

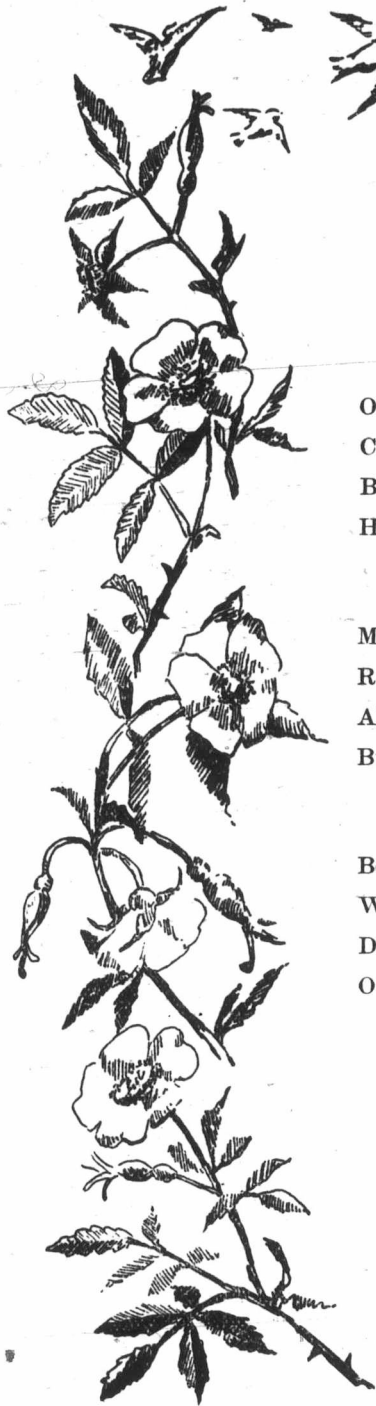


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" **A Supplication.**

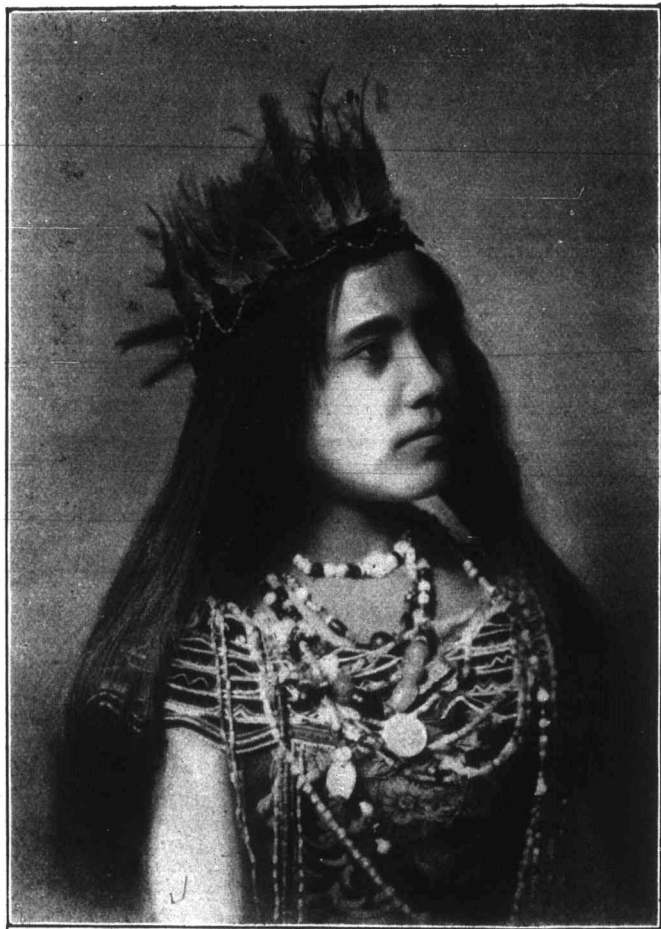
O April, angel of our mortal joy,
Consoler of our human griefs and fears,
Bringer of sunshine to this old grey earth,
Hear, once again, the prayer of thy lone child,
Return, return !

Mother of solace in the soft spring rain,
Restorer of sane health to wounded souls,
Ah, tarry not thy coming to our doors,
But soon with twilight and the robin's voice,
Return !

Behold, across the borders of the world,
We wait the reappearance with the flowers,
Disconsolate, dispirited, forlorn,
Our only childish and perpetual prayer,
"Return, return !"

BLISS CARMAN.





NI-PA-PAN.

ACADIENSIS

Volume II.

APRIL, 1902.

Number 2.

DAVID RUSSELL JACK, EDITOR.

The Primitive Life of the Wapanaki Women.



WE MUST go to the traditions of these people for a correct idea of their primitive life, though we will be helped somewhat if we make a close study of the characters of those of the race who are with us, as we can then judge of the character which was back of, and was expressed in that life. For these people are not of a plastic nature, and the Indian of to-day differs but little from the Indian of three centuries ago, differs little in characteristics, however much his habits of life and his customs may have changed.

Down to a recent period our notions of Indian customs were based upon the accounts written by the early colonists, but we have discovered that these writers mislead us—not intentionally of course—they, doubtless, meant to be truthful as well as just, but the conditions were against them. There were many phases of the Indian's life about which the earlier writers knew absolutely nothing, and besides, they were too strongly prejudiced against the people to deliver an unbiased judgment on what they did know. Furthermore, we may fairly

assume that the coming of the white man so disturbed the Indian's life, and so filled that life with dread and uncertainty that its normal conditions were seriously altered at a very early period.

At best, the colonists judged the natives upon evidence that was pitifully slight, and, on that evidence, condemned them all as useless savages—quite beyond civilizing influences. Had these severe judges extended their investigations they would have discovered that the Wapanakis, at least, had advanced to a culture stage quite above the plane of mere savagery. It is true that they had retained some savage instincts, like the rest of us, but in their habits and customs, their rites and their plan of life, there was much that was far removed from the grossly barbaric. Their social system was well ordered; their family obligations were faithfully observed; they were honest and just, and enobled their lives by chivalrous acts. The men displayed a manliness, which though rugged, was clean and wholesome, and both men and women were courteous, considerate, generous and kind. They were more inclined to be sedentary than is generally understood, for though they gathered in small communities, as is the habit of hunting people, their villages were permanent homes; and as patience, contentment, friendliness and hospitality are virtues inherent in the race, there must have been little to disturb the harmony of these village homes—excepting always the petty jealousies which probably were, in those early times as they are to-day, the bane of an Indian community.

The position occupied by the women of the Wapanaki League was not, as a rule, that which was accorded to them by the earliest writers. I read an extract from one of these to a group of Indian women, and their good natured derision told plainly of their disapproval. These women considered that the lot of the average Indian wife



LOUISA MITCHELL.



A PICNIC.

was much preferable to that of the white women they had known. "In the old days," said one, "our women did some work about the camps that you consider is men's work ; but these women had an easy time of it, while the men had to labor very hard." "Hunting was no mere sport in those days," she continued, "and while the men were out in the woods the women had little to do." The division of labor was well understood by these people, and a woman would have resented any interference with her portion as resolutely as a modern woman would resent her lord's attempt to manage the kitchen or the nursery. She would consider such interference a reflection upon her. The conventionalities which hedged the women of those old days are revealed in their traditions, and the outlines of their lives can be clearly traced from infancy onward.

It may be of interest to state here, parenthetically, that the Wapanaki babe has soft hair of a brownish tint, light brown eyes, and skin of a pale yellowish or olive tinted brown. As the child develops the hair becomes coarse and black and the eyes grow darker, but the change in the color of the skin is slight, for the Wapanakis are among the palest of their race.

Child-life in an Indian community is, in a general way, much like child-life elsewhere. In the olden days the infant during its most tender years was cared for exclusively by the mother. It was wrapped in soft furs and strapped to a cradle which swung, hammock fashion, near where the mother was at work, or hung to the branch of an adjacent tree. When baby cried mother would swing the cradle, and sing some soft sweet lullaby, of which distinctly feminine creations the Wapanakis have many pretty examples.

Graduating from the cradle, the young thing passed to the care of a grandmother ; for the older men and women

were, by virtue of their age and experience, the guides and teachers of the village children, though the mother continually assisted in the training of her flock and kept them all close to her heart. At about four years of age the boys were taken in hand by the father or grandfather—usually the latter—for lessons in hunting-craft and for development of strength and courage. From the start both boys and girls were taught obedience and self control, and were taught also to be truthful and brave, respectful to their superiors, and kind and courteous to everyone.

Let me here emphasize this important and interesting fact, that the children of almost all Indian tribes are trained with exceedingly great care, and display, as a rule, as good manners as the best of our own well bred children. The self assertion, impertinent boldness and disrespect, so noticeable in some communities, has no counterpart in an Indian village. These children are rarely whipped or punished severely, but a strict adherence to the Indian idea of propriety is insisted upon.

While the Wapanaki girls were quite young, they were given their first lessons in the rudiments of home making, and from thence on were gradually trained in all the duties of wives and mothers ; so that when confronted with the care of her own wigwam the young wife was well equipped for the task. But while they were taught to be industrious, these maidens were relieved from the drudgery of the camp, that part fell exclusively to the mothers, who were indulgent to their girls, and permitted them to lead a life of comparative ease.

The amusements of the young Indian girls were not unlike the amusements of their civilized sisters. They found their greatest delight in imitating their elders, in dressing up wooden dolls and caring for them as they saw the mothers and grandmothers caring for the younger children. Later they were taught to paddle a canoe, to



MARY RANCO.

shoot with bow and arrows, to swim, and to snowshoe, and practice in these became their pastime. But in these amusements they were kept separate from the young men. The girls never left the shadow of the wigwam without being accompanied by their mother or grandmother; and when taking their walks or when entering upon any pastime, they avoided the young men's playground, generally going to the opposite side of the village. A few games were played with the young men, but these were indoor games, and were played in the presence of the parents. Even in most of their dances, the sexes were separated, the men taking the lead. In one dance only—the snake-dance—the men and women alternated and joined hands; but in this the maidens never took part at public gatherings.

As a people they are fond of dancing and of all sorts of merry making, for they have cheerful, fun-loving dispositions, and when strangers are not present, indulge in lively chat and bandiage. In the old times many evenings were spent in dancing, though the chief amusement was to gather at the camp-fire of some renowned story teller, and listen to the tales of that far-off long ago, to which all Indians turn with reverence and delight.

These forest maidens were fond of dress, and adorned their buckskin garments with fringes and fanciful decorations of dyed moose-hair and porcupine quills. Around their necks and arms they wound bands of wampum and strings of the claws and teeth of wild animals. Their hair fell loose about their shoulders or hung in two large braids. At all festivals they wore a head dress of birds' feathers fastened to a band of buckskin, highly ornamented, which was tied around the head.

As a rule the mother selected the wife for her son. Old Gabe Acquin told me that even in his day this custom obtained, for he had not so much as spoken to his own wife before they met to be married. But this was not an

invariable rule. Sometimes a youth of strong individuality, who had become enamored of a girl, would strive to win her unaided. The fellow must have had a hard time of it, for he had little opportunity to conduct any sort of courtship, the tribal standard of propriety forbade that. Their etiquette demanded that a young man should not address a maiden openly, and a girl's social intercourse even with her own brothers was very limited. But besides these difficulties the young lover had to contend against the extreme bashfulness and modesty which the girls inherited; and when these were overcome he would very probably find himself the victim of a love of coquetry, which these same girls had strangely combined with their shyness, and which developed rapidly under encouragement. With all these difficulties to surmount, this clandestine love-making must have furnished considerable excitement to a young brave who was fond of romantic adventure, though his ingenuity and tact and patience and courage must have been sorely taxed.

However selected, the proposal of marriage was never made directly to the girl, but negotiations were opened through her father, the young man's mother enlisting the services of some friendly chief to fill the office of intermediary. On receiving the proposal, if the girl was of age (they were not allowed to marry in those days before they were twenty-four), the father called together all the mature members of her clan, who after discussing the proposal and dissecting the young man's character, decided by vote if he was eligible—if he was brave and true, and had enough hunting skill to provide for a family. In the old days, the young people always accepted the decision of that court as final; but the Wapanaki girl of our day sometimes questions that judgment, and has been known to set it aside, for the clans still continue to vote on proposals of marriage.

The wedding ceremony was, at an early period, a very simple affair—the mere plighting of their troth before wit-



MATRONS.



FLORENCE NICOLA.

nesses, followed by the wedding dance and a feast. Later the ceremony was elaborated to a solemn and impressive rite which was performed at mid-day, and was followed by a dance and feast in the evening. During the dance the bride and groom slipped quietly from the circle and went to the woods for a short honeymoon. On their return the wife at once took up her duties.

The change from the life of a maiden to that of a wife was peculiarly abrupt. There appears to have been three divisions or ranks in Wapanaki womanhood, which may be defined roughly as maiden, matron, and grand-dame or *No-ko-mus*, "My grandmother," as these were called. The lines of demarcation between these ranks were distinctly drawn, and the privileges and duties of each were as distinctly separated. As maidens they indulged their love of dress and of amusement, and lived a rather easy life; but as matrons they were patient, laborious drudges, and devoted themselves exclusively to home and husband.

They were probably vacillating about many things; vacillation is a dominant vice of their race, and in the Wapanaki tribes is most pronounced in the women; but the Indian character is full of contradictions, and mated with this vacillation we find numerous evidences of patient persistence and constancy. In whatever else they may have been inconstant, these women of prehistoric times made faithful, devoted, steadfast wives. Probably in the whole human race there was never a more thoroughly moral people than the primitive Wapanakis. Licentiousness was unknown to them, and few of their women ever erred.

We think of these Indian wives as slaves, but that is our error. The men were affectionately fond of their homes, and treated both wives and children with marked consideration. To this day, you will rarely hear an Indian using abusive language to his wife, and I have never heard one use foul or obscene words before the women of his tribe, unless he was under the influence of liquor. I have

been struck with this upon my visits to the Maliseet village at St. Mary's and to the Penobscot village near Oldtown. The contrast between the bits of conversation you hear while passing through the village street, and those which fall on your ear after you have crossed the river into the white man's town, is, very marked, and is all in favor of the Indians.

Another mistake we make is in thinking that these Indian women had no influence. My experience has taught me that if a man wants to gain any favor from an Indian community he must first make sure that he has the women on his side, for if he has not he will probably fail in his mission. Under the ancient regime a vote of the tribe was taken upon all matters of importance, and though the women did not vote on many questions they did vote when war was to be decided, and then their votes counted the same as the men's. If the women of the tribe were opposed to the war, the men were obliged to yield.

Her first babe brought to the Wapanaki woman, with other new duties, that of offering a new prayer. She had prayed before for herself—sometimes to her guardian spirit for protection, or to the good spirits for some coveted thing, though more frequently her prayers had been addressed to the Manitous, the spirits of evil, that they would keep from her the demons of disease and all harm. But now, for *unskwasewe*, the first born, she must make a new prayer. In the early dawn, she wrapped the little thing in a soft fur robe, and, unattended, carried it out beyond the confines of the village to a spot from which the eastern horizon could be seen. There, amid the forest solitude, in the calm and quiet of the opening day, she awaited the coming of the sun.

To her people had come no revelation of a supreme being—an almighty and all pervading God—but nature had taught them that in the unseen world there was a power far greater than their own, a power from which their



WA-TA-WES-SO.

Reproduced from a crayon drawing by
Mr. Francis West, of Boston.

world derived both existence and strength, and which revealed itself in all physical phenomena. This power was, they believed, divided among numerous spirits who controlled all mundane affairs. The spirit who dwelt in the sun was, in their minds, the mother of life; and the mother's heart in the Indian woman told her that such a spirit would possess mercy and compassion and tender love. As the shining orb rose into view the woman knelt on the ground, and, holding her babe toward the sun, implored the spirit to look with pity upon her helpless child; to bless it with abundant strength, and to send an angel to attend the child, that it might be guided and guarded from all peril. Thus were these Indian children baptized—with sunshine.

If she had no children to demand her attention, a hunter's wife would accompany her husband on his summer outings, and at times both wife and children were taken. But more generally the women remained at home to look after the little ones, and to do the planting, which came within her sphere. It was her duty also to make and mend the garments, and with the rude instruments of her day, these took much time and patience. At nightfall she told stories to her young brood, and watched over them as they slept.

The return of a successful hunting party was an occasion of considerable excitement. It brought the women some drudgery, but that was their portion, and they went about it cheerfully. Meat was to be dried, fish to be smoked, skins to be tanned and dressed, and a hundred and one occupations filled the Indian woman's day. But in the evening the general merriment made her heart glad, and she forgot the drudgery.

Every year the entire tribe had one or more grand gatherings which entailed some additional labor upon the matrons, but brought delight to all. Feasts were essential features at such gatherings, and these were prepared by the matrons, who served them also—serving first any

strangers who might be present, then the older men, after these the young men and young girls, each group separately, and lastly themselves. During the festivals—they often extended over several days—the old and young men were usually found in separate groups, while the maidens kept by themselves. They were separated also in the circle which was formed about the dancers, or for any public ceremony. The sachem sat at the middle of one side of the circle, with his council on each side of him, and next to these sat the older men, while the young men were together on the opposite side of the circle. The matrons and old women sat behind the men, and the children stood behind their mothers. (The men crossed their legs when they sat on the ground, but the women rested upon their right side with their feet to left.)

At these festivals the day time was occupied by the formal ceremonies, with games in the intervals, while the evenings were devoted to feasting and dancing. These days afforded the women an opportunity to indulge their love of dress and of gossip, while the men discussed tribal polity or swapped hunting yarns, and the young people enjoyed life.

There came days, occasional days, of enthusiasm and eager expectancy, when the braves started on the war path; and following these came other days when cries of woe mingled with shouts of exultation. But these occasions were not numerous, for the Wapanakis were not warlike—they never went to battle for the mere zest of fighting or for the glory of it.

The wail of the Indian woman in the first hours of her grief is loud and wild, and piteously pathetic. At such times the child-like simplicity of her nature betrays itself, and carries her into passionate and uncontrolled excess. But inherent pride and early training soon assert themselves; the tumult ceases; self-control returns, and placidly she takes up the part assigned her. In the old



PA-SA-KWE.

days the woman's badges of mourning were stripes of black paint on the cheeks and a cap of black fur. The paint was removed the day after the burial, but the cap was worn for a year—or for a shorter time if the person mourned had been young. A widow cut from the ends of her hair a strip of about an inch in width, and this was deposited with the body. At the end of the period of mourning, the black cap was removed by the woman's relatives with appropriate ceremony, and patches of red paint were put on her cheeks. (In some villages these customs still prevail). When the mourning of a sachem's widow was to be removed the entire tribe gathered for the ceremony, and a feast and dance followed.

Lonely and sorrowful hours came to them as to other people, yet these forest bred daughters of the Wapanaki must have had in their lives as much of sunshine and of general joy as fall to the lot of the average woman. They were dearly fond of their forest home, of family and friends, and of their wild free life. They had few wants, and these were readily supplied. Surely their's must have been happy lives—as lives go.

When middle age was passed, the matrons were admitted to the rank of grand-dame or grandmother, which added dignity to their position, and gave them freedom from restraint and also brought to them other privileges denied to younger women. As matron a woman must sit in silence in the Council House, if she were admitted at all; and if her husband was present when she was addressed, she could reply only through him. Now all that was changed. She could speak where and when it pleased her, and her words were given respectful hearing and thoughtful consideration. The young people looked to her for guidance, the elders sought her counsel, and all dreaded her displeasure. Perhaps superstition had some influence here, for these people were extremely superstitious. They had an unwavering belief in divination and occult power; and

the hoary locks, the weazen, wrinkled face, and the tremulous, piping voice of old age were to them the insignia of a seer and magician.

A grandmother might rule the camp, were she possessed of a ruling spirit, but there was usually other business that had more attraction for her. She was looked upon as the good angel of the tribe, and passed from camp to camp distributing her blessings. A knowledge of herbs and roots gave her skill in healing the sick, while from her experience and her kind heart she drew consolation for the sad and despondent. She sang to the infants, taught the girls handicrafts and folk-tales, and inspired the braves with stories of the tribe's great dead. And when infirmities increased, and the wearied body refused to longer do her bidding she was still respected and tenderly cared for. Even if she were the last of her clan—her kindred all gone—she was not forsaken; and in her final hour kind friends were near to comfort and support her, and to fold the hands across the tired heart when it was at rest.

MONTAGUE CHAMBERLAIN.

NOTE.—The accompanying illustrations are typical faces of the modern Wapanakis.



Glooscap,

THE FIRST ACADIAN EXILE.

"Weegejiik! kessegook wigwank;
Meskeek oodun ulnoo, kes saak,"
[May you be happy! the old people are encamped.
There was once, long ago, a large Indian village.]

INTRODUCTION TO ANCIENT AHTOOKWOKUN.¹

Mighty in friendship was Glooscap, and mighty in magic.
He who loved Truth as his life,—the one true necromancer.
He was a *kenap*,² *booin*,³ a great *malbalaawe*⁴
Yet he stood true to his friends; he was mighty in friendship!

Over the far-heaving sea came the mighty in friendship,
Came from the East, in his *kweedun*,⁵ a small rocky island,
That sped with the swiftness of light at the beck of its
master,
And reached without paddle or sail the wild shores of
Megamagee.⁶

He dwelt many lifetimes in fertile Acadian valleys,
Then passed,—alas that he must, to the land of the sunset.
He cannot come back until men shall speak truth with
their neighbors.
The *Acadie*,⁷ that he has made now knows him no longer.

"*Paalumakik koobetaku*"⁸ Cape Split, and he dug through
at Digby,
And drained the Annapolis Valley, to make it his garden:

1. "Ahtookwokun," legendary folk-lore.
2. "Kenap," supernatural warrior.
3. "Booin," magician.
4. "Malbalaawe," physician and surgeon.
5. "Kweedun," canoe.
6. "Megamagee," Micmac name for the Maritime Provinces, meaning the home of the true men, the Micmacs.
7. "Acadie," the place. See Shubenacadie, [Segubun-acadie] the place of the segubun or ground-nuts, cf., also Basloocadie, the landing place, Cape Traverse, P. E. I.
8. "Paalumakik koobetaku," he cut through the beaver-dam at [Cape Split.]

He counselled great *Kuhkwu*,⁹ the Earthquake, the spirit
of justice ;
And rolled old *Koolpujut*¹⁰ with handspikes in springtime
and Autumn.

He taught all the arts,—even hunting and fishing, and
weaving,
The planting of pumpkins *ehkooak*, with corn, *peaskumun*.
As people still plant them to-day, for they love one another.
He taught, too, how homes should be made, though he never
was married.

For he was a demi-god ; his was a love above mortals ;
He loved all the tribe ; and might not tie down his affections
To any fair maiden on earth,—he is married in *Wasoak*,
The home of the faithful, that glows with the glories of
sunset.

Sage *Noogumich*¹¹ ordered his wigwam, assisted by *Marten*,
Called *Uhkeen*¹² in deference, not his cognomen *Abista-
naooch*¹³
These followed their lord when he sojourned in *Ajaalig-
unuk*¹⁴
Or when he dwelt high in his home on the brow of old
*Blomidon*¹⁵

He shared of his best with the meanest that came to his
wigwam ;
He aided in myriad quests those who sought his assistance ;
Until the *booktaawik*¹⁶ was brought by the thunder-club
traders,
Which dragged down the Micmacs till Glooscap could help
them no longer.

9, 10. These mythical characters were brought to Megamagee by Gloos-
cap, the latter has no bones, and cannot help himself, he has to be rolled
over with handspikes,—hence his name. In autumn he is turned toward the
west, causing winter, and again in spring to the east, causing the other great
change of the seasons which fills the world with life and beautiful sunshine.

11. "Noogumich," used as a term of respect, as we now use "aunt."

12. "Uhkeen," my younger brother.

13. "Abistanaooch," marten.

14. "Ajaaligunuk," an island not yet identified [possibly P. E. I.], where
Glooscap dwelt when not at Blomidon.

15. "Blomidon," the promontory where North Mountains terminate
abruptly at the Basin of Minas.

16. "Booktaawik," fire-stuff [booktaa, fire] rum.

He could not endure the deceit of the double-tongued
trader;
He grieved when his people when down like the trees of
the forest
Before the debauchery and greed of the unscrupulous pale-
face,
Who laid on him impious hands,¹⁷ as the heathen on
Samson.

His kettle¹⁸ lies turned upside-down near the base of old
Blomidon;
His dogs are transformed into rocks,¹⁹ where they stood
looking westward
When Glooscap sailed out on the ebb-tide,²⁰ an exile
through falsehood,
To return when his people learn Truth, amidst wildest
rejoicings.²¹

Oh helpless and hopeless indeed were the gods of tradition,
The power of God must come down to uplift what has
fallen,
Or Glooscap can never return to his people who love him.
Our forests are yours, cries the sage, if you give us our
Glooscap.²²

17. Tradition relates how the early French did their utmost to capture Glooscap that they might exhibit him in France. He burst great ropes, and proved his superhuman powers in a hundred ways.

18, 19. These rocks, near the base of Blomidon, are still known to the Micmacs as Glooscap's kettle and dogs.

20. The irresistible ebb-tide carries objects past Cape Split far out into the Bay of Fundy.

21. They also look for a Millennium.

22. See "Legends of the Micmacs," Rand.

JEREMIAH S. CLARK.

Bay View, P. E. I., Nov. 1901.

The Wetmore Family,

OF CHARLOTTE COUNTY, NEW BRUNSWICK.*

PART II.



THE WETMORE family of America is descended from Thomas Whitmore, who came from the west of England to Boston, Mass., in 1635, being the eleventh year of the reign of Charles the First; and was among the early settlers in the Connecticut colony. He was born in England in 1615, and the first mention that is found of him in colonial archives is in the Wethersfield Town records, in 1639-40, as the owner of certain lands upon which he appears to have settled on arriving at the Connecticut river, and from which he subsequently removed to Hartford. He was thrice married, first to Sarah, daughter of John and Ann (Willocke) Hall, as has been previously stated; second, to Mary, daughter of Richard Platt, of Milford, and widow of Luke Atconson (Atkinson?), January 3rd, 1667; third, Katharine Leet, widow of Mr. Robards, October 8th, 1673.

He had in all seventeen children, of whom three were by the first wife, one by the second, and thirteen by the third.

*[Since the publication of the first article of this series, the writer is in receipt of some additional information, and our readers would do well to note the following errata and correct their own copies of that article with pen and ink. Page 247, lines 11 and 12, read, "He beareth argent, on a chief azure; three martlets or. Crest—A Falcon, ppr." Page 248, line 30, read, "Of the last three generations mentioned above, two were Loyalists, namely, James and Josiah." Page 248, last line, read, "the former of whom died unmarried." Page 249, first line, read, "Josiah Wetmore was the ancestor of all the Wetmores of Charlotte County, N. B."

—D. R. J.]

He died on the 11th of December, 1681, aged 66 years, and a copy of his will may be found in the Probate Court's office in the city of Hartford, Conn.

Izrahiah Whitmore was the tenth child of Thomas Whitmore, and was born in Middletown, March 8th, 1656-7 (March 9, 1656?) On the 13th of May, 1692, Rachel, daughter of Rev. Samuel and Hope (Fletcher) Stow, of Middletown, by whom he had seven children, all sons. He was a magistrate of the town, and a deputy to the General Court from 1721 to 1728 inclusive. Tradition states that he was a man of fine abilities, and enjoyed the confidence and esteem of the people of his time. His father-in-law, who was himself rather a remarkable man, speaks of him in the highest terms, and made him the executor of his will. He died at the age of 86 years.

The Rev. James Wetmore, A. M., was the third son of Izrahiah Whitmore, and was born in Middletown, December 31st, 1695 (O. S.) The reader will here observe the change in the spelling of the name from Whitmore to Wetmore, which had been previously alluded to. He was a man of much talent, and very marked religious principles. From him has sprung the most numerous branch of the **Wetmore family, including all the Wetmores of New Brunswick.** About 140 pages of the Wetmore book are devoted to this man and his descendants. He was a graduate of Yale College, where he took the degree of A. B. in September, 1714, and that of Master of Arts in September, 1717. At an early age James Wetmore studied for the ministry, and, as there were no theological seminaries in those days, students of divinity were obliged to pursue their studies with the various clergymen of the country.

In 1718 he was called to North Haven, Conn., and in the fall of that year he was ordained the first Congregational minister of that place. About four years after his ordination he became involved, in common with several

others, in a rather extraordinary religious controversy, arising out of his uncertainty of mind regarding the validity of their ordination. The controversy caused a great sensation throughout all New England, and eventually became very bitter. Rev. Increase Mather, D. D., and Rev. Cotton Mather, D. D., were appealed to for advice, and in a MS. in the hand-writing of the last named, supposed to have been sent to the brethren in Connecticut, he speaks of "the scandalous conjunction of these unhappy men with the Papists." He also, in the same communication, asks: "How they can lawfully and honestly go on with pastoral ministrations and keep on good terms with the last words in the fourteenth chapter of Romans."

In 1781 a work was published in London, England, entitled, "A General History of Connecticut, by a Gentleman of the Province." This was supposed to have been written by Rev. Samuel Peters, and deals exclusively with the controversy in which Rev. James Wetmore was involved. The compiler of the Wetmore memorial states that "from this same volume we glean the subjoined, which throws some further light upon the circumstances attending Mr. Wetmore's becoming a member of the Established Church, which we think will not only be *interesting* to the Wetmore family, but the casual reader." It will be remembered that Rev. James Wetmore was originally ordained in the Congregationalist Church. This book contains some extraordinary statements and descriptions, among them an account of the Indian pow-wow, which somewhat resembles the custom, until very recently, if not actually now in vogue, among the Indians of the North Shore of the Province of New Brunswick.

An extract from the work attributed to Mr. Peters reads as follows:

"Stratford lies on the west bank of Osootonoc River, having the sea or sound to the south. There are three streets running

north and south, and ten east and west. The best is one mile long. On the centre square stands a meeting house with a steeple and a bell, and a church with a steeple, bell, clock and organ. It is a beautiful place, and from the water has an appearance not inferior to that of Canterbury. Of six parishes contained in it, three are Episcopal. The people are said to be the most polite of any in the colony, owing to the singular moderation of the town in admitting, latterly, Europeans to settle among them. Many persons came also from the islands and southern provinces for the benefit of their health.

"Here was erected the first Episcopal church in Connecticut. A very extraordinary story is told concerning the occasion of it, which I shall give to the reader the particulars of, the people being as sanguine in their belief of it as they are of the ships sailing over New Haven.

"An ancient religious rite called the pow-wow was commonly celebrated by the Indians, and commonly lasted several hours every night for two or three weeks. About 1690 they convened to perform it on Stratford Point, near the town. During the nocturnal ceremony, the English saw, or imagined they saw, devils rise out of the sea, wrapped up in sheets of flame, and flying round the Indian camp, while the Indians were screaming, cutting and prostrating themselves before their fiery gods. In the midst of the tumult, the devils darted in among them, seized several, and mounted into the air. The cries and groans issuing from them quieted the rest. In the morning, the limbs of Indians, all shrivelled, and covered with sulphur, were found in different parts of the town. Astonished and terrified at these spectacles, the people of Stratford began to think the devils would take up their abode among them, and called together all the ministers in the neighbourhood to exorcise and slay them.

"The ministers began, and carried on their warfare with prayers, hymns and objuratation; but the pow-wows continued, and the devils would not obey. The inhabitants were about to quit the town when Mr. Nell spoke and said, "I would to God that Mr. Visey,* the Episcopal minister at New York, was here, for he would expel these evil spirits." They laughed at his advice; but on his reminding them of the little maid who directed Naaman to a cure for his leprosy, they voted him their permission to bring Mr. Visey at the next pow-wow. Mr. Visey attended accordingly, and as the pow-wow commenced with howlings and

* Rev. Mr. Visey was rector of Trinity Church, New York.

whoops, Mr. Visey read portions of the Holy Scriptures, Litany, etc. The sea was put into great motion. The pow-wows stopped. The Indians dispersed, and never more held pow-wows in Stratford. The inhabitants were struck with wonder at this event, and held a conference to discover the reason why the devils and pow-wowers had obeyed the prayers of one minister, and had paid no regard to those of fifty. Some thought that the reading of the Holy Scripture, others that the Litany and the Lord's Prayer, some again that the Episcopal power of the minister, and others that all united were the means of obtaining the heavenly blessing they received.

“ Those who believed that the Holy Scriptures and Litany were effectual against the devil and his legions, declared for the Church of England ; while a majority ascribed their deliverance to a complot between the devil and the Episcopal minister, with a view to overthrow Christ's vine, planted in New England. Each party acted with more zeal than prudence. The church, however, increased, though oppressed by more persecutions and calamities than ever experienced by Puritans from bishops and pow-wowers. Even the use of the Bible, the Lord's Prayer, the Litany, or any part of the Prayer Book, was forbidden. Nay, ministers taught from their pulpits, according to the Blue Laws, that the lovers of Zion had better put their ears to the mouth of hell and learn from the whispers of the devil than read the bishop's books, while the churchmen, like Michael the archangel, contending with the devil about the body of Moses, dared not bring against them a railing accusation. But this was not all. When the Episcopalians had collected timber for a church, they found the devils had not left the town, but only changed their habitations—had left the savages and entered into fanatics and wood. In the night, before the church was to be begun, the timber set up a country dance, skipping about and flying in the air, with as much agility and sulphurous stench as ever the devils had exhibited around the camp of the Indians pow-wowers. This alarming circumstance would have ruined the credit of the church, had not the Episcopalians ventured to look into the phenomenon, and found the timber to have been bored with augurs, charged with gunpower, and fired off by matches—a discovery of bad consequence in one respect, it has prevented annalists of New England from publishing this among the rest of their miracles.

About 1720 the patience and sufferings of the Episcopalians, who were then but a handful, procured some friends, even among their persecutors, and these friends condemned the cruelty

exercised over the Churchmen, Quakers, and Anabaptists, in consequence of which they first felt the efforts of those gentle weapons in New England, whisperings and backbitings, and were at length openly stigmatised as Arminians and enemies of the American vine. This conduct of the *Sober Dissenters* increased the grievous sin of moderation; and near twenty ministers, at the head of which was Dr. Cutler, Dr. Johnson, Mr. Whitmore and Mr. Brown, who repaired to England for orders. Dr. Cutler had the misfortune to spend his life and great abilities in the fanatical, ungrateful, and factious town of Boston, where he went through fiery trials, shining brighter and brighter, till he was delivered from New England persecution, and landed *where the wicked cease from troubling*. Dr. Johnson, from his natural disposition, and not for the sake of gain, took pity on the neglected church of Stratford, where he fought the beast of Ephesus with great success. The doctor was under the bountiful protection of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, incorporated by William the Third, to save from the rage of republicanism, heathenism and fanaticism, all such members of the Church of England as were settled in our American colonies, factories and plantations beyond the sea. To the foresight of that monarch, to the generous care and protection of that society under God, are owing all the loyalty, decency, Christianity, undefiled with blood, which glimmer in New England. Dr. Johnson having settled at Stratford, among a nest of zealots, and not being assassinated, other dissenting ministers were induced to join themselves to the Church of England, among whom were Mr. Beach and Mr. Punderson. These gentlemen could not be wheedled off by the Assembly and Consociation; they persevered and obtained names among the literati that will never be forgotten.

The compiler of the Wetmore Memorial remarks that: "The sentiments of this enthusiastic churchman and loyalist, which we have so extensively quoted, should be read by the *younger* members of the family, with several degrees of allowance.

Mr. Wetmore received his ordination as a priest in the Protestant Episcopal Church from the hands of the Right Reverend Edmund Gibson, D.D., Lord Bishop of London, England, whither he had repaired for that purpose.

While in London, he received from the Society for Propagating the Gospel, the appointment of catechist to Trinity Church, New York, in the place of Rev. Mr. Neau. He embarked for America soon after receiving his ordination, and arrived in New York, September 24, 1723.

It appears from the proceedings of the last mentioned Society, that he attended to the catechizing of the blacks every Wednesday, Friday and Sunday evenings, at his own house, besides in the church every Sunday before evening service; and that he had sometimes nearly 200 children and servants to instruct.

In 1726 Mr. Wetmore was called to the parish of Rye, and was installed in his parish duties, June 19th, agreeable to the letters of induction of His Excellency Governor Burnett.

In a very long letter, dated Rye, February 20, 1727-8, Mr. Wetmore gives a most interesting account of the Church at Rye, built "in the year 1706, the materials of which are rough stone from the foundation to the roof," and also of the many and serious disadvantages with which he is compelled to labor. This letter has been preserved in the archives at Fulham, I. 683-694.—Dr. Hawks.

In a letter to the Secretary of the Society, dated April 2, 1752, Mr. Wetmore states that "the party disputes which have run high among us for several years, to my great grief, obstruct the success which I might otherwise hope for, in my endeavors to promote a becoming zeal for piety and reformation of manners among the looser sort of my parishioners, which are too numerous."

"I am glad to hear of more visible success among my brethren, especially in Stamford Parish, which I am told flourishes happily, and increases by the dilligent endeavors of good brother Dibblee, who, nevertheless, finds himself hard put to it, to support a family with so small a salary as he has, and I am afraid the zeal of some young men in New England, to undertake the ministry with such slender

supports, and in expectation of more assistance from the poor people, than they will find, may in the end, prove of bad consequence in bringing contempt upon our order."

The date of Mr. Wetmore's marriage, and whom he married, the writer has not been able to ascertain, further than that he was a man of family during his residence in the city of New York, and that his wife's Christian name was Anne, she surviving him until February 29, 1771. He had issue by her, two sons and four daughters.

He died Thursday, 15th May, 1760, and was buried in the old parish burial ground on the northwest side of Blind brook. A plain monumental stone indicates the place, and bears the following inscription, which we are told, was written by his tried friend and fellow-laborer in his Master's vineyard, the Rev. Samuel Johnson, D.D.

SACRED

TO THE MEMORY OF

The Rev. Mr. James Wetmore,

WORTHY, LEARNED AND FAITHFUL MINISTER OF THE
PARISH OF RYE, FOR ABOVE 30 YEARS.

WHO HAVING STRENUOUSLY DEFENDED THE CHURCH WITH HIS PEN
AND ADORNED IT BY HIS LIFE AND DOCTRINE,
AT LENGTH BEING SEIZED OF THE SMALL-POX,
DEPARTED THIS LIFE MAY 15, 1760

ÆTATIS 65.

*Cujus Memoriae sit in
Benedictione sempiterna.*

If any of the readers of this article can supply the surname of Anne, wife of Rev. James Wetmore, they are requested to communicate with the writer. Some interesting facts regarding Mrs. Wetmore will appear in the next article.

DAVID RUSSELL JACK.

(To be Continued.)

Acadia and New England.



IN these days of friendly intercourse between New England and the Maritime Provinces, it may not be out of place to look back and consider how the acquaintance began one hundred and fifty years ago. Now we have large and well-equipped steamships running at frequent intervals from Boston to St.

John, Yarmouth, Halifax and Cape Breton, and express trains with sleepers, parlor cars, and diners running daily from Boston to St. John, Halifax and Sydney.

The summer tourists and sportsmen of New England seeking health and recreation find no more attractive regions than the St. John River, the Annapolis Basin and the Bras D'or Lakes; and the enterprising young men and women of Acadia find their best chances of employment in the cities and towns of Massachusetts Bay.

In those early days the intercourse was different, and the civilities exchanged were of a far different character.

In 1740 Acadia, or Nova Scotia, according to the claim of its inhabitants, embraced not only all the country surrounding the Bay of Fundy, but all the main land as far west as the Kennebec River.

The year 1745 witnessed events which did much to familiarize the Yankee settlers on Massachusetts Bay, not only with the natural beauties, but also with the exceptional features of the harbors and shores of Cape Breton viewed from a military and naval standpoint. I refer to the siege of Louisburg. It is said that the expedition against Louisburg was projected by a tanner, planned by a lawyer and executed by a merchant at the head of a body of husbandmen and mechanics. But to the surprise

of the world it resulted, by reason of a series of fortunate accidents, in a triumphant success. Six hundred and fifteen men in all went from New Hampshire. Massachusetts and Maine sent about 3,300, and Connecticut about 450.

There was hardly a town in New England that was not represented. Andover, Massachusetts, had at least two captains (Captain James Stevens and Captain James Frye), who took part in the siege with the soldiers under them. At least fifteen who went from this town laid down their lives in the King's service. The survivors from Andover and vicinity, with the representatives of those who perished, were granted a township in York County, Maine, as recompense for their services in the expedition against Cape Breton.

For the "famous victory" which cost so much loss of life, great rejoicings were had in New England. In the Old South church in Boston the Rev. Mr. Prince preached a sermon, entitled, "Extraordinary Events in the Doings of God and Marvellous in Pious Eyes."

Now that Boston is largely lighted with gas manufactured from Cape Breton coal, shipped from the harbor of Louisburg, another sermon with the same title would not be out of place in the Old South church in Boston.

The acquaintance of Andover and Andover men with Acadia, which began at Louisburg in 1745, did not end there. When ten years later, in 1755, Major General John Winslow built Fort Halifax and expelled the hapless Acadians from Nova Scotia, he was ably assisted by Major Joseph Frye, of Andover.

The neutrality of the Acadians was viewed with suspicion, being bound, as they were, by ties of blood and religion to the cause of the enemy. Therefore, to prevent all trouble from them, they were taken from their homes, put on board vessels and sent off to all parts of the States to spend in exile a wretched existence. Families were sundered,

children sent to one town, parents to another, according as they chanced to be separated on board the vessels to which they were driven at the point of the bayonet.

After the villagers had been driven out, their houses were set on fire, and as they sailed away they saw the flames of their beloved homes redden the skies.

In the destruction of the Acadian villages, the force under Major Frye, of Andover, took an active part. From all that can be gathered in regard to him, it would seem that this officer was a humane and remarkably tender-hearted man, and his military duty which he was called upon to perform must have been exceedingly repugnant to his feelings.

From the soldiers under his command in the expedition to Acadia, he received a silver tankard as a testimonial of their regard. It is still in the possession of his descendants. It bears the following inscription :

To Joseph Frye, Esq.,

COLONEL AND COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF OF THE FORCES

IN THE SERVICE OF THE PROVINCE OF MASSACHUSETTS BAY,

AND LATE

MAJOR OF THE SECOND BATTALION

OF GENERAL SHIRLEY'S PROVINCIAL REGIMENT.

THIS TANKARD

**FROM A JUST SENSE OF HIS CARE AND CONDUCT OF THE
TROOPS WHILE UNDER HIS COMMAND AT NOVA SCOTIA
AND A PROPER RESENTMENT OF HIS PATERNAL REGARD
FOR THEM SINCE THEIR RETURN TO NEW ENGLAND IS**

PRESENTED BY

HIS MOST HUMBLE SERVANTS

THE OFFICERS OF THE SD. BATTALION.

Boston, April 2d, 1757.

The dislike and distrust felt at first towards the poor Acadians thus brought into Massachusetts was very great owing to the prejudice against their nation and their religion. This appears in an address presented to the Governor, deprecating their residence here, especially their being quartered in Boston :

“ The receiving among us so great a number of persons whose gross bigotry to the Roman Catholic religion is notorious, and whose loyalty to his Majesty is suspected, is a thing very disagreeable to us.”

“ Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians landed ;
Friendless, homeless, hopeless they wandered from city to city.
Friends they sought and homes ; and many, despairing, heart-
broken,
Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend nor a
fireside.
Written their history stands on tablets of stone in the church-
yards.”

The Acadian exiles were sent to the various towns in New England, and the selectmen were ordered to bind out to service all children for whom places could be found. Thus many were torn from their parents and put to serve hard task masters and to perform heavy toils.

In the execution of these (perhaps under the circumstances necessary) orders, instances of great inhumanity occurred, actual violence being used to separate parents and children.

One aged Acadian petitioned the General Court of Massachusetts, stating his suffering at the hands of town officers, that his hands and feet were tied, and he was nearly strangled to prevent his running after and calling out to his children who were carried away.

Some of these Acadians drew up a joint petition to the General Court, praying for a redress of their grievances. It is signed by persons from Chelmsford, Waltham, Oxford, Concord, Worcester and Andover, all in Massachusetts. The signers from Andover were Jacques Esbert and

Joseph Vincent. (See Massachusetts Archives, Volume XXIII, p. 49).

The Andover officials, spelling according to the spoken pronunciation, wrote the name Jacques Esbert, "Jockey Bear," and after a time the Acadians adopted the Anglicized name.

The following is a copy of the petition :

" A Son Excellence Le Gouverneur General de la Province de Massachusetts Bay de la Nouvelle Engleterre et au Honorable Gentilhommes du Conseil :

" Nous avons pris la liberté de vous presenter cette Requete, comme nous sommes en chagrin par Rapart a nos enfans. La perte que nous avons souffris de nos habitations et d'etre amene' icy, et nos separations Les un des autres n'est Rien a Compare' a cell que nous trouvon a present, que de prendre nos enfans par force devant nos yeux. La nature mesme ne peut souffrir cela. S' il etait dans notre pouvoir d' avoir notre choix, nous choisirions plustôt de prendre nos corps et nos ames que d' être separe' d' eux. C' est pourquoy nous vour prions en grace et a vous, honours que vous aye' La bonte' d'apaiser cette crueltey. Nous ne Refussons au commencement de travailler pour l'entretienne de nos enfans, moyennant que si c'etait suffert pour nos familles. Vous priant en grace que d' avoir Le bonté d' avoir egart a notre Requete ; ains font ; vous obligerai votre tres humble et tres obeissent serviteurs.

" at Chelmsford.....Jean Lendrey.
 " at Oxford.....Claude Bennois.
 " at ConcordClaude LeBlanc,
 Charle Daigne,
 Pier LeBlanc.
 " at WorcesterAugustin Blanc.
 " at AndoverJaque Esbert,
 Joseph Vincent.
 " at WalthamAntoine Esbert."

This petition had the effect to procure an order that there should be no more binding out of children, but that houses should be provided for each family that they might "keep together."

In February, 1756, twenty-two of these Acadians were sent to Andover to live. The record of the selectmen (see Massachusetts Archives, Vol. XXIII, p. 44) reads: "Germain Laundry, his wife, seven sons and thirteen daughters, and one born since, making in all twenty-three who came to town."

Another record (see Massachusetts Archives, Vol. XXIV, p. 47), thus gives this account:

"There is twenty-six of the afores'd French which we keep in three Distinck places, that so they might be more constantly employed, the old man German Laundre is an Infirm man and not capable of any Labour, and in the winter time he was confined to his Bedd and needed a Great deal of Tendance more than his wife could perform, and his son Joseph is under such weekly Scorcomstances that we are obliged to support him altogether.

"There is three families that have eleven children, the oldest of them is not above eight years of age, which their Fathers are not Able to support: there is two young men and four young women that for the most part support themselves."

There are several accounts rendered by the selectmen of Andover of their expense in providing for the support of the French neutrals. Provisions, "pork, beef, Indian meal, pease, beans, sider, etc.," are among the things mentioned as furnished. Also, there is an account, October, 1757, for medicine and attendance by Dr. Abiel Abbot, and for sundries delivered to the French by Mr. Isaac Abbot, retailer, and sundries delivered by Mr. Samuel Phillips. To this account is annexed a memorandum: "Germain Laundry & Joseph his son, Jockey Bear (Jacques Esbert) and Charles Bear (Charles Esbert) have been sick, Indisposed ever since the date of the last account." The last account was dated June, 1757.

After a time houses were provided in Andover for the Acadian families there, and most of them became self-supporting. The family of Jacques Esbert and Charles Esbert were placed in a house on the estate of Mr. Jonathan Abbot. The house was at the time empty, Mr. Abbot

having lately built a new one. It was, however, a great annoyance to the Puritan farmer to have these tenants,—foreigners and Roman Catholics—quartered near his own residence. But, as his descendants relate, the Acadians completely conquered the prejudice of this family and of the community, and gained the good will of all acquaintances. They were industrious and frugal. The women worked in the fields, pulling flax and harvesting. They practised the rites of their religion in an inoffensive manner, and commended it by their good conduct. When they went away from Andover, Mr. Abbot's family parted from them with sincere regret. Two of them sent a souvenir to Mr. Abbot, which the family still keep, a beautifully carved and polished powder horn, made by their own hands. It is inscribed :

Jonathan Abbot,

HIS HORN MADE IN ALENSTOWN,
APRIL YE 5, 1770.

" I powder with my brother ball,
Most hero-like doth conquer all."

It is embellished with figures of animals,—a turtle, a deer, a fox, a dolphin, etc., and also with representations of armies fighting, soldiers in uniform with muskets, sabre, bayonet (all the soldiers with hair tied in queues hanging down behind), also artillery men and field pieces.

In the year 1760 some of the Acadians were removed from Andover and "set off to the County of Hampshire."

The names of those in Andover, July 20, 1760, as given in the returns, were the following :

Charles Bear.....	age 36
Margaret Bear	age 24
Molly Bear.....	age 4
Charles Bear.....	age 2
Margaret Bear	age 1
Jno. Laundry	age 26 (weakly)

Mary Laundry.....	age 26
Amon Dupee.....	age 30
Mary, his wife.....	age 29
Mary Joseph.....	age 5
Margaret Dupee.....	age 2
Hermon Dupee ..	age 3

This picture of the Acadian families at Andover will serve to show what the history of many other such families was in other New England towns.

Providence moves in mysterious ways, and it is clear to us now that the sufferings of the Acadian exiles were not in vain. It was time for the New England settlers to learn that most difficult of all lessons, the lesson of religious toleration.

In 1755 the Church of England was grudgingly allowed a place in New England. In 1780, when the constitution of the new commonwealth of Massachusetts was formed, the fullest toleration was accorded to all religious sects, including the Roman Catholics. Who can say that the example of the Acadians and the inoffensive manner in which they practised the rites of their religion did not help to bring about the change in public opinion which resulted in that perfect freedom to worship God, which now happily exists not only in New England, but also throughout so large a part of the entire world.

In closing, brief mention should be made of that other exodus, not of Acadians from Acadia to New England, but of Loyalists from New England to Acadia, which came with the breaking out of the war between the Colonists and the mother country in 1775. It is a singular fact that the family of the principal actor in the tragedy of the expulsion of the hapless Acadians from Nova Scotia in 1755, twenty years later by the force of events, were compelled to seek a refuge as exiles on the very soil from which the Acadians were expelled. I refer to the family of Major General John Winslow, who was in command of the expedition against Nova Scotia in 1755.

Since that exodus of New England Loyalists to Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, the ties binding the two sections have become stronger and stronger.

No book of genealogy of any New England family can be made complete without a search of the records of St. John and many other places in the Maritime Provinces. The descendants of the Pilgrims and Puritans cannot forget that they belong to one family, whether their present abiding places be east or west of the St. Croix River. May those family ties be ever held sacred, and, as the years go by, may many ties of blood and friendship make firm and lasting the friendly intercourse between New England and Acadia.

HOLLIS RUSSELL BAILEY.

Cambridge, Massachusetts.

NOTE.—Much of the material for the foregoing article has been taken from "Historical Sketches of Andover," by Miss Sarah Loring Bailey.

The Maniac.

Cold as the nether deeps of polar sea,
 And storm-swept as the peak that scrapes the sky,
 His soul glares outward with a wordless cry ;
 His hands, through gratings, grasp immensity !
 Matted and worn and pale—with whelming glee
 He screams to phantoms sweeping wildly by ;
 Phantoms, wolf-eyed—intent to kill or die,
 Or crush the Universe to anarchy !

A piping thrush begins his simple lay,
 And, straightway, gibing apes with clasped hands
 Dance to his music on far, golden sands
 Where shines the summer sun through endless day !
 A chime—from green fields, fragrant, undefiled,
 Lo ! through his grating, smiles a little child !

CHARLES CAMPBELL.

Lost in the Forests of Acadia in 1677.

BY THE LATE EDWARD JACK.



IN A WINTER morning in the year 1677 a party comprising Father Christian LeClerc, M. Henaut de Barbau-cannes, a French gentleman who at that date carried on farming at Nepisiguit, on the Bay of Chaleur, and an Indian with his squaw, who carried a baby in her arms, left the mission at the mouth of that river, the clergyman having been called upon by a deputation of Micmacs from the Miramichi some time previously to visit and instruct them. The provisions which they had prepared for the journey consisted of twenty-four small loaves, five to six pounds of flour, three pounds of butter, and a small barrel made of bark, which contained a little brandy. The father had been provided by the religious ladies, "Hospitalières" of Quebec, with a box of confection of hyacinth, a medicine then much in vogue.

Each of the party took his blanket and loaded himself with his pack, in which was part of the food needed for the journey, the squaw taking only her "papoose," which was indeed load enough, as the sequel will show. This infant Father LeClerc had baptized before leaving, giving him the name of Pierre. Having put on their snow-shoes, they began their journey, continuing it for a distance of twelve or fifteen miles, until the approach of night warned them to prepare a camp, which they did by making a hole in the snow four or five feet deep by means of their snow-shoes. As soon as the earth was reached, the squaw covered it with fir boughs, which she had been gathering

while the others had been digging out the snow. M. Henaut and the Indian cut and gathered wood enough to keep the party warm during the night. After supper was over they were a little disappointed at the loss of their brandy, which had nearly all ran out of a hole in the barrel, although they had taken care to gum it well. The party did not discover their loss until they wanted a glass after their meal.

The little that was left was, however, at once distributed among them, after which they laid down on the boughs, with their blankets around them, and slept well, the bright moon and stars shining directly on them.

After breakfast next morning, and after having adjusted their packs and put on their snow-shoes, they again continued their journey, following the shores of the Nepisiguit to a rapid then known as *Seals Rapid*. From this there were two trails to the Forks of the Miramichi, one which lead through the burnt land being shorter than the other, but more difficult to follow. Father LeClerc being very anxious to reach his new mission field as soon as possible, resolved to take the route which lead through the burnt woods, which district we will allow him to describe in his own words :

“In order that what is meant by the *burnt woods* may be understood, I may tell you that one day, at a time of extraordinary drought, the sky seeming all on fire, full of storms and thunderings, which roared and re-echoed from all parts, the lightning seized upon not only all of the woods and forests between the Miramichi and Nepisiguit rivers, but also burned and destroyed more than one hundred and fifty leagues of the country, so that nothing was to be seen but the blackened trunks of very high trees, whose frightful sterility bore the marks of a general and altogether surprising conflagration. This vast extent of country is, during the winter, always covered by snow, nothing to be seen there but bushes and small shrubs, which seem more like islands two or three leagues distant from each other than the woods or forests of Canada. In a word, this fire was so furious and violent that the flames darted from one bank of the river, seizing upon the other,

whence it happens that the moose and beaver did not make their appearance there until long after this sad accident. The greatest trouble which this gives to voyagers who traverse those burnt woods is that they can neither find a spot to camp in, sheltered from the wind, nor wood suitable to warm one's self with. Yet it was in these sad solitudes, a thousand times more frightful than those of Arabia Petraea, that we were wandering, because we wished to follow the tracks of some Indians who were hunting beaver, and, desiring to examine the turns and detours of these Indians and of these animals, we took a wrong road, and strayed from that which was without doubt the more correct and certain."

For three days the party wandered in this desert until they became nearly exhausted from fatigue and suffering. The next day they continued their route under additional difficulties, owing to a great quantity of snow which had fallen during the preceding night, and in which their snowshoes sank deeply; the fatigue and want of food, having but a morsel of bread to eat each day, the Indian and Father LeClerc became exhausted, while the poor squaw and her little child excited the compassion of all.

M. Henaut was the only one who preserved his courage, breaking the road with his snowshoes through the new fallen snow, the Indian following with his wife and child behind him, Father LeClerc being the last of the troop as one most unused to this life. At this point M. Henaut disclosed to the father that they had been lost for three days, and that the party must now go where it pleased God to conduct them.

It was then snowing, and they had to continue walking until night in order to find a place to camp in. For three days they had eaten only a small morsel of bread in the evening; this failed and they were compelled to have recourse to the flour which the Indian had in his pack, and they were reduced to the necessity of thinning two or three pinches of it in the morning and evening with a kettle full of boiling snow water, which it seemed to whiten rather than to nourish them. M. Henaut consoled Father

LeClerc by telling him that if the worst came he had two pair of Indian moccasins and a piece of old hide, and that they could boil and eat them together.

That night there was a cold north wind which pierced them to the heart, and as they could find no wood to warm themselves with during the night, they arose and left their camp before day. Here Father LeClerc says: "I came very near being swallowed up in a deep ditch which was covered with snow, from which I was drawn out with great difficulty. I may, indeed, say that I had been done for had I not, by a singular happiness, encountered a large tree which was across the ditch, and on which I remained awaiting the assistance which was given me to get out of this horrible danger in which I saw myself exposed to within a finger's breadth of death." He had hardly gone a gun shot from this, and was crossing a small river when one of his snowshoes broke and he fell into the water up to his waist, and thus compelling the party to camp in order that he might dry his clothes and prevent his being frozen. Here their flour failing, hunger drove them away at early morning to search for what providence would give them. They walked the whole day making, however, but little progress. Here Father LeClerc was most agreeably startled on hearing a cry of joy and surprise from M. Henaut and the Indian, who had at that moment discovered the fresh track of an Indian's snowshoe which they followed, and although these Indians seldom return on the snow-shoe track which they make in the morning, this one fortunately did it, and although surprised at seeing the new tracks, but observing that the tracks made were those of very tired people, he concluded to follow them up so as to afford as early relief to the sufferers as possible. Here the Father says, "A kind of muffled sound, caused by the shaking of his snow-shoes and the movement of the branches across which he was obliged to walk, compelled me to turn my head so as to discover

from what direction it proceeded. You may judge of the joy which I experienced in seeing this charitable Indian who was coming to us to show us our road by that which you would have experienced yourself under similar circumstances." After making ready a camp for the party, he made them a present of a partridge which he had killed. Shortly after he secured two more at one shot from their roost on the branches of a fir, and the three were put in the kettle for the supper of the whole five. The Indian who had met them was charitable enough in his own way, but yet having an eye to business, so he offered to act as their guide and pilot them out of the forest on condition of receiving two dozen blankets, a barrel of flour, three of Indian corn, a dozen cloaks, ten guns, with powder and lead, besides a variety of other things. The party never passed a more agreeable night, but had to leave next morning without partaking of any food.

"About four o'clock in the afternoon, we fortunately found two large porcupines." In the words of Father LeClerc: "These animals, which very much resemble the hedgehog that one sees in France, were denned in the hollow of a tree whose bark they had eaten, and which had served for their food. Commonly, each has his own den, and the Indian was as much surprised as we were to see them both denning together. The one which was taken first was loaded on my shoulders in order that I might take it to the squaw who had already lighted the fire. We made a good meal of it. The soup seemed to us as savoury as a good "consommé;" and we experienced in reality that the proverb is very true, and that there is no better sauce than a good appetite.

The other porcupine we carried to the camp of our Indian, where we found eight persons, in whose attenuated and fleshless countenances could plainly be seen the effects of the little nourishment which they had taken, and the hunger which these poor unfortunates had suffered during

the month they had been camped on the bank of a river where they had fished trout in very small quantity, having not more than four or five for their whole provision. When we arrived where they were these were placed in the pot with our porcupine which we ate together. Early next morning the party started for the residence of M. de Fronsac at the Forks of the Miramichi, but they had hardly gone more than a mile and a half when Father Le Clerc felt so weak and faint that he had to throw himself down on the snow. A slight rest and some of confection of hyacinth, however, enabled him to go on a short distance further, but at length he became so utterly exhausted that they had to cut some wood and make a fire to warm him. This little rest giving him new force, and after walking a mile and a half further, they arrived during a heavy fall of snow at the fort and house of M. de Fronsac, who did all that he could to restore and comfort them for the fatigue which they had endured.



The Days That are Not.

The path still winds afar,
Where the wealth of daisies are,
And the tangled grasses bend beneath the breeze ;
The swallows sail, and swing,
And the happy woodlands ring,
With melodies of bird-songs in the trees.

The flowery fields are fair,
And the bounding brook is there,
But the scene has lost its old, peculiar joys ;
From the bending blue has fled
The splendor, that it shed,
When I used to go a-fishing with the boys.

The summer sun has lost
The glory that he tossed
On the waves that rippled 'round the bare brown feet ;
And I sit and sadly dream
By the wayward-wending stream,
Where I wandered with the boys when life was sweet.

A sadness shrouds the heart,
And the floods of sorrow start,
When memory tells her tale of vanished days ;
When the gray of gloaming falls
On the jewelled western walls,
And I walk again the old familiar ways.

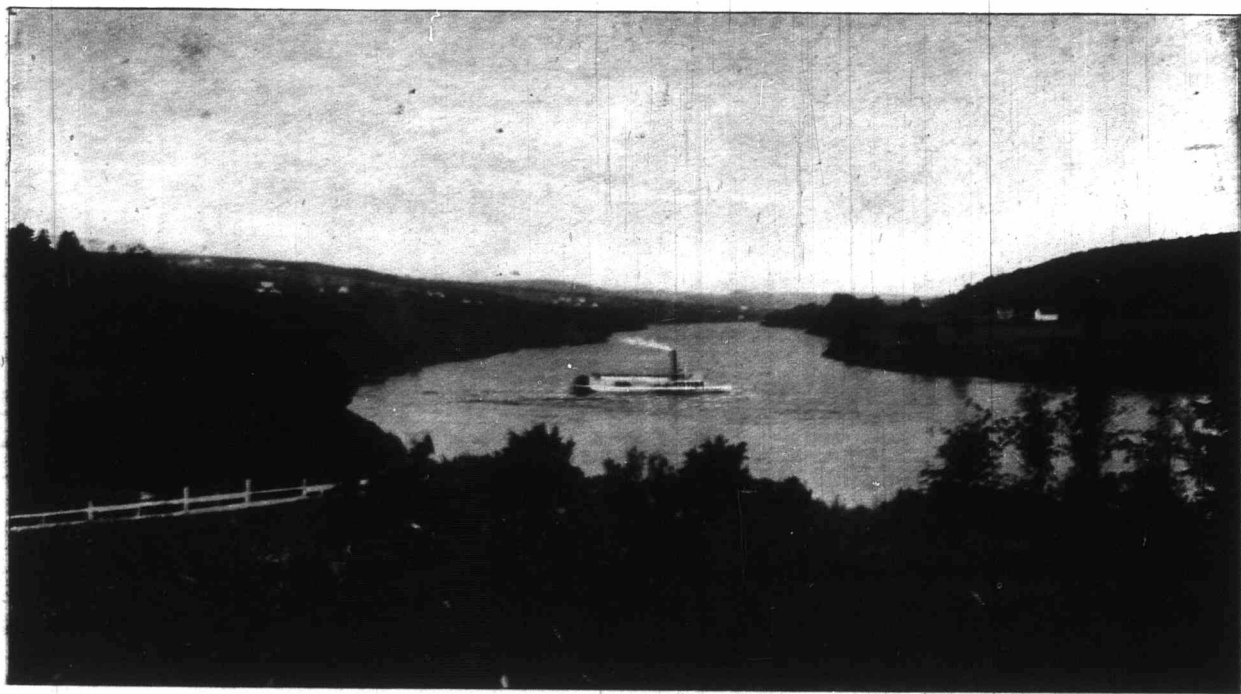
HERBERT L. BREWSTER.

Some Features of New Brunswick Rivers.

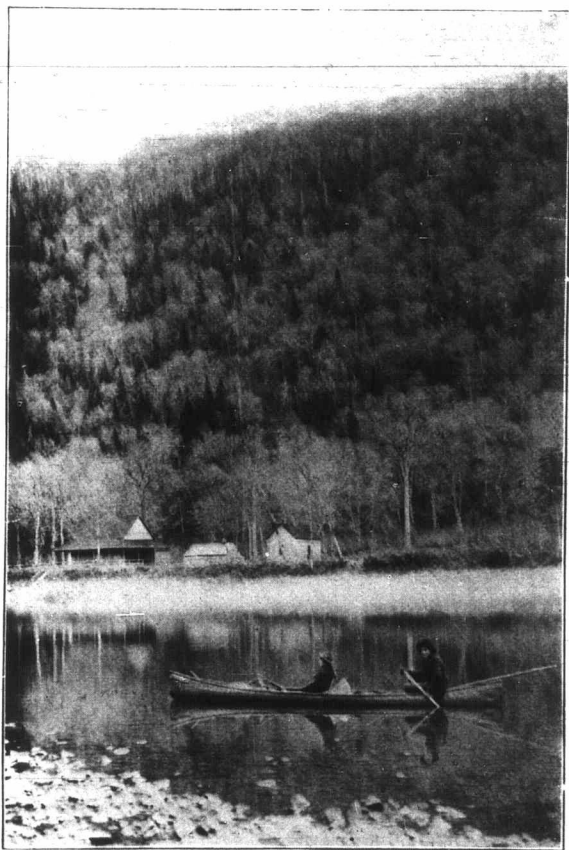


NO NATURAL feature of New Brunswick is more marked or of greater interest than that of its river systems, which, with their countless branches and interlocking sources, water every nook and corner of the province. As a rule, these rivers are much less obstructed by falls and impassible rapids than those of the neighboring regions of Quebec and Maine, and so are more navigable, while affording much less water power. One portage only is made in the whole length of the St. John, while the expert canoeist may descend the Restigouche, Southwest Miramichi, Cains, Salmon, Canaan, Tobique and many other principal streams without a carry. The roughest of all is the Little Southwest Miramichi; the most placid are the lower St. John and its many affluents, such as the Oromocto and Jemseg. How different is this from the vast region of the Laurentides, where, in the entire distance from Labrador to Lake Superior, no large river is found without a series of cataracts and rapids, so wild that no canoe could live a moment in their seething waves and whirlpools. Thus, in descending the Ottawa, thirty-two portages, some of them several miles long, occur between Lac des Quinze and Montreal, while the Saguenay is a mere succession of wild cataracts between Lake St. John and Chicoutimi. All the principal rivers of central and southern Maine, notably the Saco, Androscoggin and Kennebec, contain numerous impediments to navigation.

A closer resemblance to our more rapid native streams is found in many rivers of the Gaspé peninsula, such as the Grand Cascapedia and Bonaventure. In the beautiful clearness of their waters, also, the streams of Northern



SAINT JOHN RIVER, ABOVE FREDERICTON.



ON THE NEPISIGUIT.

New Brunswick and Gaspé contrast most favorably with the dark-hued waters to the west and south. In the pale green pools of the Restigouche and Green River, especially, the fish are seen swimming many feet below the surface. We have no such muddy waters as the lower Ottawa.

Yet New Brunswick rivers, in spite of their normal tranquility, do not lack bits of rugged scenery. Our Grand Falls, while far surpassed by Niagara and the Grand Falls in Labrador, and somewhat inferior to the Shawanegan Falls of the St. Maurice, the High Fall of the Lievre, and possibly one or two other cataracts of the Great Northeast, is yet finer than any fall in New England, while the aspects of its magnificent gorge are varied and impressive. The falls of the Nepisiguit, Pollet River and the Sisson Branch of the Tobique, as also the Tobique Narrows, the Pokiok Fall, and the remarkable tidal fall at St. John, make highly picturesque scenery. Our highest vertical cascade, alone exceeding one hundred feet, that of Fall Brook on the Miramichi, is far inferior in volume and less than half as high as Montmorenci and numerous falls of the Quebec wilderness.

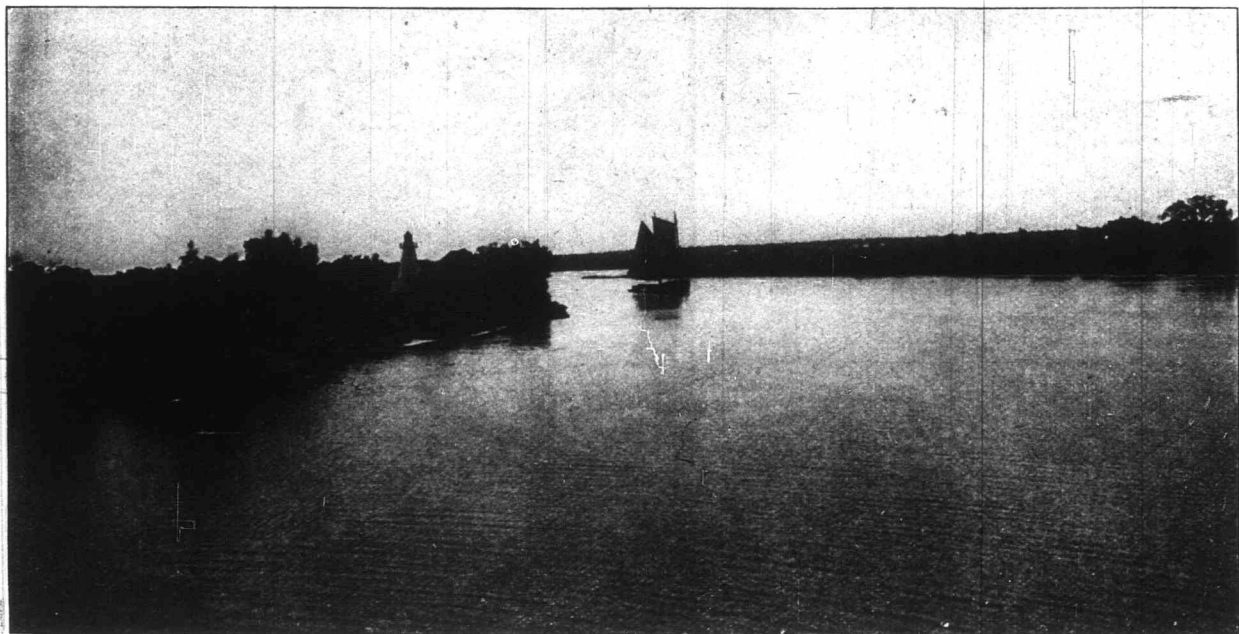
In lake scenery we cannot compare with the Laurentides or the lacustrine regions of central Maine, yet a prettier little water than Nictau Lake, nestling among the forest-clad mountains near the geographical centre of our great northern wilderness, would be hard to find. Others of our central and southern lakes, and the large Chiputneticook Lakes on the border, with their deep bays and boulder-strewn capes, present much fine scenery. None of our lakes have great depth.

In New Brunswick the larger rivers, excepting a few discharging into the Bay of Fundy, have their most rapid descents in the interior wilderness, while in Maine the principal rivers descend rapidly from a central plateau, supporting many large towns by their magnificent water powers. In this respect Quebec more resembles Maine.

One result is that large game, in Maine, generally seen by the canoeist, as he glides over the myriad ponds and deadwaters, while the game in our province, in hot weather, excepting the lake regions of the Tobique and Little South-west Miramichi, more commonly frequent small isolated ponds. The New Brunswick rivers of greatest average descent per mile are the Right Hand Branch of the Tobique, the Nepisiguit, and certain branches of the Miramichi, all flowing from a common watershed. Green River and the Quatawamkedgwick are also beautiful sparkling waters, with fine mountain and forest scenery.

Most streams of rapid flow in central and southern New Brunswick become so low in the late summer that navigation, even by canoe, is difficult or quite impracticable, while the Restigouche, Quatawamkedgwick, Tobique, Green, Madawaska and St. Francis rivers, in the north, have always an ample flow. It remains to be seen how continued forest denudation by fire and pulp mill will still more affect these conditions. Some forty years ago the St. John, which discharges more water into the sea annually than any other river of the Atlantic coast between Nova Scotia and Florida, except the tortuous and many-branched Susquehanna, was navigable for flat-bottomed steamers above Fredericton, except in a few weeks of the very lowest water, whereas now the channel is unnavigable by steam for more than half the summer. Most rapid rivers of New England and Southern Quebec present similar conditions, but the great Laurentian streams, where not obstructed by falls and rapids, usually flow in narrower and deeper channels.

New Brunswick rivers, aside from the extraordinary fiord-like expansions of the lower St. John, flow either in single channels or between sedimentary islands of their own deposit, while the erratic streams of the Laurentides often divide into many parallel channels separated by rocky



SAINT JOHN RIVER, NEAR GAGETOWN.



MAGAGUADAVIC FALLS, SAINT GEORGE.

PHOTO. MR. L. A. GRIFFITHS.

islands, resulting purely from erosion. These channels sometimes flow several hundred miles, as in the case of Rupert's River, before uniting, or they may never unite. In the case of French River, so many intricate channels are formed that the scenery resembles that of the Thousand Islands. No New Brunswick lake, so far as known, discharges by more than one outlet, in spite of the very narrow dividing water-sheds, while in Labrador, Quebec and Ontario this feature is common. Thus a single Quebec lake discharges to the Gatineau and upper Ottawa, the divided flow enclosing an island over six hundred miles in circumference. A yet larger island is formed by the overflow of Lake Temigaming, which reaches both the Ottawa River and Lake Huron. So our native waterfalls are rarely, if ever, divided by islands, while in the Laurentides, the rule is the other way, and the Ottawa makes its famous descent at Les Chats in no less than thirteen independent cataracts, separated by rocky wooded islands.

The Nepisiguit and Magaguadavic are the only streams solely within New Brunswick with falls on their lower courses too high for the ascent of salmon and sea trout, while about half the Quebec rivers are thus obstructed. The romantic gorge and cascades of the Aroostook are not sufficient to arrest the up-stream progress of a few lively salmon, but the Grand Falls is, of course, an effectual bar. The Green River and upper Nepisiguit afford our best angling waters not attainable by sea-going fish. Salmon have quite disappeared from the rivers of Massachusetts, where, in colonial days, they were abundant, are now very scarce in Maine and have ceased to frequent many New Brunswick rivers, most notably the lower branches of the St. John. The progress of settlement on the Miramichi and Restigouche is likely, in time, by the inevitable pollution of the waters, to drive them from these rivers also, until ultimately they will alone resort to where they

are now most plentiful, the many waterways of Northern Quebec and Labrador.

Most of our New Brunswick river scenery, while lacking in grandeur, is yet very charming and reposeful, a panorama of sylvan slopes and alluvial valleys, an alternation of rapid dashes over ledges and sand bars, with pools and eddies, where hide the trout and salmon, while excellent tenting sites, abundant fuel, and numerous cold rivulets and springs, make the province a justly favored resort for naturalist and sportsman.

JOSEPH WHITMAN BAILEY.



An Act for the Importation of Salt Into Nova Scotia, 1761.

The following Act, interesting as material toward a history of colonial trade in Nova Scotia, is reprinted verbatim from a copy of the rare, original printed edition in the New York Public Library. It will be remembered that the then Province of Nova Scotia included the whole of the present Province of New Brunswick, the latter being set off in 1784. On the 16th of August in that year General Thomas Carleton was appointed Governor of the new Province.

VICTOR H. PALTSITS.

Anno Regni
GEORGI III.
REGIS

Magnæ Britannia, Francia, & Hibernia,

SECUNDO.

At the Parliament begun and holden at *Westminster*,
the Nineteenth Day of *May*, Anno Dom. 1761,
in the First Year of the Reign of our Sovereign
Lord GEORGE the Third, by the Grace of
God, of *Great Britain, France, and Ireland*,
King, Defender of the Faith, &c.

And from thence continued by several Prorogations
to the Third Day of November following; being
the First Session of the Twelfth Parliament of
Great Britain.



LONDON.

Printed by *Mark Baskett*, Printer to the King's most
Excellent Majesty; and by the Assigns of *Robert Baskett*,

1762.

Anno fecundo
Georgii III. Regis.

CAP. XXIV.

An Act for Importing Salt from Europe into the
Colony of *Nova Scotia* in *America*.

Preamble.



Hereas Doubts have arisen, whether His Majesty's Subjects may lawfully import Salt directly from any Foreign Port in *Europe* into the Colony of *Nova Scotia* in *America* for the Use of the Fishery there, in

like manner as is allowed for the fisheries of *New England* and *Newfoundland*, by virtue of any Act of Parliament made in the Fifteenth Year of the Reign of King *Charles* the Second: And whereas very considerable Establishments have lately been made in the said Colony by Fishermen from different Parts of His Majesty's Dominions, with a View to carry on the Fishery upon the adjacent Banks; In order therefore to remove such Doubts as aforesaid, and for the Encouragement of so valuable a Branch of the Commerce of His Majesty's Subjects, which was one principal Object

of the Settlement of this Colony, and of the Encouragement given by Parliament for the Support of such Settlement, May it please Your most Excellent Majesty that it may be enacted; and be it enacted by the King's most Excellent Majesty, by and with the Advice and Consent of the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, and Commons, in this present Parliament assembled, and by the Authority of the same, That from and after the First of Day of July, One thousand seven hundred and sixty two, it shall and may be lawful to and for any of His Majesty's Subjects to carry and import Salt from any Part of Europe into the Colony of Nova Scotia, in British Ships and Vessels, manned and navigated according to the Act of Parliament made in the Twelfth Year of the Reign of King Charles the Second, intituled, *An Act for the encouraging and increasing of Shipping and Navigation*; and in the same Manner as Salt may be imported from Europe into New England and Newfoundland, by an Act made in the Fifteenth Year of the Reign of the said King Charles the Second, intituled, *An Act for the Encouragement of Trade*; any Law, Statute, Usage, or Custom to the contrary in any wise notwithstanding.

*From and after
1 July 1762.
Salt may be im-
ported by His
Majesty's Sub-
jects from any
Part of Europe
into Nova Sco-
tia, in British
Vessels, navi-
gated accord-
ing to Act 12
Car. II. and in
like manner as
Salt may be im-
ported from
Europe into
New England,
&c.*

FINIS.

Book - Plates.



IN a recent article in *The Independent*, entitled, "Book-Plates and the Collecting of Them," Mr. W. G. Bowdoin, the author of "The Rise of the Book-Plate," remarks that "Prior to 1438 no book-plates are known to have been used, and the earliest one of which collectors have knowledge is not older than 1470." This statement is criticised by Mr. John V. Sears in a well-written and illustrated article in the February number of *The International Printer*.

Mr. Sears claims a very remote origin for the book-plate, and, as he has apparently made a pretty strong case, his line of argument is worthy of perusal. Briefly, it is as follows :

Twenty centuries, broadly speaking, before the invention of printing, the book collector of ancient Rome was wont to mark his books with labels, the same in essential features as those in use to-day. The book was then a roll of manuscript, and, a little later, a codex of tablets or papyrus leaves. In the one case it was slipped into a cylindrical covering of leather or of cane, and in the other it was tied between two boards. In either case, if of value, a label was pasted on the outside inscribed, for example, "Ex Libris, M. Aurelius Antonius" — that is "From the books," or the library "of Marcus Aurelius." Later, when Horace addressed a poem to Mæcenas, the latter had the treasured lines copied in "purple and gold," and enclosed in a handsome case, marked "Ex Libris, C. Clinius Mæcenas." Virgil, limited by straitened circumstances to writing on palimpsests, nevertheless had his manuscripts carefully enclosed and marked "Ex Libris,

P. Virgilius Maro." In some instances the warning word "Res-tituo" was added, and the Ex Libris then might be freely held as reading, "From the library of Virgil. Please return."

That is where the phrase "Ex Libris" came from — the libraries of the scholars and booklovers of ancient Rome. The early printers followed in all respects, so far as they could, the moods existing in manuscript books, and among other things which they copied was the identifying label, beginning with the words, "Ex Libris." It is to be remembered, however, that it is a far cry from the Rome of the Cæsars to the Nuremburg of Faust; and in the long dark period of the Middle Ages and even of the early Renaissance, books were of very little account in the affairs of the world. Literature was, for centuries, in a very low estate; so low, indeed, as to be unknown to the active and powerful classes engaged mainly in the business of war. Books were rare and book collectors rarer still; and if some few of the great ones of the earth are known, at long intervals of history, as possessors of books enough to be regarded as a library, with their arms or escutcheons blazoned thereon, it may yet be said that the book-plate, as it is known to our time, was not known at all in the earlier centuries of the Christian era. It happens, therefore, that most writers on this subject assume, as a matter of course, that the book-plate has no history previous to the invention of printing; an assumption which is true enough in so far as "Ex Libris" was a dead and buried phrase during all the long night of the Dark Ages.

In the January issue of the *Century Magazine* will be found a capital article, entitled, "The Appeal of the Book-Plate, Antiquarian and Artistic," by Mr. Charles Dexter Allen, of Hartford, Connecticut, U. S. A. Mr. Allen is the author of a work upon American Book-Plates, and, in addition to being a member of several literary clubs, is the vice-president of the Ex-Libris Society of London, England.

Mr. Allen has made a long and careful study of Ex-Libris, and may therefore be looked upon as a foremost American authority upon that subject. The article named may be considered as reliable, and well worthy of perusal by those whose tastes and inclinations lie along that path.

From it we learn that the Hon. J. B. Leicester Warren,

(the late Lord de Tabley), an English poet and scholar, wrote the first book on book-plates. This was published in 1880, and has had many successors, dealing with the plates of England, America, France, Germany and Sweden; but it remains the best book on the subject.

The first known collector of book-plates was a lady, so it is stated, Miss Jenkins, of Bath, England. She began her collection eighty years ago, and it eventually passed into the hands of Dr. Joseph Jackson Howard, who has gathered in the last sixty years over one hundred thousand plates. The book-plate collection of the British Museum is reputed to number two hundred thousand.

Mr. Allen mentions several early American engravers of book-plates; among others Paul Revere, who was a notable man in the history of the country, and engraved book-plates. He was born in Boston, and was brought up to the trade of a goldsmith, but had no instructor in the art of engraving on copper. Not more than half a dozen plates by him are known. Among the plates already listed in this series of articles is one of William Wetmore, which is exactly similar to that of Rev. Robert G. Wetmore, which has been reproduced, except that just beneath the name of Wetmore will be found engraved in tiny letters, "Revere St."

Of the book-plates which we reproduce in this issue of ACADIENSIS, three are printed directly from the original plates, namely those of Miss Lillie Louisa Muriel Phillips, Mr. J. M. Owen, and his wife, Isabella A. Owen.

No. 28.—Miss Lillie Louisa Muriel Phillips, a young lady now resident in Toronto, is of old Loyalist descent, some of her ancestors settling in Acadian territory at the close of the American Revolutionary War. For the privilege of using the original block the writer is indebted to Mr. E. M. Chadwick, of Toronto.

A letter from that gentleman, dated January 28th, 1902, states that Miss Phillips is a great-grand-daughter



No 28.



No. 29.



No. 30.

of Mr. Charles Dickson Browne, who formerly lived in a brick house, fronting on the southerly side of Queen Square in this city. Mr. Browne, it will be remembered, was a son of Major Thomas Ingersoll Browne, U. E. L., and his wife Rachael, daughter of Col. Thomas Pearson, U. E. L. Elizabeth Gilbert, daughter of Charles Dickson Browne, married Capt. Thomas Edward Jones, of the 97th Regiment, who was for several years Town Major of Halifax, N. S. Louise Helen, daughter of Capt. Jones, married Edmund William Phillips of Toronto, and it is their daughter who is the subject of the present sketch.

Mr. Chadwick further remarks, with regard to this book-plate, that the butterflies, which are its prominent feature, are especially introduced with reference to Miss Phillips' favorite pursuit of entomology, which she developed when a very young child.

Nos. 29 and 30.—Mr. Jacob Miller Owen, of Annapolis Royal, is Judge of Probates for the County of Annapolis, Nova Scotia, and is one of the well-known members of the Bar in that province. Both he and Mrs. Owen are the possessors of a book-plate. These are, without doubt, the best examples of the modern pictorial book-plate which the writer has yet discovered in this field.

Both of these plates were designed by a personal friend of the owners, Mr. David McN. Stauffer, editor and one of the proprietors of *Engineering News*, New York. Mr. Stauffer has designed many plates, among others, one for Mr. Chauncey Depew, and he is considered one of the good American designers.

In Mr. Owen's plate, the arms and motto around the sword of justice are, of course, the Owen arms. The person of regal and decidedly French appearance, who holds the centre of the stage, so to speak, is Thomas M. Littleton, Judge of the Court of Common Pleas in the reign of Edward IV, and author of the well-known work on Tenures, written in French, which was afterwards annotated

by Sir E. Coke. Upon the seal attached to the roll, lying upon the book shelves, will be observed the arms of Nova Scotia.

In the book-plate of Mrs. Owen, Mr. Stauffer claims to have depicted her hobbies, such as an appreciation for china, prints, silver, furniture, etc., of quaint and rare design. On the old-fashioned fire-screen are portrayed, very cleverly, the Fairish arms in a lozenge, Mrs. Owen having been a Fairish of Yarmouth. The hopeful motto of the Fairish family, *Spero meliora*, is displayed upon a ribbon. Mrs. Owen, it will be remembered, was the writer of the article upon Charlotte Elizabeth which appeared in an earlier number of this magazine, and therefore requires no introduction to our readers.

The four book-plates which follow are all from the city of Fredericton, and were kindly loaned for the purpose of reproduction by Dr. Charles E. Cameron, being part of his large and valuable collection.

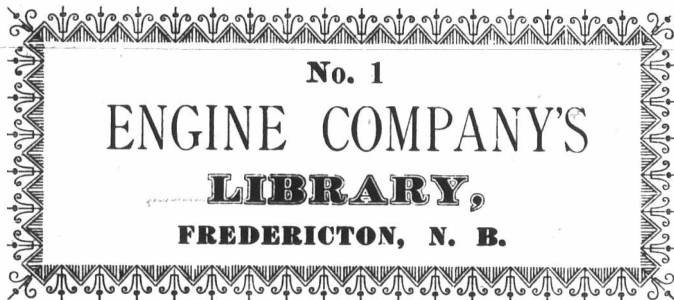
No. 31.—This is evidently a specimen of early local printing, and was, without doubt, designed from a purely utilitarian standpoint. It is poorly printed in black ink upon a cheap blue paper, and in trimming it off for insertion in the volume, care was not even taken that the corners should be cut squarely and evenly. It is without a border and bears the words :

KING'S COLLEGE,



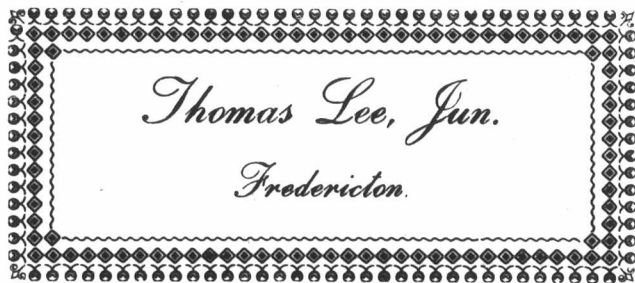
NEW - BRUNSWICK.

No. 32.—The members of No. 1 Engine Company were evidently of a literary disposition, if one may judge from the fact that they owned a library, and took sufficient pride in it to have a neat label, printed on yellow paper, placed in the front of each volume. The writer has not been able to gather much information concerning the



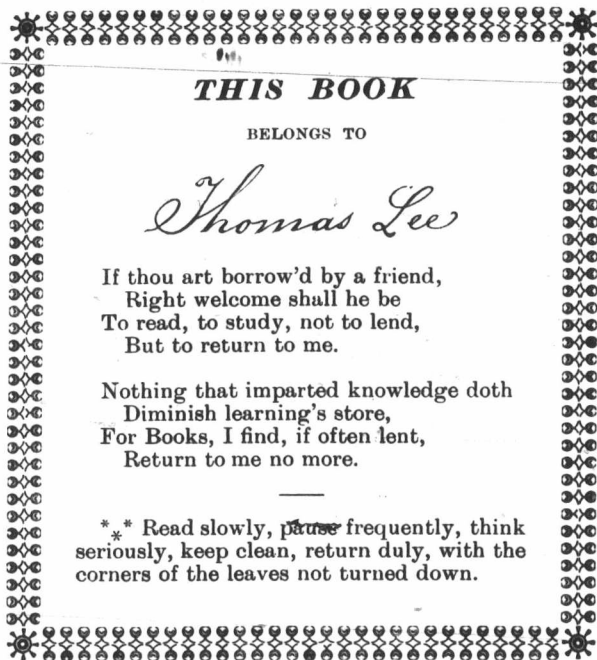
extent of the library or the class of books which it contained. As the company was composed of amateur firemen, it is not at all unlikely that the names of some well-known citizens of Fredericton were upon its roll.

Nos. 33 and 34 were both owned by Thomas Lee, but diligent enquiry among many members of the Lee family has failed to produce any evidence as to the particular individual by whom they were owned. The first of the two examples simply bears the name of the owner, and the locality thus :



The second is more pretentious, and from it one may gather that Mr. Lee was the owner of a modest library, the volume from which the present example is reproduced

being No. 563. It has the further advantage of bearing the owner's autograph, which, like the thumb-print of the Chinese, may yet be the means of identifying its owner.



Should any of our readers be in a position to furnish biographical notes concerning Mr. Lee for future publication, they would be much appreciated.

The present article is curtailed somewhat in order to make room for some very interesting comments upon previous articles, by Mr. E. M. Chadwick, of Toronto, who has given much consideration to book-plates from an heraldic standpoint, and is therefore entitled to speak *ex cathedra*, as it were, upon the subject.

The book-plate of Sir Charles Tupper, a fine example of the armorial plate, as well as several others of interest, will appear in the next article of this series.

DAVID RUSSELL JACK.

Book-Plates.

The articles published in the ACADIENSIS under the above title are not only interesting in more ways than one, but they are also distinctly valuable as a medium for the recording in the pages of that magazine of personal and genealogical particulars, the value of which will certainly be appreciated in future years, much more than many will at present realize.

From the heraldic point of view, the articles have the further advantage of recording for the information of future generations the armorials of their forefathers, many of which might easily pass out of knowledge if not preserved in some such way. Would it not be possible to extend this department of the magazine beyond the limits of "book-plates," and print the armorials borne by the families of Acadia, so far as it might be practicable to collect them? I have been engaged in a similar work in this province, and have made a very considerable collection—some parts of which have appeared in print—which I hope to dispose of by gift to the provincial, or some other library, so that it shall in future years be public property, and, though in MS., be accessible to all interested.

The armorial book-plates which you have published up to this time are, with two or three exceptions, those of by-gone generations, and are, consequently, all of the Georgian debased period of heraldry. There is, therefore, not one of all those published which is not open to criticism as to the style and manner in which the arms and accessories of ornament are represented. Even some of the more recent ones show the oreilles, or little three-cornered excrescences at the top of the shield, which are a distinguishing mark of the heraldry of that period. Some features of Georgian heraldry survived during a good part of the late queen's reign. I do not expect any engraver to agree with me, but from a heraldic point of view No. 6, William Kenah, if it were relieved of the meaningless wreath, would

be very much the best heraldic work in the whole collection. No. 22 is a neat piece of engraving work, but it omits the helmet, while displaying the mantlings which are an appendage to the helmet and cannot (heraldically) exist without it. The result reminds one of the brim of a hat without the crown, or the strings of a lady's bonnet *sans* the bonnet. No. 8 is stated in the text to be, excepting an error in engraving, an exact reproduction of that of the grandfather of the present user. But (if correctly so described) it contains the non-inheritable arms of the grandfather's wife. This book-plate you justly describe as a fine example of heraldry, and is well worth reproducing in the form proper for the present possessor.

No. 27, King's College, displays a most gross breach of heraldic etiquette, which, indeed, is technically high treason, namely, the assumption of the Royal Arms. It is scarcely conceivable that permission should ever have been given for such assumption, and without it the offence against the Crown is an unpardonable one. Furthermore, King's College can have no right to assume, as a quarter of their arms, the badge of a baronet of Nova Scotia. They should hasten to amend these things, notwithstanding that the errors may have been of long continuance.

It is hoped that the ACADIENSIS will in later pages have an opportunity of giving its readers some specimens of Victorian heraldic book-plates, of which many beautiful works of art have been of late years, and continue to be, produced in England.

Perhaps I may be permitted to suggest a different origin for the name of Wetmore from that on page 244. On a later page it appears that the name was one of local derivation. "*De Whytemere*, or "of the White Sea or Lake." The name "More" may be of more derivations than one, but ordinarily it is identical with "Moore," and means one dwelling by the moor. Beardmore is of Gaelic derivation, Baird Mor, or the chief or elder bard.

On the Use and Value of Historical Museums.



PROBABLY most of the readers of these lines who have been in the city of Montreal have visited and been charmed by the historical museum in the Chateau Ramezay. Certainly no person interested in the history of Canada should fail to take the first opportunity to see it. Here within the walls of a building, itself replete with historical associations, are gathered together many objects associated with the great persons and events of the country's past. Portraits of the founders and makers of Canada, and other historical pictures, documents, autographs, coats-of-arms, maps, Indian and other antiquities, medals, books, church and other relics, articles from famous historic sites, and many other things of like sort are carefully preserved in proper cases, explained by appropriate labels and a judiciously-arranged catalogue, and accessible every day without cost to all who choose to come. A well-informed and interested custodian is in charge, ready to explain these objects still farther to any earnest inquirer; while in the same building, and readily accessible, is a considerable historical library. Here the thoughtful visitor may feel to the full that charm in the contemplation of historical objects which Crawford so well expressed when he said: "We have an involuntary reverence for all witnesses of History, be they animate or inanimate, men, animals or stones." Wandering at will amid these reminders of his country's past, he finds summoned before him, with a vividness elsewhere impossible, a succession of pictures of the men and the events which have made Canada what she is, a glimpse of the stately procession of a people's march to greatness. It will be strange, indeed,

if he does not thrill with that pride and confidence which are the joy and the strength of patriotism, and if he does not pass from such a building with a better understanding of his duty as a citizen, and a firmer resolve to use every opportunity to promote the public good.

But the Chateau Ramezay, though unquestionably the finest historical museum in Canada, is by no means unique. Most of the larger cities, and many of the smaller towns of the United States possess them. That in the old State House in Boston, and the charming old museum at Deerfield, Massachusetts, are good types. It is, however, as would be expected, in Europe that such museums are best developed and most highly valued. In Germany, for example, they are very numerous, and are developed to a high degree of historical and educational perfection. Usually they are placed in some historical building, and often the highest architectural skill and great sums of money have been lavished to secure a combination of proper arrangements for the display of the objects with a pleasing architectural effect and a retention of the essential historical features of the structure. The great Germanic Museum in the ancient city of Nuremberg, is one of the best types of what such an institution should be. All such museums show certain common characteristics; they are under the control of a local historical society; they contain collections, well-labelled and well-catalogued, which are partly gifts and partly loans; they have, connected with them, an historical library; they are open free to visitors, if not every day, then certain days of each week; they are in charge of experienced custodians who are enthusiasts in such work, and whose desire is to make them as useful as possible to the public. The advantages of such museums are manifest enough. They are, above all, public educators, fostering knowledge of local men and events, thereby stimulating local interest and pride; they are invaluable adjuncts of historical education in the

schools, providing an object lesson far more suggestive and illustrative than any text-book can possibly be ; they stimulate research into local history and an appreciation of the value of historical objects and places ; finally (a consideration not to be despised) they are a great attraction to visitors from other parts of the country and from abroad. Most tourists are interested in the history of the places they visit, and will go, other things being equal, to those places in which the history is made accessible and attractive. The establishment of historical museums is not simply an accompaniment of advancing civilization ; it is also, in a certain way, a measure of it.

Where is New Brunswick's historical museum ?

The history of New Brunswick, though not important from a world stand-point, is extremely varied and attractive from a local point of view. Few of the newer countries can point to annals so replete with human interest. Of all the several periods of her history, many relics are still extant and obtainable, though they are gradually being lost through neglect. Particularly is this true, however, in the case of the most important event in New Brunswick history, the coming and settlement of the Loyalists. If the various Loyalist relics—books, documents, furniture, personal effects, etc.—now scattered through the provinces, could be brought together into one museum (as would be entirely possible, in time, if a properly-managed museum existed), they would form a collection of the greatest possible interest and value, both to the people of the province and also to the many visitors from abroad, for generations to come. It must astonish persons of culture who visit St. John to learn that there is no such museum in the province, that the often and vigorously-expressed pride of the citizen of St. John in his ancestry, and the touching references in the city's tourist literature to the rich historical associations of the place, are mere words not emphasized by deeds. One would

think that the first instinct of a people truly proud of their history and ancestry would be to show their pride in some tangible and visible fashion, to preserve the records and set them forth for their children and all the world to see. But New Brunswick has not done this. Of course her failure to do so is not due entirely to lack of public spirit, for New Brunswick is poor and many other things must be provided; but neither does poverty alone explain it, for the province has men of fortune as wealthy as many elsewhere who give largely to such public and worthy purposes.

But is the time not ripe, in these years of relative prosperity, and at the turn of the centuries, to establish a Provincial Historical Museum in St. John? The New Brunswick Historical Society is the proper body to initiate a movement to that end. Happily, there is no lack of historical buildings in St. John for this purpose, but there is one singularly adapted both by associations and by position for it, the old Ward Chipman house, undoubtedly the most interesting historical building now standing in the city. If this building could be acquired, modified to suit the new use, made the home of the Historical Society and of the Provincial Museum of New Brunswick History, placed in charge of a proper custodian, kept open and made useful to the public, it would form a great factor in the intellectual development of the province. The situation is charming, and the ground in the vicinity could be laid out as a small park, in which large objects of historical interest, such as cannon, etc., could be placed, and trees and shrubs from historical localities could be planted. Two manifest difficulties occur—one, that such a building is not fire-proof, and hence the collections would be endangered. This is true, and a fire-proof building would be better; but such a building would be so expensive as hardly to be practicable at present, while on the other hand, with "slow-burning" floors and fire-proof doors, and particular care in

the use of fire, even such a building as the Chipman house could be made fairly fire-proof. The second and most obvious objection is the expense of acquisition, alterations and maintenance. Here is the opportunity for the public-spirited citizen of means, the one, I venture to assert, who would not be found wanting at such a juncture in most of the neighboring states. If the building could thus be acquired by gift, the means for its alteration would, no doubt, be obtainable in part from the citizens of the city, and in part from the province, which might properly contribute to an object of such provincial importance. The city of St. John could well afford to pay for its annual maintenance, partly for its worth as a feature of its educational system, and partly for more material reasons, namely, for the return it would bring to the city through its additional attractiveness to tourists. The tourist associations could not have a better advertisement than this for their circulars, one vastly more effective than the present generalities to which they are confined. Or if the establishment of such a museum in an old building like the Chipman house seemed unwise or impracticable, it might well be arranged in connection with the new Public Library building, which must before long be provided. As to objects for the museum collections, these would not all come immediately, but experience elsewhere shows that when once such a museum is established there is a tendency for historical objects to set towards it, the more especially when the current is aided by the efforts of a persistent and diplomatic committee.

W. F. GANONG.

The Legend of the Mayflower.

THE TRAILING ARBUTUS, SPECIAL FLOWER OF NOVA SCOTIA.

From Lays of the True North and Other Canadian Poems.

When the maple wears its tassels and the birch-buds grow
apace,
And the willows gleam out golden in the sunset's tender
grace,
And the ferns, amid the mosses, their curly heads uprear,
Then wakes our wilding blossom, first and fairest of the
year —
The Mayflower—oh, the Mayflower!—sweet of scent and
fair to see,
Tiny, trailing, pink arbutus, chosen flower of Acadie!

Sheltered neath the drooping pine-boughs, see its tendrils
creeping low,
Gleam in fresh and glistening verdure, through the swiftly
melting snow,
Till the pink buds in the sunshine open wide their throats
to fling
From their censurs, rarest incense on the balmy air of
spring—
The Mayflower—oh, the Mayflower!—sweet of scent and
fair to see,
How we hail thee in the spring time, chosen flower of
Acadie!

There's the robin, plaintive fluting in the budding boughs
above,
And the cat-bird sweetly warbling for the pleasure of his
love;
Are they telling the old story, how a gentle Indian maid,
Vainly seeking her lost lover, through the forest tireless
strayed?
The Mayflower—oh, the Mayflower!—sweet of scent and
fair to see,
All the woodland feels thy fragrance, chosen flower of
Acadie!

THE LEGEND OF THE MAYFLOWER 137

Do they tell how —'mid her sorrow for the one she held so dear —
Every sad and suffering creature still she sought to help
and cheer,
Till there sprang up, in the pathway of her ministering
feet,
The Mayflower's tender blossoms — full of fragrance rare
and sweet?
The Mayflower — oh, the Mayflower! — sweet of scent and
fair to see,
Filled with all the springtime's sweetness, chosen flower of
Acadie!

Passing years bring many changes — joy and sorrow come
and go,
Yet, unchanged, the Mayflower wakens, at the melting of
the snow;
Though unseen, its fragrance breathing through the bud-
ding woodland maze
Brings sweet foretaste of the summer to the changeless
April days.
The Mayflower — oh, the Mayflower! — sweet of scent and
fair to see,
With love's fragrant breath thou'rt laden, chosen flower of
Acadie!

Years have glided into ages and the centuries grow gray,
Still as fresh and sweet as ever does the Mayflower greet
the May;
And the heaviest heart grows lighter as it hails Thy promise
true
Of the love that lives forever, and shall make all old things
new.
The Mayflower — oh, the Mayflower! — sweet of scent and
fair to see,
Shedding spring's divinest fragrance through the woods of
Acadie!

AGNES MAULE MACHAR.

In Memoriam.



REV. T. Watson Smith, D. D., LL. D.

The name of Rev. Dr. Smith has been well and favorably known in Canada for years, not only as a provincial minister of the Methodist Church, but also, to the general public as a scholar of distinction, and as a writer of more than ordinary ability. His sudden death at Halifax, N. S., a few days since, after a week's illness from pneumonia, caused sorrow and regret to his large circle of acquaintances and friends. Dr. Smith was born at Windsor, N. S., about 68 years ago. He became a probationer for the Methodist ministry in 1857, and was ordained four years later. He had preaching appointments in both Nova Scotia and New Brunswick for many years, and was four years in Bermuda. His health broke down while at Bermuda, and he retired from active ministerial work. In 1880 he became editor of the *Wesleyan*, published at Halifax, N. S., and discharged the duties of that position with credit and satisfaction for six years. Although a supernumerary minister of his church, he was by no means idle. His mental activity was great, and his work on behalf of historical study has been comprehensive. His work in two volumes, "Methodism in Eastern British America," is not only prized by the people of his own denomination as a record of Methodism from its inception in the lower provinces to the time of the union with the other Methodist churches of Canada, but is also recognized by men of historical culture as a valuable addition to our provincial literature. His pen, however, was not confined to the history of his own church. He has given valuable contributions to historical study from time to time, and, at the time of his death, was considered one of the leading authorities on the History of the Lower Provinces. His pen was always busy on some article relating to our early history. In recognition of his scholarly attainments and

historical research, the University of Mount Allison conferred on him, a few years ago, the degree of Doctor of Divinity, and Dalhousie University, last year, the degree of Doctor of Laws. He was a valuable contributor to the pages of *ACADIENSIS*. He was a pleasant, agreeable gentleman to meet, and his death will cause regret to hundreds of friends in different parts of Canada. A. A. S.

ISRAEL LONGWORTH, K. C.

Since our last issue another contributor to our columns has suddenly passed away in the person of Israel Longworth, K. C., of Truro, N. S. Mr. Longworth began the study of law in 1857, the same year his friend, Dr. Watson Smith, began his work as a Methodist minister. He studied with the late Sir Adams G. Archibald, and was admitted to practice in 1861,—since which time he has successfully prosecuted his work as a lawyer at Truro, N. S. Mr. Longworth did not confine his energies to the practice of law. It is true he became eminent in his profession, and through it had acquired a competence. But his sympathies and tastes were wider than mere professional routine and effort. He gave of his time and means to the promotion of the interests of the Methodist church, of which he was a devoted member. He also had a great relish for historical study—especially historical study bearing upon the early history of Nova Scotia. Only two days before his death, which took place suddenly of heart disease on March 19th, ult., he had a communication in a daily newspaper respecting “The Craig Memorial,” showing his deep interest in everything touching the history of the country. From the *Daily News*, Truro, we learn that the deceased gentleman was born at Charlottetown, P. E. I., April 14, 1835. The appreciative words of the editorial above referred to will fittingly close our notice of Mr. Longworth: “Truro will greatly miss and deeply deplore the removal of the quiet man who walked

her streets, saying little to passers by, but living in the friendship and esteem of all. His last public service was the re-organization of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty. His earnest and intelligent utterances on that occasion will not soon be forgotten by those who were present."

A. A. STOCKTON.



U. E. Loyalist Memorials.

TORONTO, January 28, 1902.

TO THE EDITOR OF ACADIENSIS,

St. John, N. B.

SIR,—On looking over the back numbers of ACADIENSIS, which as a new subscriber I have just received, I observe a reference to the manuscripts of evidence taken by the U. E. Loyalist Commissioners in 1785 and subsequent years, which are deposited in the Congressional Library at Washington. The U. E. Loyalists' Association of Ontario, aided by a grant towards the expense made by the Provincial government, have had a copy made of these manuscripts, which is now in my possession. It is intended to publish these when arrangements can be made and a grant obtained for the purpose from the Provincial Governments of Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Ontario. The thirty-five volumes (so called) contain about 1,200 pages. The work of getting this copy made, which was one of considerable difficulty, was undertaken at the suggestion of Mr. James Bain, Librarian of the Toronto Public Library, who himself examined the manuscripts, and, with a great deal of trouble and personal expense, succeeded in making the necessary arrangements.

Your truly,

E. M. CHADWICK.

Notes and Queries.

Can any of the readers of ACADIENSIS furnish any information concerning a work entitled "Six Months Among the Bluenoses," written by one Briskett and published about 1850? It gave an interesting account of the colonial attack upon Louisburg, and was written in rather a humorous vein.—D. R. JACK.

WANTED.—Any information concerning the address of or descendants of James Ricketson, son of Joseph Henry Ricketson. When last heard of, he was living in St. John, N. B. Address Mrs. H. H. Edes, Buckingham Street, Cambridge, Mass.

Readers of the article on Bluenose, by Hon. A. W. Savary, which appeared in our last issue, will please note the following typographical errors. On the sixth line N. S. appears for MSS, and on the twelfth line, "unseating of the successful Loyalist Candidates," should read, "unseating of one of the successful Loyalist candidates." Only one was unseated out of the two for the county and two for the town.

The first of a series of illustrated articles upon old silver will appear in the next issue of this magazine. In the meantime, any of our readers who can give particulars regarding old silver now owned in the Acadian Provinces, are requested to correspond with the editor of this magazine. Particulars of silver brought by old French or Loyalist families, or of old church silver, are particularly desired.

WANTED.—The *Canadian Magazine* for November, 1900; N. S. and P. E. I. almanacs of any date; N. B. almanacs prior to 1860; a copy of Haliburton's History of Nova Scotia; old pamphlets published in or relating to the Acadian Provinces; copies of Stewart's Quarterly, or the Maritime Monthly; copies of ACADIENSIS, Vol. I, Nos. 2 and 4.—D. R. JACK.

Book Notices.

"The Young Gunbearer, a Tale of the Neutral Ground, Acadia and the Siege of Louisburg," by G. Waldo Browne, is indeed a tale of thrilling interest. Mr. Browne is a writer who has a wide reputation, particularly as a writer and editor of books and magazines for children. His contribution to the last issue of *ACADIENSIS*, "Indian Legends of Acadia," was well received.

Mr. Browne, in his forecast, after reciting the incidents which culminated in the siege and fall of Louisburg, concludes as follows:

"My purpose, if he who writes to amuse can claim that dignity, is to portray the causes, in a slight way, which led up to the deportation of the people. We do this with no malice towards the hapless victims, though they may have been peculiarly blind to their unfortunate situation, but rather to show their helplessness between the two mighty powers that were at war with each other, and who, like a pair of huge scissors, were bound to cut whatever came between them, without materially injuring themselves. Several of those who figure so prominently in the adventures of 'The Young Gunbearer,' later belonged to that band of exiles. It is well to remember that there were many Gabriels and Evangelines made to suffer. An ancient willow still marks the site of the smithy of Basil and Basque; a well is still shown as the one where Evangeline and her lover were wont to meet; the stone that formed the foundation of Father Fafard's little chapel is yet to be seen; the rock from which Jean Vallie made his remarkable leap has remained unchanged through all the years; in fact, while the foot-prints of man have been washed away, the handiwork of nature still retains its ancient grandeur and beauty. Acadia is Acadia still, the richer for its legends and historic interest, its pathos and its religious contentment."

Published by L. G. Page & Co., 212 Summer Street, Boston; cloth; 12 mo.; illustrated; 334 pp. Price \$1.00.

"The Craftsman" is a monthly publication devoted to the interests of art allied to labor. Its initial number was issued in October, 1901, and with each successive number it continues to grow in interest and in wealth of illustration and decoration.

"The Craftsman" advocates a reform which shall improve the economic position of the workman, and increase the comfort of the

American home by re-acting against the love of display and the desire to rival and imitate, which are the two most powerful disintegrating forces now at work in the social system.

The March number of the magazine contains as its chief article a paper upon "The Gothic Revival," a subject which is treated by request, and which is one that conceals beneath an artistic form a vital and present social interest.

Numerous illustrations of artistic interiors, treated according to the lines laid down by the Guild, and of household furnishings of simple but strikingly effective design, produced in the workshops of "The United Crafts," add greatly to the interest of the publication.

The United Crafts, publishers, Eastwood, N. Y. Issued monthly; subscription price, \$2.00 a year.

Tributes of Loyalty and Love from Canadian Hearts, selected and edited by Miss L. A. Edwards, of Truro, N. S. Tastefully printed and illustrated, with numerous portraits of the writers whose verses are gathered between the covers of this booklet, it forms a fitting memorial of the great sorrow universally felt by the people of Canada at the death of their late Queen. While material for the volume has been gathered from the writings of persons resident in various parts of Canada, not a few of their number will be found within the Acadian Provinces. Cassie Fairbanks, of Halifax, N. S., Helen T. Churchill, of Lockeport, N. S., Minnie J. Weatherbe, of Halifax, N. S., Bessie R. Cogswell, of Wolfville, N. S., Helen C. Wilson, of Lunenburg, N. S., and Lydia Agnes Edwards, of Truro, N. S., are the names of the Acadian contributors. New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island do not appear to be represented upon this roll of honor. A glance through the pages of *ACADIENSIS* might have suggested more than one name well qualified to contribute to the literary success of this laudable undertaking.

For sale by Miss Edwards, at Truro, N. S. Price 75 cents.

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.—There is plenty of food for thought and entertainment in the March *Canadian Magazine*. The famous Indian Juggernaut is described, and some of the popular fallacies concerning this festival are explained away. The making of Pemican, or Sun-dried Meat, is described and illustrated. Professor John Cox, of McGill, writes on Commercial Education from

a new point of view, while three writers give their views and much information concerning the movement for Territorial Autonomy. There are the usual bright stories and carefully-edited departments.

The February number was not without interest to readers in the Maritime Provinces. Among the leading articles were A Famous Tidal Bore, by Norman Patterson ; Passenger Carriages, Past and Present, by W. D. McBride ; The Religious Development of Canada, by Hon. J. W. Longley ; and Changing Aspects of Sable Island, with numerous illustrations, by M. O. Scott.

John A. Cooper, Editor, Toronto, Ont.

CANADIAN SOCIETY OF AUTHORS.—The annual meeting of the Canadian Society of Authors was held at Victoria University on Friday, February 14. The following officers were appointed for 1902: Hon. President, Prof. Goldwin Smith, LL. D.; President, Hon. Geo. W. Ross, LL. D.; Vice-Presidents, Dr. Bryce, of Winnipeg, Dr. Drummond, of Montreal, Dr. Frechette, of Montreal, Hon. J. W. Longley, of Halifax, Duncan Campbell Scott, of Ottawa; Secretary, Prof. Pelham Edgar; Treasurer, John A. Cooper, B. A.; Executive Committee, Messrs. James Bain, Jr., Castell Hopkins, B. E. Walker, Bernard McEvoy, Macdonald Oxley, Mayor Howland, J. S. Willison, Prof. Lefroy, Prof. Mavor, Prof. Davidson. A bibliography of the contributions of the members to current literature will be soon ready for distribution in the society.

Hon. J. W. Longley appears to be the sole representative of the Acadian Provinces. Were the annual meeting held occasionally at one of our Acadian centres of learning, it might be conducive to the material prosperity of the society, by adding to its membership the names of not a few Acadians who have made valuable contributions to Canadian literature. The British Association for the Advancement of Science has set a good example in this respect by holding their meetings at various points within the limits of empire. To be thoroughly Canadian, the Society of Authors should be thoroughly representative.