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NUMBER FOUR.

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Victor Hugo Paltsits.

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PLACE-NAMES.

BY GEORGE JOHNSON, OTTAWA.

In a lecture on the "Place-Names of Canada," delivered about twelve months ago, I stated that in the Dominion there are 3,600 counties, townships, parishes and municipalities; about 9,000 post offices; several thousands of mountain ranges, mounts, lakes, rivers, streams, gulfs, bays, coves, harbours, inlets, capes, etc.—in all, many thousands of place-names and every name has a meaning. It had an origin and has a significance. Too many of us go through life without acquainting ourselves with the history of the place-names in our province and in our country. Yet the study is a very entertaining one and as agreeable a way of becoming intimate with the history of our storied past as can be imagined.

It is said that there is no royal road to learning. But the study of the history of our country by means of its place-names is a very near approach to the royal road. One is helped amazingly to retain the knowledge gained, by linking it to the names of places frequently on our tongues or seen every day in the newspapers. The name is a perpetual reminder of the story, and in these busy times we need constant reminders. Matthew Arnold in the "Scholar Gypsy" supplies a reason:

"For each day brings its petty dust
Our soon-choked souls to fill,
And we forget because we must
And not because we will."

The study of place nomenclature is not encumbered at the outset by a lot of scientific terms to frighten the student. Some studies have a dictionary of their own. In beginning the study of the application of electricity to machinery for the purpose of securing power to be converted into heat or into motion, one is apt to find his resolution falter and his will weaken when he looks at the dictionary of terms employed. Ohms and volts and amperes and farads and gausses and watts and dynes and joules and coulombs, and all the others of the thousands of words which have been added to the language because of man's success in harnessing the lightning and

compelling it to obedient service,—these bristling words have a repellant look about them. They are a quick-set hedge surrounding the pleasant garden and keeping out all but the very resolute. They are like the flaming sword the angel flashed in perpetual circle before the gate of Eden's garden. Entrance into the study of electricity is rendered greatly difficult by the terms used.

The study of bugs is all the more difficult because of the armour of Latin and Greek words with which entomology is encased. But place-nomenclature has only a very few words requiring definition.

The principles of place-name giving are gathered up into one word—*Onomatology*, which those of my young readers acquainted with Greek can easily separate into its two parts: *Onoma*, a name; and *logos*, a discourse; in simple terms, onomatology means “talks about names, their derivations, etc.” Having mentioned the scientific name given to place-naming, I may as well mention, here and now, the fact that the central idea of onomatology—the axiom, like the axioms of geometry, that must be accepted as something not disputable,—is that local names are in no case arbitrary sounds. Isaac Taylor, who is a great authority on the place-names of “Old England,” says, “Local place-names are always ancient words or fragments of ancient words, each of them, in short, constituting the earliest chapter in the local history of the places to which they severally refer.”

There are two or three other words that may be deemed to be technical terms. There is the word *enchorial*. It carries the same meaning as indigenous. Possibly a better word would be autochthonic, meaning aboriginal.

When I was a boy Rev. Charles Churchill gave me this advice: “Never use a shilling word when a sixpenny one will do.” Acting on that advice I prefer *aboriginal* to any of the words used. We speak of the Indians as aborigines, meaning that they belong in a peculiar degree to the soil, never having been brought into the country from outside countries, or having found their way here so many thousand years ago (according to Mr. Fiske in “Discovery of America”) that they may be deemed to be aboriginal in a sense that no white persons can be so considered. Referring to place-names, the word *enchorial* means, of course, the place-name which has been attached to the place because of some local peculiarity or by the Indian inhabitants. Other place-names are imported.

In the month of October last I was in St. John, and while going across the harbor to Carleton I heard the word *Ouangondy* used. This was the name of a ferry-boat that once plied between the shores and perhaps does so yet. It was, in almost the same form as at present used, the original name of the Indian village which hugged the reversible falls of the St. John River. "Sam Slick," I believe, misspelled the word in his "History of Nova Scotia," or else his printer, Joseph Howe, did, and from the book the original proprietors of the ferry-boat took the name. Well, the right name, *Ouigoudi*, if it had been continued as the name of the settlement, would be styled an enchorial name. St. John is an imported name, having been taken from the river to which the name was given by deMonts and Champlain in 1604 because they discovered it on St. John the Baptist's Day, following the very common custom of naming the newly found place after the saint on whose day it was discovered. You could keep track of such navigators as Columbus and Vespucci by the Saints' Calendar of the Roman Catholic Church. Cartier was fond of the same source for his place-names.

Other words frequently employed to distinguish place-names are *onomatopoean*, *patronymic* and *eponymic*. Any good dictionary will supply meanings for the first two. The third may be defined to be a "personal name evolved by popular speculation to account for some geographical term, the true meaning of which has not been understood;" as the speculation that France takes its name from Francus, a son of Hector, and Britain from Brydain, a son of Æneas, and Scotland from Scotia, a daughter of Pharoah. You know some people are very fond of tracing their ancestors as far back and as near to Noah as they can; some nations are like some people in that respect.

There are scarcely any other technical words employed in connection with place-nomenclature, and even these or most of them are used more or less in association with other branches of study.

The general definition of *enchorial* as opposed to *imported* is subject to some limitation. In a strict sense only Indian place-names would be enchorial. But since a great many places have been named by native-born whites in honor of native-born whites, or because the names given are descriptive, it is evident that we cannot draw a hard and fast line. The circumstances surrounding each place-name must be taken into account before we pronounce it enchorial or foreign.

For instance, Dr. Bell, of the Geological Survey, gave to a mountain in the region south of East Main River, the name of Mount Laurier and to a lake the name of Lake Beatrix. The mount's name would be enchorial, being after Sir Wilfrid Laurier, whose ancestors were among the earliest to settle in New France; the lake's name would be foreign, being in honor of Lady Beatrix, daughter of Lord Lansdowne.

There is in Alberta a settlement to which the postal department has given the somewhat curious name of Jumping Pond. Years ago when the buffalo roamed our North West in millions, the Indians used to select certain places fitted by nature for their purpose of having a grand battle of the buffalo—a killing off of the poor animals on a grand scale. Near what we now call Jumping Pond is a high cliff. Towards this cliff the Indians by various devices headed the selected herd of buffalo, penning them in on three sides. Of course in their mad rush from the dangers that threatened them, they (the quadrupeds and not the bipeds) could not stop in their headlong flight but were forced over the cliff to be killed by their fall. This cliff the Indians called by a name which meant in their language the same as in our language is meant by the word "pond"—an enclosure into which cattle are driven. After a time the English called the place the Jumping Pond and then in process of time, the meaning being lost, the name became corrupted into Jumping Pond—the natural inference being that the pond or lake at the foot of the cliff was meant. Jumping Pond would be descriptive and might or might not be enchorial; Jumping Poud, being the translation of the Indian name, would surely be enchorial, *i. e.* an aboriginal place-name.

The history of the place-name must be sought before we can decide whether the name is imported or is home-made. This brings us to see that history is embalmed in place-names.

Some of the oldest names on the northern half of this continent have delightful histories connected with them. A long series of "stories about place-names" might be written, each of them giving sections of the history of our country in such a way as to fix that history very firmly in the minds of the lads and lasses of Canada for whom I am writing this account.

A very old name is that of Greenland. No doubt many school-children, dog-earing their map of Canada, have wondered why that white tongue of land which is thrust out from the upper left corner

(your right) should have Greenland printed on it. It is within the Arctic Circle. It is away up there in the vast region where Nansen passed some of the very coldest months of his life ; where Franklin went to discover the North West Passage and to find that very elusive hole, the North Pole. It is the very cradle of those huge icebergs which in eternal procession pass along the shores of Labrador and Newfoundland and keep the sentinels of our ships (as they go from St. John and other ports across the North Atlantic) on the constant lookout ; and yet it is called *Greenland*, a name which suggests

“The tender grass whose verdure clad
Her universal face with pleasant green,”

or an abundant growth of those trees, the spruce and others, which we call “evergreen” and which give to the winters of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia the brightness of variety. The French called a part of the territory of our neighbours *Vermont* — “the green mountain.” There was reason for that,—the pines, spruces, firs and junipers of the region giving it that appearance all the year round. But why *Greenland*? It is associated in our minds much more with Heber’s hymn about “icy mountains” than with green fields and murmuring rivulets. Leopold Wagner in “Names and their Meaning” suggests that it was because of the moss-covering which the first visitor saw in the fiords into which his vessel was directed. The great Arago drew from the name the conclusion that the Arctic region must be very much colder now than it was when Greenland was first so named. He would not have made such a mistake if he had been acquainted with the vagaries of place-name givers, especially those of the sailor class.

Gilbert Parker, one of our Canadian novelists who has won fame by his writings, gives in that powerful novel, “The Battle of the Strong,” an instance “to the purpose quite.” He says, “you may range the seas from the Yugan Strait to the Erebus volcano and you will find no such landing-place for imps or men as that field of rocks on the south-east corner of the Jersey coast called, with a malicious irony, the Banc des Violets. At half tide, when the currents are changing most, the violet field becomes the floor of a vast mortuary chapel for unknowing mariners.” It is the sort of Bank of Violets neither poet nor dreaming child would desire to rest on. The sarcasm consists, of course, in giving to this greedy, man-destroying body of

rocks the name of a flower which symbolizes innocence. There are scores of similar place-names scattered all over Canada.

However, let us get along with Greenland.

When the Christian era was more than a thousand years younger than it is, the King of Norway and the jarls (or earls) of Norway had a great sea-fight and the jarls came off second-best. The King thereupon insisted that the jarls should acknowledge his supremacy. Some of them could not bring themselves to do that. It was too humbling to their pride. They took the first opportunity and sailed away with their followers, taking different courses. Some turned their vessels' bows to Scotland. Some went to join their forerunner kinsmen in England and France to do pirates' work, and others wandered along the coasts as far as the eastern end of the Mediterranean. Some went to Iceland and created of it a very peculiar country, the subject of poem and prose for many a long day.

“ Here once o'er furthest ocean's icy path
The Northmen fled at tyrant monarch's wrath ;
Here, cheered by song and story, dwelt they free,
And held unscathed their laws and liberty.”

These Vik-ings, as they are called, (from *Vic* a bay and *ing*, son, meaning the “sons of the Bay” or of the Fiord, the latter being the Northmen's word for a deep inlet of water) were adventurous beings. The rolling deep was their home and the life that charmed them most was life on the ocean wave. A couple of years after the migration to Iceland, one of them, Gunubjorn by name, was driven by stress of weather to the country we now know as Greenland, then unnamed. He found his way back after being ice-locked for a winter. This is the first visit of a European to the western hemisphere of which there is authentic record. We have in “Gombar Scheer,”—the name of a dangerous reef of rocks,—the corrupted form of the first place-name bestowed by a European on this continent. Skerry, of which there are several in the British Isles, is Norse for “a cliff separating two bays.” The original “Gunnbjorn's skerries” was a volcanic mountain isle. But the force of some eruption, when volcanoes were livelier up north than they are now, shattered the island and left nothing but the reef, and time has changed the original place-name into its present dilapidated state.

The Icelanders being good historians as well as good fighters, their chronicles of those early years are specially valuable and singularly

trustworthy. From some of the narratives of Gunnbjorn's experiences, Eric the Red had learned of the existence of the new found land of the far north ; and having been put beyond the pale of decent society for killing a fellow countryman, he resolved to find out what he could of Gunnbjorn's land. This was in 983, over a century after Gunnbjorn's misadventure. With his personal followers he explored the coasts of the country and found at the head of one of the fiords, far within the water-worn, ice-bound crags of the coast, a spot for a home. It was a grassy plain, a lovely spot surrounded by icy mountains ; a *green land* in the midst of "snaffels ;" an oasis with all around it a desert of ice. He was a shrewd fellow was Eric, and he had already sketched out in his busy brain a definite purpose and plan. He would go to Iceland and tempt away by alluring descriptions of his green fields a sufficient number of his Vik-ing fellows to form a settlement. So he named it Greenland ; for, said he, it is well to have a pleasant name if we would succeed in inducing men and women to come back with us.

With this story of a pleasant land Eric returned to Iceland and brought back in due time the first colony of European emigrants that ever settled on this western hemisphere. His two score and five vessels, loaded with people, were reduced to fourteen vessels, the others being lost. With half a thousand people he began the settlement, which in time found the original fiord too narrow, and a new settlement was formed in another fiord to which was given the name Eric's-fiord. Other settlements followed, for this was no transient draft of people from Iceland. The settlements effected lasted for more than four centuries, during which time the inhabitants builded churches in which ten generations worshipped the Christian's God and endured the long winters and rejoiced in the short, hot summers when vegetation sprung to maturity by leaps and bounds. They tended their cattle ; they mowed their grass fields and made the hay and carried on a flourishing trade with the Mother Isle, and the name of Greenland, originally applied to one fiord, became the name by which all the settlements were known in Iceland. Says Fiske, "the name thus given by Eric to this chosen spot has been extended by modern usage to the whole of the vast continental region north of Davis Strait, for the whole of which it is a flagrant misnomer."¹

¹ After an existence of four centuries, they provoked the enmity of those fierce little raw-meat-eaters called the Eskimo (our friends the Esquimaux under a revised name), and these attacked the settlements in Greenland and wiped them off the face of the earth so that no vestige but ruined churches and piles of stone and a few place-names remain to remind us of the Scandinavian settlement which gave Greenland its name.

In continuing and extending the name Greenland we have but followed the plan adopted in Canada as well as in other countries. The country through which the St. Lawrence River flows was at first called New France; then as Cape Diamond (so called by Cartier because he picked up a stone which he thought was a diamond) was the great fortress of the region and as the river there become narrow for a short distance, widening out above and below, the place soon came to be known by the Indian name *Kepee*, a strait or narrow passage. It was natural, then, to call the whole region the Government of Quebec, as was done in the proclamation of George III under the Treaty of Paris, 1763. In our own day we have seen a similiar extension of a place-name in the case of the place-name "Canada," which word was employed in the Quebec Act of 1774 to designate the King's French-speaking subjects—"All His Majesty's Canadian subjects within the Province of Quebec." Then it came to be applied to the two provinces separated by the Act of 1791—Upper and Lower Canada. Then under the Union Act of 1841 the two sections were called Canada East and Canada West, till the word was applied by the Union Act of 1867 to the four provinces of New Brunswick, Nova Scotia, Ontario and Quebec, and is now applied to all the northern half of the continent, excepting Greenland on the east, Alaska on the west and Newfoundland.

Having satisfied ourselves about the way in which Greenland became one of the most ancient place-names of the continent we will not have far to search for the meaning of Greenland's place-names. They are of Scandinavian origin. They come to us from the old Vikings who gave place-names to the shores and bays and mountains and rivers of the British Isles. It is the one bit of Scandinavia there is in this new world. Here and there are isolated place-names of the same origin. There are Hecla, Husavick, Baldur, Thingvalla and others in Manitoba, named by the Icelanders, whose first settlement in the prairie province was in 1875, and of whom there were, in 1891, according to the census, 3,746 who were born in the Scandinavian countries, besides a goodly number born of Scandinavian parents, but whose birth-place is this Canada of ours.

FRENCH-CANADIAN LIFE AND CHARACTER.

EDITED BY J. VROOM.

The debt which the empire owes to the French-Canadians, Roberts asserts in his recent work,¹ is immeasurably greater than we at present realize. By their rejection of the proposals of the revolted colonies, he argues, the northern half of the continent was preserved to Great Britain; but for them, there would, in all likelihood, be no Canada to-day.

Other writers have sketched for us, with more or less friendly touch, the French-Canadian gentleman of rank; often poor, but not wretched; at home with his tenants, at home among the Indians, at home in the forays of the border wars, yet never forgetting his station in life; and the simple *habitant*, poorer still, who followed his seigneur in war and honored him in peace, made the most of the fleeting pleasures of life, and took no thought for the morrow. Roberts delights to fill in the picture with descriptions of the dwellings of the people and of their dress and social customs.

To condense from his pages :

The houses of the *habitans* were small cabins; humble, but warm; with wide, overhanging eaves. The walls within, to the height of a man's shoulders, were worn smooth by the backs that leaned against them. Solid wooden boxes and benches usually took the place of chairs. A clumsy loom, on which the women wove their coarse homespuns of wool or flax, occupied one corner of the main room; and a deep, box-like cradle, always rocking, stood beside the ample fireplace. Over the fire stood the long, black arms of a crane, on which was done most of the cooking; though the "bake-kettle" sometimes relieved its labors, and the brick oven was a stand-by in houses of the rich *habitans*, as well as of the gentry. For the roasting of meats, the spit was much in use; and there was a gridiron with legs, to stand on the hearth with a heap of hot coals raked under it. The houses even of the upper classes were seldom two stories in height; but they were generally furnished with a good deal of luxury, and in the cities they were sometimes built of stone. A typical country mansion, the dwelling of a seigneur on his own domain, was usually of the following fashion: The main building, one storey in height, but perhaps a hundred feet long, was surmounted by lofty gables and a very steep roof, built

¹ History of Canada, Chapter XII.

thus to shed the snow and to give a roomy attic for bedchambers. The attic was lighted by numerous high-peaked dormer windows, piercing the expanse of the roof. The main building was flanked by one or more wings. Around it clustered the wash-house, coach-house, barns, stable and woodsheds. This homelike cluster of walls and roofs was sheltered from the winter storm by groves of evergreen, and girdled cheerily by orchard and kitchen-garden. On one side, and not far off, was usually a village with a church-spire gleaming over it; on the other, a circular stone mill, resembling a little fortress rather than a peaceful aid to industry.

After describing the dresses of ceremony, the three-cornered hats and wide-frocked coats, the embroidered waist-coats, knee-breeches and silk stockings, with which we are more or less familiar in pictorial representations, the writer continues :

Out of doors, and in the winter especially, the costumes of the nobility were more distinctly Canadian. Overcoats of native cloth were worn, with large, pointed hoods. Their pattern is preserved to the present day in the blanket coats of our snow-shoers. Young men might be seen going about in colors that brightened the winter landscape. Gay belts of green, blue, red or yellow, enriched the waists of their thick overcoats : their scarlet leggings were laced up with green ribbons ; their moccasins were gorgeously embroidered with dyed porcupine quills ; their caps of beaver or marten were sometimes tied down over their ears with vivid handkerchiefs of silk. The *habitans* were rougher and more sombre in their dress. A black homespun coat, gray leggings, gray woollen cap, heavy moccasins of cowhide—this grave costume was usually brightened by a belt or sash of the liveliest colors. The country women had to content themselves with the same coarse homespuns, which they wore in short, full skirts ; but they got the gay colors, which they loved, in kerchiefs for their necks and shoulders.

Of their social life and customs, he tells us :

The country houses of the seigneurs were the scene of many gaieties. Driving parties, picking up guests from each manor-house as they passed it, would gather at some hospitable abode. When tired of the stately dances then in fashion, the guests would amuse themselves with games such as now, when men seem less light-hearted and more self-conscious, are mostly left to children. "Hide the Handkerchief," "Fox and Geese," "My Lady's Toilet," and various games of forfeit, were among those that made life cheerful for the Canadians of old. Then there was riding in the summer; and in winter sledging over the crisp, glittering snow. Baptisms, betrothals, and weddings were made occasions of feast; on May-day the hoisting of the may-pole in front of the seigneur's house was accompanied by much merry making,—eating, drinking,

bonfires, and the firing of guns. This feast was the affair of the *habitant*, who for that day were the guests of the seigneur.

During the early days of the colony the *habitans* had lived chiefly on bread and eels. Throughout the early part of the eighteenth century they lived on salt meat, milk and bread for the greater part of the year; but in winter fresh meat was abundant. Travelling was pleasant, and from Christmas to Ash Wednesday there was a ceaseless round of visits. Half a dozen sleighs would drive up to a *habitant's* cottage. A dozen of his friends would jump out, stable their horses, and flock chattering into the warm kitchen. The housewife at this season was always prepared for guests. She had meats of various kinds roasted and put away cold. All she had to do was to thrust them into the hot oven, and in a few minutes the dinner was ready. At such times bread was despised by everybody, and sweet cakes took its place. When the *habitans*, as on May-day, were feasted by their seigneur, the table was loaded with a profusion of delicacies. Legs of veal and mutton, roasts and cutlets of fresh pork, huge bowls of savory stew, pies of many kinds shaped like a half-moon, large tarts of jam, with doughnuts fried in lard and rolled in maple sugar, were among the favored dishes.

Among the upper classes breakfast was a light meal, with white wine and coffee, usually taken at eight o'clock. Dinner was at midday, and supper at seven. Soup was always served at both these meals. On the great sideboard, filled with silver and china, which usually occupied one end of the dining room and reached to the ceiling, stood cordials to encourage the appetite. In one corner stood a water jar of blue and white porcelain, at which guests might rinse their hands before going to table. The table was served with great abundance of choice fish and game. Each person's place was supplied with napkin, plate, silver goblet, spoon and fork; but every one carried and used his own knife. To keep up the cheer of hearts that aids digestion, all the company sang in turn about the table, the ladies bearing their full share with the men. It was a happy and innocent life which sped in the manor-houses of the St. Lawrence, where the influence of Bigot and his crew was not allowed to reach.

There must have been another side to this picture in the ordinary life of the *habitant*, a life of privation and toil. We are accustomed to think of it with pity, and to contrast it with that of the New England colonist, living in thrifty comfort. But the Canadian *habitant*, though generally poor, was not miserable in his poverty. Between the French and the English as he found them in America, Charlevoix¹ thus draws a comparison:

In New England and the other British colonies, there reigns an opulence

¹As quoted by Parkman in "The Old Regime in Canada."

by which the people seem not to know how to profit; while in New France poverty is hidden under an air of ease which appears entirely natural. The English colonist keeps as much and spends as little as possible: the French colonist enjoys what he has got, and often makes a display of what he has not got. The one labors for his heirs, the other leaves them to get on as they can, like himself.

Without disparaging the people of his own race, the English-speaking Canadian may yield a generous admiration to the virtues and traditions of his fellow-countrymen of another race and tongue—brave and adventurous; submissive to authority, though jealous of their rights and liberties; faithful in their allegiance; true to their religion and to themselves; the solid core, as Roberts well says, around which has grown the vast Confederation of Canada.

THE STORY OF LAURA SECORD.

BY FRANCES E. MURRAY.

We are now nearing the close of the 19th century, and our thoughts naturally turn to the many events, the great changes which have marked its course. Wonderful inventions have made lighter "toil's heavy chain." Higher education, not merely in youth, but continued through life, has broadened our ideas and widened the horizon of thought. But great as have been the changes, human nature is still the same. Types of character reappear generation after generation. The quiet and studious go on dreaming and pondering, working out in silence ideas which are to dominate the future. The impulsive and daring are forever eager to try new fields of action and enterprise. Poets "hidden in the light of thought" are still "singing songs unbidden" as when Shelley gave us, eighty years ago, that exquisite ode. Home, its sweet duties and pleasures, occupy the same place in our hearts now as then. We are linked one to another and we *fin de siècle* people can go back to the early years of our century and find models of patience and endurance, of courage, loyalty and patriotism, with which we may feel in touch and from which we may catch a glow of enthusiasm, may receive a ray of inspiration.

For this reason I would recall as vividly as possible the memory of one whose deed of patriotic courage must now and always be told in Canadian history with pride and a tribute of admiration.

For many years Laura Secord's retiring disposition kept her name from public notice, but since her death Mrs. Curzon's spirited drama¹ has interested many in this episode of Canadian history which I now wish to repeat once more for the benefit of a younger set of readers.

Laura Secord was by birth an Ingersoll. Her father, Thomas Ingersoll, was one of the 10,000 United Empire Loyalists who at the trumpet call of duty and honor left their homes and all their earthly possessions in the United States to face the dangers and difficulties of life in the then almost unbroken wilderness of Upper Canada.

Little Laura Ingersoll was but a year old when her father came, (1776) at Gov. Simcoe's invitation, to Canada, and founded a settlement on the banks of the Thames, Oxford County. Thus all the young girl's early associations were connected with the adventures, the privations, the escapes, which marked those interesting years of our country's history. When she married, she "mated with one of her kind" for James Secord belonged to a large family of New Brunswick Loyalists, some of whom soon found their way to Western Canada.²

Mr. Secord owned a lumber mill and store at Queenston and there the young people settled; there many happy years of married life were spent, for they were a most devoted couple, and there four girls and one boy were born.

¹"*Laura Secord, the Heroine of 1812*"—a Drama—by Mrs. Sarah Anne Curzon, of Toronto, who died November, 1888.

²The family of Secord was a notable one. Documents exist which show that in the reign of Louis X. of France, a Marquis de Secor was a marshal of His Majesty's household. A son of this marquis and some younger branches of the family embraced the Protestant faith. During the persecution of the Huguenots, many of them were burnt and the family estates at La Rochelle were confiscated. The survivors escaped the massacre of St. Bartholomew by flight to England. Eventually five brothers emigrated to America where they settled in New Jersey, purchased land, founding New Rochelle and engaging in lumbering. On the breaking out of the Revolutionary war the family divided, the loyalists changing their patronym to Secord by placing the prefix "d" at the end of their name. These brothers after (as king's men) losing in common with all the loyalists their property and estates, emigrated to New Brunswick where many of their descendants still reside. Some members of this family afterwards moved to Canada West. Among those who settled in the Niagara district were three brothers, James Secord, husband of Laura, Major Secord, his older brother, and Stephen Secord the miller of St. David's.—*From Memoir of Laura Secord by Mrs. Curzon.*

In 1812, the quiet of this and many other happy homes was disturbed by the sound of war. Against the wishes of New Englanders, for flags were hung half-mast in Boston Harbor, against the judgment of many of the wisest and best in other parts of the United States, President Madison declared war against England and sent an invading army into Canada. There was an instantaneous outburst of loyalty. Canadian militiamen vied with the regulars of the British army in their efforts to repulse the intruders. Mr. Secord, who a few months before had resigned his company and left the militia, now offered his services as a volunteer. The Americans were driven back, and at Detroit were forced to capitulate. At Queenston Heights, after a hotly contested struggle, the victory was ours, although brave General Brock was killed. Many were left dead or dying on the battlefield, among them Laura Secord's husband. He would soon have died of his wounds, had not his devoted wife made a long and harrowing search. She found him, wounded in leg and arm and fainting from loss of blood. The quiet home became a quieter sick-room where the wounded man was gradually nursed back into life. As soon as possible, the family moved to a farm-house in the country for the benefit of the invalid, but Mr. Secord never fully regained his health or strength.

The invasion was renewed the next year, 1813, and the Americans for a short time again occupied Queenston. A cordon of sentries was stretched out ten miles from the frontier, and the Secord's farm-house, being within that limit, was liable at any time to the entrance of the enemy's soldiers demanding a meal. Once after breakfasting three men, one remarked, "You have a nice place here, missis; when we come for good to this country we'll divide the land and I'll take this here for my share." Mrs. Secord replied sharply, "You rascal, you, all you'll ever get here will be six feet of earth." In a few days two of the men returned. "You were right, missis, about the six feet of earth"—one of the men had been killed. At another time the house was searched for money. Mrs. Secord had a small store of Spanish doubloons which she saved by throwing them into a pot of boiling water which hung on a crane over a blazing fire.¹

Meantime the fighting went on with varying success. The Americans captured Fort York (Toronto) and Fort George (Niagara) but were surprised, defeated and driven back at Stoney Creek (Hamilton)

¹From notes to Mrs. Curzon's drama "*Laura Secord*."

by Colonel Harvey and his "green tigers," as the men of the 49th were called. In retaliation, an attack was planned upon Lieutenant Fitzgibbon at Beaver Dams (Thorold). This outpost was guarded by a detachment of the 49th, a few Indians and a squad of militia, in all about two hundred men. An American force of five hundred men, fifty dragoons and two field pieces, under Colonel Boerstler, was to set out from Fort George (Niagara) on June 23rd to take Fitzgibbon's outpost by surprise. The evening before a noisy party of soldiers had supped at the Secords. Mrs. Secord, while giving directions to the maid who waited on the men, was startled by some words dropped by one of the party, and listening attentively she soon heard the whole plan discussed. With a woman's quick decision she determined at once to warn Fitzgibbon of his danger. But how was it to be done? Her husband had been crippled by his wounds. Her brother also was lying seriously wounded at St. David's mill. There was but one way. She herself must undertake the dangerous walk of twenty miles through the forest. After obtaining with some difficulty her husband's consent, she rose before dawn June 23rd, set the breakfast table so that any chance visitor might suppose her at home, took a milk pail on her arm to serve as an excuse to the sentries, and driving the cow away instead of towards the house she escaped suspicion. Her first rest was at St. David's mill where her sister-in-law, the widow of Stephen Secord lived, and where her brother Charles then was. Both tried in vain to dissuade her from her perilous undertaking.

At home, meanwhile, the children were told that their mother had gone to visit their sick uncle, but they noticed and wondered at their father's unusual restlessness and anxiety as the long hours of that weary day dragged on.

After leaving the mill Laura took a path across the meadow and plunged at once into the forest. This nearly doubled the distance; but on the highway she certainly would have been arrested. We can scarcely realize the fatigue, the anxiety, the danger of that long, hot, weary June day. Little rivulets at this time of year were running in every direction, making the mossy ground swampy and the walking heavy; sometimes her feet would stick in a clayey bank and her shoes get clogged with the yellow earth; then she would have to stumble for a short distance over a half-sunken corduroy road. She climbed over trunks of trees fallen across the path and fought her

way through thick, tangled underbrush, while black flies and mosquitoes innumerable swarmed about her. Under such circumstances a ten-mile walk is considered a good day's work for a man,¹ but Laura had covered nineteen miles in that time. At sunset she found herself on the bank of a swift stream—the twelve mile creek. It grew dark, wolves howled in the distance; but, nothing daunted, she clambered on hands and knees along a mossy log which overhung the stream, and, crossing, she found herself at the foot of Beechridge, up which she had a hard, fatiguing climb. When the moon rose she had reached the Indians who formed the vanguard of Fitzgibbon's little force. The rest of the story must be told in her own words: "As I approached they all arose with one of their war-yells, which indeed awed me. You may imagine what my feelings were to behold so many savages. With forced courage I went to one of the chiefs, told him I had great news for his commander and that he must take me to him or they would all be lost. He did not understand me, but said: 'Woman! what does woman want here?' The scene by moonlight to some might have been grand, but to a weak woman certainly terrifying. With difficulty I got one of the chiefs to go with me to their commander. With the intelligence I gave him, he formed his plans and saved his country."

When Laura reached headquarters, her skirt and jacket were in tatters, her hood had been lost in the forest, her shoes were worn off her feet. Lieut. Fitzgibbon was perfectly amazed at the courage and daring of the noble woman who had undertaken and successfully accomplished such a dangerous expedition. But his gratitude exceeded his astonishment when he found what an important service she had rendered. Every attention was shown her; for, he says, "Mrs. Secord was a person of slight and delicate frame, and made the effort in weather excessively warm, and I dreaded at the time she must suffer in health in consequence of fatigue and anxiety, she having been exposed to danger from the enemy, through whose line of communication she had to pass." An escort was detailed to conduct her to a friend's house three miles distant "where (she writes) I slept right off, for I had journeyed on feet twenty miles and safely. God be praised."

The attack the next morning (June 24) on Lieut. Fitzgibbon's outpost and its defeat are matters of history. The little force was placed

See Coffin's *Chronicles of the War*.

in ambush and on sides of the road, and every precaution was taken to make it appear that there was a large force in reserve. When the advance guard of the American riflemen appeared, a volley from the woods emptied their saddles. Soon firing came from all directions and bugle calls and Indian yells. The bewildered enemy imagined themselves in presence of a much larger force. Colonel Boerstler finding that his men were losing heavily from the fire of the unseen foe, consented to surrender. By the capitulation five hundred and forty-two men, two field pieces, and the colors of the 49th U.S. regiment were delivered over to the Canadians.¹

Three days afterwards, Mrs. Secord returned to her anxious husband in a comfortable conveyance, along the high road, for the enemy had left the country; and most thankful she was for the success of her dangerous undertaking and its great results.

In 1814 war was renewed, but before the year ended the treaty of Ghent was concluded. "War's tempestuous vultures" had to "fold their wings and sleep," and peace descended upon the land. During the three years of war between the Canadians and Americans there had been fifteen engagements; the British and Canadians had gained eleven, the Americans four of these fights.

Mrs. Secord lived to a good old age in the retirement of her happy home. She had several beautiful daughters, one of whom was called the "Belle of Canada." After her husband's death in 1841, she resided with her grandson, Mr. James Secord of Niagara, who writes, "My grandmother was of a modest disposition. She was the very last to mention the exploit, and unless asked would never say anything about it." There was one exception to this reticence. When the Prince of Wales visited Canada in 1860 the veteran Canadian soldiers at the Niagara frontier signed an address to His Royal Highness. Laura Secord claimed the privilege of signing also. This was readily granted as soon as the memory of her brave deed was recalled.

¹ Lieut. Fitzgibbon belonged to an old but impoverished Irish family. His passion for arms was irresistible. At seventeen he enlisted and was at once made a sergeant. At twenty-one he was made sergeant-major. He served before Copenhagen where the 49th acted as Marines. In 1802 he was appointed to an ensigncy and came to Canada. In 1809 he succeeded to a lieutenantcy. His exploits at Beaver Dam gave him his company. He thus rose by dint of meritorious service. At the close of the war he settled in Canada and filled several offices under the government. He retired on a pension and returned to England where in just appreciation of his services he was made a military knight of Windsor.—Mrs. CURZON.

And not only so but the Prince, hearing of the circumstances visited her that he might learn her story from her own lips, and on his return to England he sent her £100 as a souvenir of his visit. Her loyal heart was much gratified by these acts of kindness, and the Royal visit was no doubt one of the brightest events of her declining years. In November, 1867, she sank peacefully to rest at the advanced age of 93, and was buried in Drummondville churchyard.

Sleep, Laura Secord, resting well,
Serenely pillowed 'neath the grass ;
Tender and reverent be the steps
That by thy green grave pause and pass.
The while across the ages long,
Oh faint, oh far sweeps down a song,
From graves of heroes of our race,
From many an honored resting place:—
“ Numbered with us on glory's roll,
Be this Canadian's dauntless soul.”

[*From a Ballad of the War of 1812, by Ellen Murray.*

ON THE STUDY OF ANCIENT MAPS, ILLUSTRATED BY FOUR OF THOSE OF THE GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE.

BY W. F. GANONG, PH.D.

Very few people have any idea of the great abundance of old maps that exist representing parts of Canada. I was once shown a map of New Brunswick dated about 1830, and told by its owner that it was the first map of that province ever made. I was able to tell him that there are over two hundred printed maps of earlier date showing the province or parts of it with some accuracy. From the very first discovery of America, the explorers made maps to show the results of their voyages, and the professional mapmakers of Europe were busy collecting and compiling their sketches into larger general maps. Thus the maps reflect with the greatest clearness the successive stages in the exploration of new countries, and it is a matter of the greatest interest

to trace, with the narratives of the explorers in hand, the gradual evolution of geography from the stage where a great blank space represents a sea or a continent, through a series showing gradually increasing accuracy and detail, down to the complete maps of the present day.¹

The earliest maps are very crude and full of errors. The first explorers had neither the means nor the time for making accurate surveys, and could make their maps only by the aid of general compass directions and a few crude measurements of the speed of their ships,—such maps in fact as we now call “sketch maps.” Nor were these maps copied accurately by the professional mapmakers; for the outlines were not closely followed and the names of places were misspelled and in other ways altered with the greatest carelessness, thus making cartography, or the study of old maps, by no means an easy study, nor one in which all students can come to an agreement. Still, as partial compensation for this, many of the old maps are most artistically ornamented and colored, so that it is a delight to possess and study them. They often also have their odd spaces filled with pictures of men, animals, cities, etc., and these pictures in themselves are at times of great historic interest and value.

The fact of greatest importance about old maps is this, they do not show a gradual improvement from the earliest times down to the present, but the improvement goes by leaps, as it were, with long intervals between when the maps not only do not become better, but, through carelessness in copying, become actually worse. This was because the mapmakers could gain no new knowledge for the improvement of their maps, excepting such as was furnished to them by the explorers, who were few in number and far apart. When an explorer came home, the maps became suddenly better, then gradually worse until another returned, and so on.

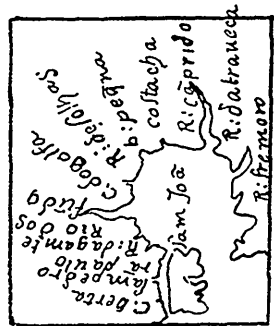


FIG. 1 — PORTUGUESE MAP OF VIEGAS BEFORE 1534.

¹This has been done for New Brunswick in a monograph in the Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada, vol. III (1897). From this work the accompanying four figures are taken. As these are intended to illustrate New Brunswick only, the names are all omitted, except on the New Brunswick coast. All are but parts of large maps.

Some of the most important facts about old maps are illustrated by the four given herewith, which show the effects of the voyages of Cartier upon the maps of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The reader will do well to examine them with a good modern map of the Gulf before him, and also to read in this connection the sketch of a part of Cartier's first voyage, already given in No. 1 of this series of readings.

Before the voyages of Cartier, the Gulf of St. Lawrence was shown on the maps merely as a rounded indentation in a nearly continuous coast line of Eastern North America, and one of the very best of these maps

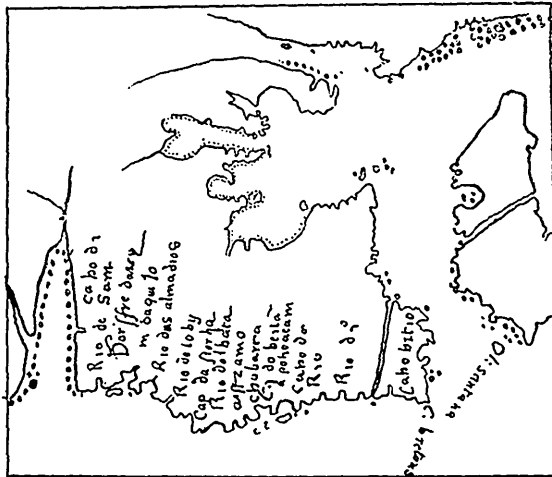


FIG. 2.--MAP MADE BY JEAN ROTZ, DATED 1542; REALLY BELONGING TO 1535.

is given in Figure 1. Hardly any feature and not a single name can be recognized; even the straits of Belle Isle are not shown. Figure 2 is an early map showing the first voyage, but not the later ones, of Cartier. Erroneous as it is, it is yet an immense advance over those that preceded it. Unfortunately no names of places are given in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, but these can be supplied from Figure 3, which shows the effects of Cartier's second voyage also. Cartier's narrative makes it plain that *y de margaux* is what is now called Bird Islands, and *ye de brion* is still called Brion Id., while *Allezay* is a small island at the southwestern end of the Magdalene

Islands. Both Figures 2 and 3, however, show the Magdalene Islands united to the coast to the southward, a natural mistake, for Cartier coasted only along their northwestern side. *R. des barques* was Richmond Bay on P. E. Island.² *C. dangoulesme* is another name for *Cape Orleans* which is the present Cape Kildare. *C. despoir* was the north point of Miscou Island. Figure 2 shows Anticosti merged with the mainland to the south as Cartier thought it was on his first voyage, though he corrected this error on his second, as Figure 3 shows. It was from the strait north of Anticosti that he turned back to

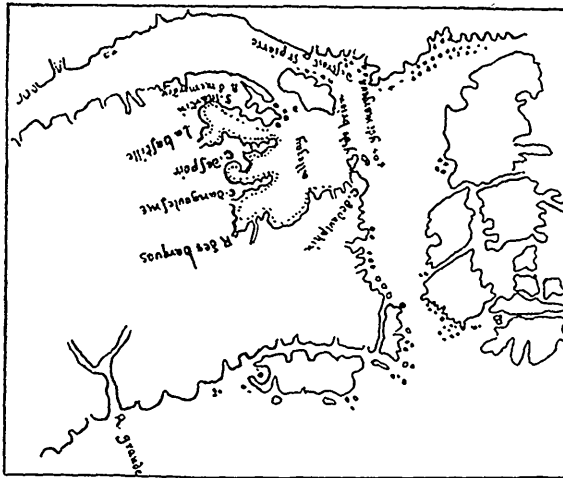


FIG. 3—MAP MADE BY HARLEY, DATED 1542, BUT BELONGING ABOUT 1537.

return to France from his first voyage, and hence the St. Lawrence river is left blank on Figure 2, but it was explored by him on the second voyage and hence is shown on Figure 3. The great error on these two maps, however, is the fusion of the Magdalene Islands with the mainland, but this is entirely corrected in Figure 4, one of the earliest maps showing the complete effects of Cartier's voyages. If one, however, attempts to compare the names on this map with those on Figure 3, he will find some differences, partly due to careless copying

See page 10 in No. I of this series of readings.

and partly to the presence of additional names omitted by the maker of the earlier map. From this time on until the appearance of Champlain's maps in 1613, many maps of the Gulf of St. Lawrence were



FIG. 4.—MAP MADE BY DESCELIERS IN 1546.

published, but none of them were any better, and most of them were worse, than that made by Desceliers (Figure 4). This, of course, was because there was no map-making explorer in the Gulf during that interval. These maps will give some idea of the value and difficulties of the study of old maps, a subject certain to receive from historians much more attention in the future than it has in the past.

A SCHEME FOR THE CONQUEST OF CANADA IN 1746.

BY VICTOR HUGO PALTSITS, OF THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY.

Great Britain's acquisition of the vast domain of Canada, by the treaty of 1763, was the realization of a hope long cherished. The reduction of this "thorn in the side" of the neighboring English colonies had been attempted in 1690, under Sir William Phips, and in 1711 under Sir Hovenden Walker. The attempt of the former ended ingloriously, while that of the latter proved a fiasco.

From the treaty of Utrecht, in 1713, until the open rupture in 1744, a nominal peace reigned. The declaration of war between Great Britain and France in the latter year equally involved their colonial possessions in conflict. On 17th June, 1745, Louisburg, the richest American jewel that had ever adorned the French crown, capitulated to the daring of the New Englanders under General William Pepperrell, aided by a fleet commanded by Commodore Peter Warren. The successful issue of this enterprise gave the English entire command of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and thus enabled them to cut off Quebec from all hope of succor from France. It also facilitated the conquest of Canada itself.¹ The victory was hailed with acclamation throughout the colonies, and a hope was expressed that no peace negotiations should ever be set on foot with France in which the restoration of Cape Breton should as much as be mentioned.²

The Canadians were apprehensive of a British invasion; but made vigorous preparations to repress it. They learned the English plans by means of scouting parties, from the English prints, and more especially from the English colonists captured on the frontiers by their various incursions, and whom they held in confinement at Quebec.³

In the English-American provinces an expedition against Canada was looked upon by some as a chance for "fine plundering;"⁴ while to others it appeared to afford advantages "inconceivably great to the Crown of Britain."⁵ Indeed, the original suggestions of October,

¹ *Memoirs of the Principal Transactions of the Last War*. Third edition. Boston, 1758; p. 33.

² Parker's *New-York Post-Boy*, No. 164, for March 10, 1746. The article itself is dated December 28, 1745.

³ The whole subject of rumors and French anticipatory action can be studied from *N. Y. Col. Docs.*, vol. x; and *Journal of Captain William Pote, Jr.*, *New York*, 1896.

⁴ *Post-Boy*, No. 178, for June 16, 1746.

⁵ *Post-Boy*, No. 173, for May 12, 1746.

1745, comprehended the enlistment of 20,000 provincials, who should be offered, as an inducement, "the plunder of the country; as well as the lands of the Canadians." In official quarters--and none the less among the populace--it was judged that the acquisition of Canada would secure the fish and fur trade, deprive the French of provisions and lumber for their sugar islands, greatly diminish the trade of France, secure the English possessions in America--hitherto greatly incommoded, and put a halt to the building of French war vessels, then carried on in Canada.¹ Governor William Shirley, in his speech to the Council and House of Representatives of Massachusetts-Bay, 28th June, 1746, told them it was but folly to consider Nova Scotia in security so long as the French continued to be masters of Canada.² He but spoke the truth from a bitter experience.

Soon after the conquest of Louisburg, Shirley was called there to quell the discontent which had arisen among the provincials. His mission accomplished, he returned to Boston early in December. But while at Louisburg he had concerted measures with Pepperrell and Warren, for an expedition against Canada the following year. The project was communicated to the Duke of Bedford, then at the head of the admiralty, and was well received.

The fighting strength of all Canada, according to the best available information, was judged not to exceed 12,000 men, inclusive of the regulars; and the Indian allies were computed to be about 900.³ The winter of 1745-1746 intervened. On 14th March, 1746, the Duke of Newcastle,⁴ then at the helm of the government, wrote to the various American governors, that "should it be judged advisable to undertake any attempt upon the French settlements in the New World, they should take the proper measures for raising a body of

¹ *Chalmers' Papers relating to Canada, 1692-1792*, in New York Public Library.

² *Journal of the Representatives of Mass.-Bay, 1746*, p. 71.

³ *Memoirs of Last War*, p. 60.

⁴ Thomas Pelham-Holles, Duke of Newcastle-upon-Tyne and of Newcastle-under-Lyne, was born 21st July, 1693, and died 17th November, 1768. He is described as having been "nervous and pompous, always in a hurry, and always behind hand; ignorant of common things, and not learned in any sense." He certainly made a great fiasco of the plan to reduce Canada. Lecky says he vastly increased the evil of shameless corruption in the affairs of the government, "discredited and degraded his party, and left the standard of political morality lower than he found it."--*History of England in the Eighteenth Century*, vol. 11, pp. 438-40.

men for that purpose."¹ This was but the suggestion of a fact soon to follow.

On 9th April, 1746, Newcastle despatched letters by the sloop of war *Hickingbrook*² to the governors of all the provinces from New England to Virginia. The packet with the royal orders reached Governor Shirley on 26th May, and he immediately forwarded the documents to the different governments by land expresses. He evinced his own interest by his personal correspondence, in which he urged co-operation. He was very zealous for the cause, and hoped that the Massachusetts-Bay government would set a good example to the others. The royal orders required the several governments to raise as large a body of men as the shortness of the time would warrant. The King did not limit the number of men for each province, neither did he require special allotments. But he hoped and expected that the united levies would not be less than five thousand.³

The scheme concerted in England varied very little from the suggestions which had been forwarded previously from America. It was agreed that the land forces should be commanded by Lieut.-Gen. Sinclair,⁴ while Rear-Admiral Warren was to look after the royal fleet. The plan of operations was not made irrevocable. Sinclair, Warren and Shirley were entrusted with such alterations as circumstances would require or good judgment might suggest. By the original instructions the companies raised in New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia were to rendezvous at Albany. The command of this contingent was given to William Gooch, Lieutenant-Governor of Virginia; but he pleaded indisposition, and declined to serve. Governor George Clinton, of New York, who was virtually responsible for the success of this part of the plan, appointed Lieutenant-Colonel John Roberts as Gooch's successor.⁵ From

¹ *Chalmers' Papers*, as before.

² So in *Mass. Journal*, 29th May, 1746. Also spelled Hinchinbrook in Penn. "Notes," vol. iv (*Phila.* 1774), p. 37.

³ Hutchinson. *Hist. of Mass.*, 3rd edit., vol. II, p. 381.

⁴ Gen. James Sinclair (also written St. Clair) was the second son of Henry, eighth Lord Sinclair. He entered the army at an early age, and rose in the ranks, becoming lieutenant-general on 4th June, 1745, and had command of the British troops in Flanders, prior to the appointment for this Canadian expedition. He died 30th November, 1762, while governor of Cork, Ireland.

⁵ *N. Y. Col. Docs.*, vol. vi, p. 314. Roberts was an experienced soldier,⁴ having served since the days of George I. He was also connected by his first marriage to the Earl of Halifax.

Albany these troops were to make a descent upon Montreal and lay waste the settlements on the upper St. Lawrence.

The provincials of Massachusetts-Bay, New Hampshire, Rhode Island and Connecticut were to rendezvous at Louisburg as soon as possible, where they were to await the arrival of Gen. Sinclair, the eight battalions of regulars, and the fleet commanded by Warren. This was the main guard, which was charged with the capture of Quebec. While they proceeded up the St. Lawrence, the men at Albany were to march on to Montreal. The blow was to be struck simultaneously. The plans were well laid, and gave every earnest of success.¹

So soon as the governors had received the Duke of Newcastle's instructions of 9th April, they convened their several councils and legislatures, and urged immediate action. The whole number of fighting men within the colonies aggregated 340,000.² Massachusetts-Bay took the initiative, and signalized itself in a manner no whit inferior to its action in the Louisburg expedition. Although greatly burdened by the loss of about 2,000 men in that campaign, they cheerfully and speedily made liberal appropriations, and equipped 3,500 men in less than six weeks time. In 1712, Jeremy Dummer had written a letter in which he said: "I am sure it has been the Cry of the whole Country ever since Canada was deliver'd up to the French: *Canada est delenda*; They always look'd upon it as a Carthage to the Northern Colonies, which if they did not destroy, it would in Time destroy them." These words were singularly suited to the present occasion, and Shirley read them during the speech with which he adjourned the General Court on 28th June, 1746.³ It appears that New Hampshire expected to equip 1,000 men, though some authorities suggest that only 500 took the field. Yet, Gov. Wentworth, in his requisitions to England for reimbursement, says his province raised 733 men. Rhode Island voted three companies of 100 men each—a standard for companies required by the royal instructions—and expended more than

¹ The material for a study of the scheme is ample. The chief sources are *Chalmers' Papers Relating to Canada*, transcripts from original documents in the English State Paper Office; *Memoirs of Last War*, p. 61; Rolt. *Impartial Representation*, vol. iv (*London 1750*), pp. 345 and 346; *Hutchinson Hist. of Mass.*, 3rd edit., vol. II, pp. 380 and 381; *N. Y. Colonial Docs.*, vol. VI: and the printed *Votes, Journals and Records* of the several colonies engaged in the expedition.

² *Chalmers' Papers*.

³ *Mass. Journal*, 1746, p. 67.

£10,000 sterling, exclusive of a special bounty to each soldier.¹ The General Assembly of Connecticut, in May, 1746, agreed to furnish 600 men; but increased the number to 1,000 at its June session.² A census of New York, taken in 1746, shows that the white males between the years of 16 and 60 numbered but 12,522, exclusive of Albany County, which could not be computed because of the enemy.³ Nevertheless this province provided 1,600 men, and also four "independent" companies of 100 men each. It also conciliated the Five Nations of Indians, through the instrumentality of Col. William Johnson, whom the Indians themselves had chosen to be their colonel.⁴ New Jersey voted 500 men, and by its appropriations impaired its own treasury. Col. Peter Schuyler, who commanded the New Jersey companies, also advanced some thousands of pounds "out of his own estate" to keep his men together.⁵ But in doing so he reaped the displeasure of New York's governor, who bitterly complained to the mother country, asserting that Schuyler's action had caused desertions and mutiny among the unpaid provincials. The legislature of Pennsylvania was controlled by Quakers, who, while affirming allegiance to the King's commands, so far as their religious persuasions would permit, objected to being "concerned in war-like Enterprises."⁶ Gov. George Thomas, therefore, raised 400 men, without an act of government, and clothed, armed and equipped them on his own credit. Maryland contributed 300 men, who were ready for the field by 25th July, and its Assembly voted £4,500, currency, on 26th June, and £900, currency, and £200, sterling, on 12th November, for their equipment and maintenance. Virginia, though given special honors, in the person of Gov. Gooch, contributed a very unequal proportion. She could raise only 100 men, and even they were not ready before the middle of August. In October, 1746, this Virginian contingent still

¹ *R. I. Records*, vol. v, pp. 172 and 236. It might be said that all the colonies gave special inducements, in one way or another, to favor an enlistment.

² *Public Records of Conn.*, vol. ix, pp. 211 and 231.

³ *N. Y. Col. Docs.*, vol. vi, p. 392. New York's official action in behalf of the scheme, can be studied from *Journal of the Votes and Proceedings of the General Assembly of New York*, vol. 11 (*New York, 1766*).

⁴ *N. Y. Col. Docs.*, vol. vi, p. 379.

⁵ *N. J. Votes*, 13th June, 1746; and 7th Jan., 1748.

⁶ *Penn. Votes*, vol. iv (*Phila.*, 1774), p. 38.

lay encamped within the fort at New York city, waiting to proceed to Albany, the place of rendezvous.¹

Hopes ran high. The men at Albany and at Louisburg eagerly waited for the regulars and the fleet, since their arrival was to sound the alarm for action. The Indian allies of New York thirsted for a chance to revenge themselves. In England a fleet and many transports had been collected at Portsmouth; but after several embarkations and debarkations, the British ministry altered the destination of the English regulars, for a descent on Brittany in France.²

On 30th May, 1747, the Duke of Newcastle directed that the Americans be disbanded, save a few hundred who might be required to garrison Louisburg. In October, Shirley and Knowles issued a proclamation "that the King, finding it necessary to employ the greater part of his forces to aid his allies and to defend the liberties of Europe, had thought proper to lay aside for the present the intended expedition against Canada."³

There seems to have been no disposition of allowing the Americans to make the attempt unaided by the regulars. It does not require a stretch of the imagination to ascertain the causes. For the Duke of Bedford had opposed such proposals when the scheme was first suggested by Shirley; representing to Newcastle the imprudence of the idea, "after the experience we have had of their conduct, and principles, on account of the independence it might create in those provinces when they shall see within themselves so great an army possess of so great a Country by right of Conquest." He wished to place the chief dependence on the fleet and army to be sent from home, and "to look on the Americans as useful only when joined with others."⁴ The adoption by the home government of Bedford's policy, shows that his view was entertained by others in authority.

Thus ended a scheme which had been well-concerted, and which gave every promise of success. It had been undertaken at the expense of the mother country, and failure to execute it proved a tremendous waste.⁵

¹ There is a rather caustic criticism of Virginia in *New-York Post-Boy*, No. 190, for Sept. 5, 1746.

² *Rolt.*, vol. iv, p. 346.

³ *Chalmers' Papers*. The proclamation is also printed in *Records of Rhode Island*, vol. v.

⁴ *Chalmers' Papers*: and manuscript of vol. II of *Chalmers' Revolt of the Colonies*. Both are in New York Public Library.

⁵ An elaborate report of the respective claims by the colonies for reimbursement, dated February, 1749-1750, shows that the total sum charged was £273,139 ls. 11½d, and the amount actually paid out was £235,817 ls.—*Chalmers' Papers*.

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