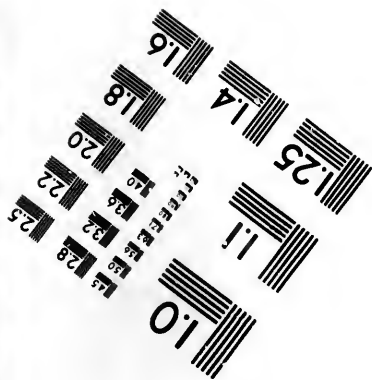
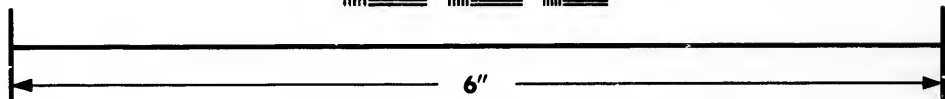
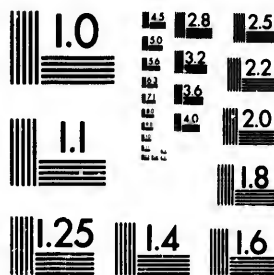


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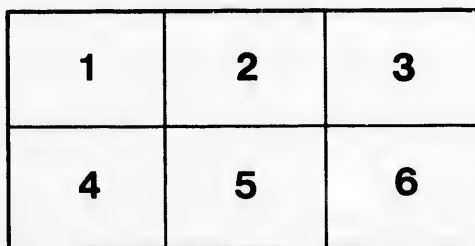
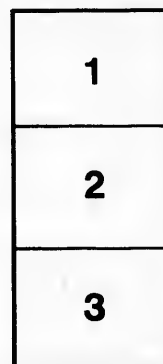
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ACADIE AND THE ACADIANS.



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ACADIE
AND THE
ACADIANS.

BY
D. LUTHER ROTH,
AUTHOR OF "OUR SCHOOLMASTER," PASTOR OF THE CHURCH OF THE
REDEEMER, ALBANY, N. Y.

PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR.

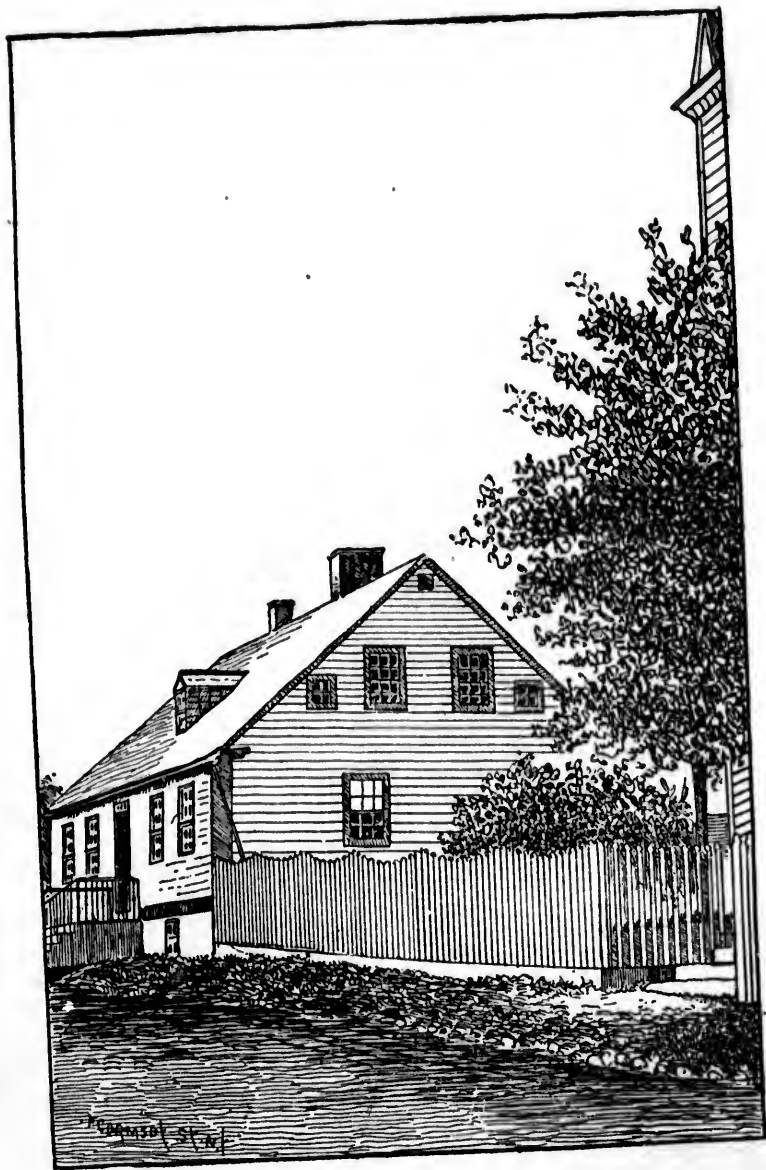
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TO MY WIFE.



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INTRODUCTION.

THIS book has been in preparation since 1876. The arrangement of material, the searches after missing links, the weighing of evidence and the introduction of new matter, during the intervening period, have occupied much of the spare time in a busy life.

As a historical work, I believe it to be thoroughly accurate. No pains have been spared to verify its statements and make them perfectly reliable as to names, dates, localities and occurrences.

Neither explanations nor apologies are needed for the publication of this work. It should have been accomplished long ago. As for that, the book will speak to its readers for itself. While I am aware that the local ecclesiastical matter must be interesting chiefly to Lutherans, I am persuaded, nevertheless, that the general reader will find, in the wider range indicated by its title, much interesting information not given in the usual line of book-making, and not to be found elsewhere.

My thanks are due and hereby publicly tendered to the friends who have kindly assisted in this work.

notably to Professor J. Liechti, of Dalhousie College, Halifax, the Rev. Dr. Cossmann, of Lunenburg, N. S., the Rev. J. A. Scheffer, of Allentown, Penna., and the good woman whose name figures in the dedication.

D. L. R.

ALBANY, NEW YORK, *October, 1890.*

CHAPTER I.

PRE-COLUMBIAN DISCOVERY.

ACADIE is a land full of interest, both in its natural features and local traditions. The first well-authenticated fact in its history is preserved in the sagas of the Icelanders. Letters and learning flourished among them when the rest of Europe was intellectually stagnant; histories and annals are nowhere more copious. While the greater part of Europe was plunged in the intellectual night of the Dark Ages, away in the frozen regions of the North that people flourished, with whom freedom and enterprise were neither dead nor stagnant; a people who possessed scientific knowledge and the ability to apply it to practical uses; a people simple, fearless and energetic; a people capable of self-government, republicans at once in name and practice. And there, in Iceland, among these people, in the writings of Snorri Sturluson,* the renowned author of *Heims-Kringla*, particular mention is made of the vast Continent far to the westward, of which Acadie, or Nova Scotia, is a part.

* Born 1178, †1241.

There, in Iceland, existing to this day, is a manuscript* of undoubted antiquity, proven to have been written more than one hundred years before the wonderful voyage of Columbus, when—

In fourteen hundred and ninety two
He sailed across the ocean blue ;

in which MS. is given a detailed and circumstantial account of the voyage of Leifr Heppni, the son of Eirekr Raudi, Icelander, the real discoverer of North America.

Eric the Red, a famous Norwegian sailor, called "The Red," because of his red hair and florid complexion, had discovered Greenland in the year nine hundred and eighty-two, and extensive settlements had been made there. His son Lief, who made his home in Iceland when he was not roving the sea, was ambitious and daring. He built a shallop after the fashion of the vessels of his day, with a high prow, a dragon tail astern, rigged with a bank of oars and one square sail, manned her with five and twenty seamen stout and bold, and invited his father to sail with him and take command. Eric thought himself too old, but finally allowed himself to be persuaded. Embracing his remaining children, he bade them farewell and mounted his horse to ride to the harbor, where the vessel lay

* The celebrated Codex Flathiensis.

ready to sail. But the horse stumbled on the way, and Eric, full of the sailor's superstition of his age, thought it an omen of evil. "I do not believe it is given to me to discover any more lands," said the old seaman, "and here I will remain." He bade his son farewell, and returned home.

Lief and his companions sailed away in a south-westerly course, and soon were fighting the fogs and storms of the North Atlantic between Greenland and Labrador. This was in the summer of the year one thousand. Bravely holding their course, after long tossing on the stormy water, they were at length driven upon an unknown shore, a wonder-land, a land of vast extent and marvelous beauty. That land was North America, the particular locality unknown. The hardy Norsemen made their way in safety back to Iceland, where the story of the grand discovery was told, believed, and written in the chronicles of the land.

In the year 1002 an expedition similar to the first was fitted out and dispatched for further exploration. Lief, now called "Heppni," "the Lucky," by his countrymen, was again in command. He held his course almost due west, and in time sighted land. It was flat, with fearful and forbidding rocks along the shore, and high, snow-covered mountains farther inland. This was Labrador. The hardy rovers of the

sea, in their own tongue, named it "*Helluland hin mykla*," (The Great Land of Rocks,) refused to land, and held their course to the south by east. They soon came to another country, flat like the first, but with a broad beautiful beach of white sand, the interior thickly covered with woods. Here in a little estuary the adventurers cast anchor, went ashore, and regaled themselves with the sweet berries which they found. But the country looked better from the ship than they found it upon closer inspection to be, for it was very rocky. They named it, "*Helluland hin littla*," (The Little Land of Rocks,) rejoined their ship, and sailed away. Soon the bold seamen sailing southward sighted another shore. The land was slightly hilly, mostly covered with trees, its northerly shore sheltered by a long island. In it they found abundance of small wild fruits delicious to the taste. Bones of fishes and burnt wood upon the shore indicated the presence of human beings. The air was balmy, and they would have remained, but the desire for further discovery impelled them further to the south. They named the country "*Markland*," (The Land of Woods,) and sailed away, leaving behind them with its new and appropriate name, the country along the south shore of the St. Lawrence river, now known as Nova Scotia. It will be vastly interesting to follow for a little in the wake

of these bold voyagers, and learn their story as it is related in the archives of their country.

They sailed across the Bay of Fundy and made land again away to the south. Seeking a harbor, they found one at the mouth of a river, where the rising tide bore them into a bay. There they landed. The air was like that of Paradise. Birds sang and squirrels chattered in the noble oaks around them. The waters abounded in salmon and the woods in deer. The days and nights were nearly of equal length when they landed. They remained all winter, and noted that when the days were the shortest, the sun rose at half-past seven and set at half-past four. A young German, who was Eric's servant, was one day missing. Search was made, and he was found deep in the forest, where he had discovered grapes, delicious, abundant, such as grew in his native land. Many other vines were afterward found, and from these Lief derived the name which he gave the land, "*Vinland hin goda*" (the Good Land of Vines). The next summer the explorers returned to Greenland, where, ever afterward, as well as in Iceland and Norway, his ancestral home, Lief was known among his countrymen as Lief Heppni, that is, Lief the Lucky.

A rock discovered on the bank of the Taunton river in Massachusetts, known as the Dighton stone,

and marked with letters and characters, strange in shape and of unknown signification, is supposed by eminent antiquarians* to have been inscribed by these ancient voyagers; and the time noted of the rising and the setting of the sun at the winter solstice—the shortest day, about Christmas time—would indicate some point on the New England coast, in Massachusetts or Rhode Island. The old stone mill, or tower, at Newport is also considered by many to have been the work of their hands. If they did not build it, as Professor Rafn claims, who did? It was there when the English settlers came, and the Indians knew nothing of its builders. And there it stands now, with its massive cylindrical wall resting on seven columns, whose foundations are seven wrought spheres of stone, mysterious as the Pyramid of Gizeh or the Theban Sphinx.

Certain relics in the Museum of the Royal Society of Northern Antiquaries at Copenhagen, Denmark, give conclusive evidence of the early colonization of Greenland and America, and corroborate the testimony of the Icelandic sagas. Professor Rafn, the

* Finn Magnussen, Vice-president of the Society of Northern Antiquaries, among others, has deciphered its hieroglyphics, and has shown that they give a condensed history of the expedition and settlement of Thorfinn Karlsefni.

learned Secretary of the Society, claims the "Old Mill" as the work of the Northmen of the eleventh century; for after the first discoverers, we must understand, as the Icelandic records show, that many other colonists came and that extensive settlements were made. A summary of the facts with respect to this early discovery and settlement shows the following; first, with respect to Greenland, that it was discovered in 982 and its western coast settled by Icelanders and Norwegians.* These colonists existed as a community for four hundred years, when they numbered thousands of people and Greenland was erected into an Episcopal see. In 1448 a brief was issued by Pope Nicholas "granting to his beloved children in Greenland, in consideration of their having erected many sacred buildings and a splendid cathedral," a new bishop and a fresh supply of priests. At the commencement of the next century, this colony, with its bishop, its priests and people, its one hundred and

* Lief introduced Christianity soon after, by the entreaties of the king, Olaf Trygvesson. A handsome church was soon erected, and the mission was so successful, under the patronage of the royal saint, Olaf Haraldsson, that in 1034 it became part of the Diocese of Adalbert, Archbishop of Bremen. The first bishop of the colony was appointed in 1126, and he had more than *twenty successors*, while churches opened in all directions.

ninety townships, three hundred villages, its many churches, and its grand cathedral, fades into oblivion like the fabric of a dream. The memory of its existence perishes, and the accounts of it remaining in the Icelandic sagas gradually come to be regarded as poetical inventions or pious frauds. But at last, after more than four hundred years, some Danish Lutheran missionaries set out to convert the Esquimaux; and there, as Professor Rafn has demonstrated and as the collateral evidence proves, they discovered vestiges of the ancient settlement far up in Davis' Strait. There were remains of houses, paths in the rock, walls, churches, tombstones and inscriptions, attesting the previous existence of a large colony. On one of the stones found on White Woman's Island, Baffin's Bay, latitude $72^{\circ}55'$ north, written in old Runic characters, is the following inscription:

VIGDIS M. D. HVILIR HER; GWLDE GUDE SAL HENNAR," *i. e.*, "Vigdessa rests here; God gladdens her soul."

Another inscription discovered in 1824 reads thus: "Erlang Sighvatson and Biomo Thordarson and Eindrid Oddson, on Saturday before Ascension week, raised these marks and cleared ground, 1135." That reference to Ascension week shows that these were Christians. The stones bearing these inscriptions,

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together with others equally convincing, are now in the museum of Northern Antiquities at Copenhagen.

The second fact of interest is, that only four years after the discovery of Greenland, in the summer of 986, Bjorn Herjulfsson, a Norwegian navigator, sighted the shores of America, but did not land.

Then in the year 1000 came Lief the Lucky.

In 1002 the second expedition under his command sailed, and wintered in *Vinland hin goda*.

In the year 1003 the brother of Lief, Thorwald by name, with thirty companions, came to Vinland. They passed the winter in the huts built by Lief and his party, subsisting upon fish and the game they took in the woods. They spent the summer in exploring the islands and the shore in their neighborhood, but found nothing of importance. The islands were sandy. There was little trace of human beings on them. Another summer was spent in the same way. In the autumn the hardy pioneers entered a large inlet with high banks thickly wooded. "Here is a goodly land; here I will make my home," said Thorwald. Here they found some natives, small of stature and of dark complexion. They were in canoes, and though armed, seemed timid and harmless in disposition. The Northmen, fearing treachery, put them to death, except one, who escaped with the news of the slaughter,

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and aroused his countrymen. The savages were angry and sought revenge. Silently they came by night in their canoes, and fell upon their foes. A fight ensued, in which Thorwald was mortally wounded. Then the savages fled to the hills, and Thorwald's men buried the body of their chief on the spot where he had said he would make his home, planting a cross at his head and another at his feet. They passed the winter in Vinland, in constant fear of the natives, and in the spring returned to Greenland. The spot where Thorwald was buried was probably somewhere in the vicinity of Martha's Vineyard. Albert Thorwaldsen, the world-renowned sculptor, claims this Thorwald as one of his ancestors.

In the year 1007 a colony of one hundred and sixty persons, led by Thorfinn Karlsefni, a rich young Norwegian, sailed from Greenland to Vinland, to plant a colony there. He remained in the colony three years, made several voyages to Iceland, and finally settled there, built a magnificent mansion, and lived in a style surpassing any chieftain of the land.

About the year 1027, a ship from Iceland was driven out of her course by contrary winds and blown away to the southwest, where land was found and a landing made. Some of those who went ashore, being surprised by the natives, were captured and carried away

into the forests of the interior. Among them was Gudlief Gudlangsen, who wrote an account of the adventure which is still in existence. There they were met by an aged white man who appeared to be a chief, and spoke to them in the old Norse tongue. He secured the release of the prisoners, and advised them to depart without delay, because his dusky warriors were unmerciful to strangers. Upon their leaving, he brought forth a gold ring and a sword of European manufacture, which he asked them to carry back to Iceland, to persons whom he named. He would not tell them who he was, but it was believed that he was Björn Asbrandson, a famous poet of Iceland, who disappeared from his native land in the year 998.

These interesting incidents have been thus briefly recapitulated here in order to make our history complete from the beginning. While they may not all be sufficiently attested to form the basis of historical conclusions, yet no doubt some are facts not to be disputed. The relics now in the museum of Copenhagen furnish evidences of the discovery and occupation of the New World by the Northmen which cannot be questioned. And yet, despite all this, the significant and sinister fact remains, significant and sinister to the superstitious, that Pope Alexander VI. (Roderigo Borgia), whose name is the historic synonym for ex-

traordinary infamy, solely on the statement of Columbus, deeded the Continent of America to Spain.

A monument has been erected in Boston in honor of Lief the Lucky, the actual discoverer of the continent. Columbus never saw the continent or set foot on it, though the discovery by him of the adjacent West Indies really led to its re-discovery.

Prof. E. N. Horsford, to whose antiquarian researches and zeal is due the erection of the monument to Lief, the son of Eric, has also erected a tower on the Charles river, at a spot which his studies lead him to identify as the site of the Vinland colony, and at a later day of the lost French settlement of Norumbega.*

These form our foundation facts. Here in the rock-bound harbors, broad bays and quiet estuaries, on their

* In *Hemlandet* the following interesting statement has been published: "The first 'Christian sermon' in America, in the tongue of our forefathers, was preached by Bishop Jon, who arrived in America [Vineland] from Iceland in 1059, and suffered a martyr's death. Greenland's first bishop, Erik, bishop of Gardar, arrived here in 1121. (A reference to this visit is made in the tablet on Prof. Horsford's tower.—AUTHOR.) He also found his death in this country. After Erik, Bishop of Ozur, of Lund, Skane, Sweden, ordained a learned priest, Arnold, as Bishop of Greenland. He was succeeded, in 1150, by Bishop Jonas Knut (Canute). We know at present the names of 17 bishops who had been in Greenland previous to 1410, and of these several visited the colonies of the Northmen (Nordmännen) in America."

voyages of discovery, as early as the year one thousand, came the shallops of Lief the Lucky and his successors, bearing on their high prows the wolf's head, and on their square, tri-colored sail, the raven sacred to Odin.

But after a time all positive knowledge of their occupation is forgotten, and the traces of their improvements are destroyed. Only in the archives of Iceland, and in the indestructible rock-carvings and the like, the memory remains. What became of the settlements of the Northmen, planted on the coast, God only knows. Cold or starvation, hostile Indians, or the Black Death, which ravaged the world in the fourteenth century, may have destroyed them. But so complete and mysterious was their destruction that none escaped to tell the tale. Never, perhaps, this side of eternity, shall we know more concerning their annihilation than is known now. Of all who came, none returned to carry back the tidings of the utter loss. All are gone—gone to keep the long mysterious exodus of death; no voice comes to us from the silent land to give answer to our persistent questioning. The waves of old Atlantic rolled in solemn grandeur as of yore on all the many leagues of coast from stormy Labrador to sunny Florida; the forest bloomed and waved its sombre boughs in its primeval beauty,

while through it roamed the swarthy Indian, once again its undisputed lord.*

* That the Norsemen discovered America five hundred years before the voyage of Columbus thither is testified by Ortelius as early as 1070; by Adam of Bremen in 1072; by Torfaeus in 1075; by Arne Marson, the Icelandic chief; by Arne Frode, in his Account of Vinland, 1097; by Gudliuf Gudlangson, the Icelandic captive, whose MS. still exists; by Snorri Sturluson and the Codex Flathiensis, as referred to above, and upwards of a hundred modern authors of repute, among whom are Alex. von Humboldt, Mallet, Benj. Franklin, Malte-Brun, Pinkerton, Wheaton, Toulmin Smith, Beamish, Da Costa, Wm. and Mary Howitt, Baldwin, Bryant, Gravier, Guernsey, Washington Irving, Lord Dufferin, Channing, Southey, Lossing, Schoolcraft, Goodrich, Thomas Carlyle, Sinding, Rafn, Bayard Taylor, Murat Halstead, Dr. Kneeland, Cyrus W. Field, Dr. Hayes, Holmberg, Geijer, Montelius, R. B. Anderson, Finn Magnussen, Eric Magnussen, and Mr. Gladstone.

CHAPTER II.

THE ABORIGINES.

OF the various nations of Indians composing the great family of aborigines inhabiting this North American continent at the time of its rediscovery by Europeans, the Algonquins, of whom there were upwards of thirty tribes, each speaking a separate dialect of the same language, were among the most numerous and powerful. To this great family belonged the Micmacs of Nova Scotia. In their own dialect they called themselves *Meggaamacks*, and by the early French settlers they were known as "*Le Souriquois*," or "the salt water men," which name was given to distinguish them from "*Le Iroquois*" who inhabited the fresh water territory. The country of "*Le Souriquois*" included a part of the present area of New Brunswick and all of Cape Breton, Prince Edward Island and the peninsula of Nova Scotia.

In a letter from M. Villebon to De Lagny, bearing date September 2, 1694, the Micmac land or as he wrote it, the "*Meggumahghee*," is described as extending "from Isle Percee and even higher up the river

(St. Lawrence) on the way to Quebec, and through the Baie des Chaleurs, Restigouche, Richiboucto, Baie Verte, Cape Breton, Campseau, and all along the coast to Cape Sable, Port Royal, Minas and Beau-bassin. They look on all these places as their settlement at all times."

Like all the other Indians of the eastern part of the continent, except the Esquimaux, they are tall and well-formed. They still hold possession of their ancestral hunting grounds and fishing preserves by sufferance of the whites, and there I have seen them in their encampments and studied their customs, habits and peculiar traditions.

The men often stand well upon six feet in height, are broad-shouldered, strong-limbed, and active. They are not, however, as we find them to-day, the Indians of that romantic age whose fragrant memory lingers so delightfully in the charming pages of James Fenimore Cooper. Their pure blood has been mixed with that of alien races. The prevailing color among them is the reddish-brown or copper color of their wild ancestors, but many show traits of Caucasian or African nationality in color and feature. They all have the high cheek bones, long black straight hair, large lips and mouth, and the piercing coal-black eyes of the true Indian. Their number, on their original

territory to-day, as reported by the Dominion government, is about four thousand, which is probably not much less than it was in the days of Lief the Lucky, since the surprising fact shown by the Dominion reports is that the Indians, instead of dying out, are steadily increasing in that country. This is something occurring probably for the first time in the history of the savages of any country invaded and permanently held by the Caucasian race.

The Micmacs of Nova Scotia still build their dwellings after the manner of their forefathers, from poles and bark. In the wigwam they have a place for everything, and although it looks confused to unaccustomed eyes, everything is in its place. Every post and peg and bar and fastening, every tier of bark and every appendage, whether useful or ornamental, has its own particular name and use. Every division of the cone-shaped curious structure is well defined and strictly kept for its appointed purpose. Each person inhabiting the dwelling has his own recognized place in it. On each side of the fire, which is built in the centre, is the part called *Kamigwom*, where, to the right on entering, sit the master and mistress, and to the left the young people. The women sit nearest the door. They are never permitted to sit higher than the men. At the back of the wigwam is the place of honor.

When a visitor is made welcome, they say to him, "*Kuta-kuma-gual upcha-lase,*" "Come up to the back part of the wigwam." The men sit cross-legged after the oriental fashion, the women twist their feet around to one side, and the young people of the family sit with their feet extended before them. The etiquette observed is as exact as in the most polished society; and here the extremes meet, for your true Indian is nothing if not a formalist, and only Indians and ladies paint.

When a neighbor Micmac comes to the lodge at night he never presumes to enter without ceremony. Standing outside he salutes the inmates of the wigwam by ejaculating the word "*Kwa!*" "Hello!" If his voice be not recognized, the answer comes from within, "*Kwa wenin kel?*" "Who art thou?" When he has given his name, if he be a welcome visitor, he is at once admitted, and in due form installed at the back part of the wigwam; but if unwelcome, he receives only the dry question, "*Kogwa pawo tumun?*" "What do you want?"

It is an open question whether these Indians have gained more from the virtues than they have lost through the vices which they have learned along with their partial civilization. The condition of their women has in some respects been improved. The

men may no longer kill them with impunity, but they still hold them as their inferiors, treating them as slaves and beasts of burden. The women are never allowed, by giving advice or otherwise, to interfere in the transaction of any business. An amusing instance was that in which a gentleman was bargaining with an Indian for some feathers, when his wife remonstrated with him for giving too high a price. Indignantly the swarthy Micmac regarded her, and then broke out, "When Indian make bargain, squaw never speakum!"

When on the march, as they often are, the man always walks ahead, the woman behind. When they halt at a spring, the man drinks first. In moving from one part of the wigwam to another, the woman must never, upon any condition, step across her husband's feet or over his fish-spear. To do so would be to perpetrate an outrage so great that her lord must at once avenge his wounded honor by chastising her.

The Micmacs believe with Solomon, that he who spares the rod hates the child, and when occasion demands, are not slow to apply the birch. By this means they maintain very commendable discipline in their households. The treatment of children by parents among them is, in general, marked by solicitude, gentleness, and affection, though whether white babies would live to endure the tender mercies of an Indian

mother, remains to be proven. They will strap a pappoose to a board and leave it standing against the side of a house, shivering with the cold or sweltering under the sun for hours. One such I saw leaning against the side of a store in Bridgewater, Nova Scotia, while the mother was making her purchases within. The little fellow blinked at the people with his beady black eyes, apparently as much interested in them as they were in him. The mothers tie them on their backs, and on the march they will trudge along with a swinging stride, while the head of the pappoose sways up and down and from side to side at every step, as though in imminent peril of breaking its neck. The children manifest no inconsiderable degree of affection for their parents, though the natural stoicism of the Indian race prevents them from ever becoming very demonstrative.

The rude home life of these people has its charms for them, and it is not without its wild amenities and pleasures; and for these they still continue in it, after the nomad custom of their ancestors, moving from place to place like shadows flitting upon the face of the waters, constantly changing and leaving no impression, yet always the same through the centuries of civilization by which they have been surrounded. They have an eye to beauty in the selection of their

camping-grounds, and generally pitch their tents by the side of some lovely lake or limpid stream, whose waters, while they lend life and variety to the landscape, at the same time supply their larder with an abundance of fine fresh fish.

They are passionately fond of gambling, and spend much of their time at home in playing games of chance. They have an instinctive craving after excitement, and, under its influence, change in an instant from their ordinary dull, stoical, stolid and almost stupid-looking selves into a human whirlwind of life and energy. Such a transformation has been noted among them along the Strait of Canseau, when, as the inhabitants of the sleepy settlement dozed in the heat of the midsummer's sun, a shoal of porpoises came suddenly tumbling into sight. In an instant everything was uproar and action.

They are fond of music, and will listen for hours with the keenest delight to the trumpeting of a brass band or the grinding of a hand-organ. They seem to enjoy the sensation of sound, without regard to its quality. They are often found sawing on an old violin or torturing a squeaking accordion. The music cannot be the attraction for them, for music is not in their performance; but the pleasurable, purely sensuous excitement of the noise, delights them.

One dark and stormy night, when the rain was pouring and the wind blowing furiously in from the Atlantic, I was driving homeward in the neighborhood of Lunenburg, Nova Scotia. I had to pass an Indian lodge by the way, and remarked to the friend at my side that the poor fellows must surely suffer in such weather. But when we came near, out over the pine undergrowth which surrounded the wigwam shone the light of the blazing fire within, and, as we checked our horse a moment to listen, there rose above the howling of the storm the sonorous voice of a man singing in the tent an utterly tuneless tune to the syllables :

“Tra-la-da-la-la-yah-whoop
Tra-la da-la-la yah-oop,
Tol-lol-tol-lol-la,” etc,

and accompanying the voice the wheezy tones of a cracked violin most vigorously manipulated; while along with these two principal parts in the outlandish concert arose the cackle and laughter of a chorus of children's voices. Mingling as it did with the wild voices of the night, the song of the wind in the mournful pines, the splash and patter of the driving rain, and the bellowing of the neighboring ocean, it was such a surprise, wild, uncivilized, unique, as must be met to be appreciated; a concert with none like it, perhaps, before or since. But the Indians were not suffering.

There is a difference of opinion with regard to the language of the Micmacs; some who understand it describe it as flexible, copious and expressive; while others declare the very reverse. Probably it is a case of taste and association, in which case *de gustibus non disputandum*. An eccentric Scottish philologist in 1840 published a volume of nearly three hundred pages in which he labored to prove that the Celtic language "was contemporaneous with the infancy of mankind," or in other words that it was the language spoken in the Garden of Eden.*

In the same year Dr. Strattan of Canada, published a brochure tracing the affinities between the Greek, the Gaelic and the Latin tongues. Had these gentlemen compared the Celtic with the Algonquin languages, resemblances would have been found, such as are pointed out by Campbell, as close as those existing between the Greek and Micmac, adduced by Dr. Strattan. For example: Island in Gaelic is "Inis," in Algonquin "Inis;" water is "Uisce" in Gaelic, in Algonquin it is "Isca;" soft in Gaelic is "Bog," in Algonquin "Boge."

In the Micmac language, the native or aboriginal

* "History of the Celtic Language," by L. M. McLean, F. O. S., second ed. London, Smith, Elder & Co.

tongue, the alphabet contains only twenty letters, F, Q, R, U, X, and Z, being wanting.

The Indian name for the Province of Nova Scotia is MEGGUMAAGE, Micmac Land, or Country of the Micmacs.

A few interesting names of places are:—Bras d'Or Lake, PETOOBOK, a long dish of salt water.

Blomidon, ONBOGEGECK, dogwood grove.

Gaspereaux Lake, PASEDOEK, it has whiskers (referring to its numerous small islands covered with fine shrubbery).

Strait of Canso, TOOEGUNUK, an outlet.

Halifax, CHEBOOKTOOK, great harbor.

Liverpool, OGOMKIGEAL, a dry, sandy place.

Lunenburg, ASEEDIK, clam land.

LaHave River, PIJENOOISKAK, having long joints.

Newfoundland, UKTAKUMKOOK, the mainland.

Nictaux, NIKTAAK, river-forks.

Prince Edward Island, EPAGNIT, reposing on the wave.

Port Medway, ULGEDOO, a mushroom.

Ashmutogun (better known as Aspotogan); UKPUDSKAKUN, "where they blockade the passage way," viz: where the seals go in and out, in order to kill them. Kebejo-koocht, a closing of the passage, is another name for Ashmutogun.

Chester, MENSKWAAK, I go to bring him.

MILAPSEGECHT (gold mines), "abounding in rocks of all shapes and sizes."

A few words are remarkable for their length as compared with the English equivalent :

Poogoolooskwemoosel, the elder.

Atlasmoodegiskuk, the Sabbath.

Najumooktakunechk, a bat.

Oonokpudeegisook, the snipe.

Ukchigumooeek, the coot.

Ellooigunuk-tasagigul, seven dollars.

Oogumoolehin-tasagigul, eight dollars.

The following are short Micmac words :

Ek, if it were there.

Tas at, how many times does he say it?

Wiktuk, he likes the taste of it.

Boose, I go away by water.

Pooltenech, let us all be sitting down.

Taleak? What is the news?

Cawosk, a blown down piece of woods.

THE NUMERALS.

1. Naookt.
2. Taaboo.
3. Seest.
4. Nao.

5. Nan.
6. Usookom.
7. Ellooigunuk.
8. Oogumoolehin.
9. Peskoonaddek.
10. Mtula.
11. Mtuln chel naookt.
12. Mtuln chel taaboo.
20. Tabooinskaak.
21. Tabooinskaak chel naookt.
30. Nasinskaak.
40. Naooinskaak.
50. Naninskaak.
60. Usookom tasinskaak.
70. Ellooigunuk-tasinskaak.
100. Kuskimtulnakun.
101. Kuskimtulnakun chel naookt.
206. Taaboo kuskimtulnakun.
300. Seest kuskimtulnakun.
600. Usookom tas kuskimtulnakun.
1000. Betooimtulnakun.
- 100,000. Naookt kuskinatulnakun betooimtulnakun.

NAMES OF THE MONTHS, IN MICMAC, WITH THEIR
MEANINGS.

January, Boonamoee-goos, Frost-fish month.

February, Abugunajit-goos, the snow blinding month.

March, Segow-goos, spring month.

April, Punadumooe-goos, egg-laying month.

May, Agese-goos, month of young seals.

June, Nibune-goos, summer month, also Sagipke-goos, leaf-opening month.

July, Upskooe-goos, month when the sea-fowl shed their feathers.

August, Kesagawe-goos, month when the young birds are full fledged.

September, Majowtoogwe-goos, moose-calling month.

October, Wegawa-goos, fat month (when tame animals are fat).

November, Skools-goos (we cannot give the meaning).

December, Ukche-goos, the chief month (when Christmas comes).

CHAPTER III.

THE RELIGION OF THE ABORIGINES.

THE religion of the ancient Micmacs was like that of the western tribes, a commingling of the natural with the supernatural in a vague and unsystematic grouping around the great Good Spirit and the great Evil Spirit. They deified the forces of nature, evolving from each some sort of imaginary personification, much after the manner of the ancient Greeks and Romans, and ranged each power thus personified as the friend or foe of man. They made a God in turn of the sun, moon, stars, meteors, fire, water, thunder, lightning and everything they could not fully comprehend, which seemed to be superior to themselves. There were no atheists among them. They had no written language, excepting rude picture writings sketched on rocks, the bark of trees, or the tanned hides of beasts. Their history, like their religion, was recorded on the memory of the children by the parents, and thus transmitted from generation to generation.

The most illustrious of the deities of the Micmacs, after the Great Spirit, was Glooscap, a demigod, who

exercised omnipotence in providing human conveniences on a gigantic scale. His favorite dwelling-place was Minas Basin. There he had his beaver-pond, the dam being across the entrance at Cape Split. The wild animals were all obedient to him and at his call the Moose and the Caribou, the Bear and Loup Cervier, with all their smaller congeners, came hastening to his side. When he stretched forth his magic sceptre over the sea, the fishes came to hear his words of wisdom and to do his will. The world was largely under his control, the elements in nature his obedient servants. When his enemies came against him as many as the leaves of the forest, he put out their camp-fires, and called upon the cold to come out of the North in the night, so that when morning dawned they all lay stark and still in the embrace of death. The similiarity of this legend with the history given in the Bible (2 Kings, xix 35) will at once suggest the idea that it has been derived from that source. It may be so. But let them come from where they will, the fancies which linger along the Basin of Minas have not all been gathered by Longfellow; and Byron's famous recital of the Destruction of Sennacharib has here been fairly paralleled:

“ Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,
That host with its banners at sunset was seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

“ For the angel of death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;
And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and forever grew still.”

But the mighty Glooscap was not able to cope with the white invaders who came into his domain. He was vexed with the English beyond all endurance. And the end of the matter was that once, in a mighty storm, he broke down his beaver dam, kicked over his camp-kettle, which is now known as Spencer's Island, turned his two huge dogs into stone, left them standing on the mountains, and took an unceremonious departure. But tradition asserts that he will one day return, his inverted kettle will be righted, his petrified dogs spring into life, his royal wigwam will be again set up, and his unbounded hospitality dispensed more freely than before

The annexed little poem, from the pew of Matthew Richey Knight, is a summary of the Micmac legend.

Glooscap is gone from Glooscapweek,
In anger he has gone :
In vain his sorrowing people seek
Their chief on Blomidon.

His kettle he has overthrown,
It is an island now;
His faithful dogs are changed to stone
Upon the mountain's brow.

Strange ships invade his beaver-pond,
Strange wigwams line its shore;
The waving of his magic wand
Brings heat and cold no more.

The aged squaw who cooked for him,
The boy Abistinauch,
Are buried 'neath the basin's brim,
All turned to lifeless rock.

The moose and caribou that came
Obedient to his call,
Have felt the white man's ruthless aim
And now have vanished all.

But Glooscap will return: at least
Such is the Micmac's faith,
As day by day he scans the east
And marks the sun's bright path.

Glooscap will come and bring again
The Micmac's golden age;
Wrest from the grasp of stranger man
The Indian's heritage.

The Micmaes believed themselves to have sprung from the ground, in which the Great Spirit planted them as He did the flowers and trees. Lossing says,

"A Micmac chief in Nova Scotia said to Colonel Cornwallis of the British army, a century and a quarter ago: "The land you sleep on is ours. We sprung out of the earth like the trees, the grass and the flowers." "Who knows?" he continues. "Ethnology, history, revelation and reason are all dumb before the questioner concerning these mysteries. The pious and superstitious parson Cotton Mather, of Boston, who wrote more than one hundred and fifty years ago, took a short method of solving the question by guessing that "the Devil decoyed these miserable savages hither, in hopes that the Gospel of our Lord Jesus Christ would never come here to disturb or destroy his absolute empire over them."

Captain Quartier, an early adventurer on the shores of Acadie, writes of the Micmacs: "This people hath not belief of God that may be esteemed, for they believe in one whom they call Cudouagni, and say that he often speaketh to them, telling them future events. They believe also that when they die they go up to the stars, and afterwards into fair green fields full of flowers and rare fruits." Champlain says: "A savage told me that they verily believe in one God who hath created all things. And when I asked him, seeing that they believe in one only God, by what means he placed them in this world, and from whence they

were come? he answered me, that after God had made all things he took a number of arrows and did stick them into the ground, from whence men and women sprang up who have multiplied in the world until now."

This is a variation of the Scriptural account yet similar in that it confesses that "the Lord God formed man of the dust of the ground."

Mr. Richard Brown in his history of the Island of Cape Breton, writing on the authority of Mr. Diereville, who visited Port Royal in the year 1700, as agent of a company of merchants of Rouen, and who in 1710 published an account of his voyage, says, "When the French first settled in Port Royal, the Indians worshiped the sun as their God, which they called Nichakaminon, meaning 'very great.' They acknowledged him as their Maker. They also believed in a devil called Mendon, whom they endeavored to propitiate by praying to him to protect them from evil. The Jesuits who came among them at the beginning of the French period of the history of the country, succeeded in showing them the folly of these things; but now, since they have been converted to Christianity for more than a century, many of their old superstitions yet remain."

If now these early historians speak truly—and who

can say they do not?—we may pertinently inquire what gain has accrued to the Indians by accepting the teachings of the Jesuits? It is true they abstain from meat on fast days, carry their dead long distances to lay them in consecrated ground, do penance and pay tithes of fish and game; but that their conceptions of the truth are much clearer than they were in the days of their wild forefathers, we may reasonably doubt. Many of their ancient superstitions still survive. To this day they will not allow a dying Micmac to breathe his last on any other than a bed of spruce boughs, believing that no Indian can die in peace or go to the happy hunting-grounds beyond the stars unless he die on the kind of bed he has been accustomed to sleep on all his life. It was under the instruction of their Jesuit teachers that, as the allies of the French, they committed most of the horrible barbarities that stain their name. They are all Roman Catholics, but all the good qualities they now display were shown as well before their conversion. It is difficult to show what good has come to them from enrollment under the holy father at Rome. But it is from such sources that the Roman hierarchy gathers material for statistics. Yet what do the Micmacs know of the pope? He is to them only another Glooscap.

Acadie has many memories of their former deeds of

blood still lingering upon its islands, in its forests, and along its streams. But in blaming them for their excesses we must remember that they had been taught to look upon the English as their enemies, and instigated to perpetrate their atrocities by their Roman Catholic advisers. One night the hempen cables of seven American schooners were cut while their crews slept. The vessels were lying at anchor near an island in Mahone Bay. When they drifted in with the rising tide, the savages murdered every soul on board. Not a man escaped to tell the story. A large number of human bones have been disinterred there. On the island the murderers offered a white child in sacrifice to their Mendon, or evil spirit, and to this day the place, with its bloody history, is known as Sacrifice Island.

A certain locality along the shore, between Mahone Bay and Gold River, was the scene of so much slaughter as to fasten upon it the name of Murderer's Point. Here the crew of a fishing-schooner once landed, leaving a boy in charge of the vessel. From his place on board the lad saw the savages murder his companions. With all haste he cut the moorings of the schooner, ran down to Clay Island where other Americans were fishing, and thus saved his life. On Heckman's Island, as late as 1756, a Mr. Payzant

settled with his family. Seizing a boy on a neighboring island, the Indians forced him to guide them to the spot, and there, when they were come they killed Mr. Payzant, a servant-maid, a child, and the boy whom they had compelled to act as guide. Mr. Payzant's last words were—"My heart is growing cold—the Indians." Mrs. Payzant and her four children were carried captives into Canada. The house was burned and a happy home blotted out of existence. On their way to Quebec the Indians killed two young Frenchmen, knowing that their scalps, for each of which they were paid a fixed sum, could not be distinguished from those of the British subjects after whom they had been sent. Mrs. Payzant was separated from her children for seven long months, but through the kind offices of the Roman Catholic Bishop, who had more authority among the Indians than the officers of the civil government, they were, at the end of that time, restored to her, when "she pressed them to her bosom, covered them with kisses, and bathed them with her tears."

In the Roman Catholic cemetery at Chester, where many of the Indians are buried, stands a tombstone with the following inscription—the word "call" in it, being an allusion to the call used in hunting the moose :

"In memory of JOSEPH PENALL, Indian.

By Willian Chearnley, A. D. 1859.

Gone to death's call is Indian Joe;

Moose deer, rejoice,

Here, buried, rests your deadliest foe."

Again we repeat, in censuring the Micmacs for their barbarities, it must be remembered that they had been taught by the Jesuits to look upon the British settlers and all Protestants as their natural enemies, and that they received their pay for every atrocity in the silver francs and louis d'or of a civilized and Christian nation.

CHAPTER IV.

THE MICMACS OF TO-DAY.

THE age of romance, lingering as it does in the pages of Cooper, and between the yellow covers of a lower grade of fictitious literature, is past, and the reality of the facts of to-day is that with which we have to deal. The Indians now remaining in Nova Scotia upon the outskirts of civilization, have little, though still something, in common with those of the by-gone days. The Micmacs still retain among themselves their ancient tribal relations, but the authority of their chiefs is nothing when it comes into conflict with the white man's law. They are divided into twenty tribes, with as many chiefs. But chieftains and people have been alike destroyed by the curse of the red man—rum. Over the entrance of the grand lodge of the nation may be written "*Ichabod*," for their glory has departed forever. The fire-water of the pale-face has made their haughty chieftains the subjects of derision even among their own people. They are without authority. The last vestige of it has disappeared. The highest law of the Indian is the necessity of the

hour, and next to this the dictum of the Roman Catholic priest. Expedience is with him the rule of life, the end forever justifying the means.

The slight acquaintance I had with them formerly, gained as it was chiefly through highly and falsely colored mediums, has given place to a more exact knowledge, based on personal observation of themselves and their ways. The flaunting plumes and gory scalps, the deer-skin robes and labored ornaments, are gone, and in their stead we see the Indian of to-day clad in the cast-off garments of the charitable, the battered beaver and the ragged coat. The pitiful insignia of fallen greatness, dear to his barbaric taste, the red ribbon that encircles his hat, the epaulettes of crimson cloth, the scarlet stripes that decorate his nether garments, are all that remain to proclaim the haughty chieftain's ancient nobility--his kingly descent. He no more hunts the buffalo on barbed steed; no more with stealthy tread pursues the object of his sworn revenge; no more congeals the blood of his terror-stricken victim with the fiendish whoop of war.

His is to-day the quietest of quiet lives. The modern Indian erects his wigwam after the manner of his fathers, but holds no more therein the council of war with illustrious sachem or powerful brave. He sits down quietly in his tent to braid baskets or manu-

facture simple wooden table-ware; he quietly sleeps and dreams of happy hunting-grounds, or torments his soul with visions of an equally fantastic and imaginary purgatory. When the baskets have been finished, he loads them upon the backs of his wife and children, and leads the procession to the nearest village. With the proceeds of their sale he procures sufficient fire-water to fill himself and his black bottle, and with a light heart tramps back to his lodge, leaving his partner to procure such food as she can buy with what remains, or beg upon the way. Arrayed in the latest style of government blanket, she returns to find her lord in a state of hilarity or rage, as the case may be, ready to declare war or to conclude peace, to beat her or not, as the mad impulse may seize him; but beyond his own camp-fire his voice is heard no more for peace or war.

And when consumption and bad rum have undermined his constitution and broken down his strength, he quietly stretches himself on his bed of spruce boughs on the floor of his damp, unwholesome dwelling, coughs up his life-blood, and dies. His neighbors gather from far and near, drink more bad rum to his memory, and then bear his body to its last long home in the consecrated ground. Is he better off than he was of old? God knows. It does not look so. And

if he be worse now than then, somebody must be to blame. But if his condition now is better than it was of old his former life was one too sad for language to portray. Whatever the Roman Catholic religion may have done to benefit his soul it has standing against it a heavy debt account, in what the vices of civilization and the impositions of the white man have done to the injury of his body.

Too proud to beg, the Indian throws that burden on his squaw; too lazy to work so long as absolute and immediate necessity does not compel, improvident to the last degree if ever prosperity does come his way, he leads a miserable existence upon the ragged edge of starvation, dies a wretched death, and the world moves on without him, as heedless as though he had never existed. And the prospect before his children is that they will follow in his footsteps one degree lower in the descending scale. Who envies the noble red man? Not one. His glory has departed, and the romantic tales of his wild life and valorous deeds in the time of old, but lend a shade of deeper gloom to the misery of his present state.

Those with whom I came in contact are such as have been here depicted. They work a little at basket making, at lumbering, and about the saw-mills, hunt a little, fish in the fishing season, beg, borrow, and

some way find whatever else they get to keep soul and body together.

Some time ago John Barnaby, one of their chiefs, accompanied by Alexander Marshall, another Indian, visited the Indian Department in Halifax, in order to lay before the proper authorities a grievance in connection with their fisheries in the Restigouche river. They complained that their nets had been seized and their fish taken. But their mission was fruitless, as they had unwittingly come in conflict with the Fisheries and Game Act of the Dominion. The untutored natives do not have almanacs, and if they had would not be able to read them; beside which, not knowing anything about the months, they could not tell when the prohibition against fishing with nets and seines was in force. They still compute time by the changes of the moon as their fathers did, and learn the white man's ways and laws, as in this instance, only by sad experience.

But to the white man's ways and customs they do not always tamely submit when native cunning will secure them an advantage. One of them went into a store in the settlement known as New Ross, Lunenburg county, and purchased some tobacco. Not having the money wherewith to pay for it, he asked to leave his gun for a short time as a pledge for its pay-

ment. The request was granted and the Indian departed, taking the tobacco and leaving the gun. A day or two afterward he rushed into the store apparently under great excitement, and pointing outward, shouted "*Bear! bear! gun! gun!*" The shop-keeper, taken off his guard, not wishing to deprive him of the means of capturing the animal, and with visions of possible savory bear-steaks dancing before his eyes, at once caught the infection and made all haste to hand him the gun. The wily red hunter took it and rushed out but whether the bear ate him, or whether he is still pursuing the bear, we have no means of knowing, as neither has been seen or heard of in the neighborhood since.

As has been already stated, the aggregate number of Indians in the Dominion is apparently increasing; but the increase may be due to the fact that many Sioux and Blackfeet have recently entered Canada from the United States. The number in the Province of Nova Scotia varies at different times, and is put down at from thirteen hundred to two thousand. But they are passing away. Not many generations hence, it is safe to predict, they will be known only in history and in the names which they have given to the lakes and hills and rivers where they roved. Here, as in many other localities where they once held absolute control, they

are losing their hold and dropping off to fade into oblivion. But

The memory of the Red Man,
Still lingers like a spell
On many a storm-swept headland,
On many a leafy dell.

The memory of the Red Man,
How can it pass away,
While their names of music linger
On mountain, stream and bay?

As we find them so we leave them, sorry that the dreams of our youthful days should have been dispelled by such a rude awakening to the prosaic reality.

CHAPTER V.

JIM.

JIM PENALL was his name. It is fair to presume, his parents having been good Roman Catholics, that he had been christened James; but nobody ever thought of calling him James, any more than they thought of calling him Mister. The fact is nobody would have known who James or Mister Penall was; but everybody who knew him at all knew just who was meant by "Jim." His family name was, in his native language, Agdamoncton. He came of a family at one time numerous, and he still had brothers and sisters many in the Gold River district.

When I saw him first he was marching at the head of a little detachment that moved, Indian file, along the highway—first Jim, "Indian Jim," as some called him, tall and graceful; then his wife, with a pappoose bundled on her back in an old shawl, with its arms clinging to her and its head swaying to the mother's step as though to the imminent danger of dislocating the youngster's neck; and then in the rear a little girl and a little boy, straying off now and again to look for

daisies in the grass. There was something pleasant in his manner and respectful in his behavior in this casual meeting, and I afterward often thought of him. But I didn't know him then, and if that had been all, would no doubt soon have forgotten him.

But in the course of a few weeks the call of duty brought me along a lonely by-way, a narrow road through the woods and barrens, from the harbor to the top of the hill, and there, under the beech-trees, I saw a new wigwam. It was located in a pretty spot. The land-locked harbor stretched to the eastward at the foot of the hill, its placid waters dotted with here and there a fishing-schooner and some smaller craft; all around were the white-barked beech-trees, interspersed with dark hemlock, spruce and hackmatack; and not far in the rear purred a brook which flowed unceasingly from a lake on the other end of the hill, wherein the wild ducks bred. The rabbits haunted the covers of the bush on the barrens, so Jim had at his command fish, flesh and fowl: for it was Jim's new wigwam that curled its smoke so peacefully in the midst of this sylvan scene. He deserved to have credit given him for having an artist's taste and a hunter's judgment in the selection of his location.

I then sought for a reason why I should go to visit him. I did not wish to appear intrusive by

going without a reason, and was glad when I discovered that there was need at home for a basket. I made the ordering of it my excuse for calling. I was received with the grace of a nobleman, though there was in the politeness of my host an admixture of Indian hauteur that showed the blue blood of the Algonquin chieftains, for the Agdamonctons had royal blood in their veins.

Jim's wigwam was not large, but it was clean—which is more than can be truthfully said of all Indian wigwams; or for that matter, even of the white men's more pretentious habitations. It boasted some modern conveniences in the midst of its barbarous furnishings, notably a camp-chest which served as a chair for his visitors, and two windows, one on each side of the lodge, each consisting of one pane of glass eight inches by ten, set with tacks in the birch bark. As I sat on the camp-chest and held converse with this citizen of the wildwood, his wife and children sat on the floor in dutiful silence. She had been once no doubt, a beauty, and traces of her comeliness still lingered in her eyes and feminine features. The children looked healthful and vigorous, but the baby in its cot of twisted withes was evidently sick. An Esquimaux dog, upon which the owner looked with unconcealed tenderness and admiration, was playing

among the bushes at the entrance to the tent. He came in once, but was not permitted to remain. He possessed a peculiarly villainous face, and when Jim turned him out he remarked half-apologetically, "He's a half of a wolf, sir." After the shape and dimensions of the basket had been agreed upon and the time of its delivery arranged, I left.

The next time I came that way I called. There was no sign of a basket or of basket-making. A blight had fallen on the family. Jim was taciturn and gloomy. The baby was gone. The poor little thing had died, and he had carried its body in his arms to the consecrated ground and laid it in the grave himself, while his wife repeated over it such parts of the burial service as she could. The burial-place was miles away, and there was no priest to perform the service; he came only occasionally.

A few days later I came that way again, and found the wigwam deserted. A robin sat on the ridge-pole piping a mournful song, and the crickets chirped among the chinks of the bark.

Nobody knew where the Indian family had gone. Doubtless the sad memories which clung to the spot where his babe had died, had proved too much for Jim and caused his departure; but where he now had pitched his moving tent I was unable to learn. I was

sorry to lose all trace of him so suddenly, now that I was becoming acquainted.

But one day, some months later, I overtook a strange procession upon the road; a cart with two wheels and no springs, drawn by a very lean horse, and seated in the cart with their arms about each other to keep from falling out, five Indian women, and the driver my old friend Jim. Several Indian men were walking along. As I approached them, I was busy trying to divine the meaning of the strange demonstration. An idea occurred. There had been some excitement in the town from which they were coming, over the opening of a new railroad. So when I came near, I accosted them, "Been over to see the railroad, Jim?" "My brother is dead, sir." It was a funeral.

Consumption was doing its work with the poor fellow himself. His cheeks were hollow. His eyes were sunken and bright. He had gone to the other Indians with his family. The next I heard of him he was dead. He had gone to his babe and his brother.

According to the light he had, he was a believer.
Requiescat in pace.

CHAPTER VI.

SABLE ISLAND.

THE name has a sinister sound. It suggests the dark emblems of woe. And no spot of similar size upon earth's surface, unless it be perhaps the island of St. Paul in the jaws of the gulf of St. Lawrence, has superior claim on account of the horrors which encompass it, to be clothed, as to its name, in the habiliments of woe. As being the spot upon which the first attempt at settlement in Acadie was made, it deserves a chapter of itself.

Sable Island is one of the many islands which dot the Nova Scotia coast. Norwegian legends ascribe its discovery to Bjorn Herjulfsson in the year 986. But for six centuries after that date no mention of it occurs in any historical record. The first authentic notice of the Isle of Mourning is that which comes to notice in connection with the attempt at settlement made by the Baron de Léry in the year 1518. But when he touched there the season was far advanced, and as he had no time to construct shelter for his people, he landed some cattle and returned to France.

Upon this circumstance the French afterward laid much stress, when arguing with England, on their claim to prior occupation of Acadie. Strange tales are told of the benefit which shipwrecked mariners have derived from this stocking of the island, and many a perishing sailor has invoked blessings upon those who thus provided him with the means of sustaining life. The Portuguese also are said to have sent some cattle at a very early period for the relief of those escaping from wrecks. They increased in number rapidly, but are now extinct, having been slaughtered by worthless, avaricious men for their hides and tallow.

The situation of Sable Island is such as to make it a constant menace to shipping in that quarter of the ocean. The currents of wind and water which play their titanic games about it make it at once the Scylla and Charybdis of navigation. Almost in the main line of ocean travel between Europe and America it lies, one hundred and ten miles east of Halifax, between the stern Acadian shore and the Grand Bank of Newfoundland. Norie's Navigation gives the position of the eastern end as $43^{\circ} 58' 15''$ north latitude and $59^{\circ} 46' 17''$ west longitude. It is the great wrecking-ground of the North Atlantic, the dread of such as "go down to the sea in ships," the horror of navigators:

"The Atlantic's charnel-house, most desolate and drear,
A place none love, though wandering thousands fear."

The island is about eighteen miles long by one and a quarter broad in the middle. It is of a crescent shape, tapering at each end, especially the eastern, to a narrow point. The greater part of its interior is covered with a salt lake, from five to twelve feet in depth. The approach from the northward gives the appearance of a range of sand-hills, almost white, contrasting finely with the deep blue of the all-surrounding sea. From the southern approach, the coast line appears unbroken and lying low on the horizon at the western end. On a closer inspection, many of the hills are seen to be eroded by the waves so as to present steep cliffs to the sea; in other parts, they are covered with coarse grass, and defended by a broad beach. This, however, cannot be reached without passing over ridges of sand, covered by only a few feet of water, and lying parallel with the shore at a distance not exceeding one-third of a mile. These form heavy breakers, dangerous to pass in a boat when any sea is running. The landing is, in fact, generally impracticable on the south side, excepting after several days of northerly wind. On the north side boats can land only in southerly winds and after several successive days of fine weather. The hills at the eastern part of

the Island average sixty or seventy feet in height. The whole area of the place is composed of a coarse quality of white sand, coarser than the soundings in the ocean about it, but sufficiently fine to be easily driven by the winds, which have a wonderful effect in altering the topographical features of the land, large hills being rapidly formed and again as rapidly removed. A few large stones are found scattered about, but probably only such as have been brought there in ballast by wrecked vessels.

On all the island there is an entire absence of anything deserving the name of soil. No cultivation whatever is carried on. The sole productions are those which nature brings forth without the help of man; namely, two kinds of grasses, wild peas, strawberries and cranberries. Of the latter, the quantity is considerable. Many of them find their way into the Halifax markets, and their quality is so fine that the Haligonians deem cranberry sauce made from Sable Island berries the best in the world. There are no trees, no fields, no fences, no roads; all is a howling waste of sand, and when the winter storms career over it, a bleaker spot could not be imagined. The fuel which supplies the wants of the few inhabitants, is procured from drift-wood and the timbers of the wrecks with which every part of the island is strewn.

The wreck chart of Sable Island, published by the Department of Marine and Fisheries, shows how dangerous a spot it has been to navigators. The position of not less than one hundred and fifty wrecks is marked and known. The barren sands are all dotted over with their bleaching bones. What tales of suffering, sorrow and distress those bleaching bones could tell if they could speak! The chart shows the last resting-place of three "floating palaces," together with numerous full-rigged ships, barques, brigs, brigantines and schooners; more than one hundred and fifty on eighteen miles of coast. Think of it!

In 1583 the first disaster occurred on Sable Island of which there is historical record. On the twenty-eighth of August in that year the "Delight," a vessel belonging to an expedition sent out from England under command of Sir Humphrey Gilbert, went ashore in a fog on the western end of the island. By this melancholy accident one hundred lives were lost, only fourteen of the crew being saved. Those who escaped made their way to the main land, and it is to them that we are indebted for our first accurate knowledge of the awful spot. Attention was at that time called to it and from then onward it began to figure in history as the graveyard of the North Atlantic. "Davy Jones' Locker" is a common name for it among the

sailors. But in history, apart from its gruesome associations, it owes its importance to the fact that upon its hills of sand the first settlement of Acadie was attempted.

The climate is said to be healthful, in spite of the frequent fogs and consequent humidity of the atmosphere. Notwithstanding the unstable and barren nature of this ridge of sand-downs—for it is nothing more—it was thought worthy of settlement by the French before they attempted to plant a colony on any part of the continent of America. This was probably because of its location being so advantageous for offensive or defensive operations off the coast of the neighboring mainland. But whether their attempt was intended to be a permanent or only temporary settlement, preparatory to removal to the continent, has always been a matter of dispute among historians. Gilbert's men, who were lost there in 1583, were intending colonists from England.

In 1598, forty French convicts were landed on the island by the Marquis de la Roche. He then proceeded to Nova Scotia proper, from which part of the Dominion it is distant, in a straight line, about sixty-five miles. It is probable that he intended to return for the men, as such an inhuman act as to leave them without any means of sustenance whatever, either to

starve or find the means of sustaining life as best they could on the barren sands, is almost inconceivable. On the mainland the Marquis effected nothing; and, being unable from stress of weather to deliver the wretches he had left behind, he returned to France, where he is said to have died soon after of a broken heart. These convicts must inevitably have perished for lack of food but for the progeny of the cattle left by the Baron de Léry eighty years before. Seven years after their abandonment, Henry IV. of France sent out a vessel to convey them back, but only twelve of the unfortunate people could be found. After their abandonment they fought among themselves; scurvy, want and exposure did the rest. When they were rescued they more resembled wild animals than men. They were clothed in rude coverings of seal-skins, their beards and hair were matted in long solid masses, and their gaunt, hungry appearance left in them but little resemblance to human beings. On their arrival in France, the king had them presented before the royal court. They were allowed to relate their terrible story, which, with their haggard appearance and the memory of what they had already endured, so moved him that he granted them all a full pardon for past offences and gave them each a present of fifty golden crowns. Recent visitors to the island report that the

vestiges of their former abodes, known as the "French Gardens," may still be seen.

As the cattle were too much of a temptation to the avarice of man to allow them to exist, each successive stocking of the Island having been destroyed, other animals were introduced at various times. Rabbits were sent on, and these have multiplied with astonishing rapidity. During the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries the Island was overrun with black foxes, but as their fur is of the most valuable quality, they have long since been exterminated. Contemporary with the black fox was the great walrus, which have also deserted, though still occasionally they wander back to, their old haunts. Their huge tusks may be seen to-day half buried in the sand. Aquatic birds in great numbers frequent the place, and also seals of the species *Phocas ursina*, so that the sufferings of wrecked mariners from hunger have not been so great as might be imagined.

But the animal which gives life to the scenery and is *par excellence* the lord of the downs to-day, is the Sable Island pony. The ancestors of these ponies were placed here, when or by whom no one knows. In separate herds of from ten to fifty they wander about, each herd having a separate pasture and each marshaled by an old stallion. This chief of the band

is conspicuous by reason of the length and luxuriance of his mane, which rolls in tangled masses over his flashing eye and delicate ear down even to his forearm. As he collects his straggling mares and foals, keeping them well bunched on the approach of strangers, his time seems to be half occupied with tossing his mane from his eyes. He stands boldly facing the intruder while the herd retreats at a gallop, but if pressed by the enemy he too retreats in their rear. He brooks no divided allegiance, and many a fierce battle is fought by contending chieftains for the honor of the herd. In form these animals resemble the wild horses of all countries: being marked by the large head, thick shaggy mane, low withers, paddling gait, and sloping quarters of the mustang of the praries and the wild horse of the Ukraine. The annual drive or round-up usually results in the whole Island being swept from end to end, and a kicking, plunging, snorting, terrified mass of horse-flesh being driven into a large pound, from which several dozens are selected, lassoed and exported. The occasion is one which affords fine sport, wild riding, and plenty of falls.

But the stirring life of the ponies is only a foil to show up by contrast the marks of desolation and death on every hand appearing. The wreck chart, beginning with the year 1802, shows the position of the "Packet"

and the "Union," two fine ships lost in that year near the western end, and the "Hannah" and "Eliza," on one of the bars at the eastern point. Then follows the schooner "Dolphin" (1806), the brig "Spring" (1807), the "Adamant" (1810), "Fortune" (1811), and so on through the long dreary catalogue. A large transport ship, the "Princess Alice," also lies buried amid the sand of the south coast, being lost in 1802. The wrecks continue up to recent times. The barque "Bolgeley" and the ship "Yorkshire," were lost off the eastern point in 1882, while the ribs of the steamships "Georgia" (1863), "Ephesus" (1866), and "State of Virginia" (1879), are submerged close to the western point.

In 1801 the Parliament of Nova Scotia, to which Province Sable Island belongs, passed an Act empowering the Governor to make provision for maintaining some families on the island to afford relief to those cast away upon its shores. This was the beginning of the efficient Life Saving Station at present established there. About 1830 the British Government, on the representation of Sir James Kempt, added £400 a year to the amount annually granted to the support of this humane and most necessary establishment. To show how much this dreadful island is feared by both governments of the North Atlantic

coasts, it may be stated that the American Government, during the War of 1812, issued a general order forbidding its armed vessels to intercept or injure any vessel bound to or from Sable Island.

The Life Saving Service proposed in 1801 was begun in 1804, when Edward Hodson was appointed superintendent. He remained on the island for over thirty years. He was succeeded by Captain Joseph Darby, whose career as superintendent was extended over a similar period, after which he was succeeded by Superintendent Dodd. Captain Darby had a vast fund of anecdote and story of the wrecks he had seen and of his wild and dreadful experiences. He made careful observations during the period of his official career, and contributed an excellent account to Blunt's Coast Pilot, which beyond doubt was the means of saving much property and many precious lives by making the seafaring world better acquainted with the mysterious currents which bore the unsuspecting mariner upon the shifting shoals of the island. In early days the seamen thought there was some magnetic attraction about the place, because by far the greater number of vessels went ashore to the southward, where the water deepens gradually out for so many miles that it would seem almost impossible for any vessel using ordinary precaution to go ashore on that side,

either of the island or its bars. Vessels went on shore in the fog as often in fine as in stormy weather. But the solution of the curious fact is that in most of these cases the vessels were thought to be far to the eastward of the island (which lies E. by S. $\frac{1}{2}$ S.) when they ran ashore on it, having been set to westward by the currents. The general tendency of the currents between Newfoundland and Sable Island, though modified by the various banks over and between which they flow, is to the westward. The winds, both present and at a distance, render the currents inconstant and irregular both in strength and direction.

Captain Darby described the storms on the island as sometimes horrible. The island trembles and quivers as the mighty ocean strikes and breaks along its whole length. The wind whirls the yeasty spume of water over its highest point. The sand is swept furiously along, and whirled round the hills. The hills themselves are sometimes removed. The bars shift, and the whole vibrating mass seems to be preparing to flee before the violence of the wind and the thunders of the Atlantic.

Of these bars there are two: the northwestern extends seventeen miles out to sea from the end of the grassy sand-hills, the part above water being continued in bad weather by some eight or nine miles of

foaming breakers, and the remaining seven miles being usually shown by a great ripple or cross-sea. The northeastern bar extends fourteen miles out from the grassy sand-hills; the dry part of four miles being succeeded by eight or nine miles of breakers. At a distance of two miles out on this bar, a sand hill about ten feet high, with some grass upon it, has accumulated around the wreck of a vessel lost there in 1820. If we add the the dry part of the bars to the length of the island, the whole extent of dry sand is about twenty-two miles; and if again we add to this the still greater length of the bars under water at either end, the whole will form a bow or crescent, concave to the north, extending over fifty-two miles of sea. This mass of sand being acted upon by currents moving in different directions, by storms and tempests, by undertow and tides, gives the whole island and its bars the character of a juggler's ball—"Now you see it, and now you don't." Within the memory of nautical men it has assumed several shapes. It has been, like Saturn with her rings among the planets, distinguished among islands by two belts of circumjacent sand. A gale increases or decreases the size of the belts; now they are covered with a few feet of water, after the next storm they may be lifted above the surface.

On one occasion, many years ago, a storm broke

through the sandy ridge which separates the interior salt lake from the ocean, and formed an inlet which for some time afforded a comfortable harbor for small coasters; but a subsequent storm, catching two small American fishing vessels sheltering there, closed it and shut them in. And thus this Proteus of the ocean goes on changing its form and baffling the skill and ocean lore of the most experienced navigator. If a vessel strike on a bar or on the beach, she becomes the nucleus about which the sand collects, and in a short time she is buried in a grave from which there would seem to be no force mighty enough to tear her. Even the furious winds and thundering waves of the Atlantic cannot hale her from the clinging sand in which she is embedded, until years have reduced her to dust and weakened her timbers, and then some great convulsion of the elements exposes her crumbling ribs and mingled with the shattered timbers often human skeletons.

Still further to illustrate the changes which it undergoes, it may be mentioned that the site of the residence of the first superintendent was in 1833 three miles out in the sea, covered with two fathoms of water, and since that time the island has moved out again so that the site is once more where it was originally.

The following statements taken from the report of

the Minister of Marine and Fisheries will show the changes which have recently taken place. He says: "It was found that fully 80 feet had disappeared since the erection of the light-house in 1873, thus reducing the distance from the light-house to the edge of the sand cliff to about half of what it was originally. Large portions of the bank were washed away, until finally a distance of only five feet was left from the edge of the cliff to the buttresses of the light-house, and in those critical circumstances, it was deemed advisable to discontinue the light and remove the apparatus, and arrange for the re-erection of the tower on a new site 1,218 feet east from the old position. A new solid foundation was accordingly formed of cement, the building taken down and erected thereon, and the light again shown."

The latest intelligence informs us that the sea has reduced the dimensions of the island about one-half.

"HALIFAX, July 19, 1890.—The Government steamer *Newfield* has just returned from a visit to Sable Island. Capt. Guilford was greatly surprised on reaching the island to find such a remarkable change in its form since his last visit. The western end is rapidly washing away, and the bar is making its way to the north. The captain is of the opinion that a survey of the island should be made at once, as it would greatly assist vessels sailing in that direction.

"Few mariners are aware of the remarkable change that the bar has been undergoing in a very short time. Since 1880 three lighthouses have been erected on the island, two of which have been washed away by the sea, which is now eating its way into the sand which surrounds the third. It is not a very long time since the island was forty miles long, while now it is only twenty miles long."

At each end of the island there is a lighthouse, with several wrecking stations at different points between. The wreck chart does not show the nationality of the vessels lost, but the names show by far the greater number belonged to the United Kingdom of Great Britain and to the United States. It would be only right and just that these governments should join their forces to the efforts of Canada to prevent the continuance of the growing list of horrors from shipwreck there.

One question yet, and this account of Sable Island is finished. What forms the aggregation of sand of which it is composed? The current of the Gulf Stream, broken and divided beneath the surface of the ocean, meeting the southern and landward currents from the St. Lawrence river and the Bay of Fundy, make this the battle ground on which the elements clench one another in Cyclopean embrace.

CHAPTER VII.

EARLY HISTORY.

WHEN the Northmen ceased to visit this country, and their colonies had been destroyed, the first known civilization faded away from these wild northern shores. But the memory of the discovery and settlement still remained. In the Icelandic sagas all had been noted with that circumstantial accuracy which distinguishes the writings of that remarkable people.

“They led no isolated life, these Norsemen, restricting their operations and attainments to their own national limits, for they laid their hand with a permanent grasp on England, France, Switzerland, Italy, Russia, and Iceland, impressing their national characteristics upon these as well as Denmark, Sweden, and Norway. The fleets and hosts of the north embraced the whole coast from the Elbe to the Pyrenean peninsula; they extended their expeditions to the Mediterranean, while at the same time making conquest after conquest in England, Scotland, and Ireland.

“Hence it was utterly impossible for the southern nations, or for Rome, to be in ignorance of their achievements, or of the fact that men of the same race

who had thrown all Europe into consternation had also discovered a new Continent in the West. The heads of the Church, always keeping a vigilant eye on the movements of their arch-enemy, were well aware that the records and annals of their voyages to America were preserved in Iceland, whence they had set sail, while the writings of Adam of Bremen, proclaiming the fact of the Norse discovery, were already accessible both to them and to Columbus.

“Besides all this evidence, quite sufficient to convince that astute body of schemers, the holy fathers in Rome received direct personal evidence through the visit of Gudrid, the wife of Thorfinn Karlsefni, who founded a colony in Massachusetts, and remained there three years. ‘It is related that she was well received, and she certainly must have talked there of her ever-memorable trans-oceanic voyage to Vinland and her three years’ residence there. Rome paid much attention to geographical discoveries, and took pains to collect all new charts and reports that were brought there. Every new discovery was an aggrandizement of the papal dominion, a new field for the preaching of the Gospel. The Romans might have heard of Vinland before, but she brought personal evidence.’* ”

* Gabriel Gravier's *Decouverte de l' Amerique par les Normands.*

Hence it was deemed advisable for Columbus to visit Iceland to gain information, which he did in 1477, meeting with the very man, Bishop Magnus Erolfson, who had been Abbot of the Monastery of Helzafell, the place where the oldest documents relating to Greenland and Vinland had been written, and the district from which the most distinguished voyagers had gone forth. The fact of Columbus having gone there is confirmed by himself, for he mentions his visit in a letter to his son, and it is maintained by Laing, Beamish, W. Irving, Holmberg, R. B. Anderson, Toulmin Smith, and other authors, the latter saying conclusively: "There can be little doubt that he (Columbus), had gained the chief confirmation of his idea of the existence of *terra firma* in the western ocean during the visit which he is known to have made, before his western voyage, to Iceland."

And there it is, upon the records, that in the summer of 1477 there came to Reykjavik a long-visaged, gray-eyed, Genoese sailor, who took an amazing interest in studying everything that could be learned relating to the subject. That man was Christopher Columbus. And it was there, in the annals of the Icelanders, that he found the facts upon which he rested his trustful soul, and strengthened the faith in which he sailed away and away to find a new world and immortal fame.

After him, in the early summer of 1497, the Cabots, under the patronage of Henry VII. of England, sailed over the perilous seas to find a westerly route to India and China. They visited Newfoundland and Labrador, and returned without accomplishing their object. The following year Sebastian Cabot returned and explored the coast from Labrador to Florida. It is in this secondary manner that to the Cabots belongs the honor of discovering the continent of North America, and upon this discovery England afterward based her claim to the country.

Then followed the seekers after the gold and treasure of the new world. Ponce de Leon went to Florida to find the fountain of perpetual youth; Cortez to Mexico, with his red-handed band of Spanish murderers; De Soto reached the banks of the Mississippi with the broken remnant of a once-powerful expedition, only to find lasting fame and a grave in its waters; Balboa, crossing the Isthmus of Darien, waded into the Pacific and claimed possession of its waters, shores and islands in the name of the King of France.

The first European colonization made in the territory known as Acadie was almost entirely confined to that part of the country now known as Nova Scotia. The name "Acadie," which it formerly bore, is derived from the Algonquin word "cadie." That word, in

the language of the Micmacs, means "plenty of" or "abounding in," as in the name "Shubenacadie," which means "plenty of beech nuts." The word is found in other combinations, either as a prefix or suffix in the Indian names of places. The French form of the word and the name by which the country was known during the French occupancy was Acadie. For more than two hundred years that was the official title of the territory now embraced in the Provinces of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick and a part of the State of Maine. The name Nova Scotia, which means New Scotland, was used as early as 1621, when King James I. gave the country to his Scottish friend, Sir William Alexander, but it did not become the officially recognized title until the beginning of the British period, in 1710.

The beginning of the French period dates from the year 1504, when an attempt at colonization was made under the guidance of Pierre du Guast, the Sieur de Monts, in behalf of France. Attempts at settlement had been made previous to this date without success, but the stirring incidents related in connection with them are worthy of being recounted. The first of these attempts was made by the Baron de Léry as early as the year 1518.

In 1583 Sir Humphrey Gilbert's vessel was lost on Sable Island. In 1598 the Marquis de la Roche

landed his convicts there. Then in 1604 came the expedition of De Monts, and in the following year Port Royal was founded, from whence may be reckoned the beginning of the era known as the French period in the history of Nova Scotia. Then followed a long romance of battle and massacre. The King of France, influenced by the rivals of De Monts, canceled his charter. With Poutrincourt, De Monts set out for France, leaving the colony in charge of Pontgravé and Champlain. Poutrincourt returned the following spring, found Pontgravé despairing, about to break up the colony, and follow him to *la belle France*. He rolled out a hogshead of wine, and they held all together a merry reunion. The following winter was spent pleasantly. A club was formed by fifteen of the leading men, called "The Order of the Good Time," in which each man in his turn held the office of Grand Master, provided for the table, and furnished amusement for the company. Welcome guests at this festive board were the Indian chiefs, most honored among whom was one called Memberton, whose span of life had been extended past one hundred years. With these representatives of the Micmac tribes they smoked the calumet of peace with pipes made from the lobster's claws. But the exclusive right to the fur trade having been taken away, the colony was broken up.

Poutrincourt, however, returned to Christianize the Indians, and brought with him a priest for the work. The first convert was the old chief Memberton, through whose influence many people became Christians. Biencourt, the son of Poutrincourt, was sent back to France to report the success of the work to the king. He returned the following year, and with him came Claude de la Tour and his son Charles, both destined to play important parts in the history of the country.

In 1607 Jamestown, on the James river in Virginia, was founded by the English, who claimed all the country north of them. When they learned of the French settlement in Acadie, Captain Argall, in 1614, led an expedition which appeared suddenly before Port Royal, plundered and laid it in ruins. That no trace of French ownership might remain, it is said he even erased the royal arms and the names of the founders of the place from the rock outside the fort on which they had been engraved. Sir William Alexander now received a grant from King James I. of England, in which charter the country is first named Nova Scotia. He endeavored to colonize his possessions, but the effort did not prosper. Biencourt, wandering with the Indians, claimed the country until his death, when his title as commandant devolved on Charles de la Tour.

Sir William, anxious to expel the French, fitted out a little fleet which, under the command of Sir David Kirkt, captured several French vessels; he also took possession of Port Royal. On board one of the vessels captured by Kirkt was Claude de la Tour. He was carried prisoner to England where he wrested from disaster the substantial fruits of victory, ingratiated himself with his captors, married a lady of the English court, and received from the King the title of Knight Baronet of Nova Scotia. He secured the same title for his son, who still held Fort Louis, near Cape Sable, by promising that he should immediately submit to the crown of England. Accompanied by his wife he sailed for Cape Sable, but when he arrived there he discovered to his chagrin that he had miscalculated the power of his influence over his son. Neither entreaty nor cannon-balls moved the unyielding Charles. Claude was in disgrace, a traitor to France, discredited and without influence in England. His only resort was to make a humiliating agreement with Charles, who allowed him to make his home outside the fort, but forbade him ever to enter. Finally in 1632 the two powers entered into a treaty at St. Germain, whereby Acadie, with all Canada, was restored to France.

The French spent the next twenty years of occupa-

tion in quarreling among themselves. Isaac de Razilli was appointed Governor, with Charles de la Tour Lieutenant-Governor in the Peninsula and D'Aulnay Charnisé in the district north of the Bay of Fundy. Razilli's headquarters were at La Have, where the ruins of his fortifications may still be traced. When Razilli died his two lieutenants fought for sole control. La Tour, hard pressed, sailed for Boston, where he hired men and vessels, returned with them and put his enemy to flight. Madame La Tour, clever and brave, aided her husband in peace and in war. She went to England for supplies. Returning her vessel was boarded by Charnisé. She escaped capture by hiding in the hold. La Tour being absent on one occasion with many of his men, Charnisé hastened to besiege the fort. Once he had been driven off by Madame La Tour, but on this occasion, after a three days' fight, the fort was betrayed by a Swiss sentry. As she saw the enemy entering, the heroic woman rallied her forces, and presented so bold a front that she gained from Charnisé honorable terms of surrender. Accepting the terms, the men laid down their arms. But when Charnisé saw the defenceless condition of the fort he regretted that he had given such terms as he had, and charged Madame La Tour with having deceived him. He then proceeded in the most inhuman

manner to put the garrison to death. One among them purchased his life by acting, at the command of Charnisé, as the executioner of his comrades, while Madame La Tour, with a halter around her neck, was compelled to stand by and witness the awful scene. She died broken-hearted before her husband's return. La Tour, despairing, left the country. Charnisé, at a fearful cost, had gained the position he desired; but he did not live long to enjoy the fruits of his victory. In about three years he died, leaving his estates heavily mortgaged, the principal creditor being Le Borgne, a merchant of Rochelle. Le Borgne seized Acadie; but now La Tour appeared again upon the scene. He had made his peace with the King of France, and brought with him a royal commission from the French court as Governor of all Acadie. He healed the old feuds in a most romantic manner by marrying the widow of his former rival, Charnisé, and made his home henceforth at Fort La Tour, near the mouth of the river St. John.

CHAPTER VIII.

END OF THE FRENCH PERIOD.

OLIVER CROMWELL, at the instance of the Puritans on both sides of the Atlantic, who were dissatisfied with the treaty of St. Germain, in which Acadie had been ceded to France, sent out Colonel Sedgwick, in 1654, to recapture the country. Le Borgne, the Rochelle merchant, intrenched at Port Royal, with his son in command at Fort La Have, scorned his summons to surrender, but he was compelled to submit. La Tour then sold out his claim to Sir Thomas Temple, but reserved his fort at St. John, where he spent the remainder of his days in peace.

But the treaty of Breda, in 1667, restored the country again to France, and Temple was compelled to hand over his forts to the French governor, Le Chevalier de Grand Fontaine. Then came Sir William Phipps, with eight vessels and eight hundred men, from Boston in 1690, and captured Port Royal. But he left the fort without a garrison, and the French, who had taken to the woods, returned and took possession as soon as he had departed. Villebon, the new French commander, established himself

at Nashwaak on the river St. John. Here the pirate Baptiste found refuge and sale for his booty.

Next in this swiftly-changing panorama of events appeared the war-like figure of old Ben Church. Like a destroying angel he moved with his fleet of whale-boats, manned by the hardy New England seamen, from Passamaquoddy Bay to the Cumberland Basin, destroying every French settlement on the coast. This was done in retaliation for the French and Indian outrages on the New England settlements.

A treaty of peace was now made at Ryswick, 1697, and Acadie was once more confirmed to France. But war soon broke out again. Port Royal, the stronghold of the French in Nova Scotia, was captured in 1710, secured to Great Britain, and its name changed, in honor of Queen Anne, to Annapolis Royal.

In 1713, by the treaty of Utrecht, peace was concluded, and Nova Scotia again ceded to Great Britain. Then came an era of renewed doubt and uncertainty. The French fortified Louisbourg on the island of Cape Breton until it was well-nigh impregnable. Again war broke out. Louisbourg was besieged. After a seven weeks' resistance, Duchambon, the commandant, surrendered, and Colonel Pepperell, at the head of his New Englanders, marched in. They found among the stores of the garrison an abundance

of rum and, yielding to its seductive power, scores of drunken soldiers every day staggered through the streets. Unbridled appetite was followed by fatal fever, and before the snows were melted by returning spring twelve hundred of Pepperell's men had died and were buried in the soil which they had conquered.

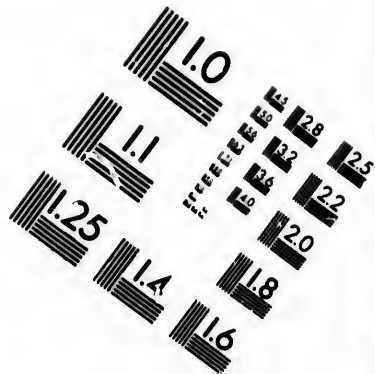
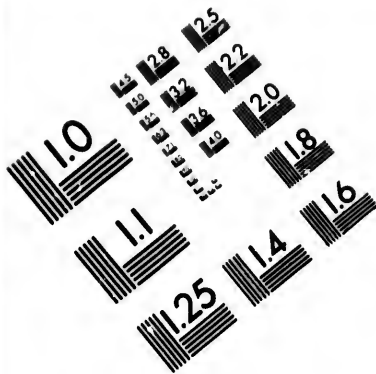
The loss of Louisbourg filled the French with rage, and it was determined to retake it. And it was at this time that the question was practically settled for the last time, as to who should rule in Acadie. Another question of still greater importance was also decided at the same time; that was, whether the Province, and, indeed, the whole of the Dominion of Canada, as well as the United States, should grow up under the influences of Romanism or Protestantism. Aside from the individual struggles and strifes for gain, the love of adventure and the ambition of kings for conquest and self-aggrandizement, the hand of the Jesuit and the power of the Pope were waging a warfare in the interest of Rome. It was in this troubled era that the question of supreme political importance in the Old World was whether Protestant Prussia should be allowed to grow up strong in the heart of Roman Catholic Europe.

All the Romish powers were leagued against Fred-

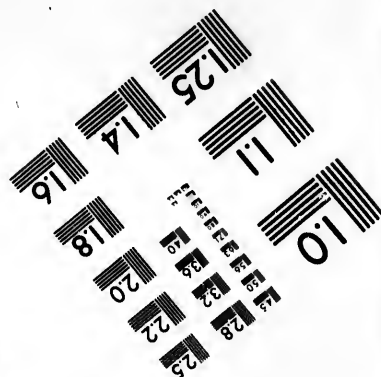
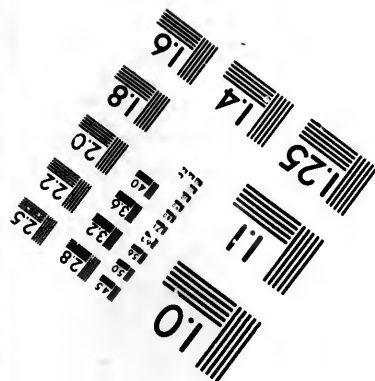
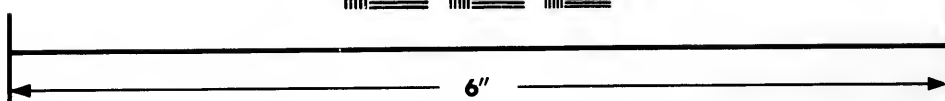
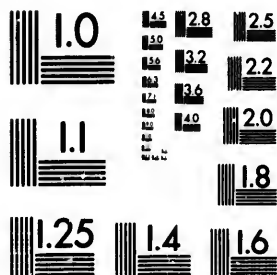
erick the Great, and in a ring of fire he defended the cause of Protestantism, then in its youth, on that continent. In the same great historic period the supreme question on this continent was whether North America should be settled under Romish or Protestant auspices. A French armament of forty ships of war, under Duc D'Anville, was fitted out at Rochelle for the recapture of Louisbourg, the subjugation of Nova Scotia, and the destruction of Boston and other New England towns. Protestantism was to be finally eradicated. Our fathers, feeling that their only safety was in God, appointed a day of fasting and prayer in all their churches. Thomas Prince, pastor of the congregation worshipping in the Old South Church, Boston, offered petitions to the Almighty that His Providence might fight against absolutism, ignorance, and all kinds of political and ecclesiastical tyranny. As the prayer was being offered there arose a powerful wind, although the day had been until then clear and calm.

“The shutters of this house, so history says, were shaken by a mighty seaward movement of the atmosphere, and the petitioner, pausing in his prayer, looked around upon the audience with a countenance of hope, and again commenced, with great devotional ardor, and supplicated Providence to cause that wind





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to frustrate the object of our enemies and save the country from conquest.*

A tempest followed, in which the greater part of the French fleet was wrecked off the coast of Nova Scotia. Only a feeble remnant of the expedition survived. The enterprise upon which it had been sent was abandoned and never resumed."

That expedition was one of the most fruitless and ill-fated the world has ever seen. Previous to its coming there had been nothing to compare with it in grandeur. It was the most powerful fleet that had ever been sent to America. But it never gained a single victory. Some of its ships were captured by the English while yet on the coast of France. One disaster from that time onward followed close after another, and fell upon it. Some of its ships were cast away on the treacherous sands of Sable Island, and others were driven out of their course by adverse winds and never reached the ports for which they sailed. D'Anville, after a three-month's cruise and suffering by wild storms arrived with a feeble remnant of the great fleet in Chebucto Harbor, now Halifax. Here, just a week after his arrival, he suddenly died, whether of apoplexy or by poison, taken in despair, no one can tell. D'Es-

* Prelude to the Rev. Joseph Cook's Boston Monday Lecture, delivered in the "Old South," Nov. 17, 1879.

tournelle, the second in command, was for immediately returning to France. He called a council and made his wish known, but his officers thought they ought at least to take Annapolis. This so angered him, being opposed in council, that he fell into a fever, and in the delirium which seized him fell upon his sword and killed himself. Following this tragedy the small-pox broke out among the men. The mortality was frightful.

La Jonquiere now succeeded to the command. He made a feeble attempt upon Annapolis, but only disaster followed. A violent storm arose, which wrought such ruin that the remaining vessels turned homeward.

No doubt God interfered to disperse the hostile fleet and bring retribution on the men of blood at the same time, that history might be saved other dark pages of French aggression and Romish domination in this New World. For this was the great problem that was being solved on Nova Scotia's rugged hills and stormy waters, when the fleets and armies of Britain and France so often met thereon in deadly conflict. Thanks to the Ruler of nations that Protestant liberty and not Roman intolerance dominates this fair realm to-day.

Following the startling developments narrated came

the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1748. Great Britain and France for a while ceased fighting, and once again the angel of peace descended upon the war-scarred, desolated land to plume her ruffled pinions, and to bring the benisons of heaven in her train.

CHAPTER IX.

ENGLISH COLONIZATION—HALIFAX.

THREE years after D'Anville's shattered fleet sought shelter in Chebucto harbor, where the whitened skeletons of French soldiers were found beneath the bushes beside their rusty muskets, a new and busy scene presents itself. The tri-color of the roving Norsemen no longer floats over their rude shallops there, and the lilies of France have gone in their blood-stained beauty back toward the rising sun. And now, after two nations have struggled for a foothold and gone down, a third, under the proud banner of the Cross of St. George, comes joyfully over the sea. Mothers and children, strong men and blooming maids, intent upon the arts of peace, not mail-clad warriors, make up the arriving company. Where the boulders and the piles have failed to withstand the encroachments of the sea, the grass rooting and growing in the sand will often keep it back; and thus where the prowess of arms and the horrors of war have failed to give security to the title, the more noble and more natural conquest by industry and toil is to be attempted.

The government of Great Britain had resolved, in order to keep secure possession of the country, to colonize it without delay. Accordingly the Lords of Trade and Plantations, who had charge of colonial affairs, had given orders for the founding of a new capital on the shores of Chebucto harbor; and these now arriving were the colonists, under the command of Colonel Edward Cornwallis, two thousand five hundred and seventy-six in number.

On the western side of that magnificent harbor, which is six miles long by one mile wide, and connected at its northern end with a land-locked basin containing more than twenty square miles of water, the site of the projected city was chosen, and in honor of Lord Halifax, the President of the Lords of Trade and Plantations and most worthy patron of the colonists, the place was named Halifax.

These emigrants had been embarked in thirteen transports under the command of Lord Cornwallis, who had been appointed Governor of the Province at a salary of one thousand pounds sterling per annum. He sailed in the "Sphinx" sloop of war, on the fourteenth of May, 1749, and arrived on the coast of Nova Scotia on the fourteenth of June following. His first landing was in Merliguesch Bay—now Lunenburg Harbor—where he found a small settlement of Acadian French.

In a letter dated the twenty-second of June, Cornwallis writes: "We came to anchor in Merliguesch Bay, where I was told there was a French settlement. I went ashore to see the houses and manner of living of the inhabitants. There are but a few families, with tolerable wooden houses, covered with bark; a good many cattle, and clear ground more than serves themselves. They seem to be very peaceable; say they always looked upon themselves as English subjects; have their grants from Colonel Mascarene, the Governor at Annapolis, and show an unfeigned joy to hear of the new settlement."

The settlers arriving with Cornwallis were English and Germans. Many of the English were discharged soldiers, while the Germans were principally farmers and vine-dressers from Würtemberg and Saxony, and still others were Swiss.

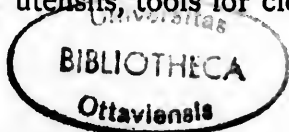
The reasons to be assigned for the migration of these people from their homes in a civilized land to the bleak wilderness which Nova Scotia then was, may be summed up briefly as follows: that migratory instinct implanted in man, which from time immemorial has caused the jostling of races and nations against each other upon the face of the earth; the expansion of the conscription lists preparatory to the increase of the standing armies of all Europe induced by the

rumblings of the thunder and the flash of the lightnings which threatened and finally burst forth in the storm of destruction known as the Seven Years' War; the overcrowded state in which some found themselves amid the superabundant populations of the old world; the golden promises held out to intending settlers by the British Government; and the sweet hope of gaining a competence and a home—these were probably the chief causes of their coming.

Most of these people, with a very limited knowledge of the new country, having no accurate maps and no means of gaining reliable information, left home with the idea that they were about to settle in the near neighborhood of New York and Pennsylvania, where many of their countrymen were already prosperously established; nor did they dream of the vast wilderness which lay between, nor of the difference in soil and climate, until they came to land. Let their motives and impressions, however, have been what they may, it must be admitted that it required a high-hearted courage in them to give up their hold on the established certainties of the Old World and go forth to meet the dangers and brave the uncertainties of the New. Their greeting was the roar of the breakers on an inhospitable shore, their neighbors the savage wild beasts and the still more savage men. Their home

was literally a howling wilderness. And it is more than likely, had they known what was before them, that nothing but stern necessity would have moved the many to face the unforeseen and bitter trials.

After the arrival of the first company, which was maintained in fairly comfortable circumstances by the government, additional settlers were sent out from time to time by agents employed for the purpose. Andreas Jung, a member of one of these later detachments, writes in a manuscript history now in possession of the writer; "Under the guidance of the Omniscient God, in consequence of a public proclamation made in our own dear Fatherland by order of His Majesty King George II., sundry persons of our company in 1750, '51 and '52 arrived in Halifax." This proclamation, which was published also in the *London Gazette* and other English and Swiss papers, offered to those who should avail themselves of its terms, fifty acres of land in fee simple, free of all taxes for ten years; ten acres additional for each member of a family, and further privileges in proportion to the number of acres cleared and brought under cultivation. It was farther agreed by the government to maintain the settlers for twelve months after their arrival. They were to be provided with arms and ammunition, housekeeping utensils, tools for clearing and cultivat-



ing their lands, as well as for building houses and for prosecuting the fisheries. They were assured that the climate was salubrious, the water pure and plentiful, the soil fertile, yielding an abundance of everything necessary to support life, the sea-coast abounding in fishes of the most valuable kinds, and furnished with secure and commodious harbors well adapted for fishing and commerce: all of which was true, though it was not the whole truth. Induced by these representations, the second detachment of emigrants embarked at Rotterdam and arrived in Halifax, as has been stated, in 1750, quickly to be followed by others.

The manner of their departure from their native land, as described by one of their number,* who was an eye-witness, and who afterward came from Germany to Lunenburg, is at once interesting and pathetic. They all, in the company alluded to, assembled themselves in the church in their native village of Klein Heibach. The bell had been rung to summon them to the church, upon the eve of their departure, to special religious services. Thither they came, accompanied by their pastor, relatives and friends, filling the church to its utmost capacity. There they sang together for the last time their sacred songs of faith and trust, united in the prayers that

* Mrs. Beechner.

were offered for their guidance and protection by the power of the Almighty, listened to the exhortations of their faithful pastor, and then, amid the tears and farewells of their dearest friends, took their leave from the home of their childhood, the associations of their youth, and the land they were destined never to behold again.

The condition in which these later emigrants found themselves after their departure from Germany was pitiful in the highest degree. Owing to the rapacity of the government agent at Frankfort, a man named Dick, they were sent forth in the most extreme destitution. The Governor of Nova Scotia, in a letter to the Lords of Trades, dated from Halifax, October 16th, 1752, writes: "The people in general who were sent over this year by Mr. Dick, complain of his having persuaded them at their embarking to sell everything, even the little bedding they had; by which means they have lain on the bare decks and platforms during their voyage, and are still destitute of all kinds of bedding. This has caused the death of many both on the passage and here ashore since they landed. * * * * It looks as if it was done to give room for crowding a greater number of people into the ships that brought them."

When it is remembered that these emigrants were

now exposed to the unaccustomed rigors of the severe northern winter; meagrely fed, poorly clad, sleeping like the Indians on beds of pine boughs, in houses that were mere temporary booths of bark and boughs, and all unused to hardships such as these, it will not be a matter of surprise that the mortality among them was awful. Neither can the inhuman conduct of Dick, the emigration agent, be sufficiently lamented.

But despite all hardships, the coast of Chebucto harbor, whereon the site of Halifax was located, now presented a busy scene. A landing was effected, stores and provisions taken ashore, the work of chopping down the trees which clothed the sloping hillsides to the water's edge, erecting dwellings and preparing for the coming winter, was at once begun. There were no mills. The lumber for a few frame houses was brought from Boston; but most of the buildings were of the most primitive construction, being built of poles stuck in the ground or logs laid upon each other, chinked with moss and roofed with bark. Housed in such miserable quarters, three-fourths of the Lunenburg settlers died within the first year after their landing. The authority for this statement is the Rev. Jean Baptiste Morreau, minister in Halifax and Lunenburg, 1750-1770.

But it will be necessary here to make a dividing

line to separate the history of the Halifax settlers from that of the Lunenburgers. They were one in faith and doctrine, one in polity and discipline, yet their history is distinct. They are separated from one another as though divided by continents and oceans.

CHAPTER X.

THE FOUNDING OF A CHURCH.

SOME colonists coming to America brought their pastors with them, but others were not so fortunate; and among the latter were the Lutherans in the colony at Halifax. Various mission societies were formed in Europe among the Lutherans, Moravians, and in the Church of England, to furnish the people of the new world with the means of grace. One of the earliest of these societies was that organized in England, called "The Society for Promoting the Knowledge of Christ in Foreign Parts," with which the Lutheran Church on the continent must have been in some way connected, having her directors in it, such as the Rev. Dr. Ziegenhagen, Lutheran Chaplain at the Court of St. James, London; the Rev. Dr. Urlsperger, pastor of St. Anna Lutheran Church of Augsburg; and the Rev. Dr. Francke, son of the founder of the Orphan House at Halle. This missionary association is noticed in many historical works under its Latin title, "*Societas promovenda cognitione Christi*," and was exceedingly effective in this country.

At a very early period in the history of the newly

formed Nova Scotia settlements, this Society determined to send clergymen and schoolmasters to them. By request of the Lords of Trades and Plantations, it was agreed to send six of each as soon as their services should be required. The first missionaries who came accompanied the expedition of Governor Cornwallis; they were the Rev. Messrs. Anwell and Jean Baptiste Morreau, who were followed in the summer of the same year by the Rev. Wm. Tutty. Mr. Anwell was soon recalled; but Mr. Tutty was connected with the German Lutherans, whose fortunes interest us most, by the fact that he ministered to them in their own tongue, and administered the communion to a large congregation. But he was no Lutheran minister, and why none was sent by the venerable Society, is one of the strange and incomprehensible things. For there was a large congregation, fully competent to support a pastor, as shall presently appear, and doubtless ardently desirous to secure one.

The Rev. Mr. Tutty, who appears to have been a good linguist, reported to the Society that he had, in addition to his duties as a clergyman of the Church of England ministering to the English colonists, also administered to the Germans. But the first missionary employed directly in the oversight of the Germans was Mr. Burger, a German Swiss minister, who went

to England in 1752, and received ordination from the Bishop of London. He translated the communion service of the Church of England into the German language, and returned, bringing with him a supply of Bibles and Prayer Books in the German tongue, for the use of the settlers. He probably received only deacon's orders, for Mr. Tutty still continued to administer communion to the German congregation, for which purpose alone he appears to have studied German. Mention is made in the Society's report for 1753 of his having converted and baptized a German Jew, who communed with his brethren on the following Sunday. Mr. Tutty died in 1754. The services which he conducted were held in the building at the corner of Gerrish and Brunswick streets.

The earliest document in existence among the records which begin with the history of that building, is a deed from John Samuel Gross making a bequest to the Evangelical Lutheran Church, which bears date October twelfth, 1752. This quaint old document gives evidence of several things, the one of chief interest being that there was at that early date an organization in existence there, known as the Lutheran Church, and that it was competent to hold real estate. The document runs as follows :

“Whereas I, in my present sickness, being taken

dangerously ill, not knowing how long I may live, as after my death having no heirs in this country to leave unto them what I may have, I have Resolved to give unto the Evangelical Lutheran Church, for their use and own property, a Lott with a Barrack or Hutt on it (containing 50 feet in the front, and 250 feet in the rear), standing in the north suburbs of Halifax, in the upper street, between the house of George Stork and Michael Clausner; and that ye aforesaid Lutheran Church is to have and to hold the aforesaid Lott and Barrack to their own sole use and property forever. Butt if it should be God's will that I should recover of this sickness, Nevertheless the aforesaid Lott and Barrack is to be to the use of the aforesaid Lutheran Church as above, only granting me the Barrack to live in this winter.

Humbly petitioning His Excellency Governour Hopson to grant that this my will may be granted unto ye aforesaid Church, in confirmation of the above, have signed with my own hand. Halifax, Oct., 12, 1752.

Witness:

JOHN SAMUEL GROSS.

CHARLES HAGELSEIB,

JNO. ADAM SMITH,

MATTHIAS ILSANGER.

Among the first buildings erected in Halifax at public expense was St. Paul's church, held and occu-

pied by Episcopalians in connection with the Church of England. The Lutheran and Calvinistic settlers who came with Cornwallis, and later, were compelled by law to assist in the erection of this edifice, but the Lutherans, at least, were not in agreement with the doctrines therein taught. The Augsburg Confession, and not the Thirty-nine Articles, set forth an epitome of their belief, and between the two the difference is not imaginary. We therefore find the Lutheran settlers assembling in private houses, for the worship of God, and later proceeding to the erection of a church edifice of their own. In their private assemblages the word of God was read and commented on, and the service of singing and prayer led by the faithful schoolmaster, Johann Gottfried Jorpel, who accompanied the settlers from Germany. It is not to be supposed that in the midst of their sufferings they forgot God. The path of trial often leads near to Him, and that path they now were traveling. Trained in the fear and love and trust of Him from their earliest childhood, these pious people now clung to the God of their fathers. Hence we find one of their first recorded acts to have been the assembling of themselves together in the name of the Lord, and organizing as a distinctly Lutheran congregation as nearly complete as it could be without a regularly ordained pastor called and

established among them. They had their board of officers, consisting of two elders and five deacons, who were their recognized leaders. They held their meetings for the worship of God distinct from and independently of any other organization from the very beginning of the history of Halifax. It is necessary to be emphatic and precise in this statement because it has been asserted with effrontery and accepted where "the wish was father to the thought" that "the German settlers, both Lutheran and Calvinist, were willing to conform to the Church of England, and attached themselves to her communion."* How this may have been with respect to the Calvinistic portion of these people is at the best doubtful, while so far as the Lutherans were concerned, the facts do not bear out the statement as the truth. So far to the contrary do they lead, that this particular statement must be remanded to its responsible author as a particular falsehood. The Lutherans did not attach themselves to the Church of England, either willingly or unwillingly, but the Church of England did use efforts of every kind to attach them, and did succeed in attaching their property.

* See Sketch of the Rise and Progress of the Church of England in the British North American Provinces. By Thos. Beamish Akins, Esq., Halifax, 1849.

History shall speak in proof. After being compelled to assist in the erection of St. Paul's, the Lutherans, rich in faith, out of their deep poverty secured a lot on Brunswick street whereon they proceeded to erect a church in which, after its completion, they held services every Sunday. This peculiar mark of their attachment to the Church of England is recorded with refreshing simplicity on page seventeen of the work already quoted. But now, in order to historical exactness in the presentation of these facts and many others, the parish register of St. George's Church itself shall speak. This register extends from March twenty-fourth, 1761, at which time the new church was consecrated and received its name, to the year 1807, when the last annual election of Lutheran officers was held. It opens with the statement "A. D. 1761, on second Easter day, the German Lutheran church was consecrated by the Rev. Dr. Breynton, who preached from John iv. 22. The church has been named St. George. Jonathan Belcher, president and commander-in-chief, was present, and also other distinguished persons. The Lord's Supper was administered to a large congregation." A further entry in the same year details the disbanding of a certain society and the transfer of its funds to St. George's congregation. It would appear that this association, known as "The Funeral

Fees and Friendly Society," was originally a union of the Lutheran settlers made for the purpose of giving proper burial to their dead. The register says: "It is to be hoped that the respective friends or descendants may also scatter roses on the graves of the members of the Society, for in reality they have been the founders of the German Evangelical Lutheran Church. But honor does not belong to us, to God alone." *Non nobis, non nobis, sed tuo Nomine da gloriam, O Domine!* The names appended were once well known in the city of Halifax:

William Schwartz,	Christian Peitsch,
Carl Hagelseib,	Peter Smith,
Gottlieb Schermiller,	Philip Knaut,
Fred. Becker,	John Schroeder.

On the twentieth Sunday after Trinity, ten young men and seven young women were confirmed by the school-master in St. George's church after having been instructed in the fundamental doctrines of this faith as set forth in the Small Catechism of Luther. The date of this confirmation fell on the fourth of October, 1761. Following this entry in the register appear a number of questions put to the young people being confirmed. Number seventeen in the list reads thus: "Beloved children: do you subscribe to this Evangelical Creed with heart and voice; will you maintain it, order your

whole life according to it, and because in these countries so many sects and heresies exist, will you renounce them all, and abide by the pure meaning of the Word of God, and stand by it for life and for death?"

The questions continue to the number of twenty-three, and are closed with the prayer of consecration in these words: "May our Heavenly Father renew and increase in you, for Jesus Christ's sake, the gift of the Holy Ghost, for the strengthening of your faith, for growth in godliness, for patience in suffering, and for the blessed hope of life everlasting. Amen."

Here, then, in honorable distinction are recorded the names of these young Christians to whom belongs forever the renown of having been the first Lutherans confirmed in St. George's church, Halifax, the first in Nova Scotia, the first in the British North American provinces:

Michael Silver,	John August Peitsch,
Caspar Haun,	Philip Fullman,
Wm. Denneman,	Matthew Sauer,
Caspar Keller,	Andrew Bauer,
Christopher Schmidt,	Philip Haasz,
Regina Kühn,	Dorothea Schmidt,
Elizabeth Moser,	Catharine Baargeld,
Elizabeth Haun,	Sophia Schmidt,
Elizabeth Roecklin.	

October nineteenth, 1761, the quarterly congregational meeting was held and the appended resolutions were adopted:

"I. That at the Holy Communion common bread shall be used, and no wafers.

"II. That those who attend the Lord's Supper shall have their names written down by the school-master, or sexton, or by any one else who may be appointed thereto.

"III. That as long as we have no minister, printed sermons are to be read aloud by the school-master, or any one else who may be appointed thereto.

"IV. That funerals occurring on Sunday shall not take place before four o'clock, or when the ordinary services, whether English or German, shall have been concluded.

"V. That the school-master or some other person appointed thereto shall register the name of the deceased in a book provided for the purpose, with the date.

"VI. If any of the officials should die while in office, he shall have the pall gratis."

To these rules were subscribed the names of the officers: Peter Bergman, Otto Wm. Schwartz, Gottlieb Schermiller, Freiderich Kohl and Geo. Hohl.

On the ninth of December 1761, the German

people of the colony met with a heavy loss in the death of their faithful and devoted school-master, Johann Gottfried Jorpel, who entered into his rest after a short illness, at the age of fifty-five. He had been appointed to his responsible position on the twenty-ninth of June, 1760, and had discharged his duties with all possible fidelity. The fact that he should have framed and put such a question to the young people whom he confirmed as that above recorded is a signal proof of his excellence of mind and devotion to the truth, and entitles him to a place of honor here as well as in the Church Register, where an affectionate minute of his death is thus recorded:

“We insert as a memorial in our church book that our much-loved school-master, Johann Gottfried Jorpel, died on 9 December, 1761. He attended to his duties with all his heart. To his credit be it said that he was beloved by everybody on account of his integrity, and is generally lamented, but especially by his young pupils, who have shed tears at his departure. May the Lord cause his soul to rejoice throughout eternity!”

CHAPTER XI.

"CONVEYING" A CHURCH.

NOW that the fact has been established that the Lutherans had formed an independent organization, and were owners of property in the city of Halifax, it remains to be shown how they were dispossessed. Although they at first had no minister of their own, yet their organization was compact, their discipline strict, their theological basis correct, and their financial affairs administered with discretion. As a congregation they grew and increased in numbers, wealth and influence. Harmony prevailed in all their counsels, and their worldly affairs prospered. But they had no minister. They were a body without a visible head. The Church of England clergy officiated upon special occasions, administering the communion and performing official acts among them; for which services they were always promptly and liberally paid, but not salaried. Their pay was always given as a present. This left the Lutherans free from the jurisdiction of the Church of England.

But now the faithful schoolmaster, around whom they rallied, was dead. Other old members were

passing away, each as he went weakening the bonds which bound the congregation to the traditions of the elders, and loosening the attachment to the fatherland; each as he departed decreasing the hold of the congregation upon the faith of the fathers. The younger members were rapidly becoming Anglicized, losing by degrees their German language and German ways, and losing also their hold upon the doctrines of the Church, in which none of them had been so thoroughly taught as those who had enjoyed the ministrations of pastors over the sea. And yet in the face of all these difficulties the congregation not only lived, but grew and flourished. The old church would no longer accommodate the increasing numbers. It was resolved to build a new and larger one. The foundations were laid, the work well under way, and then, strange to relate, the Lutheran congregation, the Lutheran name, and the property of the Lutherans, together disappeared as mysteriously, as completely as though the earth had opened and swallowed them, or the clouds had received them out of our sight. True, the little old church on Brunswick street still stands, and the Round church, founded by the Lutheran congregation to serve in its stead, remains, and the people lived; but people and churches alike had lost their Lutheran name and identity. They were no longer Lutheran

people nor Lutheran churches. Why? A cloud had indeed received them, and between them and us that cloud still rolls. History has not pierced its enfolding gloom. The transactions by which the conjurers' trick was effected, like other transactions in the black art, choose darkness rather than light. To them mystery is more congenial than history. But recourse to the old Parish Register will throw some light upon them. To it therefore we again resort.

October nineteenth, 1761, as we have read, it was resolved: "I. That at the Holy Communion common bread shall be used, and no wafers." Here was an innovation of high churchmen resisted. Who were they? Presumably the ministers officiating. At the same time it was resolved: "III. That as long as we have no minister of our faith, printed sermons shall be read aloud by our schoolmaster or any one else appointed thereto." This denotes dissatisfaction with the preaching they had heard, presumably on account of either language or doctrine, as handled by the Church of England clergy. At a meeting held December third, 1761, the mode of electing officers was discussed, and balloting decided on. The minute reads thus: "It is thought desirable that each year at Christmas new church-wardens should be chosen from among the congregation. The choice is not to be

obligatory, and is to be quietly made. Each one is to hand in a ticket with all the names on it of those who are to be proposed. The elders and church-wardens are to be present, also the members of the church may be present, that it may not be said that any deception has been practiced. Half of those chosen shall be from the the town and south suburb, the other half from the north suburb, all to be members of this congregation. Only men of good report are to be chosen." This shows us where the Germans were located in the growing city, and we may infer from it also that an effort had been made to have members of some other congregation, probably St. Paul's, chosen as officers of St. George's. It is added, "Also we approve that William Schwartz shall for certain reasons retain the office of deacon as long as it may please him." Otto William Schwartz was a pillar, doubtless, and a fine Lutheran; but what could one do alone! He died one hundred years ago, but his sepulchre is with us unto this day. A tablet sacred to his memory has been inserted in the wall of the new St. George's, commonly called the "Round Church," which he helped to build, at the left of the pulpit, just above the place where he sat as long as he was able to attend. He was a man of strict integrity, of good business qualifications, and among his brethren possessed of the most wealth.

The Register specifies the duties of the officers. They shall be "called together every quarter to count the money collected on Sundays and enter the amount in the Register; to pay all expenses, if sufficient; to consult together about any disorders which may have crept in and to remedy such; to take care that the services of the church be properly conducted, the sacraments administered at stated times, the school properly supported, the church kept in good repair, the records faithfully kept, and accounts in good order. They shall discharge their duties with a desire only for God's glory, not expecting reward." * * * "The congregation is not to suppose that the officers are bound to enter into all manner of disputes. They may do so as friends and neighbors, but not in their official capacity. With regard to the church, however, and what belongs thereto, they are in duty bound as parents and guardians, as elders and officers, to care for the same with all fidelity. Thus have we, according to the best of our ability, approved and agreed to do, and hereunto subscribed our names."

"On New Year's Day, 1762, the officers resigned, and the following persons were elected: Andreas Schenck, George Beyer, Adam Isler, Ernest Peiper; Otto William Schwartz held over."

"On Easter Monday, A. D. 1762, the Holy Supper

was administered by the Rev. Drs. Breynton and Wood, to a large congregation; and again by the same reverend gentlemen on the seventeenth Sunday after Trinity."

In 1763 the officers elected were Peter Schmidt, George Marlin, Christoph Keyser. The Holy Communion was celebrated on Easter Monday and on the nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.

In 1764 the officers elected were Peter Bergmann, Johann Pfanndörfer, Reinhardt Jacob and George Jost. The Lord's Supper was administered by Drs. Breynton and Wood, the former preaching from Heb. xii. 1-2 in the English language.

Thus the Register continues to give the dates of Dr. Breynton's ministrations, and the account book, kept in German, always notes that after these services a present was made to the *Herr Prediger*.

At the communion on Easter Monday, 1765, Dr. Breynton officiated and again preached in the English language, our notes say from 2. Cor. 5th verse, (probably 2. Cor. xiii. 5), after which "The officers of the German Lutheran Evangelical church resolved that no setting forth of the Gospel should be made in our church contrary to the doctrine of the Evangelical

Lutheran Confession, and not in the English language.
To this article we subscribe:

Signed by the Deacons	{	Otto William Schwartz Philip Brehm Gottfried Jäirch Peter Artz Conrad Fosseler."
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Here, in all probability, the proselyting tendency became too manifest to be overlooked, and aroused the suspicions of the confiding Germans. Well would it have been for them had they seen more clearly and resisted more steadfastly the hidden design which was being so cautiously pursued by their dear English friends. Had they then known what we now know, they would have been justified in regarding the friendship manifested by the clergy of the Church of England with suspicion and distrust. It was the friendship of the hawk for the dove, covering and devouring it. Why the people of this large and flourishing congregation did not secure the services of a clergyman of their own faith, here becomes a pertinent query. The number of communicants was at that date large enough to maintain a pastor; they owned their own church, school-house and burial ground; they might have supported a minister. But Lutheran ministers were scarcer then than they are now, and even now

they are fewer in proportion to the Lutheran population of the New World than those of any sect or denomination. On this account many a Lutheran congregation in the United States, as well as Canada, must live long without a pastor. The demand far exceeds the supply.

Those people, moreover, had difficulties in communicating with the other provinces (now States) and with Europe, where Lutheran ministers were, of which we know little. Another reason was doubtless that they were dissuaded by the English friends whose services were so freely given; and at the same time they may have been secretly hindered and thwarted in any effort toward procuring a clergyman of their own faith by the same peculiar friends, as the Lutherans were being hindered and thwarted at Lunenburg about the same time. There is a chapter of unwritten history in connection with this whole subject, which, if it were made known, might even yet make some cheeks mantle themselves with shame. Where are the descendants of these Lutherans? Where is their property? Lost to the Church of their fathers through the shrewd and treacherous manipulation of the party in power. Shakespeare says of stealing :

“‘Convey’ the wise it call.”

"Conveyed" let it be called, by processes crooked and conscienceless, into the hands of that denomination noted for its zealous and often impudent attempts to proselyte Lutherans. There may be many to take offense at a statement like this. If so, let them rise and explain the facts away. Let these wrongs be made right. Let them remove the cause of offense, and nothing further will be said to disturb their complacency. The Lutherans themselves are not to be exonerated from censure. Had they exercised more foresight, had they but closed their church at this juncture against the officious intermeddling of the worthies whose actions called forth the resolutions quoted, and denied themselves the sacraments until they could have received them from a minister of their own faith, the record of the Lutheran Church in the city of Halifax would have been vastly more honorable.

At a time when the life of the congregation was being secretly undermined, the Register of St. George's church is taken up with petty and trifling details about petty trifles. At a time when the foundations of the historic confessional Lutheran faith and religion should have been laid deep and strong and broad for the descendants of these people to build upon, not alone in the city, but also in the outlying

settlements which they were forming, those who should have been laboring to lay them were being lulled to slumber, their time and attention given to affairs of the very least importance. Nothing worthy this body of Lutherans, with the opportunities presented them in the opening and development of the new country, has been recorded of them. Like D'Anville's fleet, "they never gained a victory." The bulk of the Register is made up of entries trifling as the following:

"Jan. 1st, 1766.—The officers found it expedient that 50 shillings quarterly be paid Mr. Hagelseib for reading and singing and ringing the bell."

"June 24th, 1770.—Paulus Stukitz has made a present to St. George's church of an excellent Book of Homilies, by Dr. Henry Muller."

"Jan. 23, 1773.—Mr. Gottlieb Milch presented the church a large chest, suitable for keeping the records and monies in."

Perhaps this may be that wonderful, old, triple-locked, iron-bound coffer which ornaments the pastor's study in Lunenburg, a sort of indestructible ecclesiastical heirloom passed down from the "conveyed" congregation to their more fortunate and faithful brethren there. If so, it is at least something saved out of the general wreck, and as such, a prize to be treasured; at any rate, it is a curious relic.

But here the Rev. Dr. Breynton re-appears upon the scene, with a sermon April 12th, in the same year, on Matt. xxii. 2, 3. To the entry recording this is attached the significant observation: "N. B.—In the English language." Pity the poor, single-minded Germans of the olden time, who thought all men, at least in religion, were as honest as themselves. They saw their faith and their language going together. Who can censure them for their tenacious adherence to the language of their fatherland? In holding it fast they believed lay their only hope of retaining and perpetuating among themselves their religious faith. Could they have been assured that their religion would not suffer through the decadence of the German language, they would have given it up more readily. But to this day there are Germans in plenty who think there can be no true preaching or setting forth in other kind of Lutheran doctrine, except it be in the German language. Some even more radical, one especially very dear to me, declared German to be the language used in heaven. Another identified the Lutheran religion with the German language, and declared there was "no religion so good as this German religion." The former has fathomed the mystery now. He is in heaven. It is to be hoped that there he will meet Otto William Schwartz, that they may converse in

the German language of the things that are written here; but if Drs. Breynton and Wood are there, they will no doubt hear some vigorous English too. "That Dr. Breynton could, and did, preach sometimes in both languages," says the present incumbent of St. George's, "is testified to by an old resident of the city, now living, who says that his grandmother related how she plodded up the cart-road at the dedication of St. George's church in 1761, when Dr. Breynton preached first in English and afterwards in German." So in heaven they can all talk the matter over together.

The Register continues: "As in the year 1759 an article concerning interments was made, so it is now agreed, on April 10th, 1774, that if any one is to be interred, the school-master or the sexton is to be paid for his trouble in unlocking the church and pointing out the place for burial, for each funeral 2s. 6d., and for children 2 shillings."

In 1776, the new officers chosen were Anthony Hänery and Conrad Pentz. The name of Anthony Hänery first appears on the records in 1771. He came to Halifax after the fall of Louisbourg, where he had served as a musician, carrying a fife in one of the King's regiments. He was a printer by trade, issued, in January, 1769, the first newspaper that ever appeared in Nova Scotia,* and for many years was

*" *The Nova Scotia Chronicle*," see Murdoch, p. 234, Vol. II.

King's printer and published the *Royal Gazette*. He died in 1800, and his tomb-stone is one of the few in good preservation in the church-yard attached to the old German church.

"On April 30th, 1777, the congregation had a valuation of the lot which John Tritler had rented for seven years for the sum of £1 11, which sum the said Tritler promises to pay each New Year's day, and in case of his death his heirs are bound to continue the same." The new officers chosen this year were Balthazar Gebhard and Daniel Marlow.

"Jan. 1st, 1778.—To-day a church meeting was held, and it was found expedient that Mr. Ludwig Hagelsieb should have £2 10 quarterly for reading and singing and ringing the bell. Two church wardens resigned, and in their place the congregation appointed Philip Palmer and Richard Jacob. It was found expedient that Mr. Christian Metzler, the organist, should have a quarterly recompense for playing the organ—say £0 17 6."

"Jan. 1st, 1779.—Two church wardens resigned, and in their places were appointed Mr. Melchoir Lipfert and Mr. George Schaffer."

"June 28th, 1780.—Church meeting held and a written agreement made, to which Caspar Laun subscribed, namely, to hire a church lot and yearly 20

Spanish dollars to pay to the church, and for his heirs after him to do the same."

"Signed by Caspar Laun."

In this year, at the same date, "it was agreed upon that some of the church wardens of St. George should go to those of St. Paul and let the so-called estate of Melchoir for a certain term of some years. The church, St. Paul's, is to receive 20 Spanish dollars, according to agreement, and the remaining profits should be given to St. George's. The estate is to be let for seven years, as was agreed upon on the 20th of March. In order that the estate might be kept in good condition and its profits duly collected, a church warden, namely, Richard Jacob, has been appointed to that office. He is to appear at the annual church meeting to give an account of the income and expenditure of the estate; at the request of the whole meeting to resign his office, and another is to be chosen in his place, which office he is to perform gratis (without expense to the church).

"OTTO WILLIAM SCHWARTZ,

"PETER ARTZ,

"RICHARD JACOB."

Here is an item of interest to those who study the relation of cause to effect in the transfer of this Luth-

eran property to Episcopalian hands. An estate is mentioned upon which St. Paul's, without owning, appears to have gotten a claim worth 20 Spanish dollars per year, but of which St. George's appears to have control. It is known as "the so-called estate of Melchoir." Melchoir, an aged German of some means—and it did not require so large an amount to constitute a man of wealth then as now—is about to die. But in this new country he has not an heir kin to himself to whom he shall leave his property. He consults with his fellow-members of St. George's church, of which he has been a faithful member since its organization. With their approval he determines to make God his heir in the disposal of his property, and prepares to give it to St. George's church. The Episcopal minister, hearing of this resolution, visits the old man on his death-bed, is present when his will is drawn, and has inserted, with or without the consent of the dying man, Melchoir, that clause by which St. Paul's is placed on such footing as to give it the pretext of a legal right to share with St. George's the emoluments derived from the property devised. How easy to make "20 Spanish dollars," to the dull senses of a dying man, read "20 Spanish dollars per annum." No doubt a pretty tale of Jesuitical intermeddling would here be laid bare if all were known. Well, in

the day of judgment all things secret shall appear openly. Let us wait and be patient.

“ March 27, 1779.—Church meeting was held, and it was agreed, funds being in hand, that a silver communion service should be purchased. On the 10th of October, 1779, the service was made use of at the Lord's Supper for the first time by the Rev. John Breynton, rector of the English church of St. Paul. The service consisted of a silver flask, a silver chalice, one large and one small plate, in all four pieces, which altogether cost £57 2 Id., fifty-seven pounds, 2 shillings and 1 penny. And it has further been concluded that this service should always be kept in the house of one of the elders. Such sum has been duly paid out of the church funds on January 1st, 1790, to Mr. Richard Jacob, as may be seen in the church accounts.

“ OTTO WILLIAM SCHWARTZ,

“ PETER ARTZ.”

CHAPTER XII.

HOW THE THING WAS DONE.

THE German congregation did not enjoy, in the colonial government, the same legal status as St. Paul's. This, incredible as it may appear, was made the basis of action whereby the Lutherans were deprived of their property by the Episcopalians, to whom it was confirmed with due solemnity and verbiage of the law by the civil courts. A piece of property at the east end of the German burial-ground bequeathed to the German church, was seized upon by St. Paul's church on the plea that it alone represented "the church." This property was retained in spite of the efforts of St. George's to hold it, by the authorities of St. Paul's church, as being the only representative of the established church in Halifax.

These were now the times of that remarkable movement in contemporary civil history which resulted in the independence of the thirteen Provinces under the name and title of The United States of America. Canada had been solicited to join the revolutionists, and had refused. More conservative even than Canada and more haughty in her treat-

ment of the rebels, as she regarded them, the Province of Nova Scotia declined, by the failure or refusal of her Provincial Parliament, even to answer the letter asking her to join in the movement. And most conservative of all British America was the city of Halifax. She stood upon her dignity. She legislated, at that time, for the whole Province: in fact, Halifax was the Province. For awhile there was revolution outside the city, where the sparks from the fire burning in the States had caught, in-somuch that in Cumberland a band of revolutionists attacked the fort, and in all Londonderry, Onslow and Truro, only five persons could be found who would take the oath of allegiance, and the members from these important districts were not allowed to take their seats in Parliament. Still Halifax was loyal, the very pink and perfection of loyalty.

And now Great Britain, having failed to reduce the thirteen colonies to subjection, in 1783 was obliged to declare and acknowledge their independence. But in the new States were the many disbanded soldiers of the British army, also the open and secret friends of the lost cause and opponents of the men and measures instrumental in the hands of God in working out the independence of the United States. Fearing God, honoring the king, hating rebellion, and being as

heartily hated by their neighbors, these persons found it expedient to remove from the States to the more congenial Provinces yet remaining loyal. And of this class of people, no city of British America received a larger proportionate quota than Halifax, unless it may have been Shelburne. The reputation of Halifax had gone abroad, and whether deservedly or not, her name stood as synonymous with unswerving adherence to king and country, that is the country over the sea, Merrie England. The population of Nova Scotia, previous to this influx, was about twenty thousand; but suddenly it sprang up to double that number. This had much to do with the affairs of the congregation whose history is being traced here.

Among the incoming settlers was one to whom, perhaps, the congregation owes more than to any other the loss of its original Lutheran name and faith, and one who should have been its strongest human bulwark and defense in its isolated and defenceless position, the Reverend Bernard Michael Houseal. He had been pastor of a Lutheran church in New York City, but on account of his loyalist proclivities had resigned, or perhaps had been dismissed from his charge, and with others like-minded with himself upon matters political, had gone to take up his residence in the ultra-loyal city of Halifax. Concern

ing him and his early history, the following has been published in his defense by the Rev. Mr. Partridge, his successor as "Rector" of St. George's.

"The Reverend Bernard Michael Houseal was born at Heilbronn, Würtemberg, in the year 1727. His father was a clergyman of the Lutheran church. Nothing is now known of his early years. But he inherited a vigorous constitution, a commanding presence, and a manner that carried him through the most aristocratic society, and proclaimed beyond doubt his good birth. His early years were spent in study, his education being received it is probable in the University of Tübingen, in Würtemberg. His diligence in study and powers of mind gave him at an early age an erudition which stood him in good stead all his life. During his college career he fell in love with the daughter of a man of considerable standing and influence in the town of Ulm, viz., Christopher Mayer, descendant of a well-born and useful family of that name, whose members had been public men in Ulm since 1545, when the founder of the family was Stadthauptman, or stipendiary magistrate. We can fancy the handsome student going, during his vacation, and perhaps oftener, the 40 miles that separated him from the scenes of his studies and the residence of his beloved. We may picture to ourselves the stimulus given to his

midnight researches by the prospect of an early marriage. His enterprise did not at this period lead his mind beyond the confines of his native province. But other forces were at work, which led him finally to these shores. In the earlier part of the 18th century more than 30,000 persecuted Salzburgers, expelled by the wicked prince—Archbishop Leopold Anthony—because they would not abjure their faith, fled to Prussia, Holland and England. Of those who went to England, 78 selected men, women and children, were sent to America free of cost by the trustees of the young colony of Georgia. They formed the nucleus of the ecclesiastical settlement of Ebenezer, Georgia. In 1752 this town was in the full tide of successful promise. Persons who had emigrated there sent home letters full of enthusiasm, which kindled the hearts of many to seek such a “land of pure delight.” The settlement, apparently, was a pure theocratic Lutheran settlement of Germans, simple in life and law, but rigid in religious discipline.

“This town is long since dead, destroyed by war. But at the period of which we are writing it was prosperous. There were many in overcrowded Germany who believed that their lot might be improved by an emigration to a virgin soil in a new country. Thus it happened that Christopher Bartholomew Mayer,

father of the wife of the first German minister of St. George's, made up his mind to seek his fortune in the Eldorado of the southern American province of Georgia. Early in the year, he left his paternal home in Ulm, and started on his journey from Ulm to Ebenezer, Georgia. Among those who accompanied him (it reads like a romance), was of course his daughter Sybilla Margaretha, before this betrothed to the young student, Bernard Michael Houseal. This gentleman had now completed his college course, and had received his degree of M. A. Vows of eternal affection had doubtless been exchanged between the two young people, when the desire of the lady's father to emigrate to America became known. With tears and sighs, the daughter had made it known to her lover that she must depart to alien shores, and that separation dark, dreary, and unknown, lay before them both. The young man now informed the object of his affections, that having been ordained to the sacred ministry, he had made up his mind to engage in missionary work, and that nothing would please him better than to proceed to the N. A. colonies, there to win his spurs as a missionary, and to gather a rich harvest of souls into his Heavenly Master's fold.

“Thus it came to pass that early in the year 1752, Christopher Bartholomew Mayer, of Ulm, his wife, and

four children, stood on the wharf at Rotterdam, with their faces set towards the new world. The marriage of Sybilla Margaretha Mayer with Rev. Bernard Michael Houseal had just been celebrated, and the two young people, so lately made one, were going hand in hand on the voyage of life. But, from some unexplained cause, they were detained in Holland for a whole year before setting sail for the land of their adoption. During this year, the ecclesiastical influence of young Houseal, brilliant, energetic and learned as he was, and in communication with the authorities of the Consistory of Stuttgart, under whose auspices he was going to labor in America, caused a change in Christopher Mayer's intentions. Instead of proceeding to Georgia, as he at first intended, he, with his family, took his passage to Annapolis, Maryland. On their arrival there in safety, they were met by a certain Daniel Dulany, a large land-owner, who induced the thrifty Germans to look at his lands in and about Fredericktown, in that state. This conjecture is strengthened by the fact that the ground for the church subsequently begun at that village by Mr. Houseal, was given to him for that purpose by Dulany. No doubt the fertile soil of Maryland compared most favorably with the swamps of Savannah. And with equal probability the ecclesiastical aspira-

tion of young Houseal led him in the direction of the converging valleys of the Shenandoah and Potomac rivers, where a community from the Fatherland, speaking a common language, and devoted to Lutheranism as a common faith, was already established to welcome the new-comers. And so, in spite of the frontier of their home being thronged with savages and bordering on the wildest parts of the state, the immigrant family of Mayer and Houseal planted themselves on the ground, rich in soil and healthy in climate, which within three years beheld Braddock's defeat.

“Thus bravely did the first German minister in Halifax begin his career. Here Mr. Houseal, at the age of twenty-five, began his work as a minister of the Evangelical Lutheran church. The deed of the land on which the church was begun by Houseal, was given by Daniel Dulany to B. M. Houseal, as pastor. But the work, zealously begun, was stopped by the outbreak of the hostilities between the English, French, and Indians. Mr. Houseal's father-in-law only survived his emigration from his native land six months, dying in November 1752. His widow, sons, and daughter, removed to Pennsylvania, principally to Philadelphia. Mr. Houseal, however, did not leave his flock in Fredericktown until the year 1759, when

he took charge of a congregation in Reading, Pennsylvania. There he remained until 1768. From thence he went as clergyman to Easton, Pa., and occasionally, while there, officiated in Philadelphia. For a short time he was in South Carolina; but as his brother had lately emigrated there, it may have been only on a visit. In the year 1770 he was transferred to New York, then the leading province in America. His talents and industry procured him here the high position of senior minister of the ancient Lutheran church in that city. Here his sphere of influence continually increased, and his ability and address gave him an eminent position among the people. He appears to have been a man of much culture and scholarship. He was one of the Governors of New York college, and one of the corporators of the New York hospital. When the revolutionary troubles began, Houseal warmly espoused the cause of the king. There was a common bond of lineage between him and his sovereign. This, added to his naturally aristocratic temperament, made him an ardent defender of the rights of the monarchy. 'From the historical records of New York, we find him to have been loud in his declarations of loyalty to England, as one of the addressors of Lord Howe and Sir William Howe, after the occupation of New York in 1776.

When the British took possession of that capital in that year, Houseal's house and church were burnt, in all probability by the retreating rebels, who did not forget that the tory preacher had, with his customary boldness, denounced the revolutionists in no measured terms. During the war of independence Mr. Houseal remained in New York. At the peace of 1783, not being able in company with many others to reconcile his conscience to the American rule, he came in that year, accompanied by many of his congregation, as loyalist refugees to Halifax, long known as a place of safety to those who still adhered to their allegiance to the British crown. He was warmly welcomed by the British authorities. His family at this time consisted of three sons and seven daughters.

“The coming of Mr. Houseal was a great boon, as may well be supposed, to the German congregation of St. George's. Their church had been completed now for 22 years. They had heartily and sturdily kept up their services in their mother tongue, depending on occasional help from the rector of St. Paul's or any minister whom he might send. Not once during 34 years had their hearts been gladdened by the sound of a native minister speaking their own language. Dr. Breynton had with great kindness, which we are bound to say was duly appreciated, done for them all

that lay in his power. Now there had come to Halifax one born and educated in Fatherland, one who was not only an accomplished gentleman, but who could minister to them in their own beloved tongue. But here was the difficulty. Their school-master had been assisted by the English church, as the foster mother of the German mission. The Germans had, many of them, become warmly attached to that church, which had befriended them in the day of their loneliness. They were a poor and struggling community though they had a few men of means among them. The congregation in short was no longer Lutheran, though still German.

“Mr. Houseal had had many opportunities, during his sojourn in New York, of intercourse with the Episcopal clergy. He had seen their honest and manly support of the king's cause, and had sympathized with it. He equally with them had suffered, for his loyalty, the loss of all his possessions. He had known Charles Inglis, rector of Trinity church, had seen and admired the noble stand made by him against rebellion and bloodshed. He had stood by his side at the period when the troops of the continentals had overrun New York, and came in to intimidate the staunch royalist from praying for his king. A common danger cements an extraordinary friend-

ship, and common sympathies, especially political sympathies, are apt to sway the whole man. So when Houseal came to Halifax, a loyalist refugee, who had left all for his adherence to the cause of the king, and was received as a brother and friend by the loyal population of this city; when he found a congregation to his hand, German in nationality yet English by adoption, Lutheran by birth yet drawn to the Church of England by the strong and irresistible cords of love; he soon began to seriously consider whether he could not conform to the church to which his German compatriots were so powerfully attracted. It was no unimportant step he was called upon to take. It involved his whole ecclesiastical status. If he conformed to the Church of England, he must admit the invalidity of his previous ordination, and submit to the imposition of Episcopal hands. He must, after an expatriation from the land of his maturer years, again cross the stormy ocean, not in a palatial steamship, but in a small sailing vessel, and risk the greater danger of the return voyage. On the whole, it was a great sacrifice of principle and of personal comfort and ease, which he was called upon to make.

“From what is known of Mr. Houseal's previous career, of his erudition, accomplishments and personal

character, we may rest assured that any step taken by him would only be dictated by the purest motives, and carried out by a self-sacrificing integrity.

“In the course of a year he sailed for England; no doubt furnished with letters from the highest circles in Halifax. Preaching in a popular London chapel, he was heard, it is said, by a member of the royal family, probably Prince Edward, father of our present beloved queen. Soon after this he applied to the bishop of London for deacon's orders in the Church of England.

“He then received the chaplaincy of a regiment which was a favorite of the Duke of Kent. With this regiment he returned to Halifax, and there began his services to the Germans, leaving his regimental chaplaincy. He is described as a man of commanding stature, stately manner and dignified address, thoroughly educated in ancient and modern languages, as well as theology, and speaking Latin especially with remarkable fluency. In the British provinces which revolted from England, he served for thirty-one years as a minister of a Lutheran church, preaching in New York for fourteen years in English, German, French and Dutch. The sixteen years of his after life in Nova Scotia were devoted to God as a clergyman of the Church of England. His body lies in a vault underneath the old Dutch church. It is probable that Mr.

Houseal had been a student of medicine in his early life, and that he took the degree of Bachelor of Medicine before leaving Germany. Of this it is impossible to be quite sure, but the balance of evidence points that way."

Here, then, we find the old St. George's church, after having been built twenty-two years, with a new pastor in it, and the congregation, after more than thirty years of waiting, gathering around that pastor as one man. What a noble opportunity here was to found the Church of the Augsburg Confession! But Houseal was not the man to resist the blandishments of those in power. He took the gold of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel, and acquiesced in the scheme whereby the Lutherans were robbed of their property. He sacrificed his principles, as his reverend apologist and beneficiary of the act informs us. How much or how little he is to be censured, only God knows. He shall be the Judge. Houseal may have been a good man, although he evidently had no faculty for forecasting the probable effects of the causes which, at this juncture, he was the chief instrument in the hands of the Church of England people in helping to set in motion.

Many things must be considered in making up our estimate of the man and his work. The civil power

was entirely vested in the hands of the Church of England people. A man could not be so much as an overseer of roads, or constable, or tax-gatherer, unless a member of the Established Church. This membership was the *sine qua non* to social, as well as political preferment. And the desperate attempt was made on the part of those in power to so bind and coerce men's consciences, by making it the first essential to ecclesiastical existence. And in this sad case the attempt succeeded. Houséal fell before it.

Other religions than that of the Church of England were tolerated solely by reason of necessity. And no means were considered too despicable, no flattery too contemptible, to lure or to drive men from their own faith into conformity. The Provincial Council, consisting of twelve men, clothed with legislative and executive power, holding office for life, in no way accountable to the will of the people, with the Episcopal Bishop and Chief Justice as members, sitting with closed doors, could, and doubtless would, and probably did, legislate with the approval of the Governor in such a manner as to give the appearance of a legal sanction to the transfer of the property of the Lutheran congregation, growing more valuable and hence more desirable year by year, to the friendly congregation of St. Paul's. Such legal, judicial, ecclesiastical,

and doubtless also social and political pressure was brought to bear upon the Germans and their pastor, that it remained but a matter of time as to when the transfer should be effected. Nevertheless, the form of transfer was not yet formally made public. The German congregation, lulled into fancied security, occupied itself with trifles and slumbered in peace.

"Whitsuntide, June 1st, 1782," the old register goes on, "Mr. Otto William Schwartz presented the church a red altar and pulpit covering, on which was his name in golden letters."

"January 1st, 1784. Church meeting was held, and after due consideration the lot belonging to Mr. Ham was separated from the estate, because Mr. Casper Ham does not keep house and can make no use of the same, therefore all the church-wardens have concluded to take the same and let it as well as they can."

"January 1st, 1785. Two church-wardens resigned and four have been chosen in their places, so that in the future the number of church-wardens will be six and that of the elders three. Anthony Hänery, Charles Right, Daniel Hail, Philip Palmer.

"October 9th, 1785. To-day a church meeting was held, and it was agreed upon that because of the death of Otto William Schwartz another elder should be chosen. Mr. Peter Schmidt."

From this date onward to January 1st, 1807, the list of incoming officers is kept with uneventful smoothness, the names of another Schwartz, of a doctor or two, and of many new ones appearing, until at that date there comes a pause—

“An awful pause, prophetic of the end.”

CHAPTER XIII.

THE COMMUNION SERVICE AND THE BURYING GROUND.

THE unwritten history is no doubt quite as interesting as that which has been presented. There may be other records in existence which would throw new light upon the darkness; there may be persons interested who have access to those records, but doubtless they will see to it that what is not creditable to their antecedents in them shall be suppressed. The question of the ownership of St. George's church is by no means a settled question. No question is settled until rightly settled. And this, as it stands, is not right. Man may propose to have it settled so, but God disposes of events, and this question, if not arranged differently on earth, shall be taken on appeal to the Court of Heaven. There is a day of reckoning to come. For the alienation of this congregation from the pure truth of the Word of God as those Lutheran people had been taught it, as they held and believed it; for the act of robbing the Lutheran church of an unknown amount of property; for appropriating, under the pretext of a legal right, lands, churches, houses, communion service and instruments of music, there

may be, for aught we know, a day of retribution as well as reckoning.

At all events, it is to be regarded as a matter of wonder how this most questionable transaction is regarded by the honest and upright members of the Church of England. What sort of psychological phenomena must be presented by the pure minds of the worthy people of that denomination when they endeavor to honestly contemplate these hard facts, and make them conform with the simple principles of equity and justice! What, for example, can be the feelings which move in the mind of a devout communicant in St. George's church while receiving the consecrated elements of the Holy Communion from those stolen vessels! It would certainly be unfair to institute any comparison between their thoughts and those of Belshazzar reveling amid the sacred vessels stolen from the temple; for his father stole those vessels, while their fathers tried to keep these from being stolen. But no person of honor will question that it would be more in accord with the golden rule of our Lord Jesus, "Do unto others as you would have them do to you;" more conducive to clean hands and a pure heart; more in harmony with the love of God and Christian virtue, if the Church of England, as a matter of ordinary morality, were to relinquish its use

and fraudulent claims of the Lutheran church of St. George forever.

But that any intention of so doing exists does not appear. As an example of the feeling, it may be noted that of those now in possession one carried the communion vessels before the Nova Scotia Historical Society, and there put them upon exhibition. The taste which permitted such a display is on a level with the defense made and the tone and spirit in which it was given, as the unprejudiced reader may judge for himself. Appended is the defense in question, made by the reverend exhibitor, Mr. Partridge:

“The plate was sent for from England. It is curious that upon it is an inscription in English, and that the *Royal Arms* should be found engraven upon the front of it. This may have been either because the order was forwarded through the government, of which Mr. Richard Jacob may have been an official, or because the silversmiths in England, being ignorant of anything beyond an Established Church in England, thought that the Royal Arms, surmounting so many pieces of communion plate of a previous period, were the only suitable emblem for engraving upon these. This plate, duly arriving from the old country, was used for the first time by Rev. Dr. Breynton on October 10th, 1779. It is described as consisting of a

'silver can, a silver cup, one large and one small plate'—in all four pieces. The cost was £57 2s. 1d. The plate, which I here exhibit to you, was massive and suitable, and has been used continuously from that time to this. It was further ordered that the said 'silver plate should always be kept in one of the wardens' houses.' The amount of the cost of the plate was paid to Mr. Jacob from the funds on January 1st, 1780—and an entry to that effect was duly made in the account-book of the parish. A violent and absurd letter appears among those before mentioned as having been written by Rev. D. Luther Roth, a Lutheran minister, formerly of Lunenburg and at present (1887) residing in the United States. He draws a picture highly creditable to his imagination, however, but to nothing else, representing the perjured and abandoned Christians of St. George's receiving the sacrament from plate stolen from the Germans, and handed down from generation to generation of sacrilegious thieves. This plate was purchased by the German congregation for use in the communion service of the Church of England. It was never used for any other service. It was never handled by any one save an ordained priest of the Church of England. At the time when the old Church of St. George became too small for the in-

creasing population, and the new St. George's was erected, it passed from the dying hands of the first German ministers, (of whom more anon,) to the first regularly appointed English minister, to be used by him, and no one else.

"The congregation was by this time (1800) more than half English; and those who still retained their German predilections were inclined to the English Church, which alone had cared for their souls during a period of half a century; and when at last the congregation of George's, Germans and all, became conformed to the English Church and fully constituted of their own free will and accord after its model, this plate was handed over to the Rev. Robert Fitzgerald Uniacke (honored name in this city), and has passed from him to his successors. The uncalled-for and cruel attempt of this truly Christian minister, Mr. D. L. Roth, to stir up strife and create bitter feeling about the communion plate used in the holy mysteries of the Prince of Peace for one hundred and eight years, can only recoil on its pugnacious, untruthful author. The plate is consecrated by the hallowed use of more than a century, and one cannot envy the pious pretensions of one who would create ill-feeling and unchristian controversy over the sacred remains of the sainted dead. It cannot be too strongly em-

phasized that, from the earliest coming of the Germans to the present, no ordained minister has ever officiated in the German church, or its offshoot, the present St. George's, save a true and regular priest of the Church of England. It is correct, of course, to admit that of late years services have been held by a German Lutheran minister, Rev. Theodore Cossman, D. D., in the Dutch church, to German Lutherans in Halifax. But such services have been allowed solely by the Christian courtesy of the rectors of St. George's, in a building once occupied by German Lutherans, but for three-quarters of a century past the property of the Church of England. The communion plate here exhibited has never been used by other than Church of England priests, not even in the occasional services of the Dutch church by Lutheran ministers."

As will be observed, the whole question at issue as to the right of ownership is here admitted. The fact so emphatically reiterated and insisted upon, that "no one but a true and regular priest of the Church of England" has ever officiated in the church or handled the vessels, is just where the wrong lies, for those priests have no right before God and never had a right to do so. That plate was purchased in 1779 for the use of the Lutherans: yet here it is gravely asserted that it was "for use in the communion service of

the Church of England." The records of St. George's disprove the claim. For if that claim be worth anything, it must cover the whole period; but as no such attempt has been made, the whole absurd, untruthful, and insolent fabric falls. The highest claim made is for "three-quarters of a century past," but whose building and communion plate were these before? That church was built and consecrated as a Lutheran church. What right have priests of the Church of England to hold it in possession? That the Germans called in a priest of that denomination to officiate for them is doubtful. That those priests took advantage of their shepherdless condition to have their services accepted is probable. That the Lutherans ever permitted them to officiate was less their fault than their misfortune. And the consequences as they now appear should serve as a warning against the officious intermeddling of all sectarians, among the Lutheran people who know them, for all time to come.

The old church, the first one built by the Germans, still stands. It was on a lovely Sunday morning in the month of June when I visited it. On that Sunday morning I walked out Brunswick street in search of it. The ubiquitous small boy was there; playing marbles on the sidewalk. Him I accosted:

"My boy, is there an old church out here somewhere?"

"No."

"Are you sure?"

"Do you mean the Round church?"

"No, a little old church."

"Oh, you mean the Chicken-cock church, don't you?"

"Probably that is it. Can you tell where it is?"

"Why, right down there," and he pointed with his finger to the little steeple rising in the distance, bearing on its apex the effigy of the historic bird which startled Peter, and gave the boy sufficient reason for the irreverent name which he had applied in pointing it out. I approached the building and standing beneath its shadow, uncovered. Nothing in its appearance was suggestive, by even the remotest hint of architectural beauty, magnificence of design, or splendor of detail. While this was all, it was not worth attempting to "convey." Yet here the fathers met and worshiped, and reverence for their memory caused me to feel as though I stood on consecrated ground, and to stand uncovered regardless of the inquiring looks of the passers by. The building is a small frame structure about twenty feet wide by thirty in length. It stood on the north-east corner of the intersection of Brunswick and Gerrish streets. Over the entrance to the little sanctuary is the inscription

"ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH, 1755."

The lot on which it stands is enclosed by a fence of rough flagstone, badly broken down and exceedingly ragged in appearance. It has been used as a place of burial in times past, but shows no evidence of recent interments. Stepping over the broken wall, the visitor will at once observe that it is utilized for other purposes now. It has the appearance of being the general receptacle for the old tin cans, ragged baskets, brushwood, collapsed stove-pipes, broken bottles, wrecked hoop-skirts, and common rubbish of the whole neighborhood.

Of the several hundred graves in it, one-fourth, perhaps, are marked by sandstone tablets; of these stones more than nine-tenths are broken; not half a dozen among the whole number stand upright. Such a dilapidated cemetery cannot be found, perhaps, in any other city in Christendom. The like of it I never looked upon before, and I hope I never shall see again. Yet how we Lutherans would prize that old church and cemetery if we might call it ours! Entering the *Gottes Acker* as I did, with the heart full of solemn reverence, who can describe the revulsion of feeling which swept over me as I stood among the graves in that hallowed spot, defiled by the accumulated filth of generations, and so shamefully neglected by those who

claim to own it? The whole history of their connection with it, from the manner in which they got it to the manner in which they keep it, is alike shameful, and a standing disgrace to the would-be high-toned Episcopalians who now claim it. In fact, the condition of that old cemetery, *me judice*, is a disgrace to the city.

From there, with a sad heart, I went to the new St. George's church, called from its circular form the "Round church," built by the Lutherans, as the old one had been, and from them "conveyed" (it is Shakespeare who says, "Men stealing call 'convey'") to the Episcopalians of the Church of England, and there, fortunately, found the people assembling for worship, with whom I entered. In sincerity I endeavored to worship God there, but it was out of the question. Staring me in the face, in the conspicuous position to which I had been assigned, was the mural tablet sacred to the memory of that steadfast deacon, that Lutheran of the Lutherans, Otto William Schwartz; meek faces of women and kind eyes of men of evident German origin and antecedents around me, in unconscious acquiescence with the dishonor of the name and faith of their ancestors; a humdrum preacher droning in the pulpit; and vivid in my mind's eye the picture of that desecrated burial ground, I was in no fit mood for worship.

And now, upon the publication of these things, the self-styled "Rector of St. George's church" rushes into print with this explanation, the further circulation of which he now has, like the churches he claims, from Lutherans, gratis. Please God, the feathers shall fly from this bird, if he tear them out himself! Hearken unto him.

"THE LUTHERANS OF HALIFAX.

"To the Editor of the *Herald*:"

"SIR.—I have been trying to imagine what can be the purpose of a gentleman, living in the United States, and signing himself Luther D. Roth, and who says he speaks as a Lutheran, when he writes to your valuable journal a series of letters on the early history of the Germans in Halifax. Can he really be so ignorant of human nature as to suppose that any one would seriously reply to what can only be described as a mass of unchristian, uncharitable insinuations against the memory and action of a number of gentlemen of highest integrity during their useful and honored lives, and against whom not the shadow of suspicion has ever been suggested by any one but Luther D. Roth? It is now more than one hundred years since the Rev. Bernard Michael Houseal, a gentleman of good family, and of whose honor and unblemished reputation no one except Luther D. Roth has hitherto

entertained the slightest doubt, whose dust lies now in the old German burying-ground, came to Halifax, and having received ordination at the hands of the then Bishop of London, entered upon his duties as a clergyman of the Church of England to the Germans in Halifax. All that now remains to Luther D. Roth equally with the present representatives of the German church of St. George, is the plain fact that for reasons best known to themselves, and inscribed at length upon the later records of St. George's church, the Germans joined, of their own free will and accord, the Church of England. Why this should arouse the violent and unreasoning rage of Luther D. Roth, at so long an interval of time, and for what reason this very Christian and Lutheran minister should, under shelter of a foreign country, take pleasure in heaping obloquy upon the honored dead, is best known to his virtuous self. Should he, at any time, change his most ungentlemanly and uncalled-for attack upon St. George's church—repudiated, I am thankful to say, by the most prominent German Lutherans at present living in Halifax—into a reasonable inquiry into the facts of history, I shall be most happy to supply him with the information of which he now confesses himself ignorant. Until then, we can only preserve an indignant silence. The whole spirit and tone of his com-

munications to your journal are quite unworthy of any other treatment. Luther D. Roth asserts that he speaks for the Lutherans. If this be so, the Lutherans are not to be congratulated on their spokesman.

“FRANCIS PARTRIDGE,

“Rector of St. George’s Church.”

Who would have believed, upon any less trustworthy authority than this, that the dust of that so highly honored man of God, the Rev. Bernard Michael Houseal, rests in that old German burying ground? And those other gentlemen of unimpeached integrity, of useful, honored lives—lies their dust, too, in that so horribly desecrated spot? High honor this, indeed! And must the pen of the wayfarer be stayed because the lapse of time has been so great! We trow not. There are some deeds of monumental wickedness which time never can make right. There are some scenes once gazed upon which no distance can efface. The shelter of no foreign land is needed for their denunciation; nor were it the Antipodes, could it be far enough away to cover the memory of that masterly deed of “conveyancing,” nor yet blot out the sight of that dishonored place of dead men’s last repose.

To the reverend gentleman who protests with such vehemence against allowing the light to shine upon the deeds of the past and the derelictions of the pres-

ent, I have to say, I seek no controversy. The "indignant silence" into which he lapses suits well his purpose, and he is welcome to maintain it. Far be it from me to compel him to speak. I have made no wanton attack upon St. George's Church in particular, nor upon the Church of England in general. I now publicly profess for that body what I have ever privately entertained, that is, the highest esteem. She has much that I reverence and honor. Among her ministers and people are many whom I reckon as my very dear friends. And yet, to quote the language of one of the most eminent divines of the Lutheran Church of the United States: "It (the Episcopal Church) is not without its spots and besetting sins. We have often been struck with its facile and impudent proselytism, especially of Lutherans. Having obtained nearly everything of value in its Articles and Book of Common Prayer from Lutheran hands, it has ever shown a particular penchant for getting our people also. Nor are the means employed always in harmony with the civility, high tone and apostolic purity to which its people are apt to make rather undue pretensions. The adroit injustice by which the old Swedish Lutheran churches on the Delaware and Schuylkill were wrested to the Episcopalians and are held by them, is a matter of history which will not admit of justification."

The history of the despoilment of St. George's, Halifax, stands in the same category as "adroit injustice." And the time has gone by for Lutherans to stand by with closed lips or to open them to condone these offences. We denounce the whole proceeding as the act of a villain, perpetrated under the gown of a priest. It is prelatical piracy, and those who are guilty of it and live by it should haul down the banner of the Cross, and hoist the black flag of the pirate. And so long as they refuse to make every restitution in their power, let them bear before the world the odium of their deeds. In the case under consideration they have to give answer to the charge of unlawfully sequestering two Lutheran churches with all their property to their own uses. And the world shall know it, though it be a thousand years after the perpetration of the deed; for it is an act which can never be justified as an act of righteousness, either in time or in eternity.

When the Rev. Dr. Charles E. Cossmann went to hold Divine service in Halifax—as he has done at intervals for more than fifty years—he was obliged to go first to those having control of the old German Lutheran church and ask their permission before using it. It is due to them to state that (to my knowledge) the request was never refused. But let the humiliation

of such a proceeding be considered. Who but one filled with the grace of God, could have the meekness and lowliness to do it! The bitter irony of fate is in it. And when I learned that fact, I determined to sift the history to its depths, God helping me, if it lay in my power to do so. I accordingly addressed a respectful request to the Rev. Mr. Uniacke, then rector of St. George's, for light upon the subject. He referred me to another gentleman. Him I likewise respectfully addressed, but my communication was treated with contemptuous silence. But with God's help I found the light I needed in the parish register itself. And now, if the reverend rector in charge will come out of the "indignant silence" into which he lapsed, and will give me to see that it can be right, in the sight of God and man, to require of an honored Lutheran minister that he should be obliged to ask permission of Church of England authorities to hold Divine service in a Lutheran church, I shall remain silent and satisfied. I have spoken.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE FOUNDING OF LUNENBURG.

THERE are few persons who have not a weakness. Some, to be sure, have many; but while they lament them in general they cherish that special one in particular. To such a particular weakness I plead "guilty in the first degree." And as open confession is good for the soul, I may as well confess here and now that my weakness is for old books. An antiquated volume covered with the regulation hog-skin, black with the gathered stains of time, clasped with ponderous clasps of brass, stamped with half-obliterated designs which once shone resplendent upon its broad back, discolored as to its pages, worm-eaten, printed in black letter, and bearing upon its title-page the honorable imprint of some long-forgotten publisher, regardless of its subject matter, I ever hail as a treasure. When in the course of human events one becomes possessed of such a treasure, a venerable relic, not printed but written, written by the living hand of a fellow-man, a strong hand skilled to toil, as well as to the use of the pen, a hand long moldered away, the value of the volume is enhanced. But

when the subject matter of the book is that in which one is deeply interested; when it comes from the hand of one whose position was most advantageous for knowing what one wants to know; and when the garnered knowledge in no other book on earth is to be found, then is its value more than treasure-trove. Tischendorf discovering the MSS. of the New Testament among the recluses of Mt. Sinai, Luther finding the Bible in the monastery of Erfurt, were not filled with greater or more genuine joy than I in the acquisition of one such ancient volume.

Among the people with a history of more than a century behind them, but without any authentic record of the past save the dull chronicles of the parish register, while the air is filled with the whispers of traditions that are growing more dim as the rumor of them becomes less audible, in the very nature of things it would appear that there must be such a hog-skin-covered volume somewhere. I felt the inevitable necessity for the existence of such a volume, felt it in my bones, and proved my faith by my endeavor to find it. I made inquiry wherever I went. I questioned in particular the old people, and ran up any clue, however slight, with such persistency that to more than one grandfather, dozing in the chimney-corner, I became an object of suspicion and distrust.

A seeker after the fabulous treasures of Captain Kidd could not have been more pertinacious. I hunted through old chests, I found strange things, old deeds, letters, family records, emigrant passes and certificates, in out-of-the-way places, and finally that queer old locked, bolted, iron-bound money-chest, for which there was no key, stored away in a closet in the tower of the church in Lunenburg. The chest contained something, but before it was opened only Infinite Wisdom could tell what that something was. I said in my heart it was the long-sought volume, procured a file, laboriously filed the lock off and opened the chest. I confess to a sense of guilt in doing this. It was accomplished surreptitiously. And when it was done I found—tell it not in Gath, and publish it not in the streets of Askelon—sundry copies of a book of “church forms,” published by a long departed predecessor: “only this and nothing more.” And I came down from that high tower humbled and ashamed. But that very hour a man was waiting in my house, with that very hog-skin-covered book, to place it in my hands, and that book contained the substantial facts concerning the history of the people and settlement, whose history I so much desired to know.

In what is here to be written, particular attention

shall be given to the founding and development of the Lutheran church in the town and county of Lunenburg. My residence there for almost a decade, and the familiar intercourse enjoyed with the present venerable pastor, Charles E. Cossmann, D. D., as well as with many aged inhabitants of the place, together with continual and painstaking reference to all records available, has given me an opportunity for acquiring the information I shall present, and enabled me to make out a reasonably clear chain of history from the beginning until now. And, moreover, in the narration of the events to be brought forward, I shall not allow anything to swerve me from telling without fear or favor what I believe to be the historical truth. Malice toward none and charity toward all shall actuate me in this labor of love.

My principal authority for this history is the unpublished German MS. previously mentioned, written by the faithful, exact and reliable chronicler Andreas Jung, of blessed memory. He was one of the original settlers, a man of fair education, and a devoted churchman. For a period extending from 1753 to 1808 he was one of the leaders among the Lutherans, an elder and the church treasurer from the formation of the congregation to the time of his death. His descendants are still to be found in connection with the con-

gregation. And it was from the hands of one of these descendants, Mr. Francis Young, of Martin's Brook, that this MS., which he wrote, came into my possession. With this, by way of introduction, let us to the story.

The name LUNENBURG, applied to the town and county which they settled in Nova Scotia, shows the affectionate regard of the Germans for the land of their birth. Many of them came from the Duchy of Lüneburg, in Lower Saxony, the capital of which is a fortified town of the same name, on the river Ilmenau. In the *Agende*, or Book of Church Forms, prepared for the use of the Church in the Province by the late Rev. Dr. Temme, published in Philadelphia, 1816, as also in the Lutheran hymn-book, issued in London, 1820, for the same body, the name is spelled Lüneburg; but having become Anglicized, the proper orthography calls for two n's in the name.

Lunenburg was erected into a county by Act of Assembly, August 7th, 1759. Next to Halifax, it is the oldest settlement formed by the English government in the Province of Nova Scotia. The first record of that part in which the shire town is located dates back to 1630, when it occurs in a grant from Sir Wm. Alexander to Claude and Charles La Tour, dated April 30th, in which grant is a description of the

boundaries of the French settlement at and near La Have. It is spoken of in a grant from Oliver Cromwell to Charles La Tour and others, dated August 9th, 1656, under its Indian appellation of "Merliguesche," a word in the language of the Micmacs, meaning Milky Bay. In 1686, it is again referred to in the census returns of De Muelles under the same name. There were then at La Have and Merliguesche nineteen souls, three arpents tilled (nearly three acres), nine fusils and one pig. Governor Phillips in 1720 recommends that a settlement be made there, and describes it as a place conveniently situated for the seat of government.

In 1722 it again appears in connection with a tragedy partly enacted and partly averted. This tragedy, like a stain of blood almost effaced by the lapse of time, has passed away from the recollection of man. Not a dozen people in the province to-day, perhaps, so much as know it ever occurred, although at the time of its occurrence all who heard it shuddered. The fishing fleet, not then the large and well-appointed body it is now, blocked by untoward weather and head winds, lay peacefully at anchor in the Strait of Canseau. The thought of danger did not enter the minds of the hardy and jovial sons of the sea. Seventeen vessels, with their seventeen crews,

lay idly in the passage, waiting for the favorable winds to blow and speed them on their way. But an enemy hovered round, secret, silent, vindictive as Nemesis. And when in the unguarded hour of the night the yells of painted savages burst upon the startled ears of the fishermen, not a soul of them was ready for the fray. They fought like heroes, but their enemies overpowered them, outnumbering them three to one. Those who were not tomahawked and murdered on the spot were taken prisoners and their vessels seized. A large number of prisoners were taken by the savages, reserved for torture, and carried away. But reprisal followed attack with swift and vengeful step. Some of the vessels were retaken by Captain Robinson, together with many of the prisoners, and many of the Indians killed. Twenty of these prisoners, however, had been already carried to Merliguesche, which at that time would appear to have been the seat of an Indian village, and there, bound hand and foot, were under the guard of their savage captors, awaiting the slow lingering death by torture at the stake. The pow-wow had been held, preparations had been completed, and the fires of death were ready to be lighted, when, in the midst of their barbarous revelry, the Indians were surprised by the arrival of an English sloop-of-war under the command of Captain Blin. He

had been at one time himself a prisoner, and while in the hands of the Indians a signal had been agreed upon which should be a protection to him. He made this signal and several of the Indians went off to the sloop. Proposals were made by him for the ransom of the captives, and the Indians, though loath to give up the anticipated scalp-dance around their intended victims, nevertheless accepted the proffered ransom; the prisoners were set free and carried away on board the sloop, rejoicing in their unexpected escape from torture and death.

In 1745, Messieurs Beauharnais and Hocquart, in a letter to Count de Maurepas, bearing date September 12th, write: "At Merliguesche, a small harbor five leagues east of La Have, are only eight settlers; among the rest is Paul Guidry alias Grivois" (jovial or jolly) "a good coast pilot." The Micmacs of 1722 had now departed from their village and the French Acadians were in peaceable possession.

The next recorded mention of the place is that to which reference has already been made, being that of the Hon. Edward Cornwallis, in 1749, at which time the original eight French Acadians had increased to upwards of fifty families. He says in his report: "They seem to be very peaceable; say they always looked upon themselves as English subjects; have

their grants from Colonel Mascarene, the Governor of Annapolis, and showed an unfeigned joy to hear of the new settlement. They assure us the Indians are quite peaceable and not to be feared. There are none hereabouts."

It was now determined by the authorities at Halifax to form a new settlement, and steps were taken to locate it. At a meeting of H. M. Council, at Halifax, August 23d, 1750, the following localities were named as suitable for the projected colony:

La Have, Malagash, Head of Chebucto Bay, Northwest River and opposite side of Halifax harbor. We have no details of the discussion.

At a meeting of the same, May 10th, 1753, it was "Resolved that the Settlement to be made at Merligash be called the Township of Lunenburg, the District thereof to be hereafter ascertained."

There is further proof that the name Lunenburg was not at first applied to the settlement merely; in Colonel Lawrence's commission, dated May 28th, 1753, we find that he was deputed "* * * to settle a Township by the name of Lunenburg, lying on the harbor of Merligash in this Province."

Malagash was chosen on account of its nearness to Halifax, its good harbor, and its productive fisheries; though there is little doubt the choice of location was

a mistake, for had the town been located at La Have, it would in all probability have been more populous, important and larger than it is. At the mouth of that finest river in the Province there is room for several towns, and the harbor is safe, commodious and easy of access. Lumbering and manufacturing would then have been combined with fishing and commerce to make Lunenburg what it never can be where it is.

“A short time before the sailing of the expedition, Governor Hopson received intelligence of an alarming nature, as the following letter to the Lords of Trades and Plantations explains:

“HALIFAX, MAY 25TH, 1753.

“MY LORDS: I last night received an express from the officer commanding at Pisiquid (Windsor) advising me that he is credibly informed that there are three bodies of Indians disposed of in those parts, amounting to about three hundred, who lie there in readiness, as they give out, to oppose the settlement of Merlegash, and intend to begin their march there as soon as they have information when the settlers are to sail, which information they propose to get by intercepting our courier; but as I had intelligence before the couriers were despatched, I have sent letters by them calculated to fall into the hands of the Indians, acquainting the officer that I have sent a large party to Cobe-

quid to see how the Indians are disposed, and that I had deferred the expedition until their return.

“However, the first embarkation of them will sail as soon as the wind is fair, and will consist of about 450 persons armed and fit for service, the troops included; the rest will follow as soon as I hear these have got a footing.

“The only vessel of force we have here is the “Albany,” Sloop of War, Capt. Rous commander, whom I have been obliged to request to countenance the new settlement, which he has most heartily undertaken.”

The desired effect was produced. No Indians appeared to oppose the landing, but very shortly after it they became numerous.

The expedition was ready to sail on the 28th of May. It consisted of fifteen transports, varying from 60 to 98 tons, and the sloop “York,” Captain Sylvanus Cobb.

The following is an extract from a letter written by Governor Hopson to the Lords of Trade and Plantations, dated July 23d, 1753.

“* * * I pitched upon Merlegash for the out-settlement of the Foreigners. It was preferable to Musquedoboit, as there is a good harbor, which is wanting at Musquedoboit. Had it been possible to have sent the settlers by land, it would have been a

great satisfaction to me to have saved the expense of hiring vessels, but on enquiring found it absolutely impossible, not only as they would have had at least fifty miles to go through the woods, but there is not any road. . . .”

The expedition, under command of Captain Lawrence, afterward Governor of the Province, and best known as the officer who gave Colonel Winslow his orders and authority for the removal of the French Acadians, sailed on the day specified, and arrived at its destination June seventh, 1753, from which date forever the founding of Lunenburg is to be reckoned.

There were in the company one thousand four hundred and fifty-three emigrants, Germans, Swiss, and Montbeliards, as stated above. The ship “Albany,” Capt. Rouse, acted as convoy. Colonel Lawrence was the commander of the expedition. Other prominent men were Capt. Patrick Sutherland, Lieutenant John Creighton and Mr. Sebastian Zouberbuhler, who had been appointed Justices of the Peace for the new settlement.

On entering the harbor, they came to anchor, and sent scouts ashore to ascertain whether any Indians were about. None being observed, they disembarked at the mouth of a small brook on the north-east side of the harbor. The hill adjoining and the

brook were named in honor of Capt. Rouse. The name is still retained.

Immediately after landing the settlers proceeded to cut a road from the shore to the top of the hill which overlooks the harbor, and to erect a block-house thereon. The hill has since been known as "Block-house Hill," and is now known by no other name, although at one time it was called "Windmill Hill." A story is told of a woman who was observed leaning against a hemlock tree near the landing place and weeping bitterly at the hard prospect before them. They next cleared away the woods, principally spruce and hackmatack, from the town plot. This was laid out in six divisions, which were named after the officers appointed to command each—Zouberbuhler's, Creighton's, Moreau's, Rudolf's, Strasburgher's and Steinfeld's. The first of these is the furthest west. Huts and log houses were erected as the ground was cleared, but owing to want of accommodations, the settlers must have had a hard time of it for a few days. Now-a-days, "camping out" is great fun, but we may be sure that the unfortunate emigrants got but little fun out of their "tenting on the cold ground." What a change it must have been for them! How their hearts must have yearned for their dear Fatherland, never perhaps dearer than when they found them-

selves in the lonely spot that was henceforth to be their home!

Each settler was allowed a town lot, a garden lot, and a three-hundred-acre lot. These were assigned by drawing lots, and the owner was required to enclose his town lot and erect suitable buildings. Each head of a family building a house was assigned 700 feet of boards, with nails proportionate, and 500 bricks. As it was expedient to make the settlement as compact as possible, for fear of the attacks of the Indians, no buildings were allowed to project beyond a certain limit, and for the same reason a picket fence was run across from the harbor in front of the town to that at the back, and a chain of nine block-houses was built; one at Mush-a-Mush (Mahone Bay), one at Upper La Have—on a high hill about eight miles from Lunenburg, where one of the guards was killed by the Indians—one at Lower La Have, and one about two miles from Mush-a-Mush, which district has since been known as "Block-house."

Very soon after the landing, the Indians made their presence felt by murdering every settler who happened to get beyond the line of defence. A militia regiment was organized, with Patrick Sutherland, Esq., as Lieutenant Colonel, Leonard C. Rudolf, Esq., as Major, and ——— Wiederholtz, as Adjutant. The men were

armed, and guards were kept day and night. The Indians kept them constantly on the alert, as scarcely a day passed without either some encounter with the savages, or some alarm of their presence.

Where the sleepy little French settlement had stood through so many years undisturbed, except by the occasional visits of the neighboring friendly Indians, a scene of busy activity was now presented. The forests encroaching on the little area of cleared land by the sea had to be cut away, mills for converting the luxuriant growth into building material had to be erected, and out of the scanty means at their command the settlers had to make for themselves such houses as they could. But first they must know where they should erect their habitations, and what particular spot each man should call his own. The town was accordingly laid out in six divisions, named after the officers in charge: Zouerbuhler's on the extreme west, Creighton's, Moreau's, Rudolf's, Strasburgher's, following in order, and Steindorf's farthest east. The town lots were then disposed of by the casting of the lot, and each settler was allowed in addition a three hundred-acre tract of woodland in the vicinity and a thirty-acre field adjoining. More than five hundred town lots were drawn, and upon these, huts of bark, houses of logs, and such other structures as the means of the

proprietors would allow, were hastily erected. By the end of the following year five saw-mills were in operation, and three hundred and sixty houses, cabins and huts were erected.

A glance at the plan of the town, as it stands to-day, shows the power that governed at its inception. Through the centre, from east to west, extends a space one block in width, devoted to public uses. In the centre of this space, where the middle point of the original town plot lay, is located the Church of England church. Although the settlement was composed of people, the great majority of whom were not in accord with the religious teachings of that body, nevertheless its building had the preferred location, because that body had the power.

The squares into which the town was laid out are exact, but the streets are exceedingly narrow, and being destitute of sidewalks, are a continual perplexity and wonder to the visitor accustomed to that luxury, and unused to walking on the middle of a street, on a common level with the patient ox. But it was for good reasons that the streets were made narrow, reasons valid at the time, no doubt, and hence not to be criticised with undue severity. Wide streets would spread the town over more ground and separated the people, when, for mutual defense and friendliness, their

first aim was to draw near together. And, moreover, in those early days sidewalks were not in vogue.

The sufferings of the inhabitants of the new town were terrible to contemplate. From insufficient food, scanty clothing, and the exposure incident upon the enterprise in which they were engaged, from dwelling in poor houses, and being unused to the rigors of the climate, sicknesses that were fatal, and sufferings that were dreadful, prevailed among them. Small-pox, fevers, and other contagious diseases broke out among them, and thinned their falling ranks. The mortality among them was awful. The Rev. Mr. Moreau, in a letter to the corresponding committee of the S. P. G. in Halifax, makes the statement, now almost incredible, that by the end of the year 1753 three-fourths of the people had died. That is, in seven months, out of one thousand four hundred and fifty-three, one thousand and eighty-nine were in their graves; only three hundred and sixty-four remained.

It was not alone disease and exposure that brought death. The Indians, with whom the feeble French settlements of the Acadians here and elsewhere had always cultivated friendly relations, now saw with alarm their hunting grounds encroached upon by the establishment of the English, and they hung upon the outskirts of the new-born Lunenburg, ready at any

moment to swoop down, murder and destroy. A cordon of block-houses was built around the town for its defence. These were structures in the shape of square houses, made of thick logs, entered by means of a ladder, without windows, but with loop-holes to see through and shoot from, provisioned to stand a short siege, and garrisoned in times of special alarm. Nine of these buildings were erected upon the hills which commanded the most extensive view of the neighborhood. The central part immediately around the town was enclosed with a stockade of high pickets, sharpened at the top, and securely fastened in the ground. But despite all precaution and the employment of every available means of defence, many of the settlers lost their lives at the hands of their dusky foes. An awful glamour hangs round many a spot in the vicinity where their barbarous deeds were done. Sacrifice Island and Murderer's Point received their sinister names from murders committed there.

The Hon. Judge Des Brisay, in his valuable history of the county, gives the following sketch of one of their deeds of blood. Two men, named Tanner and Wagner, were swimming in the La Have, near where now stands Hirtle's mill. Hearing a dog bark, and seeing Indians approaching, they dressed with all speed and attempted to escape. Wagner was killed,

and a musket-ball passed through Tanner's waistcoat and shirt. The name of the Indian who shot Wagner was Labrador. Years afterward, when Tanner lived on Heckman's Island, Labrador encamped there for the purpose of catching mink, and went to Tanner's house, where he boasted of the large number of men he had killed. After the occurrence at the river Tanner naturally felt aggrieved at this, and several times went with his gun to shoot Labrador; but his conscience would not allow him. To the end of his days he never could look on a red man with equanimity, and whenever he spoke of one it was by the name of *Teufel*.

Two of the guard, on duty at the block-house near where Wagner was shot, were sent to Lunenburg for provisions. Reaching Dare's Lake, around which a foot-path had been made, they were tracked by the dogs of the Indians, and having climbed into trees, were shot down by the savages. The firing was heard at the block-house, and a party going out found their comrades, from whom life had just departed. They buried them, and passed on to Lunenburg. On their return they found that the bodies had been disinterred and scalped.

The following extract from the Parish Register of St. John's church speaks for itself:

"Buried by Rev. Jean Baptiste Moreau, August 27th, 1758.

<i>Joseph Hye,</i>	} Scalped."
<i>Conrad Hatty,</i>	
<i>Rosina, his wife,</i>	

The following is a literal copy of an old Journal of the same date.

"A Journal Book kept when gon hunting after the Indians, September 8th, 1758, under the command of Capt. Christopher Jessen, and Lieut. Campbell of the regular troops:

"1758. Sept. 8th.—This morning a party of twenty-three men, regular troops and one Lieut. Campbell, and one Capt. Lieut., four Lieuts., six sergeants, eight corporals, and sixty-one private men of the militia, being in the whole one hundred and four, under the command of the officers, Lieut. Campbell, of the regulars, and Capt. D. Christopher Jessen, of the militia, went away in the morning at six o'clock, to La Have block-house, and came there about ten o'clock and a half. Out about four miles from the block-house, close to the road, we found two soldiers scalped, and bare naked, except one coat lying upon them. They were going to town for provisions, and about seven of the clock in the morning, they hearing two guns firing off, and this finder poor fellows where scalped. From the block-house we stood

W. by N. About ten miles from the block-house we encamped. Nothing extraordinary. About five o'clock we found the place where the Indians had rested themselves for about two hour.

"9th.—We steered away from hence N. E. about five miles, then made a halt to breakfast, but in the morning made some tracks of Indians, and the different divisions were ordered to be ready to. At ten o'clock we steered E. N. E., and about 11 o'clock we found a place where the Indians encamped, but could discover nothing. A little after 5 o'clock we came to encampment. Nothing extraordinary, except we found the place on La Have river where the Indians got over, and the road was to be seen at the other side.

"10th.—At six o'clock we went away from our encampment, steered E. S. E., and about 8 o'clock we came down to Mush-mush river, eight miles from block-house, and from thence we went down by the river, and arrived at 11 o'clock at the block-house Mush-mush, and about two o'clock we went to Baker's in Oakland, and was rainy weather, but we met nothing extraordinary.

"11th.—From the 10th in the afternoon, to the 11th day, rainy weather. Encamped by Baker's till about 12 o'clock, when, clearing up went to Mush-mush, and from thence to N. W. Range block-house, where we

got intelligence from Pierre Jean, who sent his son last Friday, to No. 24 L. B., between 8 and 10 o'clock, and in coming back he was carried off by the Indians, being ten years old. From the block-house we stood South-west for about three miles, then stood S. S. E., where we encamped. Nothing extraordinary.

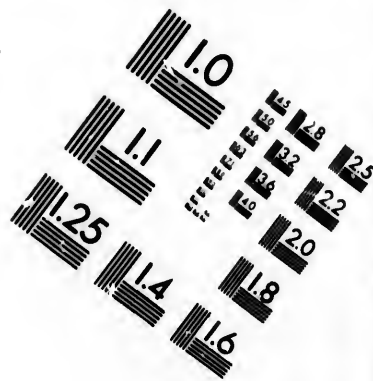
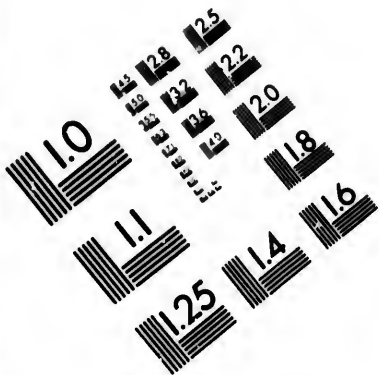
" 12th.—About eight o'clock went from our encampment, and steered E. S. E., about six miles, and from thence stood W. S. W. about five miles, where we encamped between La Have and Centre, about five miles from the block-house * * * * for guard before we came to Centre, at the back of N. W. Range, we found a ladder four steps high. Nothing extraordinary.

" 13th.—From our encampment between or at the back of Centre and La Have, and stood through the woods at the back of La Have settlement. Came there about four o'clock. Nothing extraordinary.

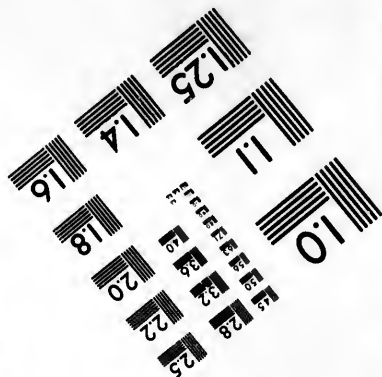
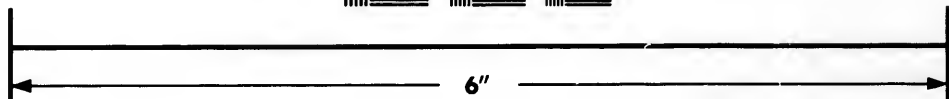
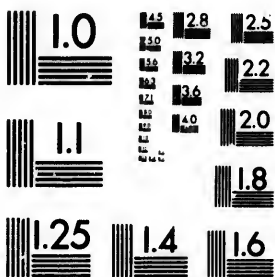
" 14th.—From La Have we marched to the head of Rose Bay, to old Meyer, and from hence to old Miller, * * * * and encamped behind F. Heyberger's lot, but nothing extraordinary.

" 15th.—We went away from our encampment about six o'clock in the morning, and about twelve o'clock arrived at town in Lunenburg, and dismissed our men, and gave them thanks for their good services."





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This somewhat confused account of one of the many expeditions sent out from the infant settlement, with its queer nautical terms and precision of detail, will serve as the history of the others, different as to particulars, but similar in outline; for the settlers and soldiers many a time "gon hounting after the Indians," while they were laying the foundations of the town in their blood.

CHAPTER XV.

PROSCRIPTION, REBELLION AND TROUBLE.

THE Indians continued their depredations, and emboldened by their success, threatened the extinction of the settlement. In the first seven years the population barely made up the losses of the first. Incited by the missionaries of the French sent down from Quebec, chief among whom was the Jesuit La Loutre, and paid for every murder of an English settler by the silver francs and louis d' or of the Christian Frenchmen, the heathen red men reveled in blood and massacre. Dartmouth, opposite Halifax, at that time felt their hostile hand. The cries of her citizens perishing under the scalping-knife and tomahawk, reached and pierced the heart of the governor. The flames of her burning dwellings cast their lurid glare across the dark waters of Chebucto Bay, and through the midnight gloom his excellency, by their aid, saw the need of stern dealing untempered with mercy if the colony were to be saved from its relentless foes.

Accordingly it was proclaimed that for every male Indian prisoner taken above sixteen years of age, a reward of £30 should be given; for the scalp of such

an one the bounty was to be £25, and for women and children the reward was to be in proportion. Think of it! To set these men to slay their fellow-men! To fill the woods with hunters after Micmacs! To aid, abet and by legal proclamation sanction and reward murder! To encourage by the highest civil authority that which in all civilized governments has been dealt with as the highest crime!

But when it is remembered what horrible atrocities called forth such awful reprisals, the inhumanity appears less inexcusable. Those were perilous times, "the times that tried men's souls;" the times of sowing in tears which as their fruit have given us the peaceful hours we now enjoy. And while the thought of shedding human blood must ever be abhorrent to the good, yet to those whose only choice lay between death to themselves, their wives and children, or the death of their savage foes, the natural alternative to choose would be the latter.

It would be interesting at this period in the history of the colony to have had a census of its settlers tabulated according to their religion. There were among them adherents of the Church of England, Roman Catholics, German Reformed and Lutherans; but of the exact number adhering to any particular confession we must ever remain in uncertainty. The civil

and military power was vested in the hands of the Church of England people. True to their traditions, they exercised it to their own advantage, without respect to the rights of others. To expect from them that even in this reign of terror, and under the shadow of death through which the infant settlement was passing, they would forego the opportunity presented for dragooning people into the Established Church, would be to ignore all that history teaches concerning their peculiar methods and tactics.

About the time the proclamations were being issued for the Indian scalps, other proclamations appeared, high-sounding proclamations from the authorities at Halifax, making it known abroad that "no declaration or measure should at any time be used to disturb or prevent dissenters from the full exercise of their religious principles and mode of worship." The very fact that such a proclamation was necessary shows that it was useless. The very words in which it was issued prove that it meant nothing. "Dissenters," for example. Dissenters from what?

But there was method in this madness. The English character was simply asserting itself. It always will assert itself. The English nation is great. It has great good qualities and noble traits, which have raised it to its deservedly high eminence. But what is hu-

man has its weak points. And the very excellencies of the English character, pushed beyond their proper limit, become its vices. There may be too much of a good thing. And of this, as history shows, the English have given the world some striking instances. An Englishman, a thoroughbred, blue-blooded Briton, loves authority. Born to command, his destiny is upon him. And, though often ungraciously, he commonly commands well. But the peculiarity of an Englishman in authority is to believe that whatever accords with his own interests, or what he considers his interests, is the right thing, and nothing in all the world will make him believe that it will not be, if it be not at the time, the best arrangement for everybody else. Your vivacious Frenchman will submit to a change in his plans, shrug his shoulders and laugh the memory away. Your patient German will ponder the evidence and submit, when he sees the balance of testimony against him. But your bold Briton, never. And there is really no selfishness in this. It is not for a moment to be supposed that there is anything more than the self-love enjoined in Scripture in the tenacity which he exhibits in holding fast to what suits him and falls in with his plans. He holds it quite honestly, and commonly without affectation of either concealment or display, as he would hold an axiom

which needs no demonstration, which in point of fact will admit of no demonstration, because it has no other side—that what he holds to be right must necessarily be so because he holds it to be so.

From this unreasoning habit, which is simply the virtue of self-confidence overstrained, the English people have been accustomed to bind upon the backs of others burdens that were heavy and grievous to be borne. As proof of this, let the history of the colonies now forming the United States bear witness. Let Ireland, ground between the nether mill-stone of Roman Catholic priestcraft and the upper mill-stone of English intolerance, be also summoned. Let the summary disposal of the Acadians by our self-same Governor Lawrence, of Nova Scotia, bear further witness. And when the evidence has been summed up the fact will stand patent to the eyes of all but Englishmen, that in the exercise of authority they do not merely not know that there are two sides to every question, but they are likely to resent as an insult any attempt to inform them of their ignorance.

This little critique on English character is given with a free hand and the best intentions, with the expectation that it will find its way to the minds of many English people in Nova Scotia, not to offend them, but to furnish a little wholesome reading of a

kind they are not accustomed to, which will be interesting to them by way of variety, and to enable them to see the other side of the history of the large body of Germans among them as others see that history.

In the chronicles of Andreas Jung, that unique writer says that when the German Lutherans were brought from Halifax to Lunenburg they petitioned the Governor to secure for them a minister of their own faith, which the Governor graciously promised he would do. But that was the end of the matter. No minister came. The Germans, nevertheless, felt that their numbers entitled them to some consideration at the hands of the authorities, if their faith did not, wherefore they still leaned upon the hope that something would soon be done to supply their spiritual destitution. They had not yet, poor people, learned the spirit and the temper of their rulers. They were "dissenters," innocently holding in all simplicity of heart the truth as they had been taught it in their youth and childhood, and it was not to be expected of them that they should know of state-craft and intrigue and compulsion in matters of conscience, nor yet that they should appreciate the beauties of "conformity." They were simply expected to conform. The English rulers supposed themselves called to regulate the conscience of the community, and the "Dutchmen" must give

way. And thus it came to pass that occurrences quite remote from the matter of religion were dragged in to do duty in shaping consequences in religious affairs, as shall presently appear.

But before I proceed to that, I observe that the infant settlement had its incidents and accidents giving variety to the life of its inhabitants. Of one of these tradition speaks on this wise. During the first year, when the ice was breaking up in the spring, some boys were amusing themselves by pushing the floating pieces from the shore and taking short excursions on them for pleasure. Two of them, however, ventured too far, got out into deep water, and could not return. Away they went, "outward bound," with a fair wind. There were no boats at hand, few had yet been built, but logs were hastily fastened together to form a raft, and with this frail, unwieldy craft, propelled by pieces of boards in strong hands, the boys were overtaken near Battery Point, and safely brought to land.

The people of Lunenburg at the time of its settlement may be classified in two general divisions; the one being composed of men of military training and habits, the other of farmers, vine-dressers and mechanics. The former, unused to labor, but skilled in organizing and commanding bodies of men, assumed direction and control of affairs; while the latter, ac-

customed to obey, fell naturally into the position assigned them as hewers of wood and drawers of water. This arrangement began as the natural outgrowth of the British love of supremacy, as well as of the European customs, manners and habit of thought which the other settlers brought with them. It was continued by the force of circumstances, chief of which was the lack of education and the repression of free speech and thought among the people of the second class long beyond the time when in a free country such a state of affairs would have been tolerated. The caste feeling rose high and higher. Those in authority asserted their dignity with a spirit which would have done credit to a Chinese Mandarin, or a Rajah of Hindoostan. The line of demarcation between the aristocracy and the plebs was as clearly drawn in that frontier settlement as ever it was in London, St. Petersburg, or Berlin. And the servility with which the plebeians waited upon the will of their untitled lords was equalled only by the condescension with which their services were received.

But hunger and distress know little of the things which savor of affectation. Petty adulation, in times of famine and nakedness, speedily gives way before the advance of disease and death. In the face of such sombre threatenings, the stern hand of necessity is

raised to tear away the mask of hypocrisy and break down the lines of arbitrary distinction between man and man. All this received forcible illustration in the remarkable change which swept suddenly across the face of affairs in the infant settlement. From a state of apparent quietude, albeit one of great and general distress from lack of provisions, the town at once became the scene of wild commotion. The quiet game of life was being played along beneath a smooth surface, which revealed nothing of the concealed abyss of feeling and passion which suddenly yawned and burst forth in an event which, as the unfolding page of history declares, proved nothing less than a catastrophe for the German inhabitants of the town.

Jung says: "According to what we have been informed, our patrons and well-wishers, whom we know as dearly beloved fathers in Christ, the royal court-chaplain of the High German court chapel of H. R. H. the king of Great Britain, the Reverend Frederick Michael Ziegenhagen, the Reverend Dr. Phillip David Kreuter, and the sainted Pastor Pritius, in the beginning of the year 1754, upon our representations, had taken much trouble to supply us with a faithful minister. But the unexpected outbreak of a rebellion, which was caused by a Frenchman named Peterquin, and of which we were not guilty in the least—as is

known by Him who searcheth the hearts and trieth the reins of the children of men—frustrated all their good intentions.” With the explanatory remark that the seeming inconsistency of the dates given is cleared up by the fact that a long time was consumed in the transmission of news at that period, we go on to present the official record of the outbreak to which allusion has been made.

“MEMO. OF THE REBELLION.

“15th December, 1753. A report was circulated that Jean Peterquin, a Frenchman, had received a letter from London, wherein it was stated that Parliament had directed that each person should receive a pound of bread, meat, pease, rice, hulled oats, molasses, and also instruments of agriculture, and five pounds each. On hearing this, the people went in search of Peterquin, to get the letter, and when they found him they imprisoned him in the cellar of the blockhouse. When this came to the ears of Col. Sutherland, he went with Mr. Zouberbuhler, Mr. Strasburg, and Major Rudolf, and released Peterquin, but he was rescued from them by the mob, and again confined in the blockhouse under a guard of ten men within the building and a number outside. Here he was detained until Sunday, when he endeavored to effect his escape,

but having been discovered by the guard, he was removed from the cellar into the body of the block-house, bound hand and foot, and threatened if he did not produce the letter. On Sunday morning he declared that Mr. Zouberbuhler had received the letter from him. In consequence of this the inhabitants were required to assemble on the parade at nine o'clock, to take measures for getting the letter from Mr. Zouberbuhler, or to imprison him too. Then the people deliberated the whole day, and sent hourly messengers to the colonel for the letter or Mr. Zouberbuhler, and this state of things continued for several days.

“There was a variety of opinions, and a great uproar, some desiring one thing and some another. They wished to force the soldiers to compel Mr. Zouberbuhler and the Frenchman to appear on the parade, and undergo a public examination. At the same time it was reported to the colonel that the Indians were near the town, and in consequence he took the precaution of providing the store-house with large guns. But the messengers from the inhabitants immediately repaired to him, and demanded to know whether he would remove the guns or not. In fine, it is evident that they had taken the command into their own hands. On Wednesday, the nineteenth of

this month, Peterquin was examined by the colonel, and declared that he had given the letter to Mr. Zouberbuhler, and the time and circumstances of the delivery, and professed that he had nothing against the colonel, but entertained for him all due honor and respect. The people were somewhat pacified when Peterquin made this declaration. All possible pains were taken by Colonel Monckton, to ascertain the rights of this affair; and Peterquin made a disclosure of the whole transaction to the colonel, by which it appeared that a Mr. Hoffman showed a letter of similar import to that first mentioned, to Peterquin on the parade, and told him he had received it from a sailor, and that Hoffman gave Peterquin directions how to proceed. In short, from Peterquin's declaration, Hoffman was the instigator and cause of the whole mischief. The colonel, hearing that Hoffman was at Harshman's house, sent an officer with a party of soldiers, who immediately arrested and carried him to the block-house. The following day he was brought before the council, and from thence sent on ship-board, under a guard of twelve men commanded by Capt. Trickett."

Hoffman, it may be of interest to some to know, had been a justice of the peace in Halifax, whither he was carried. He was there indicted for high crime

and misdemeanor, found guilty and sentenced to pay a fine and undergo two years' imprisonment. The "Memo. of the Rebellion," word for word, letter for letter, and point for point, has been given as it stands in the original. It is of special interest, first, because of the collateral evidence it furnishes of the distress of the people at the time it occurred. They were dying of starvation, perishing from want of the means of life. Their tumult over the imaginary letter and its reported promises of meagre supplies, meant bread or blood. They were desperate; yet how forbearing in their conduct, how mild in their demands! In many a community similarly driven by want, blood would have been shed, as it often has been upon lighter provocation.

The importance given to the whole transaction, which in itself was but a trifling affair, is due to the fact that in government circles at that particular period a deep feeling of insecurity and uneasiness prevailed. The Acadians were supposed to be growing hostile; in fact, they, at that time, were withholding supplies from the garrison at Annapolis when it was in distress from the want of provisions; they allowed a British vessel to be plundered at their very doors by a party of eleven savages, without rendering any assistance to the owner; they furnished information to the French

in arms, traded systematically with the enemies of Britain at Louisbourg and Quebec, and when the fort at Beausejour was taken, three hundred of them had been found with arms in their hands in open rebellion against the British crown.*

The Indians, too, continued to be troublesome, as has been shown, and the very life of the settlements of the English, both at Halifax and Lunenburg, was threatened if any dissension or civil discord broke out among the inhabitants themselves. It was, therefore, the critical state of affairs at the time it occurred, rather than the enormity of the act itself, that made the rebellion important. And, in fact, it may be readily inferred that the vagrant Frenchman Peterquin, as well as Hoffman, who enkindled the fires of discord among the suffering people, both were secret emissaries of the hostile Frenchmen, the Count de Maurepas, commandant at Quebec, and the Jesuit priest La Loutre, his spy in the Annapolis valley.

But let the inferences be what they may, the second point of interest in the account of the rebellion shows that the severest punishment fell upon the Germans. Jung declares them innocent. Whom he intends to include in his declaration he does not precisely state, but as he is writing the chronicles of the Lutheran

* See Nova Scotia Archives, p. 277.

congregation there, it is to be presumed that he means the members thereof. Guilty or innocent, however, they had to suffer, and the cruel punishment which they had to bear for the outbreak, was to be reported to the home government as rebellious, and condemned to endure the withholding of the supply they longed to have for their spiritual needs. The plans of their friends at court for sending them a minister of their own faith, were, by a refinement of cruelty as unnecessary as it was severe, frustrated by the representations of their participation in the rebellion. So far as they were concerned, being truly loyal to the British king and government, little importance could have been attached to their proceedings, but there appears, in further developments, grave reason to believe that they were used as a pretext for hindering an effort wholly distasteful to English Episcopalians in authority—that was the effort to establish a Lutheran church. The sentence passed on Hoffman was doubtless a righteous judgment, but wherein the justice or reason appears for making this trouble the pretext for depriving these Lutherans of religious instruction, and the presence of a teaching pastor of their own faith, is by no means clear.*

* In comparing the date of the "Rebellion" with that of the efforts made in London by Ziegenhagen, Kreuter and Pritius for sending a minister, it must not be forgotten that in those days it took months to send a message across the sea.

MAKING THE ROAD FROM LUNENBURG TO HALIFAX, IN
1757.

In October, 1756, three years and four months after the settlement of Lunenburg, the Governor and Council at Halifax discussed the advisability of making a road from Halifax to Lunenburg "as being of great advantage to both places."

"EXTRACTS FROM THE MINUTES OF HIS MAJESTY'S
COUNCIL AT HALIFAX.

"February 19th, 1757.

"Appeared before the Council a number of the German inhabitants of Lunenburg, who proposed to undertake to cut the intended road from Lunenburg to Halifax, and who had marched hither by land in order to view the country through which the said road is proposed to be cut.

"They were informed that they were to make the road a rod wide, and were offered to be paid at the rate of six pounds per mile, which they would by no means accept of, but on the contrary insisted on so exorbitant a price that no agreement could possibly be made with them.

"Wherefore the Council did advise that the Lieutenant-Governor should write to Colonel Sutherland at Lunenburg, and direct him to endeavor to agree

with those men or any other of the said Germans, for the cutting of the road at the said rate of six pounds per mile, which the Council did esteem a very handsome recompense for their labor."

"May 20th, 1757.

"Mr. Pernette appeared before the Council and undertook the work. The road was to be ten feet wide. The Government was to provide a guard for the workmen, who were also to have their arms with them. The price was to be six pounds per mile. The contractor was given an advance of fifty pounds, and he was to be paid afterwards as each ten miles was cut."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE FRENCH AND ACADIANS.

WHILE Lunenburg has been considered almost entirely as a German settlement, it must not be forgotten that a large percentage of its inhabitants were French. That intrepid people, noted everywhere for dash and enterprise and love of adventure, had already begun a settlement there when the first Englishman rounded Cross Island and sailed into the harbor of Merliguesche. There already in 1745 Paul Guidry, the jolly coast pilot, with seven of his countrymen, had his home. On the opposite shore of the harbor, at a spot known as the Fire Cove, others dwelt, and the vestiges yet remain to tell of their early occupation. Cornwallis found them on the present site of Lunenburg in 1749. When the town was founded, among the settlers were a number of people of French descent. Among the names of persons praying for the confirmation of original land grants occur such as Veinot, Fernette, Dauphinee, Morreau, and others of evident French ancestry.

In 1754 twenty-five persons of the same nationality left Louisbourg to escape from death by starving, came

to Halifax, and from there were sent to Lunenburg. The names of the men in this party were Paul and Charles Boutin, Julien and Sebastian Bourneuf, Joseph and Pierre Gedri, Pierre Erio, Francois Lucas, and Claude Erot. The following order accompanied them from the Governor's Secretary in Halifax:

"Secretary's Office, 24th August, 1754.

"DEAR SIR: The bearers hereof being in all twenty-five persons are just arrived here from Louisbourg, from whence they made their escape to avoid starving. Some of them were formerly inhabitants of this country, and are nearly related to old Labrador; they have all taken the oath; the Colonel desires you to treat them kindly, ordered them to be victualled, to have tools given them, and land laid out for them where you shall see most convenient.

" I am, Dear Sir,

" Yours, &c.,

" WM. COTTERELL.

"To COL. SUTHERLAND, *Commanding at Lunenburg.*"

Andreas Jung makes mention of the arrival of a large number of French Lutherans from the Rhine Province, from Alsace and Lorraine. Thomas Beanish Akins, the learned author of "The Rise and Progress," says, p. 17: "In 1752, five hundred Protestants of the Confession of Augsburg arrived at Halifax,

from Montbelliard, etc." Jung says some of these French Lutherans came to Lunenburg. They were known among the Germans as "Mumpolgärter." It would appear that the names Montbelliard and Mumpolgärter are identical.*

Of the Frenchmen, it is said by Mr. Akins, "They joined themselves to the Church of England, and desired to partake of the sacrament of the Lord's Supper." Fifty families of them were among the colonists sent to Lunenburg. "These fifty families of French, or Mumpolgärter," says Jung, "were immediately supplied with a French missionary and school teacher; while we Germans, who numbered more than two hundred and fifty families, were obliged to live all along upon the hope that our large numbers would gain for us a like consideration, and that we also would be supplied with a minister and school-teacher, so that our young people would at least be able to gain a little instruction. Several times we handed in

* My friend, Prof. J. Liechti, Professor of Modern Languages in Dalhousie College, Halifax, says: "Mumpolgärter is the German name of Montbelliard, capital city of an arondissement in the French department of Doubs, on the Rhine-Rhone canal, near the railroad from Mülhausen to Lyons. It belonged from 1395-1793 to the house of Wurtemberg, was taken by the French in 1793, formally ceded to France in the peace of Luneville, in 1801, and reunited to Germany at the close of the late Franco-Prussian war."

petitions to the authorities. (*obrigkeit*), but, alas! we were put off with empty promises, and all our good intentions were frustrated."

The missionary to the French settlers in connection with the Established Church was the Rev. Jean Baptiste Morreau. He had been a Roman Catholic priest and prior of the Abbey of St. Matthew at Brest, but was received into the Church of England, and came as a member of that body to Halifax in charge of the French and Swiss Protestant settlers, and received the usual grant of £70 a year for his services. He was the father of the first white male child born in the city of Halifax. This baby boy was named in honor of the governor, Cornwallis, and accompanied his father to Lunenburg in 1753. Mr. Morreau died in Lunenburg in 1770. He was an accomplished man, being able to minister in three languages, and even becoming acquainted with the language of the Indians, several of whose children he baptized. That he was a man of extraordinary firmness and personal influence, is shown by the following episode, which occurred during his pastorate at Lunenburg. One of the leaders of his congregation having been detected in a treasonable conspiracy against the government, Mr. Morreau, in spite of the offender's rank and station, publicly excommunicated

him. After a time, the offender being desirous of re-admission to his lost privileges, humbly prostrated himself in the church; then rose and asked pardon of God, the king, and Christian brethren whom he had offended by his ill conduct and disobedience. He then received an exhortation from the pulpit to a sincere repentance and amendment, and was afterward admitted to communion.

The French element is still plainly noticeable in the town of Lunenburg and the surrounding country. The names have suffered changes and distortions which in many cases make identification with their originals difficult—as for example, Dares has become Dory, Dumont has been changed to Demon, Le Boutillier to Butler, and so on, but the genuine Gallic type of man and maid is found among the inhabitants, with feature, form and movement identical with those of the pure-blooded citizen of Paris or Marseilles. There are descendants of the Baron Longueuiel, formerly of Montreal and later of La Have, now a numerous family in and about Lunenburg, spelling the name Langille; the most of them are decidedly French. There are the original Joudries spelling their name Jodry or Jodrey, Wilneuf has been changed to Woolnough, Emeneau to Emeno, and Contois has been Anglicized to Countaway. Many other French names

are common, as Robar, Gilfoy, Pernette, and Des Brisay, while another class like Barrie, Fancie, Baillie, and Sartié, may probably be of the same nationality.

Many of these descendants of the French immigrants are yet in connection with the Church of the Augsburg Confession, that is the Lutheran Church.

In the very early history of the settlement we find references to Paul Laurent, chief of the Indians on the La Have, who was in all probability a half-breed French-Indian. The missionary who officiated among the Micmacs about Lunenburg under the control of the Roman Catholic church, was M. Maillard, another Frenchman. Later, M. Jean Perin was a maker of wooden shoes or sabots for the inhabitants. Old French drains and cellars have been uncovered at various places in the town. And the old French cemetery by the seaside, within the corporation limits, still remains as a mute witness of the departed and departing people of that enterprising race.

These remarks concerning the people of this nationality in the settlement, have been set in order here for the satisfaction of their descendants, and because inquiry has been made from widely divergent places by persons seeking any possible clue to their ancestry. It should yet be stated that many family names once appearing upon the church records and other ancient

documents of the town have entirely disappeared. Of these some have died out absolutely, others have been lost to the place by their bearers removing to other localities, and there is yet another class which has been swallowed up by admixture with the native American Indians, a kind of miscegenation to which the French people, in every latitude and under the common circumstances attendant upon frontier life in all parts of the hemisphere, whether in the south, the east, or the northwest, appear to have been particularly inclined.

These Frenchmen all were Acadians, in the ordinary and legitimate sense of the word; but by reason of an event which now transpired in the western part of the Province, the name has been restricted to a different body of Frenchmen. One little circumstance alone connects those Acadians, as to their history, with the Lunenburg settlers. But as a matter of interest, upon which much has been written and said, it will not be out of place to devote the remainder of this chapter, begun about the French, to the history of those who were deported from their homes.

The author of a recent Roman Catholic history of the United States* says, "Of all the plan of Braddock,

*"The Story of a Great Nation; or, Our Country's Achievements, by John Gilmary Shea, LL. D.," pp. 347-8.

but one part had succeeded, and that was one of the greatest crimes in American history; this was the seizure of the Acadians." Braddock had about as much to do with their removal as the man in the moon. It is well known that these people, from the conclusion of the Treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, enjoyed all the privileges of British subjects, held their lands without being subjected to any direct tax, had never been called upon to fight for the power that protected them, and were asked only to take an oath not to take up arms against it. But they made a very ungrateful return for this kindness. As has been shown, they traded with the French at Louisbourg and Quebec, carrying their produce thither and refusing supplies to the British garrison at Annapolis when it was in distress for provisions, furnished information to the enemy, paid rents for their lands to the lords of manors in Cape Breton, although refusing to remove thither when invited by the French Government to do so; and even took up arms against the British Government at the battle of Beausejour.

For almost half a century these Acadians, professing to stand as neutrals, had been held as a reserve, in constant menace to British interests, by the hostile French of Upper Canada. They had full religious liberty, and it was the misuse of this, or the trading

upon the religious instinct and devotion of these unhappy people, that brought them between the millstones of Jesuit intrigue and British severity and ground them to powder.

They were a simple peasantry, ignorant, industrious after a fashion, and economical to parsimony. They had lost the genuine French *esprit* and love of adventure which characterized their forefathers; they did a little fishing, taking herring in Digby basin, and hunting a little on the mountain sides; but their chief occupation was mowing and curing the wild grass which grew on the natural meadows along the Annapolis river, or on the rich marshes reclaimed from the Bay of Fundy, and caring for the cattle to which they fed the hay in the winter. This most quiet and uneventful life they had pursued for more than a century.

They raised flax and kept sheep, spun and wove materials from these for their clothing. Their caps were peaked affairs of cloth, bright in color and set off with a tassel; their shoes, or moccasins, of raw-hide or moose skin. They raised considerable quantities of barley, oats and potatoes, and their orchards furnished an abundance of small apples of excellent flavor. Their drink was cider on ordinary occasions; for higher festivals they brewed spruce beer, and for the chiefest of all celebrations they indulged in West India

rum. Messieurs Beauharnais and Hocquart, in a letter from which an extract has already been made, state that "the Acadians have not extended their plantations since they have come under English dominion; their houses are wretched wooden boxes, without convenience and without ornament, and scarcely contain the necessary furniture."

In these straw-roofed houses two or more families lived together, and their mode of life, though simple and unsophisticated, was by no means distinguished for cleanliness. But they were contented, non-progressive and undisturbed by the strifes and contentions rolling all around them. They married early. Children multiplied and the population grew rapidly.

They were much given to petty strifes, quarrels about boundaries and litigation about trifles. Gossiping, jealousy, backbiting and tale-bearing were the pastime of their monotonous existence. The officials of the British government looked with complacency upon the continual wranglings over boundary lines, regarding them as good evidence of the value which the people set upon their possessions. Among them were a few violent persons who dared at times to resist even the supreme authority of the priest, who was, in fact, the ruler, both temporal and spiritual, of his submissive flock.

These priests were the bane and curse and final ruin of the Acadians. We are told that subjection to the pope does not conflict with allegiance to any alien power opposed to his temporal authority. Let history speak on this. Here were these simple people used as the tools of Rome. Kept in subjection for so long that their enfeeblement had become hereditary, they hung upon their priest, followed his counsel like little children, and depended upon him for guidance as to the affairs both of this world and the next. They were in subjection to him, held by the twin emotions of love and fear, with a deference that was almost slavish. They did not dare to disobey him. He was their true authority and real government. And whither did he lead them, and how?

He kept them in stolid ignorance, for "is not ignorance the mother of devotion?" He founded their faith upon the rites of the Roman Church, taught them a little about the Lord Jesus Christ, and much about saints, saints' days, and the Virgin Mary; insisted that they should be faithful in attendance at mass and confession, and diligent in the use of the rosary. But dangerous as all these teachings were as coming between Christ and their spiritual welfare, they were equaled in their destructiveness by the instructions which were interposed between their loyalty and their king. He

taught them to hate heresy and King George, to be true to the Roman Church and King Louis of France. The priest was always in spiritual matters the agent of the pope through the Bishop of Quebec; in temporal things of King Louis through the Governor of Canada. And this is what wrought their ruin.

The settlements of the British through all the early occupation of the Acadians, were few and weak until the founding of Halifax. Up to this time the priests ruled the Acadian people. They had their chief centres of population along the Annapolis river, at Grand Pré, Cobequid, Piziquid and around the Basin of Minas. After the country was finally ceded to England, the British authorities required of the Acadians that they should take the oath of allegiance to the new sovereign, which the authorities had a perfect right to demand, and to which it was but right that the subject should submit. After a delay of many years, the oath was at last taken, but, as they alleged, with a reservation that they should never be forced to take up arms against their former countrymen, the French.

“When the war broke out in 1745,” says an eminent American authority, who has made a study of their case,* “many of them broke their oath, and sometimes openly, sometimes in the disguise of Indians,

* Dr. Francis Parkman.

joined the French in attacks on British garrisons—while others acted as spies, or aided the enemy with information and provisions. When, in 1748, the war ended, the French officials prophesied some signal act of vengeance on the part of the British against the offending Acadians. On the contrary, they showed great forbearance, and insisted only that all the adult male population should take an oath of allegiance, without any reserve or restriction whatever. This they would have done if they had been let alone; but they were not let alone. Another war was plainly at hand, and France meditated the reconquest of Acadia. To this end the Acadians must be kept French at heart, and ready, at a signal given, to rise against the English. France had acknowledged them as British subjects; but this did not prevent the agents of Louis XV. from seeking by incessant intrigue to stir them into bitter hostility against the British Government. Before me are two large volumes of papers, about a thousand pages in all, copied from the archives of the Colonial Department at Paris. They relate to these French efforts to rouse the Acadians to revolt; and they consist of the journals, despatches, reports and letters of officers, military, civil and ecclesiastical, from the Governor of Canada to a captain of bushrangers, and from the Bishop of Quebec to the cure of Cobe-

quid. They show by the evidence of the actors themselves, the scope and methods of the machination, to which the king himself appears, in his languid way, as an accessory. The priests of Acadia were the chief agents employed. They taught their parishioners that fidelity to King Louis was inseparable from fidelity to God, and that to swear allegiance to the British crown would be eternal perdition. Foremost among these apostles of revolt was Le Loutre, missionary to the Micmac Indians, and Vicar-General for Acadia under the Bishop of Quebec. His fanatical hatred of the English and the natural violence of his character impelled him to extremes which alarmed his employers, and drew upon him frequent exhortations to caution. He threatened the Acadians with excommunication if they obeyed the King of England. In connection with French officers across the line, he encouraged them to put on the disguise of Indians and join his Micmacs in pillaging and killing English settlers on the outskirts of Halifax when the two nations were at peace. He drew on one occasion from a French official 1,800 livres to pay his Indians for English scalps. With a reckless disregard of the welfare of the unhappy people under his charge, he spared no means to embroil them with the government under which, but for him and his fellow-conspirators, they would have lived in

peace and contentment. An entire heartlessness marked the dealings of the French authorities with the Acadians. They were treated as mere tools of policy, to be used, broken, and flung away."

And if the verdict of history, thus impartially given, or as summed up by Bancroft in the tearful words: "I know not if the annals of the human race keep the record of sorrows so wantonly inflicted, so bitter, and so perennial as fell upon the French inhabitants of Acadia," be true, what execrations can sufficiently anathematize the authors of their misery! Priest and soldier are alike to blame.

And on a larger scale, if the signs of the times be not deceiving, the emissaries of Rome are preparing the Frenchmen of Quebec for some similar resistance to British power, to be followed by some like fearful retribution. Since Cardinal Taschereau has enthroned himself in Parliament as a Prince of the Church, on an equality with the representative of the Crown, and since that subservient body has given hundreds of thousands of dollars from the public treasury to the Jesuits, what can follow but stern reprisal, full of sorrow to the people of the Roman faith? History may speedily repeat itself in some sense by bringing punishment for this madness upon the priests who mislead and the people whom they betray.

The manner of the deportation of the Acadians may be remarked upon. It was cruel and unnatural. It can be justified only under the plea of military necessity. On the third of July, 1755, a memorable council was convened at the house of Governor Lawrence, in Halifax. Jonathan Belcher, Benj. Green, Wm. Cotterell and John Collins, members of the Legislative Council, were in attendance. Bold Englishmen these were, upon whom devolved the grave responsibility of the public welfare in the Province, and deeply sensible of their trust.

Before the Council were summoned the commissioners from the French inhabitants of Minas and Piziquid; little swarthy men, with fierce moustaches and keen black eyes, likewise deeply sensible of their own responsibility as spokesmen for their people. The memorial which they had brought was read before them. Its terms were rejected, its spirit impugned, and the whole document assailed and denounced as absurd and treasonable. Particular dissatisfaction was expressed with one manly passage which said, referring to the order which had been issued that the Frenchmen should give up their arms, "It is not the gun which an inhabitant possesses that will induce him to revolt, nor the privation of the same that will make him more faithful, but his conscience alone must induce him to maintain his oath."

The commissioners were then asked to take the oath of allegiance without reservation. This they refused, on the ground that under its terms they would be liable in the event of war to a call to take up arms against the French, their countrymen. For this faithfulness to nationality above duty, to France above Britain, they were placed in confinement.

On the fifteenth of July another convention of Council was called. Vice-Admiral Boscawen and Rear-Admiral Mostyn were present. This was the court of final jurisdiction. This court approved the actions of former councils, and determined that the time had arrived when the French Acadians must take the oath or leave the country. To the Lords of Trade Governor Lawrence wrote, reporting this decision and declaring his purpose to bring the *habitans* to compliance, or rid the province of such perfidious subjects.

Further correspondence was held with the Acadians to induce them to take the oath. Other commissioners appeared with other memorials, announcing to the Council the unanimous resolution of the people to decline taking any oath of allegiance to Britain which did not expressly provide for their exemption from bearing arms. On the 28th of July, these commissioners all were brought before the Council, finally refused,

for themselves and their constituents, to take the oath, and were thrown into prison. At this meeting the supreme decision was reached to send the French inhabitants to the Colonies and Provinces, scattering them from Massachusetts to Florida, around the Gulf of Mexico, and up the Mississippi. Instructions were sent to Colonel Monckton, commanding at Fort Beausejour, to Colonel Winslow, at Minas, and to Major Handfield, at Annapolis, informing them of the resolution of Council, and asking that they hold themselves in readiness to carry it into effect in their respective parts of the Province. Transports were engaged at Boston, and all possible expedition was used to get together vessels sufficient for the purpose. The Governor issued a circular letter to the Governors of Connecticut, New York, Pennsylvania, North Carolina, Maryland and Virginia, stating the reasons for the deportation of the people, and expressing the hope that they would dispose of them in such a manner as best to prevent their re-union. In the instructions to the post commanders they were ordered, if peaceful means failed to induce the inhabitants to leave, to adopt the most vigorous measures, not only in compelling them to embark, but also in depriving them, should any escape, of all refuge, shelter or support, by burning their houses, and destroying everything

which might furnish means of subsistence in the country.

The thunderbolt was well prepared. The muskets of the soldiers were glittering in the summer sunshine at Beausejour, Minas and Annapolis. Favorable breezes brought the chartered vessels peacefully toward their appointed places of rendezvous. The busy life of the Acadian villagers and farmers was running along in its accustomed uneventful course. The wide, level meadows, with their diked boundaries, had been mowed, the hay had already been cured, the flax bleached and housed, the orchards laden with their fragrant harvests bent their boughs to the eager hand of the picker; peace, plenty, happiness and joyful contentment reigned over all the beautiful and secluded valley. The one sinister ray of light that fell upon it was the gleam of the bayonets in the hands of the soldiers. The harvest was about completed. The barns were full. The golden season of early autumn, which in that country is like Paradise, had just begun, when on these thousands of peaceful homes, with all their happy hearts and humble lives, the thunderbolt fell.

No intimation had been given the people of the intentions of the authorities. They were as utterly unprepared for the great catastrophe as they would have

been for an earthquake or a stroke of lightning. The manner in which the stroke fell and was received in all the villages was similar to that at Grand Pré. To the inhabitants of that and surrounding districts, Colonel Winslow, on the second of September, issued an order that they should assemble in the church at the ringing of the bell and the beat of the drum, to hear the instructions of his Majesty, the King of Great Britain. With no thought of the impending calamity, the people came. The white Normandy caps of the women mingled with the gray homespun of the men as they came to the church. But only the men were allowed inside. The women waited in the church-yard. It was to all a holiday. Assembled in orderly array in their church, made holy not only by its solemn consecration, but by all the holy memories of almost fifty years which clustered round its sacred precincts, Winslow addressed the men in these words:

“Gentlemen: I have received from his Excellency, Governor Lawrence, the King’s commission, which I hold in my hand; and by his orders you are convened together, to manifest to you his Majesty’s final resolution to the French inhabitants of this, his Province of Nova Scotia, who, for almost half a century, have had more indulgence granted to them than any of his Ma-

jesty's subjects, in any part of his dominions; what use you have made of it, you yourselves best know. The path of duty I am now upon, though necessary, is very disagreeable to my natural make and temper, as I know it must be grievous to you, who are of the same species; but it is not my business to animadvert, but to obey such orders as I receive, and, therefore, without hesitation, deliver to you his Majesty's orders and instructions, namely, that your land and tenements, cattle of all kinds and live stock of all sorts, are forfeited to the Crown, with all your other effects, saving your money and household goods, and you yourselves to be removed from this his province. Thus, it is peremptorily his Majesty's orders that the whole French inhabitants of these districts be removed; and I am, through his Majesty's goodness, directed to allow you liberty to carry off your money and household goods, as many as you can without discommoding the vessels you go in. I shall do everything in my power that all these goods be secured to you, and that you are not molested in carrying them off; also, that whole families shall go in the same vessels, and make this remove, which I an sensible must give you a great deal of trouble, as easy as his Majesty's service will admit; and hope that in whatsoever part of the world you may fall, you may

be faithful subjects—a peaceable and happy people. I must also inform you that it is his Majesty's pleasure that you remain in security under the inspection and direction of the troops that I have the honor to command."

The thunderbolt had fallen. They were prisoners. The soldiers with glittering muskets surrounded the church. For this its bell had summoned them. For this the rattle of the drum had echoed over their verdant meadows, to gather them to their doom.

"As when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of summer,
Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sling of the hailstones
Beats down the farmer's corn in the field, and shatters the windows,
Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from the house-
roofs ;
Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their enclosures :
So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the speaker.
Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then rose
Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger.
And by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the doorway.
Vain was the hope of escape, and cries and fierce imprecations
Rang through the house of prayer."

No language can describe the feelings of the miserable people. They could not for a time realize their hard fate, so suddenly and unexpectedly had it been developed; but finally they awoke to their situation. Anger succeeded apathy, and apathy was followed by

resignation, but it was the resignation of despair. Some, who had not heeded the summons to the church, escaped to the woods, but only to behold from their covert the smoke rising from their burning homes. On the tenth of September all who had been seized were driven aboard the transports at the point of the bayonet and embarked for their unknown destination. Then they broke down. Nature could not endure the strain. Their feelings found vent in tears, and in weeping, cries and lamentations loud and long.

At Cumberland and Annapolis the inhabitants fled from their homes, and hid in the woods. The soldiers detailed to burn the houses and destroy the harvests met with opposition; but it was unorganized and ineffectual. A body of French and Indians attacked them, killed half a dozen, and wounded several others. But resistance was useless. They were forced to submit to stern necessity. The unhappy captives were carried to the various ports along the Atlantic and Gulf shore. Some were disembarked here and others there—scattered, separated and abandoned in the various colonies wherein their language was unknown, their religion deemed heresy, themselves a burden on the community, and altogether unwelcome.

One of the transports carrying thirty-six families

from Annapolis, was seized by the French on board and sailed into the river St. John, whence the refugees escaped into New Brunswick and made their way back to Nova Scotia. Another through stress of weather was driven to the West Indies, where her passengers were disembarked. The total number deported has ever been a question of dispute. The Abbe Raynal, who magnified the prosperity and possessions of the Acadians to the utmost degree, has stated that there were in Annapolis twelve or thirteen hundred, and that the entire French population was eighteen thousand. He says they had on their "immense meadows sixty thousand cattle." Murdoch gives the number of cattle at the time of the removal at seven thousand eight hundred and sixty-three. And Governor Lawrence, when the order was issued for their deportation, in the circular letter to the other Governors, says of the people: "Their number amounts to near seven thousand persons." This latter statement seems to me to be correct and conclusive.

Their later history is involved in the shadows of oblivion and lighted by the torch of imagination. Their descendants may still be found where their unfortunate ancestors were landed. The best portrayal of their fate is that which the pen of Longfellow has wrought in the exquisite poem called after one of the

victims, "Evangeline." As to the culpability of the act itself, the manner of its execution, and the actual necessity which constrained those who were its responsible authors, I have naught but this to say. The reader, from the facts presented, can make up his opinion for himself. The act itself stands there, boldly outlined on the canvas of history, sombre, dark and dreadful, without a parallel in the annals of North American peoples—a crime against humanity.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE ACADIANS—CONTINUED.

A SLIGHT link in the long-drawn chain of circumstance connecting the people of Lunenburg with the memory of their neighbors, the unfortunate Acadians, is mentioned by our truthful annalist, Andreas Jung. He was himself one of the party that made the long and toilsome march through trackless forest and almost impenetrable morass to their desolate homes. In the year 1756 a party of fifty men under Captain Steignford went from Mush-a-Mush to the Basin of Minas, where they gathered up one hundred and twenty head of cattle and a number of horses, part of the confiscated property of the French Acadians. They reached Lunenburg with only sixty cattle, the remainder having perished by the way. An old document giving the names of all who took part in the expedition, reads thus: "This people have been to Minas, what went there from this town, 1756, the 30 day of July, and returned the 3 day of Sept., and brought about 60 odd head of cattle, beside horses hurlong with; the which cattle was the next day even divided under the said people, and did draw for the

same in the gaol yard in the Presence of the Commanding officer and other Gentlemen usefull thereto."

A little more history, of a more cheerful nature, respecting these people, will not be taken amiss in this connection. Principal Cameron, of Yarmouth, from whom I condense the subjoined facts, is my authority. He says: Of the Acadian settlements in Yarmouth county the most easterly is Pubnico. A marriage was celebrated there a few days ago. The bride was Marie Rose D'Entremont, the groom was Henri Leondee D'Entremont; and half a dozen of the principal aiders and abettors were D'Entremonts. How many more D'Entremonts ate, drank and danced in honor of the happy event I cannot tell; but, as there are over four hundred of them in the settlement, the number probably was large. One hundred and eighty years ago—and that is a long step backward in the history of Nova Scotia—nearly fifty years before the British came over to found Halifax—there was another D'Entremont marriage, and the name of the bride was also Marie. But the course of true love did not run so smoothly with the Marie of 1705 as with her namesake of 1885. The marriage was opposed by her husband's family, the Du Viviers, and by his superior officers—for the young gentleman was attached to the garrison at Port Royal. The commandant of the port

said some very impolite things about poor Marie, but she got married in spite of them all, thanks to the kind offices of the priests.

Go back one hundred years more, and Acadian history is just beginning. Pontrincourt, Lescarbot, and the other well-born, well-bred, and well-educated French gentlemen who founded the first permanent settlement in the northern part of North America, were enjoying the good things provided for them by the Grand Master of *Le Bon Temps*, dining on fish, flesh and fowl, washing them down with the choicest of French wines, and then spending the evening in literary conversation and in the composition of French and Latin verses. Among these Knights of The Good Time who so pleasantly passed their first winters at Port Royal—though not one of those who came out with De Monts in 1604—was Claude Turgis St. Etienne Sieur de La Tour, and with him, very likely, was his son Charles, then a boy of about thirteen.

Here then are three bits of social life, one from each of the three centuries of Acadian history; first, the merry-making of La Tour and his companions in 1606; second, the hasty and furtive marriage of Marie D'Entremont in 1705; third, the bright and joyous marriage of Marie and Henri D'Entremont in 1885. The connection between the three events, for they

have a connection, is this: the Marie of 1705 was the great-granddaughter of Claude de La Tour, and the father of Marie was the great-great-grandfather of Henri's grandfather. Thus the hero of *Le Bon Temps* at Pubnico on the 16th of last November, is a direct descendant of one of the heroes of *Le Bon Temps* at Port Royal almost three hundred years ago. The younger La Tour, Charles, brought with him from France, about 1650, a gentleman of Normandy, who claimed kinship with the Bourbon family, and whom Louis XIV. created Sieur de D'Entremont. To him La Tour gave the seigneurie of Pubnico—then called Poubomcoup—and the title of Baron.

This Philippe D'Entremont, Baron of Pubnico, was the first of the Nova Scotian D'Entremonts. He had been an early friend of La Tour, and on coming to this country was made his major. And it came to pass in course of time that the sons of D'Entremont saw the daughters of La Tour that they were fair, and they took them wives of such as they chose. The eldest son Jacques married Anne de La Tour. One of their daughters was the Marie who married Du Vivier. Their son Jacques was carried to Boston at the time of the expulsion of the Acadians, and it is from his son—who returned in 1767—that are descended all the D'Entremonts of to-day, whose names may be found.

along the Pubnico district of the county map strewn "thick as autumnal leaves in Vallombrosa." In the D'Entremonts, then, Yarmouth county possesses four or five hundred of the lineal descendants of two of the bluest-blooded of the French gentlemen who figured in the early history of the province, one of whom, Charles La Tour, at one time owned nearly the whole province, and at another time was governor of it; and the other, Philippe D'Entremont, held an official position second only to that of governor, and whose name appears in the first census ever taken in the province as one of the only two with an "Esquire" after it. One of your Colchester correspondents was boasting not long ago that his father, his grandfather and his great-grandfather had all been residents of that county. Here is a family in Yarmouth county whose ancestors owned and occupied the district they now live in a hundred years before that Colchester man's great-grandfather plucked his first mayflower. Great-grandfather, forsooth! if you wish to get the proper term for the relationship of the first D'Entremont, of Pubnico, to the younger D'Entremont of to-day, you will have to square a great-grandfather and then add a couple of "greats" to the product. That's the kind of a most great-grand patriarch that the first Baron of Poubomcoup was. There is no Baron of Pubnico now, but I

am told there is a venerable resident of that district who holds a patent for the higher title of Duke of Pubnico.

The first baron was for a time deputy-governor of the province during the absence of La Tour. This was in 1653. Eighteen years later he was living on his estates at Pubnico, for he and his family and his stock and his cultivated arpents of land figure there in the census taken in that year. This was the census of 1671, the first taken in the province, and, if you count out those taken by Moses and David and those of the Chinese and Romans, one of the first in the world. Nothing of the same kind was done by any European nation at any rate until the next century. The population of the province at that time was 394. Of the seventy heads of families, fifty-four were farmers. There were four coopers, two carpenters, and two armourers; one cutler, one farrier, one mason, and one tailor; and two were esquires and sieurs, one of them being D'Entremont. One of the coopers told the census man that he was "pretty well, thank you," but did not wish to give his age, and so stands the record in the paper to this day, in the archives at Paris. This was a man, observe, not a woman. But then note also that the ages of the ladies are not given at all.

Among the seventy Acadian families in the province at this time, there were only forty-seven different family names; many of the families had been here for a generation or two already, and had inter-married a good deal. Hence the small number of family names. From the forty-seven original families who came from France between 1604 and 1671, four-fifths of all the Acadians of to-day are descended,—not only those that still inhabit Nova Scotia and the neighboring provinces, but all the scattered descendants of the "debris" of the expulsion (as Rameau calls them) living in Maine, Louisiana, the West Indies, Guiana and France. And this explains why it is that the same few family names are almost the only ones still found among them, and enables us to understand the enigmatic statement of the ex-Yarmouth priest, who told a Chicago audience that he had the cure of 2,000 souls in Nova Scotia, and could count their names on the fingers of his hands. To such an extent has inter-marrying gone on among them that everybody is related to everybody else nearly, and here in Yarmouth their priests find it necessary to get a dispensation for almost every marriage-knot they tie.

From what has just been said, it will be seen that there must have been but very little French immigration into Nova Scotia after its first settlement. And

such indeed was the case. There was perhaps never another colony founded by any European nation that was more severely let alone by the mother country than was the French colony of Acadia. And this remark holds good of many other things than the sending out of new batches of colonists. Under these circumstances the increase of the Acadian population is something remarkable. The 394 of 1671 had become at the time of the expulsion 18,000, and that, too, in spite of persecution, and famine, and sword. In this respect the Acadians of to-day compare favorably with their ancestors. In Yarmouth county they average six to a family, and single instances far surpass that. The late James Doucett, of Tusket Forks, had twenty-seven children. The assistance of two wives was found necessary for the accomplishment of this feat; but at Bloomfield another of our Acadians managed to increase the population by twenty-four, with the aid of a single helpmeet.

What part of France the Acadians came from seems not to have been fully decided yet. Some say that those of Yarmouth came from Bretagne and those of Clare from Normandy. Rameau, the historian of *La France aux Colonies*, conjectures on philological grounds that the D'Entremonts belonged to Bretagne, but the traditions of their family and other historical

evidence point to Normandy as their ancestral home. Prof. Lake, of Harvard, has lately shown that the New Englanders are the descendants of the old English gentry, who were subdued by the Normans. As the first English settlers of Yarmouth and other parts of western Nova Scotia were New Englanders, and as they took possession of the lands from which the Acadians had been expelled, some Freeman of the future may find in these circumstances the materials for an ethnologico-historical contrast between the Norman conquest of England and the New England settlement of Acadia. But we must hark back again from the future to the past.

By comparing that old census of 1671 with others taken in 1686, 1693 and 1703, it appears that Pubnico was the oldest of all of the old Acadian settlements except Port Royal, and that therefore it is to-day the oldest Acadian settlement in the world. Grand Pré, Canard, Piziquid, Cobequid, Beaubassin, etc.—all those that have been most written and sung about in history and fiction and poetry—do not put in an appearance until one or other of the late censuses mentioned. Of settlements near Pubnico, Port Razoir appears for the first time in 1693, and Chebogue—the only Yarmouth one mentioned except Pubnico—not until 1748, when it had twenty-five families, and was

the largest and most important village in the county. Port Razoir was the earliest name of the place which has since been known as Port Roseway and New Jerusalem, and which is now known as Shelburne. While bearing the august name of New Jerusalem, it was offered for sale at public auction. Just fancy the New Jerusalem being knocked down at Law's on a Saturday afternoon, between a barrel of apples and a second-hand stove!

According to the census of 1686 Philippe D'Entremont was then living at Port Royal, and ranked third among the aristocracy of the day, next after the seigneur of the district and the lieutenant-general. Though seventy-seven years old at this time, he was acting as attorney-general under Governor Menneval. His seigneurie at Pubnico was ruled over by his eldest son, Jacques, he who married Anne De La Tour. After the capture of Port Royal by Nicholson, and the final cession of the province to England, most of the French gentry left the country, but the D'Entremonts remained. They seem to have taken no part in the plots and intrigues that were carried on against the English government from 1713 to the expulsion. Indeed it stands recorded in history that through all the acts of open and underhand hostility of this period "the D'Entremonts had been peaceable." Yet at the expulsion they were not spared.

Besides Pubnico and Chebogue there were Acadian settlements in this county at Chegoggin, at Eel Brook, and along the Tusket river and the lakes, but little seems to be known of them except their names. Most of their inhabitants were carried off to Boston by Major Jedediah Prebble in 1756. Such of them as escaped to the woods and those who were allowed to return settled down afterwards as near their old homes as they could get.

Of the life of the Yarmouth Acadians in past days, we know, unfortunately, very little. But there seems to be no good reason for supposing that it differed much from that of their brethren in the province generally. That they were engaged chiefly in farming, fishing and fur-trading—of this much at least we may feel quite sure. And of these occupations, farming—the earliest and most honorable of all—was no doubt the principal one.

The founders of the Acadian colony intended from the beginning that its chief industry should be agriculture. Many colonies founded about the same time gave their chief attention to searching for the precious metals. But Lescarbot told the first Acadians that the best mine he knew of was a mine of corn and of wine, and Poutrincourt set them to ploughing the soil the very next day after they landed. From that time

until their expulsion, agriculture was their one predominant industry. And they seem to have been very successful at it. Rameau says that at the time of the expulsion "they were incontestably the most industrious people and the most advanced in agriculture, of all America." Their best work in this line, he says, was done after 1713 under the English regime. But some of the Englishmen who lived among them at that time formed a less favorable opinion of their industry and agriculture. Governor Phillips, writing to the Board of Trade in 1734, calls them "a proud, lazy, obstinate and untractable people, and unskilful in the methods of agriculture;" and he continues, "they have plenty of dung for manure, which they make no use of, but when it increases so as to become troublesome, then, instead of laying it on their lands, they get rid of it by removing their barn to another spot." Truly, a heroic remedy for a nuisance!

However true this may have been of some of the Acadians of the Annapolis river in Phillips' time, it will not be accepted as true of the race as a whole by any one who has studied their history. It would be quite as reasonable to accept as historical truth those hyper-poetical and super-fanciful pictures of the bright side of their life given us by the Abbe Raynal and

Longfellow. Rameau, a Frenchman himself and soaked through and through with enthusiasm and sympathy for the ill-fated race, tells us that Raynal's work is rather "*une pastorale de fantaisie*" than a sober history, and even admits that Longfellow's description of the golden age in Acadia is "*un peu embellie*." And yet it seems difficult for writers to keep outside the realm of poesy and fancy when treating of this people. There is some strange, bewitching fascination about them and their history that carries away less romantic imaginations than those of abbés and poets.

Even newspaper men can't always resist it. In an article on the Pubnico Acadians of to-day, published in the Yarmouth *Herald* a few weeks ago, after enumerating the many flourishing industries of the place—their fifty-five fishing vessels and \$225,000 annual catch of fish; their paint and oil stores; their furniture and tailoring establishments; their boat, dory, door, sash and blind factories; their boot and shoe and sail-making; their hide tanning, etc., etc.—the writer gives the following description of a beautiful scene, which he witnessed in one of the Pubnico homes: "A fair Acadian lady was playing and singing the touching melody of "Home, Sweet Home;" the well-known picture of Evangeline hung on a wall close by

the singer. With such surroundings the most callous heart could not fail to be impressed. The melodious notes of the tune, the spirit of poor Payne, in his Algerian exile, breathing in the words of the song, the sad, plaintive look of Evangeline, and the living descendant of the exiled race in the person of the singer, all conspired to form a scene of grandeur and sublimity long to be remembered." Then, speaking of the dismal prospect for the Pubnico fishing industry should no satisfactory arrangement be made with the United States government, he concluded, "Nevertheless, we believe this enterprising people will devise ways and means to compensate themselves for any loss." And that is just what the Acadians have been doing all through their history. When turned adrift from one home, or deprived of one means of livelihood, they have always been ready to turn to a new country and to apply themselves with unflinching courage and unflagging industry to new conditions of life.

It is a mistake to suppose that Colonel Winslow and his troops burnt and destroyed all the buildings belonging to the French in Horton, Cornwallis, or Cobequid. As a matter of fact, the Acadians were not all removed from Grand Pré until December, 1755, and during the time that elapsed between September and December of that year, many of the houses were oc-

cupied by the Acadians themselves; and when the Connecticut settlers first arrived at Horton, in 1760, and in Cornwallis, in 1761, many of them moved into the French houses and put their cattle in the barns. Old Barns, near Truro, on the Cobequid Bay, is named from French barns that long stood there, and until about 1866 an old Acadian barn with a straw-thatched roof stood on a knoll opposite Ross Chipman's house on Church street, Cornwallis. For a long time it was used by Colonel Kerr. In Horton many of the houses of the village of Grand Pré were standing long after the New England settlers came, and minute descriptions of the church or mass-house have been transmitted to our own time.

What a glamour Longfellow has thrown around these people by the magic of his pen! We are sensible to it, and freely acknowledge the fascination; yet ever with it, deep in the sympathetic heart, must remain the anger, which is not sin, against the false priests who led them to their ruin, and the heartless soldiers who so ruthlessly expelled them from their homes:

“Many a weary year has passed since the burning of Grand Pré,
When on the falling tide the freighted vessels departed,
Bearing a nation, with all its household gods, into exile,
Exile without an end and without an example in story.”

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE FIRST GERMAN SCHOOL IN LUNENBURG.

HAVING made this long diversion in the inquiry after the French element in the community, we return to the Germans of Lunenburg. As we have seen, Jung puts their number at two hundred and fifty families. An average of five to a family would give a population of twelve hundred and fifty. But at the time these figures were put down by Jung, Mr. Moreau reports the number of his German, French and English communicants to have been reduced from two hundred to between fifty-four and sixty. Many of them were in their graves, but there was another reason than death for the reduction. The Germans had withdrawn from any seeming connection with the Church of England, and were meeting in private houses. They were also faithfully endeavoring to secure a pastor of their own faith. They were working hard to provide for their daily temporal wants, and, at the same time, striving to meet the mental and spiritual necessities of themselves and their children. It was not because they were dull and stupid, as some supposed, that they remained so long uncared for and

untaught. The German mind is deep. The spiritual nature of the race is sympathetic and profound. The religious German would rather starve the body than neglect the soul. The spiritual needs are of greater moment to him than the wants of body or mind. But in the case of these settlers, accustomed as they had been all their lives to looking to their civil rulers for the supply of their mental and spiritual needs, by the appointment of schoolmasters and clergymen, we need not be surprised to find them looking to them still. They waited on them long, before making an independent effort to supply their wants themselves.

“Because we could no longer endure to see the pitiful condition of our children, growing up as they are in ignorance, we determined to wait no longer upon our superiors. We accordingly made the necessary arrangements among ourselves, without governmental aid, and finally succeeded in securing the services of a German school-teacher in the year 1760.” This was ten years after they left Germany. The chronicle continues: “He had a large number of children to instruct, and everything was going well with the school; but here, to our sorrow, trouble was occasioned and hindrances were laid in our way by those who should have given us aid. At this time the Rev. Robert Vincent came into our settlement as English

missionary. The services were conducted by him in the English language. He took our German school-master under his patronage and control, paying him a salary of five pounds per annum.

“All this was no better than it had been heretofore with respect to our church affairs, and in regard to our school quite different intentions soon became manifest. The German language was entirely abolished from our school, and the order was issued that those who would not study the English language would not be allowed to attend the school. (Our schoolmaster himself was not able to speak or understand the English language, and was obliged to study hard from day to day to gain a little knowledge of the lessons he professed to teach.) Through this the school was broken up.”

That is the plain, unvarnished tale as told by Jung. The name of the school-master who sold his services so cheaply, and probably drew all the salary his services were worth, has been lost in friendly oblivion. But the history of the founding and destruction of the first school of the Germans remains, a pathetic incident in the annals of the town. The good intentions of the people were hindered, their efforts at self-help thwarted, their loving endeavors, amid distress and poverty, to educate their children, thrown back upon

themselves, whether by good intent or evil intent the sequel may explain. At present it looks like another case of the hawk protecting the dove.

Jung says: "Because the parents could not understand the English language, they wanted their children to be first instructed in German, that they might teach them the principles of their most holy religion, after which they were satisfied to have them learn English." This was a natural desire, highly creditable to the devout and faithful people, and also a reasonable concession to those who were endeavoring to Anglicize their children. It shows that in their hearts religion had the first place, and language the second.

"When Mr. Vincent saw that the school was broken up and the consequences not what he anticipated, he allowed that English instruction should be confined to the forenoons, and the afternoons devoted to German. This he did in the hope of resuscitating the school. But the condition was attached that whoever would not send their children to the English school should not send them to the German. The plan would have been a good one, but the confidence of the people in him and the school was gone."

These are candid statements of the old historian. The school was broken up because they refused to send their children to it. That looks badly. Did not

they wish to have their children educated? Certainly. They had moved in the matter themselves. But there had been unsolicited interference, which they were manly enough to resent. Their holy religion stood first in their affections. Everything in their history revolved around it. Everything was made secondary to it. And rather than allow their children to be educated in a language which they could not understand, and in a system of doctrine which they did not believe, they chose to deprive them of the benefits of all education, save such as with the limited time and qualifications at their disposal they could bestow on them in their homes. This shows the heroic mettle of these ancient worthies; but, unfortunately, those in authority did not understand their motives, or were not capable of appreciating their self-sacrifice for the sake of their religion, set them down as obstinate, intractable boors, and treated them accordingly.

Of the Rev. Mr. Vincent the record in Halifax says: "1761, August 7. Advised that the Rev. Robert Vincent be appointed to minister at Lunenburg, salary seventy pounds, and twenty pounds per annum as schoolmaster there." "August 13. Advised that the Rev. R. Vincent be admitted to celebrate divine service in the church at Lunenburg, and there perform all rites and ceremonies, according to the usages of the

Church of England, alternately with the Rev. Mr. Morreau; and that Colonel Sutherland be requested to adjust all matters relating to the church between them." He commenced his duties as minister and teacher in 1762. It has been stated that "he was remarkable for indefatigable application and moderate conduct in the course of his mission," and it was believed that "persevering in his duties even beyond his strength shortened his days." He disappears in a short time, his successor coming upon the scene in 1768.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE HOUSES AND PEOPLE OF THE OLDEN TIME, BY THE LIGHT OF THE FISH-OIL LAMP.

WE leave the educational affairs of the people at this point, to gather up some reminiscences of their times, and the manner in which they lived. Their houses were log cabins, chinked with moss, or daubed with clay. Most of them were built of round logs with the bark on. The more pretentious had two sides of the timbers hewed. The roofs were first made of bark, then of straw thatch, and later of split shingles several feet in length, kept in their places by long poles weighted with stones. Shingles were sometimes put on with wooden pins; those nailed with wrought-iron nails were a later development.

We know whereof we speak when we aver, concerning some of these old houses, that they were substantially built and very comfortable. We passed several happy years in one of a little later date, which was one hundred and twelve years old when it was shoved around the corner to make room for something more modern. It is still in use.

Across the street was another even older, which is

still inhabited. What tales these old houses could tell if they could speak! How they have looked out from the little dormer windows in the roof upon the changing world! The former was the parsonage, standing in the odor of sanctity beside the church; the latter a brewery facing its clerical neighbor, in no wise abashed so long as its beer was good; for did not the pastor and the brewer fraternize and walk together in peace in those good old times? And did not the little brewery send forth many a gallon imperial of sparkling, honestly compounded drink to cheer the hearts and slake the thirst of the laborers who built that parsonage and church? Nay, is it not of tradition that the exhausted choristers between the hymns erstwhile did find it convenient to step across and lubricate their thirsty pipes from foaming mugs in the cosy tap-room of that same ancient hostelry? Why should it be ashamed, forsooth?

What gallant grooms and blushing brides ascended the steps which led into that antique parsonage, and promised within its venerable walls to take each other for health or for sickness, for prosperity or adversity, for better or worse, until death should them part! And with the blessing of the man of God and the smile of the Father upon their union, have they not come down glad that the ordeal was safely passed! What christenings, too, and funerals, were there!

And across the way mine host of the Dolphin—the hostelry must have had a name, and that, perforce, a nautical—rubicund and jolly, brewed and malted and sent forth the effervescing draughts with which each feast was crowned. And in the long winter nights what gatherings were there beneath his hospitable roof! Here came together the even-tempered farmers from the plains of Saxony, and met the vivacious vine-dressers from the sunny hills of France. What muscular and gallant calves those stockings of grey enrobed! What glorious buckles of steel or brass or even costlier metals shone upon and for the adornment of their knees at each recurring holiday! And those round jackets and short breeches—who will say they were not more comfortable than the long-tailed coats and French trousers now in vogue? Nor were the extremities left without their proper furnishing. The tall hats of Brabant were *en mode*; small as to the crown, wide-spreading in the rim, and rising heavenward to unrecorded heights; while sabots, scooped from blocks of birchen wood, made fast with leathern thongs and ornamented with broad buckles, gave the necessary covering to the feet. Long plaits of hair, bound in with ribands of black, the which were known as “queues,” a name which brought down many a fair speller in disgrace in our boyhood’s days, descended

from their heads. Such were our forefathers in appearance in those palmy days of old.

And our foremothers, too—the women, Heaven bless them!—were they not also there in all the proper glory of their sphere? Did not bright eyes sparkle from beneath the gay kerchiefs within which were prisoned their abundant tresses? Were they of old not held in mind by him who crowned the Book of Proverbs with the description of a virtuous woman? For these sought wool and flax, and worked willingly with both their hands; these laid their hands to spindle and distaff, and threw the flying shuttle to weave the web from which their own clothing was made; these were not afraid of the snow for their households, seeing they were clad with double garments.

We have in our possession now a silhouette, or shadow picture, of one of the ancient worthies of the town, in high collared surtout, stiff stock and plaited queue. This picture, cut with the scissors before the science of photography was known, is a genuine relic of the olden time. From it we form an idea of the appearance of the people upon state occasions; and it must have been, to our way of thinking now, an appearance marvelous to behold.

The household and kitchen utensils in use among

them were commonly few and simple. Benches ranged around the walls did duty as chairs. Tables of home manufacture, without spreads or napkins, held their frugal meals. Some articles of china-ware and crockery remained of those which had been brought from fatherland. Occasionally at birthday celebrations or at christenings, the hoarded spoons and other little articles of plate were solemnly brought forth to grace the board and shine with awe-inspiring luster for the time.

The daily fare was simple and healthful; potatoes or other vegetables grown at home, and fishes from the sea in all abundance and variety. A pot, swung from a hook on the iron crane in the throat of the huge, cavernous chimney which took up one end of the house, served for many purposes beside the cooking of the family meals. The little teapot of brown glazed earthenware simmered on the embers of the hearth and mingled the delicate aroma with the more stalwart odors of saur kraut, potatoes and fish, or pork and beans. Sugar was a luxury indulged in by the few; the many ate the brown molasses of the West Indies on their barley bread, or sweetened their cup of tea therewith, and poor, indeed, was he who at any time within ten years after the founding of the town, for any cause was obliged to forego the pleasure of using that staple commodity *ad libitum*.

Once in the course of my travels I fell in with an old, old man, no matter who, or where, or when, who had a grievous complaint to lodge against the persons upon whom in his helplessness he was dependent for his daily bread. He had enough substantial food to eat, had bread and butter and eggs and meat, had milk and coffee and tea to drink, tobacco to chew, and everything else but "sweetening." And bitter in his soul was that poor old man, avowing his desire to die, and darkly hinting at the fell determination within his heart to hasten that departure because he had no "sweetening." He, who once had been the independent owner of farms and stock, who had built saw-mills and owned them and controlled men, who had never in those days known what it was to be short in it, was now without "sweetening." Ruefully he murmured, in his dotage, the refrain of his standing grievance, "not a drop of sweetening." It had been the one standing luxury of his life; it was now forbidden by the physician; he had "no sweetening," and earth and this life had no further charm.

Wald-thee was a favorite beverage in many a home. It was compounded from the leaves of wintergreen, or mountain-tea, steeped or boiled in the sap of the sugar maple. The sugar and molasses from this tree was extensively manufactured and used where it

grew. And just here occurs an incident of later date. Before the town of Bridgewater was founded, an adventurous spirit pushed out into the wilderness, and built for himself a little cabin on the farm which was to be, on the hills looking down the La Have. His drink was water from the wildwood springs, but once while in town he riotously squandered two and six pence in the purchase of "store tea." But he had no wife to draw it for him. Following his own judgment, as a man must sometimes do in unaccustomed straits, he boiled it thoroughly in his camp-kettle, threw the water away, and endeavored to eat the leaves. He did it heroically, but like the Scotchman's haggis, "a little of it went a great way." His intense disgust while going through the martyrdom led him to make complaint to others when opportunity presented, and so the story came out, and is repeated even unto this day.

And this, as the lamented Lincoln would say, reminds me of another, which happened to some Icelanders, of the Musquodoboit settlement in Halifax county. They had been accustomed in their own country to seethe pottage from the Iceland moss, and, on their arrival in this country, looked about them for something of the same kind. Their search was rewarded by finding something that looked like it.

They gathered and prepared it in due form. They boiled it long and furiously, but it would not soften, nor would it become sweet. The longer it was cooked the tougher it grew. The harder they boiled it the more tasteless it seemed. They were obliged to give up the attempt in despair. And when I inquired what they had been cooking, they gravely informed me it was the mosses and lichens which grew upon the trunks of the forest trees. And, God knows, they were to be pitied, for they were in a state bordering on starvation. It was no joke for them. But how I wander!

Stoves in the early days of Lunenburg were quite unknown. The cooking was done on the open fire, and the bread-baking in the oven. An utensil in vogue in those days, which has now been relegated to the garret, was the "Dutch oven." It was a circular plate of iron, about eighteen inches in diameter, with three long feet beneath, and a rim perhaps two inches or less in height above, having holes in it for the bail or handle. The barley dough for the Johnny-cake was rolled out and spread on this; glowing coals were raked in a heap to the edge of the hearth; on this heap the oven was placed, the iron cover was put on, and the whole surmounted and crowned with a layer of bright embers. And many a heartsome cake was

baked therein! The nearest approach to a stove for heating purposes was a sort of brazier made of tough clay, about a foot in height, hollow in the centre to receive the charcoal or the embers from which the heat was derived. As there were no closed stoves, there was no burnt air with all the moisture and all the oxygen exhausted from it, and no deadly superabundance of sulphurous gas to inhale; and hence there were none of the peculiar diseases generated or fostered thus, to be found among the people of those primitive times.

But they were compelled to contend with another prolific source of annoyance, discomfort and disease, from which the advances of science and discovery have happily freed their descendants. That annoyance arose from the difficulty which they had in obtaining light. In their houses they had no light except the flickering gleams which sprang from the fire of logs upon the hearth. But lamps, shaped like a saucer pinched together at one side, in which was laid a strip of cotton cloth, were made of earthenware or iron. These were hung from a nail in a beam overhead, and fed with fish-oil or lard. The fish-oil was manufactured for the purpose from the liver of the dog-fish. Any one who has ever passed within half a mile to windward of a string of these malodor-

ous denizens of the sea in process of curing, needs not be told how vile the smell of the burning must have been. To abate the punishment of being compelled constantly to inhale the horrid odor, a large funnel-shaped canopy was hung above the lamp. From the apex of this a pipe or conductor was led through any convenient opening out at the roof or window to the outer air; and later, when stoves came into use, this conductor of smoke from the lamp was carried into the stove-pipe. Many of those stove-pipes with the little branch by which this conductor of lamp-smoke was attached, now unused and covered with a sheet-iron cap, may still be seen in the houses of the people thereabout—a thing of mystery to the uninitiated. I found one of these mysterious openings through the ceiling of the old parsonage-home, with an arrangement in the attic over it for retaining the smoke and collecting the soot, which was afterward converted into lamp-black.

Thus words originate. Never, until after long, puzzling search I had fathomed the mystery of this contrivance for disposing of the smoke of the fish-oil lamp, did I know why the soot from the smoke of oil was called lamp-black, rather than stove-black, or any other kind of black. Shakespeare, whom I have already had occasion to quote, says:

"A rose by any other name would smell as sweet,"

yet there commonly is, and if not there ought to be, a reason for, and something in, a name. And this is what there is in the name of lamp-black. And lamp-black is not a thing to be despised. It has become a potent factor in the world's progress. Printer's ink is made from it.

CHAPTER XX.

THE BOOKS THE FATHERS READ.

WE may wonder what need those pioneers had for lamps and lamplight in the days when newspapers were almost unknown, and books so relatively few. The person with that query in mind should stand right here, where these words are being penned, that he might see a sight which would satisfy his mind upon that score. Here are some of the books they read in those by-gone days. Not a family among them that did not have its library. Two wooden pins, driven into auger-holes in a log of the wall, with a board laid on them, held the precious volumes. They were not many. The range of variety was not extensive. A dozen, or, at most, a dozen and a half, comprised the whole assortment of different works. Outside the *Herr Pfarrer's* library, the books beyond that range were few and far between. But what books they were! The very cream and essence of the devotional literature of the age!

Each little collection had one copy of the *BOOK OF BOOKS*. Here is one in my collection. The covers are of half-inch boards encased in leather, once bril-

liant with embossed and gilded filigree-work and corner pieces of figured brass; now black with age and battered and worn by reason of much using. Ten inches wide, fifteen inches high, and five inches through from cover to cover, by actual measurment with the accurate piece of carpenter's rule in that drawer, is this venerable book. Open it with loving hand. Here, inside, upon the broad back is the former owner's name:

LEONHART JUNG.

And following, the Name of the Holy Trinity:

GOTT DER VATER.

GOTT DER SOHN.

GOTT DER HEILIGE GEIST.

Following that is a quotation from the Gospel of St. Mark, xvi. 16. "He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved; but he that believeth not shall be damned." That was the summary of that man's faith; and who shall declare that he was not orthodox in his belief? The fly-leaf of his Bible bears quotations in German manuscript from favorite hymns and passages of Holy Writ. The title-page is illuminated, the alternate lines being printed in crimson. A statement made in the context to the title explains that the translation of the Bible as it is here given in the German mother-tongue, was begun by Doctor Martin Luther in the year of Christ 1522 and completed in

the year 1534. The publisher was Johann Andres, Nurnberg in Bavaria, 1747. Further than this into the sacred volume now we cannot go. Despite the temptation to dwell upon the wonderful wood-cuts with which its broad pages are so liberally embellished, we reverently close the book and lay it away.

Following in the order of merit and in the esteem of the old Germans everywhere is *Wahres Christenthum*, that is, the collected writings of the venerable John Arndt upon True Christianity. This copy was printed at Frankfort-on-the-Main, by John Boerlin, 1707. No devotional book ever written, so far as we know, excepting Luther's Catechism and, of course, the Bible, has had a wider or more deserved circulation. Here, beside this old copy, it stands in its elegant English dress, translated by the Rev. Dr. Charles F. Schaeffer; Philadelphia, Smith, English & Co., 1868. It has been translated into Latin, Danish, Swedish, Bohemian, Polish, Low Dutch, French, Turkish, Malabar, Tamul, and many other languages. During the reign of Queen Anne of England large numbers of German emigrants passing through that country on their way to New York and Pennsylvania, were furnished by the Rev. Anthony William Boehm, a German Lutheran clergyman, court chaplain to Prince George of Denmark, the consort of Queen

Anne, with copies of this noble work. I do not know of any similar donation having been made to our Nova Scotia pioneers, but I expect some time to find a record to that effect. The similarity of the books in the possession of the people—I found the same kinds in every collection—leads to the supposition that not literary or devotional taste alone, but the liberality of some good Christian heart, had somewhat to do with the uniformity.

Here, again, are samples of the hymn-books in use among them: First, and most popular, is "*Das Marburger Gesang-Buch*," with a frontispiece devoted to a full-length wood-cut of Dr. Luther in gown and bands, with the apocryphal Bohemian goose behind him. It is a horrible piece of art; printed by Christopher Sauer, in Germantown, Pa., 1770. Next, the Halle Hymn-Book, edited by the Director of the Orphan House, John Anastasius Freylinghausen, one of the ancestors of ex-President Arthur's Secretary of State, and one time Governor of New Jersey: printed at the Orphan House, Halle, 1758. Following this, the Nürnberg Hymn-Book; name of the compiler not given; printed by Lorenz Bieling, Nurnberg, 1733. The two latter have, in connection with the hymns, collections of prayers suitable for various occasions. Another of these hymn-books, supposed to have been

compiled by Dr. Johann Lorenz Jan, but minus the title-page, is valuable on account of the biographical register of authors which it contains, as well as for the large number of valuable hymns; printed at Oebringen, May 1, 1626.

Here is a collection of prayer-books: The first is the well-known *Starke's Hand-Buch* in the original, Stuttgart, 1797. This book has been reprinted in many editions, in English and in other languages. Another little volume is one that had been given out under the patronage of the Duke of Saxony, by an unknown author. Nuremburg, 1676. Prayers for every conceivable occasion and state of mind are found in it. One is said during the raging of a storm, another in fine weather, another, that ought to be offered more fervently and more frequently than probably it is by those contemplating marriage, is for the gift of a believing wife or husband. Here is a book of meditations by Sigismund Seberantz, Lunenburg, 1648. Another volume is composite in character, containing hymns, prayers and meditations, by Balthazar Beyschlag, Nürnberg, 1699.

The well-known *Huebner's Bible Stories* follows, by John Huebner, Rector at Hamburg, printed in Leipzig, 1721. This has been frequently translated, and was immensely popular. Here, also, are copies of

Luther's Small Catechism in variety; one issued in Magdeburg, 1732; another in Stuttgart, 1746; another in Philadelphia, 1782; another in Germantown, from the press of Christopher Sauer, 1752; and yet another printed in Halifax by our old friend Anthony Hänery, the Louisbourg fifer, in 1798.

One of the finest specimens of the printer's art to be found anywhere is a copy of John Arndt's *Paradeis Gaertlein*, issued at Frankfort-on-the-Main by the heirs of Anthony Hummen, 1664, with edges worn and brown, the cover repaired by some hand unskilled in the use of the wax-end and awl with which the work was done; with altogether a most uninviting exterior, its pages present a continual succession of surprises. The impression must have been one of the first taken from the type. Every line, point and letter is as clear as a copper-plate engraving. No modern press-work can surpass it. Arndt was fortunate in his publishers. Here is another copy, in miniature, of the same work, Nürnberg, 1731, in which the engraved frontispiece is certainly creditable to the age in which it was put forth; but its typography is not equal to that of the Frankfort edition of 1664. In fact, I have never seen anything in the printer's art superior to it.

Books of sermons on the Epistles and Gospels for the Sundays and Festivals of the Church Year were

numerous. Here are *Reden von Gottfried Arnold*, Leipzig, 1773; *Cabinet-Predigten, von Gottlieb Cobern*, 2 vols., under the patronage of Frederick, Prince of Saxe-Gotha, 1768; a Commentary on the New Testament, by Carl Heinrich von Bogatzky, 2 vols., Halle, printed at the Orphan House, 1755. Here also in classical hog-skin are *Postille, von Spangenberg*, with a preface by Dr. Martin Luther, printed at Wittenberg, 1599. And finally, a ponderous tome by Nicolaus Selnecker in explanation of the Psalms of David. The opening page is embellished with a woodcut of the Psalmist, with a crown on his head, a harp in his hands, singing we know not what; while the opposite page is devoted to an introduction to the whole Psalter in the form of a rhymed lyric by Hans Sachs. The explanation of the first Psalm, which is entitled "*Eine kurtze Auszlegung*," takes up just eighteen pages in that book, thirteen inches long by eight inches wide; which gives a fair idea of the ancient German estimate of brevity. The other psalms are elucidated with similar conciseness. At the conclusion of the one hundred and fiftieth, the publisher, Christophorum Hauszler, devotes a page, SOLI DEO GLORIA; printed in Nürnberg, 1565. One of the woodcuts shows Selnecker playing the organ: the boy who manipulates the bellows is looking at David, who is still clinging

to the harp, with an expression which might be interpreted to mean that himself, Selnecker and the organ are rather an improvement on David and the harp. At any rate, the cut gives us an idea of what a first-class pipe-organ was three hundred and twenty odd years ago, for the book is at least so old.

And all these books above enumerated and described have been collected from the descendants of the Lunenburg settlers. They tell us what the fathers fed their souls upon in the days of their terrible trials. These of which the sketch has been presented, are almost a complete catalogue of the books our ancestors read by the light of the log fire or the flaming fish-oil lamp. As compared with the wish-wash, milk-and-water literature of the average reader of to-day, they were the strong meat upon which *men* are nourished. These books the fathers treasured, used and transmitted as sacred heirlooms to their children. They esteemed them, as they are indeed, worth their weight in gold. Out of the archives of the Lutheran church in Lunenburg was sent, recently, a copy of the first edition ever issued of the Lutheran Confessional Books, to the Theological Seminary in Philadelphia. It is a question whether there is another in Canada or the United States. We treasure those wonderful old volumes now even more than the fathers did;

although some persons there be yet, even as there were in Lunenburg one hundred years ago, who wonder why. It would be useless to explain. A blind man cannot understand colors, nor can a deaf man appreciate the harmony of sweet sounds.

CHAPTER XXI.

BRYZELIUS.

AFTER the death of Mr. Vincent, which Jung says took place in October 1765, the Rev. Paulus Bryzelius came to Lunenburg as English and German missionary. As this gentleman has taken a prominent position in the early history of the town, I have been at some pains to trace his previous career and inquire into his antecedents, the result of which inquiry is here appended. The Rev. Dr. W. J. Mann, Archivarius of the Evangelical Lutheran Ministerium of Pennsylvania, and Professor of Ethics and Hebrew in the Theological Seminary of Philadelphia, writes thus of him: "In Pennsylvania he appears first as a Moravian minister whom the Swedish Provost, Von Wrangel, convinced that he had to leave the Moravian connection. This was in 1760." It will be remembered here, in speaking of the Moravians, that their practice at that time was marked by many extravagances which at a later period were completely removed. They were known as "Zinzendorfers" from their leader Nicholas Louis Count Von Zinzendorf, and were at

that time the occasion of much trouble to the Lutheran pastors in Pennsylvania.

The Rev. Dr. C. W. Schaeffer says* : " A certain Paul Bryzelius, a young man, a native of Sweden, well educated, of good parts and of upright character, having been brought under the influence of some who were not friendly to the Lutheran Church, appeared to be acting as their instrument in an attempt to draw off the Swedish Church at Racoon, in New Jersey. Von Wrangel had approached him in the Name and Word of the Lord. Bryzelius saw his error, was convinced, repented of it, and under the advice of Von Wrangel, appeared before the Conference with a prayer for admission into the fellowship of the Lutheran Church. After a thorough examination of the case before the Ministerium, Bryzelius declared, in writing, that, having been thoroughly convinced of his error, and having heartily abandoned it, he solemnly bound himself, upon his admission into the Ministerium of the Swedes and German Lutherans of Pennsylvania, to teach nothing but what was based upon the Word of God, to conform, in all his ministrations, to our Symbolical Books, and to comply with the order of said Ministerium. This document was signed in the presence of the Ministerium, by Bryzelius him-

* Early History of the Lutheran Church in America, pp. 38, 39.

self, and by Muhlenberg, Von Wrangel and Gerok as witnesses. The whole ceremony was appropriately terminated with prayer that the brother thus restored to the Church might, by the grace of God, be an instrument for bringing many souls to the Saviour of the world.

From the result it might be argued that the divine blessing rested upon these measures. Bryzelius went to the church in New Germantown, New Jersey, labored with much acceptance amongst his people, and was held in honor both by his Swedish and German brethren, for his faithfulness."*

In the list of clergymen at the meeting of the Pennsylvania Ministerium, held at Philadelphia June 27, 1762, his name appears—Rev. Pastor Bryzelius, of Raritan, New Jersey. †

Dr. Mann says: "A passage on page 1134 of the Halle Reports indicates that he had been in former years acquainted with Whitefield, to whom, Nov. 9, 1763, at Philadelphia, he, with Muhlenberg, paid a visit. They were kindly received by him. Bryzelius had known Whitefield in England and Ireland. I suppose at that time he was in those countries serving the Moravians as one of their missionaries."

* Halle Reports, p. 853.

† Halle Reports, p. 716.

Quoting H. M. Muhlenberg,* Dr. Mann continues: "He was a man of considerable erudition, good talent, and honest purpose. In July, 1761, he left Pennsylvania for the congregations at New Germantown and Bedminster in New Jersey. Synod sent him there for a year as a period of probation. H. M. Muhlenberg, *Praeses*, furnished him with a letter of introduction to the vestries. He had proved himself already quite useful. There, also, his wife is commended as a person of good Christian character.

In March, 1762, he, with the Rev. N. Kurtz, came to Philadelphia, to confer with the Revs. H. M. Muhlenberg and Von Wrangel about the spiritual condition and necessities of the Lutheran congregations in New Jersey and New York.†

"In the 'Papers relating to the Church in Pennsylvania,' privately printed by the late Bishop Perry, 1871," says Dr. Mann, "I discover that Rev. Bryzelius, A. D. 1766, Dec. 18, was recommended, by the Rev. Dr. O. Smith, as 'a worthy man who had had Lutheran ordination,' to the Bishop of London, 'in pursuance of the desire of the Society directed to Mr. Peters and myself to send some person capable of officiating in English and German, in Nova Scotia.

* Halle Reports, p. 853.

† Halle Reports, p. 887.

His credentials are signed by the Rev. H. M. Muhlenberg, the head of the numerous body of Lutherans in this province, and by the Rev. Von Wrangel, missionary to the Swedish congregations; both men worthy of all credit from your Lordship. Bryzelius has often preached among our English congregations to their satisfaction.'"

The Society above mentioned is the "*Societas Promovenda Cognitione Christi*," London; the Rev. Peters spoken of was then Rector of the Philadelphia Episcopal Christ's Church.

With this light upon the past career of the Rev. Mr. Bryzelius, we are now in a position to understand better the later developments of his history. But in the meantime, 1765, Jung says, "We began to hew timbers in order to build a church, in connection with the Reformed (*Reformirt*); but as soon as our enviers discovered this, they began to use all the means in their power to hinder us. And they succeeded in again frustrating our efforts." Not a word of complaint.

From the Reports of the Society we learn that "the Rev. Paulus Bryzelius, a Lutheran minister, was ordained by the Bishop of London to the charge of the German mission at Lunenburg, in 1767. At Easter, 1768, he brought forty-six young persons for

the first time to the Holy Communion. Every Sunday he conducted services three times, preaching in English at ten o'clock, in French at twelve, and in German at two. At his request a supply of the Book of Common Prayer in the German language was sent out by the S. P. G., for the use of his congregation." One of these books is now before me; printed by W. Faden and E. Heydinger, London, 1771. He also translated Luther's Catechism, probably into English or French. Whether this translation was ever published I do not know, as I have never seen a copy.

I now return to Jung's manuscript, which says of Bryzelius, "He was by birth a Swede. He administered the Holy Sacrament for the first time according to the doctrine and usage of the Evangelical Lutheran Church as given in our *Agendae*."

We cannot fail to be mindful here of the emotions of joy and gratitude which must have been stirred in the hearts of these pious Germans, when, after a period of eighteen years, they now for the first time had an opportunity to receive the Lord's Supper, which was to them the dearest treasure and the crown of their faith, at the hands of one whom they were given to regard as of like faith with themselves, in the order and manner to which they had been trained from their youth. As the celebration of the Holy Communion

was to them in itself the holiest act of fellowship with God and with each other, this day would be to them the gladdest of all their sojourn in the wilderness, and would be marked by emotions too deep for words. I have no doubt tears of thanksgiving flowed around the altar of God that day. For the really pious German, deep, sympathetic, trustful, clings with a tenacity at once touching and heroic to the eternal verities of his most holy religion. The severest blow that can be dealt him is the one that strikes his faith in God and the sacred ordinances of the Scripture. And when once he is thoroughly enlightened as to what the true doctrines of God's Word are, and fully convinced of their divine authority, he would rather die than desert them. Such was the mind of the faithful in the little band at Lunenburg. For this they had waited and prayed and contended these eighteen long years. And for this they now hailed the newly-come pastor with unfeigned delight and rallied round him to a man, for his teaching was pure and his doctrine in accord with the truths of God's Word as set forth in the Augsburg Confession and the other Symbolical Books of the Lutheran Church. And this was only what they had a right to expect from him as from a Lutheran pastor, for as such in name and intention he made his appearance among them.

"Then," says Jung, "he took our children for instruction preparatory to confirmation and communion, from both Lutheran and *Reformirt*, but instructed them in the Church of England doctrine, and administered to them the Sacrament after the Church of England's form. That gave immediate cause for complaint and occasioned an open rupture in the congregation."

It has long been the custom with a certain class of writers, in the Lutheran Church and out of it, to condone such offences against doctrine in the supposed interests of peace, and to cry out against any one lifting up the voice to expose, denounce and protest against them. But is that wisdom? "The wisdom that is from above is *first* pure, *then* peaceable." Bryzelius had betrayed these Lutheran people. He did it in the interest of union, that they might conform to the established church for the sake of convenience, as he had done.

And because they did not throw to the winds their convictions of right and their clear perception of the truth of divine revelation, again they are accounted bigots forsooth, and obstinate "Dutchmen," fit to receive only maledictions and outrage from their self-constituted superiors in religious affairs. The Germans would not "conform." This was the sum of

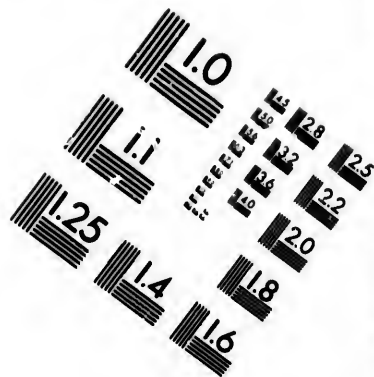
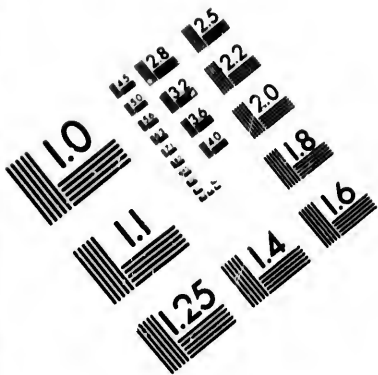
their offending. And for this, although they were made to suffer in many ways, their descendants ought to be always thankful.

Had they then and there submitted to the ecclesiastical yoke so skillfully placed on their necks by the artful Bryzelius, there would have been union, but there would not have been unity. It would have been uniformity made possible only by the sacrifice of principle. A union based on the fundamental principles of the Christian faith, brought about by a general consent to the laws of right and justice; a true, hearty, doctrinal unity, in which all agree that the revelation of God and not human opinion shall be the final arbiter; wherein all parties concerned are of one accord and of one mind, holding one Confession of Faith with one understanding of that Confession, is a union that will endure and bring unending blessing to all gathered into its embrace. But the so-called Alliances, Associations and Unions of our day, wherein people of widely divergent views on fundamental things meet on platforms so broad that Jews, atheists, infidels, Mohammedans, and Turks can stand with them as Christians, posing in the name of religion and in the attitude of brotherly love, are mere ecclesiastical combinations, in which each one hopes to gain some selfish advantage over the others; a sham, a fraud, a delusion and a

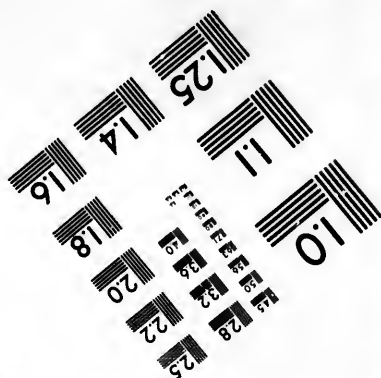
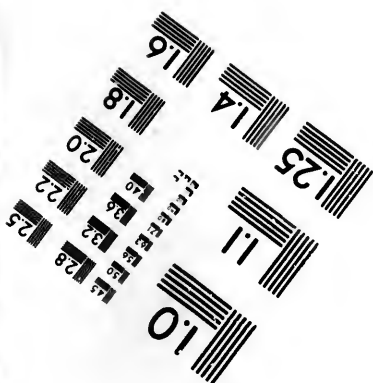
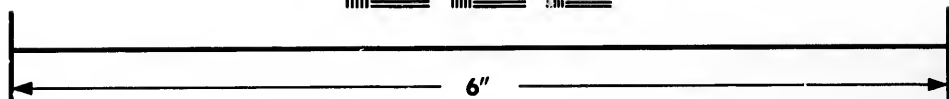
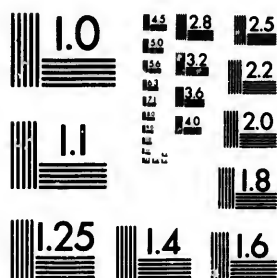
snare. Let us, as Christians, have unity of doctrine; then we are one, never before. Let us, like these stern old Lutherans of Lunenburg, stand fast in our day and generation, and highly honor the heroic fortitude with which they separated themselves from one who, for the petty rewards of position and worldly advantage, proved himself a traitor to the faith and practice which he had sworn to maintain.

Bryzelius, true to nothing but the inconsistency of his former record, had deserted and denied the Lutheran faith, if ever he fully held it, and was now lending himself to lead these Lutherans of Lunenburg away with him. But they knew what the true teaching of God's Word was, and as they valued their souls and hoped for their salvation, they could not give it up. They had been rooted and grounded in that most holy faith in the days of their childhood and youth, and the harsh experiences of their later years had taught them its value and made them esteem it all the more. They loved the soul-saving truths of their Confession of Faith with the love that was dearer than life. And chief among the articles of that Confession was that of this very doctrine concerning the Holy Communion. Around it gather the doctrines concerning the Person of Christ, which are the heart and life of the Christian religion. With hearts fixed upon this truth





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as the veritable gift of God, they could not give it up, and they did not give it up. They clung to it with a tenacity of purpose that is beyond all praise.

Says Jung: "Immediately after Bryzelius had thrown off the mask under which he had come among us—for he had been only masquerading as a Lutheran minister—we began once more to hold our meetings in private houses as we had been doing before. We met together in the house of Mr. Melchoir Broome in the Northwest Range, where we engaged in devotional exercises, which consisted in reading a sermon, singing and prayer. Then we consulted together among ourselves as to what should be done. This meeting for consultation was held on the third Easter day of the year 1768."

Observe the almost inconceivable deception quietly set down here as an assured fact, that after Bryzelius had gone to London and taken ordination in the Church of England, he should be represented to these German people as a Lutheran minister: it is monstrous! Observe further that the date of this meeting of the Lutherans at Melchoir Broome's is significant. It was held just two days after the confirmation and communion above noted as forming part of the flattering report to the London Society; just time enough for them to realize their position, get the word out among themselves, and come together.

We now hasten to conclude what part of our history centers about this gifted, strangely constituted man. He was struck with apoplexy in the pulpit while preaching, on the ninth of April, being Good Friday 1773, aged sixty. Of his interment the record states that "he was buried under the pulpit, wherein, indeed, he died." At the time of his death he resided where the late Matthew Ernst lived, in that suburb of Lunenburg now known as Newtown. Of his descendants we know nothing, except that he probably left a son named Paul, which fact we glean from the following entry in the records of the Lutheran Church of Lunenburg, Vol. II., 1803, No., 83: "Edward, son of Paul Bryzelius and Sophia his wife, born August 18, 1803, baptized by the Rev. J. G. Schmeisser; Sponsors, Ed. Molk and Dorothea his wife." It is my conjecture that the aforesaid Dorothea was a daughter of Bryzelius.

He has gone to his Maker and Judge, and his works do follow him; a minister either without clear convictions of doctrinal truth or without a conscience.

CHAPTER XXII.

CALLING A MINISTER.

JUNG'S record continues; "There were present at this meeting some twenty men. They resolved to select six of their number to present their case to the Government. They were instructed to set forth that we have now waited eighteen years for a minister; that our youth are now grown up; that some were even married and the parents of children, and yet have not been confirmed, nor ever received the Lord's Supper. For this we cannot answer to God, that our children are growing-up like wild men and heathens. We want a minister. We ask permission to write for one. We will pay him. We want assistance from the Government only in procuring a minister."

This application to the authorities, it would appear, was made in due form and according to their instructions by the commissioners appointed; for the writer goes on at once to say: "But instead of assistance and encouragement, they threw all manner of hindrances in our way, and pressed us hard for an explanation as to what we did believe, that we must have a minister of

our own faith. Then one of our number" (probably Jung himself) "was obliged to repeat before the authorities our Confession of Faith, *i. e.* that we believe we take in the Lord's Supper, in with and under the consecrated bread and wine, the true body and blood of our Lord Jesus Christ. The highest officer in the Government declared this could not be—but we held firmly to our faith." How naturally, in view of a scene like this, the mind of the Christian reverts to the words of our Saviour in the Gospel by St. Matthew—"Ye shall be brought before governors and kings for My sake, for a testimony against them."*

"Then we received as our answer that they would not assist us, nor would they sign (endorse) our call as we desired. We then held another meeting, at which were present nine and thirty men. These bound themselves together to write to the Rev. H. M. Muhlenberg of Philadelphia, for a pastor. This we did immediately, but we never received an answer. On the twenty-ninth of March, 1769, we again wrote to Philadelphia, but again received no answer. Letters did come here from Philadelphia, but we never could find out anything, because these letters always fell into other hands."

"In 1770 we began, with the help of God, to hew

* (Matt. x: 16-20.)

timbers for our new church, and brought them into town. We engaged workmen, and the frame was raised on the twenty-second of May in the same year, after which it was roofed and weather-boarded."

The same year Mr. Umstätt removed from here to New York, and we gave him authority in writing to find a minister, and send him to us. He represented our forlorn condition to the Rev. Mr. Gerock, who had compassion on us and wrote to us. His letter here follows and reads thus:

GEROCK'S LETTER.

*"Honorable Sirs and Dearly Beloved Brethren in the Faith:—*Your authorized messenger for obtaining an Evangelical Lutheran minister, Mr. George Umstätt, came to me the day before yesterday with his letters of inquiry after an Evangelical High German minister needed for Lunenburg, in Nova Scotia, and to get advice from me thereon. According to his assurances and letters, the congregation there is helpless, and without an authorized minister or competent teacher. Therefore you have repeatedly approached the Rev. Muhlenberg with your petitions. Neither answers nor the wished-for help followed your petitions. Now many of your best settlers seem to be tired of the life there without the preaching of the Gospel,

and without any proper instruction in religious matters. The aged are not edified nor the youth instructed according to the tenets of our holy religion as set forth in the Augsburg Confession.

“I therefore consider it my duty and office, upon the representations and pleas of your authorized messenger, to interest myself and take measures in behalf of your congregation. If now the ‘Mr. Englishmen’ (meaning the Government officials in the Church of England), permit it, and it is your liberty and privilege to have a minister of our most holy Evangelical religion, and if you wish it, so that yourselves and your descendants, for the welfare of your souls, may be instructed and improved, I think it advisable and in place for me to make you this offer: I will, according to your idea, wish and desire, help you to secure a thorough, able, well-experienced, upright, suitable Evangelical Lutheran pastor, either from Pennsylvania or from the Duchy of Würtemberg, whichever you prefer. I will try to secure a man of from thirty to forty years of age, with a small family. Next Spring, if he will accept the call, he shall go to Lunenburg and begin his labors among you.

“If now, the enclosed conditions seem reasonable and right to you, you shall first have a meeting of the whole Evangelical Lutheran congregation, and after

due deliberation and consideration in the sight of God, you shall draw up a legal, Christian call for the Evangelical Lutheran minister whom I, according to your desire and request, shall conscientiously recommend and send to you. The place for his name (in the call) shall be left blank, so that I can myself put it in and fill up the blank. I make this arrangement because there are two whom I have in view. The conditions shall be set forth in the call. The six, eight, or ten deacons shall sign it for themselves and in the name of the congregation, for a time indefinite; or, so long as the minister shall teach true Christian doctrine, and faithfully, according to his ability, discharge the duties of his office. In case he fail in this (from which may God in His mercy preserve us!) an Evangelical, Right Reverend Ministerium or Consistory shall adjudicate to maintain or restore peace and order.

“It would be well to have the call witnessed by a couple of Justices of the Peace, and attested with their signature and official seal. You can send your letters to Mr. Frederick Kühl, merchant, in Philadelphia, or to Mr. Wm. Hoffman, merchant, in the same place. The sooner you write the better. As soon as I can learn the decision of one or the other of these ministers to accept such a call, I will inform you. In the mean time leave the whole matter to the merciful

kindness and good providence of God. Trust in the Lord, and all will be well.

“With my kindly Greetings, I am

“Your most willing

“Friend and Servant,

“JOHANN SIEGFRIED GEROCK,

“Pastor of the High German Evangelical congregation of Christ's Church.

“New York, August 13th, 1770.

“The conditions specified in this letter here follow:

“1. Each year £50 Nova Scotia lawful money; each pound to be equal in value to four Spanish dollars.

“2. Forty bushels of grain—half corn, half wheat.

“3. A decent, comfortable and commodious parsonage, free of rent.

“4. Twenty cords of good firewood delivered at the house.

“5. The produce of a cultivated thirty-acre lot; and in the event of his death, the free use of the same for his widow and orphans, together with a charitable donation from a grateful congregation, for their Christian maintenance.

“6. The perquisites shall be discussed and verbally agreed upon.

“7. The moving and traveling expenses shall fall upon the congregation; which we promise honestly to pay.

“8. In case the minister who shall be called, find the salary and means of living too scanty for himself and family, or if, perhaps, on account of war or other visitation sent from God, the times should become harder than now, we promise, as grateful children to our Reverend Pastor, and as honest men, according to Christian equity in such exigency, to increase the yearly salary in the same proportion; so that our Shepherd and Teacher shall not with us and on our account be obliged to suffer want, but that he who sows to us the seed of spiritual things shall reap of our temporal things. Thus may we be pleasing to God and to all his people. To this may God help us!”

“The foregoing letter we received on the first day of November, 1770, and we called together our congregation—now increased to seventy-five families—before whom the letter was read. They unanimously agreed to draw up a call immediately, and send it to the Rev. Mr. Gerock. We drew it accordingly, and showed it to the Justices of the Peace, as Mr. Gerock had requested, asking them at the same time for their attestation and signature or endorsement, which they refused. They did not only not sign our call, but made other opposing presentations to hinder us. We, however, sent the call to the Rev. Gerock, without their attestation, on the 7th of November, 1770.

THE CALL.

“ The Call is as follows :

“ Whereas we, the assembled inhabitants of Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, adherents of the Evangelical Lutheran religion, have assembled ourselves together with an earnest desire to secure the services of a faithful minister, and fervently calling upon God that He would supply us with such an one, a confessor of the aforementioned Evangelical Lutheran religion ; and to the accomplishment of which there has been recommended to us the Rev. Mr. ——, we do hereby extend to the Rev. Mr. ——, an unanimous, very respectful, hearty and earnest petition, and beg that, in consideration of the fact that we are without the pure teaching of the Gospel and the right administration of the Sacraments, and find ourselves thus forsaken, he would come to Lunenburg and accept from us the office and discharge among us the duties of a faithful preacher and pastor in our congregation.

“ We live in the steadfast hope that our request will not be refused, but rather that our heartfelt, sincere petition will be heard. We pray that you will accept this offered position, and take upon yourself faithfully to care for the welfare of our souls, and upon these representations, in answer to our petition, come to us : for which may God’s blessing rest upon you.

"In order to this we do, by this instrument, agree, promise, and bind ourselves to the above-mentioned, the Rev. Mr. ———, to furnish the means of maintaining an orderly and respectable livelihood so long as he shall among us teach, live, and according to his ability, faithfully discharge the duties pertaining to the office of a minister of the Evangelical Lutheran Church; and will agree to promptly pay, deliver and allow the following specified recompense and emoluments year by year during his ministry among us:

"1. £50 Halifax currency per annum: a pound to be reckoned at four Spanish dollars.

"2. Forty bushels of grain: halt rye and half barley.

"3. A commodious and comfortable parsonage, free of rent.

"4. Twenty cords of good firewood, delivered at the house.

"5. The perquisites shall be discussed and verbally agreed upon.

"6. The expenses of moving and traveling we agree faithfully to pay.

"7. If the minister having been called shall find this salary and means of living too scanty for himself and his family; or if, on account of War or other judgment sent from God, the times should be more stringent than

now, we promise as grateful children to our Reverend Father, and as honest men, according to Christian equity, in such exigency, to increase the yearly salary in the same proportion; so that our Shepherd and Teacher shall not with us, and on our account, be obliged to suffer want, but that he who sows to us the seed of spiritual things shall reap of our temporal things. Thus may we be pleasing to God, and all His people. And to this may our Heavenly Father help us!

“ To give further assurance of the keeping of our promises, we with due consideration, by the authority and in the name of all the assembled church members, do hereunto annex our names with our own hands, in Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, on this 7th day of November, 1770.

- “ 1. Friederich Arenberg.
- “ 2. Jacob Maürer.
- “ 3. Michael Hauptmann.
- “ 4. Andreas Jung.
- “ 5. Heinrich Ernst.
- “ 6. George Conradt.
- “ 7. Melchoir Bromm.
- “ 8. Wendell Wüst.
- “ 9. Phillip Rodenheiszer.
- “ 10. Leonhardt Anton Tauber.

"11. Christoph Naasz.

"12. Heinrich Vogler."

On the eighteenth of April 1771, we received a letter from Mr. Umstätt, which was written on the twenty-eighth of January, announcing that the call which we sent to the Rev. Mr. Gerock had safely arrived, and that Mr. Gerock himself had traveled to Hackensack to get a minister for us. He gave Umstätt authority to write to us, directing us to send to him (Rev. G.) a bill of exchange for £10 or £12. We were unable to get a bill of exchange here, but made up the sum of £10, and sent it to Mr. Henry Kühn in Halifax. He, however, had no safe opportunity to send the money, so it was left lying in his possession. We received no further tidings from there until Mr. Umstätt removed to Philadelphia, when he wrote back to us that when he left Mr. Gerock, he promised to send a minister, but it was not done; perhaps because the money did not come as directed.

We were now obliged to send a man to the Rev. Mr. Muhlenberg of Philadelphia, and to the Ministerium of Pennsylvania. The man who was sent was Lorenz Conratt. He took with him letters and a call. He arrived in Philadelphia, July twenty-third, 1771, and in company with Mr. Umstätt waited on the Rev. Mr. Muhlenberg and presented our case

to him. After long pleading and many entreaties, several ministers were recommended, with the understanding that they should fulfill their own wish and inclination. They then had to make a journey of seventy miles to Lancaster, with letters from Mr. Muhlenberg to the minister who had been proposed. He refused, urging as his excuse that he could not leave without the consent of his congregation, which was not granted. He then promised, along with Mr. Gerock, that he would present our case to the meeting of Synod and send us a minister. Our messenger could not wait for the meeting of Synod, as it was already late in the season: so he returned to us, bringing several letters with him. After his departure the Most Reverend Ministerium assembled on the twenty-sixth of September, before which body Mr. Umstätt appeared in our behalf; and it was at that meeting resolved to send us a minister in the spring of 1772.

On the thirtieth of October, 1771, we received from the Ministerium an extract from the record of their proceedings, which here follows:

“PHILADELPHIA, 28 SEPT., 1771.

“In the beginning, Our Greetings and Blessing!

“Whereas, a number of Germans living in and around Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, loyal subjects of His Royal Highness, Geo. III., King of Great Britain, by their accredited representative Mr. Umstätt, appearing before the meeting of the United Reverend Ministerium of the Evan-

gical Lutheran Congregations in Pennsylvania and adjacent Provinces, and having represented to them both in writing and verbally, that they, by legal enactment, had liberty to maintain and extend their evangelical religion based upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets as set forth in the Augsburg Confession; to which end they had, out of their own means, built a church, and now desired to obtain from this Reverend Ministerium an Evangelical Lutheran minister; be it hereby known to whom it may concern that in the above-mentioned meeting, on the twenty-sixth inst., it was unanimously

Resolved: "That at the expense of the aforesaid congregation a minister should be sent to them next spring (1772) on trial.

"It was further ordered that the above extract should be taken from the protocol of Synod and forwarded to the congregation at Lunenburg.

"Signed, FRIEDERICH SCHMIDT,

"D. G., *Clerk of the Ministerium.*

"With the Approval of the Reverend President."

CHAPTER XXIII.

A LETTER FROM THE PATRIARCH MUHLENBERG AND A MANLY REPLY.

AS soon as this letter was received a consultation was ordered, and on the following day, October thirty-first, a letter was written and sent to the Rev. Mr. Muhlenberg. To this was returned the following answer, received December twenty-second, 1771.

MUHLENBERG'S LETTER.

PHILADELPHIA, *Nov. 15th, 1771.*

Honored and Esteemed Sirs.

Dear Brethren in the Faith.—Your favor of the 8th October, 1771, and the accompanying 3 Salmon I duly received through Mr. Rübel, for which I tender my hearty thanks, regarding them as tokens of love.

“Concerning the condition of your religious affairs I have been fully informed by your messenger. I have been laboring now 30 years in this American wilderness, not having come upon my own authority, but being regularly sent to gather up and bring into order the scattered Lutherans in Pennsylvania. In this work I was obliged to endure a great deal and

pass through many trials, and must still suffer daily until such time as it shall please the Good Lord to take the harness from me.

“We have here in Pennsylvania and the adjacent Provinces, about 70 large and small evangelical congregations, living, in a measure, in harmony with each other, so far as is possible in their widely scattered condition. We are surrounded by many different envious sects and parties, who wish and would rather see the ruin than the edifying of our evangelical congregations.

“Our nearest and best friends and well-wishers are the upright, pious teachers, elders and members of the English Established Church. They love, protect and stand by us wherever they can, and we in turn do for them, out of love, whatever lies in our power. They favor us and give us perfect liberty, according to the Word of God, both to teach and to live according to the Articles of our Faith. We accord to them, cheerfully, the preference, because they have the Mother Church which is established by law. Their Articles of Faith have been extracted from the Word of God, as well as ours; their Church prayers are taken from the Holy Bible, as well as ours; they have the two Holy Sacraments, Baptism and the Lord's Supper, as well as we; their explanations of their Articles of Faith are as good Evangelical Lutheran as one could

wish them to be: in a word, the doctrines of the English Established Church are more closely allied to ours than those of any other denomination in the whole world. We, therefore, have always studied to live in harmony with them. They allowed the Swedish Lutheran minister, as being the oldest Lutheran, and myself also, to preach in their church, and we allowed them to preach in ours. There has been no effort on their part nor on ours to alienate any of the other's members, because of our close relationship.*

“One must not judge a Church by one or another unworthy minister, but by its Articles of Faith. For example: we have in our Church both in this country and in Europe, many a preacher who preaches false doctrine and lives a godless life; but one must not blame the whole Church for that. 2 Tim. ii. 20. In a great house there are many vessels; some to honor and some to dishonor. One must not reject or despise a whole field or garden because it brings forth weeds along with the grain; one must not cast away a good new net because bad and worthless fishes are

* Sie haben die Schwedische Herrn Prediger als die elteste Lutheraner und Mich in ihren, wir sie in unsern Kirchen predigen lassen. Sie haben uns keine Glieder und wir ihnen keine abgespannt, weil wir so nahe verwand sind.

taken along. A person does not cut down a good tree because it sends forth here and there wild shoots.

“My candid opinion is this: (1) Neither His Gracious Majesty, the English Constitution, nor the law of the land at Lunenburg, intends to compel any one to join the Established Church. They favor and give our Lutherans, as well as other Protestants, full freedom to build their own churches and sustain their own ministers.*

(2) “Now, then, if there are one hundred families, as it is said, who have separated themselves from the English Mother or High Church, built their own church and want a regularly ordained Lutheran minister from our Lutheran Ministerium, the kind authorities, whom we must honor according to the command of God, will have no objection, if only it be done in a judicious and orderly manner: namely—

“3. We are willing, so far as is possible in an orderly manner, to interest ourselves in your behalf and send

* Jung's comment on this opinion is: “Nevertheless our gentlemen have schemed to rob us of our rights and Christian liberty and bring us into the Establishment by artifice and cunning. But it is written: ‘They are dead which sought the young child's life.’” This last sentence in the MS. is stricken out with the pen and almost illegible, as though later developments had shown the application of the expression in this case to have been premature. They were not all dead yet who sought the young congregation's life.

to the aforesaid congregation, next spring, a minister on trial. But you must not on this account despise the English Mother or High Church, and her ministers and missionaries must be held in just and proper esteem; do not judge them, but be friendly and respectful toward them. And as all good government is ordained of God and instituted for the protection of peace-loving subjects, it would be very proper and becoming on the part of the venerable elders of our new congregation if they would dutifully and respectfully wait upon the kind authorities, inform them that the Evangelical Ministerium would interest itself in their behalf and send them a properly ordained Lutheran minister, and they might add a few lines to the Ministerium in your favor.

“(4) In this way there can be no suspicion that you are trying to originate a new sect, or plotting clandestinely and in the dark; because our Evangelical Lutheran Church is the nearest relative to the English Mother or High Church. If we are to interest ourselves in your behalf, it must be done openly and with the knowledge of the kind authorities.

I hope my brethren in the faith in Lunenburg do not think a respectable and properly-ordained minister should not have the liberty to associate with other orderly ministers in a Christian, neighborly and gen-

teel manner. An orderly minister who wants to win souls must have familiar intercourse with the high and low, the rich and the poor, the educated and the uneducated; when he has proper experience and a Christian mind.

“Our Dear Redeemer left us an example in this, by going among people of all classes and conditions, and always presented something for good and blessing.

“Your messenger, Mr. Conratt, perhaps misunderstood me in something. Before I had the pleasure to see him and judge of his writings, I dropped a hint as if some unfavorable reports had come in concerning him, and that he was not a properly authorized messenger from a congregation consisting of a hundred families. This was done mainly to test him, because I did not know him. Within these 30 years that I have been here, I have been frequently rapped over the knuckles and taught wisdom by experience, when I trusted before I was sure. As soon as I spoke with him myself and had seen his credentials, all suspicions vanished, and along with him I undertook to do all for the enterprise that lay in my power. The honest man had trouble enough. He certainly might have had ten for one, if he had not been too honest, sensible and shrewd to trouble and ruin the poor congregation with a false-teaching and bad-living preacher. After what

I have now said, I beg that nothing more will be thought concerning these false and unfavorable reports. There must be neither hatred, envy, quarreling, nor the like, springing up among you; but love, peace, meekness, humility and obedience toward God; and the good rulers must reign so that under them we can live a quiet and peaceable life in all godliness and honesty. Amen!

"I wish to see a few lines in reply to this; or if the Dear Lord allow me to live, I would like to come to you on a visit, if you conduct yourselves well.

"Please extend my kindly greetings to Knaut and other known friends in Christ.

"In humility I remain your well wisher in all things.

" HEINRICH MUHLENBERG.

ANSWER TO MR. MUHLENBERG'S LETTER.

"Most Honorable, Learned and Worthy Inspector and Minister of St. Michael's.

"On the 22d day of December your letter to us was duly received, and from it we learn that we should inform the authorities of our intentions. We have therefore followed the advice of your Reverence, and lived in obedience with it.

"First, as we did once, and have already informed your Reverence, we again waited on the authorities

and announced to them our intention to send for an Evangelical Lutheran minister. They held up to us our inability to do so, and urged us to wait ten or fifteen years.

“Secondly, as we began to hew timbers for our church, we presented our case to them again and asked for a building site upon which to erect our church. To this request we received no answer.

“Thirdly, we gave notice to them that we intended, at a certain specified time, to raise our church on a lot which we had bought for that purpose and invited the authorities to be present, but not one of them was to be seen.

“Fourthly, we, in a body, did them the honor to notify them that it was our intention to hold service in our newly-built church. They tried to hinder us with the threat that we must have bail; but when they saw we were ready to let it come to law, they wished us luck and blessing.

“And now, at the last holy Christmas holidays, having waited on them with the utmost deference and respect, we begged them most humbly to be so kind as to give us, as a favor, a few lines to a praiseworthy Ministerium in Philadelphia, that the Ministerium might see that we were not doing this without the knowledge of our authorities. Our chief magistrate

(who is by birth Swiss) gave us the answer that he did not do it for the *Reformirt* and he would not do it for us; and that, while he could not hinder us, because the law gave us perfect liberty, he would do nothing to assist us. The other Honorable Justices might have done it, but they did not wish to go beyond their superior lest he should bear them ill-will for so doing.

"As for the rest, you give us heartfelt joy that your Reverence now considers us a new congregation and will interest yourself in our behalf; for this we tender to you our hearty thanks. In the meantime it will be a great pleasure to us—if God grant life and health—to have your Reverence come with the minister who shall come here next spring; and the sooner the better, wind and weather permitting.

"And now we commend your Reverence and your Venerable Ministerium to the care of the Most High God, remaining, under Divine direction, true and steadfast, the

" Board of Elders.

"F. A.

"J. M.

"M. H.

"A. J.

"H. E.

"G. C."

"LUNENBURG, JANUARY 1, 1772."

Already, in 1775, Muhlenberg, through the influence of the Rev. Michael Schlatter, then a chaplain in the English army, had received a call from the Governor of Nova Scotia to the congregations at Lunenburg and Halifax, to serve among the Germans and English at a salary of seventy pounds sterling, and twenty pounds in addition provided he would devote some time to the instruction of the youth. He says: "All natural feelings did not disincline me to spend my last hours in a locality where I would have opportunity to serve the Church and her schools, to bring up my seven children in a respectable way, and would be released from this never-ceasing being on horseback, which injures the vigor of body and soul; but, not being able to reach a hasty resolution in such important matters, I petitioned for time to consider and pray over this proposition, to ponder well all the circumstances, so as to recognize the gracious will of God. It was subsequently made clear to me that it was not according to the will of God."

The Rev. Daniel Schumacher, who labored in the years 1755-58, at Reading, Pa., but who was not a member of the Penna. Ministerium, could not prove his ordination, and, as Muhlenberg states in his diary, was anything but exemplary in his walk and conversation; said that before his arrival in Pennsylvania, he

served at Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, where at that time the congregation had been too poor to sustain him.* This statement we must regard as apocryphal. No record, at least, of any such person as Schumacher, has been found to show that he had ever been pastor at Lunenburg. And if he had been there previous to 1758, he certainly found the people in the depths of poverty and few in number. But if he were a man of evil life, as Muhlenberg intimates, then the most wealthy and powerful congregation in existence would have been too poor to keep him. But if he ever were pastor at Lunenburg, his presence and his work were like the passing of a cloud across the sky: he came, he went, and left no mark behind.

* Life and Times of Henry Melchoir Muhlenberg, p. 323.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THROUGH CONFLICT TO VICTORY.

MR. AKINS says* "The Rev. Peter De La Roche was ordained to the cure of Lunenburg in 1771. About this time, a large body of Germans had separated themselves from the Church, and built Calvinist and Lutheran meeting-houses; and had applied to the Rev. Mr. Muhlenberg, President of the Lutheran Synod of Philadelphia, to supply them with a missionary. That gentleman, it appears, discouraged their design, and recommended them to the care of the Church, as being better able, at the time, to provide for their spiritual necessities. This drew forth a vote of thanks to Mr. Muhlenberg from the corresponding committee in Halifax, and a request that he would endeavor to obtain a deacon or schoolmaster, qualified, as expressed in the letter, to assist Mr. Bryzelius in the German mission."

The worthy corresponding committee of the S. P. G. at Halifax might have reserved their thanksgiving; and Mr. Akins, too, had he seen the letter of Dr.

*Rise and Progress of the Church of England in the British North American Provinces, pp. 19, 20.

Muhlenberg, would have been spared the odium of having placed a false construction upon its contents. Nowhere does the Reverend Doctor, with all the pressure of his associations upon him, "recommend them to the Church." He recommends them to be and remain what they always have been; Lutheran Christians. He recognizes the helplessness of their condition, isolated as they are, and counsels prudence and moderation. He regards them and calls them a "new congregation." The people thank him for so regarding them. The official action of the Ministerium so regards them. Yet this published misrepresentation of this important fact has been circulating unchallenged, for almost a generation, among the people whom it was designed to lead astray, as an established truth. Henceforth let its established untruth be fully known; and let the honored memory of Muhlenberg, the Patriarch of the Lutheran Church in America, be free from the implication.

Deeply as he may be honored, and however much the sincere sentiments of Christian love which appear in his letter must be admired, there are yet in it some things against which the strange afterglow of the light of history shining makes needless a protest. Thoroughly alive as he is to the interests of the Lutheran Church in the new land, he does not hesitate to

say: "We are surrounded by many different envious sects and parties, who wish and would rather see the ruin than the edifying of our Evangelical congregations." But from this category of "envious sects and parties" he makes haste to except the "English High or Mother Church." In making that exception he made the mistake of his life. It was also the grand mistake of his honored co-laborer, Von Wrangel. But how did they know that after all their love and union with "the English High or Mother Church," we of this generation should see what we see as the result. After allowing the dear brethren of "the English High or Mother Church" to preach in their pulpits and commune at their altars the logical and historical sequence has been this: that in those very churches where these dear brethren of "the English High or Mother Church" officiated, they stand to-day as owners and masters, denying that Lutherans have therein any right, title, interest or claim. The very church edifices and property, with many of the people before whom the example of unionism was set by trusted pastors, were "conveyed"* to the Episcopal Church.

* It may be necessary here to recall Shakespeare's definition of the word convey. He says of stealing

"'Convey,' the wise it call."

They are gone along with St. George's two churches in the city of Halifax; gone with Gerock's church and another one in New York city; gone with the first Lutheran church in America, consecrated on Trinity Sunday, 1699, at Christiana, Delaware; gone with the first church in which ever Muhlenberg preached in America, old "Gloria Dei," the oldest church edifice in Philadelphia, Von Wrangel's own church; gone by the scheming, duplicity and ingratitude of these friends, of "the English High or Mother Church," with the Lord only knows how many others elsewhere, into the Episcopal fold. They were not only lost in name but in fact from the fellowship, as well as the faith of the Lutheran Church. And the time for Lutheran writers to keep silence about these things has gone by. The Lutheran Church must no longer allow her people to be proselyted and their property stolen without a protest. And if the law of God, the demands of Christian equity, and the dictates of common morality, do not move those people to make restitution of the stolen property, then the powers of the civil law should be invoked. Had these churches been dedicated for the preaching of the doctrines set forth in the Thirty-nine Articles of Episcopalianism, no fault could be found with Episcopalianism holding them; but they were

Lutheran Churches. Their charters provide for the preaching of the Gospel according to the Augsburg Confession.

Had Dr. Muhlenberg and Provost Von Wrangel known what we now know, their attitude toward the Episcopalians certainly would have been different. "When unable to worship in a house of their own, the Lutherans had permitted the Episcopalians to hold services regularly in their church; and Lutheran ministers who had command of the English language had repeatedly served them for considerable periods, both in the pulpit, and in pastoral ministrations."*

These services not only were rendered without compensation, but often, as Acrelius states,† without any return to the Lutheran pastors of expenses incurred in this extra service.‡ The ingratitude of these people certainly was exceeded only by their meanness. The old German Lutherans of Halifax, if they were "only Dutchmen," and if their place of worship was only a "meeting house," did better by the Rev. Drs. Wood and Breynton than those good people of "the English High or Mother Church."

But now, to return from this natural diversion to the

* Prof. Dr. Jacobs' *Essay in the Lutheran Diet, 1877.*

† Acrelius, 219, 220, 361.

‡ Ibid., p. 141.

little band of Lutherans, fighting, against open and secret foes, for their existence as an independant congregation in Lunenburg; how fared it with them? It is now more than twenty years since they have been without a teaching pastor of their own faith. Can faith survive? Let us see.

It may be readily conjectured that their hearts were filled with joy when they learned that but a few short months must yet elapse until their prayer, which all these years had been ascending, was at length to be answered and a minister sent them. But with all their former sad experience it will not be unnatural if doubt should yet remain. Taking up Jung's MS. again we read: "After all our much corresponding, which we have neither space nor time to transcribe, new difficulties arose, so that the promises made to us were not fulfilled, and all our efforts were in vain. Mr. Umstätt left Philadelphia without doing as he had promised; nor did he leave behind him a very good reputation, since he departed secretly. On account of this, the Ministerium became indignant.

"But now another has arisen to speak for us and take charge of our affairs there, namely, Mr. Kaulbach, who was sent from here by the German Reformed congregation, to Philadelphia. He has written to us that our affairs there are not in a prosperous

condition; that little interest is manifested, and that nothing is being done. He writes under date December 26, 1771, that he intends to go himself and see and speak with the minister who is to come here. He informs us that letters have been sent to those who are opposing us here, who all the time have kept up a secret correspondence with persons in Philadelphia, with a view to frustrate our intentions.

"We wrote to him again the 26th of February, 1772. He received our letter in Philadelphia the 8th of May following, and answered immediately. He tells us that he went to visit the minister, and slept in his house two nights. He (the minister) promised that he would come to us, alone, for a trial, by the first opportunity in the month of June. On the 22d of May he wrote us that the Conference (Ministerium) had resolved that the minister should hold himself in readiness to come with the first vessel that sailed."

And thus again we find these poor people raised to the joyful heights of hope, from whence the future looked all rosy, and where the sweet birds of promise were singing in their ears. The faithful Andreas had written to his relatives in Germany ten years before that "all that he and his people then wanted, was an Evangelical Lutheran minister."* They wanted him

* History of the County of Lunenburg, Des Brisay, p. 32.

then, they wanted him before, and wanted him ever since." And now he was coming, "with the first vessel that sailed." The dearest wish of these steadfast hearts was now to be fulfilled. Their long-continued prayer was to be answered.

"But," proceeds the chronicler, "instead of the minister, we received, on the 19th of July, the sad intelligence that the Rev. M. Wildbahn, who was to have come here from New Hanover, in Pennsylvania, could not come because his congregations, of which there are nine, were unwilling to allow him to leave them.

"Now arose mourning and lamentations again from old and young; that we are so forsaken in this American wilderness, and must live like the Indians. There was no end of raillery and mockery either among our enemies, who would rather witness the ruin than the building up of our congregation. But the Lord, who rules in heaven and on earth and holds the destiny of all men in His hands and can lead them as He will, has chosen for Himself the time in which He will surely help us.

"We again began to write to Philadelphia to the Rev. Muhlenberg, and to New York to the Rev. Gerock.

"Our letter to Mr. Muhlenberg is as follows:

“*Reverend and Honored Sir:*—We trust your Reverence will not think’ hard of us when we take the liberty to remind you of the Resolution of Synod, passed the 28th of September, 1771, and sent to us, and for which we have not yet expressed our gratitude as shall in time be done. We have from time to time expected our promised minister, and have received three letters from Mr. Kaulbach concerning him. In the first two letters he informed us that we could be expecting him, as he would start on his journey by the 10th of June. This announcement awakened great joy among our people, both old and young. But as we received, on the 19th of July, not our minister, but the sad tidings that the Rev. Mr. Wildbahn, according to his writing, could not keep his promise; we therefore beg your Reverence, for our Dear Saviour’s sake, that you would be so kind as to furnish us with a minister. We are in danger here. With sorrowful hearts we are obliged to see our Evangelical Lutheran congregation scattered. Not only are our youth growing up like dumb cattle, but there is a large number of young married men and women who are not yet confirmed and have never been to the Lord’s Supper, although the most of them are hungering and thirsting for it. We therefore beg again that your Reverence will on no account

become weary of our importunity and frequent petitions. Our sore need compels us. The love of Christ constrains us. Our reverence for the Lutheran Church and her pure doctrines leads us. We cannot do otherwise.

“We now take the liberty, in closing, to subscribe ourselves, your obliged Servants and Children in the Lord. We pray for your Reverence and the Honored Ministerium in our public prayers, every Sunday in our church. We now await with deepest anxiety, a favorable response, and remain,

“With friendly salutations,

“Your Honor’s.

“*Lunenburg, July 26th, 1772.*

“P. S. There is one thing to be added, namely: that the person who is to come here need have no fear. He will surely, after being here, not wish to go away again. Circumstances will be found very different from the reports whereby we have been misrepresented. We hope, also, that we must not suffer because Mr. Umstätt did not conduct himself as he should have done, and was untrue to us. If the minister who is to come is afraid, we will give bonds for any amount he may require.

“We have had a bond executed by a Justice of the Peace, who wrote it in English and signed it as a wit-

ness. It was drawn upon the four undersigned elders and sent to Philadelphia.

“A. J.

“H. E.

“G. C.

“M. B.’

“The letter to the Rev. Mr. Gerock, in New York, contained in substance about the same as the one above to Mr. Muhlenberg. But it now occurred that Mr. Kaulbach, having finished his affairs in Pennsylvania, was returning without waiting for any further information from us. We had written to him again on the 12th of October, 1772, and also to the Rev. Mr. Muhlenberg; but he had already left Philadelphia and gone to New York. He went to the Rev. Mr. Gerock on his own responsibility, and reported to him our situation and desire. But the Rev. Gerock did not know of any minister to propose. Finally, however, he thought of an unmarried man, a minister, the Rev. Mr. Hartwick, and wrote to him at once, asking whether he would accept a call to come here. Before sufficient time had elapsed for a reply to be returned, another man was proposed to Mr. Kaulbach, from the Province of New York. His name was the Rev. Freiderich Schultz, a minister from Würtemberg. He went at once to the Rev. Mr. Gerock and con-

sulted with him concerning this Rev. Schultz. The Rev. Gerock wrote to him and as soon as he received the letter he came to New York, where a consultation was held as to whether he should accept the call. He was willing to come along with Mr. Kaulbach to Lunenburg on a trial, and they accordingly set out together and arrived here in safety on the 27th of October, 1772. On the twentieth Sunday after Trinity, being the first day of November, 1772, he preached the first sermon in our new church, and the following Sunday, November 8th, he dedicated it and gave it the name ZION'S CHURCH. The first Sunday in Advent he administered for the first time the Holy Communion to one hundred and fifteen communicants, and at the same time confirmed thirty-five catechumens."

We may readily imagine the joy of this occasion. The long-deferred hope of this faithful and long-suffering little flock at length was realized. Well might they now extol the Name of the Lord who had lifted them up and had not left their enemies to triumph over them. They had cried to the Lord in the day of trouble; He had heard and graciously answered their appeal. "Sing unto the Lord, O ye saints of His, and give thanks at the remembrance of His holiness. For His anger endureth but for a moment; in His favor is life: weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

CHAPTER XXV.

SCHULTZ, THE FIRST MINISTER.

CONCERNING the antecedents of the newly arrived minister not very much is known. The Rev. Dr. Mann, in a letter bearing date June 4th, 1880, writes as follows: "About Rev. Fr. Schultz, unfortunately little is known. I find some remarks about him in the *Evangelical Review*, vol. xv., p. 172-3, but they are unsatisfactory. The light which the Halle Reports throw on the man is equally dim. I wrote to Dr. B. M. Schmucker, and he gave me a synopsis of all the Halle Reports say, at various places; but it is by no means what we should like to know.

Friederich Schultz was born at Königsberg in Prussia, studied at the University in that city, and at Halle, and for a time was employed in the celebrated Orphan House of that place. The call to America having been offered to him, he was ordained at Wernigerode, July 11th, 1751, with the Rev. J. D. M. Heitzelmann, and both started by the way of Hamburg and London (Sept. 2d) for America. They arrived in Philadelphia December 12th. Fr. Schultz now for some time was H. M. Muhlenberg's assistant,

and also served the New Goshenhoppen congregation, once every two weeks. In 1752, September, he was present at the meeting of Synod. He removed to New Hanover, one of Muhlenberg's charges, and from there to New Goshenhoppen, and at the same time say 1753-54, also served the Indianfield congregation. And now he disappears from the Halle Reports. In 1759, in the list of congregations under the care of the Ministerium, his name is not mentioned.* He must have left his two congregations for some cause or other, and therefore no trace of him is found until he appears, 1772, in Lunenburg. Already the Rev. Mr. Roth (Jacob Roth, formerly a Roman Catholic *Studiosus*), preached, 1761, to the Indianfield congregation, and had for some time occupied the place there formerly filled by Friederich Schultz. What field Schultz occupied until he appears in Nova Scotia, seems to be unknown. There is no notice of him in Pennsylvania, New York, or other places."

Having seen it recorded as a matter of history, that Muhlenberg's son-in-law was named Schultze, the question arose, and was placed before Doctor Mann, as to whether the Lunenburg Schultz might be the same person. The following reply disposes of the question :

* *Hallische Nachrichten*, p. 843.

“Now to the historical question. There were three ministers Schultz or Schultze, during the last century, in the Lutheran Church in North America. The first one, of a doubtful character, went, in 1733, with several other delegates from New Hanover, Providence and Philadelphia congregations to Europe, to raise funds for these three congregations, but did not return. About the time of his death nothing is now known.

* “The second one, in fact as to time the latest, was the son-in-law of Dr. H. M. Muhlenberg, and pastor at Tulpehocken; at one time received a call to the Philadelphia congregation, but did not enter upon that field; labored at Tulpehocken for thirty-eight years, and died March 9, 1809. He married a year after his arrival in this country, which took place in October, 1765, Miss Eva Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Muhlenberg. At first he was the doctor's colleague in the Philadelphia congregation for five years, then he followed the call to Tulpehocken. The next call to Philadelphia came in 1784, but Schultze refused to come. He was at various times made president of the Ministerium, and died as its senior. His name was Christopher Emmanuel Schultze.

“The third one, Frederick Schultz, your Lunenburg man, was born at Königsberg, Prussia, as previously stated, received there his classical education, studied

theology at Halle University and was for a time employed in the Orphans' Home of that city. He came to this country with J. D. Matth. Heinzelmann, 1751, both having been ordained at Wernigerode, labored for a few years as Muhlenberg's adjunctus at New Hanover, and entered upon the pastoral work at New Goshenhoppen and Indianfield in 1753. Now he disappears. In a list of congregations united with the Ministerium in 1757 his name does not appear," * and in 1762 we find that the Rev. Jacob Roth was pastor of those congregations. A. D. 1772 Schultz was called to Lunenburg, etc. In the Ev. Review, xv., p. 173 it is stated that there he labored with success till his death in 1809. (This rests on no testimony. As to the year 1809 I think he is mixed with Christopher Em. Schultze.)"

In the year 1772 the Lunenburg Church Records are begun in Schultz's handwriting, with all those little accessories of neatness and method which mark the work of a trained scholar. The opening antedates his arrival a few weeks (Aug. 1st), but is evidently the work of his hand. Everything in the book is arranged with scrupulous exactness, the writing in English characters, the captions in Latin, all in clear running hand. The first, after the title page, contains a list of

(* *Hallische Nachrichten*, § 10, p. 843)

names of elders or deacons, and the second a list of one hundred and twenty-five men, members of the congregation. Gathering up all the marks in order which throw further light upon the history of the Rev. Mr. Schultz, they sum up the following: On the 5th of December, 1774, Friederich and Maria Schultz stand sponsors for Johannes, the son of Christian Schreiber and his wife Elizabeth. This informs us that he was married and brought his family to Lunenburg after his trial trip.

In April 1773, work was begun on the Parsonage,*

*TRANSCRIPT FROM TREASURER'S ACCOUNTS.

1773. 446 days' labor were spent upon building the Parsonage, and out of these were paid 123 days as follows:

	Pounds.	Shillings.	Pence.
14 by Mr. Hand @ 3 shillings per day . . .	2	9	0
20 by Andreas Jung @ 3 shillings per day . .	3	0	0
5 by Wm. Haüsler @ 3 shillings per day. .		15	0
13 by Nicolaus Schmidt @ 3 shillings per day	1	19	0
13 by Ludwig Spindler @ 3 shillings per day.	1	19	0
16 by And. Bolivar @ 2 shillings and 6 pence	2	0	0
6½ by George Frank @ 2 shillings and 6 pence		16	3
1 by Conrad Nau @ 2 shillings and 6 pence		2	6
29½ by members of the congregation who have worked more than five days at 1 shilling and 6 pence per day	2	4	3
	£15	5	0
The other expenses together amount to . .	34	4	½
Total	49.	9	½
At \$4 to the pound, this amounts to \$197.81.			

(the one removed in 1883), and one item in the Treasurer's accounts gives the Rev. gentleman himself credit for nine days' labor at chopping in the woods on the timbers used in its construction. A list of the families in connection with the church September 1st, 1775, shows the number to be one hundred and eighty-five. The congregation was evidently increasing and enjoying prosperity under his care. In the list of deaths and burials for the year 1777 appears the following: "August 22nd, Samuel Schultz, aged 17 years, 5 months and 12 days, was buried in the Lutheran church in Lunenburg, under the pulpit. He is the first thus in the church interred." The last recorded act of his ministry is a baptism dated November 19, 1780. The only collateral evidence of his doings after that, yet discovered, is in the form of a deed for one thousand acres of land on Port Medway, given by John Creighton, Esq., to Frederick Schultz, Minister, and bearing date August 8th, 1777. He disappears for the present from Nova Scotia as completely and mysteriously as from Pennsylvania.

Our trusted annalist Andreas Jung gives us all we have now to add to his history. He says: "After having discharged among us the duties of his office for several years, he became displeased, and demanded an increase of salary above what had been promised

to him. As this was not paid, he several times presented his resignation, became discontented and threatened to leave. We, therefore, very quietly, in 1776, made known our situation, through the Rev. Mr. Baumgarten, of Lütter on the Barrenberg, to the Consistory of Wernigerode in the Earldom of Stolberg. This Consistory gave us this advice: that if our minister should leave us we should send our petition to the Rev. Friederich Wilhelm Pasche of the High German Court Chapel in London, and also to the Rev. Anastasius Freylinghausen, praying them to send us a minister. With this request they complied, and promised to send us one as soon as possible.

During this time, the Rev. Mr. Schultz was for six months without any salary. We met together in our church every Sunday, and read a sermon. He then offered of his own accord, on the 24th of May, 1781, that he would preach again if the congregation were satisfied. This offer was laid before the congregation, and it was resolved that if he would be satisfied to receive as his remuneration the free-will offerings of the people, he might do so until the other minister would come. Thereupon he preached again, for the first time, the Sunday before Pentecost or Whitsunday, and continued until the fourth Sunday after Easter, April 28, 1782."

Here the curtain falls upon the history of the Rev. Mr. Schultz, leaving him, it must be confessed, in no enviable position. Dr. Mann says: "It may be that in Pennsylvania something went wrong with the man;" here we may be sure something went wrong with him. That the church should remain closed, or opened for services by laymen only, while an ordained minister was at hand and idle, is abundant evidence that something was wrong. But there may be circumstances of which we cannot judge, as there are others which we do not know, explaining, in part at least, the abnormal condition of affairs at this particular juncture. It was a time of general depression. Alarm followed alarm, and deep anxiety pervaded the whole country. War stalked grim-visaged through the land. The mother country, to which Nova Scotia ever remained loyal, was engaged in a hopeless effort to subjugate the United Colonies of the New World. Indeed, the fires of that conflict were even then kindled in the streets of Lunenburg and bloodshed was begun. So let not hasty or uncharitable judgments be pronounced; for those were troublous times.

That the Rev. Mr. Schultz was not inactive, we may judge from the part he took in building the parsonage. During his pastorate also the bell was bought and placed in position. The history of this bell is pecu-

liar. It was originally brought from France and hung in the chapel of the Fort at Louisbourg. Upon the dismantling of that stronghold in 1758, it was taken out and carried to Halifax. There it lay stored away with other spoils of victory until 1776, when it was purchased from the Government by the Lutherans at Lunenburg and hung in their new church. It was rung there for the first time on the tenth of August, 1776. It has a peculiarly sweet and sonorous tone. That it was intended for Roman Catholics by its manufacturers there is no doubt, since on the one side is a large Latin cross and on the other a bas-relief full-length representation of the Virgin Mother with the Infant Saviour in her arms. It has been said, though upon what authority it is impossible to declare, that when the town was invaded in 1782, this bell was taken down, carried to the Back Harbor, sunk in the water and left there until all fear of having it seized was over.

As an interesting relic, the list of subscribers for the purchase of the bell is here presented, with the original spelling of their names:

Received, 1776, July 28, for the Bell.

Collected in Halifax.

		£	s.	d.			£	s.	d.
Mr. Friederich Ott presented a small bell for the school-house.					George Arenberg		2	6	
					Leonhart Arenberg		1		
					Freiderich Rigolo, butcher	10			
Rudolf Spindler	1				Peter Schlitter		5		
Thomas Wagner		10			Mathias Ernst		2	6	
Mr. Boehmish		5			Caspar Ernst		2		
Andreas Bauer		5			Rudolf Kühn's Eldest Daughter			6	
Jacob Burckhardt		5			Jacob Hirtle	1			
John Hoffmann		10			Catharina Bargeld		5		
Elizabeth Brand		2	6		Nicolaus Berghausz		5		
Catharina Barbara Brand.	1				Augustin Wegschriter . . .		5		
Anton Henrich*		5			Georg Conradt		5		
Henry Kühn		2	6		Jacob Maurer		5		
Nicolaus Anspang		2			Christoph Naasz		5		
Barbara Gaxel		1	3		John Bargeld		1		
Mrs. Winn		2			Philip Wagner		2	6	
Catharina Shelly		1			Adam Ailer		5		
Mr. Newton		5			Nicolaus Conradt		5		

Collected in Lunenburg.

Herr Pastor Schultz . . .	1			George Deuthof		2	6
Friederich Schultz . . .		5		Peter Klettenberger		5	
Samuel Schultz		5		Heinrich Schaufelberger . .		1	
Friederich Arenberg . . .		10		John Seeburger		5	
Andreas Jung		10		Caspar Jung		2	
Heinrich Ernst		10		John Jung		5	
Melchoir Bromm		5		Philip Hauszler	11	8	
Wendel Wüst		15		Valentine Diehl		2	6
George Bochner		15		John Diehl		2	6
Mathes Blysteiner	1			Eli Kedy		3	
John Schwartz		10		John Gerhardt		5	
Lorentz Conradt		10		Michael Morash		5	
L. A. Tauber		5		Anton Halter		5	
Caspar Conradt		5		John Lantz		1	
Caspar Meiszner, Jun. . . .		5		John Müller		5	
John Wm. Blysteiner		5		Peter Mauszer			6
Conradt Wentzel		5		Heinrich Vogler		5	
Andreas Haasz		5		Mr. Knaut	10		
John Rehfus		4		Thomas Schmitt	10		
Heinrich Meisser		5		Heinrich Ochsner		2	6
John Arenberg		5		Albrecht Mauszer		5	
Peter Arenberg		5		George Kaiser		5	

* This is our old friend Anthony Henry, the Musician and Printer.

	£	s.	d.		£	s.	d.
Philip Schmeltzer	5			Nicolaus Schmitt.	2	6	6
Peter Schmeltzer.		6		John Beller			6
Adam Phielro	5			John Freydenberg	6		
George Mauszer		6		Conradt Diehl	2	6	
Elizabeth Callicot	1			Martin Goetz		3	
Peter Schnarr	5			Gottlieb Harnisch		5	
Friederich Hahn.	3	6		Jacob Selig		1	
Caspar Zinck	2			Rudolf Kühn		5	
Jacob Moszer	5			Eberhart Hauszler		5	
Jacob Speitel	1			Georg Michael Schmitt,			
Jacob Rehfus	1			Jun		5	
Peter Klettenburger, Jun.	1			John Rehfus, Jun.		1	3
Philip Berghausz		3		Caspar Meiszner, Sen.		2	
Christian Ernst.	2	6		Christian Gräft		5	
Urbanus Heiner		3		Nicolaus Schmitt, Jun.		4	
Lorentz Wentzel	2	6		William Kedy		3	
Friederich Lott	2			Michael Hauptman		5	
John Besancon.	1	6					
Mary Loeszle	2	6			27	16	5
George Bolleber	2	6					

STATEMENT.

	£	s.	d.
1770, the 7th of April, I began under an article of agree- ment to work on the church and worked until the church was raised: 22½ days @ 3 shillings	3	6	9
Further, from July until November, I worked in the church 29½ days.	4	8	6
Further, I paid in gold for the lot and other expenses	1	0	0
1773, the 27th April, I began to work on the parsonage and worked 9½ days. Again on the house, 15½, making together 25 days. From this I threw off 5 days, as the other members of the congregation did, leaving 20 days	3	0	0
1774, I framed the stable in connection with the parson- age property, 3 days.	0	9	0
	—	—	—
	12	4	3

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Upon this I have received :

June 21, 1772	2	0	0
December 7.	2	0	0
1773, July 7.	1	2	6
Further, my share which I am indebted to pay on the parsonage		12	0
Also, from Caspar Conradt and Conradt Wentzel, for their share on the parsonage	1	4	0
Further, for the church, for my share of the church debt.	2	11	0
		<u>9</u>	<u>9</u>
			<u>6</u>
The congregation remains indebted to me	2	14	9
		<u>12</u>	<u>4</u>
			<u>3</u>

Reckoned Jan. 7, 1775.

ANDREAS JUNG.

s. d.
2 6
6
2 6
3
5
5
5
3
5

d.
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3

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE INVASION OF LUNENBURG.

IN 1780 the American brig "Sally," from the French West Indies, bound to New England, laden with rum, sugar, and molasses, having been driven out of her course by stress of weather, came to anchor near Lunenburg, February 24th, and sent a boat's crew ashore. The men were made prisoners, the vessel was attacked and taken as a prize.

March 15th, 1782, a privateer sloop of six guns from Boston, Capt. Potter, took the schooner "Two Sisters," off Green Island, and extorted a ransom of £80 and some provisions.

In the same year, the last day of June, Capt. Wiederhold, who had arrived at Lunenburg from Halifax, gave the warning, "The Yankees are coming to-morrow," and when the morrow came the Yankees were there. How Capt. Weiderhold gained his information is not stated, nor is it known why it should have been maintained by those in authority that no warning had been received.

However, on July 1st, six of the ever unwelcome privateers appeared off Eastern Points, where they

seized three men and compelled them to pilot the vessels into Lunenburg harbor. They were a brigantine, the "Scammel," Capt. Stoddart; a large schooner, the "Jessie," Capt. Babcock, two small schooners, a sloop, and a row-galley. Ninety men, well armed, were landed near Redhead, a prominent headland about two miles east of the town. They were under the command of Capt. Babcock and Lieut. Bateman.

"A narrative, written at the time, by Leonard C. Rudolf, Esq., gives a good account of the affair.

"MINUTES OF THE INVASION AND SURPRIZE OF THE
TOWN OF LUNENBURG, ON MONDAY,
JULY 1ST, 1782.

"At the rising of the sun, the town was alarmed by the firing of a number of small guns near the Block-house and Mr. Creighton's. The case was that Mr. Creighton's servant, having perceived a large company of armed men coming on the road from the Common, had acquainted his master thereof. The night guard being already gone off, Colonel Creighton with only 5 men got into the Block-house, and at the approach of the enemy they fired at and wounded three men of the enemy.

"The rebels directly divided in several parties, 2 of which ran to our 2 Batteries, spiked the guns, broke

everything, turned the guns and balls down to the water; some remained at Mr. Creighton's, spoiled and burnt his house and effects; they took himself with the 5 men, and their vessels being now come round the Point, they carried the Colonel with the others prisoners on board their vessels. In the meantime, other parties had over-run all the town, entered every house, seized all arms which they either beat to pieces or kept them particularly the silver-hilted swords and regimentals, to themselves.

"When their vessels were in, which were in all 6, viz.: one brigantine, a large schooner, a row-galley, a sloop, and 2 small schooners, they landed more men with some small carriage guns, which they carried up and placed them near the old fort, with a main guard to secure themselves against our country people that might come in that way.

"Now they fell a plundering the chief houses and the shops, which they cleared all; the sufferers are chiefly:

"Mr. Creighton's house robbed and burnt.

"Do. the store on the wharf cleared.

"Mr. Forster's store.

"Mr. Jessen's house spoiled and robbed.

"Knaut's heir's stores robbed.

"Mr. Bolman's store do.

" Mr. Wollenhaupt's stores.

" Mr. Donig's shop.

" John Christopher Rudolf's shop.

" Mr. Munich's and several other small shops.

" These are to my certain knowledge, but there are many more robberies and damages done, whereof I am not yet informed. I am not able to value the whole loss, but think it will amount to £——.

" In town we are at present almost without arms, ammunition, provision, and merchandise; besides I hear they have carried off from some houses money, gold and silver.

" The surprise was so sudden that we had no alarm except by the report of the firing at the blockhouse.

" When I saw that Colonel Creighton was carried off, I ventured to expose myself by going from house to house to see matters, and if anything could be done; I was also with Mr. Delaroche to beg his advice, who afterwards ventured, with some principal inhabitants, to go on the vessel to try what he could do for Mr. Creighton or the town, but without success."

On the morning of the invasion, four men started for Halifax in a boat by way of the back harbor, and arrived there in the evening. A man-of-war was sent after the privateers, but was unable to catch them. A message was also sent to Major Joseph Pernette,

LaHave Ferry. He immediately set to work collecting men, and a party of 90 or 100 reached town in the evening, too late to be of any assistance. We have often thought there would have been some "fun" if they had arrived before the invaders left, but it was just as well, perhaps, that they did not. They would not have been able to drive the "Yankees" away, and in all probability the town would have been set on fire, and much valuable blood shed.

The blockhouse which Col. Creighton so bravely endeavored to defend was situated on the hill just above Mr. David Smith's shipyard, and his house was close to it. His colored servant, old Sylvia, ran across from the house to the blockhouse with an apron full of musket balls and cartridges. It is said that she aided in the defence by loading some of the guns and even firing them. When the blockhouse was taken, she was allowed to escape. She went up to Mr. Jessen's house, where she packed up the money and plate in a small chest. She had been in the habit of wearing very long skirts, and when a party of men came to the house to search for valuables, she sat on the chest and completely hid it from their sight. She pretended to be terribly frightened, and cried very loud. One of the men said, "See what's under the old thing." She redoubled her crying and lamenta-

tions, whereupon the leader said, "Let the black hag go." After their departure, the chest was put into the well, which had already been examined. Thus, by old Sylvia's shrewdness, much valuable plate was prevented from falling into the intruders' hands, and all they got in that house was a small silver cream-jug and a few other articles.

This party afterwards went to the house which stood on the site of the one occupied by Robert Scott, Esq., and sat down. One of them took his coat off, and replaced it with a militia coat belonging to the master of the house. In one of the pockets of the cast-off coat was the silver cream-jug above mentioned, and the soldier, forgetting to take it out, left it behind. It is now in possession of J. J. Rudolf, Esq.

Mr. Jessen, being in the house now occupied by Mr. Lewis Hirtle as a hotel, fired at a small party of privateersmen in the street above. The fire was returned, and two holes were made by the bullets in the rear of the house, one of which we saw a few years ago.

The privateersmen took out of the shops and dwelling houses almost everything of value. Whatever was useful to them they carried on board their vessels, especially provisions, firearms, and gunpowder; what they did not want, they either destroyed or left on the

streets. An eye-witness has stated that the streets were strewn with laces, ribbons, cottons, and many other kinds of shop-goods. They were very generous to the boys of the town, giving them raisins, cakes, and other good things. They themselves must have presented a very ludicrous appearance. Some had on red militia coats, others clothing of various descriptions, purloined from the owners. Still more fantastic was the head-gear. Militia and other caps and hats, women's bonnets and caps, were assumed as chance gave possession. What a spectacle the town must have presented!

About five o'clock the show ended. The farce was played, and the players left the scene. We may be very sure that they left it without any regrets on the part of the townspeople, except, perhaps, the boys.

With regard to the bond for £1,000 given, or said to have been given, to the privateersmen for the safety of the town, we wish that we could present a copy of it for our readers' perusal.

An application was made to the Governor of Halifax for troops and military stores. Some cannon and ammunition were sent, but no troops, as none could be spared at that time. In October, however, a detachment of soldiers was sent down under Captain Bethel, and lodged in the "Windmill Battery."

The people of the town and country were kept in constant fear of attack by the presence of American privateers on the coast, but the town was not again molested. The close of the war finally relieved the people from their apprehension.

The evident attempt, in the account given, to glorify the commander, is throughout characteristic. The consternation of the inhabitants no doubt was intense. To them Lexington and Bunker Hill, Valley Forge or Trenton, were nothing; the ransacking of the town was, from their point of view, the great event of the war. While revolution shook the continent, and the hand of Omnipotence was shaping with momentous strokes the rough-hewn destiny of America in the interest of human liberty and the elevation of the race, Lunenburg fished and slumbered. The foray just described was the only waking up the town received to the events then transpiring.

CHAPTER XXVII.

SCHMEISSER, THE SECOND MINISTER.

AN interested spectator, who became an involuntary actor in the foregoing episode, was the successor



of the Rev. Mr. Schultz, the newly arrived Johann Gottlob Schmeisser, whose silhouette portrait is here-

with presented. Jung says, April 28th, 1782: "We then received the intelligence that our minister, Gottlob Schmeisser, born in Weissenfelds in Saxony, who had been sent from Halle, was in Halifax. He arrived here safely the 1st of May 1782, and the following Sunday, Rogate, he preached his initiatory sermon to a very large audience, there being present beside our own people a great many of the German Reformed and English."

By a comparison of the foregoing dates, it will be observed that precisely two months had elapsed from the time of Mr. Schmeisser's arrival, until the ransacking of the town took place. Doubtless, he would be moved to think this new country a place dangerous to locate in, and all the more would he think so if the incident yet current concerning his part in the contest be correct. It is stated that when the Americans were engaged in plundering the town, some of the inhabitants fled, some endeavored to defend their property by armed resistance, and others hid; but Schmeisser with imperturbable coolness walked about, his tall and slender form made conspicuous by his clothing of foreign cut, looked on the operations of the marauders, and expostulated with them upon the evil of their ways. But he spoke the German tongue, which they unfortunately could not understand, so

that his good advice was wasted. But this was not the worst, for, meeting a squad of the Yankees as he crossed the parade, they resented his continual interference and seized him. He resigned himself, as he supposed, to imprisonment or death, but it was not so bad as that: they merely bound him hand and foot and left him lying on the parade unhurt, but thoroughly disgusted with the indignity put upon him; and there he lay helpless until some of his friends ventured forth and released him.

The following letters, presented to his parishioners by Mr. Schmeisser, explain themselves:

“FREYLINGHAUSEN’S LETTER.

*“Highly Esteemed Gentlemen and Well Beloved Friends
in Christ.*

“From your letter of the 8th November, 1780, I see that your minister, Friederich Schultz, has left you or is about to do so, and that you, together with the Rev. Pasche of London, beg me to choose another to serve you in his stead; a man suitable to your circumstances. I am well pleased to know of your endeavors to preserve the Evangelical faith, to build a church, to call a minister, and to gather a congregation. The Lord will reward you for this, because

that amid the cares of this life you have not neglected your spiritual welfare, as many have done.

“ Because I now see that you are earnestly bent upon the edification of your souls through the ministry of the Word, I have given myself much trouble and have offered many prayers to God for help to find a man devoted and sincere and qualified to serve you. It gives me particular pleasure, therefore, that in the bearer of this, Johann Gottlob Schmeisser, I can send to you the man called for you, and regularly ordained by an orthodox (*ordentlich*) Evangelical Lutheran Consistory. I can give you this assurance that he is firm in the doctrine of our Evangelical Lutheran Church, as it is grounded in the Holy Scriptures and from them set forth in the Augsburg Confession, and the other Symbolical Books of our Church; and from the departures from the faith, now so common in Germany, he is far removed. As I have observed, he is zealous to preserve the mystery of the faith in pure minds in order that both himself and his future hearers may be saved; also, that he is free from avarice, because he founds his trust not upon the uncertain riches but upon the Living God. I, therefore, entertain the good hope that he will not only preach the Word of God in its truth and purity, but also that he will strive to live a blameless life; so that both by

his teaching and example he will edify the congregation. In particular it is my hope that he will exercise the most scrupulous care in the training of your children, that he will zealously instruct them in our most holy religion, so they may be brought up in the fear and love of God from their earliest youth. He understands very well how important a matter it is to have the foundation of true doctrine laid in youth, and has had good practice in teaching in the orphan-house in this place.

“I have no doubt, therefore, that the whole worthy congregation will receive him with love, that they will be not only faithful hearers of the preached Word but also doers of the same, and moreover assist him in the discharge of his duties and in the preservation of good order; so that what good he may teach their children they will help on and encourage at home, as right-doing parents, by Christian life and good admonition and in this manner, through such faithful training of the youth, the pure doctrine and right living in Christ may be perpetuated among your descendants. But God, who works every good thing in us, must add His blessing to all planting and watering; and also take the Rev. Mr. Schmeisser upon his dangerous journey, under His gracious protection, so that he will arrive in safety among you. And now let the shepherd

and the flock be given into His particular care. This I wish with all my heart—and remain with sincere love and friendship.

“Your ob’t serv’t.

“GOTT. ANASTASIUS FREYLINGHUYSEN.”

“Halle, Dec. 8th, 1781.”

PASCHE'S LETTER.

Honorable and Worthy Sirs.

“Elders and members of the German Evangelical Lutheran congregation at Lunenburg in Nova Scotia.

“Your kind letter to me bearing date 12 Nov. 1781, per Messrs. Watson and Rashleigh, was received immediately upon the arrival of their ships.

“Our faithful Chief Shepherd Jesus has allotted to you an intelligent and beloved Evangelical Minister in the Rev. Mr. Schmeisser, the bearer of this writing—for which I join with you in returning heartfelt thanks to the Lord, praying Him that He will bring to you in safety and health your new pastor, teacher and shepherd of souls, and that He will allow to you for many years the enjoyment of his ministrations with abundant blessings.

“You will upon his arrival receive him with all confidence, as your regularly called and properly authorized minister, and bestow upon him with willing:

and faithful hearts, all due love, honor and assistance. You will, in all proper ways, aid him in the discharge of his duties, both in the congregation and among the youth, so that his labors may be both lightened and sweetened; thus will the name and fame, both of the minister and of the congregation, come over the ocean from time to time as a sweet fragrance, to quicken and revive others to good works for the glory of God.

“I sincerely regret that your esteemed friend Knaut has been taken from you by death last December, and as truly hope that this great loss has been made good to you, or soon will be. That you among yourselves practice and sustain the worship of God according to the Lutheran faith, and bring up your children and descendants in the same way, no sensible Englishman will disapprove of; nor will they from you, as a congregation separate and distinct from the English High Church, either from yourselves or your pastor, withhold due honor and respect, provided, always, that you grace the pure Evangelical faith with a true Evangelical Christian walk and life—and, at every opportunity, show yourselves loyal subjects of Great Britain. Of this you can be the more fully assured, since here, in England, our German Lutherans showing these qualities have the esteem of both the people and the clergy.

“The expenses of the journey (*und heisige pflege Kosten*), of your Pastor Schmeisser, I am unable to state, because there will be a number of items attending his departure yet to be added, and, moreover, I do not have the bill from our dear Rev. Prof. Dr. Freylinghausen. He has been here in London for five weeks, and the ordinary expenses amount to about one guinea a week. The Messrs. Watson and Rashleigh are willing to advance the money to pay all his expenses upon your account; I will, therefore, draw on them for the whole amount, and by the first opportunity send to you an itemized bill. You, esteemed gentlemen and friends, will then, with your dear pastor, agree concerning these and other necessary expenses, and in love and equity arrange it all. He is of an amiable and peace-loving disposition, and I have all confidence in the goodness of your intentions. In consideration of the great blessing which is falling to you and to your children in securing the services of a pure Evangelical and true-hearted teacher and pastor, you will, I am confident, take no exception to these few extra expenses; particularly as you have already had the sad experience of having a worldly-minded minister instead of one holding the pure faith.

“I now commit you all, with your worthy pastor,

to the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of God, and the communion and fellowship of the Holy Ghost, and remain

"Honored Gentlemen and Highly Respected Brethren in Christ,

"Willing ever to Pray and to Serve,

"FRIEDERICH WILHELM PASCHE."

"Kensington, London, February 25th, 1782."

The preceding letters give an idea of the previous history of the Rev. Mr. Schmeisser, more clear than anything at this late day remaining. But other evidences remain to corroborate the history furnished by these. Here, for one thing, is the "itemized bill" promised by the Rev. Mr. Pasche. By happy accident it has been preserved from the ravages of time, and as an interesting relic of the past is here inserted without change.

Account of sundry expences attending the Revd. M. Schmeisser, from Germany to Halifax, 1782.

	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
March 1. To Paid Bill for his Expences from Germany . . .				20	1	
21. Paid M. Pasche, sundry expences for him when in town.	21	17	8			
Paid M. Schmeisser	23	6	8			
	<hr/>			45	4	4

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	£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.
Paid duty on his Bed and						
Bound Books		17				
Warehouse Expences		7				
Waterage and Wharf		2				
				1	6	
Paid his Passage from London						
to Halifax.				26	5	
				£ 92	16	4

It is quite likely that the Rev. Mr. Pasche wrote as he did concerning this bill, because he had some fear in his mind that its presentation might occasion trouble. By a comparison with the call sent from these poor people to the Rev. Mr. Gerock, it will be observed that this bill for traveling expenses was a very little short of the amount agreed upon as two years' salary. But so happy were they in securing the services of a trusted and worthy minister, that they paid the bill of almost \$500 without a murmur, and probably out of their poverty would have doubled the amount, if necessary, just as willingly. And in this they were right. If he left behind him all that was dear, in order to sow to them spiritual things, it was not wrong that he should reap of their temporal things. He was, in leaving Germany for Nova Scotia, leaving the privileges, opportunities and amenities of the Old World civilization, for the privations and asperities of the New. What he would see of the world

on the way, was in all probability, as events showed it in reality, all that he would ever see of it outside of his parish. He therefore came to London and tarried there for a few weeks, in order to see the sights of the great city. His experience while there would furnish him with much that would broaden his views, enlighten his mind and help him in his after work throughout life. While he was sojourning in London he came into contact with several distinguished persons whose autographs are in his album.

This autograph album, entitled "DEINEN FREUNDEN", is a most interesting memento. It was found in possession of one of the descendants of its former owner. The dedication runs as follows:—"*Nobilissimis, Reverendissimis, Doctissimis nec non Honoratissimis, ac Praesstantissimis Dominis, Patronis, Fautoribus et Amicis Plurimum Colendis Album hocce dedicat et commendat Joannes Gottlob Schmeisser.*"*

The first page contains a quotation in Greek text from Epictetus, written in Leipsic, September 14, 1778. Then follows, on the next three pages, a certificate in the German language, which translated reads thus:—"We, the Burgomaster and Town Council of

* To the most noble, reverend, learned, as well as most honored and distinguished Lords, patrons, favorers and friends most highly revered, Joannes Gottlob Schmeisser dedicates and commends this album.

Weissenfelds, do hereby offer to all of whatever standing in society unto whom this shall come, our respectful greetings.

“ By this writing it is made known that Johann Gottlob Schmeisser came to us for a certificate of his honorable birth, in order that he might have the same in case it should be needed. We have, therefore, extracted from the Church Records of the place, the following properly attested facts, namely:—That the father of Johann Gottlob Schmeisser, Meister J. Schmeisser, late citizen tailor of this town, after a due proclamation, was united in holy wedlock with Eva Dorothea, the daughter of the late Meister Barthel Bauer, citizen tailor, on the 22d of November, 1735, and as the fruit of this union, above named, was born a free, honorable German, owing bodily service to no man, the 22d of March, 1751. The witnesses to his baptism were, specially invited, the following: Herr J. Christian Schleusz, Burgomaster and watchmaker to the court; Frau Joanna Sabina, wife of John Gottfried Reichardt Brand, Exciseman to H. R. H. the Elector of Saxony; and Meister Gottfried Bätz, citizen baker. He was presented to the Lord Jesus in holy baptism in the town church of Weissenfelds, and received the name of Johann Gottlob.

“ We furnish the foregoing testimonial, in the hope

that each one to whom it shall be presented may give it due credence, value it as authoritative, and upon the strength of it receive Mr. Schmeisser into their society and companionship with all confidence; and we have the hope that he will ever acknowledge such favor with all proper thankfulness, by proving himself worthy of the same.

“This certificate we do hereby attest as being made out, signed and sealed by the Burgomaster in office, Weissenfelds, 31st of August, 1764.”

To this is appended the great seal of the town—*“Sigillum Civitatis Weissenfeldensis”*—with the signatures:

{ *“The Council of the Town.*
Lic. Anthon Daniel Brascha.
L. E. Burgomaster.”

Following this in the book appears the Great Seal of the University of Halle, attached to a Latin testimonial signed by Joh. Christian Tressler, Pro-Rector and Professor of Philosophy. The next page bears the autograph and private seal of D. Jo. Fridericus Burscher, Rector of the University of Leipsic. The following page has the great seal of the University attached to a Latin testimonial from the same dignitary. Pages 13 and 14 bear a certificate which reads in translation as follows:

"We the Burgomaster and Council of Sorau do hereby certify that Johann Gottlob Schmeisser, who for several years has attended the Lyceum here, having relinquished his studies is desirous of entering the University, for which he is now prepared. But as he has no fortune of his own and can expect little assistance from his family, in order to aid him in securing the means of subsistence and for defraying the expenses of his academic course we furnish him with this *testimonium paupertatis*.

This *testimonium* we deem the more necessary and the better deserved because he was a beneficiary whilst here. Having now qualified himself *ad altiora*, he wishes to press on. He has led an industrious, quiet, and systematic life, and by his good behaviour has won the praise of his teachers and of the town. For these reasons we believe him well worthy to receive the benefice set apart for those preparing for the University. We have therefore, upon his application, granted to him this *testimonium paupertatis*. Under our hand and the seal of the city of Sorau, April 9th, 1777."

Here follows the "*Sigill. Civitatis Soraviae*."

"*Burgomaster and Council of the City*."

Page 16 has the autograph—"Loewe—*Examineur des Compts des Finances, de S. A. S. d' Electe de*

Saxe." Following is the autograph of Prof. Dr. Forster. Further on appears an extract from a letter from Director Freylinghausen of the Orphans' Home, Halle, to which is appended his autograph. It would appear from this extract that this distinguished divine found time amid the multiplied duties of his office to remember the lonely missionary, whom he had been instrumental in sending forth. His brief note is full of thoughtful solicitude. Doubtless, coming from such a source, it was held as a particular treasure and as such thus carefully preserved. It reads as follows:

"As it appears that under the good hand of God the affairs of the new station in New Scotland will now go well, I wish in a few lines of my own writing to express my joy thereat. The ways of the Lord are goodness and truth, even if our short sight may behold in them but crooked and misleading paths. God's ways are above criticism, perfect. I preached upon this subject day before yesterday, in the Orphans' Home, from the text Ps. xxv. 10. I did so because I wanted to impress our orphan children in particular with this blessed truth; and, moreover, because our superintendent, Pastor Weissen, who died in his 85th year, was a remarkable proof in point, his whole life bearing special witness to the truth. In like manner, the good Lord will always lead you in the way that is

best, if you but resign yourself in childlike confidence to His guidance. The earth is everywhere His— West where he has called you, as well as here in the East. Wherever good human thought moves He Himself goes before. Wherever you yourself go He goes before. He guides, He rules and he will continue to rule with fatherly, loving hands, and strengthen you for every good work with the power of the Holy Ghost. G. A. FREYLINGHAUSEN."

We now behold this faithful pastor laboring for the edification of the church to which he had devoted his life. He was far away from the home and the friends of his youth, but near to God. Every trace left behind by him on life's journey proves him to have been a heavenly minded fellow-worker together with Christ. The same sweet spirit which ruled in love over the mind and through the life of the sainted Freylinghausen appears to have governed him. And from this, and perhaps from this alone, we can judge concerning the state of matters in the spiritual life of the congregation; for "there shall be like people, like priest."

The records show that faithful attention, during the period of his ministry, was given to the celebration of the sacraments. Holy Baptism was commonly administered to infants a week or ten days after birth, and the Lord's Supper was given very regularly and with

but short intervals of time intervening. As many as twenty celebrations of this Holy Sacrament are recorded in a single year.

After Mr. Schmeisser's arrival it would appear that his first proceeding was to secure for himself a helpmeet, according to the Scripture which declares that "it is not good for a man to be alone." He had respect also for St. Paul's injunction that "a bishop then must be blameless, the husband of one wife." In the town was the worthy elder of the church, Wendel Wüst, a master blacksmith, married to the widow Biehler. This good woman had brought with her into her second husband's house several bright and engaging daughters. Scarcely had the young minister set foot within the precincts of his parish ere he began the short courtship which eventuated in securing for him a faithful wife and loving companion in the person of Sophia, the eldest of these daughters. Accordingly we find, in the album referred to previously, the following entry: "Sophia Biehler was married to me, J. G. S., in the Evangelical Lutheran Zion church of this place, in 1782, July 3. The Rev. Mr. Brown (Reformed minister) preached the sermon on this occasion in our church from the text, Song of Solomon iv. 7, 8." His wife at the time of her marriage was in her twenty-fifth year, having been born in 1757.

Speaking of his family affairs, it may be here stated that this union was blessed of God; the fruit of it being six children, whose descendents even now are with us, honored of all. On the 30th of April, 1783, the first daughter was born, and baptized on the 4th of May following. In the record of her baptism, the statement is made "In memory of the peace this day proclaimed here between Great Britain and the United Provinces of America, she was named Friederica Renata." The peace alluded to was that of the general treaty signed in Paris on the 20th of January. This is a fair illustration of the olden-time slowness in the transmission of intelligence. January 20th, the treaty was signed which gave independence and sovereignty to the United States; March 23rd, the tidings reached Philadelphia; Congress transmitted the news to General Washington, by whom it was received April 17th, and here it was proclaimed in Lunenburg May 4th, three months and a half after the event had occurred.

The other children of Pastor Schmeisser were Christopher Traugott, born 16th October, 1784; Ehrenfried, April 6th, 1787; Gotthold, 7th November, 1789; Maria Barbara, 9th October, 1791; and Sophia Amelia, 27th April, 1795.

Still following the order of things in the album, we

pass the autographs of sundry student friends in Halle and Leipsic, until on page ninety we find the following: "It is a good thing, to have a clear head as well as a clean heart.—Whitefield." Below this is written in a different hand, "I hope you will not forget a Friend and Brother, who is nothing, but whose all is CHRIST.—Burckhardt."

"London, in the Savoy, the 21st February, 1782, before your departure to North America."

Page 110 contains the well-known saying of B. de Verulam quoted by M. Wolffg. Ulrici, Consistorial Assessor, Pfortenac, April 1777: "*Philosophia obiter libata a Deo abducit, sed penitus exhausta ad eundem reducit.*"

Page 143 is filled with a water-color painting representing a youth descending to an old man lying on the ground, bearing to him a legendary device, "*Tugend ist eine Tochter des Himmels und überlebet das Grab. Die wähle.*" "Caretus Johann Gottlob Haupt, pinx." The following page bears the sentiment: "From different regions, different climes we come. We are Brothers still, and Heaven is our Home."

Page 199 reads thus:

*Lipsia cum quondam Juvenem TE docta tenerat,
Tunc TIBI cum Reliquis ipse Magister eram.*

*Jamque doces Populos medio sub sole calentes,
Indorumque greges ad Sacra nostra vocas.
Is Ziegenbaldus fuit et Plutschavius olim ;
In messes horum TE pia fata ferunt.*

*Gratia sancta DEI TE concomitetur euntem,
Atque Evangelium vindicet ipsa suum.*

*Lipsiae M. Georgius Ernestus Hebenstreit,
d. 27, Martii S. Theol. Baccal.*

1779.

Page 205: *La lagesse de l'homme fait reluire sa face,
et son regard farouche en est changé.*

*Leipzig,
le 24 May,*

1778.

*Angely,
L. and C.*

de l'Eglise Reformicé.

Besides these samples from this interesting old book there are many others of equal interest, the whole number of pages being 358; all being, as a matter of course, more interesting to those occupying relations nearer the former owner than those of the general public. Wherefore we close the book with a notice of page 297. Here appears a water-color painting, simple but expressive; a new-made grave, beside it a tree in full leaf broken to the ground. Above this is written in Hebrew, "I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that He shall stand at the latter day upon the earth."

It would appear from a notice of the Rev. Mr. Schmeisser's death, entered by some unknown hand in the church records, that during the greater part of his pastorate he was laboring under some bodily ailment which finally brought him to the grave. The brief record is: * "1806, December 21st, Johann Gottlob Schmeisser, Evangelical Lutheran Minister, died, after an illness of 17 years, aged 55 years and 9 months, less one day. He had joyfully served in his office 24 years and 8 months, and lived in happy wedlock 24 years and 6 months. At his funeral a sermon was preached from Ps. ciii. 13-19, which passage he himself had chosen. His last admonition to his friends was from the hymn, '*Seelen Bräutigam, Jesu, Gottes-Lamm.*' 13-15." Jung says: "He died the 21st of December, 1806. He baptized in the 24 years and 8 months of his ministry 1729 children, confirmed 700 persons, married 201 couples, and buried 380."

* Church Records, Vol. II., p. 222.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

ONE OF THE HESSIANS.

AT the close of the Revolutionary War, the Loyalists together with many disbanded soldiers went to Nova Scotia and Canada, where they were made welcome. In many cases the Government issued supplies, gave bounties in money, and title-deeds for lands to these refugees. A large number of these people settled in Shelburne, in the southwest part of Nova Scotia. There, behind rocky and forbidding shores, lies a surface of level land. The harbor is nine miles long by two miles wide, and is considered one of the best in the Province. At the entrance is McNutt's Island. Here, at the head of this magnificent harbor, before the Loyalists came, was a small settlement made by the Acadians and called Port Razoir. With the advent of the newcomers a change took place. The population sprang up from perhaps one hundred to twelve thousand. A bustling city, with the most inhabitants of any in the Province, more even than the capital, had arisen like the creation of a dream. Many persons of wealth and dignity were among the citizens. Some had brought with them their servants;

and others their negro slaves. Governor Parr visited the town in 1783 and gave it its name. But unfortunately for its people there was no employment from which they might gain the means of subsistence. Idleness tempted to evil, drinking and gambling were resorted to as pastime and the decline of the town was as rapid as its rise. The Government supplies were, after two or three years, withdrawn; many of the Loyalists returned to the United States, and others removed to other parts of Nova Scotia.

Among these disbanded soldiers who found their way to Shelburne, was one who afterward filled an honorable position in the Lutheran Church at Lunenburg. His Autobiography, translated from the original German MS. for this work by the Rev. J. A. Scheffer, former pastor of St. John's Evangelical Lutheran Church, Mahone Bay, N. S., as will be observed, gives us another glimpse of our early acquaintance, the Rev. Frederick Schultz, and presents a brief but clear outline of an eventful life.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF JOHN PHILIP AULENBACH.

I, John Philip Aulenbach, was born at Goettingen in the Electorate of Hanover, A. D. 1755. My father was a Jurist (Counsellor at Law), born at Zweibrücken. My parents dying when I was quite young, I was

brought up in the fear of the Lord by two of my mother's unmarried sisters. In my fourteenth year I was confirmed in the Evangelical Lutheran Religion by the Superintendent Friederici, in St. James' Church, in which I had been baptized and wherein I received the Lord's Supper on the Second Easter Day, 1769.

Soon afterward I traveled in the service or went from place to place as the attendant of a prominent and distinguished gentleman. I learned to play several musical instruments. I was united in marriage March twenty-eighth, 1776, by the Superintendent Balhorn in the Neustadt on the Seine (about three or four hours or between nine and twelve miles from Hanover), with Dorothea Magdalena, the youngest daughter of John Henry Herbst, blacksmith, at that time living in the town of Grunde along the Hartz Mountains.

Then I proceeded with the Hessian troops, bought by King George III., to England. There I was chosen Trumpeter of the Seventeenth Regiment of Light Dragoons and sailed with them to America, where we arrived after a long voyage, October eighteenth, 1776, near New York Lighthouse. During the eight years that followed I served as Trumpet Major in the campaigns in the Provinces of New York, New Jersey, Philadelphia or Eastern Pennsylvania, Louisiana,

Georgia, and through the whole of South Carolina. I received my discharge in 1783 at New York, and went to the newly-founded town, Shelburne, in Nova Scotia.

Since now in the Spring of 1784, the Lutheran minister Frederick Schultz came to Shelburne and gathered a congregation, I, with five others, was elected an elder and to lead the singing. But as the minister left us in the autumn, after five months' stay, I conducted the services. Also through a memorial or petition to Governor Parr, I secured two lots of one hundred and twenty feet square for church purposes. We also had collected money from the citizens to build a church. And as we expected Chaplain Wagner of Naples to come to Shelburne, I urged that the church be built at once. Then the elder whom we had elected treasurer absconded with the money that had been collected. Three of the other elders had already moved away. Then I and the other one rented a house at our own expense in which to hold service.

Now a man by the name of Blysteiner from Lunenburg informed us that the elder who had run away with the money was at Lunenburg. Blysteiner also advised me to go with him to Lunenburg, where I might probably be elected schoolmaster, especially as

they wanted a good precentor. And as many people had moved away from Shelburne, the royal supplies were being discontinued, and there was no way for earning anything, I went with him and arrived at Lunenburg, August fifteenth, 1785. I was soon appointed teacher of the parochial school and leader of the singing in the Lutheran congregation.

August sixteenth, 1801, it pleased God to take from this world my beloved wife, aged about fifty-two years. Since I was left alone in the school-house, which was bought on my account in 1786, I was married again November twelfth, 1801, with Catharine Barbara, the youngest daughter of the late Frederick Hahn, inhabitant and blacksmith of Centre Range. By this marriage we had two sons and four daughters, all of whom are living as long as the Lord will. The oldest daughter is married to Matthias Naas, and the oldest son Philip is married and has four children. (The translator's note here says this Philip has now living four sons and four daughters.)

In 1789 Pastor Schmeisser's health began to fail and his disease increased in severity every year. Hence I was obliged frequently to officiate in holding public divine service and to give catechetical lectures in the Lutheran church, especially during the last years of his life, and I had to attend nearly all the

funerals out in the country. After the death of the Rev. Schmeisser of blessed memory, December 21st, 1806, until May 1st, 1808, when the Rev. Mr. Temme landed, I conducted the services in the church and buried the dead. And as Pastor Temme was often ill, I was frequently called upon to read the service and sermons in the church, and to bury the dead in the country, and a number in town. But upon my return from La Have, after burying an aged Mrs. Fancie or Vanzie, February eighth, 1819, I fell and badly broke my right leg. I had already been for a long time lame in the left one, and was now a poor cripple who could earn little or nothing any more. My hearing I lost through ringing the bell, having to stand too near it. Yet I still taught the school for a few years after my unfortunate accident.

I served the congregation thirty-four years. During the Rev. Schmeisser's pastorate, I buried fifty, and after his death seventeen. In Pastor Temme's time I buried seventy-five: total, one hundred and forty-two; of which fourteen were German Reformed (because the aged Pastor Comingo, on account of infirmities, could not attend to the funerals), and six of the Church of England. Baptized nine sick children. I wish my funeral text to be 1 Tim. i. 15: "This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that

Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief." *

* Note by the Translator.—The successor of the Rev. Pastor Temme faithfully visited the sorely afflicted subject of this autobiography. Malignant cancer in the face caused his death. Pastor Cossmann exhorted him to steadfastness in the faith in the Lord Jesus whom he had served so long, and administered to him the Holy Communion and the consolations of our blessed religion. He preached his funeral sermon from the text he had chosen. A large number of grandchildren and some great-grandchildren of John Philip Aulenbach are members of the Lutheran congregations of the Mahone Bay parish, in the bounds of which, by a peaceful lake, his son John Philip still resides, an honored office-bearer in the Church. Because the ringing of the bell had made him deaf, the aged schoolmaster requested that it should not be tolled at his funeral, a request that was not denied.

CHAPTER XXIX.

TEMME, THE THIRD MINISTER.

THE congregation, deprived of its pastor, immediately made application to the Ministerium of Penn-



sylvania to have a successor sent them. The difficulties which beset them in their earlier efforts to com-

municate with that body appear at this time to have been all overcome. The time intervening until another minister arrived was not long, at least it will not appear to be so when compared with the many years of weary waiting which marked their feeble first endeavors, and when the isolated position of the congregation is considered. They were obliged to wait only a year and four months until God sent them another leader. His portrait, in the powdered hair fashionable in those days, is herewith presented. Jung says, "On the 28th of April, 1808, our minister the Rev. Ferdinand Conrad Temme arrived and preached on the 1st of May following and each subsequent Sunday; but owing to some hindrances he did not preach his initiatory sermon until the 29th of May, the Sunday Exaudi."

To the facile pen of Colonel J. W. Andrews C. E., a grandson of the Rev. Mr. Temme and great-grandson of the Rev. Mr. Schmeisser, we are indebted for the subjoined translation of an autobiography written in the old family Bible.

Translation. "Ferdinand Conrad Temme, the only son of the late Daniel Temme, Evangelical Lutheran minister of Lunenberg in the Dukedom of Brunswick, and his wife Marie Antionette, was born the 12th of March, 1763, and baptized the 15th of March following.

His sponsors were: 1st. His Grace the Duke Ferdinand of Brunswick and General Field Marshal to the King of Great Britain. 2nd. The child's grandmother, the widow of the late Prior and '*Stifts-predigers*,' Jacob Albrecht Temme.

"He was confirmed with other young people of his father's congregation on the Sunday Quasimodogeniti, 1777.

"After three and a half years' study of theology at Helmstaedt and Gottingen, he was, on the 12th of May, 1783, examined in the Consistory of Wolfenbuettel and in 1787 ordained an Evangelical Lutheran minister.

"In 1790, by request of His Grace the Duke Ferdinand, as Professor of Philology and Philosophy, he publicly discussed and defended the '*Programme de legibus divinis haud quaquam arbitrariis*,' which thesis was afterward transmitted to the University of Gottingen, whence he received the honorary title *Doctor Philosophiæ*.

"By permission of the then reigning Duke, Carl Wilhelm Ferdinand, he founded a private academy for the education of fourteen noblemen's sons and at the same time served the Church as *vacanz* minister for nearly 17 years.

"As in the year 1806 the French troops, under

Napoleon Bonaparte, invaded his fatherland and were quartered in his native town, the vicissitudes of war compelled the disbandment of his academy, his pupils were scattered abroad, and himself forced to dispose of his effects and flee the town.

“By special permission of the Government he was allowed to leave his country and travel for two years in Switzerland and the United States of America.

“In November, 1807, he came to Philadelphia in a ship from Amsterdam, the “Minerva,” and in the month of February or March intended to return to his Fatherland, which would then be evacuated by the French troops. The old government in the meanwhile was transferred from the Crown Prince of England to the Young Duke. But unexpectedly an embargo was laid upon all vessels from America and Germany’s harbors were closed for seven years; he was therefore obliged to accept a vacancy in the ministry in Pennsylvania, from which he was called by the Lutheran Church at Lunenburg, Nova Scotia, which church was then vacant by reason of the death of the Rev. Johann Gottlob Schmeisser.

“He says, ‘I reluctantly accepted this call, for reasons to myself to this day unaccountable and unknown, and on the 5th of February, 1808, commenced the voyage to this Siberia of America. On the 28th of

April in the same year, I first trod the soil of Nova Scotia at 2 o'clock at night.

“In December, 1809, I was united in marriage with Maria Barbara Schmeisser, the daughter of my predecessor, and I now wait for the redemption of the body.’”

After the Rev. Mr. Temine took charge of the congregation it entered upon a new era of prosperity; everything flourished and harmony prevailed. But alas! for the bright hopes of the well-wishers of Zion, there arose ere long certain disturbers of the peace who wrought harm to the full extent of their power. These were dealt with according to the laws of Scripture and of the Church, as the subjoined extract from the records of the congregation shows.*

EXCOMMUNICATION:

Pronounced according to the Holy Scriptures, first Sunday after Trinity, 1812. In the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Know all men by these presents, and in particular, the members of the Lutheran Church in Lunenburg, N. S., that the four below-mentioned members of this congregation through their disorderly and un-Christian conduct have made themselves liable to excommuni-

* Church Records, Vol. II, pp. 122 sq.

cation. Having been called upon a few weeks since and urged to acknowledge and repent of the wrong they have done the Church and congregation, they refused to do so, and in the four weeks intervening since then seem rather to have grown more hardened. Therefore, it was resolved, that the ban of excommunication, which belongs to the clergy, should be publicly pronounced upon them.

(Here follow the names.)

The accusations brought against them by so many and trustworthy witnesses are as follows :

I. They are impious blasphemers of the holy office of the ministry, as here upheld after the command and example of the Lord Jesus, having endeavored to make the office itself ridiculous and its labors fruitless among the members of the congregation. They have all (and one in particular) made themselves guilty of reviling with outrageous language the doctrines of our most holy Church, and the true Christian faith, thereby committing a grievous sin against God and man, and making themselves an offense and nuisance to the whole congregation.

II. They are open and acknowledged disturbers of the peace, both as between the minister and the congregation, and between the congregation and the officers ; as also by unsettling the faith of the people and disturbing the public worship.

III. They are inciters of rebellion and ringleaders to the same, seeking to cause the people to fall away from the pure faith as set forth in God's Word, and on this account are faithless members of the congregation.

The justification of this proceeding against the above named convicts, in the name of the church and congregation, and in the power of the ministerial office, is founded upon the following passages of Scripture: 1 Cor. v. 6-9, 11, 13. 2 Thess. iii. 6, 14. Gal. v. 10. Luke x. 16. Matt. xviii. 15-18.

Therefore: 1. According to this Scripture, the names of these persons will be stricken from our Church Register and the accompanying remarks, setting forth their wicked conduct, written therein.

2. They have from this day forth no part or lot in the Church, and are excluded from the rights and privileges thereof, from the use of the Sacraments, from the right of being sponsor to a child, and from Christian burial.

3. If they, without giving heed to this, continue to come to our services as blasphemers and disturbers of the peace, then shall admission be denied them. If necessary for the preservation of order, they shall be arrested and dealt with according to the civil law. And in case they continue their wicked and blasphem-

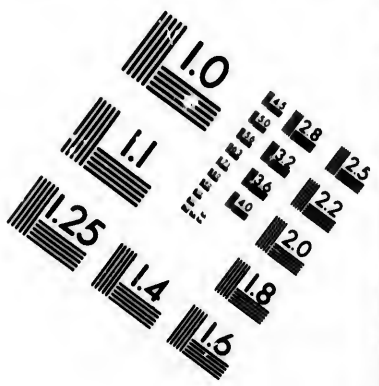
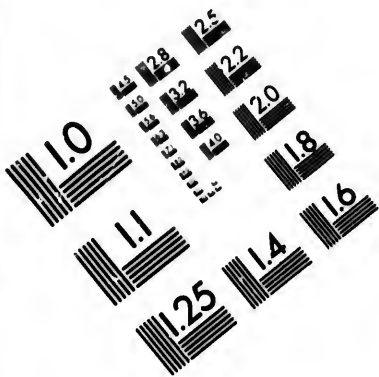
mous expressions and slanders, then the highest degree of the law of excommunication, according to which, upon the authority of Holy Scripture, they shall be delivered over to Satan, shall be pronounced upon them.

4. This excommunication from our fellowship has reference to their persons alone, not to their families, so long as they do not follow them in their evil ways.

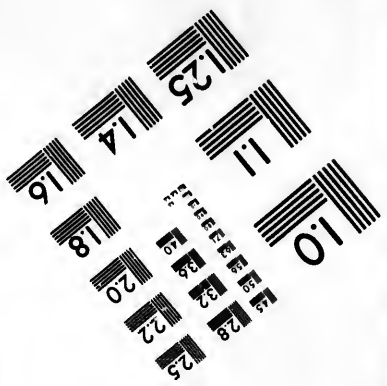
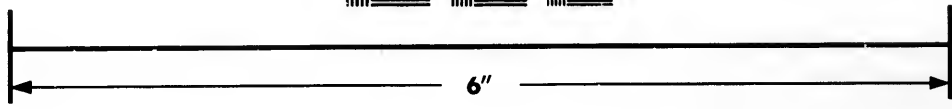
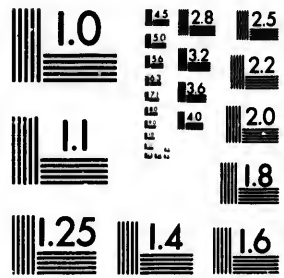
5. Although they are excommunicated from our Church fellowship, yet they shall not thereby be excluded from the common offices of humanity, and the mercy of nature. We will, therefore, ever pray for them that God will have mercy on them, and deliver them from their blindness and from the snares of the devil. And may the punishments which God sends on them in this life, be so blessed to their good that they may be spared from everlasting punishment, that their souls may be saved. And now, O Lord, hear us when we pray for them in the words of our Saviour, 'Our Father, who art in heaven,' etc."

The names in the record have been suppressed in this transcript, yet it is due to the truth of history to furnish that of the leader in sin. His name is on the record as George Orth. A few words will suffice to show his previous and subsequent history. He was a school-master at Mahone Bay, previous to his ex-





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communication. After being excommunicated, he began to preach. Des Brisay says (p. 53), "The Methodist church at Lunenburg was built in 1813. Rev. George Orth, who preached in German, was the first settled minister. He built the mission house with his own means, and, assisted by others, secured the erection of the church." Whether he assumed the title of "Reverend" or had it bestowed upon him by some one equally worthy, we have no means of knowing. He is a character still well remembered by the older inhabitants of the vicinity. He is described as a "burly, bushy-headed man, with a powerful voice, and the manners of a bear." He walked all over the country, organizing prayer-meetings and getting up revivals; and, finally, having been taken in adultery with one of the sisters, eloped with his servant-girl to the United States, leaving his wife to die of a broken heart. A pretty founder of a church, indeed! A pity it is he wasn't hung first! Yet fools are always to be found to follow the leadership of such scoundrels, and they are not all dead yet.

Seeing the need of placing in the hands of the people greater facilities for the study of pure doctrine—since now the population had far outgrown the few books brought from the old country, and the supply of reading matter being far below the need—the Rev.

Mr. Temme at once set about the preparation of the two books which remain as his best memento. They are both in the German language. The one is entitled--"*Evangelisch-Lutherische Kirchen-Agende, oder Formulare und Gebete, zur Taufe, Trauung, Confirmation, Administration des heiligen Abendmals; nebst den allgemeinen Kirchen-Gebeten an Sonn- und Bustagen, in der Lutherischen Kirche, zu Luneburg, in Nova Scotia.*" "Philadelphia, Gedruckt bey G. und D. Billmeyer, 1816." The title is explanation in full of the book, which was circulated widely among the people of the congregation.

The other work is Dr. Martin Luther's Catechism, explained with Scripture texts. Published in Philadelphia, 1816. It has a double title-page, the first one bearing the name of the writer: "*Conrad Ferdinand Temme, Prof. und Pastor zu Lüneburg, in Nova Scotia, und wirklichen Mitglieder der Societat in England.*" What society is referred to in his title is not known, unless it be the "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts." This work is dedicated to "The Theological Faculty of the Academy of Helmstädt in the Dukedom of Brunswick in Germany."

The following favorable notice of this work appears at the close: "Under the title 'Dr. Martin Luther's

Catechism explained and proven by the best Scripture texts—for the Evangelical Lutheran Christians in British North America, by C. F. Temme, Prof. and Pastor at Lunenburg N. S.,' a text-book of Christian religion was sent us in MSS. with a request for our opinion. With great pleasure we notice throughout this work, that in the newly-opened countries of the world, through the guidance of Divine Providence, the true Christian religion is beginning to dawn even more clearly than in some of the old countries of Europe. The author, who is favorably known to us through articles contributed to German literature, remains faithful to the title of his book, in that he keeps close to the doctrines of Scripture as set forth in Luther's Catechism: wherefore this can be with good right called a "Lutheran Catechism." This notice is extracted from the "Hamburg Correspondent," and is signed "G——r, Fr——n, D——r."

"L——n, Sept. 14, 1814."

This little manual of 220 pages was circulated extensively, and being made the text-book in the parochial school, as well as in the classes preparing for confirmation, no doubt had much to do in the great work of indoctrinating the people. Rev. Temme is yet spoken of by his catechumens as a strict disciplinarian and a teacher who strenuously insisted on a

careful preparation on the part of all his pupils. Well it is for the youth of any congregation, when they are thus taught the great duty of being faithful to their own souls in learning rightly to understand the saving truth of the Word of God. In this blessed work, no book outside of the Bible itself is more useful than the Catechism of Luther. Let it be honored and studied as it richly deserves. Its doctrines are precious and saving to the soul. So thought this worthy pastor in preparing this edition of the book for his people, and God's blessing was with him in the good work.

He was a faithful and painstaking minister, commanding the affection of his parishioners and the respect of all who knew him. Of all his journeyings and trials, his labors and devotion, slight record has been kept. That he had adventures which would be well worth relating there is little doubt. Only one of these has come to our knowledge. It was on this wise. The Reverend gentleman upon one occasion endeavored to cross Mahone Bay at a point near the Island known as Hobson's Nose. He was driving on the ice in one of the covered two-wheeled gigs or sulkies, which at that time had just begun to come into use. The wind freshened and began to blow a gale from the west, which caught his craft, drove it

out of its course in spite of all he could do, and was hurrying horse, gig, and man away toward the open ocean. The perilous position of the Reverend Doctor, then far advanced in years, was seen by the people from both shores. Fleet skaters made all possible haste, came to his aid, and rescued him from the certain death and watery grave to which he was being carried.

Not much remains to be added. The Rev. Mr. Temme died on the ninth of January 1832,* in the seventieth year of his age, having filled with an honorable record the allotted three score years and ten; of which twenty-four were spent in the service of the Church at Lunenburg. In that time, as the record shows, he officiated at the baptism of nearly thirteen hundred (1291) children, instructed and confirmed over eight hundred (816) youth, united in marriage three hundred and eighty couples, and committed four hundred and eleven bodies to the tomb.

His widow, who was by many years his junior, for a long period, with their two daughters, survived him. The place of his burial, in the upper cemetery at Lunenburg, was marked, in 1880, by an appropriate monument. It was erected by the Nova Scotia Con-

* Church Record, Vol. iv. p. 8.

ference of the Pittsburgh Synod, and consists of a massive stone of native granite, bearing on its front a polished shield with the inscription:



IN MEMORIAM.

The Rev. Ferdinand Conrad Temme,

For Nearly Twenty-five Years

Pastor of Zion's Ev. Lutheran Church.

Natus 1763, Obiit 1832.

Requiescit in pace.

CHAPTER XXX.

COSSMANN, THE FOURTH MINISTER.

AFTER the death of the Rev. Dr. Temme, the church at Lunenburg was without a pastor until the seventeenth of January, 1835, when the Rev. Charles Ernst Cossmann, arrived from Halle. He entered at once upon his duties, preaching his first sermon on the Sunday iii. p. Epiph., from the text Rom. xiii. 8. At the time of his arrival there was but one church edifice in his parish and to it all the church members came, on foot or in boats, from all the outlying districts within a radius of twenty miles. But Orth, who had been excommunicated in 1812, had begun operations already in 1813, as a Methodist preacher, and was leading the people astray. In order to protect the Lutheran fold it soon became evident that the Lutheran pastor must go to all its boundaries, which accordingly he did. But as he went among the people the work grew. With God's blessing on his labors, he now has the joy to see, instead of one solitary church and congregation, a whole Conference,



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with six pastors, more than a score of churches, and thousands of church members, in its bounds.

But all this increase has not been effected without struggles, tears and prayers. And in order that those who read may know something of the man who, by the grace of God, has been the chosen instrument for effecting the principal part of this work, I shall introduce the venerable Dr. Cossmann, the honored servant of God, whose praise is in all the churches, and allow him to speak for himself. In further explanation, I would state that it was only after much urging on the part of his brethren in the ministry, that the subjoined autobiography was written and read before the Nova Scotia Conference, in whose archives it was filed.

Nobody who has the pleasure of being acquainted with Father Cossmann will regret having his autobiography in his own language. To the thousands who know him personally it would be a decided loss to have another pen thrust into it. But many who may read it may not appreciate the unconscious charm of his manner and may be disposed to criticise his diction. To such readers I commend it with the explanation that Dr. Cossmann is a German of the Germans, born, brought up and educated in Germany—and highly educated too; a pupil of Gesenius, a thorough Hebraist, having had the honor to labor together with his great

preceptor in the preparation of the Hebrew Grammar which bears his name, and which has kept its place at the head of the first rank in its department even until now; but still more a German by reason of his education. He preached exclusively in the German language until, for Christ's sake and the Gospel's, he exposed himself to the sneers of godless fools, did the best he could, sacrificed his natural and almost enforced preference for the German mother-tongue, and in his seventieth year began to preach in the English language. His first English sermon was delivered with fear and trembling on the occasion of the dedication of the new church at Ellershouse, N. S., 1876. Give Father Cossmann the honor he deserves. Any man who has made such sacrifices and has had such trouble with the language as he, who in so great measure has overcome its difficulties and who has a life like his behind him, needs no apology for his German idioms; but if after this explanation any persons wish to laugh at them, no doubt they have the privilege. He received the honorary title *Doctor Divinitatis*, from Thiel College, 1882.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF CARL ERNST COSSMANN.

In the Name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost! Amen.

According to the wish of my English Lutheran

brethren *in ministerio*, the Revs. D. Luther Roth, J. A. Scheffer and A. L. Yount, I, Charles E. Cossmann, German Missionary of the Evangelical Lutheran Pittsburgh Synod, write down the following autobiography.

My father was John Ernst Cossmann, born on the 3rd of August, 1765, and my mother Maria Elizabeth Richter. In the time of my birth, March 1st, 1806, he was Cantor in Sachsenberg in Thüringen, but on the 24th June, 1808, he was removed by the Government to Gorsleben, where his salary was a better one. My mother was not alone an excellent housekeeper, but also a Christian woman, who endeavored to lead her then six living children through Christ to the Heavenly Father and to implant in our hearts, very early, love toward our Saviour and reverence for all spiritual gifts from above. Every Sunday I walked at her hand to the church, and so my dear mother laid the ground to my resolution as a little boy that I would be a pastor and nothing else. I recollect plainly that one of our neighbors, who sometimes visited my parents, had his joke with me in a time when I could not speak plainly, asking me: "Charlie, what will you be?" My answer was always: "*Ein Pfarrer*," but to tease me, the then young boy, he said "*Ein Narre*," which misunderstanding vexed me very much.

This, my good mother, was called home to heaven from God on the 4th November, 1811, and when my oldest sister was married 1812 my father had to look out for another mother for his young children. My step-mother Susannah Catherine Völger was a very kind woman, making not the least difference between us and her own children.

The education of children is, in Germany, more strict than in America. I recollect that I was not at home at dinner time and when I came home after dinner my father asked me, "Charlie, where were you?" My answer was: "I played," and he always said: "and we ate, and you can have nothing until 4 o'clock," the time when we got always a piece of butter bread. But that was too much for my kind step-mother. Commonly she told me secretly: "Charlie, go out in the kitchen; I will give you something to eat, but let not father find it out."

From the time that I had my right mother, I can recollect only first that I walked at her hand to church, proud of my Sunday's dress; second, that I disliked to be washed and that it was told me the cat made me dirty (probably that I had played with the cat), and that I threw our cat out of the window high on the gable of our two-story house, to kill her, in order not to be washed so often; and third, that I wept with the

others when my dear mother was buried, but I was pacified in the following manner:

The ceremonies of funerals are different in the villages in Germany from those in America. The bell is rung, the people gather together as friends of the deceased, and also the minister, the schoolmaster and all the school-boys. Before the procession starts a man with a plate-full of cents goes along the rows of school-boys, and distributes them to the boys; and when the cents were given to the school-boys by the funeral of my dear mother, I recollect that I would go, too, in the row of the boys to receive a couple of cents; but my father gave me a couple of cents and I was satisfied, going on my father's hand to the burying-ground, where I wept with them that wept.

When the cents to the school-boys are distributed, the cantor, *i. e.*, schoolmaster for the boys, gives out the number of a hymn, full of consolation, and now they start singing from the house of mourning to the open grave in the following order: ahead goes a grown-up school-boy with a crucifix, on a narrow block of pine board, about six or eight feet high; the next are the smaller school-boys, always two and two in the row, the larger boys following according to their classes in school, each with a hymn-book; then come the minister and cantor. After them follows

the coffin, and after that the relatives and friends of the deceased. There is sometimes a funeral service in the church, and sometimes the minister has only prayers on the grave.

Easter 1818, then twelve years old, brought me my father to the Latin School in Frankenhäusen, where already my oldest and second oldest brothers were; my third brother was at that time already at the Latin School in Halle a. d. G., and I was pleased to leave home, because I liked to study; and there was another reason for which I liked to leave home.

The people of our village were at my boyhood full of superstition, and in the long winter evenings they amused themselves by relating ghost stories. We had always a servant-girl in our family, and to any new servant my father gave the strict order that she never should tell us children a ghost story, and *nitimur in vetitum*, nothing did we children like better than such a tremendous ghost story. The only chance to hear such a story from our servant-girl, was when both my parents spent now and then an evening with their friends, and we children were an evening alone with the servant-girl. As soon as our parents were gone, we commenced to coax the girl to tell us such an interesting ghost story, but she commonly refused, and only when we two boys promised not to

tell father anything about it, and to bring from the woodhouse fire-wood in the kitchen for a certain length and the like, then her heart was softened, and she told us ghost stories to our hearts' delight.

There was a ruin of a church on the south end of our village, which church was destroyed in the Thirty Years' War, and nothing was left there any more of it but one side and the two ends of the walls, serving as a part of a fence of a large orchard. The girl told us that where the altar stood could be seen a ghost every night between eleven and twelve o'clock, and pictured the same from top to toe so vividly that the ghost stood plain before us; but still the mere picture of the ghost did not satisfy us boys; we would see him face to face.

As already mentioned, the education of children is more strict in Germany than this side of the ocean. It was an unchangeable rule in our house exact at nine o'clock we must be at home when it was once allowed to spend an evening with another playfellow; and so we had no chance whatever to see that ghost at the ruins of the St. John's church between eleven and twelve o'clock. Ardently wishing to see that ghost, we both boys came to the conclusion to make use of the following trick: At nine o'clock, our family prayer hour, we bade the parents good-night. Then

we went as usually once more in the yard, but instead of returning in the house, we slammed the house-door very loud from outside, and instead of going to bed we went in the barn on the hay, to wait there till eleven o'clock, and then go and see that ghost in the St. John's ruins. In the barn we were about one hour, and at once we heard the house-door opened, and my father cried out with a loud voice: "Christian and Carl!" and I never can forget how terrified we were hearing our father call us, because we were sure and certain for such a trick we would be punished heavily. As poor sinners we answered, crawled at the house-door, where our father questioned us: "Where were you?" We answered, "In the barn." "What could you do there?" "We would wait there till eleven o'clock and then we would go and see the ghost in the St. John's ruin." If my father smiled about our trembling confession, we could not see in the dark night, but the punishment we received was very lenient. He struck my older brother light on the head and then me too by passing the door, and said: "Go to bed, you stupid boys!" We were extremely glad that we were not punished severely. My brother was sent to Halle at the Latin School when he was twelve years old, and that happened before he was sent to Halle, so therefore before his twelfth year, and before I was nine years old.

I stated already that I liked to leave home because I loved my books and besides that I hoped to get more liberty, so that I could have a chance to see a ghost if any could be seen; what the people in our village affirmed and my father denied. I would find out the truth.

Frankenhausen was two-and-a-half-hour's walk from Gorsleben, and almost every fortnight I went to see my parents, and commonly I traveled the road in the night to see once a ghost, but never saw one, because it was my strict rule, when I thought to see a thing extraordinary, I went close to the spot and examined the thing, and found always that it was nothing extraordinary.

But how strict a person should be in examining such things which seem to be extraordinary, shows the following fact. From Gorsleben I had to go to Sachsenberg, (one half hour), then to Oldisleben, (one half hour), Seehausen, (one hour), Frankenhausen, (one half hour). The village Oldisleben is situated in a valley close to a steep hill. On the side of this hill above the village is a small spot of flat land from which we have the finest view over a broad and several miles long valley, with three towns and a great many villages. A beautiful stream flows quietly through the well cultivated fields and rich meadows.

This valley is called "the golden Aue." This beautiful spot was in olden times selected to build a nunnery, of which only ruins remained. There was a narrow foot-path on the one side up the hill, passing close to the ruin, and on the other side of the hill down in the valley. Near the ruins the hill went still higher up, a very rocky place, overgrown with trees and bushes here and there, and the story was that we could hear in the ruins and in the rising hill above the ruins the crying of babies killed by the nuns, and to hear babies I commonly left Gorsleben for Frankenhäusen, and vice versa, in such an hour that I reached the haunted spot between eleven and twelve o'clock at night.

I had passed this, indeed, very dreary spot many times without hearing the cry of babies: but once, middle in the night, I heard on the very spot a baby cry bitterly, and, I must confess, I trembled. Cold shivering ran through my back. I took it for granted that it was a baby's cry which was murdered by the nuns, and I intended to go on my way toward home. But at once I made up my mind to investigate and although trembling all over, I left my foot-path and searched the ghost in the bushes and rocks. The deeper I came in the woods, the plainer I heard the cry of the baby, and at once, turning round a bush stood a large woman before me with a child in her

arms, which cried so bitterly. I was struck and trembling all over. I asked her: "Who are you?" and with a trembling voice she answered: "A woman from Oldisleben." When I found this woman still more afraid than I was, my courage returned at once, and the result of a close examination was that the woman had paid a visit to her relatives in Günzerode, a distance of about two hours walk, and in returning home she had missed the narrow footpath in the woods, and did not know where she was. I showed the poor woman the way to her near home. I made her march before me because to make it sure that this woman was not the ghost of a nun with her murdered baby. I followed her to her house, she knocked at the door, it was opened, and woman and baby went in. I am sure and certain that I would have believed and perhaps would still believe, with the superstitious people of "the golden Aue," that I heard the cry of a baby murdered by nuns near the ruins of the nunnery, if I went off my way home without a close examination. So even in this case nothing supernatural.

Only one fact I never could understand, and since I speak of such things I may relate it.

Frankenhausen lies on a rising hill called, since the fifteenth of May, 1525, "the battle hill," because

Thomas Münzer and his adherents were slain there. At five o'clock every Sunday morning during the summer months, we scholars of the Latin school had to make our appearance at divine service or had to pay a certain sum of money as punishment for missing the service. Not to over-sleep myself, I was dressed often already at four o'clock for church. Then I took commonly a walk hearing the delightful nightingales. Once I took my walk up the hill outside the wall of the town, and when I came almost to the top of the hill I saw in one of the grottos or caves, in a sitting position, a beautifully dressed girl, according to appearance about twenty years old, without bonnet or cap, her fair hair made smooth, a fine white neck collar, black velvet jacket tight and neat-fitting, and a bright colored skirt of fine material. She looked friendly in my face, but I was so struck to find in such early morning hour, so unexpected, such a beautiful girl in that grotto, that I bashfully passed by without speaking one word to the girl; but I was and am still sure that she belonged not to Frankenhäusen. In that time the lower classes did wear a quite different dress than the richer class of people. I lived in that time at least six years in that town, which is not large, and was well acquainted with every face of the richer class of people, and therefore, I can say for cer-

tain that this young lady was not an inhabitant of the town. Nor could she come from another place, because she had no bonnet or cap in the cave, which was small, and nothing else in it besides her person. Besides was the place so dreary and the road (if we could call it a road) so rough that I had never seen walk up the hill a female.

Perhaps I would have forgotten the whole affair if not for one event. In the later years of my being at the University of Halle, there was a spiritualist in the kingdom of Würtemberg, whose statements and works in his books were the common talk of whole Germany. There were some student friends one day in my room and among them a young man from Frankenhause, his birth-place, and the matter of all the newspapers in that time was touched upon, and we heard the different opinions about spiritualism. Mansfeld, the young man born in Frankenhause, declared that he was not a believer in such supernatural affairs, "but," he added, "one thing happened to me, what I cannot solve." And now he told us his story, that he had seen the same young lady, in the same cave, at the same hour in the morning before divine service, in the same sitting position and in exactly the same dress from head to foot, only about six years later than I had seen her. All my friends were astonished when I told that I had

seen the same girl, in the same dress, etc., etc., only six years earlier. Mansfeld, born and grown up in Frankenhäusen, and therefore well acquainted with all the inhabitants, affirmed as I do, that this young lady did not belong to Frankenhäusen. A pity it was that he did lose the presence of mind like myself, and that he passed the cave without speaking one word to the young lady. I have the full belief that even that riddle will be solved in the other world.

Frankenhäusen belongs to the Duke of Rudolstadt, and not to Prussia, and nothing was done for the improvement of the gymnasium. The teachers themselves were not able to speak the Latin language, or to write Greek, and the teacher of the Hebrew language was so little acquainted with it that he tried to show us a visible difference between *Kametz* and *Kametz-chatuph*. But still I was as far advanced in Latin and Greek and all the other branches of knowledge, as any of the other young men who left the college for the University. I received my *testimonium maturitatis* and went to Halle as student. But here my eyes were opened soon. I found that my knowledge of old languages was so imperfect, that I would not profit much by hearing the professors. Always hating half work, I came to the conclusion to frequent a Prussian gymnasium, and I chose Görlitz, in Silesia,

the best in its renown, flourishing under the Director Prof. Dr. Anton; and well prepared went I with the best certificate to the University again, Easter, 1829, which university flourished under Gesenius and Tholuck. I received from the professors during the four years at the university in consequence of my good certificate from Görlitz, a stipendium yearly of \$100, and \$20 from the government.

The custom of young theologians in Germany is, that after they have finished their course as students, they take a tutorship in a family, commonly of noblemen, or else they take charge of a school until they are ordained and installed as pastor of a parish. But whoever can do it, tries to get a place at a school in Halle, so that he remains in connection with the university, and has still chance to hear lectures of the professors.

I was fortunate enough to get such a place at the *Real* school in Halle, where I spent my happiest time with my intimate friends, nine at the number; one of them was the late Dr. Pohlmann of New York.

In that time came from the Lunenburg Lutheran congregation a petition for a German Lutheran minister, and although this petition was so ardently expressed and hundreds of young theologians could have accepted the call, not one would go because

Nova Scotia was so far, such a dreary land and only a salary of \$400 was offered; less than a common school-master has in Germany. The Professors tried the utmost to find a man who would, for the Lord's sake, accept the situation, but in vain. Since the elders of the Lunenburg Lutheran congregation, in a so pitiful manner, stated that they had no German preaching, that they could not understand the English, and that they were a flock without a shepherd, we persuaded at last one of our club, Schlicke, to accept the call, because he had no parents any more, no brother nor sister, nor any other relative except an old uncle, and they both were not on good terms. He objected at first, but at last he declared his willingness to go. We others of the club were quite pleased that the Lunenburg Lutheran congregation should have soon a pastor. But at once Schlicke declared he could not go. We tried the utmost to persuade him that he should fulfil his promise to us and the Prof. Gesenius, but all in vain: and only to make him courage to accept the call I told him: "Schlicke, if you are not willing to go, I go." He said: "Well, Cossmann, you should go. You will do good to the people. I would not be the man." And although my books, etc., were at that time already packed in chests, and I was with them about to go as assistant teacher to a flour-

ishing institute of my oldest brother in Coblenz, the finest part of the Rhine, I considered it my duty to give up the finest prospects for the future at home and to serve my Lutheran brethren in dreary Nova Scotia. Although by asking my old father his advice in the matter he had answered me: "If you think you can do good to the people, go in the Lord's name," the parting from him and my dear brothers and sisters was heart-breaking. I left Germany after my ordination, which took place on the sixteenth of September, 1834, by the *Consistorialrath* Haasenritter, D. D., in Merseburg.

Under the protection of the Lord I arrived safe in Lunenburg, September 17th, 1835, and was kindly received by the whole congregation. My bond stated that I had to preach every Sunday morning in our Lunenburg church, and to instruct the young people for confirmation during the summer months, Sunday afternoons; and the church rule added, that if any man wanted me in the country, he must fetch and return me in a convenient wagon. But I soon found out that that never could build up our Lutheran Zion, and I soon commenced to preach in the country; the far-living members of our Church, not able to keep horse and wagon, should not be without the Bread of Life. In February, I administered the Lord's Supper for

the first time, and only one of the twelve elders and fifteen of the congregation made their appearance at the Lord's table; so dead I found our Lutheran Zion!!!

In May 1837, I left for Germany and returned at the twelfth December, a. c. j. to Lunenburg with my beloved wife Caroline Luisa Bressel, the mother of our nine children, five sons and four daughters, of whom one son died in his infancy. My dear wife departed this life on the twenty-third August, 1879. Soon I shall be united with her again and then forever and ever. Amen!

After my return from Germany, I preached regularly twice every Sunday and on the week-days on such places as I could not reach Sundays: as Maitland, Northfield, Fr. Weil's now Sebastopol, Branch, New Germany, Cornwall, Tancook, Blandford, Conquerall, Feltzen-south, Rose Bay, La Have, etc., etc. On the most populated places I preached commonly once a month, besides the funeral sermons and the visiting the sick, and administering the Lord's Supper to many on their sick and often dying beds. I traveled annually about four thousand miles for many years, and the most part in the saddle. But I was sometimes so fatigued that my children stood plainly before my eyes but I could not recollect their names, and if I

could have saved my life. The same weariness I have several times observed by dying persons; they know their children, but in consequence of their weakness they cannot recollect their names any more. The most trouble made me the present Bridgewater parish. I had to pray without ceasing and very hard to work. But it is a great satisfaction that I have not lost one single member of our over-the-whole-country-spread-congregation so long as I stood alone. But I could tremble by thinking that here or there was a screw loose, because I considered it always one of the greatest sins a man can commit when a Lutheran, having the true Word and the Holy Sacraments, as Christ our Saviour instituted them, was fickle-minded enough to join another denomination.

After Mr. Geo. Weil in Waterloo had spoken to me about an assistant who could preach English, I called immediately my elders together, and the result of the meeting was that we would try to get help for me. I was delighted when the Rev. W. W. Bowers arrived, who was called as my assistant, and I told him that he should assist me and I would assist him, and so we lived and worked together in the closest harmony, as Christian brethren always should do. Rev. Bowers was loved by everybody, and our Lutheran Zion flourished after his arrival 1855. But in 1859 he ac-

cepted a call from the Bridgewater parish, which separated then from us.*

Since my arrival 1835 until 1860, we Lutherans lived as a large family in undisturbed harmony and peace, and the rich blessing of our Lord Jesus Christ dwelled in the whole congregation. Our Lutheran Zion was for the denominations around us a pattern of Christian love and unity. But in April 1860 came the Rev. J. J. Stine, a man of the Melancthon Synod, as our new English Lutheran minister, who would not answer our true Lutheran people. He would

* The following obituary appeared in *The Lutheran and Missionary*, October, 1873.

"BOWERS.—Rev. W. W. Bowers was born in Montgomery Co., Pa., near Philadelphia, April 16th, 1827, and died in Concord, North Carolina, October 17th, 1873, aged 46 years, 6 months, and 1 day.

He pursued his studies at Gettysburg and studied theology under the late Dr. Anspach at Hagerstown, Md. In the autumn of 1855, he accepted a call to Lunenburg and Bridgewater, Nova Scotia. He continued to reside there until sometime last August, when he resigned the field in Nova Scotia and accepted a call to Concord N. C. The disease from which he died was typhoid pneumonia. His remains were sent to White Marsh, Montgomery Co., Pa. The deceased leaves a wife and four children to mourn his death. The wife and three of the children are in Nova Scotia, the oldest son having accompanied his father for the purpose of attending the North Carolina College." His wife was Louisa, the eldest daughter of the Rev. Dr. Cossmann. R.

force the congregation to introduce the Methodistical prayer-meetings, and finding resistance he scandalized the elders and congregation. It came according to his own wish to a vote of the congregation in Lunenburg, Mahone Bay and Rose Bay churches, and the result was that he was discharged from the congregation. But a few of his friends kept him the year out, and the following year, holding their meetings in the temperance hall. After his departure, his friends joined the Methodists, and he himself was excommunicated from the Lutheran Church for ill behaviour in the United States.*

*The Rev. J. J. Stine took his theological course at Princeton Presbyterian Seminary. It was reported, after his departure from Lunenburg, that he had been arrested for stealing books from the City Library in Boston. All that is known further of his career is contained in the following extract from the Philadelphia *Times* of April 7th, 1886.

“BREAKING STONE IN A WORKHOUSE.

“A man who claims to be a Clergyman, but is a Swindler. Indianapolis, Ind. April 7. (Special.)—Among the prisoners who were brought into the Mayor's Court this morning was a man 60 years old, with the appearance of a clergyman, who registered at the Grand Hotel last night as Rev. Isaac J. Brinton, of Pittsburgh, Pa. The charge against him was that he is known as a thief and a felon. In his valise, which was opened by the police, was found \$110 in cash, and a few theological books, together with a hat-full of clippings from Chicago and New York newspapers giving a fragmentary history of some of his

After this sore affliction we had to send for another English Lutheran minister, and we received an individual whom I will leave unnamed, who, although in another way, finished what Rev. Stine commenced. *Qui vult vitare Charybdim incidit in Scyllam.* Misled by Rev. Hutchinson at Bridgewater, he tried the utmost to expel me from my dear church, which was locked before me for a couple of years. Hutchinson's and the other man's aim was it to bring the whole Lutheran congregation under the Episcopal bishop, and a bridge was introduced by them in the form of a prayer-book, most part of it extracted from the Episcopal Common Prayer Book. The first step must

criminal exploits, while others told of his connection with the Evangelical Lutheran ministry, and his wonderful eloquence as a lecturer.

"Among the clippings was one stating that he had swindled a bank of Rochester, N. Y., by raising a check from \$39 to \$3900. He also had testimonial letters from some of the most prominent people in the country, including the Rev. David Swing, the late Gen. George B. McClellan, Robert Snodgrass, deputy attorney-general of Pennsylvania, Congressman Atkinson, of the same State, and in fact, from almost every quarter, many of them directed to President Cleveland, recommending his appointment as consul at Kingston, Can. The trial developed that some of his reverend aliases were J. J. Stine, Jacob Stimson, G. T. Hart and George Brinton. Although there was not sufficient evidence to convict him on the charge of being a known thief, he was fined \$25 and costs, and sent to the workhouse for thirty days, where he is now breaking stone in felon's garb."

naturally be to remove me, the chief stumbling-block, from the church; and now began a time full of horror for our poor congregation. The whole congregation was more a battlefield than a Christian Church! After the church was locked before me* a division of its members took place and by far the majority signed for me; but there was probably no Lutheran family in the Province, what discussed not the matter vehemently; often the wife against the husband, children against parents, brothers and sisters quarreling against each other.

To end this quarrel and fighting, could I resign with good conscience? Could I leave the over three hundred families of my congregation, whom I loved so dearly, without a shepherd? Had I not to answer for such a step before God on the Judgment Day? The wolf attacked the flock, and I as a Lutheran minister and according to Dr. Martin Luther's advice considered it my duty to protect my people, my friends, my children in Christ. If I had resigned then, the most of my people would have rather joined some of the denominations, and Hutchinson and the other man

* This was the new church, built on the site of the first one by the efforts of Father Cossmann among his people, in 1840 and 1841, at an expense of \$5,000, exclusive of labor and materials given and not reckoned.

would themselves and their friends have united with the Episcopal Church, and Nova Scotia would by this time be without a Lutheran Zion, our joy and crown.

When the church was closed before me, the elders were highly in my debt. Asking the elders for payment, one in the presence of the other elders told me that I had to sue for it; and thus I was forced to sue, because what the elders owed me I owed other people. A congregational meeting was called by the other man, who stated my case in the blackest manner before the people, and I made an offer to take £200, if they would not force me to go to law.

It was now moved by Mr. Nathaniel Strumm, seconded and unanimously carried, that the elders should sell the so-called school-house, and the members of the church would be taxed for the remainder of the £200, but the law should be avoided; what is a clear proof that the people would act honest towards me; and, indeed, it would have been an easy matter to settle in peace, because for the school-house they received £135, £5 they received as a legate of the late Caspar Zink in Blandford, and at least £12 they had in hand from a "bazaar," in all £152, so that only £48 were to be raised, and some offered from £3 to £5 towards payment of this debt, only to avoid the scandal.

The elders, misled by that man, refused to pay me and thus I was compelled to sue them. After I had deducted £20 for a wagon from the elders' debt due me, which wagon was presented to me from the congregation, the elders owed me still over £400, but hoping that £300 would pay my debts, I sued them only for that sum; and although clearly stated by the Chief Justice after hearing my witnesses, that every sixpence was due to me and must be paid, I settled and received only £200. I received in average, not the promised \$550 marked down in my bond, but a little less than \$500.

Another suit I had against the elders for locking up the church doors before me and the majority of the Lutheran congregation, and it was only after the Chief Justice, in the Lunenburg Court, declared that he had read, studied and admired our Church's rules, and found that this church was built by Germans and surely for Germans, and that my elders could claim the whole church and exclude the English (which we never intended to do), that the church doors were opened for us. But since we had no right or title to the church or its property in the House of Parliament in Halifax, and since my people, having no claim whatever on the church property, would nothing pay to keep the church in repairs, and finding that thus the

church would go to ruin, the old elders had more trouble to give the church and church property back in the hands of my members and elders than they had had to exclude us from the church.

After having done a great deal of mischief to our congregation, the other man's salary could not be raised any more, and he returned home, after having been the means of increasing our church debt from £11 to £500. *

Besides this was spent in his time the £135 received from the schoolhouse, £12 from the "bazaár," 5 from the late Caspar Zink in Blandford, and the money for a thirty acre lot lying in Waterloo, Bridgewater parish.

For all this trouble and scandal that man has to answer on the judgment day before God. May God have mercy upon him!

After that man came Rev. English in September, 1866, and left the congregation already in March, 1867, because, as he said to me, he was forbidden by my opponents to live on friendly terms with me.

The situation as English Lutheran minister occupied since April, 1868, Rev. Cornman and his opponent, a discharged Methodist minister. The friends of Rev. Cornman sued the other brother elders for introducing this discharged Methodist minister in the Lutheran

* (About \$2,000.)

church as a Lutheran minister. The Methodist minister had to clear out of our Lutheran church, and the Judge in the District Court advised Rev. Cornman to resign, and for peace sake he did, and went home to the United States.

Very sorrowful years were these, but at last the Lord heard our prayers and sent us in the Rev. Professor Roth, from Pittsburgh Synod, that man who was able and willing to settle all our difficulties. Him we have to thank that he did send us in his brother, the Rev. D. Luther Roth, a true and able Lutheran minister, under whose guidance our Lutheran Zion flourishes again. The sore wounds inflicted to us by Stine and the other man heal from year to year more and more.

Thanks be to God, that Mahone Bay and Bridgewater have likewise true and able English Lutheran ministers in the Rev. J. A. Scheffer and the Rev. A. L. Yount. May God bless them all and their congregations.

Seeing our people in good hands, I resigned on the 17th day of October, 1876. Towards my support for the short remainder of my life, the three parishes pensioned me with \$200, and our Pittsburgh Synod made me a missionary for Nova Scotia with a salary of \$200. Through the mercy of God I am healthy, but my

strength is exhausted so that I cannot perform any more a great deal of work. Whatever is in my power to do for the welfare of our Lutheran congregations, I do it with heart's delight.

At one time it had the full appearance, and I trembled at the thought, that all my prayers and my hard work for so many years would have been in vain, and that our Lutheran churches would perish away entirely; but since the Lord our God has spared my life so long as to see our Lutheran congregations prosper again in good hands, I exclaim with Simeon: "Lord, now lettest Thou Thy servant depart in peace." Amen.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost. Amen.

CHARLES E. COSSMANN,
*Missionary of the Ev. Lutheran Synod
of Pittsburgh, for Nova Scotia.*

Lunenburg, April 13, 1880.

CHAPTER XXXI.

GENERAL HISTORY AND STATISTICS.

I HAVE been asked by the pastors of the Nova Scotia Conference to prepare for insertion in this volume, a short summary of the early history and present statistics of the Lutheran Church in general. In obedience to that request I have assembled and herewith present the following facts:

As to the origin of the Evangelical Lutheran Church it is not to be disputed that she has her primitive sources in the doctrines and teachings of the Lord Jesus Christ and the holy Apostles. In this respect she traces her connection to the early Christian Church. She accepts with all Christians of whatever name, the Apostles' Creed, the Nicene Creed, and the Athanasian Creed. But as their own particular distinction, those believers in Christ who compose the Lutheran Church, receive the Augsburg Confession as a correct statement of the great doctrines of God's Word, and that Confession is their only visible bond of union. Their unity is solely in faith and doctrine.

The great principle of religious liberty asserted in the Augsburg Confession, although repeatedly put

forward by bold men was as often crushed, until about 1530, it first began to agitate the public mind of Europe. At that time the pope of Rome claimed for himself the spiritual and temporal power over all the nations and kingdoms of the earth. Although guilty of the grossest wickedness and darkest crimes he avowed himself free from all liability to err. When men protested against his assumed power and infallibility, they were put to death. His adherents continued to uphold his monstrous claims and kings and nobles, clergy and people quietly submitted.

Wickliffe, in England, however, about 1325, vigorously attacked the papal abuses. Thirty years after his death, which he accomplished in peace because the pope was prevented from seizing him, the Council of Constance solemnly anathematized him. This sapient Council then proceeded to depose the three popes who at the same time had been ruling, fighting and issuing bulls against each other for forty years, and elected another. Huss, in Bohemia, was burnt at the stake July 6th, 1415, for protests similar to those of Wickliffe. May 30th, 1416, his friend Jerome of Prague suffered a martyr's death for similar causes and in a like manner. Savonarola, in Italy, and two others, for the same cause, were put to death May 24th, 1498, and their bodies burned by the

executioner. Hosts of less celebrated martyrs were publicly burned for expressing opinions deemed by the pope heretical. In the south of France, the Albigenses, a people holding the doctrines of the early Christians, were butchered to the number of hundreds of thousands, by an army sent out by the pope and called "the army of the cross."

But in spite of fire and sword the truth made headway, and the power of the pope declined. The avarice of Leo X., led him now to issue "indulgences," which were worthless checks drawn on the bank of salvation, professing to remit the punishment of sin, even before the contemplated crime had been committed. These were sold by thousands among the peasants of Germany. The form in which they were drawn was as follows: "I re-establish you in the innocence which you received at your baptism, so that if you die soon the gate of punishment will be shut, and the gate of happiness open to you, and if you do not die soon this grace will be reserved and secured for you." This was signed by the monk who sold it, with the authority of the pope. The schedule of prices for the different crimes was graded thus: for polygamy, six ducats, (\$12.42); for a common murder, seven ducats, (\$14.49); for the murder of a father, mother, brother or sister, eleven ducats, (\$22.77); for witchcraft and

sorcery, two ducats, (\$4.14); for perjury, nine ducats, (\$18.63); for church robbery, the same; for sodomy, twelve ducats, and so on through all the crimes forbidden by the Commandments of God.

Martin Luther, a man of great learning and pure life was at this time a priest and teacher of theology at Wittenberg in Germany. He had been to Rome. What he saw there led him to say: "It is impossible that matters can remain in this state; things must change or break down." Later and more emphatically he declared: "If there be a hell Rome is built on the top of it. Whoever has been at Rome knows well that things are worse than can be expressed in words or believed." But he did not feel himself called to attack these abuses publicly. He was but a poor and unknown priest. He had too much reverence for authority to attack it lightly. How should he reform a world? "That was far from his thoughts. A humble, solitary man, why should he at all meddle with the world? It was the task of quite higher men than he. His business was to guide his own footsteps wisely through the world. Let him do his own obscure duty in it well; the rest, horrible and dismal as it looks, is in God's hand, not in his.

It is curious to reflect what might have been the issue, had Roman popery happened to pass this

Luther by; to go on in its great wasteful orbit, and not come athwart his little path, and force him to assault it. Conceivable enough that in his case, he might have held his peace about the abuses of Rome; left Providence, and God on high, to deal with them! A modest quiet man; not prompt he to attack irreverently persons in authority. His clear task, as I say, was to do his own duty; to walk wisely in this world of confused wickedness, and save his own soul alive. But the Roman Highpriesthood did come athwart him: afar off at Wittenberg he, Luther, could not get lived in honesty for it; he remonstrated, resisted, came to extremity; was struck-at, struck again, and so it came to wager of battle between them." *

Pope Leo sent out a monk, Tetzl by name, to sell the indulgences. With public outcry throughout Germany in the market-places, at fairs, and in the public assemblies of the people, this loud-tongued friar auctioned-off his wares. "Buy! buy! buy!" he cried. "Come, come here; by the will of the Holy Father and the Holy Curia at Rome, I visit this place to give to you, O citizens, the benefit of these glorious indulgences." People came, and bought, and went away to sin. In the confessional Luther learned from them what they had done. He demanded of them repent-

* Carlyle, Heroes and Hero Worship, p. 95.

ance in God's name. They refused repentance for their sins, relying on the indulgences they had bought. Luther's indignation was aroused. He appealed to his bishop to stop the sale of the indulgences. The bishop advised him to keep quiet. He sought for help from his fellow-priests. They feared to assail the gigantic evil. Tetzel drove a flourishing trade. "Please God," said Luther, "I will make a hole in this drum." He denied the efficacy of the indulgences. He protested, and his protest shook the world. His word, by the grace of God, was heard. It broke the spell of Roman supremacy.

In 1517, he made public his famous Ninety-five Theses. He affirmed the liberty of conscience. He openly avowed that no man, be he priest or pope, could come between a soul and God. He asserted that God alone had power to forgive sin, and that repentance and faith in Jesus Christ were necessary to forgiveness. He rejected, along with the indulgences, the pope's assumed infallibility; the idolatrous mass; auricular confession; the worship of images; adoration of relics; invocation of saints; worship of the Virgin Mary; the doctrine of purgatory; Romish fastings; and many other abuses. He declared that priests should marry, and himself, later, took a wife, Catharine Von Bora, who had been a nun. By so

doing, he restored to the Church and the world, that bright spot in human society, the pastor's home.

In 1520 the pope anathematized Luther, declared his writings heretical and solemnly pronounced upon him the ban of excommunication. Luther, in the public square of Wittenberg, in the presence of a great company of students, professors and citizens burned the pope's decree. The Sorbonne (which was the great Academy of Paris), under Romish influence, declared "that flames, and not reasoning, ought to be employed against the arrogance of Luther." The papal ban included not only Luther and his writings but all his protectors and followers and commanded that he be seized forthwith, and delivered up for punishment. But God and his friends protected him.

King Henry VIII. of England wrote a volume against him. This pleased the pope. He decorated the King with the title *defensor fidei*, "defender of the faith." The title is still retained by the sovereigns of England. The first letters of it may yet be seen on the coins of Great Britain and elsewhere. England was at that time wholly under the pope of Rome, but ready for the Reformation which soon followed.

Printing had now been discovered. The doctrines which Luther taught flew as though on angels' wings. North, south, east and west the Reformation spread.

Men accepted readily the Gospel truths it promulgated. They died for them. The first martyrs were two young Augustinian monks, who were burned at Brussels, July 1st, 1523; John Esch and Henry Voes. Luther celebrated their heroic sufferings in the beautiful hymn:

"Ein neues Lied wir heben an."

Their example was followed by the friar of the monastery, Lampert Thorn, who was suffocated in prison. George Buchführer was burnt in Hungary, the next year. And then followed countless executions in Austria, Bavaria and Swabia. Caspar Tauber was burnt in Vienna, Leonard Kaiser at Passau, George Carpentarius in Munich; John Hüglin at Constance; George Winkler, a priest, murdered at Anschaffenberg for having administered the Communion under both kinds—that is, he gave the communicants the bread and wine as Christ did, and not the bread only as the Roman Catholics do, and they killed him for it.

It was a revival of the persecutions suffered by the first Christian martyrs, and for holding the same faith: for in all the Reformation Luther never introduced a new doctrine. Upon those who accepted the restored faith, which though called "new" was only the old "faith once delivered to the saints" by Christ and the

Apostles, the name of *Lutherans* was fixed. It was invented by the Roman Catholics as a term of reproach. The church accepted it and has borne it so nobly that it has become a name of honor. To-day we are proud to be Lutherans and not ashamed of our name.

A good illustration of how we receive and reject the name of Luther, was given in the magnanimous utterance of the Margrave of Brandenburg, who, when reproached with being a Lutheran, said: "I was not baptized in the name of Luther; he is not my God and Saviour; I do not rest my faith in him as my Lord; and so, in this sense, I am no Lutheran. But if I be asked whether, with my heart and lips, I profess the doctrines which God restored to light by the instrumentality of His blessed servant, Dr. Luther, I do not hesitate to call myself a Lutheran, and am not ashamed of it. In this sense I am a Lutheran, and, as long as I live, will remain a Lutheran."

Luther himself said: "I neither am, nor will be, any man's master. I hold with the Church the one only common doctrine of Christ, who alone is Master of us all, as we read in Matthew xxiii. 8."

The doctrines of the Lutheran Church are set forth in the Augsburg Confession. This Confession, which is but an amplification of the ecumenical creeds, was prepared by Luther with the assistance of Philip Mel-

anchthon and their co-workers, and presented before the Emperor Charles V., in 1530, at Augsburg; hence the name. In addition to this, the Apology or Explanation to the Augsburg Confession, the two Catechisms of Luther, the Smalcald Articles, and the Formula of Concord are accepted as a correct summary of the faith of the Church.

By reference to them it will be seen, that we Lutherans believe in one God, Father, Son and Holy Ghost; we believe in the complete sinfulness of man, and the complete atonement wrought by the vicarious obedience, sufferings and death of Jesus Christ, the God-man, for all men; we believe in Justification before God by Faith in Christ; in Repentance; in Sanctification completed in the believer at death; in the Resurrection of the body; in the Second Coming of Christ; and in the Eternity of Hell and Heaven. We believe the only appointed Means of Grace to be the Word of God and the Holy Sacraments, and that the Grace of God is to be obtained ordinarily only through the Means of Grace. We hold Baptism and the Holy Eucharist or Lord's Supper, as the only divinely established sacraments. Of the former, we believe "that it is necessary to salvation, that through baptism the Grace of God is offered, and that children are to be baptized, who, being by baptism offered to God are received

into His favor." But we also believe that in case baptism cannot be received, God's mercy and power are not limited. He may save without it. Of the Holy Communion we believe that the true Body and Blood of Christ are in, with, and under the bread and wine, communicated to all who receive the Sacrament. How, we know not. To the believer they secure the remission of sin and "are made a savor of life unto life;" to the unbelieving and unworthy they bring an increase of guilt and "become a savor of death unto death." We deny that the bread and wine are changed as to their substance and hence reject the Romish doctrine of Transubstantiation. We likewise reject the kindred doctrines of consubstantiation, impanation, companation, and subpanation; as well as the Calvinistic and Zwinglian heresies, which make of the bread and the wine in the Sacrament only a sign, symbol, or representation of the body and blood of our Saviour.

The polity of the Lutheran Church admits the right of congregations to govern themselves, as well as the expediency of union among them for the general good. In Scandinavia she has bishops who have oversight by consent of the churches, but claim no superiority by divine right. All Lutheran ministers are equal in authority. In Germany a Board of Supervision with a Superintendent is appointed by the

Emperor. In America, Canada, and other parts of the world, the general government is by Conferences, Synods and Councils.

The Lutheran Church was first planted in America, by Admiral Coligni, in June, 1564. These first American Lutherans were Frenchmen. Scarcely were they settled in their new home on the bank of the St. John river in Florida, until they were hailed by a squadron which had pursued them from Spain. "What are you doing in the territories of King Philip?" was the query of the Spaniards. "Begone!" Then came the question; "Are you Catholics or Lutherans?" "Lutherans of the new religion," was the reply. The horrible announcement was then made: "I am Pedro Melendez, commander of this armament, which belongs to the King of Spain, Don Philip the Second. I have come hither to hang and destroy all the Lutherans whom I shall find either on land or sea, according to my orders received from the king, which are so precise as to deprive me of the power of saving any one whatever; and these orders I shall execute to the letter; but if I meet with any Catholic, he shall receive good treatment. As for the heretics, they shall die." The dreadful threat was awfully fulfilled.

Landing his soldiers, Melendez marched upon the

peaceful settlement. With the ferocity of tigers they fell upon their victims. No person was spared upon whom they could lay their hands. In their beds, in flight, in prayers for mercy, they were slaughtered. About nine hundred persons were slain. According to Mendoza, the priest who accompanied Melendez as chaplain, the Spaniards did not lose a man. A few of the men were hanged upon trees and over their bodies was placed the inscription :

NOT AS FRENCHMEN, BUT AS LUTHERANS.

The women and children were butchered. None escaped except a few who found a hiding-place in the forest. Thus the sun of the first Lutheran settlement went down in blood. The priest, Mendoza, says : " the Holy Spirit enlightened the understanding of Melendez, to enable him to gain so great a victory." God save the mark ! That was a glorious Roman Catholic victory. And the spirit of the Roman Catholic Church is always the same.

The first body of Lutherans to come to America after this butchery, arrived from Holland in 1621. Then came the Swedes, in 1637, and made their settlement on Delaware Bay. In 1642, the Rev. John Campanius, the first Lutheran minister, arrived and dwelt among them. Many Germans followed. In 1742 came Henry Melchoir Muhlenberg, the great organ-

izer of the Church in the New World. Six years after his arrival, the first Synod was formed; the Pennsylvania Ministerium. The Old World now began, in earnest, to pour the great stream of emigration on the American shores. In 1820 there were in connection with the General Synod, which was organized in that year, one hundred and seventy ministers and thirty-five thousand communicants. The civil war in the United States broke up intercourse between the North and South, and led to the formation of the General Synod South in 1863. The General Council, on account of certain theological tendencies, was formed in 1868. The Synodical Conference was established in 1872. Other large bodies exist without connection with the general organizations. The annexed table will show the growth and numerical standing of the Church in America, 1889.

<i>Name.</i>	<i>Years.</i>	<i>Minis- ters.</i>	<i>Congre- gations.</i>	<i>Communi- cants.</i>
General Council	{ 1869 1889	497 889	913 1,557	129,551 264,235
General Synod	{ 1869 1889	598 951	1,022 1,423	90,928 157,365
Synodical Conference	{ 1872 1889	824 1,291	1,348 1,811	187,873 365,620
Independent Synods	{ 1869 1889	687 1,276	1,183 2,730	150,640 269,743
Summary	{ 1869 1889	1,933 4,612	3,417 7,911	387,746 1,086,048

These statistics deal with communicants. This aggregate 1,086,048, is short of the grand total by hundreds of thousands, as every pastor in active service especially in the larger cities, knows well. Multiplying the reported number by five, which is the average taken by the Roman Catholics as the basis of calculation, though they deny that Protestants have any right to claim so high an average, we find the grand total of the Lutheran population in the United States to be *five millions four hundred and thirty thousand two hundred and forty*, and this I firmly believe to be below the actual number.

The latest statistics show the number of institutions for higher education under the control of the Lutheran Church in the United States to be:

Theological Seminaries	25;	Professors, 73;	Students, 800
Colleges	26;	" 219;	" 3,435
Academies	39;	" 131;	" 2,313
Young Ladies' Seminaries	12;	" 94;	" 951
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	102	517	7,499

The figures for one Theological Seminary, one College, and nine Academies, are wanting.

Our institutions of mercy comprise:

Orphans' Homes	32
Asylums for the Aged	3
Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb	1

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Deaconesses' Homes and Hospitals	15
Immigrant Missions	9
	60

Our church papers number:

English	44
German	52
Norwegian	18
Swedish	15
Danish	4
Icelandic	3
Finnish	2
French	1
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The General Statistics of the Lutheran Church, as published in the Minutes of the General Council for 1889, are as follows:

AFRICA.

1. Egypt	2,000
2. Cape Colony	5,000
3. Mission Stations	10,000
4. Madagascar	25,000
	42,000

AMERICA.

1. Greenland	8,000
2. United States and Canada	1,955,090
3. West Indies	2,500

4. Brazil	40,000
5. Other Provinces of South America	1,000
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Total	2,006,590

ASIA.

1. Siberia	1,000
2. India	180,000
3. Other Countries in Asia	5,000
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Total	186,000

AUSTRALIA AND POLYNESIA.

1. New South Wales	3,000
2. Victoria	15,000
3. South Australia	25,000
4. Queensland	20,000
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Total	63,000

EUROPE.

1. Denmark	2,083,000
2. Germany	29,800,000
3. France	80,000
4. Great Britain and Heligoland	52,000
5. Holland	75,000
6. Italy	5,000
7. Norway	1,825,000
8. Austria, with Hungary and Siebenburgen	1,550,000
9. Roumania	4,500
10. Russia	5,060,000
11. Sweden	4,600,000
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Total	47,412,090

Correcting this aggregate by statistics for *population*, herein given for *communicants* only, in the United States and Canada, we have a grand total of fifty millions, eight hundred and eighty-seven thousand, two hundred and forty.

More than fifty millions of Lutherans are in the world. The Lutheran Church is great indeed, and great in more than numbers. Her millions of adherents are the human bulwark, not only of Protestantism but of Christianity, in the world to-day. They are among the noblest and best of the inhabitants of earth. They shine as lights which God has kindled, wherever they be, conspicuous by reason of honesty, virtue and faith in Him whose they are and whom they serve. As in the Lutheran Church Christ's pure religion was restored to man, so in connection with that Church her people yet uphold and live by that religion. And he who unites with them to serve the Lord will find in the Lutheran Church a home wherein he will have ministered unto him of the riches of Christ; he will find friends in the time of trouble, consolation in the hour of death, and safe direction to the Christian's everlasting home in heaven.

