a couple of old guns have disappeared from Fort Tipperary. The writer well remembers playing as a child within its deserted bastions, its decayed pallsades



ALGONQUIN HOTEL.



FROM THE ALGONQUIN HOTEL.

and the two or three old buildings which stood for years the ravages of time have all vanished. Down at Joe's Point may still be seen the old Block-House, grass-grown redoubts and earthworks.

In many old St. Andrews houses there yet remain treasures in mahogany and silver, brought by Loyalist ancestors in 1783. In one house are no less than five old fashioned "highboys," a dining table beautifully inlaid with rare woods, an old clock which has marked the flight of time in the same family for nearly two centuries, and the family coat-of-arms hanging in the hall as was the custom with so many of the old St. Andrews families.

The American, with his easy ways and ready money, has carried back to the land whence it originally came, many an old relic of bye-gone generations, but enough still remains to give the visitor an idea of what the town once was, when the Parkers, the Pagans, the Potes, the Wyers, the Wiggins, the Campbells, the Streets, and many other old families were in the hey-day of their prosperity.

The native Indians still roam about in the vicinity of St. Andrews, a remnant of the once famed Passamaquoddy tribe, but they are no longer the dreaded warriors of a century and a quarter ago. Gentle and peaceful, skilled in the art of basket weaving, they still hunt the porpoise and build the canoe, and are a fading remnant of a once powerful race. With the death of Sebatis, about two years ago, there passed away a man who was of fine physique, strong and powerful, quick at the chase, a sure shot, a marvel with the paddle and canoe, brave, generous and kind. Of him it might well be said that he was by instinct a gentleman. Made much of by men of means and leisure who frequented St. Andrews in times past, he never presumed, and he conducted himself with propriety at many a festive board at which he was a guest.

The late Charles C. Ward, a New Brunswick artist, who excelled in Indian pictures, left at least one fine portrait of Sebatis, who had been his companion in many a fishing and hunting cruise.

St. Andrews has a milder climate than is to be found in other parts of the Province. The spring opens early and the winter is late in coming. The climate is at least a fortnight earlier than that of St. John, the difference being due no doubt to the sheltered situation of the town.

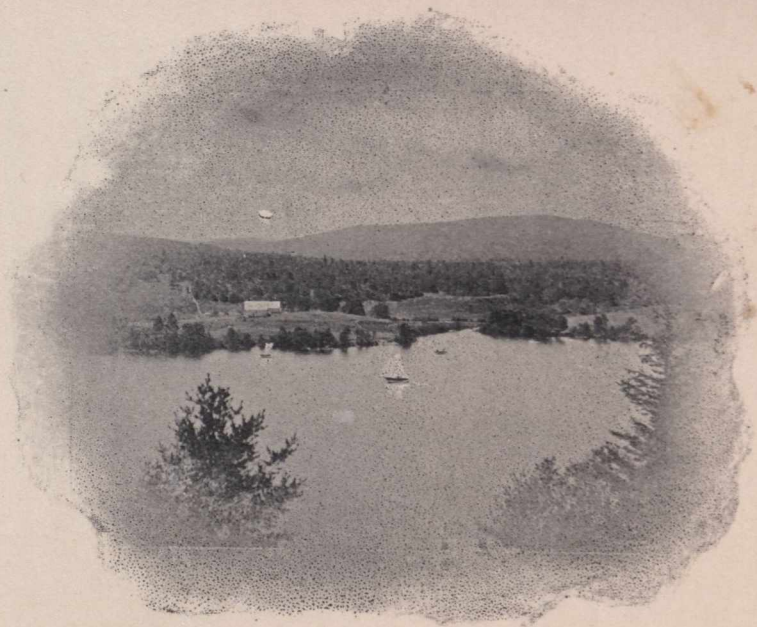
To those who are fond of fishing and shooting, there are splendid opportunities within easy distance of St. Andrews. Excellent craft from the "pinkie" to the schooner may be obtained in the harbour, and cod, haddock and pollock are to be caught in abundance within a short distance, the expense of such a trip, including the skipper with his boat, lines, bait and provisions, being only from three to five dollars a day. If three or four persons are included in the party, this is indeed a moderate charge for an outing.

The golf links at St. Andrews are well known to players throughout Canada, and one of the social events of the season is the occasion of the golf tournament, when there is an interesting round of balls and parties, at which the visiting players are the lions of the hour.

But it is impossible in a brief sketch such as the present, to give an adequate idea of the many charms and attractions of St. Andrews for visitors of every class and every line of thought.

To see is to believe, and what more pleasant experiment can be undertaken than to spend a few weeks in this lovely corner of the world, away from the cares of life, from the bustle and turmoil of a great city, and where art and nature have united in providing so bountifully for man's temporal enjoyment.

DAVID RUSSELL JACK.



VIEWS ALONG THE LINE OF THE CANADIAN PACIFIC RAILWAY NEAR ST. ANDREWS.

The St. Andrews and Quebec Railway.



THE history of the progress of any country is profoundly influenced by the presence of natural, or the development of artificial facilities for communication and transportation. This is fully true of New Brunswick, and an important chapter in the annals of this province, as well as in those of Saint Andrews, is the construction of the Saint Andrews and Quebec Railway.

On the 5th of October, in the year 1835, a meeting of the inhabitants of Saint Andrews was held for the purpose of forming an Association, to be called the "Saint Andrews and Quebec Railroad Association," to promote an intercolonial railway between their own progressive town and the city of Quebec, and thus to make Saint Andrews the winter port of Canada. Now this was a bold and striking design, though its true nature may not be evident at first sight. It was not only that Saint Andrews was but a small town, and that over two hundred miles of rough wilderness separated it from Quebec, but also that railroad building was very new, and hardly yet beyond its infancy. It was only ten years earlier, in 1825, that the first train drawn by a locomotive began to run regularly in England, and not until 1829 that Englishmen became aware that railroads were to revolutionize land travel. The first railroad was opened in the United States in 1830, and in Canada (between La Prairie and St. Johns), in 1836. And in 1835 the people of Saint Andrews proposed to build a railroad to Quebec!

The Association thus organized was composed of the following men, whose names hold an honorable place in the annals of Saint Andrews: Hon. James Allanshaw, chairman; Thomas Wyer, deputy chairman; Harris Hatch, John Wilson, James Rait, Samuel Frye, J. McMaster, committee of management; Adam Jack, secretary and treasurer, and there were fifty members. This Association took its task seriously and proceeded to its great work with energy and judgment. A deputation was sent to lay the advantages of the undertaking before the Lieutenant Governor, who replied most favorably, and before prominent men of the Province, who gave their support to the Association. The government and Boards of Trade in Lower Canada were also consulted, and responded. Further, the Association caused to be made immediately, at its own expense, a preliminary survey of a route from Saint Andrews to the border of Quebec. The line followed the general course of the present road to Debec Junction, and beyond that to the east of Mars Hill, across the Aroostook at the mouth of the Big Machias thence across the Allegash below the first lake, thence nearly west to the head of the Etchemin leading to Quebec. The reader will at once notice that from Mars Hill to near Quebec this line passes through the present State of Maine; but it is to be remembered that in 1835 this entire region was claimed by England, and it was not until 1842 that it was assigned by the Ashburton-Webster Treaty to Maine. In the meantime the Association was vigorously proclaiming to the public the advantages of the line, and of Saint Andrews as the winter port of British America, and this, with so much success, that before the close of the year, the united approval of the governments and of many of the people of Lower Canada, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick had been secured.

Early in the following year, 1836, a deputation of the Association proceeded to England to endeavor to obtain aid from the British Government. The matter was taken into consideration and in the meantime an immediate grant of £10,000 was made by the government for a detailed survey. This survey was carried out in that year under Capt. Yule; its course, very nearly that of the earlier survey, is shown on Wilkinson's map, and it located the present route of the railway from Saint Andrews to Woodstock. In the meantime, in March, 1836, the "Saint Andrews and Quebec Rail Road Company" had been incorporated by the New Brunswick Legislature, with a capital stock of £750,000, and it was authorized to begin construction when one-third of the stock had been subscribed for. Early in 1837 another deputation sailed for England to renew the application for aid from the government, and the reply to their application, received in July, not only was the first reverse the Association had received, but it brought the entire project to an abrupt and complete stop. For the reply not only was that the British Government could give no aid to the road, but that in consequence of the protests of the State of Maine, which claimed the most of the territory through which the road was to run, all operations must be suspended until the boundary question was settled. This was a bitter disappointment to the indefatigable promoters of the road, but there was no alternative, and all work on the project was at once dropped.

It was five years before this long-standing boundary question was settled, (in 1842), and it resulted in placing the northern boundary of Maine so far to the northward as to increase immensely the length of an all-British line from Saint Andrews to Quebec, which must now necessarily follow the route by way of the Madawaska and Temiscouata. It was no doubt this

discouraging addition to the former difficulties of the route which prevented the immediate revival of the project, and it was not until three years later, in 1845, and then, no doubt, only under the stimulus of the railway fever then widely prevalent and of the prospect of competing roads from the interior to the Atlantic seaboard, that the Association again became active. But in October, 1845, the reorganized committee of management set to work with its old vigor. It sent committees to St. John, to England and to Quebec to promote the interests of the road which were now seriously menaced by the activity of the promoters of the "Great Northern American Railway," from Halifax to Quebec, the forerunner of the present Intercolonial.

In December, 1845, subscription lists for stock were opened, and liberal amounts were taken in the province. Special arrangements were also made with a company of stockholders in England, and as a result it was considered safe to proceed with the actual construction of the road. Accordingly in November, 1847, ground was broken for the first time in the rear of the town of Saint Andrews, and railway construction, not only on this road, but in New Brunswick, was thus inaugurated. The work, however, proceeded very slowly, and it was not until Feb., 1851, that the contract was let for the construction of the first 10 miles from Saint Andrews, which was at once commenced. But the troubles of the Association had begun earlier! It was hard to sell stock, and harder yet to obtain money on the stock that had been subscribed for; and it was only the bold and persistent energy of the promoters with the liberal aid of the New Brunswick Government which enabled the company to continue its work. I have not space, nor perhaps would it interest the reader, to detail the struggles of the company during this period, and the

ingenuity of the expedients to which they resorted to present a bold front to the world and keep the work in progress. He who is interested in the details will find them set forth with great fullness and clearness, and with ample statistics, in the remarkably well-written and detailed "Account of the Saint Andrews and Quebec Railway," published anonymously at St. John in 1869, and from which I have taken most of the facts in this article. It will be enough here to state that in 1851 ten miles of the road from Saint Andrews had been nearly finished and the contract had been let for the remainder of the distance to Woodstock, which place, for some time past, had been the goal of the company. This work, paid for in part by grants from the Legislature of New Brunswick and in part by the English stockholders, (the people of the province having ceased to invest in the enterprise) was then energetically pushed forward, and in 1853 was well advanced, and this despite constant financial difficulties and serious misunderstandings between the representatives of the English stockholders and of the local Association.

In this year, 1853, occurred an event which, had it led to the result desired, would have had without doubt a profound effect not only upon the future of this road but also upon the whole history of railroad building, and especially of the Intercolonial Railway in New Brunswick. It was this; an English Company offered to undertake the extension of the railroad from Woodstock to Quebec if granted the same privileges and facilities by the Local Government as had been granted the Saint Andrews and Quebec Railway and the European and North American Railway, then being built from St. John to Shediac. Had this proposition been accepted it is very probable that the Intercolonial railway today would follow the St. John from Wood-

stock to Edmundston, and thence by the Madawaska to the St. Lawrence, with a branch to Halifax from the vicinity of Fredericton, while the present road by the North Shore would not have been in existence. But the government could assume no further obligations of this kind and the plan was dropped, only to be taken up in another form twenty years later, and when it was too late to send the Intercolonial by this shorter and better route.

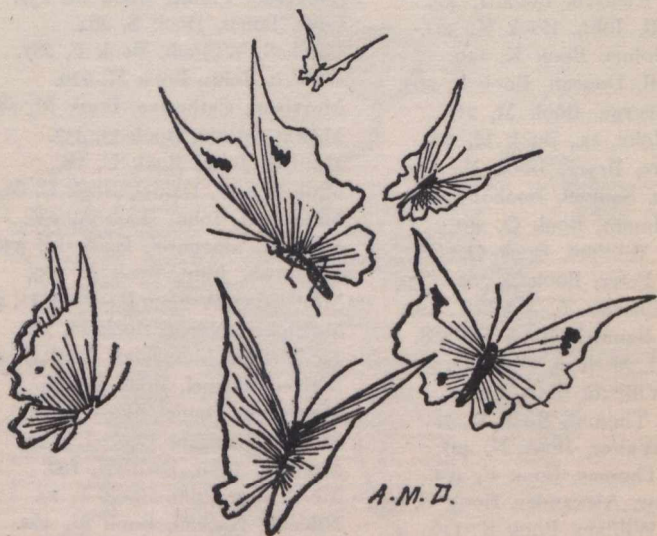
We can now briefly trace the completion of the road. Owing to troubles with the contractors the company took possession of the road and in June, 1855, all work and traffic had been suspended. But too much had been invested to allow the road to be abandoned altogether, and in May, 1856, a new company, the "New Brunswick and Canada Railway and Land Company" was formed in London to complete the road to Woodstock. Mutually satisfactory arrangements were completed with the stockholders of the earlier companies, the Saint Andrews and Quebec Rail Road Company ceased to exist, and work was actively resumed by the new company. The road was formally opened for the first 34 miles in October, 1857; as far as Canterbury in 1858, and to the terminus at Richmond in 1862, but it passed into the hands of a receiver in 1863.

Branches were built later by independent companies, to St. Stephen in 1866, to Woodstock in 1868, and to Houlton a little later, while in 1870 the rails which had been laid as far as Richmond, (simply an accidental stopping point on the road to Quebec) were taken up as far back as Debec Junction. A few years later a new company built the railway from Woodstock to Edmundston, but as the completion of the Intercolonial in 1876 had made this route to Quebec of little value, it was not until 1887 that the Temiscouata Rail-

way was built and closed the last link between Saint Andrews and Quebec. Thus was finally realized the dream of the promoters of the road more than half a century before. But it came too late for the attainment of their hopes. Conditions had changed and trade had sought other channels, and today this route is much the least important of the three which connect interior Canada with her Atlantic seaboard.

Such was the history of the Saint Andrews and Quebec Railroad. We must admire the courage, perseverance and energy of its original promoters, and we must regret the ill-luck which robbed their labors of their fruition.

W. F. GANONG.



List of Wills.

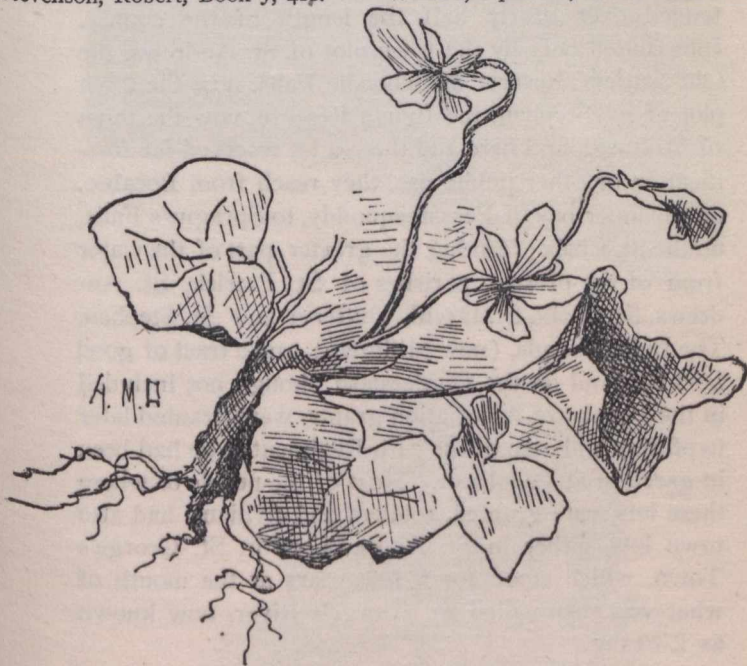
List of Wills on Record St. Andrews' Registry Office from 1783 to 1849, from search made by D. R. Jack.

- Adderly, John, Book I, 378.
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 Post, Dennis, Book D, 124.
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 Pagan, Robert, Book G, 91.
 Pine, Ichabod, Book G, 104.
 Pagan, Miriam, Book J, 22.
 Parkinson, James, Book P, 322.
 Pratt, Mary Book R, 725.
 Pendleton, Thomas, Book T, 719.
 Rodgers, John, Book I, 278.
 Ross, William, Book J, 311.
 Rutherford, James, Book J, 419.
 Razor, George, Book T, 798.
 Stilwell, Samuel, Book B, 64.
 Strange, John, Book H, 370.
 Shaw, John, Book J, 492.
 Stevenson, Robert, Book J, 418.</p> | <p>Stephens, Abijah, Book P, 300.
 Sutherland, Andrew, Book P, 335.
 Scott, Christopher, Book P, 206.
 Scott, William, Book R, 314.
 Strachan, Angus, Book U, 681.
 Turner, Mark, Book E, 321.
 Thompson, William, Book I, 267.
 Thompson, James, Book I, 526.
 Troak, James, Book T, 40.
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 Vaughn, John, Book S, 29.
 Wyer, Thomas, Book H, 294.
 Wooster, Oliver, Book K, 520.
 Wright, David, Book M, 145.
 Whitlock, Jane, Book R, 148.
 Wilson, William, Book R, 542.
 Wilson, Robert, Book T, 535.
 Willard, Ephraim, Book R, 308.</p> |
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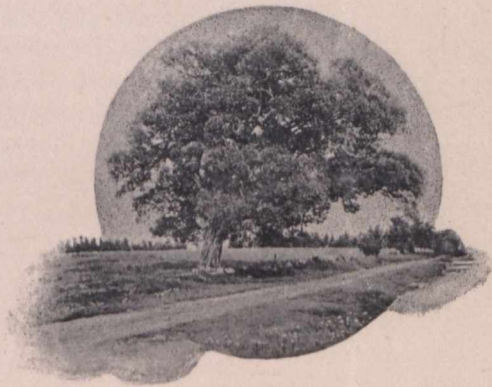
The Penobscot Loyalists.



O the people of New Brunswick, and most of all to those of the western parishes of Charlotte, the story of the Penobscot Associated Loyalists will always be of interest. The six tracts of shore and river lots granted to them in 1784 extended over nearly half the length of the county. Interrupted only by the town plot of St. Andrews, the Old Settlers' Reserve at Schoodic Falls, now the town plot of St. Stephen, the Indian Reserve, now the town of Milltown, and here and there a lot reserved for fortification or other public use, they reach from Bocabec, on the inner bay of Passamaquoddy, to Sprague's Falls, on the St. Croix; forming the greater part of the water front of the present parishes of St. Patrick, St. Andrews, St. Croix, St. David, Dufferin and St. Stephen. The Indian Lands, (now Milltown), and a tract of good farming land on the Digdeguash, though not included in the Penobscot Association grants, were granted later to officers and men of the 74th Regiment, who had been in garrison at Penobscot. Most of the people to whom these lots were granted, soldiers and civilians, had also town lots, either in St. Andrews, or in St. George's Town, which stood for a few years at the mouth of what was then called St. George's River, now known as L'Etang.



SMUGGLERS' COVE.



ALONG THE HIGHWAY NEAR ST. ANDREWS.

Falmouth, in the District of Maine, in the Province of Massachusetts Bay, a little shipping port and town on Casco Bay, where now stands the city of Portland, was in 1775 the scene of events in which we find the beginning of the story.

One Capt. Samuel Coulson, in the spring of that year, had completed and launched a ship of one thousand tons; and on board another of his ships lying in the harbor were the rigging and sails for his new vessel, which he had brought from England. Coulson, of course, was a Tory. None but a Tory in Maine at that time would have dared thus openly to bring in goods from England and enter them at the custom house in a regular way; and probably no one else but a Tory would have had wealth enough to build a thousand ton ship—or, to put it in the reverse way, no one possessed of so much wealth would have been anything else but a Tory. However others might have been divided in matters of politics, the men of property would have been found on the side of law and order.

For years there had been a growing opposition to the laws of trade and navigation; and, when to these restrictive laws were added others for their better enforcement and for the collection of duties, the opposition on the part of the Whigs took the form of what we might now call a boycott upon English goods. If the Whigs, who were in the majority, could only force the Tories to join them in their boycott, it might, they hoped, be effective in securing a repeal of the objectionable acts of Parliament.

Coulson's ship had just arrived, bringing the sails and rigging. What did it matter if there was no other way for him to get rigging and sails? To bring them from England was in contravention of the non-importation agreement; and a committee of citizens of Falmouth, not much given to troubling themselves with all the

requirements of law, but very zealous indeed for the enforcement of this agreement, forbade the landing of the goods and ordered Capt. Coulson to return them. Instead of obeying the committee's order, Coulson called for the help of the sloop-of-war *Canceaux*, then at Boston; and under her protection he made the landing and had his new vessel fitted for sea.

Like the Boston "tea party," this unimportant event is worth noting as a conflict between the leaders of the disaffected party and the officers of the Crown. Though, for the time being, the strong arm of the law prevailed, it helped to mark the breach which already existed between the law-breakers and the law-abiding—the ever widening separation between those who evaded or opposed the enforcement of the laws that bore most heavily upon New England and those who contended that English law, whatever restrictions it imposed, was binding upon English people so long as it was the law of the land.

Without attempting to discuss the causes that led to the war of the American Revolution, we may remember that so far as the ruling motives of the principal actors were concerned it was at first very largely a smuggler's war. Nice questions of rights and liberties came later. Deep seated antipathies existed long before the King's collectors of customs came to America. But it was the effort for a stricter enforcement of the revenue laws that brought armed resistance.

A smuggler, in those days, was not necessarily of the pirate type. Even in the eyes of the revenue officers of today, smugglers are not always hardened reprobates. No doubt there were good and pious New Englanders who persuaded themselves that the customs laws were iniquitous, and the breach of them a sort of patriotic duty. Even John Hancock, whose wealth and respectability made him useful as an ostensible leader

in the revolution, owed his inherited riches, it is said, to infractions of the revenue laws, and was himself an offender. It need not be supposed, then, that the members of that "Boston tea party," or of this committee of citizens of Falmouth, were atrocious scoundrels; though they might count with certainty upon the sympathy and assistance of all such persons in the community to whom the law was an affliction.

Some weeks elapsed before Capt. Coulson's new vessel was ready for sea, and the sloop-of-war at liberty to go back to Boston. In the meantime, the growing disaffection in Massachusetts had become open rebellion. Excited by the news of the battle of Lexington, a body of armed men—embattled farmers, like those of Lexington—marched upon Falmouth, with the avowed purpose of capturing the war ship. Finding her commander on the outskirts of the village, with his ship's surgeon and a hated Loyalist clergyman of the town, they took them by surprise and made them prisoners. The leader of this foray was one Thompson, a militia officer and a member of the provincial congress. Under threat of bombardment, the prisoners were released; but for several days the town was in the hands of a drunken mob from all the surrounding country, engaged in pillaging the houses of the Tories. This time of riot and disorder is dignified in United States history as the military possession of the town by Thompson.

Capt. Jeremiah Pote and his two sons-in-law, Robert Pagan and Thomas Wyer, men who afterwards became leaders of the Penobscot colony, were among these suffering Tories. The commander of the *Canceaux*, who at the earnest solicitation of the more respectable inhabitants still spared the town, was Capt. Henry Mowat, who at the close of the war conducted one or more of the Loyalist fleets to Nova Scotia.

Capt. Mowat is best known to the people of the United States for his further connection with the town of Falmouth. Sent out in the autumn of the same year on an expedition against the disaffected sea ports east of Boston, on the refusal of the Falmouth people to give up their guns, he opened fire and destroyed one hundred and thirty houses, about one-fifth of the town. The Congregationist meeting house was spared. He is generally accused of burning the whole town, without any excuse or provocation except as a matter of personal vengeance. The people, who had refused to give up their cannon to save the town, not only gave him no thanks for sparing their church, but were still more embittered against him because he endeavored to save the houses of Loyalists. Mowat's act of severity, however, like the expatriation of the Acadians, did not meet with the approval of the British Government; and it seems to have cost him that loss of favor that afterwards, on more than one occasion, stood in the way of his promotion.

Soon after the first uprising at Falmouth, a very similar occurrence took place at Machias, but with very different result. Machias was beyond the boundary of the old Province of Maine; in territory lying east of the Kennebec, sometimes called the District of Acadia, sometimes the District of Sagadahoc. There was some doubt as to whether this territory was properly under the jurisdiction of Massachusetts, or under that of Nova Scotia. But its trade was principally with Boston; and its inhabitants had come from Scarborough, a town adjoining Falmouth, bringing with them all the bitterness against the government and against the Tories which revenue laws and other grievances had aroused. Though, by reason of their remote situation, they were possibly less troubled by the restraint of law than the dwellers in any other village in New England,

the Machias people were none the less impatient of that restraint. To them the forest laws must have seemed particularly oppressive.

It may be admitted that the restrictions placed upon lumbermen were in some respects unreasonable; and it is not surprising that the New Englanders, when they saw valuable timber within their reach which the law forbade them to touch, should fail to see that its protection was a matter of the public interest. Forest laws, if enforced at all, were enforced in the King's name. When resisted or evaded, as they habitually were, the plea was made that they interfered with the rights of individuals. In the conflict between the royal prerogative on the one side and personal liberty on the other, the true interest of the commonwealth was apparently forgotten. The surveyors of the King's woods, always unwelcome visitors in New England, were especially so in Maine, where their authority was questioned, and all the territorial rights involved were believed to be vested in the government of Massachusetts Bay instead of in the British Crown.

Quite naturally, then, the Machias lumbermen, when news of the affair at Lexington had reached them, hailed it as the beginning of hostilities; and were ready to spring to arms in defiance of an authority which they had learned to hate and had long been accustomed to disregard.

One Capt. Jones, (not the Capt. Jones who was so closely connected with the early history of St. Andrews), having loaded two sloops with lumber at Machias and disposed of his cargoes in Boston, returned under convoy of the armed schooner *Margaretta*, and asked permission to load again. Jones was suspected of being loyal, and it was whispered that the lumber was for barracks for the royal troops. A secret meeting was held, at which it was decided to

take possession of the two sloops and their escort; and on Sunday, while the officers were in attendance at the village place of worship, an unsuccessful attempt was made to carry out the plan. Next day the attempt was renewed. Capt. Moore, who commanded the *Margaretta*, wishing to avoid a collision, left his anchorage and started for the open sea. He was followed by a sloop from the harbor, filled with armed men; and, owing to an accident, was soon overtaken. The engagement was short and sharp. Moore fell mortally wounded, almost at the first discharge, and four of his men were killed. This ended the battle. The *Margaretta* was taken back to Machias as a prize.

The action is notable as the first sea fight of the Revolutionary War; and its importance for us is hardly less than that of the fight at Lexington. Perhaps no one in Machias doubts that either the Penobscot or the Kennebec would now be the boundary line of the British possessions if the affair of the *Margaretta* had had a different ending—an opinion we find it very easy to endorse. The eastern territory, debatable as it was, attached to the colony of Massachusetts Bay with certain reservations which did not apply to the western section or old Province of Maine, and freely connected by name with the conquered Province of Acadia, sent no representative to the general court. Its people, more especially those in the neighborhood of Penobscot, were strongly inclined to be “well-wishers to the government;” and the old fort at Penobscot had been abandoned in the preceding year because its commander, a Loyalist, would not hold it in the interest of the Massachusetts authorities. The people of Machias themselves, before they obtained their grants of land from Massachusetts, had twice applied for them to the Government of Nova Scotia, believing the place to be within the jurisdiction of the latter province. From

all this we may well suppose that if the little settlement had been visited and its settlers scattered at the time of Mowat's mission to the eastward, or if Sir George Collier had not spared it in mistaken clemency when his ships threatened it two years later, its site would now lie within the Dominion of Canada, and the projecting wedge of Northern Maine would not encroach upon our map.

Those of the Falmouth Loyalists who found refuge in Boston for a time were brought to Halifax at the evacuation of that city; where, no doubt, they used their best efforts in behalf of fellow Loyalists in the Penobscot region. In the beginning of 1779, orders were received from England for the establishment of a military post in Penobscot Bay. This was to afford a place of refuge and protection for all the Loyalists of Maine. Believing that if independence were established the Penobscot would be the boundary line, the new fort was built on the eastern side of the mouth of the river, where a narrow peninsula offered a suitable site. Here it was proposed to found the capital of a new province, to be called New Ireland; which should be governed as a crown colony, and have no elective assembly until the tendency of the people to republicanism should be less marked.

The walls of the fort were not yet breast high when the post was attacked by a large force sent out from Boston for the purpose. The story of its heroic defence need not be retold. Capt. Mowat, who was in charge of the three sloops-of-war in the harbor, has given a full account of it; though for the details of the various manœuvres by which he held the enemy in check he modestly refers to a journal kept by an officer on shore. This was, no doubt, the journal of Dr. John Calef, another leader of the Penobscot Associated Loyalists;

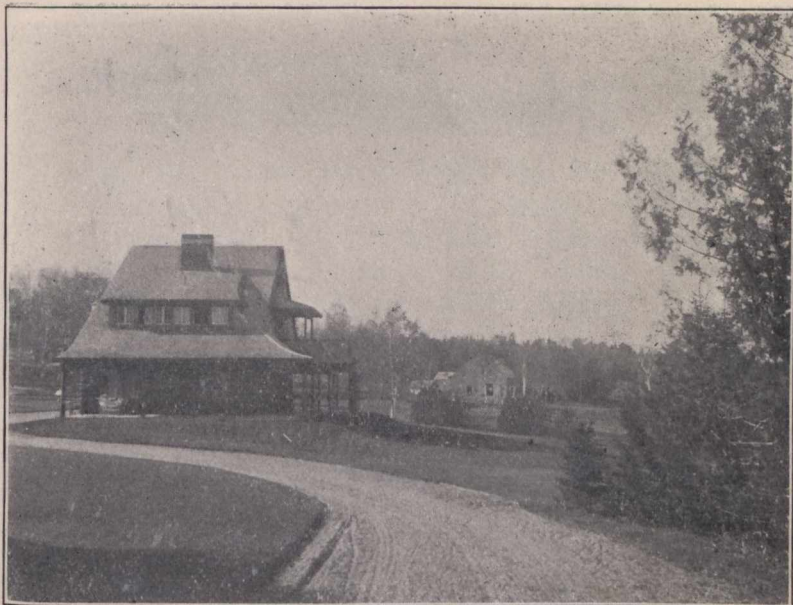
an abstract of which, by the late Edward Jack, was published some years ago.

Relief came after the King's forces had held out for twenty-one days against a fleet and army of more than six times their number and strength. The relieving fleet was composed of one ship-of-the-line, two frigates and three smaller vessels. On its approach the besiegers fled up the Penobscot River; where they burned their shipping and took to the woods. The British loss in all was seventy men; the enemy lost nearly five hundred, besides eighteen war vessels, twenty-four transports, and all their provisions and stores.

In the words of Capt. Mowat:

Thus ended the attack on Penobscot.— It was positively the severest blow received by the American Naval force during the war. The trade to Canada, which was intended, after the expected reduction of the Post of Penobscot, to be intercepted by this very armament, went safe that Season: The New England Provinces did not for the remaining period of the contest recover the loss of Ships, and the Expence of fitting out the Expedition: Every thought of attempting Canada, & Nova Scotia, was thenceforth laid aside, and the trade & Transports from the Banks of Newfoundland along the Coast of Nova Scotia &c: enjoyed unusual Security.

Gen. McLean, under whose command the post was established, returned to Halifax after the completion of the fort, taking with him the Hamilton Regiment, which had borne its part in the defence. Among the subordinate officers who accompanied him were Capt. Craig, afterwards Sir James Craig, Governor-General of Canada, and Lieut. Moore, afterwards Sir John Moore, who fell on the field of battle in the Peninsular war, and was "buried darkly, at dead of night," on the ramparts of Corunna. The 74th Regiment, the



SUMMER RESIDENCE OF MR. WILLIAM HOPE.



CHAMCOOK LAKE.

Argyl Highlanders, remained until the close of the war; and when they sailed for England, near the close of the year 1783, they left some of their officers and men behind, to receive their discharge at Penobscot, and make their future homes with the Loyalists whom they had protected.

Penobscot, held through the closing years of the war, was lost by the peace. An American writer has said that the boundary line was determined rather by possession than by the compass. Possession seems to have been considered when it told against the British, not when in their favor. Castine, as we now call the site of the Penobscot post, was at the time of the treaty well fortified and garrisoned; and was a busy little town, thronged with adherents of the Crown and their families, and promising to become the centre of an important trade. The miserable little post at Machias, protected by its insignificance, was occupied by an officer nominally in charge of the eastern Indians. Even though his Indians had long since deserted him and accepted the King's peace, this occupation, with the civil claims of the Province of Massachusetts, such as they were, outweighed the town and garrison of Penobscot; and the St. Croix was made the boundary line.

The evacuation of Penobscot did not take place until January, 1784; and so Fort George, as it had been named, was the last fort in the territories of the new republic from which the King's forces were withdrawn. Before that date, some sixty or seventy houses had been erected at St. Andrews for the Castine people who intended settling there.

As at Penobscot, it was the intention of these Loyalists to build their town upon the first convenient harbor east of the boundary. But it had not yet been decided whether the Schoodic or the Magaguadavic

was the St. Croix; and the first of the Penobscot settlers who landed at St. Andrews had been warned that according to the United States contentions they were still in Massachusetts territory. Some of them, therefore, elected to settle east of the Magaguadavic on the shores of the beautiful harbor of L'Etang; and there they built St. George's town, where, in 1784, over one hundred and fifty grantees obtained allotments of land in undisputed British territory. When, however, in 1790, St. George's town was completely destroyed by a forest fire, the place was abandoned; most of its inhabitants joining their fellow Loyalists in St. Andrews, although the boundary was still undetermined.

The Loyalists of St. Andrews and the surrounding parishes cleared their lands, built ships, sawed and exported lumber; and, when occasion required, took up arms again in defence of their new home. A street, a pond, a stream, an inlet, here and there, preserve the names of leaders. Few of their descendants remain in the old town of St. Andrews today. Individuals and families have passed away, and the works of their hands have perished. But their thoughts and sentiments remain, more permanent than things material; their love of British institutions, their respect for British laws, their loyalty to the flag and to the throne; and their tenacity of purpose withal, yielding not a foot of territory which they could retain for Britain, and ready to risk every danger of attack to which a frontier town might be exposed rather than be driven farther from their former homes. Reverencing, as we do, the memory of the great body of exiled Loyalists, who laid well the foundations of this Dominion of Canada, we may yet cherish a special regard for the memory of the Penobscot Loyalists, who stood by the boundary line.

JAMES VROOM.

The Recall.

Westward the winds go,
Sharp, with a storm in the sky,
In the ponds the piping is done,
Wood songs are still; and I

Feel four-fold the old time cold,
The bareness of desolate hills;
And, somehow, the loss of you
Strikes deep when the gray skies fill.

Spring will return
And the robins call for rain,
Alone on the road at night,
I will find no light at your pane.

You grave is red on the hill,
But you, for your life was Truth,
Must, in immortal worlds,
Know the bliss of immortal youth.

Westward the winds go,
And I, too, fall on my way,
Out with the storm and crowd,
But you lie secure of day.

BERTA MARIE CLEVELAND.

Wolfville, N. S.

Hon. James Brown.

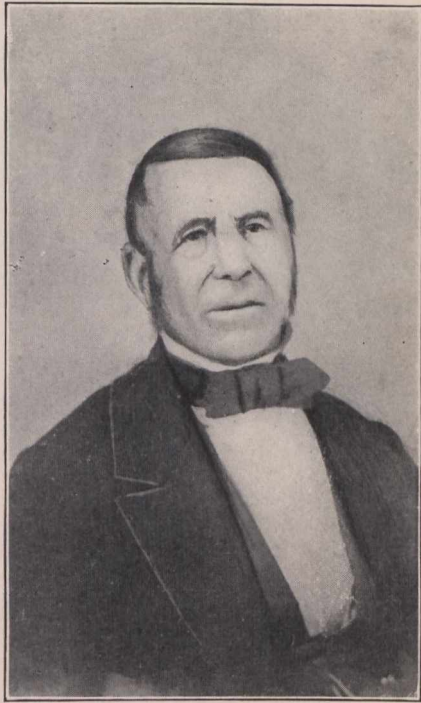


THE poem entitled "The Deil's Reply to Robert Burns" has of late attracted much attention, not on its own merits alone, nor in connection with memorial celebrations of Burns; but chiefly on account of its authorship, many suggesting that Burns must have been the author himself. Therefore in the public interest it is as well to set the matter at rest.

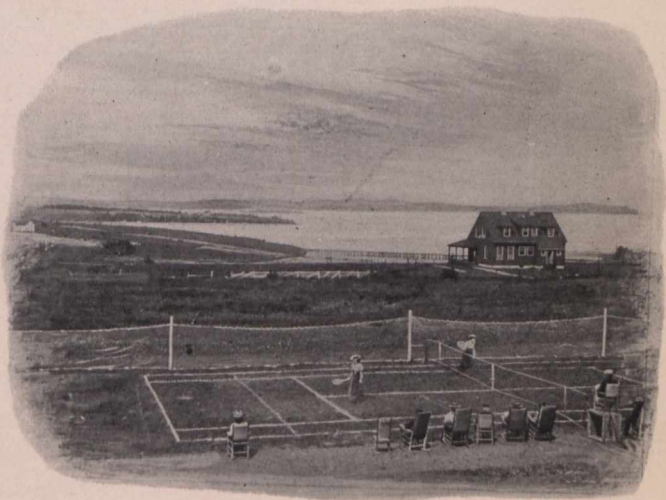
The real author of the poem was, beyond peradventure, the late Hon. James Brown, a former Surveyor General of the Province of New Brunswick prior to Confederation.

Mr. Brown was born in Forfarshire, Scotland, in the year 1790, and when a mere lad, about the year 1808, emigrated to New Brunswick, landing at St. Andrews, Charlotte County, then one of the most important towns in the Province, making his way a little later on from there to Tower Hill, a few miles distant, where he settled down on the "rocky farm," as he was wont to term it on political occasions, and where he spent the remainder of his long and useful life, dying in the year 1870 at the advanced age of eighty years, and lies buried not far from his old home amid scenes he dearly loved and a people whose confidence and esteem he held throughout his whole life.

Mr. Brown was a member of the New Brunswick Legislature, as a representative of the County of Charlotte, for a period of thirty-four years, about ten years of which time he was a minister of the crown in the capacity of Surveyor General. He was also for a time



HON. JAMES BROWN.



TENNIS COURT NEAR ALGONQUIN HOTEL.

a member of the Legislative Council. His earlier years in the Legislature were marked by stirring political events in the history of the province, of which perhaps the most momentous was the settlement of the International boundary line between New Brunswick and the State of Maine, a question that brought the two countries to the very verge of war, and which was no doubt hastened at the time by the great land speculation that swept over this eastern country in 1835-37, as well as by the agitation that had begun in the scattered provinces for an intercolonial railway, a preliminary survey of which had been made between St. Andrews and Quebec in 1835 by Col. Yule, R. Engineer, the route of which lay through the disputed territory. The chief cause of the trouble arose over the direction the line should take from the source of the St. Croix River to the highlands dividing the waters which flow into the St. Lawrence from those that flow into the Atlantic as expressed in the Paris Treaty of 1783, and which involved a large area known as the Aroostook Country; and it may be remarked here that the divergence between the two lines as claimed by the respective commissioners amounted to nearly a right angle.

The New Brunswick Legislature voted a large sum of money and called out the militia to hold the disputed frontier against the marauding lumbermen and land speculators, who had begun to attack the tall pines for which the Aroostook had become so famous. Mr. Brown, who had before this time risen in the militia to the rank of Major (and afterward to Lieutenant-Colonel) was ordered with a force of militia into the field, but happily before armed hostilities began the case was settled by peaceful arbitration between the high contracting parties, Great Britain and the United States, and the line definitely defined in 1842.

Mr. Brown was one of the chief actors in the great

struggle for "Responsible Government," by which the province was raised from a Crown Colony to one of local self-government as it exists today, and his administration of the Crown Lands Department after the change as one of its first Surveyor Generals is, perhaps, his greatest political work. During his incumbency of that office most of the highways of the province were opened up and built, and mail routes and post offices established generally. It is said that he personally selected and engineered the great roads surveys and actually in some cases spotted with his own hands the lines on the trees through the woods.

He was also the author of the Labor Act (so called) under which a large amount of Crown Lands were entered for settlement and by which means some of the most thriving agricultural districts were reclaimed from the virgin forests.

It is also said that during his term of office he visited every parish in the province, in many cases travelling on foot. It was his custom in the early days, in attending the sessions of the Legislature, which usually took place in winter, to travel on snowshoes to and from his home to the capital at Fredericton, a distance of nearly a hundred miles.

The cabinet, of which Mr. Brown was a conspicuous member, was one of the most progressive executives New Brunswick has ever had, and many reforms were brought about during its regime. Voting by open ballot was first introduced, and the same law with very little change in principle is in force today. A Provincial Board of Works was established and the highways divided into two classes, and distinguished as "great" and "bye" roads, the former built and maintained by the government and the latter maintained largely by statute labor, and is a striking testimony to the completeness of these systems of railroading and mainten-

ance, more than half a century of time has brought about no practical change in their conditions, and it may be further said that no province of the Dominion, nor perhaps state of the Union, is today traversed in all directions by more miles of good roads in proportion to area and population than New Brunswick.

The first attempt at railway building in New Brunswick was also undertaken by the government of that day, and as the result of aid in both land and money voted by the Legislature, the St. Andrews and Quebec Railway Company (already referred to), and the European and North American Railway, designed to connect Halifax, St. John and Portland, Me., then among the most ambitious railway projects on the continent, were promoted. As a result, the former was constructed in the early fifties from St. Andrews towards its objective point to near Woodstock, a distance of about eighty miles, and now forms part of the Canadian Pacific system. The latter was constructed about the same time between St. John and Shediac by the government as a public work, a distance of more than one hundred miles, and now forms part of the Intercolonial system.

Much other legislation of importance was passed at that time, amongst which may be mentioned Acts relating to Education and the Support of Public Schools by Taxation, and also popular government for municipalities, but owing to their having "local options" attachments they were not generally adopted until made compulsory by the action of a later government.

As an educationalist Mr. Brown was in advance of his time. Having been a teacher in his earlier years, and realizing the value of education as a prime factor in a country's progress, he early espoused the great principle of state education.

When the question of the establishment of a Provincial University was first mooted, Mr. Brown headed the delegation appointed by the New Brunswick Government to visit the principal colleges and universities of America, for the purpose of studying the methods of higher education. As the result of the report of that delegation Old King's College, Fredericton, was remodelled (largely on the lines of "Brown University," Providence, R. I.) and transformed into the New Brunswick University.

After retiring from political life, Mr. Brown, as Special Commissioner for New Brunswick, made a tour in the early sixties, of England, Scotland and Ireland, delivering a series of lectures on "New Brunswick as a home for Emigrants." He also wrote a pamphlet for distribution on the same subject, which did much to advertise the province in the old land, but as no financial aid was then given toward emigration, the results were not as marked as acts of later date which were accompanied by substantial grants of public money.

Mr. Brown was essentially a self-made man. He was a tireless worker, a deep thinker, a close student, a polished orator, a poet and writer of no mean order, a good citizen, and above all he was an honest, upright, trusted servant. He ranked a close second in the race for public honors with the best men of his day, among whom may be mentioned the late Sir Samuel Leonard Tilley, the late ex-Gov. L. A. Wilmot, and the venerable Senator Wark (who has recently passed his hundredth birthday, and who is probably the oldest legislator in the world), all political contemporaries and life-long friends of Mr. Brown.

His rapid rise from a humble beginning to place and power shows a striking example to rising generations of what pluck, energy, fidelity to duty, and hard work

could accomplish in the wilds of New Brunswick more than two generations ago. Few public men will be longer or more kindly remembered in New Brunswick than the Hon. Jimmy Brown, as he was familiarly called, and many an old resident to this day delights to dwell on his splendid qualities of heart and mind, and to recall the memory of many happy hours spent in the sunshine of his genial companionship.

Mr. Brown was related (by not very distant ties of blood) to the poet Burns, whose mother's maiden name was Ann Brown, and he had a distinct recollection of having seen, when a child, the poet in person. Burns' poetry was an inspiration to him. It is said he could recite every line of it, and his rendering of "Tam O'Shanter" had a more than local fame. At the Burns celebration held in St. John on Jan. 25th, 1859, commemorating the poet's first centennial anniversary, Mr. Brown was chosen to deliver, at the Mechanics' Institute, the oration of the day, a task he was eminently fitted to perform, and which he did, as reported at the time, to an enthusiastic audience and amidst great applause.

Mr. Brown was an ardent Liberal in politics, a stanch Universalist in religion, and a consistent advocate of prohibition. He had a large part in the great temperance reform wave that swept over New Brunswick and the neighboring State of Maine some fifty years ago, and which culminated in the passing at that time of the "Maine Liquor Law," as also of a similar enactment in New Brunswick, shortly afterward repealed.

Considering all the favorable circumstances it would be difficult to imagine one better equipped for the task, or more likely to have conceived the idea of such a "reply" to "Burns' Address to the Deil."

Much interesting and reliable data has been gleaned

of late from living witnesses respecting this poem and its author, in some cases from distinguished public men, to whom the author not only submitted the poem before it was published, but actually consulted as to their opinions of some of the sentiments contained therein.

The original manuscript, with the author's signature, and in his own handwriting is now in the possession of his descendants, and is thought to have been first written about the year 1857 or 1858, and whilst the author occupied that honored chair at his desk in the little old Crown Lands Office, so well remembered, at Fredericton.

The production of the poem was, no doubt inspired by a prize competition offered by one of the Scottish Societies for the best poem to commemorate the then approaching Burns Centennial. Many MSS. were contributed from all over the world, and the judges to whom they were referred found much difficulty in determining whether this poem should occupy first or second place. It was decided, however, after much deliberation, to award it second place. It bore no authorship at the time, but purported to have been written by "His Satanic Majesty" himself, from the "Deil's Chair," so called, a somewhat famous spot near Lumleyden in Forfarshire County, Scotland, a place familiar to Mr. Brown's boyhood days. The reasons given by the author to his intimate friends for not appending his name are said to have been purely political ones. The poem first appeared in public print in America in the *Scottish American Journal*, in 1859, and the editor of that paper in a note appended said (in part): "What to do with this poem we have been at a loss to know. It has been under the editorial ban for twelve months. Too heterodox, some think, to print, but too good to lose. Of all the centenary poems

which have been sent us, this is perhaps the cleverest." A copy was also sent to the author's brother, Andrew Brown, then living near Dundee, Scotland, and was probably published at about the same time in the Scottish newspapers.

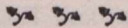
The poem is supposed to have been re-cast later by its author as the original MS. referred to as now extant contains two more verses than as originally published, and bears date Feb. 26th, 1864, and is thought to have not been published heretofore in its present form.

This poem is destined to travel along down through the ages in the procession with Burns' own works, and will be read as long as Burns is remembered. It is a credit to its author and would not have been unworthy the genius of the great poet himself.

The Hon. James Brown's work as a statesman was unfortunately circumscribed by provincial boundary lines, and is therefore limited in appreciation, but as the author of "The Deil's Reply" to Robert Burns, his name and fame will become more and more world wide as the years roll by.

D. F. MAXWELL.

North Sydney, April 20th, 1903.



The Soudan—in 1885.

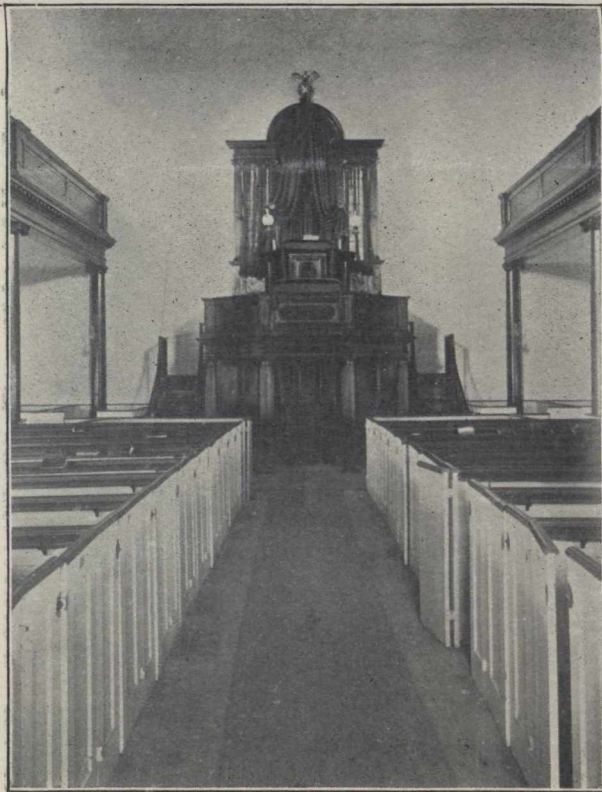
With sudden trump blown single in the night,
 Shrill with prophetic pain,
 Blown sharp and clear and keen—as lightning-flash
 Rends velvet gloom in twain;
 With opening eyes of torches thro' the shroud
 And veil of sand-wove mist;
 Ringed round with steel and crested with red fire,
 Each helmet glory-kissed;

With short, stern word and answering wave of change
 That stirs a moment yet,
 Then stilled—four-square to all the blasts of hell
 The ranks are closed and set!

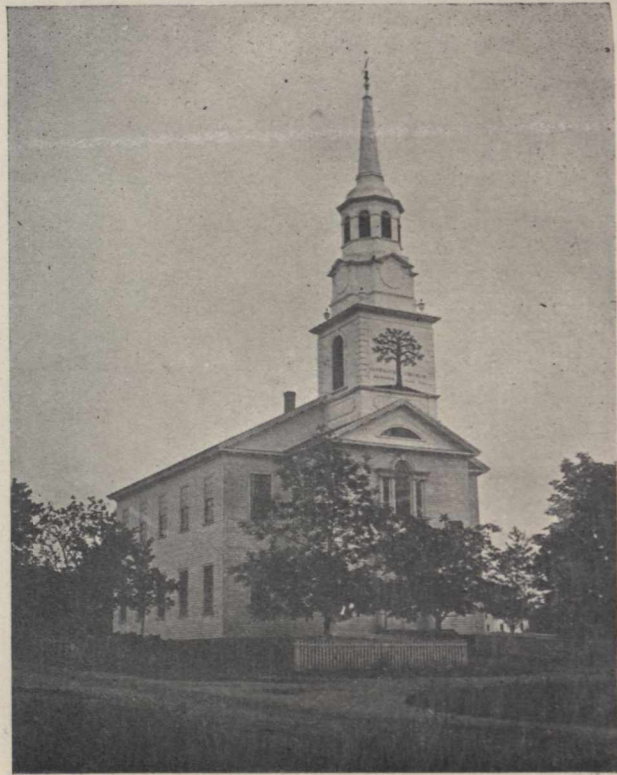
With clamorous rush and hiss of driven sand,
 As crashing billows roar,
 What time old Ocean, in white fury, hurls
 His squadrons 'gainst the shore;
 And rank on rank the wild sea-coursers spurn
 Their shattered van aside
 To break against the everlasting hills
 Their fierce and tameless pride:
 So—spears for wave-crests, eyes like glittering foam,
 The Desert pours her braves
 In living surges, breaking as they roll
 And swirling into graves!

Stand fast for England 'gainst the Desert might
 Ye lads of dale and glen!
 What though the tally of your thin, red ranks
 Be less than one to ten!
 Of old your fathers faced the self-same foe
 To win the Holy Land,
 And wrote their names and England's in bold script
 With wet blood on the sand!
 And, if they failed, though Richard's lion heart
 Fought with them in that fray,
 Show now the Crescent waning from the Cross
 And square the score today!

CHARLES CAMPBELL.



INTERIOR GREENOCK CHURCH.



GREENOCK CHURCH.

The Auld Kirk.

Some Bits of the Early History of Greenock Church,
St. Andrews, N. B.



HE tall graceful white spire of Greenock Church—a silent finger pointing heavenward—rises far above the beautiful old town of St. Andrews-by-the-Sea. For a few years after the settlement of this place by United Empire Loyalists, people of all creeds worshipped in the Episcopal Church, the first rector of which was “Parson Andrews,” a man of broad and liberal spirit, who was greatly beloved by every one, who was altogether devoid of sacerdotal pretensions.

After the death of Mr. Andrews in 1817, when a new rector, a man of narrower views and more arbitrary spirit was placed over the congregation, the Presbyterian portion of the flock grew restless, and said one to another, “Let us rise up and build.” The Rev. John Cassels, the first minister of the Presbyterian Church in Windsor, N. S., and at one time professor in King’s College, grandfather of M. N. Cockburn, K.C., Judge of Probates for Charlotte Co., came to St. Andrews a year or two after the death of “Parson Andrews” to take charge of the High School, which had just been established. Mr. Cassels was a man of learning and culture and spiritual power, as his sermons, some of which the writer has been privileged to examine, abundantly testify. It is quite evident that the presence of such a man in the place stimulated the

Presbyterian population to undertake the work of building a church where they could worship God after the manner of their fathers.

A good beginning was soon made, but from some cause or other after the exterior of the building had been partially finished the work ceased. A lady now living whose memory goes back to that early time tells the following story: At a public dinner an Episcopal wag present grew jocular over the lack of perseverance manifested by the Presbyterian saints. Capt. Christopher Scott, a wealthy and generous-hearted, but most eccentric Scotchman from the town of Greenock, "a square set man and honest," and intensely loyal to his own church, who was present at the dinner, brought his fist down on the table with a tremendous thump, and in language forcible as his gestures, said that he would convince his friend that the Presbyterian saints were all right. He at once took charge of the work and was not long in completing one of the handsomest church edifices in the province at that time, with its beautiful pulpit of mahogany and bird's-eye maple, which in itself cost the redoubtable old captain about two thousand dollars. He sent a West Indian trader to Honduras for the Mahogany. The bird's-eye maple he procured in Charlotte County. Mr. Gordon Gilchrist, who was a member of the first session of the congregation, as also of the first Board of Trustees, was the master-builder of the pulpit. The design Capt. Scott obtained from his native town of Greenock, Scotland. Whether the sound of hammer was heard in the building of the pulpit or not, no nails were employed in its construction, except the screws of the door-hinges.

There is a popular legend that the pulpit was made in Scotland and brought out to St. Andrews just as it stands today. We cannot tell how the story originated, but we suppose that it was thought incredible that

such skilled workmanship could be procured at that early period in a small colonial town. It was necessary then to import ministers from Scotland but it was not necessary to import pulpits.

Although Capt. Scott had lived for some years in this country his heart was still in the land of "brown heath and shaggy wood." There was no place like Greenock under the sun. In some way he wished to have this handsome sacred monument of his generosity suggestive of the loved city of his birth. The method he employed was to have placed on the end of the immense tower facing the street a carved oak tree in full leaf, a bit of the heraldry of his native town, the name of which is a slight modification of Green Oak.

Almost as much ingenuity has been manifested by strangers in interpreting this unique symbol of this beautiful old church as Biblical expositors have shown in explaining the days of Daniel, or the beast of the Revelation.

Some have found an historical meaning in the green tree on the white kirk tower. When the present Superintendent of Education for the Province of New Brunswick visited St. Andrews a few years ago, he was told by a gentleman who claimed to know all about it, that those who erected this church in the early part of the last century, came from Scotland, where they had met together for worship before embarking for the new world under the spreading branches of an oak tree. That last service in the home land was so memorable in their experience that when they built for themselves a place of worship, they carved this tree on the face of the tower, this tree, which was forever more to be associated with the most tender bit of experience in their life. Dr. Inch felt that the story was suspiciously suggestive of certain experiences of the Pilgrim

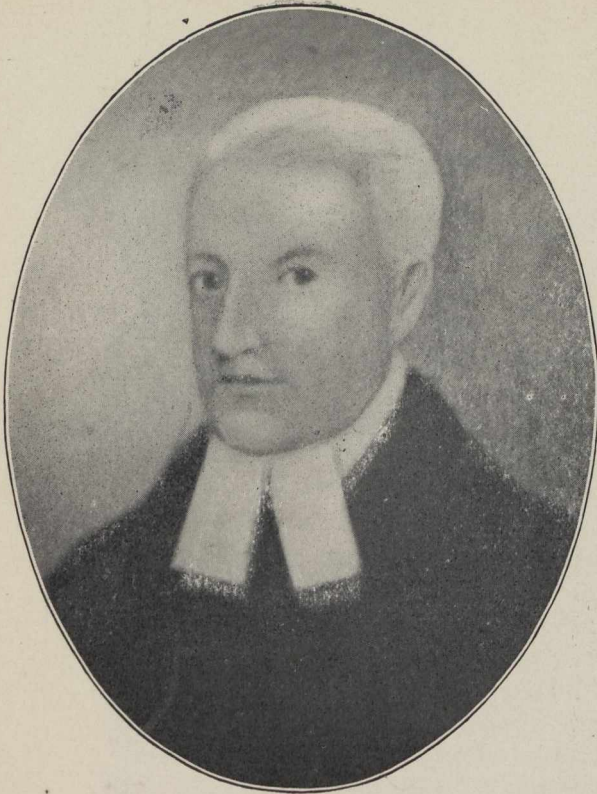
Fathers; but who can tell how often history repeats itself?

It is a beautiful story, which ought to be true. It is probably as authentic as the story of Tell and the apple, and many other popular bits in the history of every country. It is not necessary that one should be a prophet or the son of a prophet, to predict that in a very few years this will be the popular interpretation of the green tree on the white kirk tower. George Eliot says that it is as useless to fight against the interpretations of ignorance as to whip the fog.

The first pulpit Bible used in this church contains the following inscription: "Presented by the Rev. Dr. Davidson, of Edinburgh, to the Scotch Church of St. Andrews, New Brunswick, May, 1824." Dr. Davidson also presented the congregation with a beautiful silver Communion Service, which is still in use. We have not been able to ascertain why Dr. Davidson, who was most prominent in church affairs in Scotland at that time, took so deep an interest in this colonial congregation, but it seems reasonable to infer that he was a personal friend of Mr. McLean, the young Scotchman who was the first minister of the church.

Greenock Church was greatly blessed at the outset in the boundless generosity of her friends, and in this respect history has repeated itself in our day, for the beautiful new manse, erected two years ago, is the munificent gift of Mrs. Geo. R. Hooper, of Montreal, whom St. Andrews loves to number amongst her summer visitors.

A. W. MAHON.



REV. SAMUEL ANDREWS, FIRST RECTOR OF ST. ANDREWS.



TOMB OF REV. SAMUEL ANDREWS IN OLD BURYING GROUND.

Epitaphs.

Old Burying Ground St. Andrews.

(Transcribed by D. R. Jack).

Sacred
to the
Memory of the
REV. JEROME ALLEY, D.D.,
for forty years Rector
of this Parish
who died
August 5th 1861
Aged 77 years.

HELEN G.,
wife of
HORACE T. AMES,
Died 27th Feb. 1861.
Aged 30 years.
A few short years of evil past,
We reach the happy shore,
When death—divided friends at last
Shall meet to part no more.

Sacred
to the memory of
THE REV'D SAMUEL ANDREWS, A.M.
The first Rector of this Parish
who departed this Life the 26th day of Sept. A.D. 1818
AEt. 82.
Thus after a well spent life and faithful Ministry
of 58 years.
This beloved Father of his flock
has resigned his spirit
into the hands of Him who gave it
Looking forward
to that crown of immortality
which
The Lord the righteous Judge
Shall at the last great day
bestow
on all his faithful servants.

In Memory of
 MRS. HANNAH ANDREWS
 Consort of the REV'D SAM'L ANDREWS
 who departed this life
 January first 1816
 aged seventy-five years.
 I pass the Gloomy Vale of Death
 from Fear and Danger free
 For there his aiding Rod and Staff
 Defend and comfort me.

Sacred to the Memory of
 ELISHA SHELTON ANDREWS, second
 son of the REV. SAMUEL ANDREWS, A.M.
 first Rector of this Parish, who departed
 this life on the 26th May A.D. 1833, in
 the 61st year of his age,
 the deceased was appointed High Sheriff
 of this County on the 16th April 1805,
 which office he held until his death, a period
 of 28 yrs & upwards during all which time he
 discharged his Various Official duties faith-
 fully to the Public and in a Spirit of Moderati-
 on and Kindness to all.
 He died universally esteemed and regretted
 after a long and lingering illness which he bore
 with patient resignation to the divine
 will, and in the hope of a joyful resurrection.

Also to the Memory of
 ELIZABETH HANNAH, Relict of
 ELISHA SHELTON ANDREWS ESQ, and
 3rd daughter of the late RICHARD S. CLARKE
 first Rector of the Parish of St. Stephens in
 the County of Charlotte, who departed this
 life on the 30th June 1839, in the 64th year
 of her age.

She was an affectionate wife, a kind Mother,
 And an estimable Woman.

Sacred
 To the Memory of
 MARY ANN
 wife of
 MARSHALL M. ANDREWS
 who
 departed this life
 Jan. 30 1852
 Aged 35 years.
 Deeply and deservedly regretted.

In Memory of
 MR. GEORGE ANDREWS
 who died at Kingston, Jamaica
 May 24th 1794 Aet 20.

MARY ELIZABETH
 died Sept. 4, 1840
 AE 2 mos.

SHELTON CLARKE
 died Feb. 18, 1843
 AE. 18 mo's

SAML. S. CLARKE
 died Aug. 29, 1846
 AE. 15 mos. 11 d's
 All children of R. M.
 & R. M. ANDREWS.
 Take heed that ye — —

In
 Memory of
 MARY
 wife of
 ROBERT ATCHESON
 and dau of JOHN
 & RACHEL ROGERS
 who died
 October 1840
 Aged 20 years
 Erected by her Daughter
 and only child

ACADIENSIS

Sacred
to the Memory of
RICHARD AUSTIN
who departed this life
May 15, 1851
AEt. 66 yrs.

Also his wife
ANN AUSTIN
who departed this life
Dec. 9, 1853
AEt. 65 years

MELVILLE
and
KATIE
Children of DAVID &
JULIA BENNETT
O how we loved them

In
Memory of
FRANCES,
wife of
FENWICK BELL
Died
18th April 1861
In the 81st year
of her age.
I know in whom I
have believed

In
Memory of

JAMES
BERRY

Born

July 8th 1759

Died Nov. 29
1811.

Also his wife

SARAH

Born June 10th

1774

Died June 18th
1847

HELEN E.
Dau. of A. G. &

MARY BERRY
aged two months
& 14 days.

ANN
wife of

THOMAS BERRY,
died
6th June 1866
Aged 67 years

In
Memory of

THOMAS BERRY

Died

13th Aug. 1861

Aged 61 years

In thee O Lord

do I put my trust

Sacred to the Memory of

RICHARD BILLINGS

who departed this life

Dec. 3, 1847

AE. 50 yrs.

A native of Plymouth, Eng.

The memory of the just is blessed.

This stone is erected by his 2nd

Son Samuel Billings.

ACADIENSIS

ROBERT BLACK
died April 13, 1844
aged 75 years.

My flesh shall slumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound
Then burst the bands with sweet surprise
And in my Saviour's image rise

Erected by William Black.

Also his Grandson ROBERT, son of
ROBERT & JULIA BLACK

Sacred
to the Memory of
THOMAS BLACKWELL
who died
Nov. 14 1863,
Aged 3 years.

Here lies the plant of innocence
Which unto us was given
And when the Lord he thought it fit
He planted it in Heaven

In Memory of
EMELINE
wife of
JAMES BOOKERTON
who died
Jan. 21, 1855
in her 29th year.

Sacred
to the Memory of
REBECCA EDNA BOYD,
who departed this life
June 24, 1818,
Aged 35 years.

WILLIAM F.
 Infant son of
 DOCT. W. & C.
 BRADLEY
 1853.

Here lies the remains of
 WILLIAM FRANCIS, and
 SOPHIA AGNES WHIELMINA
 The beloved children of
 W. R. & CAROLINE BRADLEY
 The Infant Boy
 Died 31st July 1853
 Aged 9 months
 His sister
 Oct. 14th 1858,
 Aged 4 y'rs & 5 mo's
 Both of Eastport Main.

1842
 Here awaiting the final resurrection
 Rest the mortal remains
 of
 CHARLES JOSEPH BRISCOE
 and
 ELIZABETH ANN
 his wife
 To whose memory this
 tablet has been erected
 by their children.

This corruptible must put on incorruption
 and this mortal must put on immortality.

ACADIENSIS

Sacred
To the Memory
of

PRIVATE
JOHN BRISNAHEN

Late of His Majesty's 52nd Regt.
Light Infantry
Died the 24th May, 1824
Aged XXX years

This Stone was Erected at the Expense of
His Comrades stationed at this Post as a
token of their Respect to him As an old
Soldier who Served his King and Country
in various Parts of the World for a space of
12 years.

Soldiers of Christ arise
And put your Armour on
Strong in the Strength which God supplies
Through His Eternal Son

To
the Memory of

MARIAN BROOKE

died

Oct. 15th 1855.

Aged 39 years

Also

GEORGE WM. KING

Died

Nov. 14th 1860

Aged 34 years.

This is erected by a
Relative and Friend

In memory of
 JAMES BROWN
 who died
 Dec 22, 1854
 Aged 62 years

—
 Here once I stood as thou dost now
 And viewed the dead as thou dost now
 E're long wilt thou lie as low as me
 And others stand and look at thee.

—
 Sacred
 to
 the memory of
 JOHN CAMPBELL
 ESQUIRE
 late merchant in Saint Andrews
 one of its early settlers,
 and most respected magistrates.
 He contributed much to the
 advancement of its interests.
 Born at Dalle in Craignish,
 Argyleshire, North Britain,
 he died
 in the hope of a glorious
 resurrection
 9th August 1830
 aged 68 years

—
 In
 Memory of
 GEORGE R. CAMPBELL
 who died
 28th October 1859
 Aged 13 years
 And of
 GEORGE F. CAMPBELL
 who died
 31st August 1840
 Aged 1 year.

"We are but of yesterday and know nothing, because
 our days on earth are a shadow."

"Even so Father for so it seemed good in thy sight."

ACADIENSIS

SOPHIA WALLACE DONALDSON
 wife of
 ADMIRAL JOHN TOWNSEND COFFIN
 Born
 23rd May 1816,
 Died
 14th Feb. 1856

JOHN P. COLWELL
 Died
 Mar. 31, 1845
 AE. 46.

Sacred
 to the memory of
 JOHN CONLEY
 who departed this life
 Sept 1, 1855
 aged 55 years.
 "A little while and ye shall not see me, and again a
 little while and ye shall see me, because I go to the
 Father."

ELIZA
 died Aug. 11, 1830
 aged 2 yrs 6 mos
 also

ARMANDA
 died July 5, 1833
 aged 14 mos.
 Children of JOHN &
 ELIZABETH A. CONLEY

These lovely buds so young & fair
 Call'd hence by early doom
 Just came to show how sweet a flower
 In paradise might bloom.

GRAVEYARD EPITAPHS

207

In memory of
MRS. AMEY CAMPBELL
who died
Feb. 28, 1817
AEt. 55

Sacred
to the memory of
JOHN CREWS, CUMMING of
Brixham, Devon.
Master of the Brig Recovery of Cork
who dep'd this life 13th of Aug. 1836.
Aged 29 years.

Stay stranger stay, behold thy certain doom
Nor health nor friends can shield thee from the tomb
Could friends or prospects, Wife or Children save
I had not sunk into an early grave.

But now my widow mourns her prospects fled,
And three loved Children weep for Parent dead
Thus speak the dead, ye living lend an ear
Repent believe to meet your God prepare.

Sacred
to
the memory of
MRS. JOANNA P. CURRY
who died
Monday May 10th 1830
Aged 46 years

Her children rise up and call
her blessed

Come thou blessed of my Father
inherit the Kingdom prepared for thee
before the foundation
of the World.

ACADIENSIS

Sacred
 To
 the Memory of
 MARIA
 wife of
 EDWARD DE WOLFE
 who died January 2nd 1829
 Aged 36 years.

—
 also
 are deposited here
 the remains of two infants
 a son GEORGE EDWARD born
 December 31st, 1828 and died
 the following day
 And a daughter dead born
 May 2nd 1823

—
 ROBERT DOUGHERTY
 Died
 Dec. 2, 1844
 AEt. 42.

—
 Sacred
 to the memory of
 JOHN DUNN ESQ,
 Late Comptroller & for many
 years acting collector of
 His Majesty's customs at this Port
 who departed this life
 April 14, 1829, AE. 76.
 He was one of the first settlers
 in this town & greatly
 contributed to its early
 improvement & prosperity.

—
 The Lord himself shall descend from heaven with
 a shout, with the voice of the Arch Angel with the
 trump of God, & the dead in Christ shall rise first.

Also
 Sacred
 to the memory of
 ELIZABETH
 wife of JOHN DUNN Esq.,
 who died
 Jan. 11th, 1835
 AE. 73.

Sacred
 to the memory of
 THOMAS DUNN
 who departed
 this life
 Jan. 9th 1845
 AE. 61 yrs.

ELIZA DUNN
 Born May 2, 1812
 departed this life
 April 2, 1823
 aged 10 years
 & 11 months

JAMES DUNN
 Born Feb. 16th 1818
 departed this life
 May 20, 1829

In the midst of life we are in death of whom may
 we seek for succour but of thee O Lord who for our
 sins art justly displeas'd.

Sacred
 to the
 memory of
 MARY DUNN
 wife of THOMAS DUNN
 who departed this life
 May 8, 1821.
 Aged 29 years

ACADIENSIS

CATHERINE
 wife of
 ANDREW ELLIOTT
 Died
 July 11, 1838
 AEt. 28

Also
 CATHERINE
 their dau. died
 Jan. 6, 1835
 AEt. 1 mo's.

To the memory of
 MRS JANE FORBES
 who died
 20th Oct. 1847;
 Relict of
 A. G. FORBES M.D.

SAMUEL FRY, M. D.
 a native of
 Fryeburg, Maine
 and for 37 years
 a medical
 practitioner in
 this town. He died
 Sep. 27, A.D. 1847
 AEt. 60 years.

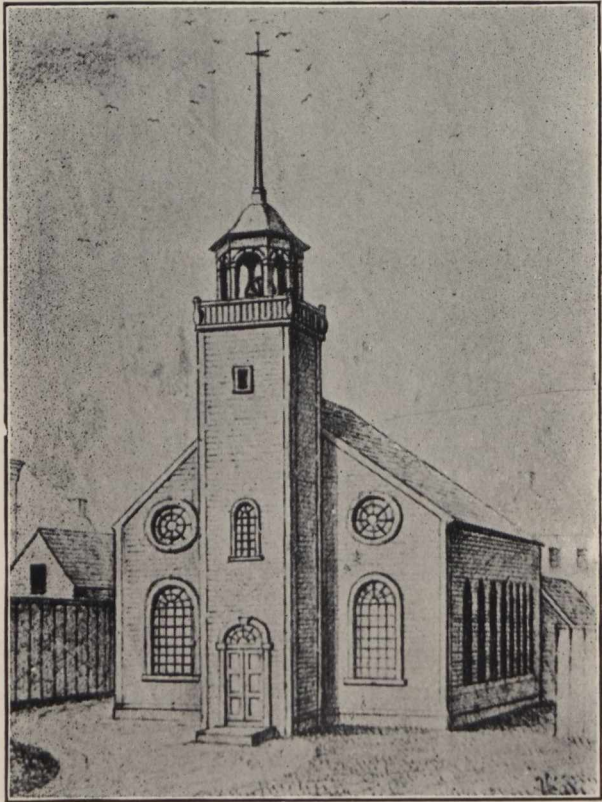
I know whom I have believed, and am persuaded
 that he is able to keep that which I have committed
 unto him against that day. 2nd Tim. 1st c. 12v.

In Memory of
 ANN SARAH
 wife of
 SAMUEL FRY M.D.
 who died
 May 11th 1847
 AEt. 56 years.

I am the resurrection & the life saith the Lord; he
 that believeth in me, though he were dead yet shall
 he live, and whosoever liveth in me shall never die.

John 11th c. 25, 26.

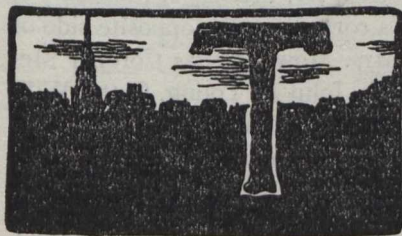
(To be continued).



ALL SAINTS' CHURCH, NEW AND OLD.

Reminiscences of St. Andrews.

A Paper found amongst the Effects of the Late * John Campbell, Esq.,
Dated June, 1878.



HE recent publication of the names of the several streets in St. Andrews, reminds one of the old time boys of the Shire Town, of its

appearance as far back as his recollection dates say, nearly seventy years ago. **Water Street at that time was pretty well dotted with buildings, while the other parallel streets had but few houses, and the streets at right angles were but little improved beyond Queen Street. Taking the easterly side of Water Street at the corner of Harriet, was the residence of Peter Stubs, Esq., who at the time carried on mercantile business in the old red store at the corner of Adolphus and Water Street on the West Side. The next buildings in the street were between Mary and Adolphus Streets, viz.: Springate's, Goldsmith's, White and Shaw; crossing Adolphus Street, Mrs. Garnett occupied a house of the block on the corner, Mr. Campbell a residence in the centre of the block, approached by a carriage way. and Miss McKenzie resided on the corner of Elizabeth Street; diagonally opposite was the residence of John Wilson, Esq., passing down Water Street were the several buildings occupied by McGrath, Patterson the watchmaker, Muir, Parkinson, with Mrs. Strang's house on the corner, in which C. Scott had his office

*Son of Colin Campbell, who married a daughter of Lieut. James Campbell of the 54th Regiment.

** About 1810.

and store fronting on Edward Street; crossing Edward Street on the east side was Mrs. Mowat's residence, George Mowat's store, the Parker house, owned I think by Nicholas Johnson, Dr. McStay's, McEleary's, Mrs. Berry and Berry's corner; on the opposite side of the street in front of Mrs. Mowat's, was Coroner McLaughlan, Mrs. Johnston, John A. Young, Getty, Willard, Southwick, and Sharples on the corner; below William Street was Merrill's bakery, standing some short distance back from Water Street, then Mrs. Campbell's, a small building occupied afterward by Campbell & McKean, the Episcopal Church, Mr. Henderson's, the Whitlock house, Rankins P. Keliher, and Jeremiah Currier on the corner of King Street. On the opposite side of Water Street in the same block was Happy Corner, Boyd & Boyle's store, Mrs. Boyd's afterwards, Mrs. R. Wilson's boarding house, Captain A. Strahan and Daniel McMaster on the corner; below McMaster's corner on King Street was the large store of Richard Hasluck.

The old Market House stood near the water on the south side of King Street, and the old jail on the east side of Water Street. Passing up King Street on your right was Ordway's Hall, Capt. Paul's and Sheriff Andrews, and on the left Johnson's sadlery, Mr. Hatch's office, and the residence of Mr. Barber, with Mr. Stymest's residence on the corner of Queen Street, and his tannery on the opposite corner; above this there were no buildings except the Grammar School and Mr. William Boyd's. The residences of Dr. Frye, Col. Hatch, Mr. Willard, Mr. Ames and Mr. D. D. Morrison being subsequently erected. Returning to and passing still down Water Street on the left, was the residence of (old) Mr. Wyer on the east side; Mrs. McPhail's and Hannah and Lambert's on the west. The old Pagan* store stood on the corner of William

Street, then came Capt. John Mowat's, Mr. Harvey's, &c., and on the opposite side the residence of John Campbell, Esq., who afterwards resided where the postmaster now lives, and his building was occupied by Mr. Quinn the blacksmith.

Below William Street was Mr. Hatch's residence, Houbtman's furrier shop, and still further down, but my memory fails me here, were the several residences of the Thompson's, Paul's, Meloney's, Stinson's, Treadwell's, Segee, Ross, and if I mistake not, the lower building was the residence of Capt. Peter Smith, who with his son met the melancholy fate of so many of our St. Andrews men, "who went down to the sea in ships." The writer can speak feelingly on this subject, three of his younger brothers finding their resting place beneath the ocean waves.

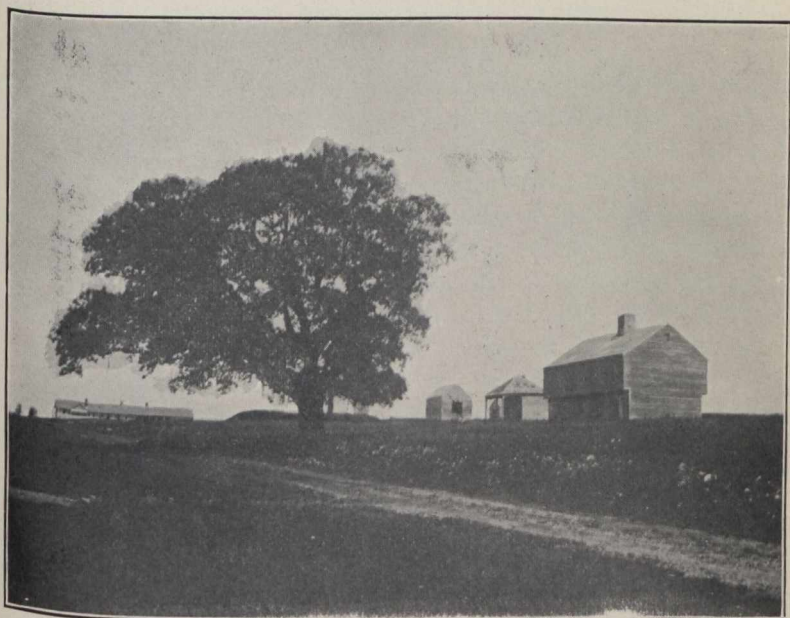
But, to return to the good old town, taking Queen and Harriet Streets as a starting point, we have the old Pound at the head of the former, and vacant lots till you reach R. Surye's house on the corner of Adolphus Street, Mr. Dunn's residence on the diagonal corner, Trimble on the east, and Capt. James McMaster on the west side of Queen Street on the corner of Elizabeth Street; Mr. H. O'Hara, Collector Campbell, S. Watts, occupying residences on the east side of Queen Street, and Mr. James Berry on the corner of Queen and William, a private boarding house occupied the opposite corner, and the Madras School House standing between it and the Merrill house on Water Street; Mrs. Currey and Mrs. Putnam lived on the east side of Queen Street below King, and Capt. Raison and Major Wyer on the next block; Mr. (Robert) Pagan resided on the corner of Queen and Frederick Streets; Mrs. Jas. Clarke resided on Edward Street above Queen up toward the barracks, Mr. Cassillis occupied the house owned by L. Donaldson, Esq., and Mr. Wm. Hatch

resided near Harriet and Augusta Streets; Mrs. McRhea and James Clark lived on the corner of Harriet and Parr Streets, Mr. Crozier on Mary Street, R. Haddock, &c., on Carleton Street, Mr. Thos. Whitlock and Mr. Doucett somewhere on Carleton or Princess Streets, and Mr. D. W. Jack, W. Kerr and John Aymar on Montague Street, between Sophia and Princess; Capt. George P. McMaster on Parr Street and Mrs. Keltie and Mrs. Chandler on Frederick Street.

The R. C. Church, Greenock Church, the old Charlotte County Bank, the Douglas and Wilson brick cottages, Dr. Ally's residence and the large buildings in front of the Episcopal Church were all erected at later periods.

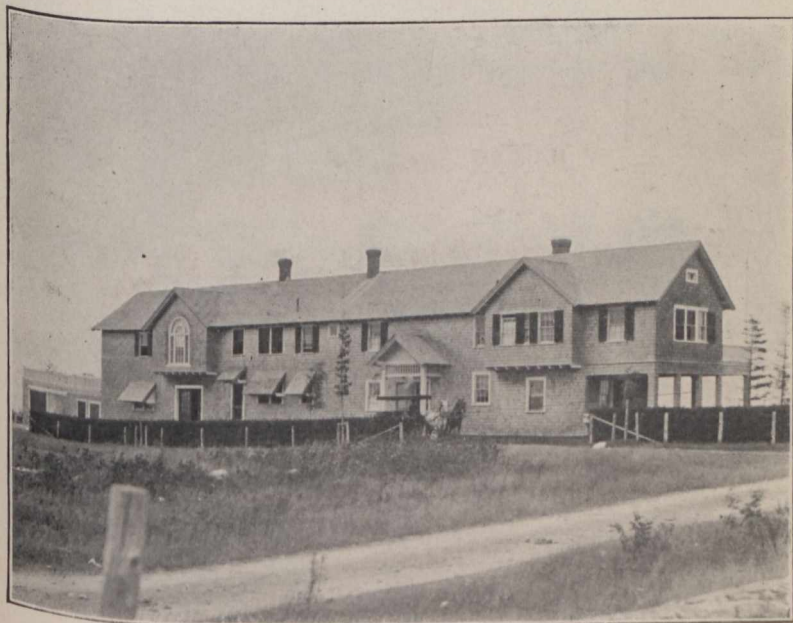
These reminiscences bring up many sad and painful memories. How many of the old families have wholly passed away, while so many others are scattered to all parts of the habitable world. Among the old familiar names, such as Stubs, Garnett, Strand, Rait, Sharples, McLaughlan, Allanshaw, McMaster, Hasluck, Willard, Monroe, Aimes, Stymast, Dunn, Southwick, Walton, Clarkel, Boyd, Johnson, Wilson, Gilchrist, Rodgers, Todd, Miller, Jones, Kerr, Douglas, none are now to be found amongst your townsmen.

In the foregoing I have mentioned the names of several parties formerly residing or doing business on Water Street between Edward and William Streets, it may not therefore be out of place to remark the number of their descendants who have found their way to this coast. Beginning with Coroner McLaughlan, who removed to, and resided in Boston for several years before his death, one of the first and most esteemed acquaintances that I met in San Francisco was his eldest daughter, who is now residing with her husband one of the elders of the church with which I have been associated at Oakland. The youngest daughter of Mrs.



REMAINS OF OLD FORT TIPPERARY.

Site now occupied by residence of Sir T. G. Shaughnessy. (Hopkins Cottage in distance).



SUMMER RESIDENCE OF MR. GEORGE B HOPKINS, OF NEW YORK.

Sharples, married to a prominent lawyer in this city, also resides here, a son and widowed daughter of Mr. Willard, Capt. Gordon Berry and two brothers; three grandsons of Mr. Willard, three grand children of Dr. McStay, and all the large family of the late John A. Young, either reside in the city or on the coast, while a gentleman who will be remembered as having served his apprenticeship in the same block, Mr. Joshua Lyle, resides with his family in a magnificent residence on Vauntess Avenue; his eldest son and son-in-law being among the few lucky ones who participated with Flood and O'Brien in the great "Bonanza" mines. The lower part of the town is well represented here from the old standard families of Stinson, Meloney, Treadwell, O'Neill, and many others too numerous to mention, but I have already trespassed too much upon your columns.

All the persons mentioned in the foregoing letter, including the writer thereof, have joined the great majority, and of the number the following only are represented in the town by lineal descendants bearing their names, Mowat, Whitlock, McMaster, Andrews, Hannah, Meloney, Stinson, Treadwell, Clarke and Haddock.



The St. Andrews "Standard."

(Editorial in Last Issue).



It is rapidly approaching a half century since the *Standard* was first issued. At that time St. Andrews carried on a large trade with Great Britain and the West Indies, the port owning upwards of eleven thousand tons of shipping, carrying ton timber to Great Britain, and boards, shingles, house frames and cattle to the West Indies, and return cargoes of dry goods, iron, coal, salt and ship fittings from Great Britain, and rum, sugar, molasses, mahogany and tropical fruit from the West Indies.

Her merchants were men of capacity, enterprise and energy—one of them owning forty sail of vessels, among them ships, barques and brigs; only one small vessel, a schooner, was registered here, it being a port of registry and entry for this county. There are no such merchants now as Scott, Rait, Wilson, Allanshaw & McMaster, Douglas & Campbell, Scott & Jack, Wyer, Babcock & Son and others.

At that period the Charlotte Co. Bank was doing a large business and was the only money institution in the province with the exception of the Bank of New Brunswick at St. John. Business was brisk, money abundant, no lack of employment. The trade of St. Andrews was second only to that of St. John, indeed in commercial standing it was almost on a par.

At that time the *Standard* was ushered into the world, and was welcomed by its contemporaries the *St. John Courier*, *Observer*, *City Gazette*, *Watchman*, *Chronicle*, and *Unionist*, all of which papers have long

since been discontinued, and their proprietors have gone the way of all flesh, the *Standard* alone is left. A perusal of its files would furnish a history of the county for the last fifty years. In its prospectus it was announced that the "*Standard* will be conducted on Liberal principles. The affairs of New Brunswick demand peculiar attention, and will be discussed with firmness and fairness. The vindication of liberty will not be allowed to degenerate into licentiousness, but an undaunted maintenance of political rights will be carried the whole length allowed by the Constitution."

How we have adhered to these principles we will leave our readers to judge.

It had ever been our aim to advocate the interests of the town and province to the best of our ability, and were instrumental in past years of advancing the prosperity and commercial status of St. Andrews, by urging the formation of a company to build and purchase vessels for the carrying trade of this port, which were afterwards known as "Company vessels"—the building of the steam mill which gave employment to a large number of men, in the manufacture of lumber. And last, but not least, as stated in our edition last week, the *Standard* was the first, and for some time, the only newspaper which advocated the building of railways in the British Provinces, and ultimately succeeded in its efforts, resulting in the formation of the St. Andrews & Quebec Railroad Company, which commenced the first section of the line to Woodstock, which was afterwards completed to that place by the N. B. & C. Railway Company. It also lent its aid to establish branches to the main line, and railways in all parts of the province and other enterprises, to develop its resources, and increase its prosperity. It also maintained and defended the people's rights.

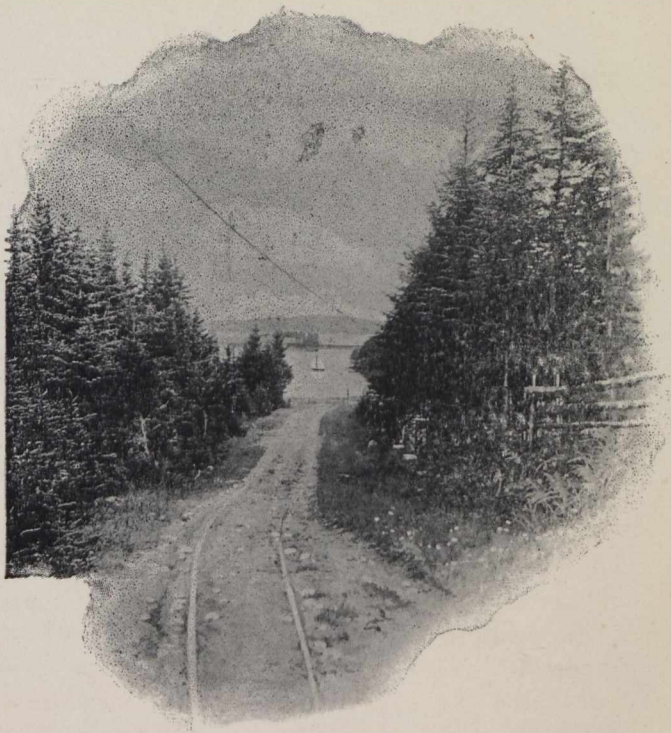
In politics it had decided views, and supported any

government which it believed administered the affairs of the province for its welfare. It studiously avoided attack on private character, and invariably treated those with whom it differed with respect, always discussing questions on their merits, and eliminating unpleasant and disrespectful remarks to those with whose views it did not coincide.

It is a pleasure to be able to record that when our contemporaries differed with us, they treated us with marked respect, for which we felt grateful. During our half-century of editorial life we would have been more than mortal, had we not committed errors, knowing well that perfection is not attained on earth, the errors were those of the head, not the heart. But "to err is human—to forgive divine." When alluding to the press we knew no party, and from a lengthened experience, we assert, that the people of New Brunswick have just reason to be proud of their press—which for enterprise, ability, and sturdy independence is not surpassed. It is probable that in the large cities of the United States and Canada, with dense populations, and enormous wealth and business, they possess journals of great circulation and wealth, but for ability, tact, and journalism, the provincial press is their equal.

To conclude—in a lengthy review of the "Past and Present," and wishing our readers a "very happy New Year," it was added: "We do not know what is in the womb of futurity, it may, or may not be, the last time we will have the privilege through these columns of extending our annual greeting." It was our endeavor to swallow a sunbeam, that we might look at the bright side of the picture. Well, we did so, but—we cannot say that word, which calls up memories dear to us, and our readers will please pardon the omission.

St. Andrews, N. B., July 21, 1880.



THE BAR ROAD.



SUMMER HOME OF REV. A. T. BOWSER.

—

Deil's Reply to Robert Burns.

Oh, wae's me, RAB! hae ye gane gyte?
What is't that gars ye tak' delight
To jeer at me, and ban and flyte
 In Scottish rhyme,
And, fausely, gie me a' the wyte
 O' ilka crime?

O' auld nicknames ye hae a fouth,
O' sharp sarcastic rhymes a routh,
And as you're bent to gie them scouth,
 'Twere just as weel
For you to tell the honest truth,
 And shame the DEIL!

I dinna mean to note the whole
O' your unfounded rigmarole;
I'd rather haud my tongue, and thole
 Your clishmaclavers,
Than try to plod through sic a scroll
 O' senseless havers.

O' warlocks and o' witches a',
O' spunkies, kelpies, great and sma',
There isna ony truth ava
 In what you say,
For siccan frichts I never saw
 Up to this day.

The truth is, RAB, that wicked men,
When caught in crimes that are their ain,
To find a help are unco fain
 To share the shame,
And so they shout wi' might and main,
 The DEIL's to blame!

Thus I am blamed for Adam's fa',
 You say that I maist ruined a';
 I'll tell ye ae thing, that's no twa,
 It's just a lee,
 I fashna wi' the pair ava,
 But loot them be.

I'd nae mair haun in that transgression
 You deem the source o' a' oppression,
 And wae, and death, and man's damnation
 Than you yersel';
 I filled a decent situation
 When Adam fell.

And, RAB, gin ye'll just read your Bible
 Instead o' blin' Jock Milton's fable,
 I'll plank a croon, on my table,
 Against a goat,
 To fin' my name ye'll no' be able
 In a' the plot.

Your mother, Eve, I kent her brawly,
 A dainty quean she was, and wally,
 But destitute o' prudence wholly,
 The witless hizzie,
 Aye bent on fun, and whiles on folly
 And mischief busy.

Her Father had a bonny tree,
 The apples on 't allured her ee;
 He warned her no' the fruit to pree,
 Nor climb the wa',
 For if she did she'd surely dee,
 And leave it a'.

As for that famous serpent story,
 To lee I'd baith be shamed and sorry,
 It's just a clever allegory,
 And weel writ doon;
 The work of an Egyptian Tory,
 I kent the loon.

DEIL'S REPLY TO ROBERT BURNS. 221

Your tale o' Job, the man o' Uz,
Wi' reekit claes and reested gizz,
My hornie hooves and smoutie phiz,
 Wi' ither clatter,
Is maistly, after a' the bizz,
 A moonshine matter.

Auld Job, I kent the carle right weel,
An honest, decent, kintra chiel,
Wi' head to plan and heart to feel
 And haun to gie;
He wadna wrang'd the verra Deil
 A broon bawbee.

The man was gayan weel to do,
Had horse and kye and ousen too,
And sheep and stots and stirks enew
 To fill a byre,
O' meat and claes, a' maistly new,
 His heart's desire.

Forbye, he had within the dwellings,
Three winsome queans and five braw callans;
Ye wadna in the hale braid Lallans
 Hae fand their marrow,
Were ye to search frae auld Tantallans
 To Braes o' Yarrow.

It happen'd that three breckless bands
O' caterans cam' frae distant lands,
An' took what fell amang their hands,
 O' sheep and duddies,
Just like your reivin' Hielan' clans
 Or Border bodies.

I tell ye, RAB, I had nae share
In a' the tulzie, here or there;
I lookt on, I do declare,
 A mere spectator,
Nor said nor acted, less or mair,
 About the maitter.

Job had a minstrel o' his ain,
 A genius rare, and somewhat vain
 Of rhyme and lear; but then, again,
 Just like yersel',
 O' drink and lasses unco fain,
 The neer-do-weel.

He'd sing o' lads, and leddies fair,
 O' love and hope and mirk despair,
 And wond'rous tales wad whiles prepare,
 And string thegither;
 For a' he wanted was a hair
 To mak' a tether.

So, with intention fully bent
 My doings to misrepresent,
 That Book o' Job he did invent,
 And then his rhymes
 Got published in Arabic prent,
 To suit the times.

You poets, RAB, are a' the same,
 Of ilka country, age, and name;
 Nae maitter what may be your aim
 Or your intentions,
 Maist a' your characters o' fame
 Are pure inventions.

Your Dogs are baith debaters rare,
 Wi' sense galore and some to spare;
 While e'en the very Brigs o' Ayr
 Ye gar them quarrel;
 Tak' Coila ben to deck your hair
 Wi' Scottish laurel.

Yet, ROBIN, lad, for a' your spite,
 And taunts and jeers and wrangfu' wyte,
 I find, before ye end your flyte,
 And wind yer pirn,
 Ye're nae sae cankered in the bite
 As in the girn.

DEIL'S REPLY TO ROBERT BURNS. 223.

For when ye think he's doom'd to dwell
The lang for-ever-mair in hell,
Ye come and bid a kind farewell,
 And, guid be here,
E'en for the verra Deil himsel'
 Let fa' a tear.

And, RAB, I'm just as wae for thee
As ever thou canst be for me;
For, less ye let the drink abee,
 I'll tak' my aith
Ye 'll a' gang wrang, and maybe dee
 A drunkard's death.

Sure as ye mourned the daisy's fate,
That fate is thine nae distant date,
Stern Ruin's ploughshare drives elate
 Full on thy bloom,
And crushed beneath the furrow's weight
 May be thy doom.



Anecdotes

Relating Chiefly to St. Andrews.



SAAC ALLEN—For sketch of his life see my paper written for the R. S. Can. He left one son, John, who was very popular in York County, which he represented for many years in the Legislature of the Province. The latter also was interested in militia matters, and held the commission of Lt. Col. He was married several times and left many children, of whom the highly respected Sir John C. Allen, lately C. J. of New Brunswick, is one. I remember seeing and being introduced at Fredericton, probably during 1861, or perhaps before, to Col. John, who was my great uncle, and being greatly struck with his extremely gentlemanly appearance and manners. Besides my grandmother, Judge Allen left six daughters, of whom one married late in life, leaving no children. I can faintly remember some time subsequently to 1843, the year of my birth, Miss Allen and Miss Margaret and Miss Sarah Allen, and very distinctly Miss Frances Allen, who died, I think, in 1875, of these ladies. They all lived to a ripe old age, and were generally noted for their wit and mental acquirements. Miss Frances read every book that she could obtain, and was full of anecdotes from her reading and experience. I remember in particular, that she used to talk of Napoleon Bonaparte exactly as if he was alive, and almost as if he was a personal acquaintance, admitting his pluck and energy, but detesting his cruelty and, in a loyal and British



THE GOLF LINKS.



ALGONQUIN COTTAGE.
The Property of Mr. F. H. Grimmer, St. Andrews, N. B.

but slightly perfunctory manner, affecting to hate him. My grandmother, Mary Allen, was the youngest of the sisters, except Frances, and was born in 1785; she, John and Frances having been born after the other sisters before the family arrived in N. B. My grandmother married Joseph Kenah, who held a commission in a regiment stationed at Fredericton, and subsequently a Captaincy in the 104th Regiment. Captain Kenah and his wife subsequently removed to his native place, then the Cove of Cork, now Queenstown, where my mother and other children were born, but on his death, his widow and her children returned to reside in New Brunswick, where my grandfather died in 1863. She was an extremely intelligent and, I may add, a deeply religious woman, with a very charming manner and disposition, and she apparently found much satisfaction in winning the attention and affection of myself and my elder sisters, when we were children, by telling us interesting reminiscences of her early life and of the home of her childhood. I am not prepared to state that I can distinctly recollect having heard everything hereafter mentioned from her lips, but prefer to class my statements with those family traditions which hold their own in every household, which are often, but not always, obtained directly from the original narrator. When, however, I do not entirely rely upon memory of conversations with my grandmother, I can quote my mother, upon whose memory and accuracy I absolutely depend, as the source of my information. Judge Allen always insisted that his household affairs should be conducted simply and economically, and objected to the family having a pudding or any kind of second course on any days but Sundays and festivals. This was not owing to parsimony in his disposition, but because he desired to avoid giving his poorer neighbors cause for discontent. And because he desired by example as well

as precept, to train the people of the Province in the exercise of economical habits, which, in his opinion, were essential for their material progress.

His children, less seriously disposed, and more inclined than he was to yield to the temptations and requirements of society, endeavored with varying success to evade or ignore his regulations in this regard and were often aided by circumstances which compelled him, in full accordance with his natural bent, to dispense unrestricted hospitality. As his home at Aucpaque was only about seven miles above Fredericton, or as it was first called Saint Anns, where there was a garrison, it is needless to state that the officers found in the Judge's family, comprising so many bright and well informed young women, attractions not easily resisted. In winter especially, parties of the military used to drive out in sleighs, and not unfrequently, ladies from the somewhat gay little town would appear upon the scene to take part in the dancing or other entertainments and share in the pleasures of the board, and strange as it may now appear to one conversant with the condition of the existing descendants of the Indians, young chiefs, well dressed and fairly well mannered and conversable might occasionally be seen lolling among the British gentlemen in the reception room, and seeking to amuse their fair hostesses. It would seem that these dwellers in the forest were occasionally disposed to presume upon the kindness extended to them. One day when my grandmother and her sisters, all young girls, were alone in the house, they perceived an Indian somewhat noted for his impudence, approaching, and thinking to avoid him, retired to one of their bed rooms, hoping that by keeping very quiet they might induce him to believe that no one was at home and to leave the premises. In this they were entirely mistaken, as, after visiting the

kitchen and the rooms on the ground floor, he mounted the stairs, opened the door of the apartment in which they had taken refuge and addressed them, "Sisters," he said, "Indian hungry, want breakfast; you get him some; not breakfast you give Irishman, but breakfast you get yourselves." But it is the following incident that seems to cap the climax: One day when my grandmother was visiting an old squaw, the latter accosted her as follows: "Sister, my son—Chief's son, you all one governor's daughter, suppose you take him to be your "senape," i.e., your husband. Far from being dazzled with the brilliancy of the proposed alliance, my grandmother was only struck with its ludicrous aspect and, unable to restrain her mirth, laughed outright. In the midst of her hilarity, she was enabled to observe a rustling sound in the surrounding shrubbery and to see, not without some alarm, the would-be bridegroom, who evidently had been a concealed listener, striding rapidly away with every evidence of extreme wrath upon his face and in his gestures. I have every reason to believe that neither this young brave nor his mother supposed for a moment that the marriage suggested would be regarded by any of Judge Allen's family as incompatible. The French seem always to have treated the Indians with a consideration which was not only devoid of patronage but encouraged claims of equality. The tradition of this amity still subsists, and I have seen, in Indian encampments of the upper St. John, French women who had married Indians and entirely adopted their habits.

My father's grandfather, on the maternal side, and my great grandfather, was Thomas Wyer, a Loyalist of Falmouth, Massachusetts, now Portland, Maine. He served through the war, but in what regiment I cannot say. He was always called Col. Wyer in this

Province, as was also his son Thomas. The elder Thomas was married twice, and had two sons, Thomas and David, and several daughters. One of the daughters, Eliza, married Neville Parker, Master of the Kolls, and brother of Robert Parker, Chief Justice of New Brunswick, by whom she had a large family. She was a very superior person, and through her widely extended sympathy and practical charity and kindness, occupied an influential position. She died only about ten years ago, when she had nearly reached her ninetieth year, and up to the last she knew of and manifested an interest in all, including the youngest and most insignificant members of the large and somewhat widely dispersed family circle.

My father's father, David William Jack, a Scotman from Cupar, Fife, married a sister of Mrs. Neville Parker, by whom he had several children, including my father, and when she died, leaving a family, married another sister. I recollect my father's step-mother very distinctly, as a sweet, loving and lovable, but somewhat fragile old lady, adored by all composing the household at St. Andrews, including my grandfather, a somewhat grave, but by no means austere, even tempered, and deeply religious old gentleman, tall and stately.

The Wyers originally resided in that picturesque town of Saint Andrews, and most of them never resided elsewhere, while they generally contributed towards the material advancement of the community.

My father was born there in 1811, and continued to reside there till he commenced the practise of law at St. George, whence after a short time he removed to St. John, his final abiding place till his death in 1886.

The history of Saint Andrews has yet to be written, but I am disposed to believe that, as in the case of other places, the greater part of its first settlers had

been neighbors in the old colony days. This is certainly true, so far as the Wyers, Dr. Caleff and Robert Pagan are concerned, as they were all from Falmouth. It is very certain that there was a great deal of intense loyalty among the loyal founders of Charlotte County. To some extent it is apparent in the selection of the names of British saints—George, Andrew, Patrick and David, for the parishes. My father has often told me of an old Highlander, in one of these parishes with seven sons, each of whom he called "Scharge," after George III., and who declared that, had he been blessed with fourteen sons, not one of them should have had another name.

It must not be supposed that St. Andrews was always the quiet, impoverished place that it is at present. My father could remember it as very different when its business men exported quantities of lumber and imported from the West Indies and elsewhere, and distributed merchandize of various kinds. I have heard him say that on one occasion in his youth he counted one hundred square sailed vessels in St. Andrews harbor at one time.

The leading inhabitants were persons of culture and seem to have truly valued the advantage of education. My father always spoke in terms of deep gratitude of Mr. Cassels, his school master, and, judging from apparent results, with reason. I may, perhaps, be pardoned for referring to my father and my Uncle Edward as striking examples of persons well read, not so much in ancient classics as in modern literature, both useful and ornate; and better informed in natural history and science than most of their contemporaries; and I have every reason to suppose that in both the foundation of their knowledge and the direction of their studies the teacher named is entitled to full credit.

David Wyer was an incorrigible wag and practical joker, as the following anecdotes told to me by my father will prove. He used to employ the latter to make tooth-picks for Robert Pagan, whose mouth was anything but small, by splitting shingles in two and whittling each half to a point. My father, with child-like innocence, would carry bundles of these to the old gentleman, by whom they were invariably received with apparent gratitude, and by whose servants they were subsequently used for kindling.

David Wyer also engaged the services of another to steal Mr. Pagan's well poles, or perhaps himself removed them. Every day Mr. Pagan's servant reported that a well pole was gone and thereupon was gently and uncomplainingly directed to get a new one. This went on till twenty well poles had been taken, and then they were all found in a bundle by the side of the well.

This David, with much irreverence, neatly inserted the letter "S" before the word "even" in Psalm cv., verse 30, in the desk prayer book in the church. The old clerk when he reached the passage paused and removed his spectacles, but after carefully wiping them distinctly read aloud—"Their land brought forth frogs, yea seven in their Kings' chambers," afterwards remarking that he had never noticed before that the exact number of the reptiles was recorded.

These stories have all come from my father, and also the following which cannot be omitted, although a friend who holds a commission in the volunteer artillery assures me that from a military point of view the tale seems questionable. In 1812, so runs the narration, the towns folk, who were then in constant dread of hostile invasion from the neighboring state, were awakened from their slumbers in the early morning with the horrid tidings that the cannon at Fort Tipper-

ary had been spiked. Dressing themselves as expeditiously as possible they hurried to the fort, only to learn that the report was true. Consternation was on every face, and disturbed imagination suggested pictures in which shrieks and wounds and blood were the least disagreeable features. But all agreed, although some more tremblingly than others, that death itself was preferable to dishonor, and that the town should never yield so long as there were powder and shot. The best brains were turned to what was supposed to be the best account, and suggestions were offered sufficient in number to supply a debating society with material for discussion for a year, and wild and varied enough to convert a placid philosopher into a lunatic. At last some one proposed to send for the blacksmith to drill out the touch holes, and this being generally approved, a messenger was sent for him post haste; but before the return of the envoy with the mechanic, our David, who was among the onlookers, quietly requested that the guns should be turned over, and behold when this was done the unspiked vents appeared, and it became manifest that the semblances to spiking was due to the use of the file and other tools. My friend of the artillery service informs me that a cannon, even a very elderly cannon, is so constructed about the touch hole that no one knowing anything of such an instrument could have been deceived in the manner related. To this I can only reply that it is very sad that practical men will insist upon the investigation of the details of traditions; that my critic very likely has never seen ordinance of the kind in use at Fort Tipperary; and that, in any event, a fiction is for many purposes as good as a truth.

It is only fair to say that Mr. George Mowat of St. Andrews, a cousin of my father, the mother of the

former being a daughter of the elder Thomas Wyer, when informed by me about a year ago of the spiked guns, claimed to be wholly ignorant upon the subject, though he may have been so in consequence of being my father's junior by several years. He, however, in return for my contribution, supplied me with the details of another incident, handed down through the intervening years, relating to the same period and place, which has the merit of being neither more nor less incredible than that last recorded. One day in summer in the year 1812, according to this informant, the town of Saint Andrews was enveloped in impenetrable fog, which hid all but the nearest objects and muffled every sound. Through this dense atmosphere Dr. Caleff plodded along the street which lies next to and follows the harbor line, and, after the manner of every faithful physician when alone, he was wrapped in thought. Suddenly an ominous sound was heard. Ph-r-r-r-r bang. The doctor aroused himself from reverie in an instant and all was alert; his mind was carried back to the old war days and he promptly recognized the sound. There could be no doubt, it was the report from the gun of a Yankee privateer down the bay. But he was a prudent man, averse to forming conclusions upon uncertain proof, and so he waited and listened until again he heard from the sea the same ph-r-r-r-r bang. Then he hurried off, and being a person of intelligence and influence it was not long before the Fencibles, fully armed and equipped, were, on his report, patrolling the harbor front ready for the foe. All that day and for part of the next they were under arms, and during all the time the gloomy pall hung over them and at intervals, never nearer and never further away, the dreadful reminder of war sounded in their ears. At length a private anxious to find some relief from the monotony of his present duty,

lighted his pipe and leaning over a fence devoted himself to watching the movements of a majestic turkey-gobbler strutting in lordly pride in the somewhat circumscribed limits of a yard; and as the soldier watched the bird paused, ruffled his feathers, and by some inexplicable means produced the very noises for which the Yankees had been held responsible. Ph-r-r-r bang. Ph-r-r-r bang. And lo' when the fog melted, as it soon did beneath the summer sun, and as far as the eye could reach the air was clear, not a sail except of an obviously peaceful craft was visible.

I must give you two other Charlotte County yarns from my father's stock, both old enough to carry us back to the days of the Loyalists, although I cannot vouch that either the economical or the bibulous gentleman concerned was in fact a Loyalist. The Sheriff served a common process upon a certain gentleman who was equally distinguished for his penuriousness and his dislike of lawyers. A careful reading of the writ failed to fully inform him of its purpose, except that it purported to be an invitation to him to appear before his sovereign at Fredericton on a day designated as he deemed with extraordinary and unnecessary particularity. On that day he was at Fredericton, having, I believe, trudged most or all of the intervening miles, only to learn that the monarch was not there and the journey was wholly useless and a lawyer essential.

The second of these yarns relates to the Rev. Samuel Thomson, a clergyman of the Church of England, who came from Ireland to New Brunswick in 1822, and settled at St. George. One day while driving on a country road in his parish, he overtook and gave a seat in his carriage to an erring member of his flock, celebrated for an inordinate thirst and for his bad behavior under the influence of potent liquors, in

which, when they were procurable, he indulged. The reverend gentleman seeking to improve the occasion, urged the other in the strongest terms to join the total abstinence society and forcibly declared that rum, brandy, gin, and whiskey were bad for man and beast. The black sheep listened patiently for some time and the rector began to entertain some hope of ultimate success in a most unpromising case. That he did not succeed is made pretty clear by the account which the former subsequently gave of the concluding details of the incident. "There I sot," said he, "and the Passon kept on a talking, when I seed a toad by the side of the road. Then says I, Passon stop that hoss, and he drew up all t'wonce an I got out. Then I sez, Passon you says that rum ain't good for man or beast—well now I want to see about that sez I. Then I sed, Passon, do you see that toad? and he said he did. Then I took the toad and opened its mouth and poured in about half a gill o' rum and sot the creatur down, an sir, its true as I'm alive, that that toad sot there a grin-in an blinkin and a lickin its lips an ruminatin fur about two minnits, an then it ups, with two skips and a kinder hop, an goes about its bizness as pert an sassy as you please. An I looked at the Passon and the Passon looked at me, and sez I to him, sez I, Passon, I guess I wont jine that yere society." I cannot resist the temptation of capping this with something from my own experience.

On the 18th of May, 1883, when we in St. John celebrated the civic centennial, I encountered on one of our steepest streets, which was then almost deserted by the dining citizens, a somewhat remarkable looking man. He was tall and extremely angular and bony, dressed in homespun and unmistakably from a farming district and unaccustomed to a city. He had a shrewd and inquiring expression on his face which led me to

believe that I had accidentally encountered a rural philosopher. He worked his way up the hill with evident effort, staring at everything, and at last his cogitations became distinctly audible. "I wonder," he said, "if there is rum enough in St. John to make everybody drunk." The remark was made to nobody in particular, but it seemed only proper that I, his only auditor, and a citizen, should respond. Accordingly I observed, in effect, that I was not fully master of the necessary statistics, but that my impression was that there was a sufficient supply of rum in the city to make the drinking men drunk, if the total abstainers stuck faithfully to their pledge. He just glanced at me and said, "total abstainers," "well there weren't any of them amongst the Loyalists, they all drank except my grandfather; and he didn't drink because drink would not lie on his stomach." I shall never forgive myself for failing to ascertain the name of this notable exception.

A parting word and that anent the elder Thomas Wyer. His memory is still revered in his old colonial home. In 1886 the city of Portland, Maine, celebrated its centennial, and invitations to participate in the ceremonies and festivities of the occasion were extended to his daughter and my great aunt, Mrs. Neville Parker, my uncle Edward Jack, my cousin David Russell Jack, son of my deceased uncle Henry Jack and myself. My cousin and I alone accepted and attended. We received every attention, were treated as the city's guests, our hotel and other expenses being paid, and I made the only speech that was made from the point of view of a descendant of a Loyalist, before a vast audience.

ISAAC ALLEN JACK.

21st May, 1898.



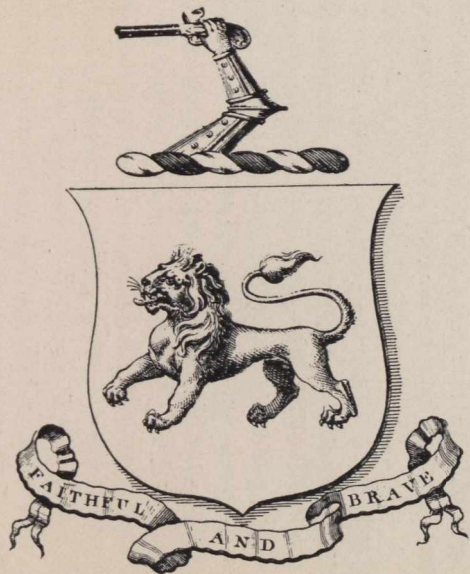
Book - Plates.



WHILE the present number of ACADIENSIS is intended to be essentially a St. Andrews number, and the publication of several articles which would otherwise have appeared in this issue has for that reason been postponed, the writer thought that he could not, in justice to those subscribers to whom the usual book-plate articles would appear to be a desideratum, allow this issue to leave the press devoid of anything on that interesting subject.

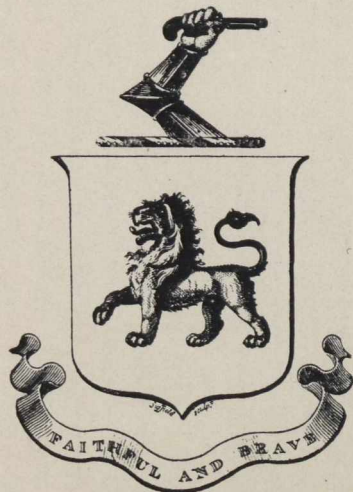
It was hoped that a number of book-plates might be discovered, connected in some way with the residents of St. Andrews, past or present, but a very careful search has failed to bring to light a single example. It must not by any means be inferred from this remark that the people of that ancient town were or are by any means lacking in literary or artistic taste. Several interesting collections of books have been disposed of by auction within the past few years. Book auctions are becoming more rare in St. Andrews now than formerly, and people who own books are probably beginning to have a more correct idea of their commercial value than was the case a quarter of a century ago.

About the year 1883 the library of the late George D. Street was sold, together with his household furniture and other personal effects. Books were not in much demand upon that occasion for they were disposed of by the shelf, tier upon tier, at one cent per volume, in shelf lots. It was upon this occasion that



Rich. John Uniacke, Esq.

1801.
No. 55.



Richard John Uniacke

1801.
No 56.

the writer, then a mere boy, laid the foundation of his present modest collection. Many of these volumes were interesting and valuable, and even after the purchase had been most carefully weeded out the desirable residue could not be regarded otherwise than as a very great bargain.

Coats-of-arms were much in evidence in St. Andrews in old times, and it is rather curious that with the large number of literary men who resided there, not one of them appears to have been the owner of a book-plate. Possibly the difficulty in securing the assistance of a good engraver may have had a determining influence upon those who would otherwise have desired something in that line.

As an evidence of the fact that rare and valuable books were not unknown in St. Andrews, the writer may perhaps be permitted to mention the fact that he is the owner of a volume bound in full leather which his father, the late Henry Jack, purchased at St. Andrews for a few dollars, many years ago, a copy of the same edition of which sold at a subsequent book sale at London, England, for £50.

In the opinion of some collectors, the volume alluded to might be considered of greater interest for the reason that it contains the autograph of its one time owner, who was a resident of St. Andrews for many years, and the date "Bombay 1801." The autograph is that of an alleged natural son of the late King George IV.

In the Nov.-Dec. 1902 issue of the *Book-Lover* will be found a most interesting address, with fifty capital book-plate reproductions, delivered before the British Ex-Libris Society, by Sir James Balfour Paul, F.S.A., Scot. Lyon King of Arms, Edinburgh. This sketch, as its writer takes occasion to remark, does not perhaps contain anything that is very new to book-plate collec-

tors, it nevertheless contains some things that are none the worse for repetition, and is well worthy of a careful perusal. In it one of the characteristic features of our times is greatly deplored, namely the tendency to display, the desire of the individual to direct attention to himself at any cost. Highly colored allegorical designs, chiefly of European origin, are commented upon, and the reader is cautioned not to forget the original intention of the book-plate, or to think of it more as a picture or work of art, than as a practically useful label to distinguish our books from those of other people.

Nos. 55, 56. The first book-plates here presented are those of Richard John Uniacke; armorial in design, of which two examples are given, each of which bears the date 1801. These plates while bearing the same name and date, are yet sufficiently unlike to give the impression upon a close examination, that they have been purposely differenced. Possibly some of our Halifax readers may be able to give a reasonable explanation of the fact just mentioned.

Richard John Uniacke was born at Castletown, County Cork, Ireland, on November twenty-second, 1753, and was the fourth son of Norman Uniacke, a well-to-do country gentleman. He settled at Fort Cumberland, N. S., in 1774, and on May third, 1775 married Martha Maria Delesdernier, daughter of Moses Delesdernier.

In 1776 he was arrested on suspicion of being implicated in Eddy's plot at Fort Cumberland, and was taken to Halifax. In 1783 he was elected a member of the Nova Scotia House of Assembly for Sackville township. In 1879 he was elected Speaker, and in 1797 appointed Attorney-General of Nova Scotia, which office he continued to hold until his death. In 1803 his wife died. In 1815 he ceased to take an active

part in professional or public life. He died at Mount Uniacke, N. S., Oct. 11th, 1830, in his seventy-seventh year, and is buried beneath St. Paul's Church at Halifax.

No. 57. The writer is indebted to Mr. Rufus King, of Yonkers, New York, for a copy of the Odell book-plate as well as for the use of the cut which appears herewith.

The founder of the Odell family in America was William Odell, who came from England, it is surmised, in company with the Rev. Peter Bulkeley, who was Rector of the Parish of Odell in Bedfordshire in 1620.

The subject of this notice who is mentioned in the Annals of New Brunswick as the "Honorable and Reverend Jonathan Odell," was a distinguished Loyalist at the American Revolution, and at its close he removed to Fredericton, New Brunswick, where he was Provincial Secretary, and held other important offices.

Jonathan Odell was the son of John and Temperance (Dickinson) Odell, and grandson of Rev. Jonathan Dickinson, first president of the College of New Jersey. Mr. Odell graduated there, and studied medicine, but afterwards became an Episcopal clergyman. After his removal to New Brunswick he took an active part in the political life of the Province until his death in 1818. His widow, Anne, died at Fredericton in 1825, aged 85. For a more extended notice the reader is referred to "Sabines Loyalists," Vol. II, pages 122-3, and also to the New York Genealogical and Biographical Record, Vol. XXXIV, No. 2, wherein appears a biographical sketch by Mr. Rufus King.



No. 58. John Berryman, M. D., was a native of St. John, N. B., and was a leading practitioner in his profession in that city for many years prior to his



death, which took place November 4th, 1900. The family is evidently of English origin, as the crest, the only one of the Berryman name mentioned in Fairbairns Crests of Great Britain and Ireland, Vol. I, p. 48, is similar to that used in the book-plate of the late Dr. Berryman, namely, a horse's head, erased, sa.

No. 59. Mr. George Edward Sears, formerly of New York, but now of Toronto, Ont., is a descendant of Thatcher Sears, U. E. Loyalist, who removed to St. John at the close of the American Revolution.

Thatcher Sears in turn was descended from Rev. Peter Thatcher, of New York. Thatcher Sears is stated by Sabine to have been the only Loyalist of the family. Much real estate is now owned by descendants in the city of St. John.

The writer is much indebted to Mr. George Edward Sears for old St. John papers, pamphlets of local interest and other interesting historical data. The book-plate here reproduced was designed for Mr. Sears in connection with a very valuable library, of which he was at one time the owner, and which he

disposed of for many thousands of dollars upon his removal from New York to Toronto.

DAVID RUSSELL JACK.



Book Reviews.

Bulletin No. XXI of the Natural History Society of New Brunswick just published by the Society, is of even more than ordinary interest. It comprises 152 pps., three maps and several other illustrations. The table of contents is as follows:—

Article I.—Note on the Discovery of a small Chalice of the French Period, at Tracadie, N. B., by G. F. Matthew, LL.D.

Article II.—Notes on Surface Geology of New Brunswick, by Geoffrey Stead, B.A., C.E.

Article III.—The Land Snails of New Brunswick, by George Whitman Bailey.

Article IV.—Notes on the Natural History and Physiography of New Brunswick, by W. F. Ganong, M.A., Ph. D.

Article V.—Notes on the Highlands of Northern New Brunswick, by L. W. Bailey, LL.D., F.R.S.C.

Article VI.—On Batrachian and other Foot-prints, from the Coal Measures of Joggins, N. S., by G. F. Matthew, LL.D., F.R.S.C.

Article VII.—New Brunswick Fungi, by G. U. Hay, D. Sc.

Article VIII.—Notes on Violets, by James Vroom.

Article IX.—The Diptere of New Brunswick, an Introductory List, by William McIntosh.

The Appendix also contains the President's address, the Report of Council, donations to museum and library, list of officers and members, the Report of the Fredericton Natural History Society, and a meteorological abstract for 1903 (1902?) from observations recorded at St. John Observatory, by D. L. Hutchinson, Director.

Prof. Ganong of Smith College, Northampton, Mass., who is a valued contributor to the pages of ACADIENSIS, has issued in a pamphlet of 57 pages, a reprint from the Bulletin No. XXI of the Natural History Society of New

Brunswick, just reviewed, Article IV of his series of "Notes on the Natural History and Physiography of New Brunswick." These notes treat of the following subjects:

- 57.—Upon Sundry Natural Curiosities said to occur in New Brunswick.
- 58.—Materials for a study of Magnetic variation in New Brunswick.
- 59.—On the Types of River-Beds in New Brunswick.
- 60.—On the Digdeguash Lake Basin.
- 61.—A Preliminary Synopsis of the Grouping of the Vegetation (Phytogeography) of the Province of New Brunswick.
- 62.—On Heights in New Brunswick, determined with Aneroid in 1902.
- 63.—On the Physiography of the Adder Lake Stream Basin.
- 64.—On the Physiography of the Graham Plains and Patchel Brook Region.
- 65.—Upon Upsalguitch Lake, and its surroundings.
- 66.—On Reported Occurrences of the Panther (*Felis concolor*) in New Brunswick.
- 67.—The Origin of Bald Head, Tobique.
- 68.—The Nomenclature and Origin of the Geologists Range.
- 69.—The Forestry Situation in New Brunswick.

