

ACADIENSIS

..... EDITED BY

DAVID RUSSELL JACK.



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to the Interests of the
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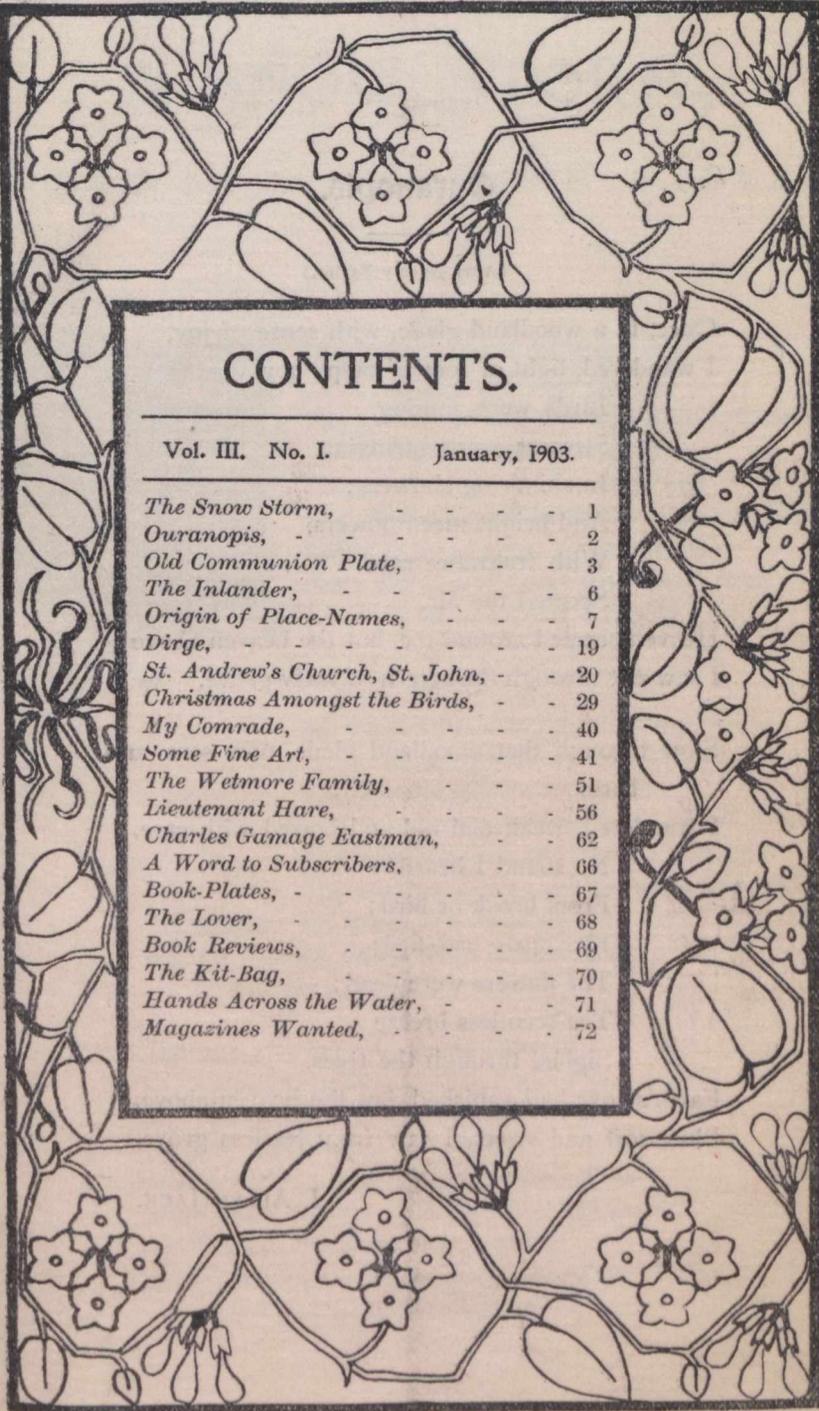
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Ouranopsis.

(After Jeremy Taylor.)

Once, in a woodland glade, with sense of joy,
I wandered, light of foot, a happy boy.

Birds were singing,
Streams were springing
In shim'ring showers;
And bright meed flowers,
With fragrance rare
Scented the air.

Heaven seemed around me, but the heaven above
I saw not through the screen of leafy grove.

Slow through that woodland glade, now sere and
bare,

I wandered, weak and old and bowed with care.

No sound I heard
From brook or bird;
The birds had fled;
The flowers were dead;
The scentless breeze
Sighed through the trees.

Earth's joys had vanished, but the heaven above,
Blue, soft and sweet, I saw from leafless grove.

I. ALLEN JACK.

A SNOW STORM.

SCENE IN A VERMONT WINTER.



I,

IS a fearful night in the winter time,
As cold as it ever can be ;
The roar of the blast is heard like the chime
Of the waves on an angry sea.
The moon is full ; but her silver light
The storm dashes out with its wings to-night ;
And over the sky from south to north
Not a star is seen as the wind comes forth
In the strength of a mighty glee.

II.

All day had the snow come down — all day
As it never came down before ;
And over the hills, at sunset, lay
Some two or three feet, or more ;
The fence was lost, and the wall of stone ;
The windows blocked and the well-curbs gone ;
The haystack had grown to a mountain lift,
And the woodpile looked like a monster drift,
As it lay by the farmer's door.

The night sets in on a world of snow,
While the air grows sharp and chill,
And the warning roar of a fearful blow
Is heard on the distant hill ;
And the Norther, see ! on the mountain peak
In his breath how the old trees writhe and shriek !
He shouts on the plain, ho-ho ! ho-ho !
He drives from his nostrils the blinding snow,
And growls with a savage will.

III.

Such a night as this to be found abroad,
In the drifts and the freezing air,
Sits a shivering dog, in the field, by the road,
With the snow in his shaggy hair.
He shuts his eyes to the wind and growls ;
He lifts his head and moans and howls ;
Then crouching low, from the cutting sleet,
His nose is pressed on his quivering feet —
Pray what does the dog do there ?

A farmer came from the village plain —
But he lost the travelled way :
And for hours he trod, with might and main,
A path for his horse and sleigh.
But colder still the cold winds blew,
And deeper still the deep drifts grew,
And his mare, a beautiful Morgan brown,
At last in her struggles floundered down,
Where a log in a hollow lay.

In vain with a neigh and a frenzied snort,
She plunged in the drifting snow,
While her master urged, till his breath grew short,
With a word and a gentle blow ;
But the snow was deep, and the tugs were tight ;
His hands were numb and had lost their might ;
So he wallowed back to his half-filled sleigh,
And strove to shelter himself till day,
With his coat and the buffalo.

IV.

He has given the last faint jerk of the rein,
To rouse up his dying steed ;
And the poor dog howls to the blast in vain
For help in his master's need.
For a while he strives with a wistful cry
To catch a glance from his drowsy eye,
And wags his tail if the rude winds flap
The skirt of the buffalo over his lap,
And whines when he takes no heed.

V.

The wind goes down and the storm is o'er —
 'Tis the hour of midnight, past ;
The old trees writhe and bend no more
 In the whirl of the rushing blast.
The silent moon with her peaceful light
Looks down on the hills with snow all white,
And the giant shadow of Camel's Hump,
The blasted pine and the ghostly stump,
 Afar on the plain are cast.

But cold and dead by the hidden log
 Are they who came from the town —
The man in his sleigh, and his faithful dog,
 And his beautiful Morgan brown —
In the wide snow-desert, far and grand,
With his cap on his head and the reins in his hand —
The dog with his nose on his master's feet,
And the mare half seen through the crusted sleet,
 Where she lay when she floundered down.

CHARLES GAMAGE EASTMAN.





David Russell Jack.

1902.

BOOK-PLATE OF DAVID RUSSELL JACK.

(From the Original Copper-Plate.)

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NO. I.

DAVID RUSSELL JACK, - - - - - EDITOR.

Old Communion Plate at King's College.



THE chalice and paten as shown in the accompanying illustration, which are now in the possession of King's College, Windsor, and regularly used in the chapel services, are of more than ordinary interest. They are of hammered silver; the paten,

which is ten inches in diameter, being the thicker and heavier of the two. The chalice, which is of the old beaker shape, and very similar to one now at Manchester cathedral, is about six inches high, four inches in diameter at the top and three at the base.

They belonged at one time to a church in Lunenburg Co., but had come into the possession of M. S. Brown & Co., jewellers, of Halifax, and would have gone into the melting-pot had they not been seen by the late Senator Almon and redeemed by him. They were presented to King's College in January, 1893, with the request that they should be used, at least occasionally, for the sacred purpose for which they were intended.

Like a good antiquary, Dr. Almon spared no pains to learn what he could of their early history, and it is largely from information gathered by him that these notes are compiled.

The chalice bears very distinctly on its base the date 1663 engraved; but it is not likely that this was the

work of the manufacturer. On the rim of the base, underneath, runs the inscription:

FOR THE CHURCH OF K [EA] RN.

The last word is indistinct, and seems to bear traces of filing; but enough is decipherable to suggest the letters given in brackets. Kearn is a village in the hills of Aberdeenshire, some thirty miles from Aberdeen.

The Scottish hall-marks are quite different from the English ones. **[ABD]** was the mark of old Aberdeen, and **[M]** indicates that it was made by Walter Melvil, who was Deacon of the Goldsmiths and Hammerers in 1662. There is a silver cup with similar markings belonging to the Marischal College, Aberdeen.

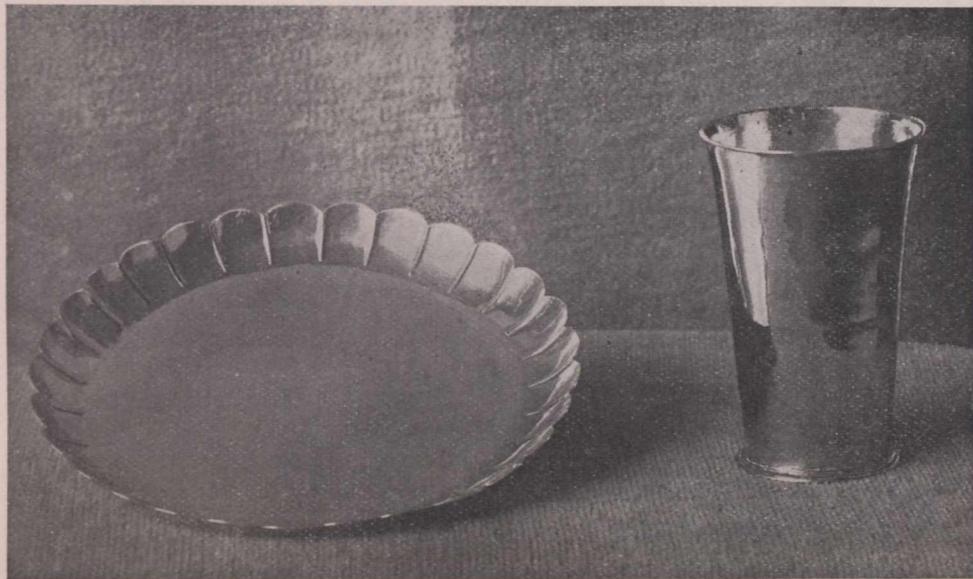
The marking on the paten is somewhat different, and it clearly is not of the same date. The stamp of the town is made with a different die, and instead of the marks being in a line, as on the chalice, they are scattered about without any arrangement. The letters

[IG] take the place of **[M]**, and are presumably the initials of the goldsmith. Reference to the records of Aberdeen would no doubt enable us to fix the date from this.

According to an extract made by Dr. Almon from "*Old Scottish Communion Plate*," the stamp of the town arms, three towers, was introduced in the mark of John Walker, admitted in 1713, in place of the letters **[A B D]**, and "thereafter the town mark consisted of either or both of these in shields of different character."

The stamp of the town is here, certainly, though it is somewhat carelessly punched, and only two of the three towns are seen. This fixes the date then as

Marking on bottom of chalice. **M** **ASrs** **M**



CHALICE AND PATEN.

The property of Kings College, Windsor, N. S.

subsequent to 1713; but from the rude character of the shield, I should hazard the conjecture that it belongs to the early part of the eighteenth century. The inscription,

Communion Plate
1776

seems to belong to a later date, and was perhaps added to preserve the plate from desecration.

In the Burgh records of Aberdeen there is a minute, dated 25th September, 1745, to the effect that the rebels occupied the town for five months, and the disappearance of plate is thought to date from this time. From a note signed "J. M." we learn that "the old communion cups of the W. Kirk had been given by Lady Drum, as appeared from an inscription said to have been on them. They came into the hands of Mr. Aitken, of St. John's Episcopal Meeting at Aberdeen, by whom they are supposed to have been carried to America." The date of this note is uncertain, but it must have been subsequent to 1814.

Rev. Roger Aitken, a priest of the Scottish Episcopal church, certainly came to America, and no doubt brought these vessels with him.

We first find his name mentioned in the S. P. G. Report for 1815, as chaplain to the garrison at Moose Island, or Eastport. It will be remembered that Fort Sullivan, Moose Island, surrendered to the British under Pilkington and Hardy in July 1814, and the place was occupied by the British until the end of the war. After leaving here he visited the settlements at the head of the Bay of Fundy, and then was sent by

Bishop Inglis to Lunenburg, where he labored until failing health obliged him to resign. He died in Halifax in 1825, and was buried in St. Paul's burial ground. The sacred vessels which he had were not needed at Lunenburg, for a communion service was presented to that church by C. J. Jessen in 1813, but he evidently gave them to one of the country churches.

Now there are two questions come in here which can only be answered by conjecture. If these sacred vessels were taken from Aberdeen, where were they from 1745 to 1814? and how did the name of "Kearn" come on the chalice? Roger Aitken came from Aberdeen, yet the cup seems to have been used at Kearn. It would seem either that "J. M." was mistaken in supposing that the vessels Mr. Aitken took were those of the West Kirk, Aberdeen, or that they were carried off for a time to Kearn, and the original inscription recording Lady Drum's gift erased; but there is no trace of any such inscription left.

F. W. VROOM.



The Inlander.

(From the Kit-Bag.)

A thousand stars burn bright along the deep,
 A thousand harbor-lights are beckoning me.
 The black seas herd, the long winds wake and rage.
 Unchanged, yet throbbing with a note of change
 And fraught with dreams to stir me in my sleep.
 Far inland drifts the thunder of the sea,

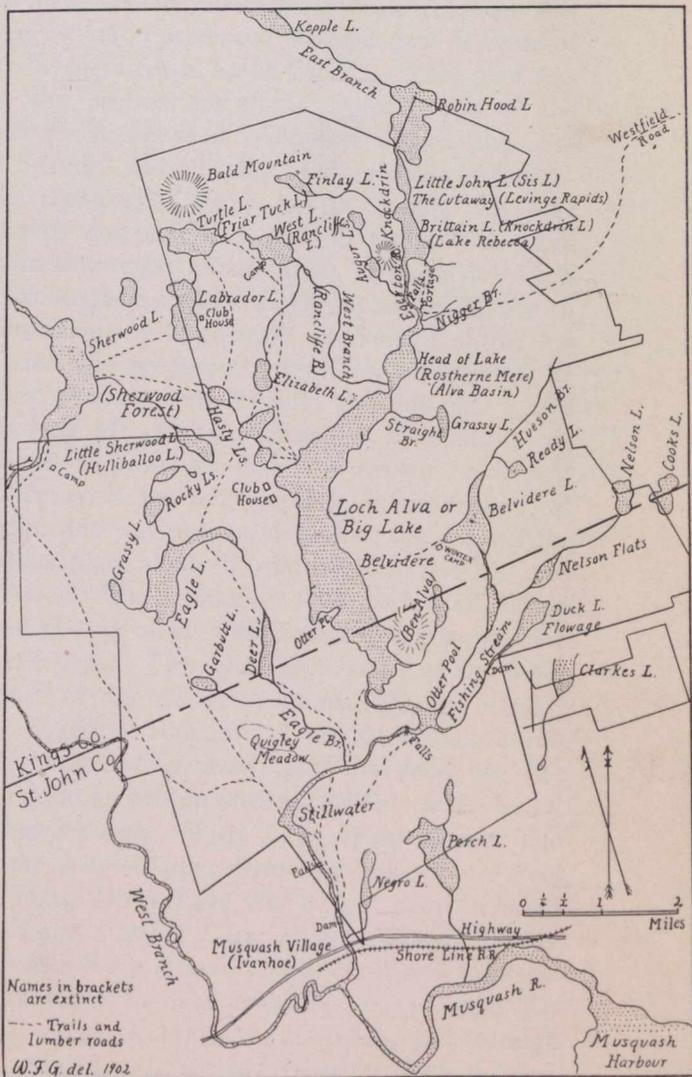
The Origin of the Place-Names In Inglewood Manor.



N the western part of St. John and Kings Counties, New Brunswick, lies a group of small lakes draining into Musquash River. They are mostly included, as shown upon the accompanying map, within an irregular surveyed tract of 32,000 or more acres, commonly known as the Inglewood Manor. A very striking feature of the group consists in its remarkable nomenclature, the origin of which I shall now attempt to trace.

First we note the history of the lakes. They make their very earliest appearance, so far as I can find, upon Sproule's fine map of 1786 (published for the first time in the latest volume of the Transactions of the Royal Society of Canada), as a crude sketch, based evidently upon an exploration, but not a survey, and without names. This is the original of their representation upon several later published maps, notably Lockwood of 1826, Bouchette of 1831 and Baillie of 1832. They next appear upon a large plan, preserved in the Crown Land Office, entitled, "A Return of Survey made on the west side of the River St. John," 1835, by Michl. O'Connor, in which many of them are sketched in with reference to surveyed lines in their neighborhood, but only *Stillwater*, *Deer Lake*, and *Loon Lake* (not identifiable) are named; though the chain is called the *Musquash Lakes*, and *Inglewood Manor* is used for the first time. The next year (1836), in January and February, the first survey of the lakes was made by George Playford. Two of his

plans are in the Crown Land Office, one "A Map of the Principal Chain of Lakes in the Inglewood Manor," shows the main chain of four lakes without any names except First Lake, Second Lake, etc.; though it has *Bald Mountain*; but the second, "A Map of the Principal Chain of Lakes in Inglewood Manor. . . . also a return of the North and West Lines of the Lease to M. H. Perley" lays down and names, in addition to Stillwater and Deer Lake, *Loch Alva*, *Ben Alva*, *Alva Basin*, *Lake Rebecca* (now Brittain), *Sis Lake* (now Little John), and *Robin Hood Lake*, together with *Labrador Lake*, *Sherwood Lake* and *Eagle Lake*. All of these lakes, and, in the case of the main group, their connecting streams, were evidently chained along their western shores by Playford, while the other shores were merely sketched. Later in the same year (1836), August to November, an entirely new survey was made, as shown by another plan in the Crown Land Office, entitled, "A Return Plan of Survey of Lands sold Moses H. Perley agreeable to the Order of the Surveyor General directing the same, and dated the 30th July, 1836. . . . by Charles Whitney." This map shows all of the lakes of the Playford plan, together with some others, but with certain changes of names. It changes *Alva Basin* to *Roisthern* (properly Rostherne) *Mere*, *Lake Rebecca* to *Knockdrin*, *Sis Lake* to *Little John Lake*; and adds *Egerton River*, *Leving* (properly Levinge) *Rapids*, *Kepple Inlet* and *Kepple Lake*, *Rancliffe River* and *Rancliffe Lake*, *Friar Tuck Lake*, *Nelson Lake*, *Hullibaloo Lake*, *Knockdrin* (hill), *Sherwood Forest*, *Otter Point*, and *Eagle Brook*, the location of all of which names may readily be observed upon the accompanying map. All of these waters were surveyed along their western shores, and sketched along their eastern. From this map and Playford's together, with some slight addi-



tions from a source unknown, a beautiful plan was prepared, which is preserved, without date or name of author, in the Crown Land Office. This plan has formed the original for all subsequent maps of the group, including those of Wilkinson, Loggie, the Geological Survey, and all other modern published maps.

While considering maps of the group, we may conveniently complete this part of our subject down to the present time. About 1860, as I am informed by Mr. D. R. Jack, a plan of the Inglewood Manor in much detail upon a large scale, and some eight by ten feet in size, was prepared by the then manager of the Inglewood property, one Garbutt, and this plan is still preserved by Mr. Joshua Knight at Musquash. It was based, I presume, upon the Crown Land plan above mentioned, but with many additions from local knowledge, and was in turn, doubtless, the original for the various plans made by the Inglewood Fish and Game Association, including their somewhat crude published plan of about 1889 issued with a prospectus of the company. This plan omits some of the more interesting of the above-mentioned names, notably Levinge, Egerton, Rancliffe, Friar Tuck, Knockdrin, probably because they never came into local use, but it has in addition certain ones not on the earlier maps, viz., *Elizabeth Lake, Hasty Lake, West Branch and West Lake, Augur Lakes, Belvidere Lakes, Otter Pool Brittain Lake, Turtle Lake, Big Lake, Cooks (wrongly Cootes) Lake, Clarkes Lake, Hueson Brook*. With this map as a basis, I have sought additional information from those familiar with the region, especially from Mr. L. B. Knight, of Musquash, and through the kind aid of Dr. G. U. Hay, from Mr. George Barnhill, of St. John, both of whom know the Manor intimately, and the information and new names kindly given by them I have incorporated with all earlier data

upon a new map, a reduced copy of which forms the frontispiece of this paper.

We turn now to the phases of the history of the Manor, and a fact of first importance is the connection with it of Moses H. Perley, a man of great prominence in New Brunswick in his day. It is the universal tradition, confirmed from the personal knowledge of persons yet living, that the original names of the lakes were given by him, and, as the titles of the Playford plans show, he had a lease of a part of the Manor when it was first surveyed. But positive information about his early connection with it is contained in a letter from his son, the late H. F. Perley, who wrote me in 1897: "From what I remember, the area (Inglewood Manor) was explored by my father, who had as companions on his trip Captains Levinge and Egerton of the 43rd, then stationed in St. John," and in another letter he speaks of "Capt. R. G. A. Levinge, afterwards Sir R. G. A. Levinge, of Knockdrin Castle, Mullingar, Ireland." Captain Levinge was the author of a most interesting and somewhat important book about New Brunswick, "Echoes from the Backwoods," (London, 2 Vols., 1846, and second edition, 1859), in which (Vol. I, page 140), he refers apparently to this very expedition. The book also helps to fix the date of the trip, for the 43rd regiment reached St. John in the summer of 1835, and left late in 1837, hence the visit to these lakes was between these years, and the presence of Levinge's and Egerton's names on Whitney's plan made late in 1836, and their absence from Playford's made earlier in the same year, shows that it was in the summer of 1836. It seems plain that Perley gave the principal names to the lakes surveyed by Playford, and after his expedition with Levinge and Egerton, changed some of them and added other names, considered in detail below. But Perley's interest in this

Manor was of a practical, as well as sentimental kind. As shown by the titles of the above-mentioned plans, he obtained a lease of a part of the property, and in 1836 he bought the entire Manor within the irregular lines, determined on the east by earlier land grants, shown on the accompanying map. The final grant, a year later, is recorded at Fredericton (Grant Book, Crown Land Office, Vol. 19, page 303), and under date Nov. 13, 1837, is entitled thus:

“Description of 32,000 acres of land purchased by Moses H. Perley for the sum of eight thousand eight hundred pounds currency, which sum has been duly paid.”

Mr. Perley did not purchase the property for himself, but for a company intending to work it for lumber, of which he was manager. The facts in its subsequent history, as given me by Mr. L. B. Knight, are in brief as follows: The property passed in 1839 to Dempsey, Frost & Company, and was operated by Barlow Brothers, of St. John. It was later exchanged with Herman E. Falk for a property in Liverpool, England, and in 1848 Falk, after building the Manor house, sold it to Henry Dresser, of Liverpool, who operated it, with Henry Garbutt and Captain Robinson, as managers, until his financial difficulties caused a suspension of operations and brought it into the courts. It was then bought by the late J. E. Knight and Hon. T. R. Jones at equity sale and operated until Mr. Knight's death in 1883. It was then leased by Messrs. Joshua and L. B. Knight, and subsequently purchased by them, and operated until 1891, when it was sold to a company, with headquarters at St. John, now known as the Inglewood Pulp and Paper Co., to which, with some changes in the original ownership, it still belongs. In 1888 the Inglewood Fish and Game Association was organized, and leased from the owners certain sport-

ing privileges. This association is still in active existence; it has made numerous improvements, in the form of camps, trails, boats on the lakes, etc., and many of the members visit the lakes every summer.

We now turn to the nomenclature of the lakes and streams. On the accompanying map I have included all of the names that have been given to them, distinguishing, however, the many which are not now in use by placing them in brackets. It is evident from the history of the names, as given in the preceding pages, as well as from their character, that they belong to two distinct classes, first, the indigenous and more commonplace names, and second, those with a distinct literary or European flavor.

The names of the first class are:

Augur,	Elizabeth,	Nigger,
Big,	Finlay Lake,	Otter,
Bald,	Garbutt,	Perch,
Brittain,	Grassy,	Quigley,
Clarkes,	Hasty,	Ready,
Cooks,	Hueson,	Rocky,
Cutaway,	Hullibaloo,	(Sis)
Deer,	Labrador,	Stillwater,
Duck,	Musquash,	Straight,
Eagle,	Negro,	Turtle,
East Branch,	Nelson,	West.

These names, as a whole, are obviously of the descriptive sort so common in all countries. Thus *Deer*, *Duck*, *Eagle*, *Musquash*, *Otter*, *Perch*, and *Turtle*, are plainly from the occurrence of those animals, while *Grassy* and Perhaps *Ready* (Reedy?) express abundance of these plants, and *Labrador* may be named for a possible abundance there of the Labrador tea-plant. *Big*, *Bald*, *Cutaway*, *East*, *Rocky*, *Stillwater*, *Straight* and *West* express doubtless physical characteristics; *Brittain*, *Clarkes*, *Cooks*, *Finlay*, *Hudson*, *Nelson*, *Quigley* are without doubt for the names of men who

have lumbered, hunted, owned, or otherwise been associated with the respective places, while *Garbut* is of course for the manager of the property mentioned earlier in this paper, and *Hasty* is known to be for a lumberman of that name. The meaning of *Augur* is not plain, but it was doubtless suggested by some trivial circumstance of lumbering operations, and some such trivial origin no doubt also suggested *Hullibaloo*, *Negro* and *Nigger*. *Sis* is without doubt the Maliseet Indian termination meaning "little," improperly used alone; it was applied to the smallest lake of the main chain. *Elizabeth* perhaps belongs to the next group, and will be considered there.

All these names, it may be noted, are of the common descriptive sort characteristic of all place nomenclature, of all times and places, aboriginal and civilized alike, which grow up of itself. Moreover, most of these names, native or indigenous to the land and commonplace, survive and flourish, while the imported or exotic names of the next class, deliberately introduced in mass, though more pleasing in form and sound, are mostly extinct. The graces of the aristocrat have little place in the life of the pioneer.

The names of the second class are:

Alva, Loch	(Ivanhoe)	(Rancliffe)
Belvidere,	Keppel,	(Rebecca)
(Egerton)	(Knockdrin)	Robin Hood,
(Friar Tuck)*	Little John,	(Rostherne Mere) †
Inglewood Manor,	(Levinge)	Sherwood,

Of these names a certain number immediately recall characters in Scott's novel *Ivanhoe*, for in that work figure prominently *Rebecca*, *Robin Hood* and his rangers of *Sherwood Forest*, the jolly *Friar Tuck*;

* This name appears to be still known locally, but applied to Britain instead of Turtle Lake.

† This name appears on the Fish and Game Association plan, suggesting that it is not entirely extinct.

and there is mention of the trusted lieutenant *Little John*; while the name *Ivanhoe* itself was applied to the village at Musquash, and is thus used in Gesner's Geological Report of 1839, upon Wilkinson's map of 1859, and elsewhere. There can be no question, I believe, as to the correctness of the current belief that these names were given (in 1835 or 1836) by Moses Perley from Scott's *Ivanhoe*, although we have no knowledge as to exactly why he selected these particular names for this purpose. As to the name *Inglewood Manor*, that is not in *Ivanhoe*, nor in any of Scott's novels, except that a Squire Inglewood is an insignificant character in *Rob Roy*. Moreover, as the plans already cited show, the name appeared some months before any of the others of this class. It is therefore quite possible that it was given to the tract for reasons quite unconnected with Scott's novels, perhaps even by some other person than Perley; and that when new names were needed, Inglewood suggested Sherwood, for both forests were early legendary haunts of Robin Hood and his band. Sherwood would then recall the novel *Ivanhoe* in which it figures, thus suggesting other characters from that work. It is of interest to note that many, though not all, of these names survive.

Turning to the other names of the list, (most of which are extinct), we observe at once that two of them, *Levinge* and *Egerton*, are the names of his two companions on his exploratory trip of 1836, and of course were given by Perley in their honor. Another name, *Knockdrin*, applied both to a hill and a lake, is plainly suggested by Levinge's ancestral home, Knockdrin Castle, already mentioned, in Ireland. This suggested to me that other names in the list might also be associated with them, and I attempted to follow up their connections, by means of Dictionaries of Biogra-

phy, the Peerage, and English local histories. Looking up Levinge in the Dictionary of National Biography, (Richard George Augustus, born 1811, Baronet in 1840, died 1884, soldier, author and sportsman),* I found that his mother was Elizabeth, daughter of the first Lord Rancliffe, which offers a sufficient explanation of the name *Rancliffe*, evidently given in honor of Levinge's mother, and it would seem to explain also *Elizabeth*, the name of a lake emptying into Rancliffe River; but this name does not appear with the others on Whitney's plan, while it is also explained locally as in honor of the wife of one Barlow, an early operator of the property. Turning to a detailed atlas of Ireland (the Memorial Atlas, Philadelphia, 1900), I find that some six miles south of Knockdrin castle, lies Lough Ennell, not very different in general size from Loch Alva, and on the east side about midway is a place, apparently on a hill, called *Belvidere* about where the name occurs upon our map, from which hill Belvidere Lake seems to have taken its name. It is a curious circumstance that just southeast of Knockdrin Castle, in Ireland, lies Brittas Lough, while just east of Knockdrin hill on our map lies Brittain Lake. There is possibly a connection here, but more likely a coincidence. It would appear plain, then, that this name was suggested by the relative geographical position of Knockdrin and Belvidere in Ireland; but against this is the fact that the name does not occur upon Whitney's map with the others. I think it possible, however, that it, as well as Elizabeth, was actually given by Perley with the others; but the respective places not having been surveyed by Whitney did not appear on the map, and the names persisted as locally-used place names until

* A younger brother of R. G. A. Levinge married Barbara, daughter of Hugh Johnston, Sen., of St. John, N. B.

they were incorporated with the lakes on the later plans. I could not, however, connect any of the other names with Levinge, and I turned to Egerton. From the War Office in London I learned that the Egerton of the 43rd Regiment in 1836 was Captain Wilbraham Egerton (born 1809, died, unmarried, 1848), of Tatton Park, Cheshire. Turning to a detailed map of Cheshire I found Tatton Park, and on its border a little lake called *Rostherne Mere*, which explains another name of our list. Thus encouraged I tried to connect the name Kepple in the list with him, but without success. I thought it likely that *Kepple* might have been given in honor of his mother, as Rancliffe was for the mother of Levinge, but in Ormerod-Helsby's great History of Cheshire I discover that his mother's name was Elizabeth Sykes, another possible reason, by the way, for the naming of Lake Elizabeth, but there appeared to be no Kepple in his ancestry or relationship. As to this name, all efforts to explain it have failed, and I can only suggest that it may have been for some friend of Levinge or Egerton, possibly for George Thomas Keppel, afterwards Lord Albemarle, in which case it should read Keppel, not Kepple. This connection of these ancient English names with the group of little lakes in the new world is very interesting, and it is a great pity that they have not all survived. It would be well, as far as possible, to revive them, and they would form most appropriate names for settlements or estates in the vicinity, if such should ever be founded here.

But a single name remains,—*Loch Alva*. I do not dare to tell the readers of ACADIENSIS how many hours of time, how many letters of inquiry, how much search in gazetteers, atlases, biographical works, I have given to the effort to find at least a possible explanation of this word, which so far has baffled all my attempts.

But the time and labor have been happily, if not very profitably, spent, and I neither deserve nor expect any sympathy for the failure, the more especially as I hope yet to solve it with other puzzles in the origin of New Brunswick place-names. Does not a philosopher say, "Always rather to doe some tinge worth nothing than nothing at all?" The name Loch Alva appears first upon Playford's second plan along with the several names from Ivanhoe, and the immediate inference is that Alva also is from the novel. But this is not the case, nor is it in any other of Scott's novels, nor is the word connected in any way that I can discover with Scott or his works. The form Loch suggests a Scottish origin, but if one turns to detailed maps of Scotland, he will find that while there is a parish and village of Alva and a brook of that name, there is no Loch Alva in the land. Near the Loch on Playford's plan, the name *Ben Alva* is applied to a low hill; this suggests a possible mountain of that name in Scotland, but I can find none. The origin of the name is locally unknown, but is supposed to belong with the Ivanhoe series given by Perley. Thinking it might have been given by Perley for some relative of his, I have had inquiries made, which disclose no relative of that name, nor have I been able to find any reason whatever for it. One or two possibilities occur. The Governor of New Brunswick at that time was Sir Archibald Campbell, a Scotchman in whose title occurs the word Ava, given him for a victory won at Ava in India. It is possible that Perley intended to name the lake in his honor, but by some mistake the word was placed upon the maps as Alva, and then allowed to remain. Or possibly it might be a misprint of Loch Alvie in Scotland, or even of Ulva of Campbell's poem, "Lord Ullin's Daughter," but aside from the

improbability of the misprint persisting, there is nothing to explain a connection with those places. From the association with the other Ivanhoe names, I have thought it possibly a made-up word connected with that work, possibly an acrostic, but if so, what? Again, one thinks of the Duke of Alva, notorious for his connection with the Spanish operations against the Netherlands; this family still exists in Spain, but I can think of no reason why Perley should thus honor it in New Brunswick. Another possible source is suggested by the fact that in 1835 a grant of sixty acres on the river just south of this lake was made to one Frederick W. Hatheway, who may possibly have named the lake, perhaps for some memory of Alva in Scotland, and the name was adopted by Moses Perley; but if this were so, it should be known locally. Thus the matter now stands. Certain it is that the name was adopted for *some* reason, for names do not spring from nothing, but are rooted somewhere and somehow in the mass of human knowledge.

W. F. GANONG.



Dirge.

Softly!

She is lying
With her lips apart;

Softly!

She is dying
Of a broken heart.

Whisper!

Life is growing
Dim within her breast;

Whisper!

She is going
To her final rest.

Gently!

She is sleeping,
She has breathed her last!

Gently!

While you're weeping
She to heaven has passed.

CHARLES GAMAGE EASTMAN.

St. Andrew's Church, St. John, N. B.

(Extract from a sermon preached by Rev. L. G. MacNeill,
October 26th. 1902.)



IT WAS in the year 1783 that the first Presbyterians came to St. John. Whereas Scotland and Ireland were the centres whence directly sprung the churches of Nova Scotia, Quebec and Ontario: New Brunswick Presbyterians came in the first instance, from the newly formed United States of America. Some thousand of United Empire Loyalists in the above mentioned year made this place their asylum. They braved the dangers of the deep, and established themselves in a then dreary region where scarcely a human habitation was to be seen. They were, many of them, men of religious fibre, and did not forget, amid their hardships, the God of their fathers.

It is stated on good authority that a large proportion of the leal-hearted men and women were Scottish and American Presbyterians, who had a very warm attachment, both to the civil and religious institutions of the parent country.

No sooner were these people settled than they longed to enjoy the solemnities of a Scottish church and Scottish worship. They loved the simple old forms to which they had been accustomed; and early associations and childhood recollections of the religion of fatherland inspired in their hearts the wish to have a structure dedicated to Presbyterian worship in the rising colony of New Brunswick.

A meeting was called, I know not where, but either in log shanty, on the hillside, or by the river-bank,

sturdy Presbyterian pioneers came together on that historic day. If we knew their names, we would blazon them on the scroll of our history in letters of gold. A motion was carried by acclamation that application be made to the Crown for a piece of land upon which a Presbyterian church might be built.

In a few months after that meeting, their petition received a favorable answer, and they were granted a lot of land which we hold as a church to this day, and which is situated on Queen Street, St. John, between Sydney and Carmarthen streets. It was a grant in the name of certain trustees, to be held for the benefit of those "adhering to the Protestant principles approved by the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland."

On receiving this royal grant, another meeting was held and further steps were taken. The people marked out a church site on Queen street, opened a subscription paper, and proceeded as far as laying a foundation of a church, which, however, was destined never to bear an ecclesiastical superstructure.

Difficulties arose which paralyzed the hands of those brave pioneers. It was felt that the location was not good, being farther removed from the centre of population than it is to-day; and many doubted the wisdom of building there. Then when they thought of a more suitable site, the money obstacle arose. These loyal men were poor. For the sake of principle they had left all; and they soon discovered that more was needed than principle to buy materials for church building.

The government was asked for assistance, but having given land; it refused to give money. An appeal was then sent home to Scotland, but there was not sufficient generosity in the parent church to come to their aid. Accordingly the work they had done fell

into ruins. These men had not yet learned the secret of a church mortgage, or they might have put up a splendid building and let posterity pay for it. They were simple minded men, who did not like to go into debt, and that is how the church begun in 1784 down on Queen street, was never completed.

Historic material is scant as to the next thirty years. Probably the disappointed Presbyterians held services for a time among themselves. It is said that at the opening of the nineteenth century the Rev. Charles Milton, who was afterwards pastor of a church at Newburyport for forty years, was ministering to the Presbyterians of St. John. The people had also for a time other irregular supply. But at length they became discouraged at having no church, and fell in for a time with the worship of the Anglicans.

Among the Loyalists were a number of adherents of the English church. Though of themselves as poor in this world's goods as our people, they were more successful in their appeals for assistance. While Presbyterians were making their vain appeal to the Scottish church, the Anglicans received from the English "Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts" the encouraging message, "Go on with your building, and depend on us for all the assistance you need." This timely message gave to the English church here a vantage ground held by them for many years. They were enabled to build the first church in St. John, and succeeded in gathering most of our discouraged people into their ranks; so that although it was a church foreign to the habits, modes of thinking, early associations, and religious education and feelings of the sons of the Scottish church settling in the provinces, it succeeded in gathering them within its pale for a time. They were in the English church, but not

of it. They lived there under protest, and continued to resent the injurious policy that had frozen them out of the church of their fathers. Indifferent or hostile to the rites of the only church in the place, many gave up attending worship altogether. Others followed such leaders as were procurable at small expense; while some gave bodily attendance while their hearts were elsewhere. The result of such an unfortunate state of affairs was the general neglect and decay of family religion. Parents were careless, children were left unbaptized, and religious degeneracy prevailed among the people.

Thus it was that through the lack of a little timely Christian help the sacred ties that bound our people to the altars of our venerable church were well nigh severed. Our cause had all but perished.

After the passing of a whole generation, the Scottish church awakened to its duty. Ministers and other men came from the old land, and succeeded in stirring the recollections of the old men, and inspiring anew the loyalty that long neglect had well nigh quenched.

A meeting was called and measures were taken toward the erection of a Presbyterian church. A new and suitable site was chosen and purchased. Tenders were asked for, and in the year 1814 the new church walls began to rise in the midst of the now rapidly growing town. In the following year it was completed and opened, the Rev. Dr. Waddell officiating on that interesting occasion.

And now arose the question of calling a minister. A man of courage and ability was needed, and Providence brought such an one to this city. Dr. George Burns, son of an honored Scottish family, zealous for the old church of Knox and Melville, was the man chosen by God to lay the foundations of this historic

congregation. "I was glad when they said unto me, let us go into the house of the Lord," were the fitting words of the text of his first sermon. His whole ministry was music tuned to that key-note.

The task before Dr. George Burns, when on the 25th May, 1817, he undertook to plant Presbyterianism in New Brunswick, was by no means a light and easy one. He found himself pastor of a church called to struggle with unfriendly elements. Denominational jealousy was awakened. The Kirk was looked upon as an upstart by the older churches. Pulpit and press united in assaulting its creed and forms. It was charged with having an unordained ministry. The civil law banned the attempt to celebrate marriage according to Presbyterian usage. A heated legal and theological controversy waged around the young Scottish divine. But the minister's courage was equal to the occasion. He rallied warm and influential friends to his support. Around him were eight sturdy elders, who formed a session of kindred spirits to himself. Their names should be well remembered, William Pagan, William Campbell, Hugh Johnston, William Donald, James and Robert Reed, John Paul and Robert Robertson. The Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, George, Earl of Dalhousie, lent his notable countenance and support, and cheered the good Kirk minister with many kind words and pleasant attentions. Burns's character of religious earnest purpose, his great ability and good sense, won the victory, and under his ministry the transplanted scion of the Scottish church fixed deep its roots, and spread wide its branches, so that many have ever since sat under its shadow with great delight.

From the minister's letters, as well as from the recollections of one who knew him well, we can get a

glimpse of the Kirk in those far-off days. In the old-fashioned pulpit was a man of mark, short, stout and sturdy, of ruddy face, melodious voice of great power and compass. In the precentor's box, a man who preferred the "grave sweet melodies of Scotland" to the lively style of singing elsewhere in vogue, and who held opinions like his minister, who abhorred what he called "the American practice of bands in the front of the gallery." In the pews, a large, prosperous, interested body of people comfortably seated in lined and cushioned pews of a new church. They sang the grand old psalms and paraphrases which were used in this province for the first time at the opening of the new church. Dr. Burns remarks that "there was but one feeling among all classes in regard to the paraphrases, and that a feeling of highest admiration." The preaching was of a high order of excellence, more stately and didactic than is common in our day, and yet altogether worthy of the sacred place. The people soon became enthused with the same passionate devotion to the church of their fathers as was their vigorous young minister, and we were introduced by Dr. Burns's letters to a flourishing city congregation of devout and active Presbyterian worshippers. The church was strong in the city in the pastorate of its first minister, which, nowever, came to an end September 1st, 1831, by his resignation and removal to Peebleshire, Scotland.

After a vacancy of a year and five months, during which the pulpit was filled by the Rev. D. A. Fraser, who afterwards was minister of the Kirk at St. John's, Newfoundland, the successor of the first pastor appeared in the person of the Rev. Robert Wilson, sent out by the Colonial Committee of the Church of Scotland. It was early in Mr. Wilson's ministry that the

arrival from Scotland of other clergymen made possible a presbytery, which was first organized in the year 1833. Like his predecessor, Mr. Wilson was a man of powers. His church continued to grow in numbers and influence, and soon began to branch out in missionary endeavor. A hall was purchased, services conducted, Mr. McGregor as assistant minister procured, and a congregation soon gathered which became the nucleus of what is to this day known as St. Stephen's church. After ten years of honest and laborious work, Mr. Wilson resigned his charge and returned to Scotland.

He was succeeded by the Rev. Andrew Halkett in the year 1843, the year of the disruption in Scotland. He, too, was a worker from the old land who had no reason to be ashamed. It was no fault of his that a secession party left the mother Kirk at the time of his settlement, which having bought from the Baptists their church on King Street East, set up what they called the "First Free Presbyterian Church," now generally known as St. John's Church. Nor was it his fault that about the time of his resignation, in 1847, the sympathizers of the Disruption party in Scotland formed a second disruption from St. Andrew's, which resulted in the establishment of the church now known as St. David's.

Those were stormy days in the Presbyterian church, and though many bewailed the divisions and desolation of Zion, it soon became evident that it was God's way of spreading His kingdom.

In 1849 began the longest of all the pastorates of the church, for in that year came the late Dr. William Donald, of beloved memory. It is not needful that we describe the twenty-two prosperous years during which that earnest and popular minister continued to adorn the pulpit of St. Andrew's church, and to labor

faithfully and successfully in the cause of his Master and ours. There are yet a few living who can recall his appearance, and to whom the mere mention of his name brings up hallowed recollections.

Whoever desires full information concerning Dr. Donald personally, or as minister of the Kirk, or as a public spirited citizen of St. John may find it in the admirable "Sketch of his Life and Character," prepared by Mr. W. K. Reynolds in 1898.

Dr. Donald was succeeded in the ministry by Rev. Robert Cameron, his assistant, a young Nova Scotian, educated in Scotland. From 1871 to 1876 he ministered to a congregation that loved him much, for he was a gentle, courteous, lovable man.

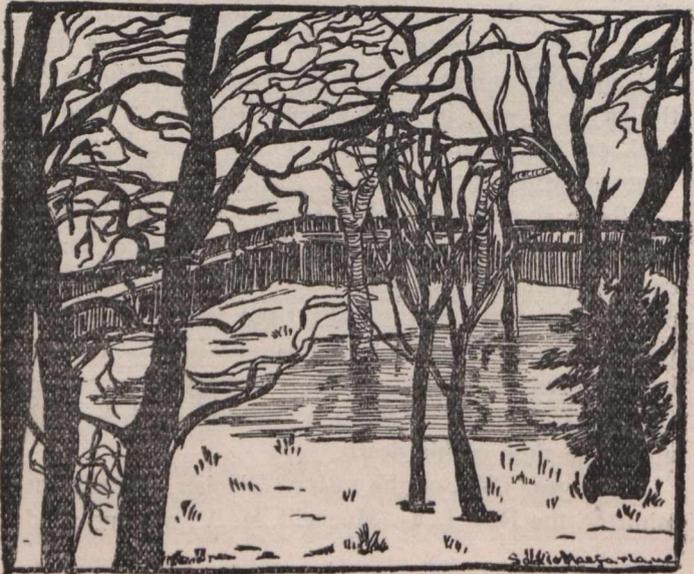
The next minister was the Rev. William Mitchell, stately, attractive and popular to a degree. Mr. Mitchell's term of office, 1877 to 1882, was marked by a great disaster and a great achievement. The disaster was the destruction by fire in 1877 of the old church, and the impoverishment of many of its members. The achievement was the erection of this new and splendid edifice, one of the noblest ornaments of the city. It was, in more senses than one, a time of trial, out of which, however, God brought His Zion "into a large place."

After a short vacancy, Dr. Thomas G. Smith became the pastor of St. Andrew's. Dr. Smith, a man of sound and solid attainments, a good preacher and a faithful pastor, ministered energetically from 1883 to 1886, not without a fair measure of success, at which latter date he resigned and became the secretary-treasurer of Queen's University, Toronto, a position which he held up to the time of his death.

In the year 1886, on the 13th of October, the present minister, the Rev. L. G. Macneill, M. A., was inducted

into the pastorate of the Kirk. He had previously occupied two important fields of labor. St. David's church, Maitland, N. S., 1872 to 1878, and St. Andrews, St. John's, Newfoundland, 1878 to 1886. For the past sixteen years he has ministered to the Kirk, and on entering his seventeenth year he was well able to say that the membership of the church probably never was larger, and the annual contributions never reached a higher figure.

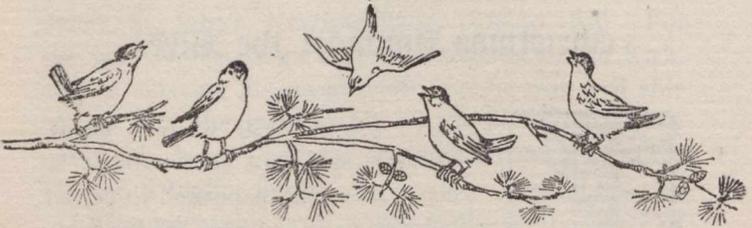
I have given this brief sketch of the early history of this, the oldest of our churches in this province, in order to show how, from those small beginnings, great results have sprung. Our church in New Brunswick is probably not as large and as flourishing as it might have been, had all its ministers and workmen been filled with the true missionary spirit; but the outlook to-day is nothing of which any Presbyterian need be very much ashamed.



Christmas Amongst the Birds.

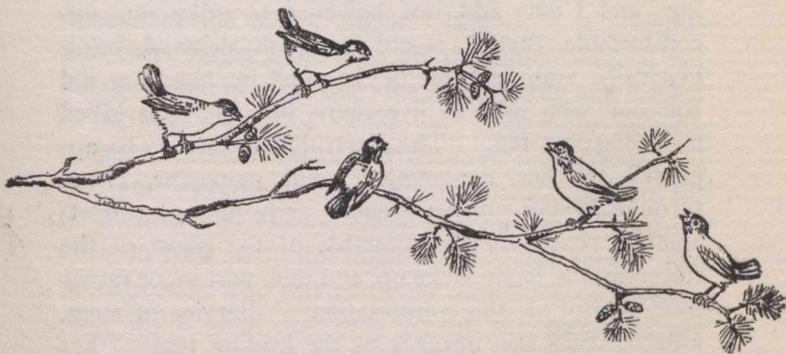


IT WAS a still, clear winter's night, not very cold, but cold enough to keep a man who happened to be out of doors from loitering on his way, and to make the householder cut his observation of the thermometer, hanging in the verandah, very short, and return briskly to the parlor fire, and shiver and rub his hands. But there was no one creaking over the snow at this late hour, and the ashes in the parlour fire had turned grey a long time ago, or, if there was any red, it did not glisten any more than a cat's eye in the dark. It was so late indeed, that it would soon be early, and the blue sky, in which there was no moon, but from which the stars winked and blinked merrily at each other and at the earth, was a trifle less like indigo than it had been an hour before. The sky indeed looked so calm, and so uniform in tint, except, perhaps, along the horizon, where there was a slight symptom of haziness, that it seemed hard to imagine that it had ever been covered with dark thunder clouds, or even fleecy cumuli, or long, thin, trailing mares' tails. It was just such a sky and it was just such a scene as one would dream of in the dog days, or for which many a Canadian might then be pining in the Antipodes. Far away there were hills, their rounded summits white, but their bases and a portion of their sides dark with a thick cover of fir and spruce trees. Nearer was an undulating plain, not quite white, because there was so little light in the valley, but evidently covered with snow, through which one could see that there was a road by the thin



lines of fence and the skeleton forms of consecutive leafless elms on either side. There were farm houses back from the road, and at one point there was a group of buildings, which must be a village, and in its centre was a church tower, and from one window only was there a little gleam of light.

The road ran tolerably straight, but a very winding stream had forced the builder to vary the courses of the highway to some extent, and to bridge the inconvenient water at least in one place. This was in the foreground; and there the worthy man, probably proud of his work and beginning to have faith in what could be done with the road, ran it up a steep little hill. On one side of the road, near the base of the hill and overhanging the stream, was a thick covert of scrubby firs, behind which their taller brethren, and some fine old maples, and an occasional lime stood in ranks, in rear of each other, up the mountain side. It was from this covert that the first sounds broke the death-like silence of that winter night, like morning before the dawn. "Twitter! twitter! twitter!" The sound came from one of a number of minute, grey, ball-like creatures, ranged alongside of each other on a bough, and, in the dimness, it was hard to tell that they were birds. "Twitter! twitter! twitter! sister, are you awake?" "Hush, Dickey," was the soft reply from another feathery atom; but it was no use; Dickey would not



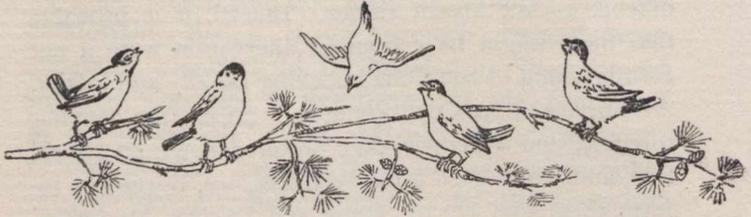
keep quiet. He said it was Christmas morning; he could not sleep; he wanted to know what presents he was to get; but, above all, he wanted to be told all about the great service of song which the birds were to have that day with Madam Robin as their leader. It was no use, the little sister could not keep him quiet, and soon the whole family was awake, including mamma and papa, and a suppressed but lively twitter could be heard from the bush. "Madam," said some sleepy creature with a sleepy voice, "I wish you would keep your brats quiet; I'd have you understand that I've rented this lower flat; and, what with having no servant, and doing all my own housework, I'm dead beat and that's the truth; but not a wink of sleep have I had for half an hour for the chatter of your family. Do, for goodness' sake, box their ears, and make them shut up." The little birds were so much taken aback at this unexpected onslaught that they almost lost their balance, but the head of the family soon recovered his presence of mind, and hopping down, he perceived an old Partridge, to whom he made an apology in the politest manner imaginable. "Madam," said he, "I had not the slightest idea that the flat was occupied, and indeed, I know it was vacant up to yesterday morn-

ing; and I may add, not, however, to make you uncomfortable, that it is not in much demand, being generally supposed to be haunted by the poor old Raccoon who used to live there, but who was killed by a dog last fall." The Partridge seemed to be appeased by this explanation, and, moreover, either through having sufficient repose, or feeling uncomfortable by reason of the thoughts of the ghost of the Raccoon, she fairly woke up, and took part in, or rather took charge of, the conversation. "Service of song, indeed," said she, *apropos* of the leading topic, "I'm a true Protestant myself, and would rather hear a good plain sermon from Parson Rook than any choral service. And how, I wonder, do you expect to make Christians of the Eagles, the Hawks, and the King-birds, and all the heathen wild fowl of the country, unless you talk reason and common sense to them? You can't do much with them with your *sol fas* and your tones. And as for that Madam Robin, she's no more Robin than I am. Her name's Thrush, (*a*) and Thrush it will be, unless she gets an Act passed to change it, and she can't. And because she's got a red breast she tries to make us believe that she's a descendant of the Robin that covered a couple of babies with leaves, and expects to keep the boys from throwing stones at her on that account. Besides, she's a bold, pert minx, and if she cared for her husband she'd have left the country when he and the rest of the family left it, months ago. She says she couldn't because she had a game leg (*b*), but," observed the Partridge, looking round to see if any other bird observed the pun, "I rather think it's only birds like me that have game legs." The little birds were so much annoyed at these disparaging remarks upon their friend, Madam Robin, that they never smiled at the concluding witticism, and found it rather difficult to abstain from the

defence of the absent singer. Indeed, it is probable that there might have been an altercation were it not for the sound of some one knocking rapidly and loudly. A chirping chorus of "come in," caused the rapping to cease, and a Woodpecker fluttered down on an old tree, and wishing all a merry Christmas, begged to inform them that Doctor Crow and Lawyer Moosebird were on their way, and might be expected soon. The Woodpecker, who was evidently something of a politician, and a good deal of a gossip, had plenty to say for himself. "I've just heard," said he, "that the Swallows and a lot of other birds have made up their minds to have nothing further to do with the North-West and Manitoba."

"And pray why not?" Inquired the Partridge. "Well, you see," replied the Woodpecker, "the syndicate has the railway monopoly, and there will be only one telegraph line, following the track, at least so they say, and they like to sit on the wires, and there won't be enough accommodation." "Nasty Grits, the whole of 'em," said the Partridge; "they're an unpatriotic lot, and don't care two straws about building up the country and its industries. For my part I support the Government. My relatives at home know all about the benefits of protection, and my husband, up to the time of his death, poor fellow, did all he could to keep them in power."

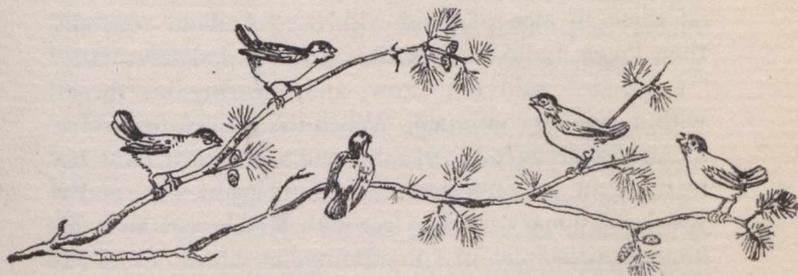
"Well, mark my words," rejoined the Woodpecker, "the Government must make some concessions, or else they'll go by the board. The Eagles, Hawks, and almost all the birds which live about the settlements are out-and-out free-traders, and I am just as sure as I am that there's a worm in yonder old rampike that the duty must be taken off the material that enters into the construction of nests, or the Opposition will carry



the day. But what's all the row about down in the stream?" he cried in alarm. "O, that's only the muskrat, the heathen old muskrat," said the Partridge, who's perpetually poking his head out of the air-hole and groaning about the spread of the new religion, as he calls it, and lamenting the days of Clote Scarpe (c) and his uncle the Great Turtle, and the Manitou."

The arrival of the Crow and Moosebird, who were most cordially greeted, prevented a renewal of the political discussion, and on the whole, it was perhaps fortunate that the Partridge was not enabled to pursue the various topics to the end. However, she was quite determined to have her say; and accordingly, "Doctor Crow," she remarked, "it's wonderful how Christmas is observed now, not only in Canada, but in America generally. Why, my grandmother has often told me that her great aunt, on the father's side, who came from Massachusetts, had often told her that they hated the very name of Christmas in the old colony days, and that they tried to make Thanksgiving day take its place. But it has been no use, and now, they tell me, they keep Christmas in Boston just as much as they do anywhere. Now, it seems to me that the change is a good one for the birds."

"Turkeys, for instance," sarcastically remarked the Moosebird, and, having thereby quite silenced the Partridge, he proceeded, somewhat sententiously, "My friends, as you are probably aware, Moosebirds (d)



are not usually credited with possessing much sense, especially by the lumbermen, who, by banging one end of a teeter which they construct when we are on the other end make much fun for themselves and death for us. But I will say this, that there are few birds who know more about religion than we do. Now, we are not exactly Christians, and I don't think we ever will be, at least until the creed of Christians shows its power by making Christian women give up wearing birds' wings in their hats. Some hundreds of years ago, indeed, we abandoned the superstitions of the beavers and the muskrats, being converted by a fox who caught a wounded, tough old Solan goose, who, in return for his life, which he thought the fox had granted out of kindness, and not through his weak jaw and a toothache, the true causes, initiated Mr. Reynard into the mysteries of the Scandinavian system. Thor and Ordin, therefore, have been my gods. Still this is the feast of Yule, and I will candidly state that I am much impressed with what is written on a Christmas card which I received this morning:— 'Peace on earth, good will to men.' " "I beg your pardon, sir," said Doctor Crow, "your quotation, I think, is wrong, or else the legend on the card is erroneous. In the vulgate it is:—*In terra pax hominibus bene voluntatis*, and that should be translated, 'Peace

on earth to men of good will.' " And do you, sir, then know Latin?" said the Moosebird deferentially. " I do, sir," said Dr. Crow, and, clearing his throat with a caw, he continued, "When the French first came to Acadia, an ancestor of mine had a nest near the wigwam of an old Indian named Membertow (*e*), and a Jesuit missionary came to live with Membertow to teach him the principles of Christianity, to which, sir, I regret to perceive, you seemed to have turned but little attention. The Father used to read his missal and breviary aloud, under the ancestral nest, and it was thus that its occupant imbibed his latinity and his religion, both of which have been handed down to me, who, as you may observe, pronounce my a's broad, in the Continental fashion, and who, much to my regret, differ in point of doctrines from my cousin, Parson Rook, of whom I believe Madam Partridge is an admirer." " O, woman, in our hours of ease," began the Moosebird, but, at the request of the doctor, that he would not quote from Marmion, he proceeded no further, and, to change the subject, referred again to the card he had received, and asked the latter whether he had sent or received any Christmas cards.

"No, sir," said the doctor; "I trust that I have too much taste to send them, and that my friends have sufficient respect for my ideas of Christian art not to send them to me. Some of these cards are not so bad, but most of them are too æsthetic for old-fashioned folk. And I may observe that, where I live down on the coast, we have quite enough of æstheticism. Why, sir, there's a middle-aged crane who all last summer stood on one leg, looking unutterable anguish, and descanting upon the charms of a bank of red sand, partly covered with slimy sea-weed, which he said was 'too utterly utter,' and declaring his intention of trying to live up to the skeleton head of an old cod which he

had stuck away behind a log." In such conversation the time passed, till at length the doctor shook his plumage, and, regretting that he could not remain longer, flew away with the Moosebird, wishing all a merry Christmas.

The two companions soon separated, the latter making for a ravine, which seemed to extend miles away into a dense, dark forest, in which there was no available clearing, and the former pursuing an undeviating course across the valley. The remaining birds watched him as he grew smaller and smaller in the distance. And, as they watched, the sunbeams flashed behind the highest hill, whose ridges near the great light centre were no longer white, but seeming to be covered with sheets of burnished gold. The dark blue of the sky above passed away, and in its place a turquoise tint appeared. But lower down a soft pink glow glistened through the haze and made the snow-clad valley blush. And then it was the Robin came. "Dear birds," she said, when she had responded to their hearty, merry greetings, "as I passed by the village in the early dawn, thinking of the joys of Christmastide, I saw a light streaming from a window, and I rested on the edge and looked in. And there I saw a mother praying by the bedside of her child. The little thing was feverish and restless, and threw its arms about me and moaned. But, as I looked, behold an angel was in the room, and it breathed upon the face of the child and was gone. And the child ceased to struggle, and a sweet smile appeared upon its face; and I flew away rejoicing. But, come, we must bestir ourselves. We will fly straight to the churchyard and sit upon the trees above the graves of the good old farmers who planted them long ago. We will listen to the church-bell and the organ and the voices of the choir. And

we too will make some music. We cannot sing our best at this season of the year, but we will do all we can. Robert of Lincoln, and my cousin of the swamp, and the Thistle birds, and the Blackbirds will not be with us, and we shall greatly miss their aid. But we shall think of them all the same, and feel sure that they, too, are enjoying their Christmas carol somewhere. Come! come! we must be gone." The old Partridge watched, as, in a joyous band, they flew away, singing as they went. Then she turned into the covert, seeking for the red berries of the ground hemlock to hang about her home, trying to hum an old Christmas hymn, and half regretting that she was not down in the valley, near the church, listening to the service of song.

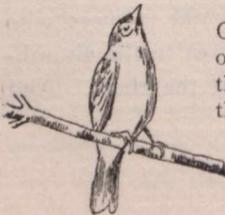
I. ALLEN JACK.

MEM.—There are certain birds which remain through the winter in Canada regularly, *e. g.*, At least one of the woodpeckers, the moosebird (the titmouse, the chickadee, one or more of the wrens), the winter crow; others only occasionally, for instance, the *Turdus migratorious*, or common thrush. The little birds mentioned in the paper may be any of those enclosed within brackets.

(a) The *Turdus migratorious*, a large red-breasted thrush common throughout Canada, is invariably called a robin, although, of course, improperly. The bird has nothing in common with the little English robin except his red breast, but Old Country people pardonably, but improperly, make him the hero of the old story.

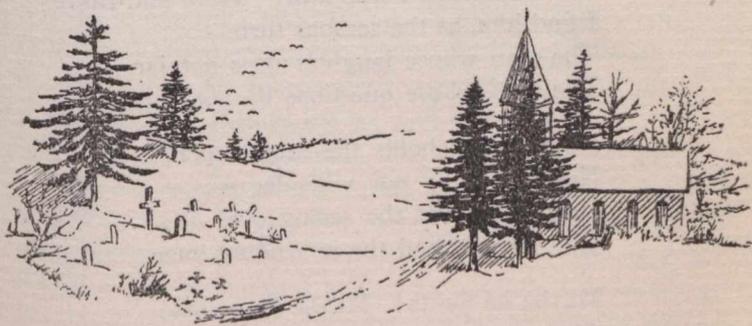
(b) Occasionally a thrush (*Turdus m.*) by reason of a broken wing, or perhaps a *game leg*, as in the paper, is unable to take part in the general migration of birds of its species, and is involuntarily obliged to spend the winter in Canada.

(c) Clote Scarpe and his uncle, the Great Turtle, are myths of the Melicite or Malicite Indians. The Manitou is the Great Spirit among them, and, I think, all the North American Indians.



(d) The moosebird, which is an extremely stupid bird, is very fond of loafing around the lumbermen's camps, and the lumbermen frequently construct a teeter, on one end of which they put a piece of meat, and when the bird goes to seize it they hit the other end of the teeter violently, and send the bird up into the air dead.

(e) It is an actual fact that a Jesuit missionary named Guemond Masse, went to live with an old Indian chief named Membertou, I forget whether at the mouth of the St. John river or in Nova Scotia (but of course in Acadia), to convert the savage into a Christian.



My Comrade.

I knew him by no mark at all,
On brow, or coat, or varied hands;
No single clan can compass him—
My comrade out of many lands.

And yet I ken him easily.
Young Dick I met when ways were glad,
And now I pledge a health to him
For all the joyous days we had.

By fires that smouldered in the rains,
Archie and I were comrades true,
And yet his work was not my work,
His knowledge not of things I knew.

But wherefore name him? Here and there
I find him, as the seasons turn—
The man whose laughter does not jar—
The man whose questions do not burn.

No surname holds the magic spell,
Nor any rank, nor wise degree.
He must be of the seeing eye,
Quick heart, and the unbending knee.

Maybe he fights! Maybe he paints!
All 'round the world I hold his hands
And pledge a life-long health to him—
My comrade out of many lands.

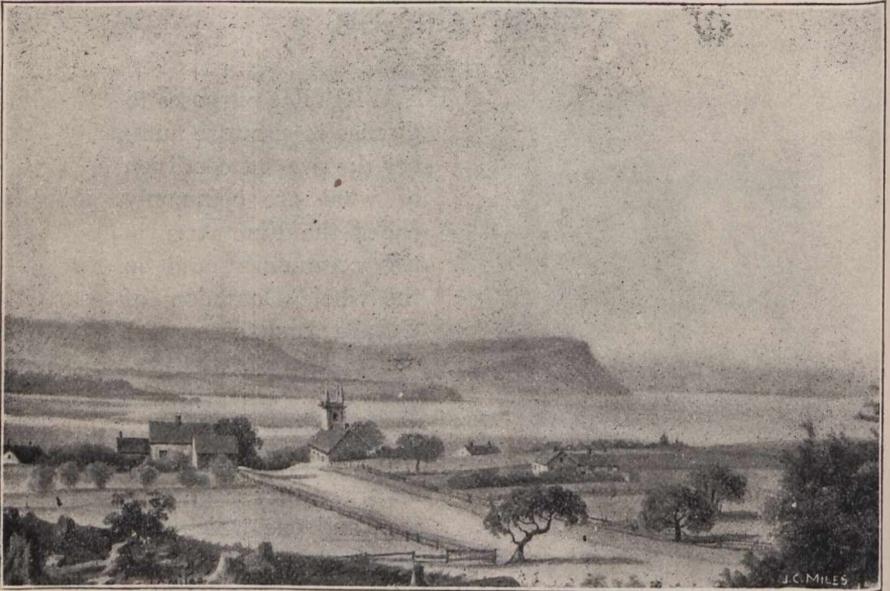
THEODORE ROBERTS.

Some Fine Art.



THE WRITER purposes to discuss in a future number the present condition of what are commonly called the Fine Arts in this community, and in the whole Dominion of Canada; and to compare our position in that respect with what it was a generation, or more, ago. But that is, perhaps, a rather large subject, and one which will

require a careful consideration. Just now, we shall only direct attention to some of the work done recently by one of our St. John artists, with whose name the people of New Brunswick, as well as lovers of art in other parts of the Dominion, and in portions of the United States, are already quite familiar. Mr. John C. Miles, A. R. C. A., is a native of this city, and is the grandson of staunch Loyalist ancestors. We may therefore claim him and his art as specially our own. He received his early education and his knowledge of the rudiments of his art in this place, where he made the best use he could make of the opportunities for study and practice which were here afforded him. Subsequently he took lessons from some of the ablest instructors and best artists in Boston and other large American cities. And, during nearly forty years past, he has painted pictures in oil-colors, water-colors, and other mediums,—his subjects being generally



Copyright.

BLOMIDON.

From an oil painting in black and white.

landscapes, although he has had considerable success as a portrait-painter and in various kinds of figure-subjects. He is distinguished as a very ready and accurate draughtsman, and, especially in all his later works, he has shown a true and delicate sense of color. In perspective, both linear and ærial, his landscapes, sketched from well-selected views, and faithful to Nature, are always irreproachable; and they derive from that most important feature a peculiar charm.

But Mr. Miles is not only a good landscape painter, he is also an admirable delineator of what is, with singular impropriety, commonly called still-life,—the dead game which our forests and streams supply to the sportsman. Not a few of his paintings of such

subjects—salmon and trout, wild ducks and partridge, and other huntsman's or fisherman's spoils,—have been really excellent representations, in color and texture as well as in form. And as for his very happy presentations of different kinds of fruits, we are quite sure that they cannot be excelled often by any canvases from the easels of the most distinguished painters of fruit. Two or three of his beautiful little "Clusters of Grapes,"—lately produced,—have elicited from competent judges warm and unqualified commendation. Our artist holds a high reputation in places outside of his native province. He was, at the organization of the "Royal Canadian Academy" of artists, chosen as one of its associate members, and he is also



Copyright.

ON THE TOBIQUE.

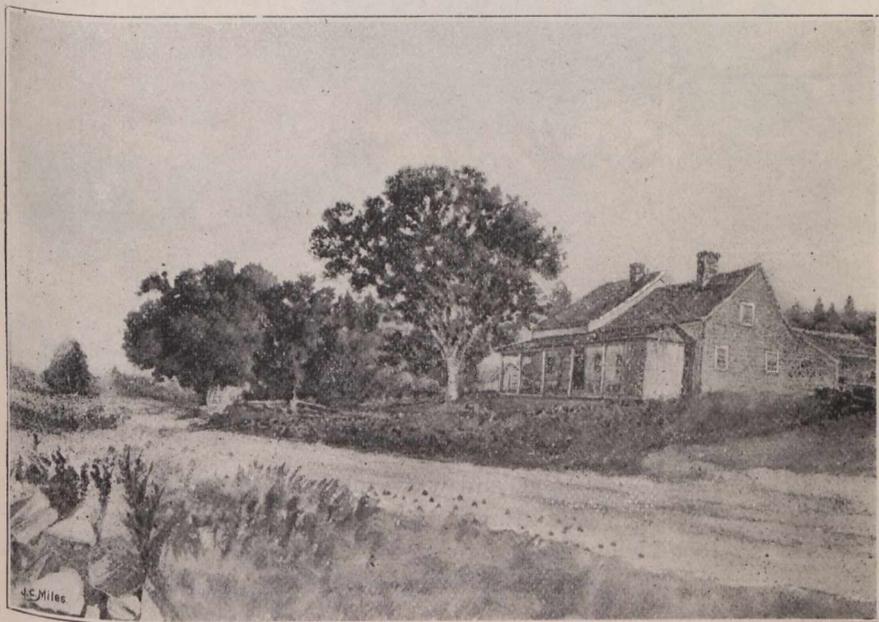
From an oil painting in black and white.



Copyright.

AN OLD MILL.
From a water color.

a member of the "Boston Art Club," and of the "Ontario Society of Artists," to the exhibitions of which institutions he has frequently sent contributions. But he does not pride himself so much as some others who are reckoned among the artists of Canada pride themselves, upon such somewhat accidental distinctions. He relies for his reputation solely upon the



Copyright.

THE OLD COFFIN HOUSE.

merits of his chief works; and if forty or fifty selected ones were brought together in one room they would form a gallery highly creditable to their author.

For several years past, and until very recently, Mr. Miles resided and pursued his profession in Boston, where he has many friends, old and new. He has now

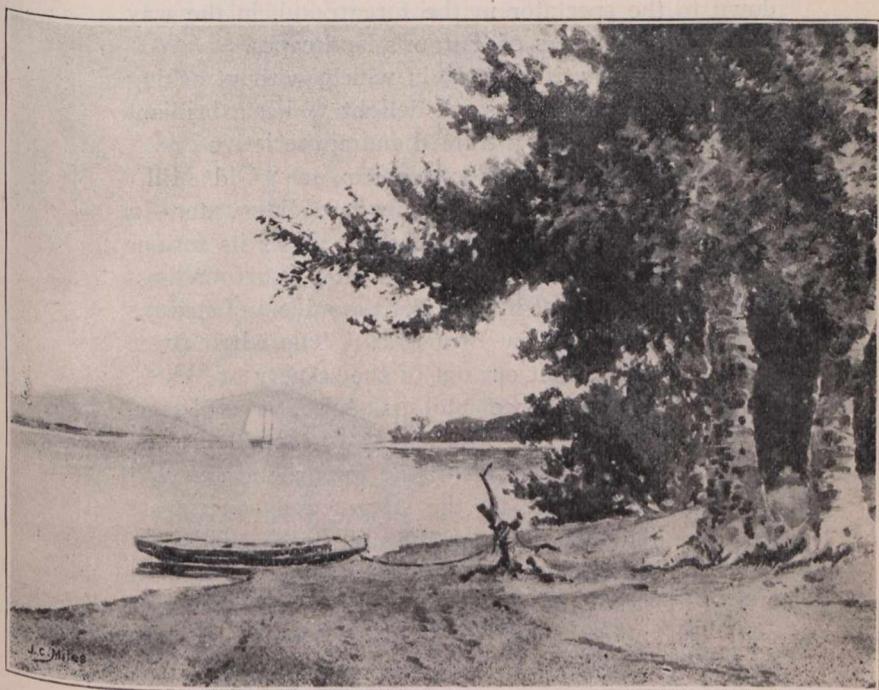


Copyright.

SMITH'S COVE.

returned to St. John, and will probably spend the remainder of his life in his native land. It is encouraging to all who know him, and to lovers of art here that he has come back to us a more skilful and finished artist than he ever was before. From among the works that have lately left his easel, we have selected two done in black-and-white oil-colors and four done in water-colors, as examples suitable for the illustration of our pages, and to convey to readers at a distance some idea of the character and the qualities of his landscape paintings. The first of these is a view of that classic spot in Nova Scotia known as "Blomidon," which has been quite often presented to us in

verse and prose, and in pictures, too, as one of the most imposing and most romantic places in all of old Acadia. This view, taken from Wolfville, is an extensive one. The bold headland stretches out in mid-distance to the middle of the picture, looking as if it ruled like a monarch over all the waters of the bay. The foreground is the elevated plain that lies behind the village, or town, of Wolfville, and overlooks its rear. On the left we see the upper portion of a church and of several houses, towards which the road running in from the front of the canvas leads. On the right we have an unobstructed view of lordly Blomidon and the Bay. The sky is somewhat misty, but it is bright



THE DEVIL'S BACK.

in spots, with high lights on the edges of the clouds, which impart to them a force that nicely balances the stern strength of the massive promontory. This picture is a good example of the artist's skill in simple black and white. Another example is entitled, "On the Tobique." Here the flat bank of the river extends from the left nearly across the foreground. A group of tall English elm-trees upon the left side reach almost to the top of the picture. At their foot are cattle that have come to the river-side to drink. The afternoon sun, hanging not many degrees above the western horizon, irradiates in an effective manner some thin clouds above it, and its light, cast on the stream, floats down to the spectator in the foreground, in the way familiar to admirers of Turner's landscapes.

This is a beautiful work, in which, without asking for color, we find the same delight which a brilliant engraving affords to a trained and appreciative eye.

One of the water-colors depicts an "Old Mill," which stands on Mr. Davey's farm at Bayswater,—a place better known to many persons under its former name of Milkish. The mill and all its surroundings have a character not like that of the mills and streams we usually see in New Brunswick. The whole scene resembles more a bit cut out of the scenery of Wales. A large overshot wheel and its sluice, or mill-race, as well as the building itself, wear a venerable aspect. Trees standing on the left of the foreground shut out of view the distance up the stream and concentrate attention and thought upon the mill itself. This is a good, realistic picture.

The fourth of these views is another landscape portrait,—its subject being "The Old Coffin House," an edifice well known to travellers along the Nerepis road. It stands about three miles above the bridge that bears the name of the stream. The immediate foreground

is the Nerepis Road itself, from which the house stands a few steps back. The sky is filled with fine, bright clouds; and the pleasant afternoon light falls peacefully upon the buildings and the neighboring trees. This work is valuable both as a picture and as a memorial of the old style of our colonial farm-houses. An additional interest is attached to the yet substantial old house by the fact that it was once, and for a considerable time, the dwelling in which resided members of a remarkable and historic family.

Our fifth view is that of "Smith's Cove," in Nova Scotia. We do not see the Cove itself. What is immediately presented to us is the rear of the little village which occupies the ground above the "Cove." We catch a pretty glimpse of some solid-looking and well-kept houses, and of the spire of a church which rises in mid-distance. And beyond that are shown the valley hillsides upon the farther bank of Bear River. In the green, smooth pasture-ground just before us,—from which the sketch for this drawing was taken,—stands a beautiful apple-tree, of vigorous healthy growth, which is a picture in itself. Everything depicted here is true to Nature and to the particular locality.

Next, and last of this series of landscapes, comes before us a "Glimpse of the Devil's Back,"—a place familiar to all who pass up and down the River St. John. The title which the place bears,—like that somewhat forbidding one, "The Minister's Face," and other sarcastic compounds, seems to have been originally an expression of the rather grim humor which evidently took occasional possession of many of our sturdy Loyalist forefathers. But there is nothing whatever that is really terrible in the place that bears this diabolic cognomen. Under all circumstances, we presume, the back would be the best side of Satan to look at,—much pleasanter, certainly, than his face and front. And this particular glimpse of a place which

for some reason, good or bad, has had his name inflicted upon it, has furnished us with an extremely beautiful work of art. It would be difficult to imagine a more pleasing scene than this simply faithful representation of what Nature placed in the artist's view. There are, no doubt, many other spots along the course of our lovely River St. John as pictorial and attractive as this one is. There is none more captivating. From the warm, sunny foreground of the picture the eye travels far along the stream into the distance. And there, seen through the transparent blue haze, appears the hilly ridge of rocky land that bears the title of "The Devil's Back." Looking at this admirable picture, no thought of his Ebon Majesty enters our mind. In the water and the sky, in the pebbly shore in front and in the boat that lies idle upon the gravel, in the far-off wood-boat that floats with unfilled sails, and in the majestic, distant hills we see only objects touched with summer beauty, and feel the full sweet influence of it all.

W. P. DOLE.



The Wetmore Family, OF CHARLOTTE COUNTY, NEW BRUNSWICK.

PART IV.



OF the children of James and Elizabeth (Abrahams) Wetmore, mentioned in the third article of this series, Abraham, the eldest, it will be remembered, came to New Brunswick in 1783. The remainder of the family who removed to New Brunswick were Susannah, m. John Craft; John, who was twice married, and settled in Kings Co., N. B.; David Brown, who m. Ruth, d. of Justus Sherwood, at Hampton, N. B.; Col. Caleb, m. Deborah, d. of Justus Sherwood; Alithea, m. Reuben Craft, who settled in N. B.; Esther, m. William Puddington, at Carleton, N. B.

The children of Abraham, son of James, son of Rev. James Wetmore, were Josiah, William and Abraham, and it is with the first of these only Josiah and such of his descendants as settled in Charlotte Co., N. B., that the writer proposes to deal in the balance of these articles.

At the age of thirteen, in 1783, he removed with his father's family and other Loyalists to New Brunswick, where he grew to manhood. He married Rachel, daughter of Justus Sherwood, formerly of Cortlandt Manor, Westchester Co., N. Y., and by her had seven children. The writer is informed that the names of

*The Wetmore Memorial states that Josiah Wetmore was born at Rye, N. Y., on November 20th, 1770. Mr. Fred. A. Wetmore, of St. George, in a letter to the writer dated 15th September, 1902, says "Josiah Wetmore, Sr., was born in Rye, N. Y., 20th of July, 1770, that is as it is in his family Bible, so we know it is correct."

their family, as given in the Wetmore Memorial, are slightly in error, and that they should be as given below.

Josiah Wetmore died at St. George, N. B., 30th October, 1855; his wife, Rachel (Sherwood) Wetmore, was born at Peekskill, N. Y., 1st March, 1777. They were married at Hampton, N. B., on the 11th of January, 1796. She died at Carleton, St. John, N. B., on the 8th March, 1841, aged 64 years.

The following are the descendants, as given by Mr. Fred. A. Wetmore :

1st. William, born at Carleton, St. John, February 23rd, 1797, married Caroline Messinett, of St. George; had Caroline, who married Sebastian Jewett, of Boston; he married, second, Charlotte Stevens, of South Bay, who had George, Gabriel Ludlow, a daughter Emma Louisa, Stanley Sherwood.

2nd. Abraham Joseph, of whom below.

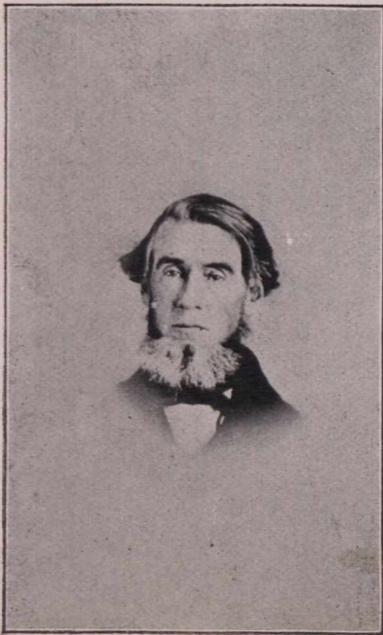
3rd. Sarah, born at Carleton, Dec. 1st, 1797, married 3rd September, 1826, Gideon Knight, of St. George. No issue. Her portrait accompanies this article.

4th. Josiah, born at Carleton, July 1st, 1802, married Margaret, daughter of Colonel Caleb Wetmore, of Kings County, and by her had (a) Sarah Knight Wetmore, who married Archibald Campbell, grandson of the late Captain James Campbell, of the 54th Regiment. They now reside at Hallowell, Maine, U. S. A., and have issue Manning Skinner, who married Christanna Natalie Erskine; (b) Charles Wetmore died in infancy; (c) Margaret Elizabeth Wetmore, married George B. Keene, has Campbell Florence Augusta, married Charles Henry Jones. They all reside in Maine, U. S. A.; (d) Archibald —? Wetmore died in 1896; (e) Frederick Abraham Wetmore, of St. George, N. B.; (f) Charlotte died in infancy; (g) Charles died in infancy.

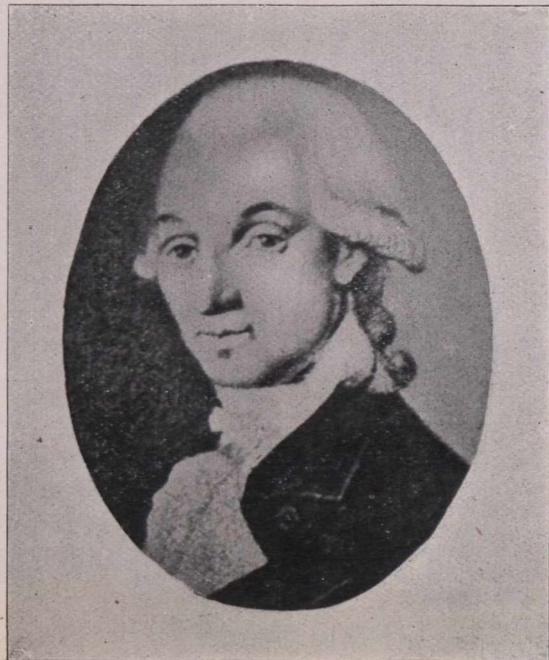
5th. Thomas Bashford, born at Carleton, 16th of February, 1804, d. 1815.

6th. Justus, concerning whom again.

7th. Rachel Anne, born at Carleton, August 3rd, 1812, married Joshua Knight, brother of Gideon Knight. No issue. Joshua Knight died at Pennfield, 8th Feb., 1851, aged 57 years.



JUSTUS WETMORE.
From a painting by the late Charles C. Ward.



LIEUT JAMES CAMPBELL.

Of the above family of Josiah and Rachel (Sherwood) Wetmore, the second, Abram Joseph Wetmore, was twice married. His first wife was Margaret Elizabeth Campbell, youngest daughter of Lieutenant James Campbell, of the 54th Regiment. To her he was married on the 5th April, 1821, at Magaguadavic by the Rev. Jerome Alley, Rector of St. Andrews, N. B. The children by this marriage were Marian, Sarah Josephine, Douglas, Thomas, Susan, Julia. His first wife died at St. George, July 13th, 1847.

The second wife of Abram Joseph Wetmore was Laura Jewett, of Boston, Mass., by whom he had, as previously mentioned, two children, Sydney, who died unmarried, and Laura Eugenia, still living, and unmarried.

Lieutenant James Campbell belonged to a very celebrated branch of the Campbell family, the Breadalbanes, and one of his descendants, in a letter to the writer, asserts that "The Breadalbane Campbells should have come to New Brunswick for the real and legitimate heir to the Earldom and Estate, there is not the shadow of a doubt of it."

Lieutenant Campbell was originally of Tumerich, Scotland, and at the Revolution removed from Castine, Mass. (now Maine), to New Brunswick. It is said of him that he was "a true Loyalist." He married Amy Gardiner, of Newport, R. I., in 1779. He died at Pennfield, Charlotte Co., N. B., in 1802. His wife survived him, dying on the 28th of February, 1817.

The following clipping from the *Daily Telegraph*, St. John, N. B., September 27th, 1876, entitled, "John U. Campbell's title to the Breadalbane Peerage," is of interest in this connection:

Mr. McQueen, who accompanies Mr. Peter C. Campbell to Scotland, to aid him in making good Mr. John U. Campbell's title to the Peerage, has communicated to our Bangor morn-

ing contemporary the particulars of the claim. They are somewhat more full than those already referred to in the *Telegraph*, and are as follows:

John Glass Campbell, 1st Earl, had two sons by his first marriage, viz., Duncan and John. The Earl and Duncan joined the forces of the Pretender, and left the estate in the charge of John, who called himself John, 2nd Earl. On his death, his son, also named John, assumed the title and the estates of John, 3rd Earl. About twelve years ago the 3rd Earl died, and the descendants of Duncan could not be found. The estate therefore passed into the hands of a branch family,—the nearest of kin,—the Glenfalloch Campbells, who agreed to transfer them to Duncan's heirs if ever they should be discovered. This Duncan had two sons, Big Patrick and John. Big Patrick had one son, Big Duncan of the Sword, who had five sons, viz., John, William, Alexander, Duncan Ban and Donald. It was thought that John, Alexander and Donald had died unmarried or without issue. William had two sons, John and Captain Donald, who contended for the estates twelve years ago, and both of whom died unmarried before the question was settled. Duncan Ban, the fourth son of Big Duncan, went to St. George's, N. B., and left a son Duncan and others. Duncan died twenty years ago, and Peter Campbell is his son. The claimant was encouraged by prominent men, but the above account fell under the notice of Mr. Peter C. Campbell. He is a brother to the heir, Mr. John U. Campbell, in whose behalf he is now acting. The last named gentleman is descended from Alexander, third son of Big Duncan of the Sword. Mr. Peter Campbell (of St. George) was acting on the belief that Alexander died without issue.

A descendant of Josiah Wetmore, in a recent letter to the writer, enclosed the following letter, and thus comments upon it:

"I am also sending a copy of an old letter written just before his death by my great-grandfather, jokingly called his will, the tenets of which I hope are still respected and adhered to by our family. I think that such men as these must have made their mark upon the lives and characters of their children, and in this pessimistic age you cannot do a nobler work than to bring them before the boys and girls in our midst."

Carleton, January, 1850.

MY DEAR CHILDREN:—

Never leave the Church of England, never rebel against your lawful King, and never forsake your parents when they are old. Be sober, be honest and industrious, and live peaceably among yourselves and your neighbors, and be thankful to the Lord for all the blessings you receive, who never forsakes his dutiful children, and I pray he never will. I wish you to tell this to your children, grand-children, and great-grand-children, and never let it be lost sight of in the name, and may the blessing of God descend upon you and yours and upon all belonging to you, and dwell in your hearts now and forever.

JOSIAH WETMORE.

Justus Wetmore, the sixth member of the family of Josiah and Rachel (Sherwood) Wetmore, was born in 1806. He married Mary Leavitt, daughter of Daniel Leavitt, of St. John, by whom he had ten children, namely, (a) Daniel, (b) Catherine, (c) Charles, (d) Edward, (e) Sarah, (f) Justus, (g) Margaret, (h) Gideon, (i) Charlotte, (j) Alice.

Of these Daniel married Louisa Messonett; Margaret married firstly Charles McGee and secondly Hugh Douglas, both of St. George, N. B.; Gideon married Albertha Lord, of Deer Island, N. B.; Charlotte married John Traill, of Scotland; Alice married Alexander Milne, of Scotland.

The eight children of Abram Joseph Wetmore bring us down to the seventh generation in America, from Thomas Wetmore, the immigrant ancestor.

DAVID RUSSELL JACK.

(To be continued.)

Lieutenant Hare,
OF HER MAJESTY'S TROOP-SHIP "BIRKENHEAD."

We have fed our seas for a thousand years,
And she calls us, still unfed,
Though there's never a wave of all her waves
But marks our English dead;
We have strawed our best to the weed's unrest
To the shark and the sheering gull.

—Kipling.

Wherever the English language is spoken and English traditions cherished, the tragic story of the loss of the troop-ship "Birkenhead," with her precious freight of British souls, will be recalled, and pride, intermingled with sadness, felt at the "heroic constancy and unbroken discipline" of the gallant spirits who mustered on her decks for the last time and perished with her. A half century has passed since the calm heroism of our soldiers and sailors displayed during that catastrophe, thrilled the world, and the story is now familiar to every reader throughout the King's Dominions. But it may not be generally known, even in his native province, that among those who found a resting place beneath the waves of Simon's Bay, South Africa, on that memorable 26th of February, 1852, was a young New Brunswicker, whose relatives still reside in St. John, and it is well to perpetuate his name in the land of his birth.

Lieutenant William Hare, one of the officers of the ill-fated troop-ship, was born in St. John, and was the eldest son of Lieutenant Charles Hare, and grandson of Captain Charles Hare,* both distinguished officers

*Captain Charles Hare, R. N., commanded the Vulcan fireship at the evacuation of Toulon in 1793. Erskine said he had "served his country in fifteen battles." He died while in command of the Madras, fifty-four, at Malta, in 1801.—*Notes and Queries*. Vol. XII., 1885, page 309.



LIEUT. CHARLES HARE, R. N.

of the Royal Navy. Lieutenant Hare was educated at the old grammar school, St. John, and began to read law under the late William Wright, in his day a leading New Brunswick barrister. Abandoning the study of law, he sought and obtained a position in the Royal Navy, and entered a profession which was, no doubt, more congenial. Numerous letters written during his short but adventurous career in the navy are still preserved by the family of his brother, the late George Hare, and have, after the lapse of many years, a melancholy interest, as Lieutenant Hare was an enthusiastic lover of the profession he had chosen, and in which his father and grandfather had won honorable distinction. His services had been principally on the coast of Africa, in the suppression of the nefarious slave trade, previous to his appointment to the "Birkenhead."

It was two months after the occurrence before the news of the disaster was received in St. John, and the earliest announcement made by the press of the city was in the columns of the *Weekly Chronicle* of April 23rd, 1852. That paper contained only the following brief notice of the gallant officer, who, with Colonel Seton and his brave comrades, met death so fearlessly:

"We regret to hear that Mr. William Hare, son of Lieutenant Hare, R. N., of this city, was one of the number who were lost at the time of the destruction of H. M. steamer "Birkenhead," at the Cape of Good Hope. Mr. Hare was in the capacity of a master's assistant at the time of that fatal occurrence, and was recognized as a young officer of much promise."

When details of the disaster reached St. John, some months afterwards, it was learned that Lieut. Hare, who was a daring and powerful swimmer, was drowned in a vain but heroic attempt to convey a line from the sinking steamer to a reef some distance away, the

only hope of escape left to the devoted soldiers. As that part of the African coast swarmed with sharks, those voracious monsters of the seas, the nature of the attempt displayed great heroism. So perished, in the prime of life, a brave man, whose last efforts were for the safety of others.

There are but few now living in St. John who remember Lieutenant Hare. Dr. W. P. Dole, who has been intimately acquainted with the family, describes him as a tall, well-built and strikingly handsome young man, and a general favorite. Unfortunately no portrait of the gallant sailor has been preserved.

The sad fate of Lieutenant Hare caused among all classes in his native city regret, but, to his parents, who were then alive, intense suffering. The following year his mother, a most estimable lady, died, and in the Church of England burying ground, a plain headstone marks her resting place, on which is cut this inscription:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF
 MARY STEWART HARE,
 WIFE OF CHARLES HARE, ESQ., R. N.,
 WHO EXPIRED MAY 28TH, 1853,
 AGED 58 YEARS.
 AN AFFECTIONATE WIFE, A DEVOTED
 MOTHER, AND TRULY DEVOUT CHRISTIAN.
 HER ELDEST SON, WILLIAM, WAS UN-
 FORTUNATELY DROWNED IN H. M. S.
 BIRKENHEAD, OF (SIC) THE CAPE OF GOOD
 HOPE, WHICH WAS THE CAUSE OF HER
 SAD AND LAMENTED BEREAVEMENT.

Mrs. Hare was the daughter of John McGeorge, a prominent merchant of early St. John, and a member of the first legislature of New Brunswick, and was married to Lieutenant Charles Hare in 1813. A

memorial window, in memory of Lieutenant Hare and his wife, Mary Stewart Hare, was placed in Trinity Church, St. John, N. B., by their son, the late George Hare, on the completion of the present edifice.

This sketch would be incomplete without reference to Lieutenant Charles Hare, father of Lieutenant William Hare, whose biography, if written, would fill an important chapter in the naval and commercial history of St. John. Lieutenant Charles Hare entered the Royal Navy at the early age of eleven years, and was in active service during the early years of the past century, and at the period in which many of the naval glories of England were won. During the war on this continent with the United States, in 1812-13-14, Lieut. Hare was actively engaged along the Atlantic coast of the Maritime Provinces, but more particularly in the Bay of Fundy, in command of His Majesty's schooner "Bream." While writing, I have before me a pamphlet, published in 1848 by Lieut. Hare, and "dedicated to his esteemed and scientific friend, Admiral, the Honorable W. F. W. Owen,"—another old and well-remembered resident of St. John, in which there is much to ponder over. Among the curious letters, contained in Lieut. Hare's modest book, is one addressed to the author, when in command of the "Bream," and which in its way is a curiosity. It is as follows:

"His Majesty's Schooner 'Bream.'
Sept. 18th, 1813.

DEAR SIR—

It is at the request of the Schooner's Company that you have the honor to command, to request the Commodore to allow us to have another Cruise to the Westward, being up—

The pamphlet alluded to above is entitled "Testimonials and Memorials of the Services of Lieutenant Charles Hare, of the Royal Navy, 37 Years a Lieutenant." St. John, N. B. Printed and Published by Wm. L. Avery. 1848.

braided with Cowardice in the British Navy (on shore) respecting the action of the Boxer.

It is the wish of the Schooner's Crew, provided that we can muster Sixty hands, to challenge the Enterprise to meet us in the same place she did the Boxer. You may think this a piece of impudence, to challenge a vessel of so much superior force, but we think that we can 'lay her aboard,' and carry her with that complement of men; and it is for you to judge whether you think that there is a Coward among the Crew that you have the honor to command. It is the wish of your servants to shew their loyalty to their King and Country and are never afraid to bleed in its cause.

(Signed) ALL HANDS,
THE CREW OF H. M. SCHR. BREAM."

To Lieutenant Charles Hare, Commander.

The circumstances which occasioned this letter were the capture and destruction of the armed brig "Boxer" by the American armed brig "Enterprise," near Portland Harbor, Maine,—one of the most stubborn sea-fights of the war. The captains of both the British and American vessels were killed in the engagement, and were buried, side by side, in a graveyard that overlooked Portland Harbor. It was to that sea fight and the incidents attending it, that the poet Longfellow alluded in the poem, "My Lost Youth."

I remember the sea-fight far away,
How it thundered o'er the tide;
And the dead captains, as they lay
In their graves o'erlooking the tranquil bay,
Where they in battle died."

The "Bream" was the first British armed vessel to arrive in the Bay of Fundy after the declaration of war, and although the smallest, was the most active and vigilant. Lieutenant Hare remained in active service on the North American station for some years, and about 1825, at the reduction of the navy, was retired and placed on half-pay. He then entered the

merchant service, and for many years commanded ships owned by the old firm of John Ward & Sons. He died in St. John in 1859.

Lieutenant Hare was a fine sailor and a careful navigator. He published some valuable contributions on the nautical study of the Atlantic during his career as captain of the merchant ship, and is often referred to as an authority on the navigation of the Bay of Fundy.

The loss of the "Birkenhead" has become one of the heroic traditions of the army and navy. Rudyard Kipling refers to the "Birkenhead Drill" in his "Barrack-Room Ballads, and Sir F. H. Doyle, another poet who writes in praise of the Army, has woven the occurrence into stirring verse. A copy of his lines may be found in the Canadian School Reader.

During the late war in South Africa, the loss of the "Birkenhead" was again brought to the attention of the people of New Brunswick, by the death at the battle of Paardeburg, of Private McCreary, of G. Company, First Canadian Contingent, whose father, the late Sergeant James McCreary, was one of the few who survived that disaster. When death, in the discharge of duty comes to those who are upholding the honor of our flag, its consequences are felt in the remotest parts of the British Empire, so intimately are the branches of the nation connected.

JONAS HOWE.

NOTE.—The late Russell C. Hubley, of G. Company, who published a well-written narrative of the Campaigns of the First Canadian Contingent, dedicated his book to the memory of his brave comrade, Patrick McCreary.

*Lieutenant Charles Hare, father of Lieutenant William Hare, served as midshipman under Sir Thomas Hardy (Nelson's captain) in the "Amphion," in the expedition to Egypt, in 1801, and was lieutenant of the "Ramilies," during the service of that ship in North American waters in 1814.

Charles Gamage Eastman.



HARLES GAMAGE EASTMAN, editor, politician and poet, was born at Fryeburg, in the State of Maine, within the limits of old Acadia, on the first of June, 1816. His father, Benjamin C. Eastman, was by trade a watchmaker. His mother, Rebecca Gamage, has been described as being "a woman beautiful in person, mind and affections."

In a biographical sketch of Eastman, it is remarked that at the early age of eleven years, tender in mind and fragile in body, with the independence which always characterized him, he left his parental roof, and went out into the world, not choosing any longer to be a source of expense to his parents, they being in humble pecuniary circumstances. From that time forward he was the architect of his own fortunes.

From early boyhood to manhood, his life story is that of one acquiring a splendid education amid great difficulties, maintaining himself by writing for the newspapers, and by teaching other less advanced students.

Before he had reached his eighteenth year he became a student at the University of Vermont, at Burlington, and it was during his college term that his inclinations were fixed in the direction of the profession which he afterwards assumed.

The earlier attempts at journalism, in which he embarked, were not financially successful, but having removed to Woodstock, Vermont, he inaugurated *The Spirit of the Age*, a newspaper, which, from the out-

set, was an assured success. His writings for the press were characterized by a vigor, ability and gracefulness which soon advanced him to a foremost position among the journalists of the day.

In 1846 he disposed of *The Spirit of the Age*, and removed to a wider field, namely, Montpelier, Vermont, where he purchased *The Vermont Patriot*, the editorship of which he continued until his death.

He was postmaster at Montpelier for six years; in 1852 and 1853 he was a member of the Senate of the State of Vermont, and he was twice the popular candidate of his party for a seat in Congress.

It is, however, with him as a man and a poet, rather than as an editor or a politician, that the writer proposes to deal in the very short space permissible in the pages of this magazine, for it is by his poems that he will be remembered.

An examination of the portrait, a steel engraving, which forms the frontispiece to the second edition of his poems, shows a man of middle age, having strong and clear cut features of remarkable beauty, his high forehead surmounted by a bountiful growth of curly hair. His eyes give the impression of one gifted with a searching insight into character, of a quick and energetic nature, yet one not incapable of softening in tenderness or pity, and not devoid of the marks of trouble and sorrow, from which none in this world are entirely exempt.

Turning to his poetical works, two, which would appear to possess the greatest merit, are to be found in the Household Book of Poetry, published by Charles A. Dana, himself a poet, in 1861. These are entitled, respectively, A Snow Storm, and the Dirge, and are re-published in this number of ACADIENSIS.

Eastman's love for children is apparent throughout his writings. His poem, The Kidd-Man, is full of

sanguinary details worthy of Mayne Reed or Kipling, as the following stanza will testify :

“ But you know there was once a Captain Kidd,
 You have heard I am sure, of him!
 The man of the song who ‘so wickedly did,’
 Who all in the sand the Bible hid!
 And the laws of God to his crew forbid,—
 A pirate, bloody and grim!”

And yet this poem opens with a sadness and sweetness that gives no indication of what is to follow :

Tell you a story! Alice dear,
 I'm afraid you have asked in vain!
 Since your mother died in your second year,
 I've forgotten all that I knew, I fear;
 And the stories I told when she was here,
 I can never repeat again.

Of his humorous writings, one commences :

Purer than snow.
 Is a girl I know;
 Purer than snow is she;
 Her heart is light,
 And her cheek is bright,—
 Ah! who do you think she can be?

 I know very well,
 But I never shall tell,
 'Twould spoil all the fun, you see;
 Her eyes is blue;
 And her lips, like dew,
 And as red as a mulberry.

In another sketch, which he has entitled *A Picture*, the humor is even more striking :

The farmer sat in his easy chair
 Smoking his pipe of clay,
 While his hale old wife, with busy care
 Was clearing the dinner away;
 A sweet little girl with fine blue eyes
 On her grandfather's knee, was catching flies.

Reading between the lines, evidences are not lacking that, like Elbert Hubbard, he loved two or three

women, "one at a time," but in all his lines there is no trace of coarseness, or of anything worse.

Still another example of his humorous writing is entitled Count Swagerdorff, who

Had cash by the ocean, the people all said;
And yet I persist in it stoutly,
That never occurred to Miss Agatha's ma
When she smiled on the Count so devoutly!

Count Swagerdorff's whiskers so large and so black!
And his hair lay in such pretty ringlets!
Who could wonder that love, who is blind as they say,
Found the curls tangled up with his winglets?

Count Swagerdorff sat at his hotel at tea
With a *noli me tangere* phiz on,
When the sheriff came in, in search of a chap
Who had broke from the Windsor State Prison.

It is quite true that this last example is not of a very high order of poetic merit, it is merely introduced as an illustration of Eastman's love of fun and drollery, and is presented to the readers of this sketch with an apology.

In his writings, Eastman adhered as closely as possible to the use of simple words and phrases, avoiding any semblance of stilted language. He loved his native land and the common things of nature which it contained. "Why is it," he once asked a friend, "that they talk about the yew and the myrtle? Why don't they write about the spruce and the hemlock, the maple and the butternut? We don't have any yew-trees in this country."

It has been said of Eastman, that the little children loved him. What greater tribute to his worth and character! In his life was reflected the teachings of Him who loved the little children, and taught us that of such is the kingdom of heaven. To his mourning

family at the time of his funeral, Dr. William H. Lord addressed the following words :

“ You will remember the melody of his flute, as it led the voices of his children in their songs and hymns ; the written prayers which I am told he composed for them, to be used morning and evening in their devotions. And so long as love has a place in your hearts, this household will not cease to have a shrine where his memory shall be kept green and sacred.”

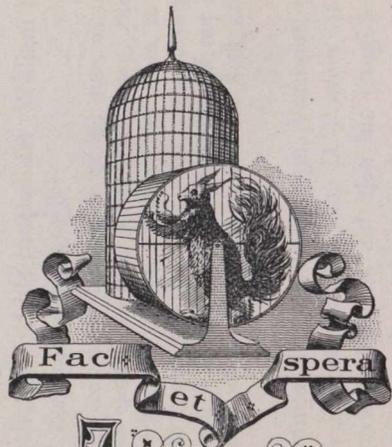
Mr. Eastman died at Burlington, Vermont, in 1861, his wife, a daughter of Dr. John D. Powers, of Woodstock, surviving him, as did also his daughter. His two sons are now long since dead.

DAVID RUSSELL JACK.

A WORD TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The present issue being the first of the third volume, remittances from our subscribers for the current year's subscription would be in order.

Owing to the limited issue over the number actually called for by the subscription list, our stock of earlier numbers has become almost exhausted. It has therefore been decided to advance the price of Vol. I to \$3.00, and of Vol. II to \$2.00.



John Bodkin.

**No. 46,
BOOK-PLATE OF JOHN BODKIN.**



Alexander Smith M.D.

FELLOW OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS. ED.

Staff Surgeon.

No. 47.

BOOK-PLATE OF ALEXANDER SMITH, M. D.

Book-Plates.

No. 46.—The appearance of the first number of the *Kit-Bag* will lend an additional interest to the book-plate of Mr. John Bodkin, who is associated with that literary enterprise. A review of the *Kit-Bag* will be found upon another page of this issue of ACADIENSIS, and to this review we would respectfully refer all enquirers who would know something of the work upon which Mr. Bodkin and his co-laborers have embarked.

No. 47.—Alexander Smith, M. D., Edinburgh, late of the King's Dragoon Guards. The widow of Dr. Smith is at present living at Fredericton, N. B., with her son, Mr. Fred. B. Smith. Regarding the book-plate, Mr. Abner Smith, of Sackville, a nephew of Dr. Smith, writes that "I do not think, however, it will be of interest to you, as his private crest appears upon it, and he did not belong to this country, although he was two years attached to his regiment in Canada, about the years 1843-4."

No. 48.—This represents the result of the latest effort on the part of the writer of this article to obtain an effective book-plate. The plate is armorial, of course, and was designed and executed by Messrs. Rolph Smith & Co., of Toronto.

The illustration which is given was printed directly from the original copper plate by the engravers, and the writer trusts that it may meet with a fair measure of approval from book-plate critics in older fields.

DAVID RUSSELL JACK.

The Lover.

Break out and sing ye happy birds!
Your tender music needs no words
 To tell me everything;
Ye builders of the household nest,
By Love for happy lovers blest,
 Break out, break out and sing!

Another lover comes to you,
Now can he read your meaning true
 But faintly caught before;
As though the Spirit of your notes
In radiant ether nearer floats
 From Heaven's wide-opening door!

"I love my love, my loves loves me,"
Hark, to the echo from each tree
 Of this, of my breathless joy!
The bees to blossoms whisper love,
It echoes here from Heaven above,
 It is the World's employ!

The wrinkled Ocean, stern and gray,
Old, older than the primal day,
 Declares the same glad boon;
For all his restless pulses wide,
And every swelling, surging tide,
 Are constant to the Moon!

The Needle to the Northern Star,
Though trackless space and mountains bar,
 Turns trembling and is still;
Naught stays from Ocean's waiting breast,
Though long and weary be the quest,
 The forest-nurtured rill!

But yesterday the World seemed old,
 And life a sombre tale oft told,
 Now, cloudless Morn's o'erhead;
 And all is young and all is new,
 And every blissful dream is true,
 And Death, himself, seems dead!

Then chaunt, ye birds, your anthem high,
 Through endless arches of the sky
 Its happy burden rings;
 While o'er my heart, in pulsings sweet,
 Love lingers with slow-moving beat
 Of white, angelic wings!

CHARLES CAMPBELL.



Book Reviews.

Types of Canadian Women and of Women connected with Canada, Past and Present, edited by Henry James Morgan. This work is described as a picture gallery accompanied by a biographical dictionary, of Canadian Women from the earliest times, who have excited interest or claimed attention, either by reason of their official position or their more personal titles to distinction. The work is dedicated, by permission, to the Right Honorable Isabella Sophia, Baroness Strathcona and Mount Royal.

If we may judge of the work by the advance sheets which have reached us, this book will be issued in the best style of the printers' and engravers' art. The two volumes will each contain three hundred and fifty portraits of famous and distinguished women.

It is to be hoped that this work will not be as barren of interest to the student of Acadian history as has been the case with so many historical works published in the Province of Ontario which have claimed to be representative of Canada.

The price of the work, suitably bound, is \$5.00 a volume, 2 vols. William Briggs, publisher, 29-33 Richmond Street, W. Toronto.

DAVID RUSSELL JACK.

The Kit-Bag.

The first number of this, the latest addition to the magazine literature of Acadia, lies before us, and before proceeding to review the work, we desire to extend to the editor and his assistants, although we are but amateurs, it is true, at the business of magazine editing, a hearty welcome to the realm of Acadian literature. May the venture thrive and prosper. Of its literary success we have no doubt; we trust that its financial success will be all that it deserves, and that it may show such a balance to the credit of profit and loss account at the end of its first year, as shall make glad the heart of the business manager.

As like begets like, and the presence of what is good acts beneficially upon those over whom its influence is cast, so may our new contemporary be a co-worker with us in endeavoring to create in the people of Acadia a greater liking for all that is good and true in art and literature.

The make-up of the *Kit-Bag* is neat and attractive, the printing is well and carefully done, and reflects credit upon the good judgment of its promoters.

An examination of the first page informs the reader that *The Kit-Bag* is a Chap-Book in which a few Literary Ladies and Romantic Gentlemen strive to entertain a polite and charitable public.

Of Everywhere and Nowhere, of the Centres of Civilization and the Ends-o'-the-Earth, are the Inspiration and the Dream.

The Kit-Bag is edited by Mr. Theodore Roberts, and is said to be printed Twelve Times in the Year.

The Kit-Bag is published in the Ancient and Loyal City of Fredericton, by Messrs. Bodkin, Winslow and Roberts, and is Printed in the same Town.

The Kit-Bag contains no heavy articles of a serious nature, its touch is light and feathery, and those who have contributed to its pages endeavor therein to make light the heart of the reader.

When we first heard that the new undertaking had been conceived in Fredericton, we had almost exclaimed, How can any good thing come out of Fredericton? When our own literary enterprise was launched upon the public, appeals to Fredericton, that seat of learning and of a University, re-

sulted in one case after a second effort had been made, in a brief reply in the negative written upon a post card. In other cases they were treated with that silent indifference which chills the heart, even of the most optimistic of magazine projectors.

There have been some notable exceptions to this experience, and there are in Fredricton at least a baker's dozen of friends for whom the editor of ACADIENSIS has a warm place in the corner of his heart.

But, *The Kit-Bag!* All that we have enumerated may be had for a dollar a year. We advise all those to whom these presents may come to give it a trial, and to accept our assurance that they will find much in it that is likely to win their favor and admiration. J. A. Winslow, Business Manager, Fredericton, N. B. \$1.00 per annum.

HANDS ACROSS THE WATER.

The latest number of *The Journal* of the Ex-Libris Society published at Plymouth, England, of which Mr. W. H. K. Knight, the Librarian of the Public Library at Plymouth, England, is the Honorary Editor, contains a more than usually kind notice of ACADIENSIS. It reads as follows:

"Our pleasant little contemporary, ACADIENSIS, which emanates from St. John, New Brunswick, has reached the last issue of its second volume, dated October, 1902. Undaunted by the want of adequate support, its editor and publisher, Mr. David Russell Jack, has determined to go on with it, at least for another year. It is a pity that his work is not sufficiently appreciated, for it certainly fills a gap in Canadian literature. We trust that he may gain many subscribers in the old-country ere another part is issued. The number before us contains many interesting articles, not the least important being that on "Book-Plates," in which a number of good examples are given: viz., Thomas Ernest Gilbert Tisdale, Dean Gilpin, the Hon. Sir Adams George Archibald, John Flood, Edward Fry and others. The general literature is good. The journal is published quarterly, and the subscription is only one dollar per annum."

This is by no means the first very favorable notice which we have received in the columns of our contemporary across the sea, and while we have received not a few notices from other sources near home, we take particular pride in this,

emanating from so far away, and from a source uninfluenced by financial consideration or personal feeling. It is scarcely necessary for us to inform the majority of our readers that *The Journal* is, *par excellence*, the organ of book-plate and other literary connoisseurs, and that upon its roll of supporters may be found the names of many men, well known in art and literature.

WANTED.—Old Almanacs, N. B. prior to 1860; N. S., or P. E. I., any date; odd numbers of *Stewart's Quarterly*, *The Maritime Monthly*; *The Acadian Magazine*; *The Pearl*, Vol. I.; *Halifax Monthly Magazine*; *The Cape Breton, N. S., Magazine*; *The Amaranth*, Vols. I. and II.; odd numbers of old newspapers published in any part of the Acadian Provinces; copies of historical works published in or relating to Acadia; copies of reports or pamphlets, new or old, relating to Acadia; Book-Plates; old maps, prints, drawings or photographs of places or well-known individuals.

D. R. JACK.

OLD MAGAZINES OF CANADA WANTED.

Will pay cash or give value in books, other magazines, pamphlets, photos, etc. H. S. Seaman, P. O. B., 665 Brockville, Ont.

- Acadian Magazine, Halifax, N. S. 2 Vols., 1826-28.
- Anglo American Magazine, Toronto. 7 Vols., 1852-57.
- Barkers's Canadian Magazine, Kingston. 1 Vol., 1846-47.
- British Canadian Review, Quebec. 1 Vol., 1862-63.
- British Colonial Magazine, Toronto. 1 Vol., 1853.
- Bystander, Toronto. 4 Vols., 1880-90.
- Canadian Home Journal, Toronto. 8 Vols., 1893-1900.
- Canadian Literary Magazine, York. 1 Vol. 1833.
- Canadian Magazine, Montreal. 4 Vols., 1823-25.
- Canadian Magazine, Toronto. 1 Vol., 1833.
- Canadian Magazine, Toronto. 2 Vols., 1871.
- Canadian Merchants Magazine, Toronto. 5 Vols., 1857-59.
- Canadian Patriot, Montreal. 1 Vol., 1866.
- Canadian Quarterly Review, Toronto. 1 Vol., 1863-64.
- Canadian Review and Magazine, Montreal. 3 Vols., 1824-26.
- Cape Breton and Nova Scotia Magazine, Sydney.
- Dominion Illustrated Monthly, Montreal. 3 Vols., 1892-93.
- Dominion Review, Toronto. 4 Vols., 1896-99.
- Great West, The, Winnipeg. 14 Vols., 1891-8.
- Halifax Monthly Magazine, Halifax. 3 Vols., 1830-33.
- Lake Magazine, Toronto. 1 Vol., 1892-93.
- Literary Garland, Montreal. 14 Vols., 1838-51.
- Manitoban, The, Winnipeg. 2 Vols., 1892-93.