

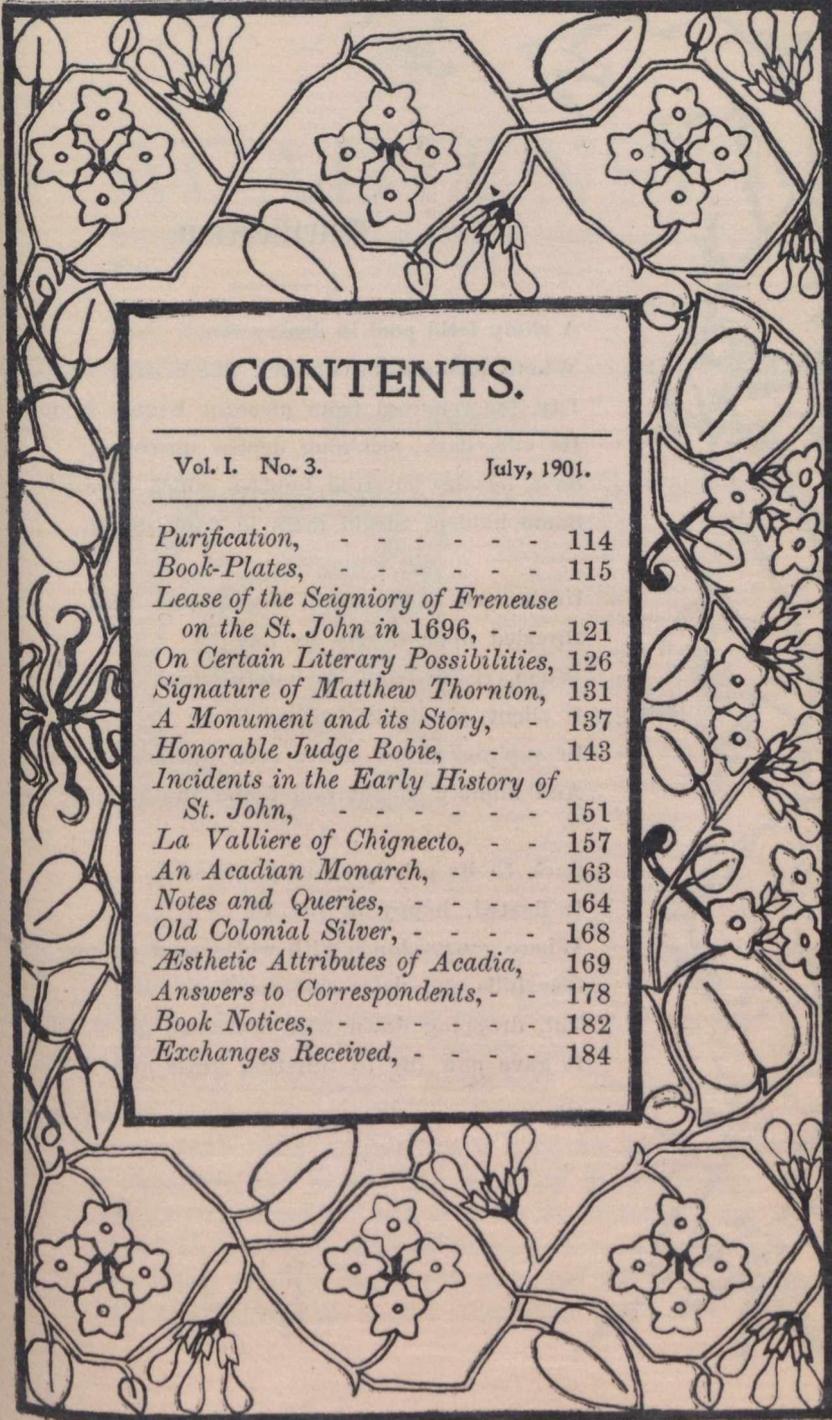


BOOK-PLATE OF EDWARD ALLISON.



BOOK-PLATE OF THE LATE JOHN MEDLEY,  
BISHOP OF FREDERICTON.

FROM THE COLLECTION OF DR. CHAS. E. CAMERON.



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## Purification.

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A slimy fetid pool in dreary fen,  
Where bloomed no flower, where sang no bird,  
Lay, far removed from pleasant haunts of men,  
Its vile, dark, sick'ning depths unstirred,  
Save by the bursting bubbles which betray  
Some hidden, turgid mass in dank decay.

Unchanged it lay, until the August heat  
Brooded upon it day by day ;  
When, rising from its hateful, foul retreat,  
It silent, ghost-like, passed away  
In vap'rous films, scarce seen by mortal eye,  
And humbly sought and found the summer sky.

Back to its pristine purity restored,  
It floated, happy in the air  
Where gauzy clouds with widespread pinions soared,  
O'er hills and dales and meadows fair ;  
Till, dropping down with welcome, gentle showers,  
It gave new life to thirsting grass and flowers.

I. ALLEN JACK.



# ACADIENSIS

VOL. I.

JULY, 1901.

No. 3.

DAVID RUSSELL JACK, . . . . . EDITOR.

## Book-Plates.



HE MOST REVEREND  
John Medley, D.D., late  
Bishop of Fredericton  
and Metropolitan of the  
ecclesiastical province of  
Canada, was born in  
London, England, Dec.  
10th, 1804. He was  
educated at Wadham  
College, Oxford, and  
took his degree with  
second-class honors in

1827. He was ordained on June 14th, 1828, and became curate of Souther, in Devonshire, the same year. In 1831 he accepted the incumbency of St. John, Truro, and in 1838 he was appointed to the vicarage of St. Thomas, Exeter. He was consecrated first Bishop of Fredericton on Ascension Day, 1845, in Lambeth Chapel, by the then Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Howley. The foundation stone of Fredericton cathedral was consecrated August 21st, 1853. The cathedral is a very fine specimen of architecture, and its situation, near the bank of the St. John river, surrounded as it is by a wide stretch of green sward, and clustered about by feathery elm trees, betokens the highly æsthetic taste of its projector, who sleeps his long sleep beneath the shadow of its walls.

No. 11.—The book-plate of Bishop Medley, which is here reproduced from the original copper-plate engraving, is one of the most beautiful in design and execution of any of those to be found within the limits of Acadia. Upon a ribbon is the motto: "Believe, Love, Obey," while above the shield is the crest, an heraldic tiger, sejant, vert, tufted and maned, or.

No. 12.—Mr. Edward Allison was born at Cornwallis, Nova Scotia, in November, 1803, and at the age of twelve years removed to Halifax, where he afterwards went into business with his brothers.

About 1845 he went to St. John and entered into partnership with Mr. James deWolfe Spurr, carrying on a general lumber business under the firm name of Allison & Spurr. they building the first mill at Spurr's Cove, at the location afterwards occupied by Miller & Woodman.

Mr. Allison was also largely interested in shipping and the importation of general merchandise until about 1854, when, at the death of Mr. Adam Jack, who was managing the business of the Liverpool and London and Globe Insurance Company for him, he closed up his mercantile business and devoted himself exclusively to insurance. This latter business he continued until 1871, when he retired altogether from active business and removed to Fredericton, from whence, after three or four years, he again removed to Halifax, at which city he died in 1876.

No. 13.—The late William Richdale Bustin was a descendant of an old Northumbrian family, and he was born at South Lincolnshire, England. He was educated under the Rev. Joshua Stoppard, at Sedgefield Grammar School and at the University of Edinburgh. He was a good linguist and well versed in the natural sciences.

He had held commissions in H. M. 10th and 98th Regiments of Foot, and was a brother officer of the late Col. John Robinson, of Douglas, York Co., N. B. After seeing some service in the Mediterranean and on the

Continent of Europe, his battalion of the regiment was reduced.

He came to the Province of New Brunswick in 1848, and was the last officer to whom land was granted in Nova Scotia.

He was a gentleman of superior education, literary mind, sound piety and retired habits.

He died on Friday, the 27th of March, 1874, and the *St. Croix Courier*, dated the 26th of the same month, publishes a very eulogistic obituary notice of his life, from which the foregoing is a brief extract.

No. 14—Of all Acadian families, few are more numerous or more widely distributed than those bearing the name of Wetmore, with allied branches. Many of them have occupied prominent positions, more particularly in the Province of New Brunswick. They are all descended from Thomas Whitmore, who came from the west of England to Boston, Mass., in 1635, in the eleventh

year of the reign of Charles the First. Three of them at least, namely, Thomas Wetmore, Rev. Robert Griffith Wetmore and William Wetmore, are known to have possessed book-plates, one of which we reproduce herewith. In 1861 a very valuable book, entitled, "The Wetmore Family in America," was published by James Carnahan Wetmore, dealing with the Wetmore family throughout America. That portion of the Wetmore family who settled in Charlotte County, N. B., appears to have been entirely omitted,



W. R. BUSTIN.

NO. 13.

and as it embraced many prominent and interesting personages in provincial biography, it is our intention to publish the first of a series of articles, dealing with that branch of the family, in our next issue.

All the book-plates of the Wetmore family which the writer has been able to discover bear the family coat-of-arms and crest, which are as follows :

*Arms*—He beareth argent, on a chief azure ; three martlets, or.

*Crest*—A Falcon, ppr.

The writer has had some correspondence with Hon. George Peabody Wetmore, Chairman of the Committee on the Library of the U. S. Senate, regarding the Wetmore book-plates, and as one of his letters contains a great deal of information in a concise form, we take the liberty of re-publishing it *verbatim* :

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 7th, 1901.

DEAR SIR,—

I am sorry not to have been able to give attention to your letter, received some time ago, until now. In reply to your enquiry as to whether I know anything concerning Wetmore book-plates, I would say that I find in a book called "Book Plates—Old and New," by John A. Gade, published by M. F. Mansfield and Company, New York, on page 41, a paragraph speaking of book plates engraved by Paul Revere, in which mention is made, among others, of one of William Wetmore. In another book, "Book Plates, and their Value," by J. H. Slater, published at London, by Henry Grant, 47 Essex street, 1898, I find two references, on page 63 and page 233, again of William Wetmore. "American Book Plates," by Charles Dexter Allen, Macmillan and Co., New York and London, 1894, refers, on page 56, to a book-plate of Prosper Wetmore by Maverick, and on pages 147 and 148 to one of William Wetmore, by Paul Revere, giving a *fac simile* of the same. In the same book, in the list of early American book-plates, page 302, No. 924, a description is given of the book-plate of Charles H. Wetmore, signed by "Doolittle, Sculp.," same page, No. 925, that of Prosper Wetmore, signed, "Maverick, Sculp.," and same page, No. 926, William Wetmore, signed "Revere, sc."

My father, William S. Wetmore, had a book-plate about forty

years ago, and I had one made about thirty years ago. I will try and remember, when I go to Newport, to send you examples of each.

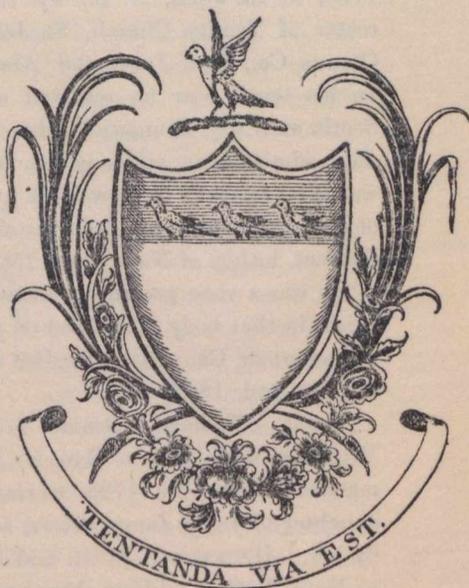
Yours truly,

GEORGE PEABODY WETMORE.

D. R. JACK, Esq.,

*St. John, New Brunswick.*

No. 14. WILLIAM WETMORE.—The writer is indebted to Mrs. J. P. Wetmore, of Woodstock, N. B., for a pencil sketch of a book-plate in her possession made for William Wetmore, and signed Revere, Sc. This is the first signed book-plate which we have, so far, listed, and it is undoubtedly that of the William Wetmore mentioned in the letter of Hon. George Peabody Wetmore, published above. As it is identical in design with that of Rev. R. G. Wetmore, M. A., and of Thomas Wetmore, neither of which are signed, it is probable that the latter are reproductions of the plate used by William Wetmore. The writer is also indebted to Mrs. Wetmore for the original of the book-plate of Rev. R. G. Wetmore, which we reproduce here.



*Rev. Rob<sup>d</sup>. G. Wetmore, M.A.*

NO. 14.

No. 15.—Rev. Robert Griffieth Wetmore, A. M., was the youngest child of Timothy Wetmore, by Jane Haviland, of Rye, N. Y., his first wife. Timothy was the son of Rev.

James, who was the son of Izrahiah, who was the son of Thomas Whitmore, before mentioned. He was born in Rye, N. Y., March 10, 1774; christened the Sunday next before Whitsunday by the Rev. Mr. Avery, Mr. Robert Griffith and wife, sponsors, by proxy; married May 16, 1795, at St. John, N. B., by Rev. Mather Byles, first rector of Trinity Church, St. John, to Jane Gidney, of Queens Co.; had Jane, and Abraham Kirsted Smedes. In his tenth year he removed with his father to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, where he studied law and was duly admitted an attorney 6th May, 1795. Soon afterwards he removed to New York and commenced the study of theology, being ordained deacon by Right Rev. Samuel Provost, bishop of New York, 25th May, 1797.

He was a very prominent Mason, and held many high offices in that body. He died on the 30th January, 1803, at Savannah, Ga. His wife died at Rye, N. Y., Saturday, October 2nd, 1802.

No. 16.—Thomas Wetmore, brother to the Rev. R. G. Wetmore, was born in Rye, N. Y., September 20, 1767; married March 17th, 1793, at Gagetown, N. B., to Sarah, daughter of Judge James Peters, and had thirteen children by her. He was a Loyalist, and removed with his father to Nova Scotia, and from thence to New Brunswick, where he studied law with Hon. Ward Chipman, was admitted to the bar, and practised with credit and success. In 1792 he held the office of Deputy Surrogate of the Colony, was Master and Examiner in Chancery, Registrar of Wills and Deeds for Queens County, and was a member of the Council. He was appointed Attorney General of the Province of New Brunswick July 26, 1809, which office he filled with signal reputation until his death, 22nd March, 1828.

The writer has before him an old volume published in 1776, the property of Mr. George Otty Dickson Otty, containing the book-plate of Thomas Wetmore, and also his autograph, with the date 1799.

DAVID RUSSELL JACK.

(To be continued.)

## Lease of the Seigniory of Freneuse on the St. John in 1696.



THE ORIGINAL manuscript of the following document is in my possession. It was bought some years ago from a collection of autographs sold at Paris (Dufossé, Catalogue No. 69060). Its history, from the day it was signed by the Sieur de Freneuse at Quebec on the 5th of August, 1696, until it appeared in Dufossé's collection, is an entire blank.

It is in a good state of preservation, though the old-fashioned hand in which it is written makes it at times difficult to read. In its transcription and translation I have had the great advantage of the kind assistance of Mr. F. P. Rivet, formerly professor of French in the University of New Brunswick, and now a lawyer at Lowell, Mass. The document is not only of much interest as a curiosity (for it is probably the oldest original document relating to the history of New Brunswick now in possession of any New Brunswicker), but it is of considerable historical importance for the light it throws on one of the least known periods of our history. We know that the Seigniory of Freneuse occupied the parishes of Maugerville, Sheffield and Canning, on the St. John, and that the Seigniorial Manor of Freneuse was in Sheffield, nearly opposite the mouth of the Oromocto. Full accounts of the location of this and other seigniories of the time on the St. John may be found, with a map, in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada, Vol. V,

1899, Section ii, 302-320. The Sieur de Freneuse was one of four brothers prominent on the St. John towards the close of the seventeenth century, of whom a popular account is given by Hannay in the *New Brunswick Magazine*, I, 25. The genealogical connections of these brothers may be traced in Tanguay's "Dictionnaire Généalogique." This lease was signed in August, 1696, and the Sieur de Freneuse died in the same year as a result of injuries received at the siege of Fort Nashwaak in October. Michel Chartier, habitant of Scoodic, was granted a seigniory in 1695 on the Scoodic, including the site of St. Stephen, and he was apparently living there at the time of Church's raid in 1704. Whether or not he ever occupied the seigniory of Freneuse, we do not know, but as he appears not to be mentioned in the census of 1698, probably the death of the Sieur de Freneuse led to a change of plans. Judging from Tanguay, Michel Chartier was probably no relation of Dame Marie Françoise Chartier, widow of the Sieur de Marson, and grantee of a seigniory on the St. John in 1691. The subsequent history of the Seigniory of Freneuse is entirely unknown. The lease, however, shows that the Sieur de Freneuse had here a considerable establishment, as had his brother, Sieur de Chauffours, at Jemseg, as shown by Gyles' Narrative; so that at least two of the sixteen seigniories on the St. John were actually, to some extent, settled.

The document is worthy of reproduction, both in the original form and in translation. The translation is not exact, for in places the original is obscure, and I have not been able to determine the exact meaning of certain signs and abbreviations; but in all essentials I believe it conveys the meaning of the original:

(Original.)

5 aoust 96

PARDEVANT GUILLAUME Roger Notaire Royal en la  
 Prevosté de Quebec y residant Et tesmoins cy aprez nommez Et  
 signez, fut pnt. Monsieur Maistre Mathieu damours Escuyer

Seigneur de freneuse, Conll. du Roy au Conseil souverain de ce pais, Lequel de son bon gré, et Volonté, a reconnu et Confessé avoir baillé et delaissé par ces presentes, a Tiltre de ferme, Loyer et prix d'argent, Pour Cinq années finies et accomplies Commencantes Le premier May de l'année prochaine gbjll Quartre vingt dix sept Et finir a pareil Jour au bout desdites cinq années, Et promet pendant ledit temps garentir et faire Jouir plainement et paisiblement, A Michel Chartier Habitant de Scoudé a l' acadie, a ce present et acceptant preneur et retenant pour luy au dit tiltre le dit temps durant, C'est a scavoir, Le manoir Seigneurial de la dite Seigneurie de freneuse, concistant en trente arpens ou Environ de terres Labourables a la charrüe, prez, bois de haute futaye et taillie, avec les maisons, granges Et Estables qui sont dessus, La traite avec leu Sausages dans toute l'estendüe de la seigneurie, a la reserve des terres que Ledit sieur bailleur par [?] avoir concedées a des particuliers, Comme aussy livrera le dit sieur bailleur au preneur en Entrant dans Ladite ferme, tous Les beufs, vaches et taurailles †° avec les chevres qui en seront Sortis au dit temps, douze Cochons masles Et femelles, Vollailles, meubles, et Ustancilles de mesnage qui resteront de la Vente quil a dessein d'en faire avec Les Charette Et charnir, [charrue?] garnie et preste a travailler, Pour desdt. terres maisons et bastiments Circonstances et depencances † Jouir, par ledit preneur audit tiltre Lesdt. Cinq Années durant En Vertu des presentes, Ce bail ainsy fait, a la charge Par ledit preneur, d'en faire bailler et payer au dit sieur bailleur par chacun an Le premier Juillet de chacune année La somme de six cent livres argent prix de france, moytie en argent Et L'autre en menués pelletteries Comme castor, Louttres Et martres Lequel payement Ledt. sieur bailleur Envoiera querir au dit lieu en l'acadie La premiere année qui sera 1698 ; La Seconde Le preneur luy apportera en cette Ville, La troisieme le dit sieur de freneuse lenvoiera querir, La quatriee. Le preneur luy apportera Et la Cinque. et derniere année ledt. sieur bailleur y envoiera outre ce sera ledt. preneur tenu a la fin de son bail de remettre es mains dudit sieur bailleur Pareil nombre † ainsy que de ce qui est cy dessus specifié, †° qu'il a de present de bestes a Cornes, mesme Especies Et Valleur, ainsy que des cochons, Et des Ustancilles de mesnage, Charette et Charrue garnie, Et Vollailles, †† suivant Et Au desir de l'Estat du tout, qui sera fait Entreux, Et dont chacune d'Elles aura Copie ; Comme aussy par ledt. Preneur d'Entretenir les bastiments des manoir reparationes pendant son bail, que si'il on besoin d'en faire de grosses Il sera

†, †. These signs occur in the original.

tenu d'en advertir le dit sieur bailleur afin d'y faire remedier Lesquelles Il sera tenu de souffrir Sans pour ce pouvoir pretendre aucune diminution de labourer, cultiver et Ensemencer les terres parsoller Et saisons convenables sans desoller ny desaisonner Et du tout en user comme Un bon pere de famille don faire, Et le tout rendre en bon et deub estat en fin dudt bail, Et outre de fournir Autant des presentes en bonne et deube forme Au dit sieur bailleur ou luy rendre Ce quil en aura deboursé, moyennant quoy Le dit sieur bailleur s'oblige de rendre Les dites maisons et autres bastiments en bon Et deub Estat, Car ainsy sont convenues lesdites parties Permettant et obligeant chacune en dieu Foy Et renonceant fait et passé Audit Quebec Estude dudt. Notaire Apres Midy Le Cinquieme Jour d' aoust Mil six centquatre vingt Seize en presence des sieurs Georges Michellet Me descole Et Jean Chevallier perquier demeurant au dit Quebec-tesmoins qui ont avec Ledt sieur bailleur et Notaire Signé Et a ledt. preneur declaré ne scavoir escrire ny signer de ce Enquis. Il ee gl. luy en sera livré.

G. MICHELLET.

J. CHEVALIER.

ROGER.



(Translation.)

5th August '96.

BEFORE WILLIAM Roger, Notary Royal of the jurisdiction of Quebec there residing, and witnesses hereafter named and subscribed, was present Monsieur Master Mathieu Damours, Sieur de Freneuse, Counsellor of the King in the sovereign Council of this land, who of his own accord and will has acknowledged and confessed to have leased and relinquished by these presents the title in his farm [for] rent and payment in money for five full and entire years commencing the first of May next year sixteen hundred and ninety seven and to end on the same day at the end of the said five years, and promises during the said time to guarantee and allow, fully and peacefully, possession to Michel Chartier habitant of Scoodic in Acadie (he being present and accepting as lessee and holding for himself under the said title during the said time,) [the following] that is to say, the seigniorial manor of the said Seigniorly of Freneuse, consisting of thirty arpents or thereabouts of arable land under the plow, meadows, forest and undergrowth, with the houses barns and stables which are thereon, trade with the Indians through the whole extent of the Seigniorly with exception of the lands which the said

LEASE OF THE SEIGNIORY OF FRENEUSE 125

lessee may have granted to private individuals, as also the said lessor will deliver to the lessee in taking possession of the said farm, all the oxen cows and bullocks with the goats which shall be on it at the said time, twelve pigs male and female, poultry, furniture and household utensils which shall remain from the sale he intends to make, with the cart and plow rigged and ready for work. In order that the said lessee may enjoy the said lands, houses, and buildings, privileges and appurtenances under the said title during the said five years, by virtue of these presents, this lease [is] thus made, on the condition that the said lessee gives and pays to the said lessor for each year on the first of July in each year the sum of six hundred livres in money of the French standard, half in money and the other half in small furs such as beaver otter and martins; which payment the lessor will send for at the said place in Acadie the first year which will be 1698; the second the lessee shall bring to him in this city; the third the said Sieur de Freneuse will send for; the fourth the lessee will bring to him, and the fifth and last year the said lessor will send, besides which the said lessee shall be bound at the end of his lease to return into the possession of the said lessor a like number as herein specified that it has at present of cattle, of the same kinds and value, as well as pigs and household utensils, waggon and plow equipped, and poultry, according to the list of all which shall be made between them and of which each one shall have a copy. Also the said lessee shall have to keep the buildings of the manoir in repair during his lease, and if larger [changes] are needed he will be bound to advise the said lessee in order that he may repair them. All these things he will have to do without being able to claim any diminution of plowing cultivating and sowing the lands, to work it in suitable seasons and not to injure it nor work it out of season, and to use everything as a good father of a family ought to do, and to return everything in good and proper order at the end of his lease, and besides to furnish as much of these presents in good and proper order to the said lessor or to return to him what he shall have expended, in consideration of which the said lessor binds himself to hand over the said houses, and other buildings in good and proper condition. For thus the said parties are convened promising and binding themselves by God and the faith and in renunciation. Made and passed at the said Quebec in the office of the said Notary in the afternoon of the fifth day of August one thousand six hundred and ninety six in the presence of Messieurs Georges Michellet schoolmaster, and Jean Chevallier Barber living at the said Quebec, witnesses who have with the said lessor and Notary signed. And the said lessee declares he knows how neither to write nor to sign . . . shall be delivered to him.

W. F. GANONG.



## On Certain Literary Possibilities.

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At the present time there is an enormous demand for literary material. This is especially the case as regards fiction. For example, it will be found that nearly every state in the union to the south of us possesses one or more literary interpreters engaged in prosecuting their art and reaping their pecuniary rewards. Thus, Kentucky is in the hands of Mr. James Lane Allen, Louisiana under the manipulation of Mr. G. W. Cable. And in these days of "localized" fiction-writing, it is interesting to note the possibilities of our Maritime Provinces, and particularly those of Nova Scotia. A few remarks on the subject may fitly find place in ACADIENSIS.

Nova Scotia, as everyone knows, formed the most important section of the old French province of Acadie. It possesses a history extending back some three centuries, and manifests features—historical and other—which claim a more than passing notice from the seeker after new things in the domain of literature. To a certain degree the field has been exploited, but there remains a large extent of virgin soil. There is plenty of dramatic incident imbedded in the past, while many elements of literary appeal exist to-day on the rugged coast-line or the storied marsh-lands.

At the basis of all literary appeal lies the quality of human interest. Very close to this comes what may be called local colouring,—as of dialect and scenery—which serves to bestow originality and freshness. To engage the attention of the public requires striking character or incident, or strong scenic effect. These requirements may be found without difficulty in the little seaside province.

Of the literary possibilities of Nova Scotia, those of a historical nature are the first to present themselves. The history of the country has not been very long, but it is singularly picturesque. All about it there clings a pleasant flavour of romance.

The French were the first on the scene, arriving towards the beginning of the seventeenth century. The names of DeMonts, Champlain, and the Baron de Poutrincourt group about this early period. These gentlemen adventurers were very interesting figures, and carried with them into the wilderness something of the glamour of old France. Many dramatic incidents are connected with the French régime. There was the famous duel of La Tour and Charnisay—a duel fought out on two continents, and ending in a manner which touches every lover of true romance. Though one could wish, indeed, that La Tour had remained faithful to the memory of the brave lady who waited so long and vainly in the fort at the St. John's mouth above the fierce Fundy tides. Sufficiently dramatic, too, was the appearance before this of Captain Samuel Argall, who went north all the way from Virginia to wipe out the French menace at Port Royal. This place, at the head of its beautiful basin, was for years the centre of French influence. And the hill-ranges round about looked down on many a dubious conflict, when the cannon grumbled over the marshes.

The first successful attempt at colonization was made about 1633, when Isaac de Razilly and Charnisay brought out some families from France. These were the progenitors of the Acadian race. Very capable people they were—though for a time they suffered much during the winters. Yet they kept up bravely, and barred out the sea, and felled the forests, and cultivated the marshes. They increase and multiply, so that by and by we find them holding all the fair valley from Port Royal to Piziquid. They spread also round the head of the Bay of Fundy.

Their great achievement was reclaiming thousands of acres where formerly the salt waves ranged at will. Their system of dike-building was remarkable for strength and durability. They did not pay much attention to things extraneous, and could not at all understand the inexorable law of race-conflict which brought the English against them.

This struggle, and the events connected therewith, forms the most striking period of Nova Scotian history. The whole subject is shrouded with a mist of controversy, of which the end is not yet. But this is of small consequence to the romancer. Of course we have had the great romance of the Acadians—the tale of “love that hopes, and endures and is patient.” *Evangeline* is a very charming (if very unhistorical) heroine, and the poem shows how much can be made by an artist out of good material. Yet Longfellow’s work has by no means exhausted the possibilities of that exciting period. There is strong dramatic value in the opposition of the Acadians and English, and the vast background of the Anglo-French war.

That war presents many opportunities to the story-writer. The time was pregnant with fate; the destiny of three nations hinged upon the outcome. A striking work of fiction lies in the power of him who can read and weigh musty archives, who has an eye for effective incident, and the skill of a literary craftsman. *Beauséjour*, *Grand Prè* and *Louisbourg* call up memories that loom large and are lit with battle-fires.

Another feature of literary interest in Nova Scotia is found in the various periods of settlement. That of the French commenced in 1605, or thereabouts, and ran on for the greater part of a century. About 1748 the English began to take a definite stand. In the summer of 1745 a handful of German settlers were established in what is now the County of Lunenburg. Some twenty years later the Scotch immigration began. It continued until 1820,

and was of much importance to the province. The United Empire Loyalists came to Nova Scotia in 1783, and the story of the settlement and abandonment of Shelburne is an interesting chapter of history.

Turning from the historical point of view, we find that even in the present prosaic age Nova Scotia has considerable material for the literary artificer. In the first place, there is the very fascinating element of French survival. Longfellow's words are still substantially true. Acadian damsels do still wear the Norman cap and the homespun kirtle. And if they do not repeat *Evangeline's* story around the fire, they doubtless have equally entertaining tales of their own. Any writer who has time on his hands would do well to spend a few weeks in the Clare District, or among the Tusket Islands. Here the march of progress has made but little change.

Then there is the presence of what may be termed dialect. The Acadian French is the most important. Two other modes of speech will re-pay study. One is that of Lunenburg and Queens Counties. It possesses a strong German element. The use of pure German has died out within the last fifty years, though many families treasure their old German Bibles. But the speech—and it might be said the customs and physiognomy—of this folk shows marked traces of their origin. Up in Cape Breton, and in the Counties of Pictou, Guysborough and Antigonish, you will find Scotch—and very broad Scotch, too. Many of the good people speak Gaelic. This section is peculiarly interesting. It is also characterized by thrift—an essentially Caledonian virtue.

Again, there is enough wild life in Nova Scotia to catch the attention of the literary stroller. Most important in this regard are the Indians—what is left of them. They are a silent race—proud and shy—but if you win their respect through the good fellowship that comes of fishing and shooting, they will tell some strange legends of ancient

lore. If you are a writer, however, you must be careful to keep the fact hid, for they dread the publication of the pathetic tales of their past. The best traditions of the Micmacs are handed down orally, and jealously guarded. The better class of Indians preserve a sort of aristocracy. Sometimes they will point out the sites of forgotten villages, now indistinguishable amid the forest.

An important phase of Nova Scotian life is found in the fisheries. Many of our fishermen sail out of Gloucester to the Banks, but many more go from our own ports. Fine fellows they are, and spin a good yarn upon occasion. Moreover, they often build and sail their own schooners. And you seldom hear of a vessel built at Lunenburg, or La Have, or Shelburne, turning up any the worse for a gale of wind.

This brings us, by a natural sequence, to the final note in our hastily-gathered sheaf. Nova Scotia possesses excellent scenic properties. The marsh country is unusual, and produces magnificent sunsets—more particularly the region sentinelled by Blomidon. On the Atlantic coast you get the finest effects. The land is bold, often precipitous, and the sweep of the surges is terrific. The headlands are generally naked granite. Also they are unspoiled as yet by summer cottages or summer tourists. You obtain the scenic impression to advantage on board an inbound steamer, or a homing schooner. If it is winter, and towards sundown of a windy day, so much the better.

As I said at first, the literary field offered by Nova Scotia has by no means been neglected. But there is much remaining to the craftsman who feels moved thereunto.

A. B. DE MILLE.

## The Signature of Matthew Thornton.

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IN NEW HAMPSHIRE, before the outbreak of the Revolutionary War, there were two men, uncle and nephew, who bore the name of Matthew Thornton. The uncle was born in Ireland, about 1714. He was a son of James Thornton, and came with his father to America when three or four years of age. Soon after their immigration, the family settled at Worcester, Mass.; removing thence to Londonderry, N. H., in 1740. Having studied medicine in Massachusetts, Matthew Thornton was commissioned by Warren and Pepperrell, in 1745, as under-sergeant of Richardson's regiment, and accompanied the expedition to Louisbourg, On his return he resumed the practice of his profession in Londonderry, where he was later appointed justice of the peace, and also colonel of militia. Though he thus held two offices under the royal government, he represented the town of Londonderry in the second, third and fourth provincial congresses of New Hampshire, and was elected president of the latter in 1775. He held the same position in the fifth provincial congress; and when that body resolved itself into a state legislature, Matthew Thornton was chosen speaker of the house of representatives, an office which he very soon left vacant to become a member of the upper house, and afterwards a justice of the supreme court of New Hampshire. In 1779 he removed from Londonderry to Exeter, and in the following year to the Merrimac, where, in 1784, he obtained exclusive right to the ferry at the place still known as Thornton's Ferry. He died in 1803 while on a visit to his daughter in Newburyport, Mass.

Matthew Thornton, the nephew, was the son of another James Thornton. He was born in New Hampshire, in December, 1746. He was a resident of the town of Thornton; where, at the age of twenty-nine, he seems to have taken a leading part in local affairs, and held the rank of captain of militia. While Colonel Matthew Thornton represented Londonderry in the third provincial congress, Captain Matthew Thornton sat in the same convention as the representative of the towns of Holderness and Thornton. Matthew Thornton, of Thornton, was also a member of the fourth New Hampshire congress, and was by it appointed to assist in the work of raising volunteers "to guard the Western Frontier." At the battle of Bennington, in August, 1777, he appeared among the British, under circumstances which led to the suspicion that he was not altogether an unwilling prisoner. He was arrested by the New Hampshire authorities; was detained in prison for two years, the general assembly in the meantime passing and repealing special acts to authorize his trial in certain counties, one after another; and was finally tried and acquitted. After his release, he fled to escape persecution. Joining the Penobscot Loyalists at St. Andrews, he received a share in their grants of land on the St. Croix, his farm lot lying in that part of the old parish of St. Stephen which is now the parish of Dufferin. He died about 1824, and is buried at the Ledge, not far from the land allotted to him in the Penobscot Association grant. His grave is not marked, and the exact spot is difficult to find. There are persons living who can recall to memory the old man, broken in health and spirit; and a refined, gentle and patient woman, his wife. The ruins of the old stone house in which they lived, a large pewter dish that belonged to their better days, and a scarf-pin bearing the family coat-of-arms, and beneath it some Masonic device that is said to have helped him in his flight—these, and a few old documents in which his name

occurs, are all that remain to his younger descendants as mementos of the refugee.

One of these two men was a delegate to the general congress that assembled in Philadelphia in 1776 and adopted the Declaration of Independence. He is mentioned in the journals of the congress as "The hon. Matthew Thornton, Esq., a delegate from New Hampshire." Though not present when the famous declaration was issued, and not even a member of the congress until four months later, he was allowed to add his signature. Was this Colonel Thornton, of Londonderry; or was it his nephew, Captain Thornton, of Thornton? The descendants of the latter have a tradition that he was the signer.

According to this family tradition, Captain Thornton, just before the affair known as the battle of Bennington, had gone to look over some land which he had bought or wished to buy, and was surprised and taken prisoner by the British, and compelled to drive one of their ammunition wagons. His neighbors, finding him thus employed, supposed that he had been all along secretly in sympathy with the British; and he was therefore arrested for treason. The fact that after a long imprisonment he was brought to trial and honorably acquitted did not allay their suspicions; and to avoid further trouble he secretly made his way by sea to St. Andrews, where, on the arrival of the Loyalist refugees, he was admitted to their company as a fellow sufferer.

The following statement\* was given the writer some years ago by the late Joseph Donald, of Dufferin, who at one time sat in the House of Assembly of this province as a member for Charlotte:

It has always been known in the family that Matthew Thornton, of the Penobscot Association, was a signer of the Declaration of Independence, though, for obvious reasons, very little was said about it during his lifetime. As a Loyalist among Loyalists, he

\* Published in the *St. Croix Courier* series of articles on the History of Charlotte County and the Border Towns, now out of print.

would, of course, prefer that the fact should be forgotten; and it would have been more in accordance with his wishes if it had remained a family secret.

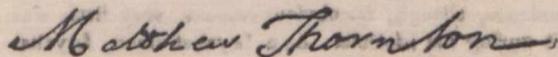
Soon after I became acquainted with the family, which was nearly seventy years ago, I first heard it mentioned. This was but a year or two after Matthew Thornton died, and while his widow was still living.

A little incident which convinced me of the truth of this story took place at the house of his son (afterwards my father-in-law), who was also named Matthew Thornton.

A friend had sent me a group of portraits of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. Showing this to Mr. Thornton, without letting him know what it was, I asked him whether he knew any of the faces. He pointed to one and said, "Why, that's Father Thornton," and showed it to his wife, who also recognized the likeness. Then I told him that the pictures were those of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, and that the one he had pointed out bore his father's name; and he said, "Yes, he was a signer."

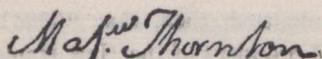
It was easy to be misled by a strong family likeness; and "signer" would not necessarily mean a signer of the Declaration of Independence; so, to remove any lingering doubts, Mr. Donald went to some trouble and expense in looking up records in New Hampshire. But he finally reached the conclusion that the family tradition was correct.

Mr. Donald's conclusion, however, was not supported by such documentary proof as would be convincing to others. The papers in his possession related chiefly to the trial and acquittal of Captain Thornton. The readiest means of testing the truth of the curious tradition seemed to be a comparison of the signature of Matthew Thornton in a *fac-simile* of the Declaration of Independence, with signatures of Captain Thornton, the Loyalist; but the result was not so conclusive as might have been expected.

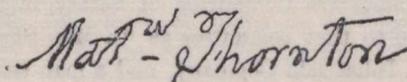
A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Matthew Thornton". The signature is written in dark ink and shows some signs of age, with a few ink blots and a slightly irregular baseline.

[From a *fac-simile* of the Declaration of Independence].

SIGNATURE OF MATTHEW THORNTON 135

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Mat<sup>w</sup> Thornton". The letters are fluidly connected, with a notable break between the 'r' and 'n' in the first syllable of the surname.

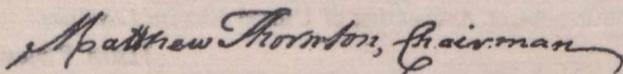
[From a document witnessed by Matthew Thornton soon after coming to St. Stephen.]

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Mat<sup>w</sup> Thornton". This signature is very similar to the one above, showing the same characteristic break between 'r' and 'n'.

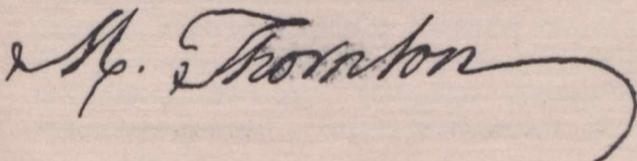
[From a note of hand given by Matthew Thornton, of St. Stephen, in 1813.]

The very remarkable resemblances in these signatures—the peculiar break between the “r” and the “n” in the first syllable of the surname, the joining of “t” and “o,” and the stiff ending of the final letter of the name—seemed, at least, to call for a suspension of judgment. If an undoubted signature of Dr. Thornton should prove to be very different, Mr. Donald’s contention would hold good, and the tradition must be accepted as true.

Following up the matter more recently (with the courteous help of Mr. V. H. Paltsits, of the New York Public Library), the required signature was obtained, and a wonderful similarity of handwriting shown to have existed in the case of uncle and nephew. If the resemblance in their features was so great, it is not surprising that the son of the latter was misled by the printed portrait.

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Matthew Thornton, Chairman". The signature is more formal and includes the title "Chairman".

[From a *fac-simile* of document signed by him as Chairman of the Committee of Safety, “Exeter, June 19th, 1775.”]

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "M. Thornton". The signature is shorter and more abbreviated than the previous ones.

[From a recommendation of a committee of the N. H. House of Representatives, dated “March 3rd, 1786.”]

It must be admitted, then, that "The hon. Matthew Thornton, Esq.," president of the New Hampshire convention, was the delegate to the congress at Philadelphia and the signer of the famous document. His unfortunate nephew, who, when a company of men was to be raised by the New Hampshire Committee of Safety, in 1775, was recommended to that committee as "a Man Shutabe [sic] we Think to Inlist said Company, and a man that we Can Depend upon in the graitest Troble or Destress," was probably a signer of some other pledge or protest. Such a document was signed by many who afterwards remained loyal to the crown; for many of the colonists felt that they were opposing the unlawful acts and pretensions of the British parliament, and not their lawful sovereign, the King of England. They were ready enough to acknowledge the King; but were not ready to acknowledge any other authority as above that of the colonial legislatures. The Declaration of Independence, in 1776, may have compelled Captain Thornton, as it certainly did compel many another colonist, to choose between keeping faith with his associates and remaining true to his allegiance. That his uncle was present at his long-deferred trial, and that two brothers-in-law were men of influence, may, perhaps, in part account for his acquittal in defiance of public opinion. This view of the case is certainly in accordance with the fact that he was received on equal terms as a member of the Penobscot Association of United Empire Loyalists.

JAMES VROOM.



## A Monument and its Story.

(Conclusion.)



THE DEATH of Mrs. Macdonald did not, however, turn Captain Macdonald from the patriotic work in which he was engaged, and to which he had been devoted. In the autumn of 1843 he published, from the press of Henry Chubb & Co., a pamphlet which bore the following title: "Sketches of Highlanders: with an account of their early arrival in North America; their advancement in agriculture; and some of their distinguished military services in the war of 1812, etc., etc., with letters containing useful information for emigrants from the Highlands of Scotland to the British Provinces, by R. C. Macdonald, Lieutenant-Colonel of the Castle Tioram Regiment of Highlanders, Prince Edward Island, Chief of the Highland Society of Nova Scotia, and Paymaster of the 30th Regiment. St. John, N. B., 1843."

The edition of the pamphlet, which was limited in number, for some reason was not freely circulated, and remained in possession of the Messrs. Chubb for many years, and was destroyed in the great fire of 1877. But few copies are now in existence, and it is one of the rarest of provincial pamphlets.

The sketches of Highlanders are taken from Chamber's History of the Rebellion of 1745, supplemented with a great deal of historical information relating to the Highland soldiers and emigrants who settled in Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia during the last century. The pamphlet, which contains a very interesting account of the Glengarry regiment, and its services in the war of 1812-13, ends with two characteristic letters from Abraham Gesner, the eminent geologist, to Captain Macdonald, on the settle-

ment of Highlanders on the crown lands of New Brunswick. Captain Macdonald's book was worthy of a wider circulation and deserved a better fate than that which befell it, and the author merited more honor than he appears to have received.

But that which has tended most to perpetuate Captain Macdonald's name with us is the monument, with the lengthy inscription, which he placed over the grave of his wife, and which remains as a memorial of his affection.

The builder of the monument was the late John Causey, and it was placed in its present position in the autumn of 1843.

Shortly after its erection, the 30th Regiment returned to England, and we hear nothing more of Captain Macdonald. Military duties carried him far from his native island, and the people in whom he had taken so deep an interest. In 1848, while on service with his regiment in the island of Cephalonia, one of the Ionian Isles, now a part of the kingdom of Greece, he died, and his brother officers placed over his grave a monument to mark his worth and their respect.

Captain Macdonald possessed an estate on Prince Edward Island, to which his father, Glenaladale, had given the name "Castle Tioram."\* It was a portion of his patrimony. There, and on Lots 35 and 36, was formed the Castle Tioram Regiment of Highlanders, named in compliment to him, and of which he became lieutenant-colonel. The corps was recruited from his own clansmen, and wore the same

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\* "Castletirrim is one of the ancient seats on the mainland of the Macdonalds of Clanranald. It was burnt down by the chief prior to his joining the Earl of Mar during the Fifteen to avoid its falling into the hands of the government forces during his absence. The walls are still standing, and in fair preservation, on a little island near the head of Loch Moidart. The name, as written by Captain Macdonald himself, Castle Tioram, is the correct Gaelic form of it. The family of Glenaladale being descended from Clanranald, Captain Macdonald, naturally enough, called his place in Prince Edward Island after the ancient family residence of his chief." Extract from a letter from Alexander Mackenzie, F. S. A., author of "History of the Macdonalds and Lords of the Isles" to the writer.

tartan as the Highland societies of British America,—the prominent color being the Gordon tartan, with the colors of the other clans. The standard of the regiment bore the Glengarry and Castle Tioram coat-of-arms, and was presented by Mrs. Macdonald. The Castle Tioram regiment, like many of the Highland societies, is but a memory of the past, and the Castle Tioram estate has become the residence of strangers, with the ancient name almost forgotten.

Captain Macdonald had issue by his wife one son and two daughters; one daughter died young, and the other, Elizabeth Ranaldson Macdonald, entered a convent and became a nun. She is now in Melbourne, Australia. The son, Rev. John Alastair Somerled Macdonald, a Jesuit priest, is stationed at Brandon, Manitoba, in the Northwest Territories of the Dominion of Canada. This gentleman is imbued with the same love of race which so highly characterized his father.

“Colonel Macdonell, chief of Glengarry, and heir to the forfeited titles of the Earls of Ross,” was the fifteenth chief of Glengarry, and the last historic chieftain of the clan. He was the grand-nephew of Alastair Macdonell of Glengarry, who was selected by the Highland chiefs in 1745 to carry an address, signed with their blood, to Prince Charles. Two battalions of Glengarry men served with the standard of Prince Charles in that ill-starred rising. Colonel Macdonell was a friend of Sir Walter Scott, and is said to have been his original for Fergus McIvor in *Waverley*. In 1793, when the French republic declared war against England, a number of Catholic gentlemen in the Highlands formed a regiment under the command of Colonel Macdonell; most of the persons who formed it being his clansmen and tenants, it was known as the First Glengarry regiment. The corps served in Ireland during the troubles of 1798, and remained in service until 1802, when it was disbanded. Many of the Glengarry men, under the leadership of their chaplain, Rev. Father

Macdonell, with their friends and relatives, emigrated to Upper Canada, and formed a Gaelic-speaking settlement called after their native glen, where each head of the family gave the name of his holding in Glengarry to his plantation in the new home. The Glengarry regiment was again re-organized in Canada, and did its part nobly in saving the British Provinces to the crown in the years 1812-13-14. With this regiment Captain John Jenkins, a New Brunswicker, gained renown at the taking of Ogdensburg.

Colonel Macdonell died in 1828, his demise being most tragic. Sir Walter Scott, who was a great admirer of the chieftain, wrote a lament, entitled, "Glengarry's Death Song," which was first printed in the article referred to in Blackwood's Magazine :

" Land of the Gael, thy glory has flown ;  
 For the star of the north, from its orbit is thrown ;  
 Dark, dark is thy sorrow, and hopeless thy pain,  
 For no star e'er shall beam with its lustre again.  
 Glengarry, Glengarry, is gone ever more,  
 Glengarry, Glengarry, we'll ever deplore."

Colonel Macdonell was succeeded by his eldest son, Æneas Ranaldson Macdonell, who sold the greater part of the Glengarry estates, which were heavily mortgaged, and emigrated with his family to Australia, and the vast territories of the race of Glengarry passed from them forever.

Captain Macdonald ended the long inscription with this brief reference to an episode in the life of his father, which changed the fortunes of the Glenaladale family, and also had an important influence on the early settlement of Prince Edward Island :

" Also to perpetuate the memory of the chieftain of Glenaladale, his father, and the attachment of the Highlanders who followed him, as their leader, to Prince Edward Island in 1772."

John Macdonald, the eighth chieftain of Glenaladale, was a child when his father joined the standard of Prince Charles in 1745, which was first unfurled upon Glenaladale's

property at Glenfinnin. He was educated at the famous Catholic seminary at Ratisbon, in Germany, and was considered one of the most accomplished young gentlemen of his generation. "In 1770 a violent persecution against the Catholics broke out in the island of South Uist. Glenaladale, hearing of the proceedings, went to visit the people, and was so touched by their pitiable condition that he formed the resolution of expatriating himself, and going off at their head to America."\* With this object in view, he sold the estate of Glenaladale to his cousin and nearest heir in 1771, and purchased a large estate in Prince Edward Island, then known as Saint John's Island, and removed thither.

A few years after the settlement of Glenaladale and his clansmen, the war between England and her American colonies broke out, and in this emergency Glenaladale was the means of forming, in Prince Edward Island and Nova Scotia, a battalion named "the Royal Highland Emigrants," composed chiefly of Highlanders, and in which he commanded a company.

His many virtues and abilities were recognized during those trying times, and the loyalty of his clansmen was unquestioned. After the close of the war Glenaladale devoted his energies to the development of his large landed estates in Prince Edward Island. These he divided into seven portions, and their sub-divisions he called after places in Scotland—Glenaladale, Grand Tracaday, Donaldson, Castle Tioram, Arisaig, St. Martins and New Moidart. At his home the old chieftain displayed the most unbounded hospitality, and his house was a resting place where all travellers received a cordial welcome.† Glenaladale took a deep interest in the public affairs of Prince Edward Island, and filled many important positions of honor and trust. The British government offered him the governor-

\* History of the Macdonalds and Lords of the Isles, p. 448.

† Hon. A. A. Macdonald, Prince Edward Island.

ship, but owing to the oath of allegiance necessary at the time, as a Catholic he was obliged to decline the office. He died in 1811, and is buried among his clansmen and kindred in a burial ground known as "the Doctor's House."

The estates once held by Captain John Macdonald, of Glenaladale, in Prince Edward Island, were, under the terms of the Provincial Land Purchase Act, bought by the local government, and re-sold at cost to the occupants, who now hold them in fee simple.

His grandson, John Archibald Macdonald, Esq., still holds Glenaladale with five hundred acres attached, which he cultivates, and on which he resides. Another grandson, Sir William C. Macdonald, philanthropist, is the generous benefactor of McGill University, Montreal, and other educational measures of national importance.

I have attempted in this paper to tell the story of the old monument that stands in the midst of so many memorials in that city of the dead, and yet seems so lonely in its massiveness. As the years go by the lengthy inscription, so carefully cut on it, will be effaced, or obliterated by the hand of time, and the monument become but a meaningless column. The historic epitaph, however, will be preserved in the pages of ACADIENSIS, and the purpose of its builder, to perpetuate the memory of a noble woman, will, in a measure, have been accomplished.

JONAS HOWE.



## Honorable Judge Robie.

### A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

(Conclusion.)



THAT Mr. Robie evinced a deep interest in the subject of agriculture is well known. While he did not attempt to deprive "Agricola" of his justly earned laurels, by lecturing upon scientific agriculture in the rural districts, he did all in his power to turn to good account the general desire for greater improvement in this branch of industry, created by John Young's admirable "Letters," and on the 15th December, 1818, took an active part in the proceedings of the public meeting at Halifax that organized the "provincial agricultural society," of which Lord Dalhousie was president, the unknown "Agricola" secretary, when he declared himself, and Mr. Robie, one of the committee of management and directors for several years. With this knowledge of his agricultural proclivities it is not surprising to be informed that Mr. Robie was always taken with a good horse. On one occasion while attending the Truro circuit, which he went for nearly a quarter of a century, he was detained over Sabbath at Colonel Pearson's hotel, (the well known "Princes of Wales" of modern days), and desiring to hear Parson Waddell preach, the colonel brought out his best steed to drive him to church, then about three quarters of a mile distant, within the Truro cemetery enclosure. Before hearing the parson, Mr. Robie was so much pleased with the style and action of the horse, that he said to his owner, "Colonel, supposing this was Monday morning instead of Sunday, what would you take for that animal?" To which the colonel replied "£25." "Well then," said Mr. Robie, "when Monday morning comes, I will buy him," which he accordingly did.

Another Truro incident has come down through the generation and may here be given. The interest Mr. Robie ever took in that town, impelled him on one occasion to do an act that associated his name with the place for many years in connection with a large elm tree that stood until destroyed by the Saxby storm, near Elm Street, at the bend of the road leading from the court house to Lower Village. Early in the century, Mr. Robie being in Truro, and hearing that the owner of the elm was about cutting it down for firewood, went to him and asked its value for fuel. Ascertaining that one pound was the market price of the cordwood in the tree, Mr. Robie at once paid the amount and requested that the tree be protected as his property, and it ever afterwards went by the name of "Robie's tree," and added one to the list of remarkable trees, about which many noticeable things are recorded in sacred and profane history. It is matter of tradition that Mr. Robie's twenty shillings, instead of being converted into firewood, was immediately invested in two gallons of rum, and as many of the inhabitants as could be collected were assembled to drink long life to Mr. Robie's elm tree, and that Mr. Robie, in replying for the tree, offered the company a most fabulous sum if they would transplant it in all its dimensions and beauty to his own grounds in Halifax. The elm, while it stood, was a great ornament to Truro, being a tree of unusual size in height and circumference, and was greatly prized by the inhabitants on this account, as well as for the interesting circumstance connected with its history. Now, that the tree has disappeared, the road where it stood, running west to the confines of the town, has been called Robie Street, leaving Elm Street, called after the tree, to remain as at present known, running from the parade (now Victoria Square) north to the site of Robie's elm tree.

As an illustration of Mr. Robie's good judgment, or great common sense, for which all gave him much credit,

it may be stated, that upon the Shubenacadie canal project being first mooted in the house in 1824, he declared: "It would cost from £200,000 to £300,000 and not produce revenue enough to keep it in repair," a prediction that has since been fulfilled to the satisfaction or regret of those who thought differently then, and who, against his strong protestations, invested thousands of pounds in an enterprise he asserted would be a failure. Mr. Robie also expressed a decided opinion about the financial merits of the Intercolonial Railway when the agitation for the road began, and assured his particular friends "that if the road was thoroughly built and well supplied with rolling stock, and he were offered the whole line as a present, with £100,000 to run it, he would not accept the gift."

As a lawyer, Mr. Robie stood in the front rank of the profession among such men as Richard John Uniacke, W. H. O. Haliburton, James Stewart, Thomas Ritchie, S. G. W. Archibald and Charles Rufus Fairbanks. While he plead at the bar he was retained in almost every important suit that occupied the attention of the courts. In stature he was the smallest man, while Uniacke was the largest. The one was at times irascible, petulant, and sometimes—peppery, but always contested his cases with a becoming respect for the court and the profession; while the other was somewhat pompous and domineering in his deportment and could not brook the interruptions of opposing advocates. On one occasion, Uniacke was warmly engaged addressing the jury in a case in which Robie was on the other side, and, mis-stating the law or evidence, Robie rose to ask leave of the court to set him right, when Uniacke turned towards him and said with great vehemence, "You small cur, if you do not sit down, I will put you in my pocket," to which Robie good-naturedly retorted, "Then, you big mastiff, if you do, you will have more law in your pocket than you ever had in your head." At another time a Baptist clergyman retained Mr. Robie in a case of some

importance, and was so well pleased with the manner in which he conducted it, that after the trial was over and the desired verdict obtained, the minister handed him five or six sovereigns for his services, and asked if he was satisfied. Mr. Robie, then absorbed in another suit and hardly realizing the position, but waking up to a knowledge of the fact that a Baptist divine was showering gold upon him, replied, "Yes Mr. Dipper—thank you, Mr. Dipper—I am much obliged, Mr. Dipper," a mode of baptism many lawyers of the present day consider quite orthodox.

Several men, who attained eminence at the bar, studied law in Mr. Robie's office. Among others mention might be made of a native of Truro—Samuel George William Archibald, "long the 'observed of all observers' in Nova Scotia. He was no ordinary man in intellectual stature, proportions and accomplishments. He was indeed a tall figure among his provincial co-temporaries—how like 'Saul the son of Kish,' who, when he stood up among the people, was higher than any of them from his shoulders and upward. At the bar, on the bench, in the legislature, and in the executive administration, his talents were not only apparent, but luminous. Strong in reasoning powers, in wit, in eloquence, and at times in severe sarcasm and overpowering invective, he had no rival in the forensic arena, and no superior in senatorial conflict, except, perhaps, the late John Young." Another somewhat distinguished name can also be referred to—the late Sir Robert Hodgson, Kt., late chief justice, and late governor of Prince Edward Island.

Mr. Robie's friendship with the late Hon. Charles R. Prescott, of Cornwallis, one of the excellent of the earth, as well as with the Hon. Andrew Belcher, another of Nova Scotia's best sons, is a pleasing feature of his life. Their correspondence shows great esteem for him on the part of those excellent men. Like Saul and Jonathan "they were

lovely and pleasant in their lives," and in view of these degenerate times we might pause, and with David ask,

"How are the mighty fallen?"

Upon the creation of the rolls court in 1824, Mr. Robie was honored with the position of judge, under the name of master of the rolls, being the first appointment of the kind, so far as we can learn, made in a British colony. Judge Robie usually held his court in the committee room of the council chamber. He was very affable and courteous to the members of the bar and demanded no ceremony. He sat at the head of the table without gown or bands, and the gentlemen of the bar addressed him from the sides of the table, without being in legal costume. He drafted his decrees very carefully. They are still extant, but never having been published, the profession have had no opportunity of judging their value, or of ascertaining whether they involved questions of importance. One feature of his judicial career, however, still fresh in the memory of the oldest men at the bar, is worth mentioning. There was a suit in chancery known as *King vs Lawson et al.* It was an action brought by the late Major King, of Windsor, against the trustees of his wife's fortune. It had been long protracted owing to the obstinacy with which it was contested, and King, (insane on the subject of getting hold of his wife's money), undertook to appeal to the public through the press, and to pester Judge Robie to such an extent, that it was generally believed to have been one of the chief motives for his retirement from the court of chancery in 1834, though those best capable to decide, considered that he did all in his power as judge to protect King's interests, and there was no disposition on the part of the government or the public to remove him from the post he had filled with such general acceptance for ten years. Three years afterwards, Mr. Robie was appointed to preside over the deliberations of the legislative council, of which he had been a member since 1824. At this time

he was getting into the sere and yellow leaf of life, had become a strong conservative in his political views, and did not enter into the public discussions with the same spirit he had manifested while in the popular branch fighting the battles of the people—at times in opposition to the known wishes of the governor of the day. Doubtless the position of President of the Council, prevented him to a large extent from keeping his political armor burnished, and maintaining that hold upon the affections of the people which he enjoyed in the vigor of his manhood to a degree that rarely falls to the lot of old public servants—Palmerston and Gladstone being notable exceptions. In 1848, Mr. Robie having attained the age of 78 years, resigned his seat in the council, over which he had ably presided eleven years, and had been a member of for twenty-four, to enjoy the pleasures of private life the remainder of his days, a privilege he had honorably earned, and which a kind Providence permitted him to pass happily for ten years. During a portion of the summers of those years, as he had done many years previously, he drove to Truro with his carriage and pair of horses to visit the family of the late Duncan Black of Lower Village; and the people of that part of the province, then had frequent opportunities of seeing their old representative, whose name is still a household word in Nova Scotia. Mr. Black's wife and Mrs. Robie were sisters—members of a Scotch family of the name of Creighton—and Mr. Robie thought very highly of Mr. Black's estimable qualities, and in several important respects, proved himself a good friend to his family. But a time came in Mr. Robie's career, as it will in the history of all men, when the wheels of life stand still, and 'man goeth to his long home, and the mourners go about the streets.' This event can best be gathered from the well merited epitaph cut on the plain monumental freestone slab that marks the site of his grave in Camp Hill cemetery, Halifax :

Sacred

TO THE MEMORY OF

The Hon. Simon Bradstreet Robie,

WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE ON THE

3RD DAY OF JANUARY,

A. D., 1858,

IN THE 88TH YEAR OF HIS AGE.

RESPECTED, BELOVED, AND LAMENTED BY THE

COMMUNITY IN WHICH HE HAD PASSED

A LONG AND USEFUL LIFE.

HE HELD THE RESPONSIBLE OFFICES OF

SPEAKER OF THE HOUSE OF ASSEMBLY,

MASTER OF THE ROLLS,

AND

PRESIDENT OF THE LEGISLATIVE COUNCIL,

AND FAITHFULLY PERFORMED THE IMPORTANT

DUTIES WHICH DEVOLVED UPON HIM WITH

DIGNITY, INDEPENDENCE AND HONOR.

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HE WAS A LINEAL DESCENDANT OF THE

VENERABLE SIMON BRADSTREET,

THE LAST CHARTER GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS,

AND HAS LEFT A NAME WORTHY OF HIS FAMILY.

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Elizabeth Robie,

HIS WIFE,

DIED ON THE 3RD DAY OF JANUARY, 1872,

AGED 86 YEARS.

Should any persons consider that this sketch over-estimates the greatness of the gifts, and the nobleness of the character of the distinguished British colonist whose good deeds it recounts, and whose fame it rehearses ; to such let me express the regret, that I had neither the material at command nor the ability to do greater justice to the memory of one of the men whose name was a "tower of strength" in the province long before the days of steam-boats and railroads, responsible government, free schools, and the union of the colonies into one great confederation ; or, even before the press was such a power in the land as it is to-day ; and to whose well-directed efforts throughout a long and consistent public career, the people of this enlightened age, are in no small measure indebted for many of the advantages they enjoy—vastly superior to what fell to the lot of their ancestors in bygone days. Rather let the good name which Simon Bradstreet Robie made for himself in the history of this province by his own endowments, superior talents, and upright manly deportment, be ever held in grateful remembrance by every Nova Scotian who rejoices in the prosperity of his country, and the greatness of her sons.

"The Roman gather'd in a stately urn  
 The dust he honor'd—while the sacred fire,  
 Nourish'd by vestal hands, was made to burn  
 From age to age. If fitly you'd aspire,  
 Honor the dead ; and let the sounding lyre  
 Recount their virtues in your festal hours ;  
 Gather their ashes—higher still, and higher,  
 Nourish the patriot flame that history dowers,  
 And, o'er the old mens' graves, go strew  
 your choicest flowers."

ISRAEL LONGWORTH.

## Incidents in the Early History of St. John.

(Conclusion)

**J**AMES SIMONDS concluded that the situation at St. John was such that all business was at an end. He resolved, therefore, to remove with his family up the river and devote himself to the improvement of his lands in that quarter. Accordingly, in the spring of 1778, we find him building a house on the bank of the St. John just above Loder's Creek, in Lower Maugerville (now Sheffield), leaving his property at Portland in charge of Hazen and White. He at this time secured a share in the township of Burton in exchange for one he had drawn in the township of Sunbury. Two years after his removal to the country, he made overtures to Hazen and White to purchase his share in the two grants at St. John.\* He mentions in a letter to James White, of April 11, 1780, that Sylvanus Plummer, a joiner and housewright of Maugerville, had offered to purchase his share in these lands, and that he should ratify the bargain unless Hazen and White desired to have the lands on the same terms. In speaking of Plummer, Mr. Simonds observes, with his customary dry humor :

"There is nothing remarkable in his character except that of going very near the wind. I have had the honor of being represented by some people of distinction to be extremely frugal, so that if their remark is just, you will have much such a neighbour in him as you would in me, if I were to return. Please let me know your determination as soon as Mr. Hazen arrives [from Halifax]."

\*These two grants were then believed to include not merely the part of the present city north of Union Street, but also the marsh to the east of the city, and the lands north of the marsh to the Kennebecasis, and south to Red Head.

So troublous were the times and so uncertain the value of real estate at St. John, that Mr. Simonds did not succeed in selling his lands either to Hazen and White or to Plummer.\*

The relations at this time existing between the old co-partners were not perfectly harmonious, as appears from the testimony of William Godsoe, one of their employees. He states in his evidence, given before the courts some years later, that, having visited Mr. Simonds at his house in Sheffield, May 7, 1781, he told him that Hazen and White were doing well at St. John, especially the former whose appointment as commissary to the garrison and other advantages he enjoyed, must enable him to make money fast. To this Simonds replied, "They may flourish for a while, whilst I am obliged to delve on here," adding that Hazen had no legal right to the lands at St. John, and never should if he could prevent it. It may be noted in passing that when James Simonds moved up the river to Lower Maugerville, the office of deputy collector of customs, formerly held by him, went to James White, who filled the position until the arrival of William Wanton as first collector of customs at St. John in 1785.

In order to comply with the conditions of their grants, Hazen, Simonds and White made many improvements upon their lands and caused a number of dwellings and tenants to be established in different places. A list of these may prove interesting :

A grist mill at Lily Lake, built in 1770 ; value £25.

House at the lake for Armstrong, £20.

House at the lake for Sprague and Miller, £15.

House and improvements of Alexander McAlpine, a Scotch settler, at the entrance of the Great Marsh river (or Marsh Creek) ; value £7 10s.

House for Moses Greenough, near Fort Howe, value £15.

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\*Mr. Simonds sold one half of Ox Island in Burton to Sylvanus Plummer for £145 10s.

House and hovel on the road to the Indian House for Day and Salisbury, value £25.

House and hovel for Andrew Lloyd at the landing near the Indian House, value £12.

Denis Combs house and improvements at the Bluff Head,\* value £25.

The Indian House (built by order of Colonel Francklin but never paid for by government), value £35.

There were other expenditures incurred by the partners in their endeavor to improve their lands, such as clearing a road to the Indian House and building a wharf at the landing, £18; clearing, altering and improving the roads leading to the Short Ferry, the marsh and city, from 1778 to 1786 inclusive, £30; settling Langdon on the Kennebecasis meadows above Boar's Head (near Millidgeville), and clearing a road to walk there.

Equal attention was paid to the lands of the second grant in order to secure them from being escheated. Four tenants, Day, Salisbury, Dow and Parker, were placed upon the marsh about the year 1775, and houses and hovels for stock built for them at the following cost: Stephen Dow's, £20; Silas Parker's, £15; Jabez Salisbury's, £25. Four settlers, Hardcastle, Peters, Monro and Carns, were located at Little River at an expense of £28 10s; Silas Sloat and Samuel Combs at Red Head, at an expense of £18 10s; and Caleb Finney, and one Thomas—locations unknown—at an expense of £27 10s. A house was also built "near the Little Falls," and Messrs. Thomson, Walter Copinger and George Grant were settled at Sandy Point, on the Kennebecasis.

The cost of placing these settlers—some thirty in all—on their lands was little more than £300, and it was money well spent, for the presence of the settlers and the improvements they made, enabled Hazen, Simonds and White to retain possession of their lands, which otherwise would have been escheated when the Loyalists arrived. As it

\* Bluff Head is near the old Short Ferry to Carleton above Navy Island.

was, William Hazen was forced to make two journeys to Halifax to defend the titles of the grants, and in order to have the best legal talent at his command, he retained as counsel Sampson Salters Blowers and Richard J. Uniacke.

Up to this time the boundaries of the two grants had never been surveyed, but the arrival of the Loyalists and their urgent request to be furnished with lands in the most eligible situation, caused the government of Nova Scotia to look closely into the state of improvement of all lands previously granted in order that the needs of these unfortunate exiles might be met. It, therefore, became a matter of importance to Hazen, Simonds and White to know the actual bounds of their grants. Accordingly, in the month of March, 1784, Samuel Peabody, of Manguerville, was employed to run the lines. He had three assistants, and they were engaged several days in their task. The survey showed beyond the shadow of a doubt that by far the larger part of the marsh, which they had thought to be their property and on which they had spent a good deal of time and money in making improvements, lay outside their bounds. Their consternation was great, and Peabody was strictly enjoined to keep the matter secret until they had made good their title. It was here that the unfortunate disagreement originated between James Simonds and his co-partners which involved them in nearly twenty years of costly litigation. The story has been told in the *New Brunswick Magazine* of July, 1899, under the head of "The Contest for Sebaskastaggan,"\* and need not be here repeated. The greater part of the marsh became in the end the property of Hazen and White by their arrangement with Lieut. William Graves, who had an old claim to a grant as a disbanded officer of the French war. Hazen and White were instrumental in procuring the marsh as a

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\* Sebaskastaggan is the Indian name of the Great Marsh east of St. John.

grant for Graves,\* who for a small consideration conveyed it to them. James Simonds was greatly incensed by this transaction. He stoutly affirmed his determination not to relinquish his claim to the marsh and refused to make any settlement of the partnership accounts until the question was disposed of.

Leonard Jarvis, who was one of the co-partners under the business contract drawn up in April, 1767, came to St. John in the year 1785, and used his best efforts to induce Mr. Simonds to consent to a division of the lands held by the partners. On the eve of his return to New England, he addressed a rather remarkable letter to Mr. Simonds, dated October 31, 1785, from which the following extracts are taken :

SIR,—You will doubtless remember that I left you very abruptly the evening before your return [to Sheffield]. I did it because that I found we were both growing warm, and myself thought it more prudent to talk with you another time on a subject which it was for the interest of all concerned should be brought to an amicable issue. \* \* \* I was, I do assure you, not only disappointed, but chagrined, at finding the next morning I was not to have the pleasure of seeing you again before I left this Province. The only way remaining of communicating my sentiments to you I with pleasure embrace, as I am not without hopes that a settlement will be made ere long between you and Mr. Hazen to the advantage and satisfaction of both. Had you accepted Mr. Hazen's proposals of giving you £3,000 and relinquishing all demands Hazen and Jarvis had on you as one of the House of Simonds, White & Co., I should not have found it difficult to have settled my matters with Mr. Hazen, but as it is I find it impossible.

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\* Graves seems to have been "a ne'er to do weel." He and his family were included in a list of "Old Inhabitants who, from involuntary causes, had been reduced to circumstances of great distress," to whom the government, in 1784, made a donation of provisions. The wife of Graves was illiterate and appends her mark to the deed of conveyance to Hazen and White referred to above. William Hazen obtained the grant of lands to William Graves (2,000 acres, including the marsh) when at Halifax in June, 1784, but in order to make the grant appear as a pre-loyalist grant it was ante-dated October 4, 1783. It was conveyed by Graves to Hazen and White July 28, 1784.

I wish you, sir, to consider the disagreeable situation of our Land, and I am confident if you do, with that attention the affair merits, you will not let a small matter retard the settlement a moment. We are all, sir, got to that time of life when we may think a Suit in Law or Chancery not eligible because of the uncertainty of our living to see the termination of it—for my own part I would rather take much less than I supposed was due, or even what I expected finally to receive after the trouble and expence of a Law suit, than contest the matter. \* \* \*

I beg leave to ask you what is the present income from our lands, and when they are likely to produce more—for my own part I see no prospect of either of us being benefitted by an Interest which twelve years ago we all thought a valuable one—but on the other hand, I fear that if a Suit should be commenced, one or more of us would not see the end of it and our heirs would curse the day that their fathers engaged in such a contest.”

All matters connected with the settlement of the partnership accounts and the division of the property were referred to arbitration in 1790, at which time Hazen and White claimed that if James Simonds had assented to a division of the estate, the lands between Parr Town and the Indian House might have been laid out into streets and house lots for the Loyalists, and the lots sold or let to great advantage. They estimated the loss to themselves as £6,000 in consequence of the delay.

There can be no doubt that the lands could readily have been sold or let in 1783, and the years immediately ensuing, and the result undoubtedly would have been a far more rapid growth of the town of Portland, but that the heirs of James Simonds and William Hazen were eventually losers by the delay is extremely improbable.

W. O. RAYMOND.



## La Valliere of Chignecto.

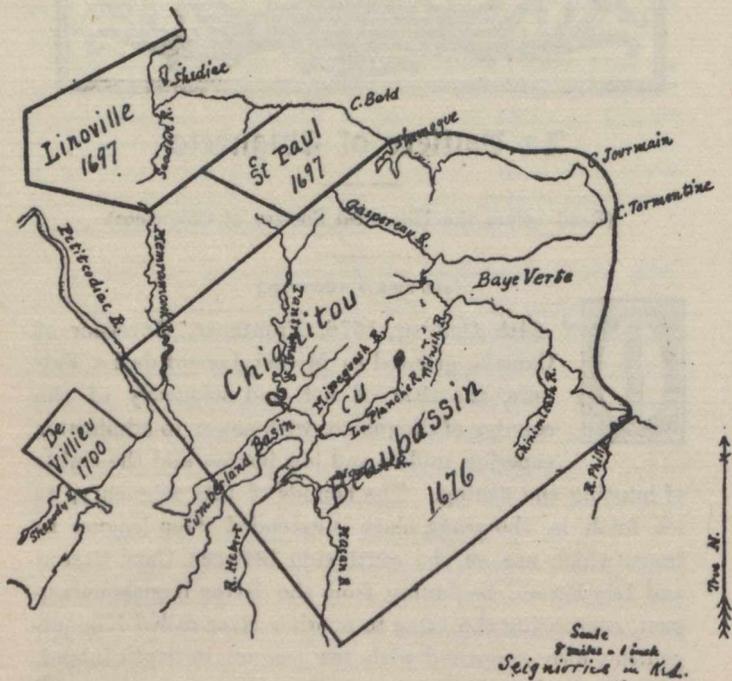
(Read before the Historical Society of Chignecto).

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**O**N 24th October, 1676, Frontenac, Governor of Canada, granted to Michel Leneuf de La Valliere, the title of fief and seigneurie of the country of Chignecto, with power to administer superior, middle and low justice, and the rights of hunting and fishing. The bounds of this seigneurie, as set forth in the grant, shew it extended "ten leagues in front, which are on the south side between Cape Breton and Isle Percée, beginning from the River Kigiskouabouguet, comprising the same to another river called Kimoutgouiche, also comprised with ten leagues in depth inland, wherein the Bay Chignitou and Cape Tormentin are part." This grant was held by homage at the chateau of St. Louis at Quebec. Dr. Ganong, our foremost cartologist, assigns the grant to the lands between the rivers River Philip and Shemogue, extending back to near Budro's on the Peticodiac, and to near Springhill in Cumberland.

This was truly a lordly domain, embracing forests and fisheries, mines and marshes, rivers and the coasts of two great bays. The description was, however, sufficiently

indefinite to puzzle even the Council of State at Versailles to understand exactly what it did embrace when called upon some years later to settle the bounds. Near the close of the seventeenth century settlements were made at Chipoudy by Pierre Thibideau, and at Fox Creek by Guillaume Blanchard. Sieur de La Valliere claimed these



settlers as his  *censitaires* , or tenants, a pretence which they stoutly resisted. The controversy was carried to Versailles by de Villieu, La Valliere's agent, and La Valliere's title was, after years of controversy, held to embrace Shepody Bay as well as the settlement at Fox Creek.

So important a grant could not have been made except to a man of some consequence and consideration. Talon in a memorial (1667) states there were only four noble

families in Canada. Those meant were the Repentigny, Tilly, Poterie and Aillebout, and he asks for patents of nobility for five more.

La Valliere was a member of the Poterie family that came with the Repentigny family from Caën to Quebec in 1638. De La Poterie was the first seigneur of Portneuf, who seems not to have allowed the circumstance of his son's birth in Canada to stand in the way of his education and training, for he appears to have sent him to France when he was seventeen years of age, no doubt to finish his studies. He was doubly connected with the Denys family by marriage. In 1666 he was military officer in Cape Breton, and in the territories of Nicholas Denys, Sieur de Fronsac; and while there married Marie Françoise Denys, daughter of the Sieur de Fronsac. He again married in 1687 Françoise Denys, widow of Jacques Cailleteau, and daughter of Simon Denys, Sieur de La Trinite. Simon and Nicholas were brothers. The first wife of La Valliere is supposed to have died between 1682 and 1685 at Chignecto, and to have been interred there. The second wife was found dead in her house, rue de Bande, in Quebec, on 12th September, 1721. A servant named Catherine Charland was accused of having assassinated her. At that date Sieur de La Valliere had been dead some years. This is anticipating.

The surname of La Valliere is first mentioned in connection with a property near the fort, Three Rivers, Q., possessed by him in 1664. La Valliere seems to have led a life of ceaseless activity. While nominally an officer in the guards, he was a *voyageur*, a wood ranger, a mariner, a trader, and a diplomat, and in one capacity or another he was constantly on the move, and knew something of the coasts and forests from Cape Cod to Hudson Bay. In 1671 he is found in an expedition to the western lakes; in 1672 he is at Chignecto, where he established a trading post; the same year he becomes a land-owner at Lake St.

Francis ; the year after he is at Three Rivers—the Jesuit record names him as officiating as god father at an Indian christening.

La Valliere had also recommended himself to Frontenac by address and valor. In 1661, then upwards of twenty years of age, he had accompanied Father Dablon to North (Hudson) Bay—a most toilsome and hazardous journey—in response to a request of the Indians there, who sent a deputation to Quebec, and asked for one in return to confirm the good understanding then existing, and to provide them with a missionary. This work he appears to have performed with success. He was at the date of the grant captain of Count Frontenac's guards. Another evidence of the governor's esteem for him may be gathered from the circumstances that, five years later, Frontenac had a royal row with du Chesneau, the Intendant, because the latter had refused to pay La Valliere's salary. The facts are told by du Chesneau in a letter to M. de Seignlay, written 13th November, 1681. He says :

“ He (Frontenac) abused me very much in his study because I had refused to authorize the payment of a somewhat large sum of money to Sieur de LaValliere, in whom he had conferred the government of Acadia. I justified myself in the precise command of the King, and of his lordship your father, not to direct the payment of any money before it was entered on His Majesty's estimate.”

La Valliere, having secured his grant, left Quebec with his family and retainers for his new home. While his destination was on the Bay of Fundy, no doubt he came by vessel, and possibly landed at Bay Verte, and followed the trail through the woods, which would have been more expeditious than coasting around Nova Scotia, and easier than the Kennebec route. When he arrived at Chignecto—now Fort Lawrence—he found his territory already occupied.

The advantages of Chignecto for fur trading with the Indians, and for cattle raising, had not escaped the eyes

of Port Royal; and one of the residents there, Jacques Bourgeois, who, in coasting along the bay, engaged in trading ventures amongst the Indians, had spied out the land at Beaubassin; and, returning to Port Royal, sold out his farm and his cattle and came back to Beaubassin, accompanied by his two sons-in-law, Pierre Sire and Germain Girouard, and the latter's two brothers-in-law, Jacques Belon and Thomas Cormier, and also by Pierre Arsinault. This little colony comprised the first European settlers in Chignecto, and, excepting the settlement at Baie des Vents, the first in the present Province of New Brunswick.\*

Bourgeois, the leader of the immigrants, was in his way a notable man. He was a surgeon by profession; his name appears in the capitulation of 1654 as brother-in-law and lieutenant of Doucet de La Verdure, guardian of the children of d'Aulay, and commandant at Port Royal; and he was one of the hostages delivered to the English. His settlement at Beaubassin was made between the years 1671 and 1675.

Sieur de La Valliere's grant did not permit him to interfere with existing rights, so he located himself beside Bourgeois and constructed there his manorial buildings.

He brought with him from Canada a number of families, amongst them were the Chiasson and the Cottard; also he had employed people bearing the familiar names of Mercier, Lagasse and Perthuis, (the latter held the responsible office of armorer), and also Haché Galand, who was his man of business and his man-at-arms; he could lead a fur trading expedition into the wilderness, or he could direct an attack on the English. He married an Acadian lass—Anne Cormier—and their descendants to-day number hundreds

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\* In 1672 or 1673 some French families from St. Malo settled Baie des Vents. At this time the French had two forts in the country, Pentagoet, where Grandfontaine, governor, resided, and that at Jemseg, where M. de Marson held command.

of families. As nearly all the female part of the population was on the Bourgeois side of the settlement, it was not long before any jealousies melted away and the people were all Bourgeois.

It is presumable, but not certain, that the Bourgeois settlement was at Fort Lawrence, in the vicinity of the Chignecto Ship Railway Dock, and that La Valliere's was at Tonge's Island, the former name of which, as appears on the old plans and maps, was Isle de La Valliere. The remains of old French cellars are to be seen there, which must have been of an earlier date than 1760, for at that time it was covered with a heavy forest growth, as contemporary drawings show.

Sieur de La Valliere displayed much energy in organizing his settlement. He made clearings, built houses for himself and his families, erected his stockades, made dykes, enclosed a considerable quantity of marsh, and built a mill. He owned a vessel called the "Saint Antoine," with which he traded up and down the Bay of Fundy. The "Saint Antoine" was also used by the ecclesiastics of those days in their missionary efforts to convert the heathen. It is recorded that the bishop of Quebec used her on his pastoral visit to Acadia in 1689. It is hinted in the early records that the "Saint Antoine" was no saint; that she only ante-dated those missionary ships fitted out by pious hands in New England to convert the Africans, and that went forward to their mission laden with New England missionaries and New England rum. Brandy was a leading article of truck with the Indians at that date, and was the basis of a profitable trade to the Europeans, though the demoralizing and destructive effects of it were as patent two hundred years ago as to-day. Strenuous attempts were made by the bishops and some of the governors from time to time to suppress it, but with only temporary success.

(To be continued.)

W. C. MILNER.

## An Acadian Monarch.

### THE MOOSE.

Hail! gallant roamer of the boundless woods,  
Where thou dost reign a veritable king,  
Whose castles are the forest solitudes,  
To thee I sing.

When striding o'er the springy heath or moss  
In some lone glade, how stately dost thou tread,  
And, scenting danger, bravely sniff, and toss  
Thy massive head.

Far from the cities' turmoil, grime and din,  
Thou'rt prone thy early morning baths to take,  
And gaily splash, and dash, and gambol, in  
Some placid lake.

Thy regal looks are not cast wholly off—  
It even tends to heighten thy renown—  
When in the winter Nature bids thee doff  
Thy antler crown.

Around thy sylvan haunts the sachem swart,  
To win thy scalp in watchful ambush lies,  
And paleface sportsmen know *too well* thou art  
A royal prize.

Like human monarchs, thou hast cause to dread  
Those wanton slayers' deadly craft and skill,  
Who, with their blades of steel or cones of lead,  
Are proud to kill.

Then gallant roamer of the boundless woods,  
Brilliant of eye, alert, and strong of frame,  
Thou art amongst our forest solitudes  
The king of game.

PATRICK MCCARTHY.

## Notes and Queries.

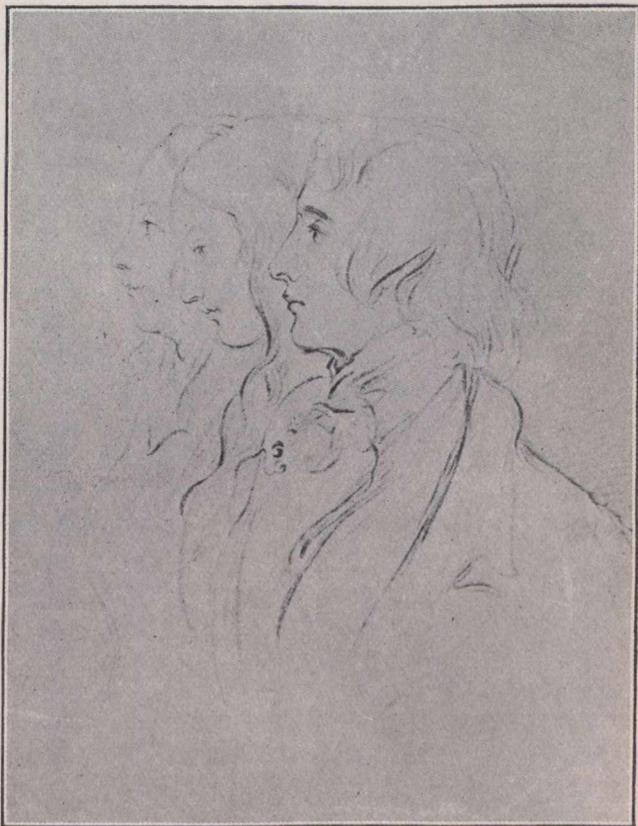
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WHAT did Professor H. S. Peck, writing in the *Cosmopolitan Magazine* a couple of years ago, refer to when he spoke of three things as being well known to readers, but never told in print: (1) The reasons for the separation of Charles Dickens and his wife; (2) The true story of Thackeray's death; (3) Why Mr. Cross tried to commit suicide shortly after marrying George Eliot.

George Augustus Sola said, in his *Reminiscences*, that he knew why the Dickenses could not live happily together, but failed to state what the reason was. Incompatibility of temper is the generally received version of the cause of the break-up of the home of the man who, in the Victorian era, probably did more than any other writer for the idealization and refinement of home life. A few years ago someone circulated a slanderous account of Dickens' infatuation for a French actress in a troupe which visited London. John Forster's biography of the great novelist was expected to throw some light on the subject, but, as in other respects, these pompous memoirs were unsatisfactory. Now, in the revival of interest in Dickens' writings, and to a generation which knew him not, this question may be propounded.

As regards the death of Thackeray, the record ably stated by Dickens in his well-known paper, "In Memoriam," is simple and pathetic. On the morning before Christmas, 1863, Thackeray arose as usual early and was sitting in what would have been a very uncomfortable position for most persons, with his desk on his knees, working on *Denis Duval*, his great sea-novel of the time of Nelson. When found by his mother some time later, he was lying on his bed with his arms thrown up over his head, as he was accustomed to do when tired, with a



**DICKENS, HIS WIFE, AND HIS WIFE'S SISTER.**

**FROM "YESTERDAYS WITH AUTHORS,"**

**BY JAMES T. FIELDS.**

**BY PERMISSION OF HOUGHTON, MIFFLIN & CO.**

peaceful expression on his features, stark dead. On that Christmas eve, "God grant," said Dickens, "that when he laid his head back on his pillow, and threw up his arms, as he had been wont to do when very weary, some consciousness of duty done, and Christian hope throughout life humbly cherished, may have caused his heart to throb with an exquisite bliss when he passed away to his Redeemer's rest."

If there is any other account of the death of that great writer I, for one, should like to hear it.

George Eliot's fame has undergone the most extraordinary mutations since about the year 1860, when the immense vogue of *Adam Bede* and *The Mill on the Floss* raised her to the highest rank of English novelists. Later than this again, or about the seventh decade of the nineteenth century—in the seventies—the appearances of *Middlemarch* and *Daniel Deronda* was heralded and received something like a new evangel. Here was something like a new religion of which a retired scholarly sort of person, the mistress of an eccentric man of letters about London, was prophet and apostle. Their relations were of the queerest, one might almost think they were the originals of *Trilby* and *Soeagali*. Whilst undeniably learned, if not profound, before Lewes got possession of her, George Eliot was dull, after his death she was stupid. But during the period when she was under his management she displayed many gifts, wrote at times with comparative lightness, and generally enriched her observations with a racy though sombre humour. Enthusiasts were at a loss to imagine how she could endure a separation from him, but she promptly settled the matter by espousing Cross. They continued together the readings which Lewes had suggested to her in the first instance, and she wrote a most tiresome series of papers entitled *Impressions of Theophrastus Such*. Shortly after the appearance of the latter, she died. Her fame, unsupported by the arts of Lewes and a certain

following of materialistic thinkers and writers, underwent a speedy decline. Later critics acknowledge her claims as a novelist very grudgingly or deny them altogether. She will always be a puzzle to moralists. Gifted with an ability to stir her readers' moral nature to the depths by a searching analytic method, in her own life she was not so much immoral as unmoral. For such morals as married people are concerned with, she had simply no use at all. She could not legally marry Lewes, and so contented herself with assuming, as far as possible, the duties and responsibilities of a wife; but when he died she married Cross, thus at once making her peace with the upholders of conventuality and breaking with her worshippers, who would have held their idol to be absolved from all marital restraint. What kind of mind and constitution could have been possessed by this ultra Methodist will probably remain a mystery. As a problem for students of intellect and morals in their application to conduct, she will always possess a fascination.

The book-agents have been canvassing during the past year for various editions of the novels of Balzac in more or less tasteful bindings and quality of paper, some of them quite expensive. They may be purchased on the instalment plan. Prices range all the way from sixteen to fifty dollars for sets. The finest is printed on rice paper, with deckled edges, and is embellished with etched illustrations. If there is a considerable demand for these novels, as I suppose there is, it is some evidence that the race of people who read elaborate works of fiction has not died out. The best edition has introductions by Mr. George Saintsbury. In the prospectus, Prof. Peck's sweeping assertion, that Balzac was a greater writer than Shakespeare, is quoted. Balzac's writings are distinctly closet productions, and, however carefully put together, have the smell of the lamps about them. He wrote in an attic, drawing his chief inspiration

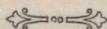
from books. There is nothing of the freshness and joyousness characteristic of the work of most of our great novelists in them. At most, they are valuable as affording a voluminous survey of certain sections of French society during the first half of the nineteenth century. Students will turn to them for light on the manners, tastes and ways of thought prevailing in Paris when Louis Philippe was on the throne.

Why was there no Macaulay centenary? It seems strange that in an age when everybody, whoever was anybody, is duly remembered by the public on the one hundredth anniversary of his birth, so great a man as Lord Macaulay was should not have been thus honored. Among his contemporaries there was hardly a man—statesman, historian, or *littérateur*—who filled a larger space in the public eye. And yet, save for a short article in the Sunday edition of a New York paper in December, I noticed no appreciation of him. If the dead take note of what is being done in the world after they have abandoned this lower sphere of activity, this neglect or oversight must have been peculiarly galling to such a man as Macaulay. There was, perhaps, never a thinker and writer who, comparatively careless of contemporaneous recognition, which was, however, in his case very ample and generous, yet kept his eyes so constantly fixed on a renown which he fondly hoped would grow with succeeding generations. Macaulay worked and strove for posterity. In his *Life and Letters*, which his nephew, Sir Otto Trevelyan, brought out, one is rather amused at the hope expressed in entries in his journals of parts, at least, of his history surviving to the year 3,000, or even 4,000. It was one of his chief weaknesses that he believed in it thoroughly. And now a comparatively early posterity has arrived and knows him not.

His works, like those of Virgil, enjoyed in his own lifetime, the position of classics. He has been applauded,

criticized, imitated and abused without stint during the forty years or so which have elapsed since his death; and now no statue is erected of him, no club commemorates his fame, no voice is lifted in his praise. Perhaps the world thinks he enjoyed enough of such things in his own time, and busies itself with honouring other less lucky geniuses. It is the Chatterbons, Burnses, Shelleys and Edgar Allan Poes that appeal to posterity; those whose lives have been wrecked or characters pitilessly assailed on their upward flight. The pathos of a career has more attraction in it than the most envied success and prosperity.

H. PERCY SCOTT.



### OLD COLONIAL SILVER.

NEW YORK, June 15th, 1901.

D. R. JACK, Esq. ST. JOHN, N. B.:

DEAR SIR,—I received, with great interest, the second number of ACADIENSIS, and beg to enclose a dollar, for which kindly send me No. 1 and following numbers. I am very much interested in regard to old silver, and I send you a copy of my book on old plate. Can you not start an investigation as to the names and marks of old silversmiths in Canada and as to old silver? For instance, at the evacuation of Boston by the British, Dr. Caner took with him at least 2800 ounces of silver, the gift of churches in that city of three kings. I understand that some of this is in Saint John and other cities of Canada.

Thanking you for your courtesy in sending me No. 2,

I am, yours very truly,

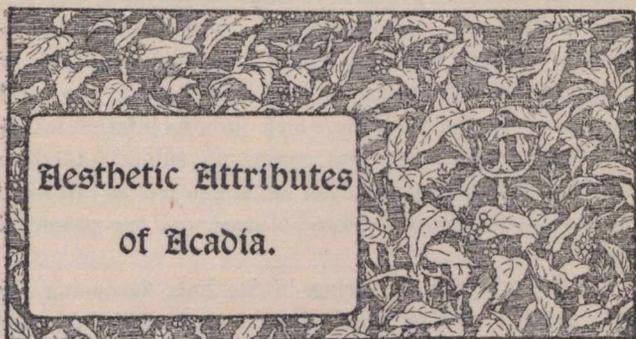
JOHN H. BUCK.

The above letter has been received from Mr. John H. Buck, who is associated with the Gorham Manufacturing Co., silversmiths, a very large firm having establishments at New York, Chicago and San Francisco, and works at Providence and New York, U. S. A.

The subject touched upon by Mr. Buck is a most interesting one, as much for the historical data which might be brought to light in connection with some of our old Acadian silver, as for other reasons which space will not permit us to enlarge upon in our present number.

We shall be pleased to hear from any of our contributors who may know of the existence of old silver in Acadia, with a view of securing information and possibly photographs of the same for a series of articles for future publication. Church silver, as well as that in private use, will be included.

DAVID RUSSELL JACK.



THE FORMATION of literary and artistic ideas is due to a number of varied influences, either disintegrating the results of immatured ungoverned taste, or patching and renovating the structure originally well planned, but badly put together. It is true that

literature and art are impelled by whims of uncertain origin and of only brief duration ; but, like the under-current which presses back the ripple of a short-lived breeze, the first vital impulse drives the faltering intellect along its wonted course, the turgid conceit expands to nothing, the weakly affectation dies; then all is calm, and the stream, unchecked, flows onward as before. The artist cannot answer whence come the inspirations under which he acts, but he feels the hidden motives and takes his part, almost unconsciously, as the indicator of results, in the origin of which his fellow-workers share. At intervals, indeed, the musician catches new strains of harmony from higher angels ; a painter portrays upon his canvas the vision of things unseen and scarcely understood by other men ; or the mind of a poet bears to earth some blessed gift of heaven. But few musicians, painters or

poets add much new lustre to their master arts, and too many pollute the shrines at which they are supposed to worship. Apart from the promptings and teachings of revealed religion, morality, and civil and social law, and irrespective of the tendency which induces inferior minds to imitate successes of real genius, no subjects tend so largely to control the destiny of art and letters as historical and traditional associations and climatic and typographical conditions.

The Greenlander, shivering in his hut, devouring the last morsel of blubber procured, at the risk of his life, amid the flocs, indites no odes to the glittering stars, and has no appreciation of the bright auroras flashing across the sky. The Arab, gazing at the vista of burning sand, scarcely lifts his eyes to the eastern heaven, radiant in morning's glories. But the dweller by the Tiber, amid mementoes of literary and artistic skill, amid flowers and vines, and beneath a canopy of richest blue, pours forth his sweet impassioned verses. And the Teuton from his forest home, amid crumbling castles, sings of brave Arminius, Charlemagne and Fatherland. Milton saw not with the outer sense, and hence was driven to create the visions he describes. Dante possessed the nature of a seer; while Shelly, more like faun than mortal, treats of things unknown to earth, and Gustave Dore paints at times as though half wakened from some frightful dream. But these examples are abnormal, and long before the days of Spencer, Shakespeare and Albert Durer, and thence downwards, we find a list of bards and painters, all more or less affected by their own surroundings.

If, then, both poetry and art demand associations of this nature, the question arises, To what extent Acadia possesses these requirements for aesthetic culture? The student who looks only for those stately structures and giant fabrics which lead the mind into the classic ages, will find nothing to delight him in Acadia. No massive

pyramids rise in grandeur in her desert places, no solitary Memnon greets the sun rising behind the dark pine forests ; no stately amphitheatre or marble temple lies concealed behind her hills. Even the ruins of old cathedrals and noble abbeys, which, in Europe, mark the genius of the middle ages, are wanting here ; and no crumbling towers or Gothic gateway glimmers in the midnight moon. But the tourist, wandering among the marshes, will sometimes find the fosse of an ancient fort, the faint remains of a grass-grown parapet, or a row of willows planted by the French. The sportsman, pushing his way through tangled thickets and fleecy spikes of fireweed, among half-burnt rampikes and whitened stumps, will sometimes stumble upon an old log hut ; and the farmer's plow will, at times, expose a pointed spear or arrow-head, or an old flint hatchet. The careless eye sees nothing in these relics. But the poet's genius will, in their contemplation, produce a host of fancies ; and the student will, by their means, unravel many interesting facts.

Owing to the restless and nomadic nature of the Indian race, and the want of written language among the northern tribes, few of their legends have been received by us intact. But I take from those within my reach a single tale which portrays in the Indian of by-gone ages as brave a spirit as that displayed by the knightly hero of the Tarpeian Rock :

The dreadful Mohawks had then been on the war-path, and had swept the country as far as the head-waters of the St. John, till the peaceful tribes of Acadia had fled at their approach. The strangers still pressed forward, but, with surprise and disappointment, found the wigwams all deserted, while the smouldered embers of camp fires told them that their expected victims had departed many days. At length they found a maiden, who, by threats and promises, was induced to pilot them down stream. The girl, however, seemed so well contented with her lot that at last she gained their unsuspecting trust, and, having fastened the canoes together, they often left her in sole control, with strict

injunctions to keep the middle channel, and let the current drift them down. Thus they floated one summer's night beneath a calm, bright moon, which showed in marked and almost supernatural relief the vast flotilla with its freight of sleeping braves and one single wakeful object, the maiden silent, and almost motionless. Beyond the shaded mazes of the river a sound at length broke the stillness as though a wind among the trees were commingled with the surf. The sound grew louder, and the maiden shook her loosened locks, pausing but a moment but to hearken, and then resumed her task. Then the mirrored surface of the stream began to change, a thousand ripples played about the fleet, a thousand mimic whirlpools twirling round and round, with bits of sticks and leaves, and tiny flakes of foam. Then rose before them, like the mighty spirit of the river, a great white sheet of foam, sending clouds of spray and mist aloft into the clear night air, and then a single chieftain woke. At his cry a hundred men sprang up, and every arm was strained to reach the shore, but all too late,—the piercing cry of agony was hushed forever in the roaring of the falls. The maiden's wild and joyful chaunt was also silenced, but her father and her tribe were saved!

Among the archives of the Algonquin race, this is almost a solitary sample of a plain, unvarnished tale, but all true Indian stories have their own peculiar beauties, and in almost every instance there is a ghost-like character, which marks this class of legendry, and renders it so utterly distinct from that of any other people that it must hereafter cause regret that no skilful hand has sought to bring together the scattered corner-stones of many an intellectual castle which the poet and the painter might adorn. I do not think, indeed, that from the Indian period of our history we can glean the nuclei for our most noble, intellectual fabrics; but, apart from other objects, it would certainly seem wise, in an age of active, mental competition, to cherish whatever partakes of pleasing novelty or is calculated to suggest new trains of thought. To him whose object is to secure the people's favor, or to purchase vulgar pleasures, it would be useless to suggest that the study of humanity produces knowledge, and that knowledge of every kind is power. But the poet and the pure ideal

painter feel the need of teaching ; they seek to learn of nature in its truest form, and they know their object can only be obtained by carefully comparing results produced by causes of every form. The proper teachings of the Elusinian mysteries were lost to those who did not understand ; the graces of the purest ritual might earn derision only from untrained observers ; and I hold it almost worse than useless to seek to bury in oblivion results which even the rudest savage has produced for some especial object. The custom may appear absurd, the legend may seem based on that which could not be, but, upon a full investigation, it will almost certainly appear that custom and legend were born from a rude, uncultured genius, either seeking to create and perfect some form of saving grace, or to portray a real occurrence, or, perhaps, a burning fancy lit with the fire of poesy.

Among the dearest, though less sparkling, gems of literature, there are few examples which touch the heart-strings more than those in which decayed prosperity is pictured ; and I have somewhere seen a painting in which, if we apply the best interpretation which actual facts suggest, the same idea occurs. The scene is laid in twilight, and banks of clouds are closing round a flush of light beyond the far horizon, which seems more distant by contrast with the shaded hills. Between these hills and the immediate foreground lie stretches of marsh and lake, while a gloom of shadow and falling night and darkness pervades the whole. In the centre, reflected from the single piece of cloudless sky, appears a lumined space of water, and there, in bold relief, stands an Indian in his canoe. Motionless he stands, and silent, with form erect and steadfast gaze upon the distant glimpse of day ; and in contemplation of the painting, one almost seems to see the lingering twilight fade in total darkness, and hear the last faint plashing of the paddle of him who goes from out the gloaming we know not where.

Were the story of French domination in Acadia written by an able writer, it would be seen that no other section of America is supplied with better subjects for every form of the poets' muse. DeMonts, Champlain and Poutrincourt, the earliest settlers, were gentlemen of culture, who aimed at something higher than mere plunder or profit for themselves, while, in after times, men like the Sieur La Tour appear, with lives devoted to gaining influences in this wild new land for France. And among the missionaries, both Recolets and Jesuits, were some of God's devoted servants, and men of the DeRetz and Richelieu stamp, well adapted for aiding or subverting dynasties and building up colonial power. Over the greater portion of the country the French have left mementoes of their occupation in the forms of ruined forts, dykes, and rows of willows and names of places. I think that, in selecting names, the English settlers are far behind both Indians and French. Ouigoudi, the Winding River; Magaguadavic, the Stream of Hills; Shockamock, the Shining Falls; Pokiock, the Dreadful Water, have beauty and suggestiveness, and Digby Gut and Parrsboro and Cow Bay will scarcely bear comparison with Cape Enrage and Grand Prarie. One likes to linger among the old historical scenes and characters, to mark the courtly customs of Port Royal, where the grand Steward of the day, with the staff and collar of his order, ruled the guests; to read the story of the fight at Fort LaTour, of the brave defense by a noble woman, and of her subsequent ill fortune. Then there were fierce engagements between the rival ships of war, when at times King Fog, the guardian spirit of the bay, would separate the combatants, and, at intervals, a Captain Argal drove the settlers off, or a fleet from Massachusetts sailed past Brier Island up the Atlantic coast of Nova Scotia and battered at the sea-girt walls of Louisbourg. At last the struggle ceased. Wolfe was victor at Quebec; the rule of France in North America was at an end. The

final story of the Acadians is sad in the extreme. Some of them, neglected by their friends at home, yielded against their inclinations, swore fealty to Great Britain, and continued in the country; others, refusing to take the oaths, or suspected of infidelity by colonial magnates, suffered like the people of Grand Pré. In sight of burning cottages and barns they were borne away over the waters which DeMonts had named, in honor of their country, La Bay Française, past points and headlands bearing well-known names; they, looking backwards, with fixed eyes and panting breasts, till the last wreath of smoke was lost in the growing distance—till the sun had set, and banks of eastern clouds had faded in the twilight over Acadia, and the breeze had borne them away, and the night had shut them off forever from the land they loved.

More than a century has passed since England claimed Acadia as her own. The hardy settlers who worked their way through brake and forest are sleeping calmly in the grave. The little cabin, with its moss-filled chinks and rubble chimney, is supplanted with the wooden mansion, with mansard roof and cornice, and the sparsely-settled hamlet has grown into a town, and, with the advent of success and wealth, romance retires. Art fears not progress, but she hates to strive with rancor, and would rather follow in the van of science and use the fragments of established truth. She waits till prejudice and cynicism have done their work, till history and tradition are forsaken by the skeptics, then she paints them in her own fair colors, and they endure.

I will not, therefore, seek to picture English life in Acadia, not because it is devoid of interest, but because it is more recent than the other periods of our history; because it gains its interest rather from connection with commercial than æsthetic progress. Apart from all that man has done, however, Acadia stands adorned with Nature's graces, and God has given her charms which man

could not create. Among the breakers of Cape Breton, where the water surges past the heights at La Bras D'or, among the islands near Cape Sable, at Lunenburg, at Tusket and St. Mary's Bay, there are bits of rugged landscape, rich in all the splendor of bold rocks and splashing waves. From Granville to Cornwallis the sweetest strip of valley lies between two stretches of mountain land, and, standing on the heights of Cobequid, we can gaze for miles away upon a broad and boundless reach of marsh land. From Fort Medway through lake Rosignol to the basin of Annapolis, without leaving the canoe, we may pass through a lovely highway of lakes and outlets, while up the river of New Brunswick we may sail for days till we have to make a portage at huge cascades, which, if Canada did not possess Niagara and her railroads, would gather round them crowds of tourists. I shall not soon forget a night once passed on Blomidon—the wildest spot, perhaps, in all Acadia. It was in my grand old college days, and we, three students, carried with us enough of classic training to make us seek some classic features in the scene. The night was cloudless, and a great round moon hung in the sky above the Parrsboro coast and lit the belts of trap and sandstone which skirt the western boundary of Minas Basin. Along the heights, which rise precipitous three hundred feet above the water's edge, are fearful landslides, where, among fragments of basaltic column, mixed with smaller broken stone and gravel, sprays of birch and dogwood mark the struggle between vegetable and inorganic force. To the south lay Grand Pré, and a few stray distant lights were all that told us of the human world,—the rest was solitude. And then the waters of the Basin were surging at our feet, or souging up the shingle, or thundering against the cliff, while countless splash and wave and ripple sounded from the distance far away. It was such a scene as Æschylus and Homer must have witnessed, and I do not think we should have wondered had we seen the

pale Prometheus shackled to the beetling rock, or heard his wild and sad complaints, or had the story of Andromeda been re-enacted before our eyes.

ISAAC ALLEN JACK.

[The foregoing is the principal portion of an address delivered before the Associated Alumni of King's College, Windsor, N. S., by Mr. Jack. That part which was more personal in its nature has been eliminated.

The address evoked some kindly criticism, and for elegance of diction and depth of poetic feeling, was generally regarded as of more than ordinary merit.

The *Halifax Chronicle* contained an appreciative reference, from the pen of its Windsor correspondent, which was as follows :

Then came a beautiful essay by a former alumnus—Mr. Jack, now a lawyer of St. John, N. B., which was most favorably received. It was difficult to decide whether to call it poetry or prose, so much more of the former style than of the latter was breathed throughout the elegant composition. I hope it will be printed, and thus add another link to the evidence of what poor old King's has done for the intellectual improvement of the colonial mind. One of the speakers pronounced his opinion, that those present may live to see the gifted author added to the long list of chief justices who have been supplied by this institution.

It is to be regretted that Mr. Jack should have been compelled, by ill-health, in the year 1895, to retire from the active pursuit of his profession. With the advent into power in dominion politics of the Liberal party, to whose principles he had always been a firm adherent, his prospects of more ample recognition among his fellows would have been much enhanced. Indeed, we feel that had he been able to retain his health, the friendly prognostication made at Windsor in 1872 would have been verified, almost as a natural sequence of events.—ED.]

## Answers to Correspondents.

MAUGERVILLE, Sunbury Co., N. B.,  
May 24th, 1901.

MR. D. R. JACK,  
St. John, N. B.

DEAR SIR,—The copy of ACADIENSIS to hand, and I am much pleased with it.

In reading the article, "Incidents in the Early History of St. John," by W. O. Raymond, I noticed that he mentions James White and James Simonds landing at St. John April 18th, 1764. J. W. Lawrence, in "Incidents in Early History of New Brunswick," gives the date August 28, 1762. Which is correct?

I remain,

Yours respectfully,

ZINA C. SEWELL.

Mr. Raymond writes: In reply to your correspondent's question, which is a very natural and a very interesting one, I shall give as briefly as I can the data on which my statement in the last number of ACADIENSIS is based. But before doing so I should like to make a few comments upon the somewhat divergent statements made by Moses H. Perley and by Joseph W. Lawrence.

In his well-known lecture on "The Early History of New Brunswick,"\* delivered in the Mechanics' Institute, St. John, in 1841, Mr. Perley says:

In May, 1762, a party of about twenty came to this Harbor of St. John, in a small vessel from Newburyport. Mr. Samuel

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\* The original manuscript of Moses H. Perley's lecture is now in the possession of the New Brunswick Historical Society. It contains a number of errors, some of which Mr. Perley himself discovered and corrected, and many of which still remain.

Peabody, Mr. James Simonds and Mr. James White were the three principal persons of this party. They arrived on the 19th day of May, 1762, and landed at Portland Point, where there was a small clearing and the traces of an old French fort. Fort Frederick was then occupied by a company of soldiers from Halifax. \* \* \* The party of adventurers, who had arrived from Newburyport, brought with them from that place the frame of a house. They landed and raised it on the 20th of May, and on the night of the 21st they occupied it. Mr. Samuel Peabody, to whom the house belonged, lived in it afterwards, and it was subsequently occupied by Mr. White for many years.

This statement is plain enough and circumstantial enough, and was evidently derived by Mr. Perley from the personal recollections or memoranda of some of the early settlers.

The statement of the late Joseph W. Lawrence in his well-known little work, "Foot-Prints," is based upon the information contained in the following letter addressed to him by the late John Quinton,\* the original of which is in my possession.

ST. JOHN, N. B., July 31st, 1882.

DEAR SIR,—

Messrs. Simonds, White, Peabody, and their party—Hugh Quinton and wife being of the number, some twenty in all—landed in St. John harbour on the 28th August, 1762. Hugh Quinton and wife, Miss Hannah Peabody, and others, went into the old French fort on Carleton side. In this there was a barrack that had some time prior to this been occupied by British troops. Messrs. Simonds, White, and the rest of the party went to the site of another old French fort, since known as Simonds' Point, where they erected a building to accommodate the whole party, to which Quinton and others in Carleton, soon after moved.

On the night of this day—28th August, 1762—Quinton's wife was delivered of her first-born, a son, in the old fort barrack in Carleton.

I have, perhaps, made this statement already too long, but I want it clearly understood that there is *no mistake about this date*. Beside the record in my possession, frequent confirmation of the

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\* Mr. Quinton died 1st July, 1888, at the age of eighty-one years.

facts from my grandfather's lips have fixed the whole thing on my memory too firmly to be doubted or forgotten.

I was born in 1807—Grandmother of sound mind and remarkable memory to the last, died in 1835. I might offer further proof of this statement but perhaps it is not necessary to make the story longer.

Yours truly,

JOHN QUINTON.

*P. S.*—Hugh Quinton died in 1792. Miss Peabody, named herein, was afterwards the wife of James Simonds, named at the commencement.

J. Q.

The account given by Mr. Quinton in his letter is equally circumstantial with that of Moses H. Perley, and it is difficult to reconcile the two. Both are equally in error in claiming that James White was one of the party. The papers and memoranda of James White, which are now in the hands of a gentleman living in this city, prove conclusively that throughout the year 1762, and part of the next year, Mr. White was actively engaged as agent for Samuel Blodget, a Boston merchant, in furnishing supplies to the commissariat department of the British forces at Crown Point, and he was the greater part of his time stationed either at Crown Point or at Albany.

The statement contained in my article in the last number of ACADIENSIS is strictly accurate. The party which arrived at St. John harbor in 1762 was merely the vanguard of the colony that established the settlement at Mougerville on the St. John river the following year, whither all the first arrivals (with the exception of James and Richard Simonds) seem to have proceeded. The first permanent settlement at the mouth of the river was that under James Simonds and James White in April, 1764.

The company of which they were members included, in addition: William Hazen, merchant, of Newburyport; Samuel Blodget, merchant, of Boston; Richard Simonds and Robert Peaslie. Articles of partnership were drawn up and signed by these gentlemen March 1, 1764 (a facsimile of the signatures is here given), and shortly after-

wards the Messrs. Simonds and White, with a party of about thirty men, embarked in the schooner "Wilmot," Wm. Storey, master, and sailed for St. John. They left Newburyport about the 10th of April, arriving at Passamaquoddy on the 16th, and at St. John on the 18th. The names of the party were Jonathan Leavitt, Jonathan Si-

*Sam<sup>r</sup> Blodget*

*James Simonds*

*Wm. Warren*

*Robt. Peaslee*

*James White*  
*Richd. Simonds*

monds, Webster Emerson, Samuel Middleton, Peter Middleton, Edmund Black, Moses True, Reuben Stevens, John Stevens, John Boyd, Moses Kimball, Benjamin Dow, Thomas Jenkins, Batcheldor Ring, Rowley Andros, Edmund Butler, John Nason, Reuben Mace, Benjamin Wiggins, John Lovering, John Hookey, Reuben Sergeant, Benjamin Stanwood, Anthony Dyer, George Carey, John

Hunt, George Berry, Simeon Hillyard, Ebenezer Fowler, William Picket and Ezekiel Carr. The majority of these men subsequently returned to Massachusetts, but quite a number became permanent settlers and their descendants are numerous in the province. During the summer of 1764 they established themselves in rude log houses on the shores of the harbor. They were engaged at first chiefly in the fishery, manufacture of lime, and trading. We may rightly claim for this little colony of April 1764, the honor of establishing the first permanent settlement at St. John.



### Book Notices.

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Two years ago Professor W. F. Ganong issued the "Teaching Botanist," a botanical text-book that met with a very favorable reception from the educational world. In June of this year the same author published his second text-book, "Plant Physiology," a work that we think will be highly prized by the students and teachers for whom it is intended.

It is a complete hand-book on the methods and equipment necessary for a course in experimental plant physiology, and like the author's first book is a splendid example of inductive teaching. The book is well got up and is from the press of Henry Holt & Co., New York.

"Index to American Genealogies," and to genealogical material contained in all works such as Town and Country histories, biographies, historical periodicals, and kindred works. Alphabetically arranged, enabling the reader to ascertain whether the genealogy of any family or part of a family is printed. Fourth edition. 8 vo. 282 pages. Cloth, \$5.00. Published by Joel Munsell's Sons, Albany, N. Y.

"American Genealogist," being a catalogue of family histories. A bibliography of American genealogy from 1771 to date. 8 vo. 328 pages. Cloth, \$5.00. Published by Joel Munsell's Sons, Albany, N. Y.

"List of Titles of Genealogical Articles in American periodicals and kindred works," giving the name, residence, and earliest date of the first settler of each family, and adding deficiencies in brackets. Designed as a companion volume to the "American Genealogist." 8 vo. 165 pages. Cloth, \$3.00. Published by Joel Munsell's Sons, Albany, N. Y.

The first number of the "American Heraldic Journal," a quarterly published at 106 East Broad Street, Columbus, Ohio, has just been received. It is of quarto size, sixteen pages in extent, and is a fine specimen of the printer's art. The subscription price is \$2.00 per annum, and it is announced that the list of subscribers for 1901 will be closed as soon as fifty persons or institutions have signified their desire to subscribe.

We are indebted to the following publications for very generous notices of our second number :

|                         |                         |
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
| Acadian.....            | Wolfville, N. S.        |
| Agriculturist.....      | Charlottetown, P. E. I. |
| Argus.....              | Lunenburg, N. S.        |
| Chronicle.....          | Halifax, N. S.          |
| Colchester Sun.....     | Truro, N. S.            |
| Eagle.....              | Brooklyn, N. Y.         |
| Echo.....               | Halifax, N. S.          |
| Examiner.....           | Charlottetown, P. E. I. |
| Educational Review..... | St. John, N. B.         |
| Free Lance.....         | Westville, N. S.        |
| Gleaner.....            | Fredericton, N. B.      |
| Globe.....              | St. John, N. B.         |
| Herald.....             | Halifax, N. S.          |
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| Journal.....            | Summerside, P. E. I.    |

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| Journal of the Ex-Libris Society           | London, Eng.            |
| Le Moniteur Acadian                        | Shediac, N. B.          |
| Guardian                                   | Charlottetown, P. E. I. |
| Monitor                                    | St. John, N. B.         |
| N. Y. Times Saturday Review                | New York.               |
| N. E. Historical and Genealogical Register | Boston, Mass.           |
| Presbyterian Witness                       | Halifax, N. S.          |
| Press                                      | Woodstock, N. B.        |
| Record                                     | Sydney, C. B.           |
| Telegraph                                  | St. John, N. B.         |
| Tribune                                    | Windsor, N. S.          |
| Reporter                                   | Woodstock, N. B.        |
| Sentinel                                   | Woodstock, N. B.        |
| Sun  | St. John, N. B.         |
| Times Guardian                             | Truro, N. S.            |
| World                                      | Chatham, N. B.          |

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 Journal of the Ex-Libris Society.