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GENERAL COFFIN.

BY I. ALLEN JACK, D. C. L.

All the old and many of the young citizens of Saint John, New Brunswick, have heard of General Coffin, and few tourists have travelled on the River Saint John without having had their attention called to the site of the Coffin manor at the foot of the Long Reach. But yet there are very few persons, even amongst those who live near the General's old home in the Province, who know anything of him except his name and the tradition as to his place of residence.

Prior to the fire which, in June, 1877, consumed the greater part of Saint John, including Trinity Church, there was in the latter building a mural tablet which helped to keep the memory of the departed soldier alive. Upon this was inscribed the following :

Sacred to the memory of General John Coffin and Anne Matthews his wife one of the first settlers on the River Saint John in the year 1784 and until the time of his death was a member of the Legislative Council of this province ever endeavouring to increase the agricultural and commercial interests of the province: he died May 18. 1838 in the 85 year of his age. This tablet is erected to his memory by his surviving children.

It is to be regretted that the writer of this was apparently unable to recognize the fact that the unity existing between husband and wife is not generally apparent in the discharge of duties in the legislature or of a public character. The inscription in addition to its disregard of grammatical rules, is inaccurate as to the date of the death, which occurred on the twelfth, not on the eighteenth day of May, although the latter might well have been desired by a Loyalist of New Brunswick as a fitting time for entering into rest.¹

¹ The remains of General Coffin lie in the Church of England burial ground, Westfield, a beautiful spot on a hill overlooking the St. John River, about a quarter of a mile distant from the site of the Coffin manor. To the left, on entering the burial ground from the road which runs close by it, two graves are seen with the following inscriptions on the tombstones:

GENERAL
J. COFFIN
aged 87.

NATH'L COFFIN
aged 15.

Near the head of the graves is an oak tree, a shoot from which — not more than of two seasons' growth, when the writer visited it in September of this year — has sprung up from the general's grave near the head.—[EDITOR.

The Coffins were in possession of Alwington Manor in Devonshire, England, from the time of the Norman Conquest, and it is still held by their descendants. Many members of the family have occupied conspicuous positions or distinguished themselves in many ways. In 1529, one Sir William Coffin, having discovered that a certain priest had refused to bury a corpse until the only cow of the deceased was delivered to him as a burial fee, caused the cleric to be placed in the grave and to be nearly, if not entirely, covered with the exhumed soil. Instead of being punished for this ecclesiastical offence, the knight was enabled to effect through his influence in parliament a needed change in relation to burial fees. Upon the restoration of the royal



family, Colonel Tristram Coffin, then Governor of Plymouth, who had fought against the crown during the war of the rebellion, embarked for America and settled with his family at Newburyport, Massachusetts. He left his only daughter in England, to secure, if possible, his inheritance. She married a Mr. Pine, who took the name of Coffin, and their descendants, the Pine-Coffins, are in occupation of the old estates to-day.

Nathaniel Coffin, of the American branch, was a merchant possessed of some means, and cashier of customs at Boston, Massachusetts. He took the side of the crown during the American Revolution, suffered greatly from loss of property, and was never reimbursed. He had four sons and several daughters. The eldest son, Nathaniel, a successful lawyer, having, with his brother next to him in age, assisted in cutting down a liberty pole, was obliged to seek safety in flight from Boston. The fourth son, Isaac, died a British Admiral and Baronet in 1839, at the ripe age of eighty-two years.

John, the third son of the elder Nathaniel, and the subject of this sketch, was born in Boston in 1756. He took to the sea at an early age, and evinced such aptitude for his calling that he became a master mariner when he was but eighteen years old. In 1775 his vessel was employed as a transport, and having on board the greater part of a regiment and also General Howe, reached Boston on the fifteenth of June. The troops were landed under Bunker Hill, and the battle, bearing that name, having commenced, the Colonel invited the young sailor "to come up and see the fun." He promptly accepted the invitation, and, armed with the only available weapon, a tiller, soon secured the musket of an American soldier, whom he had elled to the earth, and used it to good effect. Indeed his courage and capacity were so conspicuous on this occasion that General Gage, to whom he was presented at the close of the action, made him an ensign on the field, and soon after he was promoted to a lieutenancy. He had been promised by Sir William Howe that, if he would go to New York and raise four hundred men for the royal service, they should be placed under his command. He raised and commanded a company in the King's Orange Rangers about the beginning of the year 1776, and he served in this corps until 1778, when he exchanged into the New York Volunteers. He took part in the battles of Long Island in 1777, of German Town and Saint Lucie in 1778, of Briar's Creek in 1779, and of Camden in 1780. There are no extant details of his exploits in these, but in the accounts of the battles of Hampton, Hobkirk's Hill and Eutaw Springs in 1781 his heroic conduct is fully recognized and described. In his obituary notice in a Saint John paper it is also stated that he had taken part in the battle of Savannah and in the action at Cross Creek. Coffin's cavalry, which derived its name from him as its leader, was generally dreaded and

often avoided by the revolutionists, and \$10,000 was offered for the head of the obnoxious officer. In 1781, when attempting during war to enjoy the delights of love at the home of William Matthews, Saint John's Island, Charleston, he was tracked by the enemy, and only avoided being captured by concealing himself beneath the hoop skirts of the daughter of his host, Miss Anne Matthews, who subsequently became his wife. On one occasion, when making one of many forays, he visited a house where a wedding was about to be held, and having been furnished by the proprietor with supplies for his corps, on being invited, remained for the festivities and danced with the bride. At the close of the war he had reached no higher rank than that of major, and it is supposed that his promotion was opposed in consequence of his having exposed the cowardice of a natural son of George III, and thereby incurred the ill-will of that monarch. Lord Cornwallis, Lord William Howe, Lord Rawdon and the Marquis of Hastings exerted themselves to overcome the obstinacy of the king, but to no purpose.

In May, 1784, Major Coffin, with his wife, two children, three black men and one black woman arrived in New Brunswick and proceeded to occupy the property already mentioned, which he named Alwington Manor after the family seat in England. Here he commenced a career of usefulness which only terminated with his life. He was, at different periods, a member of the Assembly and of the Legislative Council, superintendent of Indian schools, and chairman of Quarter Sessions.¹ He imported stock and seeds and improved agricultural implements, not only for himself and his tenants, but to distribute among his neighbors. Nor were his benefits limited to the Province, for in 1821 the Massachusetts Society for Promoting Agriculture thanked him for "a fine stud horse of the light cart breed," and made him an honorary member of the association. In 1803 Col. Coffin went to England and was presented at Court, where, with his handsome face and fine figure, six feet two inches in height, he seems to have made a favorable impression upon the mind of the king.² He was offered, but declined,

¹ In the *St. John Gazette* of April 26th, 1799, is the following paragraph: "Col. John Coffin, of this Province, is appointed a Brigadier-general to command on the Newfoundland Station."

² The *St. John Gazette* of December 10th, 1803, has the following: "Among the many military promotions that have lately taken place in England, we are pleased to find the names of Colonels Coffin and Armstrong, both of this Province, who are advanced to the rank of Major-general."

a regiment; but in 1812 he raised and obtained command of a body of 600 men which, under the name of the New Brunswick Fencibles, served to protect the province during the absence of the 104th Regiment in Upper Canada. Prior to 1829 he made several visits to England, always returning to the Province with the spring. He had ten children, of whom eight lived to maturity, his eldest son dying in 1856, a General in the Royal Artillery, and two of his sons having attained in the Royal Navy, one to the rank of Admiral, the other to that of Vice-Admiral.

Sabine, in "Notes on Duels and Duelling," states that in a duel between Colonel Campbell, of the British service, and Major Coffin, at New York, in 1783, the latter was wounded in the groin.¹ In the same work a cartel from the latter forwarded and addressed in 1818 to Robert Parker, Comptroller of Customs, Saint John, N. B., is set out as follows:

"SIR,—I have the honour to communicate the following note received from your son Nevil last Sunday morning. I am not in the habit of entertaining young gentlemen at this *inconvenient place*. But, sir, *harboring no vindictive resentment against you*, and our ages being more equal, if you will attend me upon a party of pleasure to Moose Island I shall be very happy to entertain you. I regret very much that I cannot offer you a passage in the schooner Martin, as she is at present out of commission.

"I have the honour to be, sir, with the utmost consideration,

"Your most obedient humble servant,

"JOHN COFFIN."

It is interesting to note that Robert Parker's son, to whom the writer of the above refers, was the late Honorable Neville Parker, Master of the Rolls, and brother of the late Chief Justice Parker.

In conclusion, it may be mentioned, as an instance of the General's strength and courage, that on one occasion when proceeding in a whale boat to Saint John from the manor, with his youngest daughter, six or eight years of age, and a boatman, he attacked and killed a bear which had taken to the river to escape its pursuers, the only weapons being an oar and the sprit or boom of the sail.

¹ On February 25th, 1797, a duel was fought near Fredericton between Col. John Coffin and James Gleine, in which the latter was slightly wounded. The *St. John Gazette*, commenting on the incident, says: "The contending parties on this occasion behaved in every point with the strictest honour and distinguished themselves as gentlemen and men of valour."

FORT CUMBERLAND.

BY JAMES HANNAY.

Fort Cumberland is the name which was given by the English to the French Fort of Beauséjour when they captured it in 1755, and I select the former name as the title of this article because, while Beauséjour only existed for about five years, Fort Cumberland has been known by that designation for about a century and a half. Beauséjour had its origin in the claim of France that when Acadia was ceded to Great Britain in 1713, under the terms of the Treaty of Utrecht, the words, "Nova Scotia or Acadia comprehended within its ancient boundaries," only referred to the peninsula of Nova Scotia, and that the part of ancient Acadia now known as New Brunswick still belonged to France. The same claim had been made on behalf of the English in 1667 when Acadia was restored to France by the Treaty of Breda, but it was not allowed. The French had always maintained that the River Kennebec was the western boundary of Acadia, and this claim was put forward by Governor Villebon of Acadia as late as the year 1698 in a letter written to Lieutenant Governor Stoughton of Massachusetts. Thus, according to the French view of the matter, the size of Acadia depended on its ownership. When they held the title to it Acadia extended to the Kennebec, but when it passed into the possession of the English it shrunk so much that it only consisted of the territory comprised in the modern province of Nova Scotia, and its boundary was the Missegnash.

Any one who looks at a map of the Maritime provinces will see in a moment that the isthmus which connects the provinces of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia is a position of great strategic importance, even at the present day, and that before the invention of railways and steamboats it was still more commanding than it is now. For nearly eighty years it had been the site of a prosperous settlement, which had become populous and wealthy and sent out many of its young men to establish other settlements in its vicinity. But in 1749 a change came. The French government at Quebec resolved to erect a barrier on the isthmus to resist the advances of the English; and in the autumn of that year M. la Corne, a French officer, arrived at Chignecto with seventy regular soldiers and a number of Canadian irregulars and

began to establish himself there. Nothing of importance was done that year, but in the spring of 1750 the erection of Beauséjour was commenced, and it was hardly completed when captured by the English five years later. The site chosen by the French for this stronghold was well chosen, for nature itself would seem to have intended it for a great fortress. Less than a mile from the mouth of the Missequash River and rising high above the marsh is a long hill, a narrow ridge of land extending towards the north east. On the most southerly point of this ridge Beauséjour was erected, a fort of five bastions, star-shaped, and capable of accommodating eight hundred men. It was provided with casemates, and mounted thirty guns. In connection with Beauséjour, the French constructed a complete system of defences for the northern portion of Acadia.

At Baie Verte, twelve miles distant, they had a small fort, which they named Fort Gaspereaux. It was close to the sea shore on the northern side of the bay, and was used as a depot for goods coming to Beauséjour from Louisbourg and Quebec. It mounted six guns and had a garrison of from fifteen to thirty men. At Pointe à Buot, midway between Beauséjour and Baie Verte there was a block house, garrisoned by thirty men, and there were guards at Shepody, Shediac and one at two other points. At the River St. John there was a detachment of seventy or eighty men, besides Indians. This line of posts formed a continuous chain from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to St. John; and Beauséjour could at any time be reinforced, either by way of the Gulf from Louisbourg or from the River St. John, without the English at Halifax or Annapolis having any notice of it.

The English authorities at Halifax naturally viewed the erection of Beauséjour with extreme disfavor, and it was resolved to meet the emergency by the building of another fort on the south side of the Missequash River. As a preliminary step, Major Lawrence, in April, 1750, went to Chignecto with a force of 400 men, about half of them regulars, to build a block house in the vicinity of the French village of Beaubassin. As soon as the English made their appearance the French inhabitants abandoned their dwellings and crossed over to the north side of the Missequash, and as soon as they had done this, the Indians, who were acting under the orders of the commandant of Beauséjour, set fire to the deserted houses, 140 in number, and destroyed them. This forced emigration was ordered by Le Loutre,

a priest, who was acting as the agent of the French government at Quebec. Thus were more than 1000 persons driven from their homes and compelled to seek shelter under the walls of Beauséjour, which then and later became the rallying point of all the French inhabitants who had fled from that portion of Acadia which the French admitted to belong to England.

As the removal of the French inhabitants of Beaubassin had rendered the building of a block house there unnecessary, Lawrence returned with his force to Minas, after exchanging communications with La Corne, the commander at Beauséjour, who claimed all north of the Misseguash as French territory. But in the beginning of September of the same year, Lawrence returned to Chignecto with a larger force, consisting of the 48th Regiment and 300 men of the 45th Regiment. The Indians and some of the French inhabitants were rash enough to oppose the landing of this strong body of troops, but were driven off after a sharp skirmish in which the English lost about 20 killed and wounded. On an elevation a short distance south of the Misseguash River, Lawrence commenced the erection of a picketed fort, with block houses, which was named after himself. Here a garrison of 600 men was maintained until after the fall of Beauséjour. England and France were nominally at peace when Fort Lawrence was built, but there was seldom peace in Acadia as long as the French had a foothold there.

The English colony in Nova Scotia was very weak, most of the inhabitants of that province being French. The French held Louisbourg and the whole island of Cape Breton; they likewise possessed Quebec and all Canada, so that the capture of Beauséjour soon became a necessity unless British power in Acadia was wholly to disappear. Accordingly, in the autumn of 1754, steps were taken to recruit a sufficient force in New England to ensure the desired result. Lawrence was then Governor of Nova Scotia, and he sent Lieut.-Colonel Monckton to Boston to confer with Governor Shirley of Massachusetts as to the arrangements necessary to be made. Two battalions of New England troops, numbering about 2000 men, were enlisted for the proposed expedition and placed under the command of Lieut.-Colonel Winslow and Lieut.-Colonel Scott. A sufficient number of vessels was obtained at Boston to convey this force to Nova Scotia, and on the 23rd May, 1755, it set sail for its destination. At Annapolis 300 veterans of the 45th Regiment were taken on board, and a small train of artillery,

and Chignecto was reached on the 2nd of June. On the following day all the troops were landed and camped about Fort Lawrence.

Fort Beauséjour was then under the command of M. du Chambon de Verger, a great grandson of Charles de la Tour. His force of regulars for the defence of the place was small, not exceeding 200 men, but several hundred Acadians had been called into the fort to assist the garrison. Beauséjour could not be assailed from the front because of its great elevation above the marsh, so Monckton proceeded to take measures to attack it from the rear. On the 4th June, the English captured the block house at Pointe à Buot, and crossed the Missequash, establishing themselves the same evening on the north side of that river a mile and a half from the fort. A week was expended in bridging the Missequash and getting the cannon and mortars across, and on the morning of the 13th fire was opened on the fort from the trenches at a distance of 700 feet. Cannon and mortar fire was continued until the 16th, when Verger surrendered, after having learned that there was no prospect of any help reaching him from Louisbourg. He has been much censured by French writers for this, but apparently without just cause, for his means of defence were entirely inadequate.

Governor Lawrence changed the name of Beauséjour to Fort Cumberland and for many years it was occupied by an English garrison. A small force of regulars was there until after the close of the last war with the United States, in 1812-15. A long peace followed that contest; there was no war going on either in Europe or America, and the garrison of Fort Cumberland was withdrawn.

During the war of the American revolution Fort Cumberland was attacked by a party of rebels from New England under Jonathan Eddy, who had been a resident of Nova Scotia and a member of the legislature. He was assisted in his attempt by twenty-five residents of Mauderville under Capt. Quinton, all of whom were originally from New England and sympathized with their friends in Massachusetts who were in rebellion. Eddy appeared before Fort Cumberland in 1776, and summoned it to surrender, but Lieut.-Col. Gorham, who was in command there, treated this summons with contempt.¹ Eddy, although aided by the Indians and by some of the settlers who lived near Fort Cumberland, was unable to accomplish anything, and was finally driven off and compelled to take to the woods by a force of marines under Major Batt, which were landed from a British warship. Thus ended the last warlike operations in which Fort Cumberland was involved, and with it the hopes of those who expected to make Nova Scotia one of the United States. The old fort is now a picturesque ruin, and it is to be hoped that the horrid sounds of war may never more disturb the beautiful and fertile region which it commands.

¹ Summons and answer are given in full in No. 2, page 53, of this series of readings.

D'ANVILLE'S EXPEDITION.

By HARRY PIERS, Asst. Librarian Legislative Library, Halifax, N. S.

Early in 1745, Governor Shirley of Massachusetts formed a bold plan to capture Louisbourg, and so strike a telling blow at French rule in America. Four thousand New England troops, raw, but full of courage and enthusiasm, were sent on this mission under command of an untried militia colonel named Pepperell. Commodore Warren was ordered to support the provincials with the small squadron under his command.

To one experienced in warfare, this hastily raised expedition would seem doomed to certain failure. Good fortune, however, followed the New Englanders; and the French commandant, Du Chambon, after standing a siege of seven weeks, raised the white flag and asked for terms.

The news of the fall of the Dunkirk of America threw France into the utmost dismay, and she also felt keen mortification at having thus surrendered to a poorly equipped force of undisciplined colonists. Consternation and chagrin, however, soon gave way to desire for revenge, and plans for retaliation were quickly formed. The fortress must be immediately recaptured, and Annapolis and Boston demolished. It should be England's turn to feel the stings of humiliation.

To guard against the least possibility of failure, most elaborate preparations were made. An immense fleet was mobilized at Brest, and, although its destination was kept secret, the British colonies in America easily surmised that it was to be directed against them, and consequently they were filled with deep apprehension.

This fleet consisted of eleven ships of the line, mounting from fifty to sixty guns each, twenty frigates, and about thirty-four transports, fire-ships, etc.,—some sixty-five vessels in all. Over three thousand troops were on board, with large stores of arms and ammunition. Such an armament had never before sailed for America; well might the colonies tremble before so large a force.

The commander was M. de la Rochefoucauld, duc d'Anville, an experienced naval officer, who had spent the greater part of his life in the service of his king. Throughout the hardships of a naval life he had retained the elegance of manner and artistic temperament of

the illustrious family to which he belonged, and he has been described as a man made to command and worthy to be loved.

After gathering at Brest, the fleet went to Rochelle, where head winds detained it until late in June. At last on the eleventh of that month (old style),¹ the squadron put to sea. Little did it dream that naught but misfortune awaited it.

At first rough water was met in the Bay of Biscay, resulting in the destruction of spars and sails. Then a region of calm was entered, and for days hardly a league's progress was made. The calm was followed by a thunder storm in which several ships were struck by lightning, ammunition blown up, and a number of men thereby killed or wounded.

To increase the distress, a most severe sickness broke out among the overcrowded crews and troops, and the men died by scores. The disease is supposed to have been scorbutic fever and dysentery of a most fatal character. As the deaths increased in number, the admiral became more and more anxious. Provisions also were nearly exhausted, and starvation seemed imminent.

It was not until the beginning of September that the fleet reached American waters. On the third of that month, when near the dreaded Isle of Sable, a terrific storm broke upon the ships. Thunder crashed from end to end of the heavens, and the waves ran to prodigious heights. Soon everything was confusion. Wind-drowned orders mingled with the noise of tearing sails and whistling cordage. One of the transports dashed into another vessel and foundered with every soul. When night came the terrors increased, the tempest raging with undiminished fury. Next morning, only five sail could be seen from the deck of the frigate "Prince d'Orange," and as far as the eye could reach the sea was covered with wreckage. A 26-gun ship lay a hulk without spars or rudder. Gradually, however, the storm abated, and the fleet closed in until thirty-one ships were once more in company.

The storm was succeeded by several days of heavy fog, in which the fleet lay off and on, and collisions were only prevented by the constant firing of guns and other signals. At length the admiral found he was accompanied by only two of his squadron. He could only hope that the others were safe. He was now close to the

¹ The dates in this article are old style. New style dates—eleven days later—will be found in French accounts.

Bay of Chcbucto, since known as Halifax harbor, which had been chosen as the rendezvous of the fleet. An English prisoner who had boasted that he was acquainted with the coast, was forced to act as pilot on penalty of being tossed overboard with a couple of cannon balls at his feet. Before nightfall the three ships cast anchor within the spacious harbor, after a disastrous and protracted voyage of ninety-one days. Only one of his ships, a transport, was awaiting him when he arrived. Three ships of the line and a frigate that had been detached some time before to convoy some merchantmen to the West Indies, had been ordered to rejoin the squadron at Chcbucto. They had arrived there some time previously, but not finding the belated fleet, had sailed for France only a few days before.

D'Anville was broken-hearted. His misfortunes and the weight of responsibility had affected him deeply, and were now become unbearable. He saw about him but four shattered ships of that grand armada that had so confidently hoisted sails at Brest. What had become of the others, he knew not. Disease was rapidly unmanning his ships. The very curse of heaven seemed to follow him. He was a brave man, and an eye-witness says he had borne the reverses with manly fortitude. Now, however, only ruin was before him. At two o'clock on the night of September 27th he suddenly died, probably of apoplexy. There were those, however, in the fleet who whispered that poison had ended his many troubles.

On the afternoon of the same day several ships entered the harbour and cast anchor. It was the vice-admiral d'Estournel with another portion of the scattered fleet.

On the following morning at dawn, a solitary boat bearing a dead body and a number of officers pulled to Isle Raquette, now George's Island, and there beneath the trees were unceremoniously laid the remains of the unhappy commander. His heart was removed and subsequently deposited in the tomb of his ancestors. The name of the island was changed to Isle d'Anville, and the Indians were instructed never to speak of it save by that name.

A council of war was summoned to meet on the vice-admiral's ship, "Le Trident," on the day succeeding the burial of d'Anville, in order to discuss the situation and form plans. The frightful condition of the fleet was patent to all. Only some seven ships of the line remained, the admiral was dead, and the men were dying by hundreds.

About twelve or thirteen hundred men had been buried at sea, and the terrible fatality still continued. Such a fleet was in no state to enter upon the work for which it had been intended, particularly as the season was now late.

Among the papers of the late admiral was found one in the king's hand-writing instructing d'Anville to first direct his force against Louisbourg. This the council decided was now impossible, but it was thought that Annapolis at least might be captured. D'Estournel, doubtless dispirited by the many calamities that had befallen the expedition, vehemently opposed such a project and recommended they should sail for France after taking fresh water and provisions. All the land and sea officers considered it dishonorable to return thus without having struck a single blow. It is said the debate lasted seven hours¹ and ended in the defeat of the vice-admiral's proposition.

At the conclusion of the meeting, d'Estournel, exceedingly agitated, entered his cabin and bolted the door. About two o'clock at night groans were heard from within. The door was broken down and he was found lying mortally wounded. In a delirium of despair and mortification he had run himself through with his own sword. Ordering his captains on board, he said to them, "Gentlemen, I beg pardon of God and the king for what I have done, and I protest to the last that my only design was to prevent my enemies from one day saying that I had not executed the king's orders. I resign the command of the fleet to M. de la Jonquière." In twenty hours he was dead.

The command now fell upon Marquis de la Jonquière, governor-elect of Canada, a man who had seen a good deal of active service. Unlike d'Anville, La Jonquière belonged to a family of little fortune, but by ability he had raised himself into prominence. He was of tall stature, of excellent physique, and had an imposing air. Although later in life he proved to be unscrupulous in some matters, yet his worst enemies could not accuse him of being anything but a man of undaunted courage.

For the present nothing could be done until the sickness throughout the fleet had somewhat abated. The men had been encamped on shore, the sick being placed in large tents formed of old sails, but still the deaths continued. According to the deposition of an English

¹ Foster, an English prisoner, states that the council was held during two days.

prisoner, 1135 men died while the fleet was in the harbor. The Micmacs, who were encamped near, became infected and also died in great numbers. Fresh provisions were supplied in abundance by the Acadians, who, it seems, had a pathway across the province. There is little doubt that the French priest, Le Loutre visited Chebucto and conferred with the commander regarding the condition of the fleet and the assistance that would be furnished by the French of Minas and other parts of the province. Ramesay with a force of nearly seven hundred men had been sent from Canada under orders to co-operate with d'Anville, and his presence in the country tended to embolden the Acadians, whose animosity to the English had been stimulated to the utmost by Le Loutre and his emissaries.

The British by this time had succeeded in gaining knowledge of the presence of the French fleet on the coast. Early in September a sea captain reported at Louisbourg that he had seen the squadron. The English forts were strengthened as much as possible and the garrisons anxiously awaited the attack which was daily expected.

Finally La Jonquière decided to move immediately against Annapolis. Some accounts state that his departure was hurried by a report that a British squadron under Admiral Lestock was expected on the coast. Only a thousand men were now fit for service and deaths were occurring daily. One frigate had remaining only one seaman to a gun. La Jonquière nevertheless gave orders for the embarkation of the troops and made other preparations for sailing.

On October 7th and 8th, the sick were placed on board five vessels which were to serve as hospitals, and the following day the healthy troops were also embarked. On the 11th an Acadian brought word that Annapolis had been reinforced, whereupon a secret council was held. The same day there arrived a ship from Louisbourg under a flag of truce. She brought a number of prisoners for exchange, although her real mission was to ascertain the number of the French fleet and the condition of the forces.

La Jonquière intended to sail on the 12th, but the wind was too high. On that day "La Parfaite," which seems to have been a fifty-gun ship, was condemned and burned, after having been stripped and hauled on shore. A prize snow from Carolina, an Antigua prize, and some fishing schooners were also burned after having unloaded. It is pro-

bably the remains of these ships that are in Bedford Basin near the Three-mile house, and also close to Navy Island.

The weather on the morning of the 13th was more favorable, and accordingly the entire fleet, consisting of seven sail of the line, twenty-three frigates or transports, two snows, two brigs, a dogger, four schooners and three sloops, hoisted sail at sunrise, and soon after stood for sea, before a fair wind from the north. On board the ships were fifty Acadians from Minas who were to act as pilots when the fleet approached Annapolis. The day after the fleet put to sea, several small craft were despatched to France. Deaths still took place, and an eye-witness states that each day he saw a great number of corpses cast into the waves.

On the 14th, a heavy east-south-east gale burst upon the fleet. The storm was succeeded by a calm and a thick fog, in which the ships became separated. During the night of the 15th a council was held on board the flag-ship, at which the officers, utterly dispirited, decided to abandon finally the expedition and return immediately to France. The flag of truce with the exchanged prisoners, and also the Acadian pilots, were accordingly dismissed the next day. No intimation was given them, however, of the alteration in the commander's plans. The course of the fleet was then changed. Misfortune still followed it, and on October 24th another storm was encountered and the ships again scattered. Deaths were still frequent, and it was even feared that there would not ultimately be enough healthy seamen to work the ships. The condition of the troops was equally as bad, and of eleven companies only ninety-one men were reported free from sickness.

It is said that two of the detached ships entered Annapolis Basin where they expected to meet the rest of the fleet; but on not finding the latter, and seeing a British ship of the line and a frigate anchored in the bay, they immediately retired.

On November 26th, after a voyage of forty-four days, a portion of the fleet reached Port Louis on the west coast of France, and found there several ships of the squadron that had earlier made port. One of these latter ships was the frigate "La Palme," of whose homeward voyage a horrible tale was told. When the storm of September 3rd had subsided this ship found herself alone and with her provisions almost exhausted. It was decided to return to France immediately. The suffering on this homeward voyage was terrible. Daily rations were

reduced to one and a half ounces each of biscuit and salt meat, and even rats were eagerly devoured. Death by starvation seemed almost certain. Finally, in sheer desperation, the crew demanded of M. Destrahoudal, the captain, that five British prisoners should be butchered and their flesh given to the starving seamen. The captain consulted with his officers, who seeing it was impossible to restrain the frantic crew, ordered the ship's butcher to kill one of the prisoners and serve out the flesh in bits of three ounces each. Fortunately, before the horrible deed was done, a sail was sighted upon the horizon. It proved to be a Portuguese ship, which sent five sheep to the starving crew, who devoured the flesh uncooked.

Such is the tragic story of d'Anville's ill-fated expedition. It had sailed from France with unusual promise of success, yet storm and shipwreck, separation, pestilence, and lack of unanimity in council, all combined to ruin utterly the undertaking; and the remainder of the fleet, shattered and mortified, returned ignominiously home without having struck a single blow to further the purpose for which it was dispatched. Naval history furnishes few such striking instances of disastrous failure.

A DESCRIPTION OF THE RIVER ST. JOHN BEFORE 1672, BY NICOLAS DENYS.

EDITED BY W. F. GANONG, PH.D.

In 1872 there was published in Paris a work of the greatest importance upon the History and Natural History of the Maritime Provinces of Canada.¹ Its author was Nicolas Denys, long the governor under the French King of all the North Shore, from Cape Breton to Gaspé. Though not always clear in style, nor invariably correct in details, it is nevertheless most valuable for its simple straightforward account of events which he himself witnessed, and for its description of places which he himself saw before they were altered by later settlement. His account of the habits and distribution

¹ It is in two parts, containing together nearly 800 small pages. Part I is entitled "Description Géographique et Historique des Costes de l'Amerique Septentrionale," and Part II, "Histoire Naturelle de l'Amerique Septentrionale."

of animals and plants is of much more than merely antiquarian interest at the present day, while his chapters upon the customs of the Indians and the modes of hunting and fishing then in vogue among the French are the best sources of information we have upon those subjects. Such narratives as his are greatly prized by the historian, who can read between the lines, and through them enter into the very spirit of the time and place. We give here a translation of the part describing the St. John River; and from it one may gather a good idea of the book.

CHAPTER II.

Which treats of the River Saint John, of Minas, of Port Royal, of all the Bay of Fundy; of the soil, of the woods, of the hunting, and of all that has occurred there.

The entrance of the River Saint John is dangerous of access, the shore ranging close up from both directions; the best entrance is on the starboard or right hand side, not approaching too near the shore. This entrance is narrow, because of a little island¹ which is to larboard or on the left side, which being passed, the river is much larger. On the same side as the island there are large marshes or flats which are covered at high tide;² the beach is of muddy sand, which makes a point,³ which passed, there is a cove [or creek]⁴ which makes into the said marshes, of which the entrance is narrow, and there the late *Sieur Monsieur de la Tour* had caused to be made a weir in which were caught a great number of those *gaspereaux* which were salted for winter; he several times caught there so great a quantity that it was necessary to break the weir and push them back into the sea, as otherwise they would have given a stench to the weir, and thus would have ruined it. There were found here sometimes also salmon, alewives and bass, which is the *maigre*⁵ of La Rochelle, which serve all the spring as a grand manna for the inhabitants of this country.

A little farther on, beyond the said weir, there is a little knoll⁶ where d'Aunay built his fort, which I have not found well placed according to my idea, for it is commanded by an island⁷ which is very near and higher ground, and behind which all ships can place themselves under cover from the fort, in which there is only water from pits, which is not very good, no better than

¹ Partridge Island.

² Where now the Millpond is.

³ Now called Sand Point.

⁴ Where the outlet to the Millpond now is.

⁵ (Pr. *mä-ger*, *g* hard). The popular name of a fish (*Sciæna aquila*) inhabiting the Mediterranean Sea and the East Atlantic Ocean. It sometimes attains the length of six feet, and is much sought as a food fish.

⁶ Where the "Old Fort" stands in Carleton.

⁷ Navy Island.

that outside the fort. It would have been in my opinion better placed behind the island where vessels anchor, and where it would have been higher, and, in consequence, not commanded by other neighbouring places, and would have had good water, as in that which was built by the said late *Sieur de la Tour*,¹ which was destroyed by *d'Aunay* after he had wrongfully taken possession of it,—as he had no right whatever to do, and which he would have found great difficulty in accomplishing had he not been advised of the absence of *Sieur de la Tour*, who had taken with him a part of his garrison, leaving only his wife and the remainder of his people to keep the fort. After having sustained for three days and three nights all the assaults of *d'Aunay*, and having obliged him to withdraw beyond reach of her cannon, she was finally obliged to surrender on the fourth day, which was Easter day, having been betrayed by a Swiss who was on guard whilst she, hoping for some respite, was making her followers rest. The Swiss, bribed by *d'Aunay's* men, allowed them to mount to the assault, which was resisted for some time by the lady commander at the head of her garrison. She only surrendered at the last extremity, and under condition that *d'Aunay* should spare all, which, indeed, he did not do, for after making himself master of the place, he threw them all into prison along with their lady commander. Then by advice of his council, he hung them, with the exception of a single one, whose life was spared on the condition that he would do the hanging; and the lady commander had to be present at the scaffold with a rope around her neck as though she was the vilest criminal.² This is the title which *Le Borgne* has made use of to claim as creditor of the said *Sieur d'Aunay* the proprietorship of the River *St. John*.

The island of which I have spoken being passed,³ below which vessels anchor in order to be under shelter, it is only a good cannon shot to the Falls, where it is impossible to pass except for boats and small vessels at high tide only.⁴ But before entering farther into the river there is one thing surprising enough; in

¹The site of *Fort La Tour* has been matter of controversy. I think it stood on the knoll at *Portland Point*. The reasons for this are given in an article in the *New Brunswick Magazine* for July, 1898. *Mr. James Hannay* believes it stood at "*Old Fort*" *Carleton*, and gives his reasons in the same magazine for August.

²This is the only early account of the capture of *Fort La Tour* which has come down to us, and along with one or two references to the event by early writers is the basis for the descriptions given by the various historians who have recounted it. Some authentic documents recently discovered in England state that *Madame de la Tour* was believed in *Acadia* to have been poisoned by *D'Aunay*. She died three weeks after the capture of the fort.

³*Navy Island*.

⁴Not strictly correct. Vessels cannot pass at high water, but at a time before and after it, when the river and harbor are at the same level. At high water there is a fall inward. This remarkable fall, inward at high water, outward at low water, a tidal phenomenon, has attracted attention from the earliest times.

the course of the fall is a great hole about three or four hundred feet in circumference which is made by the fall of the water in passing between two rocks forming a narrow place in the river, which is thus made more rapid at that point. In this hole is a great upright floating tree, and whichever way the water runs it never gets out, and it only appears from time to time. One is sometimes eight, ten, or fifteen days without seeing it. The end which appears above the water is a little larger around than a hogshead, and when it appears it is sometimes on one side and sometimes on the other. All of the Indians who formerly passed by here, and they are in great numbers in these parts, rendered it homage, but they pay little attention to it at present, having been undeceived. They called this tree the Manitou, that is to say, the Devil. Their ancient homage to it was one or two beaver skins or other peltry which they attached to the top of this tree with an arrowhead made of moose bone and sharpened with stones. When they passed by it and their Manitou did not show himself, they took it as an evil omen, saying that he was angry with them. Since the French have come to these parts and have given them iron arrowheads, they use no other kinds, and the poor Manitou has his head so covered with them that one can scarcely stick in a pin. I have seen it, and Monsieur de la Tour's men, who were formerly with him and afterwards with me, have assured me that they once attached ropes to the top of this tree, and that ten-oared boats rowing with all their strength with the current were unable to draw it out of the hole.

Having passed the falls, the river becomes larger, more so on one side than the other on account of some islands.² There are three of these which are large, on which there are very beautiful meadows, as there are also along both banks of the river; these are flooded every year by the melting of the snows which occurs usually in spring. It runs far back into the country, and the Indians, by means of this river, by crossing some land, even pass into other rivers, of which some fall into the River St. Lawrence, others into the Gulf of St. Lawrence and at Nepisiguit into Bay Chaleur.³ There are along each route two or three canoe portages through the woods, where one finds paths

¹This hole was without doubt that whirlpool now known as "the pot." It is on the west side just above Union Point, and is formed only on the flood tide. In it various objects brought down by the river often are caught and float round and round for hours, and boats go out to see whether anything of value may be found, a process called "skimming the pot." I have never heard of trees floating in the pot, as Denys describes them.

²It is not plain to which islands he refers unless it be those in the Kennebecas; but these are high and are not flooded in spring. The description which follows applies to islands and meadows farther up the river.

³This is strictly true; branches of the St. John thus communicate with all of the principal rivers flowing north and east.

which run from one river to another which they [the Indians] call Louniguins. † Other portages are at places along the rivers where the navigation is impeded by falls or rapids caused by rocks which hold the water back and narrow the passage, thus rendering the current so rapid and making the water fall from such a height that it is necessary to carry the canoes on the shoulders or on the head to where the course of the river is smooth. Most commonly those portages are five to six leagues,² sometimes even ten, which is uncommon. It is those which the Indians call Louniguins and of which they willingly undertake the passage because of the ease with which they carry their canoes, which are very light, as may be easily understood from the account which I have given of them in its proper place. Boats cannot go up this river higher than eighteen to twenty leagues³ because of falls and rocks which are scattered there and which compel a resort to canoes.

Besides all the woods which I have already mentioned to you there are also here great numbers of very fine oaks which are excellent for shipbuilding, and ought to be better than those of the coast to the north,⁴ of which the wood is too soft.⁵ There are also plenty of beeches, very tall and with high branches. It also abounds in wild walnuts, of which the nuts are triangular and difficult to open, though when placed by the fire they open easily; that which is inside has the taste of a walnut.⁶ There is found here also a great quantity of wild grapes on wild vines, of which the fruit is large and of very good taste, but the skin is thick and hard. It comes to maturity, and if cultivated and transplanted I do not doubt it would produce very good wine.⁷ This is not a sign that the cold there is so severe nor the snow so deep as everybody says. I believe there are many parts of France which are not so good as this place in climate, and where many people live not so much at their ease as they would be in these parts, distant though they are.⁸

¹ The Maliseet Indians living on the St. John to this day call a portage oo-ne-gunce.

² Some of the principal ones are much shorter, only two or three miles.

³ Small vessels can go as high as Springhill, ninety miles from the mouth.

⁴ The coast of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, of which Denys was governor; still called the "North Shore."

⁵ *Gras*, literally fat.

⁶ Probably the butternut, or white walnut, is meant, though it is incorrect to say that the nut is triangular. The beech nut has this shape.

⁷ Wine is often made from the wild grapes growing along the St. John.

⁸ The description of the river ends here, and he passes on to the Bay of Fundy.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF LIEUT. JAMES MOODY.

EDITED BY J. U. HAY, PH. B.

In the brief sketch here given of Lieut. James Moody, the writer is indebted to Calneck's History of Annapolis, which contains, among other interesting notes, portions of the autobiography of this remarkable man quoted at secondhand from Sabine's History of the Loyalists.

Such narratives as this are of great historical value; for, while the facts may not in themselves be important, they represent with faithfulness the daily lives and actions of the men who took part in these great events. The story, for which we have only space for a few leading incidents, is told with a wholesome simplicity that impresses us with the rugged sincerity of the man, who, when once his course of action was made plain, pursued it without flinching to the end, even though it involved sacrifices from which men naturally shrink.

Lieut. Moody was from conviction and sense of duty a loyalist, and when the Revolutionary War broke out he left his farm and became a soldier, giving to the royalist cause a faithful and unswerving support until its close. In return for his valuable services he was granted a pension and a tract of land at Weymouth, N. S. Here he lived from 1785 until his death in 1809. He was a member of the Nova Scotia Legislature for six years, and testimony is borne to the exact manner in which he performed his duties. Many families in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick trace their descent from Lieut. Moody.

In his autobiography he tells us that up to the outbreak of hostilities between the colonies and the mother country he cultivated his farm "in the best climate and happiest country in the world," happy in the love of his family and neighbors and seldom thinking much of state questions. The gathering clouds warned him that the peaceful security which he had long enjoyed was at an end, and he was compelled to seek the British lines for protection. Once his decision was made, he threw himself into the struggle with all the ardour of a patriotic devotion. He was employed by the British commanders on the most hazardous and delicate missions for which his physical strength and endurance, his undaunted courage, his integrity and caution well fitted him. His prowess soon made him well known and feared among his enemies. When he was known to be near a

place, guards were doubled and extraordinary precautions taken to capture him or defeat the purpose he had in view.

On one occasion Lieut. (then Ensign) Moody undertook, with six men to liberate a prisoner, under sentence of death, from the jail of Sussex County, New York. This man was one of Burgoyne's soldiers, charged with crimes of a civil nature, of which he was believed to be innocent. So great was the sympathy for him within the British lines and so evident the resentment of his persecutors that it was determined to rescue him, and to do this successfully recourse was had to stratagem. What follows is from Moody's own narrative :

Coming to the jail, the keeper called out from the window of an upper room, and demanded what their business was. The ensign instantly replied : 'He had a prisoner to deliver into his custody.' "What! One of Moody's fellows?" said the jailer. "Yes," said the ensign. On his enquiring what the name of the supposed prisoner was, one of the party who was well known by the inhabitants of that place to be with Mr. Moody, personated the character of a prisoner, and spoke for himself. The jailer gave him a little ill language ; but notwithstanding seemed highly pleased with the idea of having so notorious a Tory in his custody. On the ensign urging him to come down and take charge of the man, he peremptorily refused, alleging that in consequence of Moody's being out, he had received strict orders to open his doors to no man after sunset, and that therefore he must wait till morning. Finding that this would not take, the ensign now changed his tone ; and in a stern voice told him, "Sirrah, the man who now speaks to you is Moody ; I have a strong party with me ; and if you do not this moment deliver up your keys, I will instantly pull down your house about your ears." The jailer vanished in a moment. On this Mr. Moody's men, who were well skilled in the Indian war-whoop, made the air resound with such a variety of hideous yells as soon left them nothing to fear from the inhabitants of New Town, which, though the county town, consisted of only twenty or thirty houses. "The Indians! the Indians are come!"—said the panic-struck people ; and happy were they who could soonest escape into the woods. While these things were thus going on, the ensign had made his way through a casement, and was met by a prisoner, whom he immediately employed to procure him a light. The vanished jailer was now again produced ; and most obsequiously conducted Mr. Moody to the dungeon of the poor wretch under sentence of death.

It may seem incredible, but it is an undoubted fact, that notwithstanding all the horrors and awfulness of his situation, this poor, forlorn, condemned British soldier was found fast asleep ; and had slept so sound as to have heard nothing of the uproar or alarm. There is no possibility of describing the agony

of this man, when on being thus suddenly aroused, he saw before him a man in arms. . . . The first and only idea that occurred to him was that . . . the person he saw was his executioner. On Mr. Moody's repeatedly informing him of his mistake and that he was come to release him in the name of King George, the . . . pitch of joy had well nigh overcome him. Never before had the writer been present at so affecting a scene. In such circumstances it was with some difficulty that the ensign got him away. The humane reader, Mr. Moody persuades himself, will not be less affected than he himself was at the mournful sequel of this poor soldier's tale.

In the course of the war he was again taken, . . . and afterwards actually executed on the same sentence on which he had been before convicted. . . . When he was brought to the place of execution, the persons who had charge of him told him they had authority to promise him a reprieve, and they did most solemnly promise it to him on condition only that he would tell them who the loyalists in the country were that had assisted Moody. His reply was most manly and noble, and proves that real nobility of character and dignity of sentiment are appropriated to no particular rank or condition of life. "I love life," he said, "and there is nothing which a man of honour can do that I would not do to save it; but I cannot pay the price for it. The men you wish me to betray must be good men because they have assisted a good man in a good cause. Innocent as I am, I feel this is an awful moment; how far it becomes you to tempt me to make it terrible, by overwhelming me in the basest guilt, yourselves must judge. My life is in your power; my conscience, I thank God, is still my own."

This incident Mr. Moody gives on the testimony of an eye-witness, and he further states that the man suffered for an offence for which he was charged wrongfully, as was afterwards learned from the voluntary confession of a less conscientious loyalist.

Lieut. Moody was at one time a prisoner in the camp of General Arnold, who allowed him to be treated with the greatest cruelty. This severity was lessened by the order of General Washington, but extra precautions were taken to prevent his escape. Hearing that his enemies were soon to put him to death, he determined, if possible, to effect his escape; and one night (Sept. 17th, 1780) he succeeded in breaking his fetters. The narrative continues:

Let the reader imagine what his sensations were when he found the manacles drop from his hands! He sprang instantly past the interior sentinel, and rushing on the next, with one hand he seized his musket and with the other struck him to the ground. The sentinel within and the four others who were placed by

the fence surrounding the place of his confinement immediately gave the alarm, and in a moment the cry was general: "Moody is escaped from the provost." It is impossible to describe the uproar which now took place throughout the whole camp. In a few minutes every man was in a bustle, every man was looking for Moody, and multitudes passed him on all sides, little suspecting that a man whom they saw deliberately marching along with a musket on his shoulder could be the fugitive they were in quest of. The darkness of the night, which was also blustering and drizzly, prevented any discrimination of his person, and was indeed the great circumstance that rendered his escape possible.

But no small difficulty still remained to be surmounted. To prevent desertion, which at that time was very frequent, Washington had surrounded his camp with a chain of sentinels, posted at about forty or fifty yards' distance from each other; he was unacquainted with their stations; to pass them undiscovered was next to impossible, and to be discovered would certainly be fatal. In this dilemma Providence again befriended him. He had gained their station without knowing it, when luckily he heard the watchword passed from one to another—"Look sharp to the chain, Moody is escaped from the provost!" From the sound of the voices he ascertained the respective situations of these sentinels, and throwing himself on his hands and knees, he was happy enough to crawl through the vacant space between two of them unseen by either. Judging that their line of pursuit would naturally be toward the British army, he made a detour into the woods on the opposite side. Through these woods he made as much speed as the darkness of the night would permit, steering his course after the Indian manner by occasionally groping and feeling the white oak. On the south side the bark of this tree is rough and unpleasant to the touch, but on the north side it is smooth, hence it serves the sagacious traveller of the desert by night as well as by day for his compass. Through the most dismal swamps and woods he continued to wander till the night of the 21st, a space of more than fifty-six hours, during which time he had no other sustenance than a few beech leaves—which of all that the woods afforded were the least pernicious to the health and the least unpleasant to the taste—which he chewed and swallowed to abate the intolerable craving of his hunger.

At length he arrived safely within the British lines. In the following spring he was engaged in two hazardous enterprises—the interception of despatches to General Washington—in the first of which he was successful, but failed in the second.

The last and most dangerous undertaking in which Lieut. Moody was engaged was an attempt to carry off the most important books and papers of Congress at Philadelphia. The projector of this scheme was

one Addison, who turned traitor. His betrayal cost the life of Lieut. Moody's younger brother, a young man of great promise, who was taken and hanged. Lieut. Moody escaped only with the greatest difficulty; while his aged father was bereft of reason from excess of grief at the loss of his favorite son.

STORY OF THE BIG BEAVER.

(*A Maliseet Legend*).

BY REV. W. O. RAYMOND, M.A.

It was on the 28th day of September, 1896, that the "Story of the Big Beaver" was told me at Rothesay by Sabatis Paul;¹ but first he told me his own story which in substance is as follows:

"I was born on the Indian camping place, near Woodstock, in 1841; left there when fourteen years of age and since have lived chiefly at French Village, above Fredericton. My father's name was Louis Paul—he was the "Mr. Paul" you white people used to read about in the *St. John Daily Sun*. He died a short time ago. My mother was Mary Elizabeth Francis, of Oldtown, Maine. Noel Paul, the old Indian chief at Woodstock, was my uncle. My grandfather was John Battis and his father was a Frenchman of Quebec. Nearly all the St. John River Indians now have some French blood in their veins and they are losing their old strength and endurance. I have worked in the lumber woods and at stream-driving. I drink no liquor and have authority as Indian constable to report all those who sell liquor to Indians."

Among other facts of interest mentioned by Sabatis Paul he stated that several Indian wampum belts are still preserved at "French Village" above Fredericton, but his father, Louis Paul, was about the last of the Indians who could read them. It was his father also who, at the request of the railway commissioners, gave Indian names

¹ Sabatis is a contraction of *Saint Jean Baptiste*, or St. John Baptist. It is a common name among the Indians; and those who bear it, generally when with English speaking people, use "John" as its equivalent. Sabatis Paul accordingly with white people is John Paul.

to the stations along the Intercolonial Railway. Some of these are real Indian names but some were manufactured for the occasion.¹

Under an arrangement with the Dominion government a chief is elected by the St. John River Indians on the 4th day of June every third year.

This much by way of introduction and now for the Story of the Big Beaver. This story is told with some variety of detail by the Indians of Passamaquoddy as well as by our Sabatis Paul and by the well-known "Gabe" Acquin, of St. Mary's, York County. Gabe's version was contributed by the late Edward Jack to the "Journal of American Folk-lore" some years ago.

The Maliseets of the St. John river have many legends respecting Glooscap. According to Sabatis Paul he is "a great Indian sent a long while ago by the Great Spirit to kill all big bad beasts that are in all the world." In other words Glooscap is a mythical personage, allied to Longfellow's Hiawatha, possessed of supernatural power. According to the majority of the Indians he is still living and is going to last as long as the world lasts; he is believed to be in the south end of the world now.

In accomplishing his mission for the good of mankind, Glooscap summoned all the animals to appear before him and asked of each what he would do if he met a man. When the bear was asked the question he trotted off a short distance and looked over his shoulder — as he *generally* does now upon meeting a human being. Glooscap signified his approval.

The squirrel at that time was as big as a lion and when Glooscap asked him what he would do if he met a man, he flew at a stump furiously and tore it with his teeth and claws. Glooscap considered him altogether too dangerous an animal and reduced him to his present size. The Big Beaver, P'chee Qua-beet, had been the source of considerable annoyance to the other animals and was cautioned by Glooscap with regard to his future conduct.

¹ These names were given about 1856 by the railway commissioners. Nauwigewauk, Ossekeag, Anagance and Petitecodiac are all old Indian names, but others are simply translations: "Stone's Brook" became Penobsquis, from the Maliseet *Penobsq'*, a stone, and *Sijus*, a brook. Salmon River became Plumweseeep from the Maliseet *Plumucee*, a salmon, and *seeep*, a river. Quispamsis was named from the pretty little lake near the station, *quispsam*, a lake, and *six*, little. (See Dr. W. F. Ganong's "Place Nomenclature of New Brunswick," page 209).

In spite of the warning he had received, the beaver made himself very obnoxious by his behaviour at Passamaquoddy, and Glooscap determined to drive him away. He came to Passamaquoddy and climbed up the hill on the east side of Oak Bay, which the Indians call by the pretty little name N'monee-quen-ee-moosa-kesq, or "the place of many sugar maples." From the summit of this hill he saw the beaver's house, Quabeet-a-woosis, a dome-shaped island in Oak Bay, now called by the white people Cookson's Island. But the beaver had been warned of his danger and fled up the river Waweig whence he afterwards went to Men-ah-quesk (St. John) where he made a dam across the river at its mouth. He still continued his evil deeds and his dam was built so high it caused the water to flow back to Hampton Ferry and above Fredericton, and all the country from Jemseg to the Keswick became a Jim-quispam or great lake.

When Glooscap heard the beaver was still a source of annoyance he at once set out for Men-ah-quesk. He saw signs of the beaver's work at Mon-ha-quatis, or Manawagonish, and at Red Head he had abundant evidence of his proximity. Here the beaver had a feeding place which by the Indians is called Q'uabeet-a-wee-qua-sodek, which means "the beaver's landing place," but the name is now commonly contracted to Q'ua-sodek.

Glooscap explored See-bes-kas-tahgan (the Marsh Creek) as far as Moos-ow-tik, or the "Moose's Path," but not finding the beaver came back to the mouth of the St. John river where he found the beaver's dam. This he broke with a blow of his ponderous club and the great rush of water that followed swept a part of it out to sea. This fragment, according to the legend, is Partridge Island, which the Indians still call Quak-m'kagan'ik, or "a piece cut out," and they call the falls Quabeet-a-wee-sogado or "the beaver's rolling dam." Some Indians say that Split-rock, just below the Suspension bridge, is Glooscap's club which he threw away after it had served its purpose in the destruction of the dam. Jim-quispam was greatly reduced in size and became the modern Grand Lake.

Glooscap pushed on up the river in quest of the beaver. A little below Boar's Head there is, we are told by the Indians, to be seen to-day in the rocky cliff the face of a man with curly hair. This they call Glooscap-sa-kah-beet, or "Glooscap looking out." "I have tried," said Sabatis, "to show that face to white men and they could'nt

see it when they were looking right at it. They say that none but Indians can see it." Here the little Indian boy, standing at his father's side, broke in with the remark, "They say when you throw in a cent you can see him better. I tried it but it didn't make much difference, but I have often seen Glooscap looking out."

Still seeking the beaver, Glooscap went on and at length looking up the broad waters of Mah-ti-gek, or Kennebecasis Bay, he saw in the distance the beaver's house. This is still called by the Indians Q'ua-beet-a-woosis-sec, the beaver's nest. It is nothing less than the well-known cliff on the island opposite Rothesay called the "Minister's Face." The beaver was at home and his two younger brothers also. The beaver was very big and dangerous but Glooscap seized him in his brawny arms, strangled him and then flung him to the foot of the island several miles away, where the Indians point out certain reddish colored rocks which, according to the story, were stained by the beaver's blood.

Glooscap killed the second sized beaver also, but the youngest one got away and went up the St. John river. Glooscap followed him a little way and hurled after him two big rocks—So-bag-wopps or "sea-rocks,"¹ which may still be seen in the river a little below the mouth of the Tobique. The beaver eventually escaped to Toma-squa-tack, or Temisquata lake, where he built himself another house which is nothing less than the big hill about 1,000 feet high, opposite the mouth of the Cabano river, commonly called Mount Wissik. The name is evidently derived from the Indian Woosis-sec meaning "a nest." And so ends our Story of the Big Beaver.

¹ These rocks are well known by lumbermen and others as the Tobique rocks. It is a curious fact that the rocks differ from all other rocks in the vicinity and resemble the black slate rocks at the Bay Shore, near Carleton, St. John.

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