CONTENTS.

Vol. II. No. 4. October, 1902.

The Song of Autumn.

AM the time of the gladsome death;
The blood-red season when Nature dies;
I kill with my beautiful, balmy breath;
The stricken leaf in my pathway lies.

Long have I journeyed these earthly hills;
And oh! the summers that I have slain—
Over the valleys, across the rills,
I follow fleet in her sunny train.

A gentle kiss, and a whispered vow;
A soft low lie in her listening ear—
Her soul speeds over the mountain-brow—
Laughing, I follow the funeral bier.

Yet men are charmed with my tinted hours;
Forgetting the crime that I late have done—
Forgetting the peace of the emerald bowers,
Forgetting the smile of the summer sun.

Herald I am of that Spirit pale,
Winter! the king of the ghostly days,
When the waters sleep in the gloomy swale,
When the thin winds wither the maple's blaze.

Fickle in faith ye mortals are—
Bounty I bring of the bending grain—
Ye gaze on your billowy fields afar,
And bless the season which brings you gain.

But not care I what words, what cheer
Shall greet me; welcome of knell or chime—
I ever will walk with the waning year,
Till the sands are sped in the glass of time.

HERBERT L. BREWSTER.

ACADIENSIS

VOL. II. OCTOBER, 1902. No. 4.

DAVID RUSSELL JACK, - - - - - - - - - - EDITOR.

A Milestone.

ITH this number closes the second volume of ACADIENSIS. Another year has come and gone, during which the subscription list has been increased by about fifty names, but, with the effort to provide a better magazine, with more and better illustrations, the expenses have at least correspondingly increased, resulting again in a debit balance of about two hundred dollars.

This is not as it should be, and, if each of the present subscribers could secure one additional name, the fund would be sufficiently increased, not only to pay all costs of publication of the magazine as at present issued, but to provide more pages and illustrations, to the direct benefit of all who are connected with the enterprise.

There has been no lack of assurance that the work has been both a literary and an artistic success. Then, why not a financial success as well? The question naturally occurs, should the work be abandoned? Why waste time and money in catering to the supposed wants of an unappreciative public? Far better to let matters take their course than to struggle against the inevitable.

The other night, just after retiring to rest, down at his cottage by the sea, the writer heard the clear ringing silvery notes of a bugle giving the order for "lights out" over at Fort Dufferin, where a company of soldiers were encamped.

Like a writer in a recent number of the *Erudite*, a longing arose for a silver bugle with which to blow a message to a drowsy world. Listening to that bugle, thoughts arose of Madame La Tour, asleep in an unmarked grave by the bank of a noble river, of her work well done, of that sad Easter morn, nearly three hundred years ago, when well and bravely, at the head of her little garrison, she had fought her last fight, and met defeat, dying as she had lived. Thoughts of the early Acadians, and of all that they had suffered, of how they had crept stealthily back to begin life anew, hidden away in the recesses of the forest, and how they had lived and multiplied and prospered, until their descendants had become a power in the land. What an irony of fate there seemed in the fact that the very descendants of the men who had so sternly cast them out of the land of their adoption should later themselves be obliged to seek an asylum among them.

This thought, in turn, carries one on to the days of the Loyalist forefathers of our city, who had, indeed, founded it upon a rock, and, like Madame La Tour, had laid them down, many of them within sound of that same bugle call, there to await the time when the trumpet of the angel of the resurrection shall summon all to final judgment.

How one longs for the magic pen of a Haliburton, the gifted eloquence of a Joseph Howe, or the poetic fire of a Longfellow, that a record might be left behind to be enshrined in golden characters upon the history of our country.

In the words of the writer before alluded to, if we had a bugle instead of a pen, and if we could stand out under the stars on a hushed summer night and deliver our message through its silver throat, perhaps the world that reads might be thrilled into earnest purpose more readily than when it is exhorted from a pencil point or a quill.

Patience and energy and determination will accomplish much. We cannot all be eloquent, we cannot all be learned, we cannot all wield a golden pen, but if we do as best we may that which seems to be our appointed task, our work cannot surely fail of recognition hereafter, even though our bodies, like that of Madame La Tour and so many of those others to whom reference has been made, should lie in an unmarked grave. At least all can be brave, as well becomes true soldiers in this world's struggle.

Well, it seemed that scarcely an hour had passed when again was heard that bugle sounding. Cheerily the *reveille* aroused the echoes from hill to hill in the morning air. Down at the fort the soldiers were up and doing, preparing each for his allotted task. The sun had come up bright and clear above the horizon, superseding the darkness and the dawn. The whole world looked brighter. The clouds which seemed to line the horizon had disappeared. Was it a providential admonition? Surely it must have been, for new hopes seemed to take the place of old doubts and fears, and new aspirations to evolve themselves out of gloom and chaos. Out of the silvery notes of that early morning bugle arose the determination that there should be no turning back from the battle, and that, buoyed and sustained by the force of the example of that noble woman, "a record should be left behind to be read and enshrined in golden characters upon the tablets of memory."

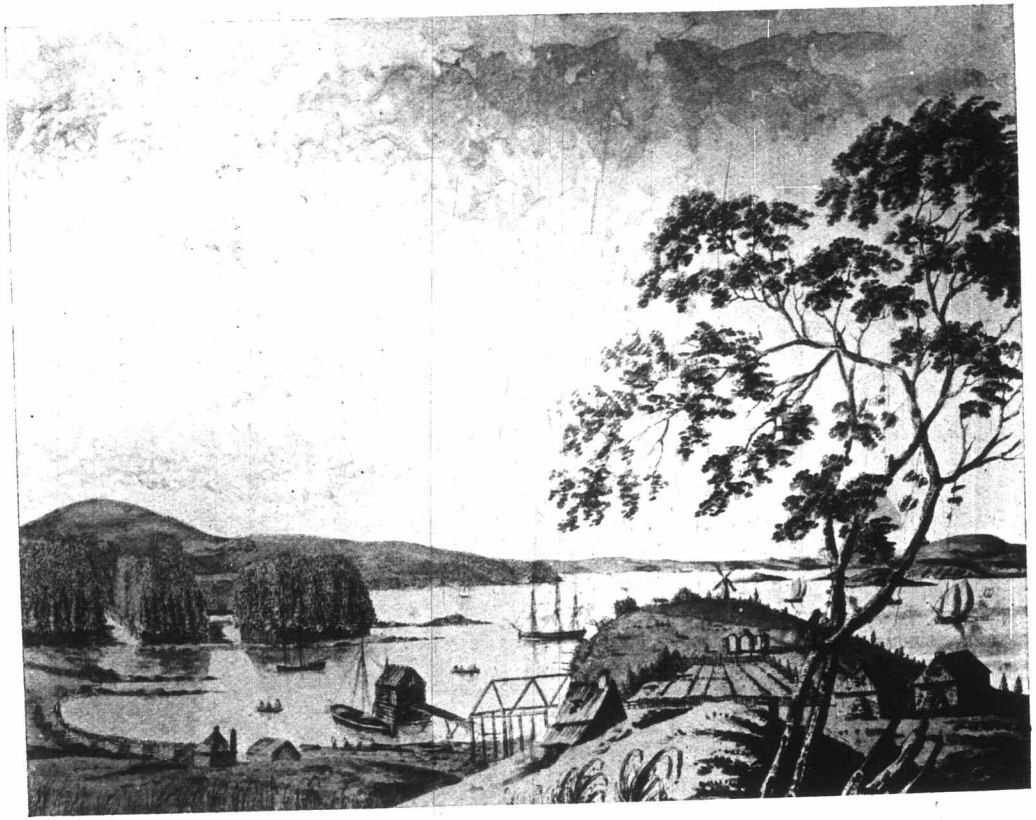
David Russell Jack.

Four Old Houses at Campobello.

NOT in all New Brunswick is there another shore so beautiful, with its bold headlands and sunny coves, as that which skirts the Island of Campobello, where, looking up the far reaches of the St. Croix river and fronting Eastport, was still standing, some twenty years ago, the residence of Admiral Owen. Long before his advent on the island, however, it had been deeded by the English Crown, in 1767, to Admiral William Owen and his cousins, who, in gratitude to Lord William Campbell, then Governor-General of Nova Scotia, had changed its name from Passamaquoddy Outer Island to Campobello. The "First" Admiral (William) lived upon it a year, 1770–1771, and founded the little town of New Warrington, near the head of Havre de Lute.

"The settlement," says Professor William F. Ganong in his historical monograph on the Island, "did not prosper as was expected, nevertheless it fulfilled the conditions of the grant and secured the Island to Owen's family. . . . It affords the best, if not the only, example of a persistence to our own day of the system under which those great grants were no doubt expected to be held, that of a large landed estate descending from father to son, with the tenants paying rent to the proprietor, as in England."

Connected with this tenure of Campobello, it is interesting to speculate upon what might have been the future of Grand Manan if Lord William Campbell, who had a grant



VIEW OF CAMPOBELLO, A D. 1777.

From the collections of the New Brunswick Historical Society.

of that island at the same time that Owen received his grant of Campobello, had not "failed to fulfil the conditions, viz., colonization; therefore it lapsed."

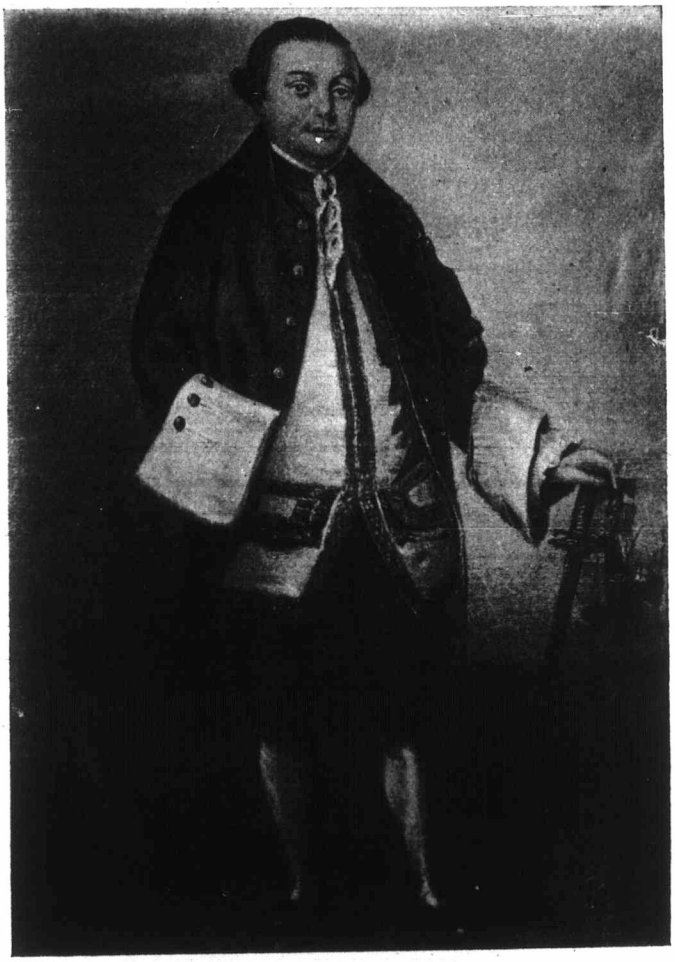
In 1789, David Owen came over from England to manage the affairs of the island, which after the Admiral's departure had been superintended by Captain Plato Denny. David lived where is now the Roosevelt estate, near the Tyn-y-coed hotel, and led a life harassed by the cares of a petty magnate and the embargo troubles of 1812. At his death Admiral William Fitz William Owen became sole owner of the grant, save the Head Harbor settlement. "The Quoddy Hermit" was the name he chose for himself when at 61 he came to Campobello to live.

In the grove at the northern end of the present hotel he planted two or three English oaks. He placed the sun dial of his vessel in the garden fronting his house, and put a section of his beloved quarter-deck close to the shore, not far from the seedling oaks. There, pacing up and down in uniform, he lived over again the days of his attack upon a Spanish pirate. He had brought with him building material, and, with the aid of a frame house taken from Rice's Island, he constructed a dwelling that had an imposing appearance. Two large, low rooms opened each side of the front door, a most comfortable stair case leading from the small entry to equally pleasant rooms in the second story. Damask and Indian muslin curtains shaded the many paned windows; heavy mahogany and rosewood chairs, sofas and tables furnished the apartments; great logs on tall andirons burned in the monster fireplaces; sacred maps hung around the evening parlor; and the dining-room carpet was said to have been a gift from the King of Prussia. The long curved mahogany sofa, the carved chairs, and other pieces of furniture are now owned by the Islanders. The library table, the coach, the Admiral's hat, pistols, and picture are carefully treasured as relics in the Campobello Public Library.

His daily life held much of ceremony as befitted his admiral's rank. At four o'clock the husband and wife dined with the family and the frequent guests. The dinner of four courses was served in silver and gold lined dishes, with wines from Jersey and game from the Provinces. Silver candelabras shone upon the table. After the dinner of an hour came tea at seven and a family rubber till nine; then Scripture reading and worship, when the ladies and servants retired, leaving the Admiral and his gentlemeu friends, fortified with cigars, whiskey, and water, to relate naval stories and discuss religious themes till two or three o'clock in the morning. Methodism and Romanism were alike hateful to the hermit admiral, who, in quoting from Holy Writ, always rendered "the wiles" as "the methoddisms" of the devil. Every week he read to his neighbors two lectures "from unexceptionable sources, yet so modified as to contain all that was expedient to explain of his peculiar opinions." Often he held church service in what was almost a shanty, omitting from the liturgy whatsoever he might chance to dislike on any special Sunday.

The day began and ended with prayers which all the household servants attended, the "maids," as the Admiral called them,—"for we are all servants of God,"—bringing their work and sewing throughout the service, except when the prayer itself was said. If some one occasionally was disinclined to such steady improvement of the devotional hour, the Admiral, with a benevolent smile, inquired, "My dear, do you feel lazy to-night?"

Breakfast was served at nine. After that, Lady Owen, clad in an enormous apron, entered the kitchen and taught the mysteries of salads and jellies. Lady Owen was queen as he was king; and never did a lady rule more gently over store-room and parlor, over Sunday-school and sewing-school, fitting the dresses of her domestics or of the island children. She was a handsome woman, with silver hair, and a pink and white complexion, who, like her daughters,



William Owen

From the collections of the New Brunswick Historical Society.

wore long trains and low corsages. Sometimes the mother wrapped herself in a certain gold and black scarf with such a courtly grace that its remembrance has never faded. Great was the jubilee among the domestics when a box arrived from England with fabulous dresses ready-made. Twice a year occurred house-cleaning, when a dress was given each busy worker, and once each twelve months the maids and men had a ball, the ladies playing for them even all night. Nowhere on the coast of Maine has there been a more curious mingling of rank, with the investiture of ceremony, and of simple folk-life, of loyalty to the Queen and her representatives, and of the American spirit of personal independence.

After the death of the Admiral, in 1857, his daughter Mrs. Robinson Owen, and her children still lived in their Island home, helping, teaching, guiding all around them with kindliness and wisdom, until in 1881, the Island was purchased of the Owen heirs by a few New York and Boston gentlemen. The Admiral's house has now become a small part of a large modern hotel, though one end of it has been moved across the road for an office building. But his low rooms and small windows, easy stair case and glorious view are the same as ever, and will always make Owen Point beloved of the imagination, while the dwelling itself holds pre-eminence among the few old houses of Campobello.

Next in age, if not antedating the Admiral's house, is the old Wilson homestead, in a lane near the breakwater at Wilson's Beach, the northern end of the island,—a low frame house, built about 1790, which once had three ells. Here lived James Wilson, son of the Mr. Wilson who bought the settlement from a Mr. Kelly, the original squatter. The Wilsons came from New Brunswick and were an energetic race of men, who, early, made that part of the island so prosperous that they successfully withstood the Owen claim to its ownership. To this day it is in possession of their descendants and grantees.

The old house was the centre where ship building enterprises were talked over and social festivities were held, as far as Baptist proclivities deemed righteous. Like the Owens, the original Wilsons left the settlement some fifty years ago, but their first house is still standing, as well as the later one in which James Wilson lived [now owned by John D. Small, Esq.], while tradition continues to weave its charm around the old homestead.

Some nine miles from it, down on Mulholland's Point, opposite the narrows at Lubec, could still be seen, six or seven years ago, part of what had once been the first Mulholland dwelling. Built in 1816, of logs and shingled outside, boarded and plastered inside and set amidst a forest of bird's eye maples, birches and beeches, it was the scene of many delightful merry makings, and afforded ample shelter to the brave settler and his descendants, who, in turn, erected for themselves other houses at the Point. The old home in time became a blacksmith's shop as population increased at this lower end of the island, until at last, much to the sorrow of the grandchildren, who in their youth had played in it, it became unsafe even as a refuge in storms, and what was left of it was torn down four years ago.

About a mile from it on the side of Friars' Hill, erected at the same time with the Mulholland house, was the dwelling place of Captain John Patterson, a long, large, high, two storied frame house, much more commodious than the Owen residence. Like that, it had its front door in the middle of the house, fronting Snug Cove. When Captain Patterson failed in business, Mr. Joseph Patch took the place and under him the hospitality of the mansion was extended far and wide. Its dances were famous, for the rooms were large enough for all who came, sometimes by boat, more often by walking across the Beach from Welsh Pool, and then along the narrow road on the top of the cliff to Friars' Head.

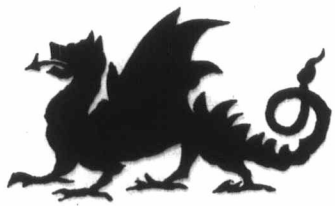
D. Owen

From the collections of the New Brunswick Historical Society.

Mr. Patch was in active business, for his own packet plied back and forth between Campobello, St. John and Halifax. Then in his store, close to the shore and just below his house, were sold dry goods, groceries and spices, carpets from St. John, molasses from the West Indies. Men's tailor-made suits and women's garments also found ready sale, but not always for cash payments, and thus the store in time lost much of its ability to do business, though Mr. and Mrs. Patch had moved down into it from their house on the hill. Finally, about eleven years ago, there came a fearful, blinding storm of rain and lightning which entirely destroyed the store, both husband and wife dying within a few hours of each other from injuries caused by their attempts to escape from the burning building. Not long after the upper house was pulled down.

Thus there is not now a vestige left of that sociability which once made the Mulholland home, still more the Patch dwelling, as famous in its own honorable way as the more costly festivities of the Owen mansion.

KATE GANNETT WELLS.



The Conqueror.

MET him where the river flows
'Twixt the scarlet rock and the scarlet rose,

He lighted down from his war-horse tall
And his steel flamed out with his battle-call.

He cursed me there in the rock-strewn way
Ere his great white sword wheeled up to slay;

Ere his long white sword rose up to kill
He cursed me for baulking his savage will,

And he cursed the day that I took you forth
And won from his castle in the North.

But your love was back of my fighting arm
And your love for me was a shield from harm.

I thought of your eyes and your dusky hair—
And a strength came into my battle there;

I thought of your lips and your bended head—
And my brand bit deep and my brand came red;

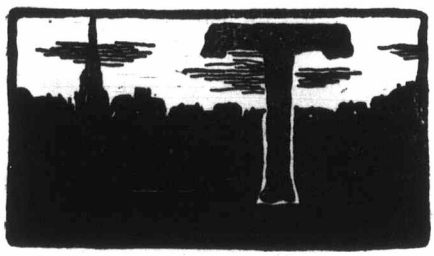
At the last was plain your lifted face
When we said good-by in our leafy place;

And when to my heart your face was plain
My blade smote true and my foe was slain.

I let him lie where I made him fall,
And I took his armour and war-horse tall.

Halifax, N. S. A. B. DEMILLE.

Historic Sites of Acadia.



THE question with which I purpose to deal in the following pages is one having a wide scope. It is very far from my intention to assert that all the old battle-fields and historic sites of Canada are in a state of ruin. In fact quite a number of the old fortresses are in a fine state of preservation to-day, some of them having been carefully restored. Upon glancing through the list, however, I find that there are many of them, the oldest forts particularly, which are sadly in need of some attention ere it be too late. Those which have been restored and are in a good state of preservation are connected with the wars of 1812 and the Fenian raids. For example, in Ontario, Lundy's Lane, near Niagara Falls, where perhaps the most bloody engagement in the war of 1812–14 was fought, is in a first-class state of preservation. A monument has been raised by a local historical society, aided by the Department of Militia, and the grounds of the old fort are in a really commendable state. At Chrysler's Farm, in the county of Dundas, a monument has also been built by the Historical Society, aided by the Department of Militia and Defence. The site of the battleground of Stony Creek, at Hamilton, now called the Gage Homestead, where such signal success was obtained by the Canadians, under Col. Harvey, has been purchased by the ladies of Hamilton. It is intended to have monuments erected on that battle-ground as well as on the Burlington Heights overlooking Hamilton. In fact, the people of Hamilton are going

further; they have purchased Dundurn Park, the old homestead of Sir Allan McNab, intending to use the castle as a museum for historical treasures. On the other hand, Fort Amherstburg, opposite Detroit, where some of the engagements of 1812 took place, is now a heap of ruins. So also Fort Erie, opposite Buffalo, of Fenian celebrity. The Loyalists of Ontario are not unmindful of their past glorious records. They have lately, thanks to the Rev. Mr. Forneret, erected a pretty memorial church in the old historic township of Adolphustown, on the Bay of Quinte, with appropriate tablets. But the oldest forts of Ontario are sadly neglected. For example, take Fort Frontenac, or Cataraqui, at Kingston. Of the old fortifications blown up by the French, the foundations alone remain, and these are going to decay, very little being done to preserve them, although it is occupied by the military. Toronto fares a little better. Its old French fort, Fort Rouville, built in 1725, was completely demolished; but the Historical Society, aided again by the government, some twenty years ago, erected a cairn on the old site. It is fairly well kept and at all events the grounds are secured as public grounds. Other forts, such as the fort at Sault Ste. Marie, the theatre of the exploits of Cadotte, first, and of the English afterwards, have been altogether neglected and abandoned. Quebec fares about in the same way as Ontario concerning its old forts. Those connected with the wars with the United States are in a good state of preservation, while the oldest forts are very sadly neglected indeed. For example, at Chateauguay, where the battle of Chateauguay was fought, the Department of Militia has erected a monument perpetuating that glorious event. The fort of Chateauguay is the only one I can find as having been taken hold of by the Department of Militia, with the exception, however, of Eccle's Hill, in the county of Missisquoi. Here a battle was fought, in 1870, against our friends the Fenians, the commander on our side being Mr.

Chamberlain, for a long time Queen's Printer at Ottawa and whom some of us have known. A cairn, similar to that of Fort Rouville, in Toronto, has been raised there by the Department of Militia, and placed under the care of a local historical society. Neither shaft nor statue, nor cairn tells the present generation where Dollard Desormaux and his sixteen immortal companions laid down their lives, somewhere at Carillon, in the county of Argenteuil, to save Montreal and the French colony from the ferocious Mohawks. There is nothing to mark the spot where that feat of arms, perhaps the most glorious in the annals of Canada, was performed. Of course, the fort of the city of Quebec itself is in a fine state of preservation; but it will be remembered that the whole of the fortifications of Quebec are of comparatively recent structure, and that of the old fortifications, nothing now remains, but perhaps one or two of the city gates, St. Jean and St. Louis, which have been renewed and completely rebuilt. But Quebec has not forgotten its heroes. The statue of Champlain, its founder, has been erected within its precincts, and a shaft rises high in honor of Wolfe and Montcalm, to the equal glory of the victor and vanquished, the emblem, the symbol of the unity of the two races that fought one against the other, in 1759, and who now live and will ever live side by side in amity and good will, not only within its walls, but all over this Dominion. In Sorel, Three Rivers and Montreal, nothing, or very little, remains of the old block-houses. The site of the old French fort at Three Rivers, although the property of the Militia Department, has been converted into a public park, while in Montreal all that can be seen to-day of its old fortifications are two old towers of doubtful origin. But the commercial metropolis of Canada has not forgotten its founder, de Maisonneuve, to whom a fine monument has been erected in one of its squares. Two other old battle grounds of the province of Quebec are under the fostering care of the Department of Militia and

Defence, that of I'lle-aux-Noix, in the county of St. John, where many fierce encounters have been witnessed, and that at Chambly, which latter runs back to 1711. In New Brunswick, none actually of the old forts exist. In St. John, the theatre of the heroism of Madame LaTour, the spot where the old fort was, is to-day a matter of conjecture. It is not known where it stood. It is a pity, because that is a spot which should be commemorated by some monument; but it behooves the city of St. John to take care of its past glories. Such other old fortified grounds as Jamsec, Gaspereau, Baie Verte, are laid waste and uncared for. There was, not many years ago, in New Brunswick, a fort, the only one dating back to the time of the great war for supremacy between the French and the English, which was in a remarkable state of preservation. I remember when I was very young going thither myself and taking some United States and Canadian tourists who wanted to see it—I refer to Fort Beausejour. There were at that time seven of the old French cannon still mounted. In fact, the structure was a fine specimen of the old-time forts. Under an inglorious Minister of Militia the cannons were sold as scrap iron for the manufacture of stoves and plough-shares, and nothing now remains of those valuable works, built in the style of the great Vauban. The spot is on the line of the Intercolonial Railway, near the boundary between New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. It is to-day a lonely, barren and desolate field, and the young generation who read history cannot go, as at one time they could, and learn the history of their country from the very monuments that made it. That fort, which was an object lesson, is gone, and gone forever. This is, indeed, an irreparable loss for all time to come. If we go to the province of Nova Scotia, where so many famous fortifications existed that had withstood sieges, we find there again that the old block-houses have all been demolished, excepting the one at Windsor. At Annapolis, the old Port

Royal of the French, I remember having seen, not many years ago, a block-house which had stood two or three sieges, one by the English when it was taken, and two in defence of the place for England. That block-house was demolished by the guardian, with the authority of the minister, for the purpose of making fuel. So Annapolis Royal, the theatre of the heroic duel between Subercase and Nicolson, is to-day without its old fortifications. The fortress, however, was rebuilt by local societies when they heard that the Dominion government was about to sell the old historical site. They saved them from destruction and from the government. This happened in 1892. They are to-day in a good state of preservation. So also are the old fortresses at Lunenburg. An honorable friend from the other House just tells me that there are two block-houses at Lunenburg which have been restored and rebuilt. The oldest of them all is at Windsor. It is well cared for, and so are the grounds. If we go further east, to that great historic fortress of Louisbourg, we find it a field of desolation and ruin. I was sent there myself last fall by the Royal Society to examine the old fortress and report on it. I found that during the course of the year the owners had been able to find among the foundations and the debris about ten thousand of the old brick, which they sold for eight or nine dollars a thousand, and that is about the end of that unique battlefield—unique in the annals of North America. Honorable gentlemen will remember that the fate of this country once depended on the old fortress of Louisbourg. It had been built by the French at an immense cost, something like 25,000,000 or 30,000,000 francs. The English had to take the fortress of Louisbourg before they could take Canada. It was taken twice, the first time by the Americans and the English combined, the militia of New England being under Pepperell, and the English under Warren. It was the first time returned to France by the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle. It was again

taken thirteen years later by the English alone, the second in command of the attacking forces being the hero who the year afterwards took Quebec—General Wolfe.

After Louisbourg was taken, the English troops captured Quebec, the consequence of which was the cession of the whole of New France to England. Those historic battlefields recall nothing that is bitter. The two parties at war were equally brave, and equally did their duty, at least so far as the capture of Quebec, and the second siege of Louisbourg are concerned. If we to-day wish to preserve what remains of those old forts, it is to commemorate among us a spirit, not of rivalry, but of union, and peace founded upon those acts, the performance of which reflects discredit on neither, but rather military glory on both. I would refer to Louisbourg especially. It is really a great pity that those immense ruins should be left to decay and perish. Not only in view of the historical events they represent, but in view of the future prospects of Louisbourg, these grounds should be marked as a garden for public purposes. The people of the United States have already begun to come thither, and before many years they will gather there by thousands and thousands, as the Arabs go to Medina, to view that port which they justly consider as the spot of one of the most glorious achievements of their arms. Every American who knows enough history to go back to 1745, will visit Louisbourg to see where the the great feat was performed by one of their own countrymen. United States capitalists are now building a road connecting Canso with Louisbourg. I am no prophet, but it is only necessary to open one's eyes to predict that Louisbourg will again come to the front. It is, in my estimation, the finest seaport on the Atlantic coast. It is the nearest to England. It is so much ahead of the ports of the two Sydneys, and of the other adjacent ports, that the Sydney people have built docks there in order to take in their coal, and now the Dominion Steel Company take

in their ore, in winter, during the few weeks or months when Sydney and the other ports are blocked by ice. The port of Louisbourg is open the whole year round. With these advantages Louisbourg needs must have before it a great future. The piece of land where the old fortification stood is occupied by squatters. The new town is not built there, but at the other end of that port, two or three miles away. The old place is occupied by six or seven persons who have been there for ten, twenty, or thirty years, and some longer. Some have prescription in their favor. Those grounds could be got now on easy terms. Some doubts exist as to who are to-day the legal owners or possessors of the site of old Louisbourg. In 1882, the Imperial government vested in the Dominion government the old and the more recent military proporties of Nova Scotia. These comprise lands in Lunenburg, Liverpool, Shelburne, Yarmouth, Digby, Annapolis-Royal, Guysborough, Sydney and Pictou. Louisbourg is not included in the list. On the other hand it was never handed to the Nova Scotian government; so that the title of Louisbourg must still be with the Imperial authorities. The Nova Scotia government make some claim to it, by virtue of the law of prescription; but while occupation would give a good title to squatters or old occupants, I fail to see how the Halifax authorities can step in. However, everybody seems desirous that something should be done for its preservation; and the Hon. Longley, whom I consulted about this matter, assured me that the Nova Scotia government would cheerfully concur with the Dominion government, in taking means for the preservation of old Louisbourg. While I was there I was informed that the Americans, who are enterprising in all matters, seeing the future possibilities and value of the site, had taken an option of all the ground where the old Louisbourg fort stood, except the burying ground where French and English soldiers sleep together their eternal slumber. What I want to call

the attention of the public to is this fact, that if the government thought proper to spend eighty thousand dollars for the purchase of the Plains of Abraham, where it is not at all sure that the battle between Wolfe and Montcalm was fought, for a mere field—the same government should redeem from the hands of strangers a place where fortifications once stood, the most formidable in America, where two sieges were held, where battles were fought, where blood was shed, and where to-day the soldiers of England and France sleep side by side. The government who were justified in spending so much money to purchase the Plains of Abraham, should, in my estimation, do something towards saving from destruction and vandalism those ruins which are of such general interest. I remember reading in Macaulay these words: "A people that takes no pride in the noble achievements of remote ancestors is not likely to perform noble achievements which will be remembered by remote descendants." Let us keep the memory of our ancestors. I do not at all plead for Canadians to do as they are doing in China, to look always behind and adore what has gone before us. I call attention to the old fortresses and battlegrounds because they are part and parcel of our history that are visible, and inasmuch as none of us will condemn the study of our history by our children, we should join hands in having the monuments of old preserved for them and our descendants. It is useless to think that we can build for ourselves a great country if we only look forward to material achievements, to commerce, trade and navigation. That is all right, that is a part of the monument, the most useful, perhaps, but not the most noble and the most refined. A country lives not by bread alone. It must always have what elevates it: education, art, religion, poetry. And history is all that, ours more particularly. The present must stand on the past, and the past glories are a sacred heritage. In France, in 1887, they passed a law for the preservation of

all grounds of historical and artistic value. We have not so many such grounds in Canada. These few glorious battlegrounds, and above all that of Louisbourg, in my estimation, should be preserved for all time to come as a public park at least; they should be put under the same category as are to-day those smaller grounds I have referred to, where the engagements of 1812, and those against the Fenians were fought. A museum should be opened at Louisbourg for the preservation of what remains of its old and valuable relics. Every earthly thing that is found within and without the walls, capable of being carried away, is torn down and taken home by the tourists. The old cannon of Louisbourg are to be found everywhere in North America, except in Louisbourg. The Americans, those Pilgrims Abroad, excel above all in the art of demolishing old monuments and taking the pieces home—the English come next. Vandalism is practised on a large scale at Louisbourg. The Goths and the Vandals demolished the temples of Italy, and used the wooden fixtures for firewood. The block-house at Annapolis-Royal was pulled down, some fifteen years ago, to make firewood for its caretaker, one Mr. Hall, with the sanction of a barbarian, I mean a minister of the crown. The Vandals and the Goths melted into coin the artistic treasures in gold and silver which they found in Constantinople. One of our ministers of Militia and Defence sold the old cannon of Fort Beausejour, in New Brunswick, to foundry men, and put the thirty pieces of gold in the Dominion treasury. The Vandals and the Ostrogoths made lime out of the statuary chefs-d'œuvre of Rome and Athens; our governments, all of them, provincial and federal, allow the last bricks and ornamental stone of Louisbourg to be sold for building chimneys, basements and wells. I now appeal to this our present government to put a stop to that wanton devastation, and do something for the preservation of at least the remaining ruins of old glorious Louisbourg.

(To be continued.) PASCAL POIRIER.

A Brave Soldier of the Revolution.

HE name of Cruger—synonymous with Kruger, is not likely to excite much enthusiasm in the minds of the readers of ACADIENSIS. But there are Krugers and Crugers. John Harris Cruger of New York was one of the most distinguished colonial officers that fought on the side of the crown in the war of the revolution in America.

His ancestors filled prominent positions in public life, his grandfather having been for some years mayor of the city of New York, while his father was a member of the executive council of the colony. At the commencement of the revolution John Harris Cruger was himself a member of the executive council and treasurer of the city of New York and held other positions of public trust. He was popular with all classes. His wife, Anne de Lancey, was the eldest daughter of Brigadier General Oliver de Lancey. Equally with her husband and father she shared in all the vicissitudes of the war. In the month of November, 1777, she had a thrilling experience while visiting at Bloomingdale,* her parents' home on Manhattan Island. The house was attacked, broken open, plundered and burned by a band of rebel marauders. Mrs. Cruger, her mother, her sister and a Miss Floyd were

*Bloomingdale now lies in the very heart of New York city, but at the time of the revolution it was regarded as in the country.

threatened with violence and obliged to flee for their lives clad only in the clothes in which they had risen from their sleep, and without either shoes or stockings. Mrs. Cruger tried to reach a British post two miles off to give the alarm, but unfortunately lost her way in consequence of her confusion and terror and the darkness of the night. The frost lay on the ground, and she had well nigh perished when in the morning she found herself near an inn, called "The Dove," seven miles from her father's house on the Kingsbridge Road. Here she was taken in and hospitably entertained by the loyal innkeeper, one Nicholas Staker.

Mrs. Cruger's father, Oliver deLancey, was a prominent citizen of New York who had served in the French war as commander of a body of provincial troops under General Abercrombie.

After the capture of Long Island by the British forces in August, 1776, General Howe appointed Oliver deLancey brigadier-general with orders to raise three battalions of 500 men each for the defence of the island. The battalions were soon raised. The general himself was colonel of the first battalion, and his son-in-law, John Harris Cruger, lieutenant-colonel. George Brewerton, alderman of New York, and a gentleman who had served with distinction during the French war, commanded the second battalion and had as his lieutenant-colonel Stephen de Lancey, oldest son of the general. Gabriel Ludlow commanded the third battalion, and his lieutenant-colonel was Richard Hewlett, of Hampstead, Long Island.

The de Lancey battalions were organized "for the defence of Long Island and other exigencies." Under their protection Long Island became a secure asylum for the Loyalists, who flocked thither in great numbers from Connecticut and elsewhere, and of whom very many came to New Brunswick at the peace in 1783. The ramparts built by Cruger's men at Huntington, Long Island, are still visible.

In the autumn of 1778, Sir Henry Clinton sent the first and second battalions to Georgia under General Campbell. They arrived at Savannah on the 23rd December, and a few days later took part in an important battle in which the Americans were defeated with the loss of 600 men. During the engagement Lt.-Col. Cruger and his regiment, in conjunction with the British Light Infantry, gained the enemy's rear by a bye-path; their unexpected and impetuous charge threw the Americans into great confusion largely deciding the issue. In consequence of this victory, Savannah with all its stores, including seventy-one pieces of artillery and a quantity of ammunition, fell into the hands of the British.

In September following, Savannah was invested by the combined French and American forces. DeLancey's first and second battalions were with the defenders. Lt.-Col. Cruger was given charge of an important position and he repulsed the enemy in three several attacks. A fleet of transports had been sent from New York with reinforcements for the Savannah garrison, and Mrs. Cruger took passage in one of the vessels to join her husband. The fleet was separated by a tremendous storm, and the ship with Mrs. Cruger on board, being old and crazy, was given up by officers and crew as lost. She weathered the storm, however, only to be taken two days afterwards by a French man-of-war under command of the Count d'Estaign. The distinguished stranger took Mrs. Cruger on board his own ship and treated her with every kindness. The very next day the ship in which she had sailed from New York went to the bottom. During the siege of Savannah she remained on shipboard and heard every gun that was fired. Her anxiety for her husband's safety may readily be imagined. After the repulse of the allied French and Americans, Count d'Estaign generously sent Mrs. Cruger ashore under a flag of truce with all her possessions.

Lt.-Col. Cruger and his corps gained additional honor at the taking of Charleston by the British forces, May 12, 1780; and again their conduct was highly commended at the battle of Camden, where the Americans under General Gates were totally defeated with a loss of 2,000 in killed, wounded and prisoners.

The first and second de Lanceys, however, won their brightest laurels in the heroic defence of the post near Camden, known as "Ninety-Six."* Lt.-Colonel Cruger was in command. His wife we are told "lived in the garrison, fared as the people did, was beloved by the soldiers, and caressed, esteemed and almost adored by the officers for her kindness and hospitality upon all occasions." The garrison at "Ninety-Six" included 150 men of deLancey's brigade, 200 of the New Jersey Volunteers, under Lt.-Col. Isaac Allen, and 200 militia under Colonel King. The defences were in a very unfinished state, and Cruger had only a few cannon and a scanty supply of ammunition. The garrison put forth every effort to strengthen their position, but were still quite unprepared for a siege when General Greene suddenly appeared on the scene with 4,000 men.

On the night of the 21st May, 1781, the besiegers broke ground and threw up two works within seventy paces of the fort. While they were engaged the next night in strengthening these works they were attacked by the garrison and every man bayoneted, the works demolished and even the intrenching tools carried off. The besiegers now proceeded more cautiously, and in the next ten days by incessant labor advanced their trenches nearly to the fort. Meanwhile they were harassed by the frequent sorties of the defenders.

At this juncture General Greene peremptorily summoned the garrison to surrender. Cruger replied that it was his

*"Ninety Six" is a town in Greenwood County, South Carolina. It was so named because it was ninety-six miles from the Sherokee Indian trading town of Keowee.

duty as well as his intention to defend the post to the last extremity, and that the threats or promises of Greene were to him alike indifferent. The besiegers thereupon opened fire from their batteries and for several days bombarded the defences, at the same time pushing forward a sap and erecting other batteries, one of which was at a distance of only thirty-five paces from the abatis of the fort. Attempts were made by means of African arrows* to set fire to the barracks. Cruger ordered the barracks to be unroofed thereby saving them from destruction, but exposing his officers and men to the night air and the inclemency of the weather.

As the siege progressed the garrison continued their night sallies, often with success. But despite their best efforts their position daily became more critical. On the 12th of June, the enemy's trenches were advanced to the stockade and a sergeant and six men attempted to set fire to the abatis. Every man was shot by the defenders. However, a few days later the concentrated fire of the besiegers rendered the outwork untenable and it had to be evacuated. The garrison thereby lost their water supply. Their sufferings now became extreme. A well was dug within the fort but no water could be found. It was midsummer and at such times the heat of South Carolina is excessive. The only way to obtain water was to send out naked negroes by night whose bodies in the darkness could not be distinguished from the dead logs with which the place abounded. In this way a scanty supply was brought from within pistol shot of the enemy's pickets. Cruger continued at all times the life of the garrison, encouraging them by word and example and exhorting them to die in the last ditch rather than surrender.

At length on the 17th of June, a brave Loyalist rode in broad daylight at full gallop through the enemy's picket

*The African arrows were fitted to the bores of the muskets, the heads being armed with a dart, and combustibles attached, which were set on fire just before the arrows were shot at the buildings.

line, amid a storm of bullets not one of which touched him, and placed in Colonel Cruger's hands a message to the effect that Lord Rawdon was in full march to raise the siege. When this good news was announced a shout went up from the defenders that reached the enemy's lines.

Greene, knowing he had no time to lose, stormed the fort next day. His "forlorn hope" gained the ditch followed by a strong attachment with grappling hooks to pull down the parapet. At this critical moment a party of Cruger's men, led by Captain French, and another of the New Jersey Volunteers, under Captain Campbell, dashed into the ditch at opposite ends, pushed forward with their bayonets till they met in the middle and cleared all before them. With astonishment and chagrin Greene saw his design foiled by the desperate valor of a mere handful of men. His soldiers could not be persuaded to make a second attempt. The next day he raised the siege and soon after Lord Rawdon arrived with the long expected succor.

The defence of a position so weak as "Ninety-Six" for more than thirty days with a force of only 350 Loyalist troops and 200 militia, is really remarkable in view of the strength of the besieging army. The little garrison had 1 lieutenant, 3 sergeants and 23 rank and file killed, while the besiegers lost 1 colonel, 3 captains, 5 lieutenants and 157 rank and file killed, besides the loss sustained by their militia, which was believed to have been much greater.

Just before the post was invested Lt.-Col. Cruger sent his wife to the house of a loyal Presbyterian minister, who lived about a mile from the fort. During the siege she heard nearly every gun that was fired, and her anxiety must have been extreme.

Lt.-Col. Cruger won fresh laurels at the battle of Eutaw Springs, where he commanded one wing of the British forces. His brave and devoted wife had barely time to quit the army ere the battle began. She sought refuge in

the house of a Loyalist about half a mile from the field. Here again she heard every gun fired during the engagement.

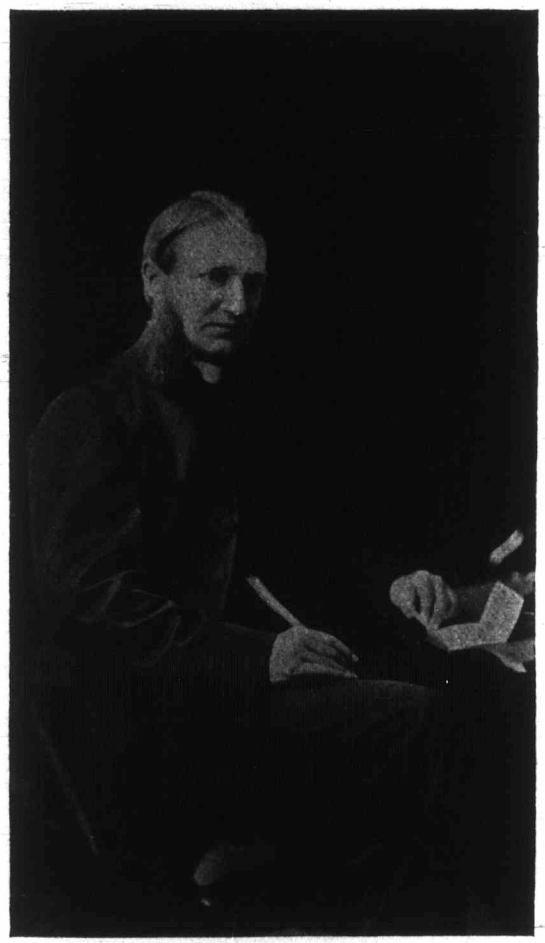
Speaking of Lt.-Col. Cruger's conduct on this occasion, the Loyalist historian, Judge Thomas Jones, observes:

"If anything could add to the heroism of this amiable and loyal New Yorker, it is the active, spirited and judicious part he acted in the battle at the Etways, or Eutaw, in 1781, where his bravery, coolness, resolution, judgment and steadiness turned the fortune of the day in favor of the British, when the jilt was upon the point of abandoning them."

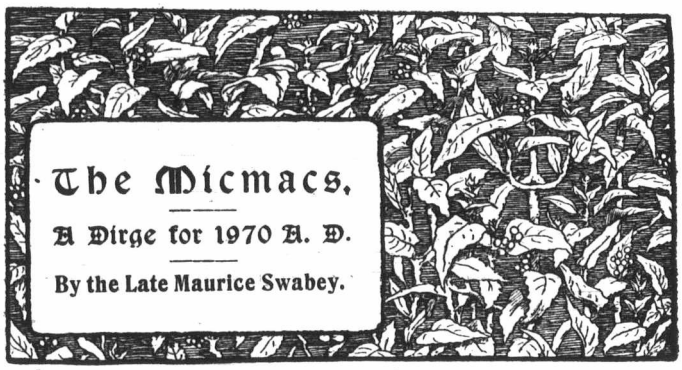
At the evacuation of Charleston in 1782, the first and second de Lancey battalions (now consolidated into one) returned to New York, whence at the peace the majority came to New Brunswick. They received a grant of a large tract of land at Woodstock, in the county of Carleton. They were the first settlers in that locality, and their descendants are numerous and respected citizens of Woodstock and its vicinity at the present day.

In all the hard fighting through which he passed, John Harris Cruger was never once wounded. At the evacuation of New York he went to England with his wife, where, as Judge Jones tells us, "they lived peaceably, happily and contentedly at Beverley, in Yorkshire, esteemed by the people, the gentry and the nobility."

W. O. Raymond.



REV. MAURICE SWABEY.
From a Photograph *circa* 1860.



Where is the spirit of the Micmac race?
That martial glory hath not passed from earth?
Of Nature's children lives there not a trace?
Where are the sylvan homes that gave them birth?

Where is the chieftain, with his eagle plume,
The grey moose tracking in the morning bright,
The conic wigwam 'mid the forest's gloom
Breathing a welcome in the evening's light?

Where is the quiver from the shoulder slung,
The death-fraught arrow, the unerring bow,
The reeking scalplock from the wampum strung,
Enduring trophy of the vanquish'd foe?

Where the flint hatchet and the ruthless blade
That mars the slain and terminates the strife;
The tomahawk — that from the captive's head
Hath reft his honor dearer than his life?

Where the swart visage, the dark piercing eye,
Quick as the falcon's on the foeman's trail,
The tawny bosom's terrifying dye,
The stoic firmness, never known to quail?

Where are the torchlights, with their fitful glow,
Like meteors flitting o'er the shadow'd deep?
The wily savage in his bark canoe,
Th' uplifted spear, the noiseless paddle's sweep?

Where the wild mirth that on a festal day,
Romantic "Lennox,"* marked thy fairy scene,
Thy gathered maidens in their bright array,
The mimic grandeur of thy virgin queen?

Where are the warriors round the council fire,
Smoking the peace-stalk? Where the pointless spear,
The squaws carousing in their wild attire?
Where is the venison for the evening's cheer?

Where the rude birchen shroud, the moss-clad bier,
The proud traditions of the honored dead?
The maple groves re-echo, sadly, "Where?"
Manitto called,—the tribe forever fled.

A paper of recent date contains the notice of the death of Rev. Maurice Swabey, the author of the above poem, which is republished from a little volume of poetry, entitled "Voices from Abegweet; or, The Home on the Wave," and which was published in London, England, in 1878, by Mr. Swabey, then Vicar of St. Thomas' Church, Exeter.

The *Exeter Post* of the 5th of April last contained a long report of the proceedings in the Parish of St. Thomas, of which Mr. Swabey had been the Rector for more than a quarter of a century, during which the Rector took occasion to announce his retirement, after 48 years of active work in the ministry, 28 years of which had been in the occupation of that benefice.

In a letter addressed to the Churchwardens and Vestry of St. Thomas' Church, at that time, Mr. Swabey took

* A beautiful island in Richmond Bay, Prince Edward Island, the headquarters of the Micmacs of that province (to whom it is known as "El-nooy-mon-ago). Once every year, on St. Anne's day, the Indians, who are Roman Catholics and have a neat chapel of their own, assemble there from all parts for religious observances and festivities, and the island then presents a most animated appearance.—NOTE BY M. S.

occasion to express the desire that "the blessing of Almighty God may rest upon the parish, and that the harmony which for so many years has reigned in our meetings and marked all the relations between clergy and people may ever be retained."

Mr. Swabey had, through the Acadian Provinces, many friends, who will hear with sincere sorrow the news of their sad loss.

In his earlier years he was much identified with the religious and literary life of this portion of what is now the Dominion of Canada. He was a contributor to *Stewart's Quarterly* and several other periodicals.

"Abegweet' (or the "Home on the Wave"), it might be explained, is the poetical name by which Prince Edward Island is known amongst the "Micmac" Indians, who inhabit the shores of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and, as stated by the author, was prefixed to his little book because he first ventured to touch the lyre in that "Garden of Canada."

Mr. Swabey was educated at King's College, University of Windsor, Nova Scotia, taking his degree of Bachelor of Arts in 1852 and that of Master of Arts in 1859.

He was incumbent of Milton and Rustico, Prince Edward Island, from 1854 to 1857; assistant minister in what is familiarly known as the "Stone Church," Parish of St. Mark, in the City of St. John, New Brunswick, from 1858 to 1865.

From 1865 until 1875 Mr. Swabey was the Rector of St. Jude's Church, also in the City of St. John, N. B., and from the latter year, until his appointment as Vicar of St. Thomas, was connected with the active work of the Colonial and Continental Church Society.

The volume of poetry, published by Mr. Swabey, was dedicated to Maurice Charles Merttins Swabey, D.C.L, of Langley Marish, Bucks, "Late student of Christ Church

(Oxon.), Chancellor of the Dioceses of Oxford and Ripon." In his preface to that work the author remarks that, "If, as he hardly dares to hope, these 'voices' shall be heard beyond the circle of old friends, he trusts they may arouse a deeper interest in the well being of our colonists, and likewise in the spiritual and temporal welfare of the 'Children of the Forest,' now fast fading away before the advancing tide of civilization."—ED.

Song.

BEND thou down thy long-lashed glances
On the lover at thy feet,
In whose veins the red blood dances
As thy fairy form advances
Out of dreamland, Oh! my sweet!

For no starlight hath such splendour
And no sun such dewy heat;
'Neath thine eyes my heart grows tender
And my soul yields full surrender
To their radiance, Oh! my sweet!

As cool waters to the dying
Where stern foes in battle meet,
So thine eyes, no joys denying,
And thy smile with smile complying
Keep me living, Oh! my sweet!

CHARLES CAMPBELL.

A French Account of the Raid Upon the New England Frontier in 1694.

N the Parliamentary Library at Ottawa is a MS. bearing the title "Relation du Voyage fait par le Sieur De Villieu, Captaine d'un detachment de la Marine, a la tete des Sauvages Kanibats et Malecizite (sic) de l' Arcadie pour faire la guerre aux Anglais, au printemps del' au 1694."

This document bears internal evidence of having been prepared by Villieu, or copied from his journal, and is interesting for the evidence it yields of the means through which the French gained the assistance of the Wapanaki* Indians, in the effort to drive the English from the eastern frontier of New England and regain the territory for the French crown. (The English claimed the country to the St. Croix, while the French placed the boundary of Acadia at the Kennebec.) The document proves also that the major share of the responsibility for breaking the treaty of 1693 should be taken from the Indians and cast upon their French leaders.

To understand the question clearly it will be necessary to recall some of the events of the preceding years. In 1689 the Count de Frontenac, then in his seventieth year, yet vigorous and alert, was despatched to Canada to fill for the second time the dual post of Governor and Commander in Chief, and charged by Louis XIV with a scheme for the reduction of New York and the subsequent conquest of New England.

*Spelled also Abenaki.

The designs upon New York were frustrated almost at their inception. The ships intended for the expedition were disabled, while the Iroquois, who had been reckoned upon for assistance in the land attack, declined to be imposed upon by the Count's smooth words and artifices, and, in spite of his strenuous efforts, concluded an alliance with the English.

Frontenac was more successful with the Wapanakis, partly because their feelings toward the colonists at that time moved them to yield the more readily to his overtures.

The year before, in 1688, Andros, then Governor of Massachusetts, had foolishly broken the ten years' peace, which began shortly after King Philip's war, by the unprovoked and unjustifiable destruction of Baron St. Castine's establishment at the mouth of the Penobscot. Castine had married the daughter of the Penobscot sachem Madokawando, at that time one of the most influential chiefs of the Wapanaki League, and by sympathizing with the Indians and adopting their mode of life the Frenchman had gained their loyal attachment. The tribes were enraged at Andros' action and were eager to avenge it. At this juncture the seizure of sixteen Indians at Saco, in retaliation for the killing of a few cattle at Yarmouth, started into life the smouldering fire and opened what Cotton Mather styled "the melancholy decade"— the ten years' war. In June, 1689, came the destruction of Dover, where Major Waldron repaid so terribly for his treachery of some thirty years before, and this was followed by the capture of Pemaquid and the massacre of the people. John Gyles has told the gruesome story of that transaction.

During the autumn of that year — 1689 — Frontenac organized the bands for those offensive operations against the English, which have gone into history as the "winter raids." The Indians who were engaged in these exploits

were drawn from the mission stations near Quebec. From Lorette were taken the Mohawks who had been converted by the Jesuits, and these were put in the band which was sent against Schenectady. In two other bands, destined for services in Maine and New Hampshire, were exiles from various Wapanaki tribes, gathered at St. Francis, who had sought refuge under the French flag at the close of Philip's war. Besides the Indians in each band were an equal number of Canadian Bush Rangers — *Courier-de-bois* — who were quite as wild and savage as their red-skinned allies. The leaders of these bands of marauders were French officers of rank.

In February of that winter the settlement at Schenectady was totally wiped out with torch and tomahawk, and the Colonists had not recovered from the shock this occasioned when they were again terrified by a similar report from Salmon Falls, New Hampshire, and later by the downfall of Casco and an aftermath of smaller depredations. From all the doomed hamlets came the same horrifying tale — houses burned; men, women, and children slaughtered or carried into captivity. Frontenac had decided that he could only succeed in holding Canada for the French crown by enlisting the aid of the savages, and to secure that aid he must permit them to make war in their own savage way.

The Colonists were incensed against the French for their participation in this unrighteous warfare and determined upon retaliation. A conference was held at New York in May, 1690, at which it was agreed that an army organized by Connecticut and New York, and including Mohegan and Iroquois Indians, should attack Montreal by land, while Massachusetts made an assault on Quebec from the sea. A squadron of Massachusetts vessels, under command of Sir William Phips, had already, in May of that year, forced the French garrison at Port Royal to capitulate, and elated by this success the New

Englanders deemed the conquest of Quebec and Montreal quite within possibility. Phips was selected to command the Quebec forces, and with a fleet of armed vessels and transports sailed from Boston early in August.

The New York and Connecticut forces, under command of General Winthrop, assembled at Albany and proceeded in canoes and on foot toward Montreal, but their expedition was a failure. The bulk of the men advanced no farther than Lake Champlain, where smallpox and hunger and factional disputes left them stranded and thoroughly demoralized. Captain John Schuyler, with a small company of volunteers, made a raid on La Prairie, and continued to harass the French outposts for a short time, but, while they kept the country in alarm, they were at no time a serious menace to Montreal.

Frontenac happened to be in Montreal when Winthrop's advance was reported to him. He had just concluded an alliance with some five hundred Indians from the upper lakes — Ojibwas, Hurons, Ottawas, Nipissings and others, who had come to Montreal with furs for sale — and he readily induced these braves to join him in a fight with the English and their traditional foes, the Iroquois, whom the scouts had seen on Lake Champlain. The English and their allies eluded Frontenac, but he had gained the friendly support of these Western tribes, to his great advantage.

Winthrop's army having retired, Frontenac, being apprised of Phips' departure from Boston, was enabled to reinforce the garrison at Quebec and to strengthen that city's defenses before the Colonial fleet arrived. Phips had reckoned upon a weak garrison and fortifications of little consequence, but found himself confronted by a force which was more than a match for his command, while his guns made no appreciable effect upon the forts that crowned the great cliff. After several days of fighting and bombarding, in which the New England yeoman who

attempted to storm the citadel proved that they lacked neither courage nor endurance, Phips decided that he had undertaken a task beyond his accomplishment, discreetly withdrew, and returned to Boston.

While Phips was on his way to Quebec the Massachusetts authorities despatched Church with some three hundred men to punish the Wapanakis. He burned Pejepscot, on the Androscoggin, killed a few men, and captured some women and children, but accomplished little toward teaching the Indians to have a wholesome respect for English wrath. Early in 1691 the Wapanakis were again on the war path and assisted the French in the destruction of York. Later a band of French and Indians — Maliseets from the St. John, Micmacs from Nova Scotia, Sakokokis, Penobscots, and Kennebecs — some four hundred strong, led by Portneuf and St. Castine, made a vigorous attack on Wells, but were repulsed by the townspeople under the brave leadership of Converse.

The war had been conducted in a desultory fashion, but enough had been accomplished to keep the Colonists of the outlying settlements in a constant state of anxiety and unrest. They became depressed and discourged, and many advocated removal to the towns. That was precisely the result for which Frontenac had been plotting. He hoped by constant harassment to drive the English from their settlements and open the country for French occupation. (At a later date the Massachusetts authorities put a check upon proposed removals from the frontier by enacting a law prohibiting the desertion of farms on penalty of forfeiting the property thus deserted.) Relief came to the Colonists at last in the assurance from the authorities that they had secured permanent peace. Many of the Indians were disposed to resume friendly relations. The prompt and vigorous action of the Colonists in answering recent attacks; the failure of the

assault on Wells; the rebuilding of Pemaquid; the erection of a strong fort on the Saco; the failure of a French squadron sent by Frontenac to reduce the coast defenses; the possibilities for large and lucrative barter which the English colonies offered to the Wapanakis; the desire for the return of their people who had been captured and were held at Boston as hostages; all these, combined with a suspicion that their French allies were using them for purely selfish purposes, had a subduing effect on the red men. They were ready to lay down their arms. At a conference held at Pemaquid in August, 1693, representatives of the tribes who claimed sovereignty over the land lying between the Merrimac and the St. John signed a treaty of peace with the Massachusetts Colony. They promised to aid the French no longer and to be loyal subjects to the British King.

Frontenac's plans were in danger, and, though he appears to have had no knowledge of the consummation of the treaty, he made strenuous efforts to break off the negotiations between the Indians and the Colonists, which had been reported to him, and which he feared would end in disaster to French interests. In the Indian camps were two men who were willing to serve him — the missionaries, Bigot and Thury. These priests had won the confidence and affection of their flocks by sympathy and devotion, and they used their influence to incite the Indians against the English. In this they were supported by Moxus (sometimes written Taxous), chief of the Penobscot village at Castine, who was of sufficient importance and influence to be placed later at the head of the tribe. Opposed to the priests and Moxus in this contention were the majority of the Wapanakis, led by Modokawando, the sachem of the Penobscots, an old man of marked ability as a leader, who had also the reputation of a brave and skillful warrior. There were many vehement debates in the councils of the tribes during the

months that followed the Pemaquid conference, and war upon the Colonists was the question at issue. But the Colonists knew naught of this. They slept in security, reckoning that the Indians were at last content to be at peace.

It was at this period that the Sieur De Villieu, a Captain of Marines, who had won some distinction during Phips' attack on Quebec, was sent to Acadia to take charge of the Indian contingent of the French force in that colony,* succeeding Portneuf, who had been displaced for bad conduct. In the autumn of 1693 he arrived at Fort Natchouat, at the mouth of the Nashwauk, opposite Fredericton, at that time the headquarters of Villebon, Governor of Acadia. Villieu's story of what followed reads thus :—†

In order to fulfil the orders which he had received from the court to put himself at the head of the savages of Acadia to go against the English, and the orders given him by Monsieur le Comte de Frontenac, both at his departure from Quebec in the month of October, 1693, and by the letters which he had the honor of writing to him, the said Sieur de Villieu, after having passed the winter at Fort Natchouat,‡ on the St. John River, where the Chevalier de Villebon was in command, left there on the first of May, 1694, to go to Pentagouet to put an end to the parleys which the savages had been holding with the English for a year, and to incite them to recommence the war. On the third he arrived at Fort Medauktek,§ where he assembled the old men of the savages to tell them the object of his journey. In the course of his address he begged them to hold themselves in readiness to

* Villleu was afterward made Commandant of Pentagoet, now Castine.

† In translating the MS., which is written in old French, I have had the kind assistance of Mr. M. Le N. King, of Harvard, and Miss Bella M. Grossman, of Bryn Mawr.

‡ In the MS. this word is spelled both Natchuat and Naxouat.

§ Meductic.

go in company with those of Pentagouet, declaring to them that he had been sent from France to put himself at their head and make war upon the English.

They put off until the next day the giving of their reply, and held a council to deliberate as to what they should do. They reached no conclusion, but on the morrow they assembled, and, after having taken their resolution, replied that they had never entered into the parleys which their brethren had held with the English, and that they only awaited an opportunity to make war upon them; that their weakness had prevented them from continuing it; that they were ready to join forces with him and would not leave him until they had broken many heads. He testified to them the joy he had in seeing them in that disposition, and made a feast, at which he assured the savages that he would inform Monsieur le Comte of their good will.

On the fifth of May he left Medauktek, and arrived on the ninth at Fort Madaoumkik,* where he found Taxous, one of the great chiefs of those savages, to whom he told the motive of his journey; and, having engaged him to descend to the village of Panaoumkik,† where the largest part of the savages of that river live, they arrived together on the tenth, at midnight. They found there Father Bigot, a Jesuit missionary, accompanied by three savages, of whom one announced himself as sent from the Kanibats‡ to tell the old men of that village that the Kanibats intended to make war upon the English.

On the eleventh this envoy spoke at a feast where was Sieur de Villieu, who told also the object of his journey and the reasons which ought to persuade them to break off the parleys which they had had with the Governor of Boston, who sought only to entrap them. He

* Mattawamkeag.

† Panawampskik, now called Indian Island, near Old Town.

‡ Kennebecs.

endeavored to the best of his ability to unite with the Kanibat envoy in assuring them that they could not fail to make a good stroke, in which they would acquire a great deal of both reputation and plunder. In order to engage them the more, he invited them at the same time to go to Natchouat to get the presents which the King had sent to them during the past year. They replied to him that they would be ready to march against the enemy as soon as they had received their presents, which they needed in order to make war. They also undertook to carry those which were destined for the Kanibats, and agreed upon a rendezvous at which to meet on the twenty-second day afterward, to march from there against the enemy.

On the sixteenth those savages left who were to fetch the presents. Sieur de Villieu accompanied them for the purpose of asking Sieur de Villebon for some soldiers for his company. On the twenty-second they arrived at Fort Natchouat, where M. de Villebon regaled them upon that which the King had sent to them as a present, and he distributed to them a part of the surplus. Sieur de Villieu had afterwards a particular feast for the chiefs, and another one for all the savages, in order to incite them to war.

On the twenty-fifth Sieur de Villieu left Naxouat with those savages and two Frenchmen, all M. de Villebon would give him, being dissatisfied with the enterprise. Even this small number was not contributed with sincerity, for, two days after arriving at Fort Medoktik, the two Frenchmen left the party to return to Fort Natchouat without notifying Sieur de Villieu. He remained the only Frenchman with the party, and was without provisions, M. de Villebon having refused to give him any in spite of the petitions he had made for some. He urged M. de Villebon to consider the urgency of the enterprise in the state of affairs, and the impossibility of his being able to subsist on the journey over lakes and rivers and

through woods if he did not carry with him the necessary provisions.

This extremity seemed to put Sieur de Villieu out of condition for marching, nevertheless he resolved to live with the savages, and set out in one of their canoes. They left Medoktek on the twenty-eighth of May and arrived at Pentagouet on the third of June, where the savages made the division of their presents, but noticing that only a part had been given them, having learned through M. de Champigny and the savages who had returned from the French what had been sent to them by the King, that thought disturbed the friendly disposition in which they were. They murmured audibly, and, for a finishing touch, Mataquando, one of their chiefs, who returned from Pemaquid two days later, assured them that the Governor of Boston would produce the prisoners on the fifth of July, which abated so much their desire for war that they determined before proceeding further to prove if they were deceived by the English, or if the promise were made in good faith. It was only after prolonged discussion that they decided to attack the English, during which Sieur de Villieu occupied himself strenuously to parry the stroke which would wreck his designs. He represented to them that this delay was suggested to them by the Governor of Boston, and was only to seek an opportunity to entrap them, since he had sent word of his intention to give up but seven or eight prisoners, which concerned only some of those present. He also assured them that the Governor had asked for delay only to gain time, as he knew it was impossible to return to them their children. These had been sent, for the most part, to Europe by officers, who, to all appearances, had given them to their kinsfolk or to some of the grand siegneurs, and that thus it would be difficult to recover them. These reasons, though good, did not persuade the Indians. Mataquando stoutly protested, and, having some

influential followers, started a cabal to prevent the enterprise resolved upon against the English, and so far succeeded that Villieu had the chagrin of seeing the ardor abate in all. M. de Thury, their missionary, who was working arduously for the success of the Sieur de Villieu's plans, found himself not less embarrassed than Villieu, for he learnt that a minister had been sent to the Fort by the English to teach the little savages to read and write.

Affairs continued in that condition until the ninth, when the relatives of the prisoners and hostages urged that messengers be sent to Boston to learn if the prisoners were actually there. Sieur de Villieu, in order to prevent them from having any interviews or parleys with the English, for fear of seeing all his plans overthrown — which would have happened, for the English, on learning his designs, would not have failed to put everything in operation to overthrow them and make peace with the Indians — proposed two expedients by which to recover their friends supposed to be at Boston. The first was to go at once and make a strong attack upon the place and force the English to surrender their prisoners in exchange for those that might be captured in the attack. Second, that, in case the attack was not successful, they would assemble those that were in the hands of the savages already, and, with the consent of M. le Comte, give them to the Governor of Boston in exchange for fhe savages he had in his hands. Lastly, he made clear to the Indians that, if they did not proceed in that manner, the English would never restore the prisoners, inasmuch as they had only demanded hostages in order to be assured of their fidelity. They pleaded that this slowness would result in the death of their people. Hè replied, in order to remove that objection, that he proposed to send a message to the Governor of Boston by the least important of the prisoners which they held stating that the Governor was to treat well all the savages of which he was master if he wished the English prisoners to be well treated.

It seemed that this statement had removed all difficulty and conciliated their minds, and that they were all disposed to execute the orders of Monsieur le Comte de Frontenac, when an obstinate fellow urged that it was absolutely necessary to send a canoe to Boston before undertaking anything in order to learn for certain if their friends had been brought back from Europe. He agreed to go himself and to be back again in twenty days. The great affection he had for a twelve-year-old daughter induced him to make the offer in the hope of seeing her again. This proposition gave pleasure to those who had an interest in the prisoners and to the band of Mataquando, who did not wish for war. Sieur de Villieu, seeing in this the overthrow of his enterprise, presented again what he believed might deter them, but finding them determined to follow that plan he prepared to depart from them and return to the river St. John.

On the next day. the eighth, he beguiled a savage with materials for smoking and with drink, who informed him of the fact that Edgaremet and Mataquando had sold the lands and the rivers of their nation. In order to get at the particulars, he learned from the savage that, having gone with the English on board a frigate of twenty-four pieces, in which was M. Phips, Governor of Boston, they had been received extremely well and feasted. Then the governor led the chiefs into his room, followed by his officers and an interpreter, and two hours later came out and the two savages, approaching the side of the vessel, threw their hatchets into the sea, in order, they said, that it might be impossible for them and their posterity ever to get them out again. Afterwards the governor shook hands with them as a sign of friendship, and then they drank each others' health and returned to the room where they had supped. This caused Sieur de Villieu to believe that

peace had been concluded. He communicated this to M. Thury; the latter could hardly believe it.*

In the meantime, a canoe arrived from Kanibak which brought a letter to Sieur de Villieu from Father Bigot which confirmed in some degree the news he had discovered, which caused him to press M. Thury to go to Taxous and incite him against Mataquando for having made peace without his consent. The effect was marvellous. Taxous declared that Mataquando had made peace, but as for himself he wished for war. He at once prepared to set out. On the twelfth day they dispatched a canoe to make known in haste to those of Medauktek the resolution taken the preceding day. On the same day, Sieur de Villieu descended to the sea shore determined to seize an Englishman named Aldin, who had gone there on a thirty ton vessel for the purpose of carrying on parleying. He hoped to take him with the help of Sieur de Saint Castin, the Indians having declined to join forces with Sieur de Villieu in this affair. But he arrived twelve hours too late, and saw the vessel three leagues from the fort sailing in the direction of Boston.

He remained with Sieur de Saint Castin until the sixteenth, when he left there to go to Panaoumskek. On the eighteenth, while ascending the river, his canoe was overturned above a rapid which he had shot holding to the canoe until in the whirlpools, where he was wounded in the head by striking against a rock, which caused him to let

* Villieu was correct in supposing that peace had been concluded. The meeting described by him, between Edgaremet and Modokawando, may have been that at which the Indians made their first appeal for a truce. But more followed for at the Pemaquid Conference, in 1693, a formal treaty was signed. Moxus knew of this, for, though he does not appear to have been present, he was represented by Wenobson, who signed the treaty "in behalf of Moxus." That Thury should have been ignorant of the signing of this treaty seems incredible.

Possibly the conference described by Villieu's informant may have been that at which Madokawando sold certain lands on St. Georges River. The deed of transfer bears date of May 9, 1694. It is signed by Madokawando, with Edgaremet and two other Indians as witnesses. The performance with the tomahawk may have been enacted by way of confirmation of the Pemaquid treaty. Whatever may be the explanation, it is plain that the red men were masters of finesse and were using it against their long-time comrades. French artifice had overreached itself.

go. The crew saved themselves by swimming as soon as they were overturned. Sieur de Villieu was thrown by the whirlpools upon the edge of a second rock. In this condition—his head broken, his stomach full of water, bruised all over his body, the canoe broken, his luggage and his arms lost—he was seized with a fever which lasted until the twenty-third.

On the twenty-sixth, a canoe arrived at Panaoumskek from Medauktek, which brought information that the Malecizites, to the number of sixty, had been detained by Father Simon Recolet, under orders from Monsieur de Villebon, but that sixteen had scorned the order, and would arrive on the following day.

On the twenty-seventh, a council was held to deliberate concerning the place at which they should make the attack, but it broke up without anything being decided upon. The next day the same thing happened. In the evening, Sieur de Villieu gave a feast of dogs to the savages, at which they sang the war song, excepting about thirty of the band of Mataquando, who were jeered and taunted during the feast. After the feast Mataquando, won over by the prayers and the presents which had been made to him by Sieur de Villieu and Thury, begged the former to put off the departure for a day and he would then accompany him. Every one was delighted with this, he having acquired the reputation of a brave in the preceding wars. On the thirtieth, Sieur de Villieu, Thury, one intrepid Frenchman, and one hundred and five savages, started for the mouth of the river Kanibeki to unite with the Kanibats who were to meet them there.

On the ninth, Sieur de Villieu, with three savages, he being disguised like them, approached Fort Pemakuit, and having given some peltries to the savages for a pretext of having come to trade at the fort, he reconnoitered the situation of the place, the entrance to the harbor and the anchorage, of which he very successfully drew the plan. On the tenth,

they went to the rapid of Ammio-Kangen, but the savages had departed. On the same day forty Kanibats arrived from Nauantchouan; the remainder, with those from Fort Anmessoukkenti having taken another route to join them further on. On the eleventh, thirty arrived from Fort Neuakamigo, who had waited with the others. They marched until the sixteenth when they found forty more Kanibats while crossing a lake.

On that day a council was held to deliberate concerning the place against which they were to carry the war, but nothing was concluded at that council, opinions being divided. The same thing happened at another council, which was held three days later at the place where they then found themselves. Some wished that part be sent above Boston while others went below to attack the English at the same time in different places. On the next day the old men gave way to the young men, and their opinions having prevailed, they took upon themselves the guidance of the party.

On the twenty-second, after having made about ten leagues by land, the greater part, having been in want of food for several days, murmured against going on, though only a forenoon's journey from the enemy. Some said that they would turn back if the plan was not changed, and this necessitated the holding of a second council, where they resolved to advance.

On the twenty-third, after having made twelve leagues, they assembled at the prayers of those who were dying of hunger, of which number Sieur de Villieu was one, and as the necessity of attacking the enemy who were near at hand was very pressing, the leader sent ten scouts on the next day to reconnoiter, and the party made about four leagues in following them. On the twenty-fifth, they made three leagues and met two of the scouts who reported that the enemy were not upon their guard. On the twenty-sixth, three scouts, who had advanced much farther, made

a similar report. They therefore continued the march in order to arrive there that evening. In three hours the remainder of the scouts joined the party.

At a league from the dwellings of the English, council was held to determine in what way they should make the assault. It was resolved to separate into two parties to attack from both sides of the river, and begin the attack at dawn the following day. They separated at sunset to spread out during the night along the side which was most thickly settled. Each party was divided into several little groups all to make the attack at the same time.

They captured two small forts that were without garrison, to which the seigneurs of the place and some of the inhabitants had retired. They killed one hundred and four persons and took twenty-seven prisoners. Sixty houses were pillaged and burned. There was also a number of animals killed. They then retired to the place where the separation had been made the preceding evening. When all had arrived they proceeded to go to sleep upon a naturally fortified rock with the intention of waiting there if the enemy pursued them.

On the twenty-eighth, they departed rather late but made more than fifteen leagues during the day. On the twenty-ninth, the band arrived at the place where they had left the canoes, in which the greater part of the people embarked without provisions.

Thirty of the savages of Pantaguoet were piqued at not having taken as many prisoners and as much booty as those from Kanibeki, because they had not found sufficient opportunity in the place upon which they had fallen At the solicitation of Sieur de Villieu and of Taxous, about fifty others detached themselves to follow those who were piqued at the little they had taken, and the party was joined also by some of the bravest of the Kanibats. They determined to go below Boston, and then, dividing into small parties of four or five, to surprise people and knock

them on the head, which could not fail to produce a good effect.

On the same day, Sieur de Villieu questioned the prisoners who told him that on the twenty-fifth, the seigneur of the place had assembled the inhabitants to tell them that peace had been made with the Indians; that they could work with safety upon their lands; that they should not oppose uniting with the aid which King William had sent them in order to make themselves masters of Canada; that the aid consisted of two large ships, which in leaving the harbor had been met by the French who had sent one of them to the bottom; that the other had escaped under the cover of night and had arrived safely in port; that they had already commenced to levy soldiers to supply their armament; that as fast as they were assembled they were taken to some islands. They were told that on one of the islands there were already one hundred waiting until everything should be ready in order to set out, and that a considerable number of little cedar boats had been made.

This news was considered of sufficient importance by Sieur de Villieu to hasten him to notify Monsieur le Comte de Frontenac. He departed on that errand on the thirty-first of July, and marchiug day and night, crossed five lakes, made twenty-three portages, and arrived on the fourth day of the following month at Fort Ammissoukauti,* where Father Bigot was. The attendants of the said Sieur de Villieu were so tired and sick that he was obliged to take others in order to get to Quebec, where he arrived on the twenty-second. Not finding Monsieur Frontenac there, he left the Indians who were conducting him to take fresh men in order to get to Montroyal, where he arrived on the twenty-sixth of August.

* Amonoscoggin, some thirty miles from the mouth of the Androscoggin river.

NOTE.—The settlement attacked, as described by Villieu, was at that time known as Oyster river but later the name has changed to Durham. It is in New Hampshire, about twelve miles from Portsmouth. Villieu's statement of its destruction agrees practically with that given by the New England writers, though the numbers who were killed vary from 80 to 100. The number of houses that were destroyed is usually recorded as 20.

After Moxiis and his band separated from the main body, they made a wide detour and struck a savage blow at Groton, then the centre of the most thickly settled portion of Massachusetts. From that point homeward they avoided the larger settlements but left ghastly records of visits to several small hamlets.

The audacity of this performance and the savage ferocity with which it had been executed terrified the entire country, and the yeomen armed to subdue both French and Indians. But the war went on for many a long day after that—went on and on, with some few pauses, until Wolfe met Montcalm at Quebec, and French hopes for the sovereignty of America were crushed. Then Wapanaki hostilities ceased.

MONTAGUE CHAMBERLAIN.

CARVED STONE, FOUND NEAR ST. GEORGE, CHARLOTTE COUNTY, N. B.

Now in the Museum of the Natural History Society of New Brunswick.

A Sculptured Stone found near St. George, New Brunswick.

IN the autumn of 1863, or winter of 1864, a remarkable sculptured stone, representing the human face and head in profile, was discovered in the neighborhood of St. George, a village in Charlotte County, in the Province of New Brunswick, Canada. This curiosity was found by a man who was searching for stone for building purposes, and was about one hundred feet from the shore of Lake Utopia, under a bluff of the same formation as the material on which the head is sculptured, which abounds in the neighborhood. This bluff is situated three miles or more from St. George, and Lake Utopia empties into the Magaguadavic River, or as it may be translated from Indian into English, the River of Hills, which flows towards and pours through the village in the form of a beautiful waterfall. The stone, irrespective of the cutting, which is in relief, has a flat surface, and is of the uniform thickness of two inches. Its form is rounded elliptical, and it measures twenty-one and a half inches longitudinally, and eighteen and a quarter inches across the shorter diameter. The stone is granulite, being distinguished from granite proper by the absence of mica. The sculpture shortly after it was discovered attracted a great deal of attention, and was examined by a number of persons possessing respectable scientific attainments. As far as I am aware, however, neither its visible characteristics, nor its history, or its historical associations have ever been carefully studied by any conversant with American archæology. For myself, while undertaking to comment upon this interesting memento of a past age, I must at the outset acknowledge my want of qualifications for the purpose, and explain that

my object is rather to explain than to dogmatize, and to give such small assistance to the learned as is comprised in scraps of information which I have been able to obtain from various sources.

A tolerable knowledge of the history of Charlotte County and of the province, and an imperfect memory and record of the contents of several letters received from various persons upon the principal subject, are all of some service in furthering my purpose. The letters which were written to assist me in preparing a paper upon the stone, subsequently read before the Natural History Society of New Brunswick—an association not now in existence—were unfortunately destroyed in the great fire of St. John. The paper itself was preserved, and embodies at least a portion of the contents of the letter. Opinion at the time of the discovery was somewhat divided, both in regard to the nationality of the workman by whom the stone was carved, and also in regard to the object of the work. Three suggestions, one of which is probably correct, were offered by different parties with reference to the workmen: First, that he was a British colonist; secondly, that he was a Frenchman; and, thirdly, that he was an Indian. The discussion of these several propositions naturally suggests, if it does not necessarily involve, in each case a consideration of the motives of the workman. I have little hesitation in dismissing, as highly improbable, the hypothesis that the artist was a British colonist. The appearance and position of the stone when discovered, to which I shall more particularly refer, convince me that it was not carved for the purpose of deceiving scientific investigators, as might be, and I believe has been, charged. For the same reasons I am led to form a strong opinion that the carving was executed long before the date of the British occupation. Irrespective of these reasons, however, I would point to the carving itself as an answer to the theory; and the argument here makes as strongly against the suggestion of

French origin as it does against that of British. The features and expression of the face are not in any respect European, neither is the shape of the head. Again, the elliptical eye, appearing on a profile as it should only properly appear to the spectator in the full face, is a characteristic of eastern, especially of Egyptian, art. I have not the means at hand to verify the opinion, but, if my memory serves me rightly, this same peculiarity appears in delineations of human faces among the ancient Mexican Indians, if not among other American tribes. The theory for which I contend is that a European workman, either skilled or unskilled, would have produced something having a semblance to a European subject or work of art. The suggestion of French origin for the sculpture leads me to speak of the connection of the French with this part of the province.

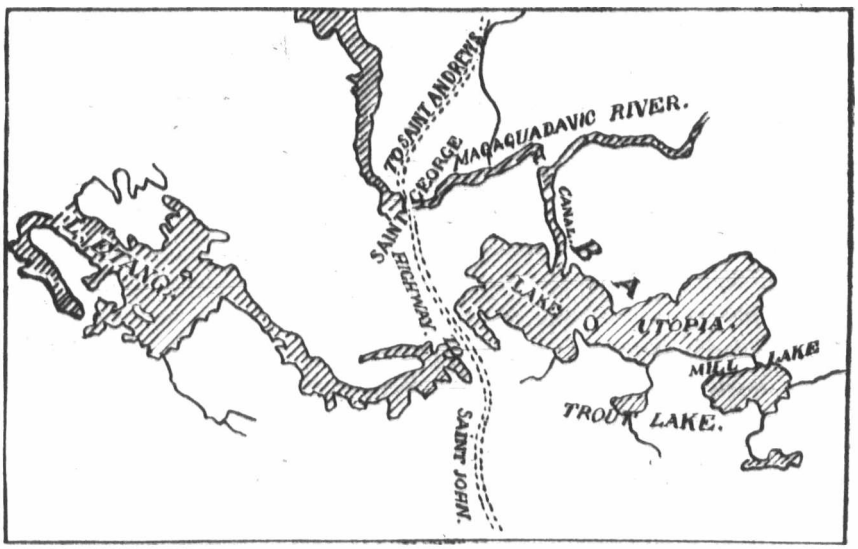
The earliest record of the French occupation of Acadia is that of DeMonts, who with a party of fellow countrymen passed the winter of 1604 on the island of St. Croix, situated on the river of the same name, forming the boundary between the province and the state of Maine, and distant about twenty-one miles from the village of St. George. I have never heard of there being any considerable number of French settlers in the neighborhood of St. George, and cannot even say with certainty that there were any French families settled there. L'Etang approaches to within three hundred feet or so of Utopia, and LaTete Passage is distant about eight miles from the Village, and the occurrence of these names may lead to the inference that there was a partial French occupation of the adjacent country. I have indeed heard of inscriptions on the rock at Black's Harbour, or its vicinity, on Bliss's Island, which are supposed to be in French, but have never met any one who had actually seen these inscriptions. This island is nearly half way between Campobello or Deer Island and Utopia, from which it is about ten miles distant, and opposite the mouth

of LaTete Passage. By no hypothesis, however, am I able to connect this curiosity with any European custom or idea, and consequently the remainder of my investigation will be devoted to the argument in favor of its Indian origin.

If it is possible to derive approximately accurate information as to the age of the stone from its situation and condition when found, it would of course assist materially in discovering the nationality of the workman. I believe that the finder who, as I have stated, was searching for stone for building purposes, was attracted by the shape of the stone in question; that it was lying on the surface and covered with moss, and that it was not until the removal of the moss that the true character of the object appeared. An examination of its surface, must I think, convince the observer that the stone has been subjected to the long continued action of water, and from its situation it seems fairly certain that the water which has produced the wasted appearance was rain, and rain only. An expert might perhaps form a tolerably accurate opinion as to the period which would be required for ordinary rainfalls to effect such results as are here plainly visible. For myself, I hesitate to speak of the precise period where the stone showed no marks of rain. I feel, however, that I am safe in expressing the belief that it would require a length of time commencing at a date before a French man is known to have set a foot in the country to produce from the action of rain so worn a surface as this stone exhibits. If this proposition is correct, there can be no reasonable ground to doubt that the carving is the work of an Indian. I may refer, but solely for the purpose of expressing my disbelief in any such hypothesis, to the suggestion that art, employed for the purpose of deceiving and not any force of nature, has produced the worn appearance to which reference has been made. The mossy deposit, and the unfrequented locality in which the curiosity was found,

both aid in dispelling this idea; but even had it been found in an often visited part, and without its mossy covering, I should have no hesitation in affirming that its worn appearance was not due to the hand of man. I may further urge that, had the object of the workman been solely to deceive, he would have scarcely selected a stone whereon to carve of a granite character, and especially a piece of granulite, one of the hardest rocks to work, being not only hard in quality, but of crystalline structure, and ill adapted for receiving a polish, at least under rough tools. Granted, however, that for the reason stated we are justified in assigning the origin of the carving to the Indian period, there still remains many difficulties in the way of determining its object or meaning. There are at the present time several Indians in the neighborhood of St. George, but half a century ago there were many more in that locality, and previous to the commencement of that period the vicinity of the canal, about one and one half miles from the bluff mentioned before, was continuously a favorite camping ground for these people. The Magaguadavic Lakes abound in fish even at the present day, and the surrounding woods, formerly well stocked with all kinds of game, would prove a great attraction to the savage hunters, and the proximity of the sea would also add to the attractions. The Magaguadavic Indians speak the Milicete language, and are, I believe, members of that tribe, and are of course descended from the Algonquins. I speak with some hesitation of their being Milicetes, because I understand that the Passamaquods claim to be distinct from the Milicetes, and there may be some question whether Magaguadavic Indians were not a portion of the former tribe. A very obvious question presents itself to the mind of the investigator, which may here very properly be considered. What purpose would an Indian have in view in producing this curious work of art? In the paper which I read before the New Brunswick Society

I was unable to give any tolerably satisfactory reply to this. At the present time I think that I can suggest an answer which may be correct, and which at least deserves some consideration. The members of that Society were, if I mistake not, generally impressed with the force of the arguments brought forward to support the suggestion that the sculptor was an Indian, and were inclined to guess that the carving was, in some indefinite way, connected with the funeral rites, or was in commemoration of a



This carved stone was found at the point marked "A" in the accompanying map.

departed brave. No work published at that time afforded any solution of the difficulty. No relics of a similar character to this had been dug up at any Indian burial ground in New Brunswick, and although our Indians produce very well executed full relief figures of the beaver, the muskrat, and the otter upon soap-stone pipes, their skill apparently goes no further in this direction. I have indeed seen rude sketches of human figures executed by these people, but have never seen or been informed of any

likeness to a man being carved by them in stone. It was only by bringing pieces of information together, and after the lapse of some years, that I was able to suggest an answer to an apparently almost unanswerable question. Upon one occasion, while in conversation with an old resident of St. George, he gave me an account of a somewhat singular monument which, many years before this period, stood on the summit of a high hill near the canal, and about one half mile distant from the place where the carved stone was found. It consisted of a large oval or rounded stone, weighing, as my informant roughly conjectures, seventy-five hundred weight, lying on three vertical stone columns, from ten inches to one foot in height, and firmly sunk in the ground. (The above weight I should imagine, is an over estimate, but I give it as stated to me). The site of the monument is marked *b* on the preceding map. My informant stated that the boys and other visitors were in the habit of throwing stones at the columns, and that eventually the monument was tumbled over by the combined effort of a number of ship carpenters, and fell crashing into the valley. Some years afterward I read for the first time Francis Parkman's "Pioneers of France in the New World," when my attention was at once arrested, and the conversation with the gentleman from St. George brought to my mind by a passage which occurs on page 349, of that highly interesting work.

Champlain, the writer states, had journeyed up the Ottawa river beyond Lake Coulange, and had reached an island in the neighborhood of the village of a chief named Tessonat, which, Mr. Parkman is of opinion, was on the lower Lake des Allumettes. I quote what the historian writes of what the French explorer sees: "Here, too, was a cemetery, which excited the wonder of Champlain, for the dead were better cared for than the living. Over each grave a flat tablet of wood was supported on posts, and at one end stood an upright tablet, carved with an intended

representation of the features of the deceased." Now, it may be that there is no connection whatever between the Indian custom described by Champlain, as existing at the place described, and the finding of the sculpture and the appearance of a large stone, supported on stone columns, at a place in New Brunswick. The points are certainly far apart, and while in one case there is clear evidence of the common custom, there is in the other barely sufficient evidence to justify the supposition that there may be a single instance of the adoption of the custom. The Magaguadavic Indians indeed have a tradition that they were driven from some distant part of Canada to the seaboard, but if this matter were established as a fact, it would scarcely aid in the elucidation of this matter. Two conjectures may be made, however, either of which if correct might account for the supposed existence of an Ottawa custom in New Brunswick. An Indian might have been captured, or might have been expelled by his brethren on the Lower Lake des Allumettes, and been carried, or found his way, to the Maritime Provinces. Or a young Milicete might have been carried away by the Ottawas, and have escaped to his old home. In the one case the prisoner might naturally wish to secure for his burial place the monuments which had ornamented the graves of his fathers, and might have succeeded in securing the aid of his captors in the accomplishment of his object. In the other, the escaped captive might well desire to adopt the arts of his former masters, and wish to take his last rest beneath a monument with his effigy at its head. The use of a large stone instead of a wooden tablet scarcely deserves comment, for the change of material would in no sense interfere with the object in view, but on the contrary would render the monument more deserving of the name.

I think that a careful or even superficial examination of the carving must impress the observer with the idea that

it is intended to represent the face of an Indian, and the head, although viewed only laterally, certainly presents many of the peculiarities of the North American type. Of course the examiner is placed at a great disadvantage in having only a profile, and not a completely developed head, as for ethnological purposes craniology is chiefly available when an opportunity is given to measure the comparative breadth from the petrous portion of the right to the petrous portion of the left temporal bone, or to measure from and to the parts of a carved head representing those portions. There is a portrait of a Magaguadavic Indian by Mr. C. Ward, of St. George, which is considered to present some portions of resemblance to the head in discussion, which may be found in the *Illustrated London News* of the 5th of September, 1863, No. 1220. The fashion of wearing the hair, as represented by the carving, is perhaps somewhat calculated to puzzle the investigator, but there is scarcely anything sufficiently definite in the delineation to enable one to trace an analogy to either Indian or European fashions. It may be noticed that some have expressed an opinion that a wig was intended to be represented. ISAAC ALLEN JACK.

No. 40.— Thomas Ernest Gilbert Tisdale was a son of Walker Tisdale, a well-known citizen of St. John. The family were of Loyalist descent, Ephraim, grandfather of T. E. G. Tisdale, having come originally from Freetown, Mass. Of Ephraim Tisdale a short notice will be found in "Sabine's Loyalists of the American Revolution," second edition, vol. 2, page 357. The name of Gilbert was assumed by T. E. G. Tisdale, for some reason, after he had reached mature years, and was not given him by his parents. Mr. Tisdale married Miss French, and portraits in oils of himself and his wife are now in the rooms of the New Brunswick Historical Society. He died without issue.

The crest is a peacock's head, couped, ppr. The motto, *Nonpareil.*

No. 41.— Dean Gilpin was born in Aylesford, N. S., June 10th, 1821, and is descended from a long line of illustrious ancestors, among whom was Bernard Gilpin, the "Apostle of the North." He was educated at King's College, Windsor, whence he graduated in Arts in 1847, and in Divinity in 1853. In due course he proceeded to the degree of D. D., in 1863. After taking holy orders he was, in 1850, appointed head master of the Halifax Grammar School, the only public institution at that time for secondary education in Halifax. He continued teaching for twenty-seven years, and during that period many received their education at his hands who afterwards became responsible and important members of the community and province. In 1877 the Halifax Grammar


CTIS FACTISQUE SIM

T E Gilbert-Tisdale

No. 40

Book-plate of T. E. G. Tisdale.

David Russell Jack

No. 43

Book-plate of David Russell Jack.
Designed by E. M. Chadwick.

School was, by legislative enactment, merged into the Halifax High School, and he was appointed its first principal and classical master.

About ten years ago he retired from the position of principal of the High School, and was succeeded by Dr. A. H. McKay, now Superintendent of Education in Nova Scotia.

For a number of years after he assumed charge of the Grammar School he was also a curate at St. Paul's, and up to a late date occupied his spare time in ministering to the numerous out-stations and churches around Halifax. As an alumnus and Governor of Kings College, he has always been a warm supporter of its best interests. In 1864 he was appointed Canon of the Cathedral Church of St. Luke's. In 1874 he was made Archdeacon of Nova Scotia. In 1889 he was appointed Dean of Nova Scotia. He married in 1848 Amelia, daughter of the late Mr. Justice Thomas Chandler Haliburton.

His book-plate, which is reproduced in this issue of ACADIENSIS, is printed directly from the original copper plate by the kind permission of its owner.

No. 42.— A well written notice of The Hon. Sir Adams George Archibald will be found in the last issue of ACADIENSIS. His book-plate, which is here reproduced, though smaller in size than the majority of plates, is a good *fac simile* in every respect of the original.

A.G. ARCHIBALD.

In heraldic terms the arms are thus described :—

Arms — Argent, on a bend, azure, between two estoiles of the last, three crescents of the first, all within bordure invected sable, charged with three mullets or. Crest — A palm branch slipped in bend proper, in front therof a

mount vert, thereon an estoile or. Motto — *Palma non sine pulvere* — I have with difficulty gained the palm.

No. 43.—The writer is indebted to Mr. E. M. Chadwick, of Toronto, for the accompanying design. It is in a more modern style than the plate published in a previous issue, and gives evidence of a more artistic skill upon the part of the designer. Mr. Chadwick is a well-known Canadian designer of book-plates, criticisms from his pen having appeared in the pages of this magazine.

No. 44.— Concerning John Flood the writer has not been able to find any definite data beyond the mere date of his death, which occurred on the 16th of August, 1821, possibly at Fredericton, N. B. He was probably an Irishman by birth, as the crest appears in "Fairbairn's Crests of Great Britain and Ireland," with the statement that the family was of Irish origin. Crest — A wolf's head, erased, ar. Motto — *Vis unita fortior* — Power increased by action. Biographical notes concerning John Flood would be gratefully received.

No. 45.— The most diligent enquiry has failed to bring to light any information regarding Edward Fry. Possibly some of the readers of ACADIENSIS, with this book-plate before them, may be able to assist in identifying the owner. Enquiry at St. Andrews, Charlotte County, and at Burton, Sunbury County, New Brunswick, where families of the name have resided, have been without result. The owner is evidently descended from the Devonshire, Eng., family, as the crest appears, without a motto, in Fairbairn's work, and is thus described: "A dexter arm, in armour, embowed, in hand, ppr., a sword, of the last, hilt and pommel or." Possibly both John Flood and Edward Fry may have been officers in some British regiment stationed in Canada. Any information concerning either of these individuals will be noted, if obtainable, in our next issue.

DAVID RUSSELL JACK.

No. 45
Book-plate of Edward Fry.

No. 44
Book-plate of John Flood.

Robert and Miriam Pagan.

ROBERT Pagan was one of three brothers who immigrated to Falmouth, Casco Bay, Mass., from Glasgow, Scotland, in 1769. Of these, Robert established himself as a merchant at Falmouth, now known as Portland. Lorenzo Sabine, in his Biographical Sketches of the Loyalists of the American Revolution, and quoting from an older authority, remarks that though a young man, Robert Pagan "pursued on a large scale the lumber business and ship building. The ships which were built were not generally employed in our trade, but with their cargoes sent to Europe and sold. Mr. Pagan kept on the corner of King and Fore streets the largest stock of goods which was employed here before the war. He was a man of popular manners and much beloved by the people."

Sabine further remarks that in 1774 he was a member of a committee appointed to ascertain the names of the holders of tea in town, and the quantity and quality of that obnoxious article. A year later he became involved in the controversies of the time and abandoned his business and the country soon after the burning of Falmouth by Mowatt.

In 1778 Mr. Pagan was proscribed and banished, and in 1784, he settled at St. Andrews, New Brunswick, of which place he was one of the principal grantees. His name also appears as a grantee among those of Morristown, now St. Stephen, and which was known as the Port Matoon Association.

From the New York Public Library the writer has recently received a copy of the claim fyled by Robert Pagan, on his own account, and also on account of the firm of which he was a member. These records, with the evidence

taken under oath at the time, throw a great deal of light upon many incidents of the Revolution and of the abandonment of property at Falmouth and Penobscot, and of the early settlement of St. Andrews, with which Mr. Pagan was prominently connected.

For the benefit of students who might wish to examine this or similar claims, it might be mentioned that the copies of the claims of the Loyalists for compensation from the British Government, in consequence of losses incurred through the American Revolution, form a very extensive and voluminous collection, consisting of about sixty large manuscript volumes in the New York Library. They are entitled "American Loyalists; Transcript of the Manuscript Books and Papers of the Commission of Enquiry into the Losses and Services of the American Loyalists held under Acts of Parliament of 23, 25, 26, 28 and 29 of George III., preserved amongst the Audit Office Records in the Public Record Office of England, 1783–1790."

The first reference to Robert Pagan will be found on pages 269–283 of Volume 14, which volume is entitled "Examinations in Nova Scotia, etc., Memorials, Schedules of Losses, and Evidence of Massachusetts (continued) and New Hampshire Claimants." A further reference will be found upon page 295 of Volume 28, entitled "Determinations on Claims in Nova Scotia, etc., Connecticut, Delaware, Georgia, Maryland, Massachusetts, New Hampshire and New Jersey."

From the various memoranda, we gather that at the time of the breaking out of the war, Robert Pagan was a member of the firm of Lee, Tucker & Co., of Greenock, Scotland, of which the remaining partners were Joseph Tucker, Robert Lee and Ewen Meetts, all residents of Greenock, and who resided there all through the war. Under the terms of the partnership, Robert Pagan had an interest to the extent of one-eighth of the property on this side of the water. The firm name under which business was transacted in America was Robert Pagan & Co.

The following is the personal "claim of Robert Pagan for property lost at Falmouth, Casco Bay, New England :"

Household Furniture, etc., burnt in the fire of 18th October 1775 Value in Sterling,	£50
$\frac{1}{8}$th of Goods burnt in different stores at the same time, value £120 Sterling,	15
$\frac{7}{16}$ths of the Schooner Favourite, James Dillworth Master, Burthen 120 Tons, about 15 Months old when she sailed from Caso (sic) Bay for Tobago in January 1776 £750, Sterling, from which is to be deducted the sum of £337. 10 Sterling the amount she sold for at St. Eustatia after escaping from Tobago to prevent her being seized in the Restraining Act	180. 9. 4
$\frac{1}{8}$th of the Brigantine Falmouth, John Martin, Master, value when she sailed from Falmouth, Caso Bay, in February 1776 with Provisions and Advanced Wages £1000 Str. Condemned	125
Cabin Stores laid in for himself & Family for our Voyage to the West Indies and Britain plundered by the Crew of the Argo	33
$\frac{1}{8}$th of Lumber on hand left at Falmouth Casco (sic) Bay part of which was used by the Rebels erecting Batteries &ce. the remainder entirely lost, amount £112. 7. 8	14. 2. 2
$\frac{1}{8}$th of Lawyers Fees &ce. in endeavouring to recover the Brigantine Falmouth at St. John Antigua	1. 17. 6
Paid for Certified Copies of the Brigantine Falmouth's Condemnation now produced	2. 19. 3
Expence for Self & Family in the West Indies from 1st April to 1st July in consequence of the Capture & Condemnation of the Brigt. Falmouth	75
His Loss of time in consequence of the Dissentions from 18th October 1775 when the Town of Falmo. was burnt until he arrived in New York in April 1777, during which time he was obliged to live at an heavy Expence and could do no kind of Business	
Total,	£497. 8. 3

In addition to his personal claims, Robert Pagan made claim on behalf of his partners in Scotland for the remaining seven-eighths of the property mentioned in the foregoing schedule, and in which their interest amounted to £1901. 18.

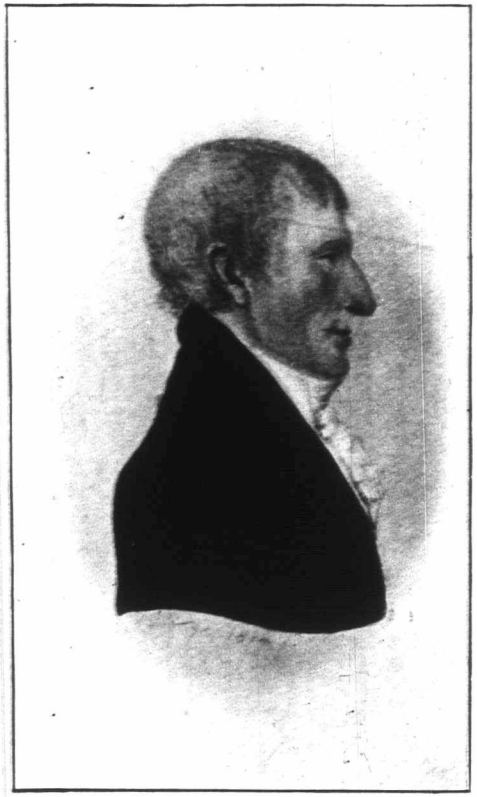
A third claim is also found for property, in which Robert Pagan, with his brothers, William and Thomas, were interested, situate at Penobscot, and which is as follows:

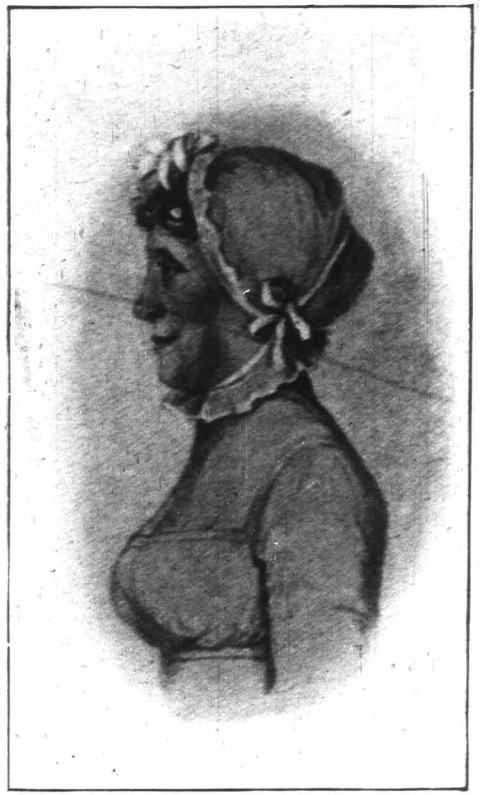
The Claim of Robert Pagan for Property lost at Penobscot owned by himself and his brothers William & Thomas, claimed by him by virtue of the Act of Parliament of 1783.	
A Dwelling House & Outhouses burnt at the Evacuation also a Garden with the House Lot, value in Sterling	£120
A Dry Good Store the Frame of which was taken down and carried to St. Andrews value £108 Sterling— Deducting value of the Frame & Boards £20	88
A Store on the Water Side £80, deducting the value of the Frame & Boards £20	60
An inclosed Lumber Yard & a Breast work	50
A Saw Mill with fifty Acres of Land in Deer's Island in Penobscot Bay	243
Another Saw Mill at Deer's Island	288
Sterling	£849
A Lot of Land granted him by Brigadier John Campbell on which he encouraged him to make sundry of the above Charged Improvements.	

From the sworn statement of Robert Pagan, which is on fyle, it appears that he sent his claim to England by the transports which carried the 74th Regiment of Foot from Penobscot in 1784. Foreseeing that the country must eventually be lost to Great Britain, he had applied in 1775 for leave to quit Casco Bay with the property belonging to himself and co-partnery, but this was refused.

In the month of February, 1776, he embarked his family on board a brig, which he had in the harbour of Falmouth, and sailed for Barbadoes. From that "he went home."

He afterwards carried on trade at New York and Penobscot, remaining at the latter place, with many others, supposing that this river would eventually be made the boundary between the new Republic and the British possessions. His hopes, however, were doomed to dis-





ROBERT AND MIRIAM PAGAN.
From paintings in the possession of Mr. T. Herbert Street.

appointment and they were obliged to abandon what improvements they had made there, several of their number, including Thomas Wyer, and Dr. John Calef, removing to St. Andrews.

Mr. Pagan produced before the Commission a document signed by J. C. Mowat, dated the 22nd October, 1775, certifying to his uniform loyalty to the British crown.

At St. John, N. B., on the 12th March, 1787, Mr. Pagan gave further evidence under oath with respect to his affairs.

When the town of Falmouth was burnt by Capt. Mowat, the house in which Mr. Pagan lived was burnt, and he lost furniture and effects to the extent of £50 sterling, although he had time to save a considerable part. Of the personal effects lost by this fire, and of the goods which were burnt in the store, he appears to have kept a careful memorandum, which he produced before the Commission.

In settling his accounts with his partners in Scotland, he was held liable for his share of the loss in consequence of the war.

In January, 1776, the schooner Favourite, valued at £750, of which seven-eighths was owned by Mr. Pagan, sailed from Falmouth for the West Indies. She was sold at St. Eustatia on the 27th March, 1776, for £337. 10, to prevent her becoming a prize under the Prohibitory Act. In support of his evidence regarding this schooner, Mr. Pagan produced a letter from the captain, James Dillworth, stating that he had sold her for 188 Johanneses.

The Brig Falmouth, of which Mr. Pagan owned an eighth interest, must have been a well built and well found vessel. In February, 1776, he embarked with his family on board of her at Falmouth, and was given a private clearance by the king's officers for Barbadoes. She was seized going into Bridgetown by the Argo, under command of Captain Gardner, was condemned under the Prohibitory Act on the 8th May, 1776, sold for £501,

Antigua currency, of which 8s. 6d. equalled one dollar, and was again purchased by Mr. Pagan.

The Falmouth cost the Company £1200 Sterling, in 1775. She had sailed two voyages at the time of her capture and was victualled for six months.

The brig was plundered of all her stores, sails, boats, and in fact everything moveable, and the large sum of £300 Sterling was expended in refitting her, in addition to £35 spent by Mr. Pagan for stores for himself and family during their voyage to Great Britain.

Respecting the claim of himself and his brothers, William and Thomas, Mr. Pagan in his claim remarks that they had both come to America before the war, that they both continued within the lines during the whole time of the trouble, and that in 1787 they were engaged in business with him in British North America. It will be remembered that Robert Pagan carried on business at St. Andrews under the firm name of Robert Pagan & Co., while his brothers opened business at St. John under the firm name of William & Thomas Pagan & Co., where they were still in business in June 1802, as appears from their advertisement in the *Royal Gazette* and *New Brunswick Advertiser*, published on the 9th of June in that year.

Robert Pagan would appear to have been the principal partner in both concerns, and it is not surprising that he made his headquarters at St. Andrews, for the trade of that port for many years rivalled, if not surpassed, that of the port of St. John.

The dwelling house and outhouses at Penobscot, for which compensation was claimed, had been purchased in 1781 from Lieut.-Colonel Campbell, of the 74th Regiment, with the consent of Brigadier-General John Campbell, for £105 Sterling, and improvements were made to the extent of £15.

A dry goods store was built by him on land to which General Campbell gave a deed in 1781, and which cost £108 Sterling. A store was also built at "Waterside" which cost £108. The frames of both of these buildings

were afterwards removed to, and set up in, St. Andrews.

The land at Deer Island upon which the saw mill had been constructed consisted of fifty acres, and was purchased in 1782 from Nathaniel Brae. A second saw mill appears to have been constructed and operated at Deer Island, the cost of which was £288. This appears to have been built upon leased land, for Mr. Pagan states, in March 1787, that it "is in possession of Nathaniel Robins, the Proprietor of the Land."

In the concluding portion of his deposition, Mr. Pagan complains that encouraged by the assurances that Penobscot would not be abandoned by the British government, he had laid out his money there in good faith, that he had never received any allowance during the war, that he had been out of employment for eighteen months, and estimated his share of the profits from the business at £250 Sterling, in addition to an allowance of £120 per annum, which he received for managing the business of the firm.

In support of the testimony of Mr. Pagan, his father-in-law, Mr. Jeremiah Pote, also made affidavit to the effect that he was a loser to a considerable extent in furniture and goods; that he and Mr. Pagan were the joint owners of the schooner Favourite, of which his share was 9–16ths, that upon abandoning Falmouth they left behind a considerable quantity of lumber and masts; that Mr. Pagan carried on a considerable trade, and that personally he was engaged in trade at Penobscot and had expended money in the construction of mills at that point.

Respecting the claim of Robert Pagan, the Commissioners determined on the 14th of March, 1787, that he had been loyal to the Crown and made him the following allowance: For furniture burnt at Falmouth and one-eighth of goods the property of Robert Pagan & Co., burnt at the same time £45; for one-eighth of the Brig Falmouth taken by the Man-of-War Argo, £65, making a total of £110.

The other claims were disallowed for the following reasons:

The claim of 7–16ths of the schooner Favourite, she having been sold for the advantage of the owners.

The claim for 1-8th of expenses while in the West Indies.

The claim for losses at Penobscot, the purchases having been made during the troubles.

They considered, however, that the various claims had been fully proved.

In addition to the three brothers already mentioned, there appears to have been a fourth, John Pagan, of Montreal, whose son, George Pagan, married Catherine Putnam, daughter of Judge Upham. She, surviving her husband, died on the 26th November, 1878, aged 78 years. John Pagan was a grantee at St. Andrews, and was also a member of the Penobscot Association, by which name those who received grants with Stephen Roberts and others in Charlotte County, N. B., were commonly known.

Robert Pagan was a prominent figure in the social and political life of Charlotte County. He served the crown as agent for lands in New Brunswick and assisted in superintending affairs connected with grants to Loyalists. He was also a Justice of the Peace for Charlotte County, a Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, and was Colonel of Militia. He represented Charlotte County in the House of Assembly at Fredericton for several years, and was a leading and influential member of that body.

He married Miriam, daughter of Jeremiah Pote, originally of Falmouth, and who was a sister of Joanna Pote, the first wife of Col. Thomas Wyer, also of St. Andrews. No children resulted from this union.

A letter, dated 17th September, 1902, from Miss Mary Wiggins, of St. Andrews, New Brunswick, but who is at present on a visit to Mrs. Stickney, at Royalton, Vermont, contains an interesting anecdote regarding the courtship of Robert Pagan :

"Mrs. Pagan came from Castine, or North Yarmouth. Mrs. Stickney says that Mr. Pagan and Mr. Thomas Wyer (my great-grandfather) went down together to Castine or North Yarmouth,

and while there a public ball was given to which they both went: there they met Miriam Pote, who was remarkably handsome. At that time she was engaged to be married, but became so fascinated with the courtly manners of Mr. Pagan and his superiority to *the other man* that she determined to break off the match; of course the admiration was mutual, and she eventually married her new admirer. After the wedding she went to Scotland and visited her husband's relatives, who were very much taken with her beauty and wit. While there she formed an acquaintance with a Mrs. Grant, of Sagan, a literary celebrity of that time who wrote 'Letters from the Mountains.' The original letters were in the possession of the family for many years."

The trip to Scotland was perhaps the occasion referred to by Mr. Pagan who makes affidavit that "In the month of February, 1776, he privately embarked his family on board a Brig he had in the Harbour of Falmouth and sailed for Barbadoes. From there he went home." This was the Brig Falmouth, which was "taken going into Bridgetown by the Argo, Captain Gardner" and on which occasion he lost "His Stores for a voyage to Britain for Self and Family £33 Sterling."

As Mr. Pagan settled in Casco Bay in 1769, and no record of the date of his marriage is at present obtainable, only a mere surmise can be made upon the subject. This trip may have been the occasion referred to by Mrs. Stickney, or it may have been on one of the several annual voyages which his business may have rendered expedient. From the nature of his business relations with Lee, Tucker & Co., it is not unlikely that a "trip to Scotland" was by no means an uncommon occurrence.

The originals of the portraits of Robert and Miriam (Pote) Pagan are in possession of Mr. T. Herbert Street, formerly of St. Andrews, N. B., now of Vancouver, B. C., and are said to be good likenesses.

Robert Pagan died at St. Andrews, N. B., on the 23rd of November, 1821, aged 71 years, and Miriam, his widow also died at the same place in January, 1828, aged 81 years.

DAVID RUSSELL JACK.

Book Notices.

"Morang's Annual Register of Canadian Affairs," 1901. Edited by J. Castell Hopkins, F.S.S., Toronto; published by George N. Morang & Co., Limited. This is the latest edition of a work the object of which is two-fold. It is intended to afford to the people of Canada from year to year a record of the principal events connected with the history and development of the Dominion of Canada, and to convey to the people of the British Empire and of the United States a summary of current progress in a country now steadily growing in national importance.

The record compiled is both statistical and historical in character, and by means of quotations from current speeches and press opinions it affords a clear view of existing conditions from year to year.

Mr. Hopkins is a well-known Canadian writer, well fitted for the work of compiling and editing such a volume as is before us. Political matters have been impartially dealt with, and the work will be found of value to the historian and the business man as well as to members of the learned professions.

The publishers' price is $3.00 per volume, and for those for whom the work is intended ample value will be found between the covers of this interesting and up-to-date work.

Notes.

The article from the pen of Mr. I. Allen Jack, which appears in this issue, is republished from the Proceedings of the Smithsonian Institution at Washington. The illustrations which accompany the article have been recently executed, that of the stone itself being from the original now in the Museum of the Natural History Society, St. John.

The design in colors, which appeared in our July issue at the head of the verses written by Mr. W. P. Dole, was erroneously credited to Mr. Robert Brown, Junior, Architect. Mr. Charles O. Wickendon, Architect, who resided in St. John about 1878, but who is now living at Vancouver, B. C., is the person to whom the credit justly belongs. The error was regretable and we feel that an apology is due to Mr. Brown as well as to Mr. Wickendon.