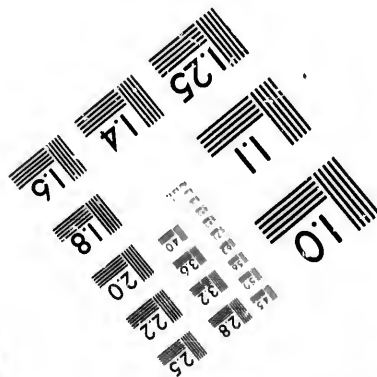
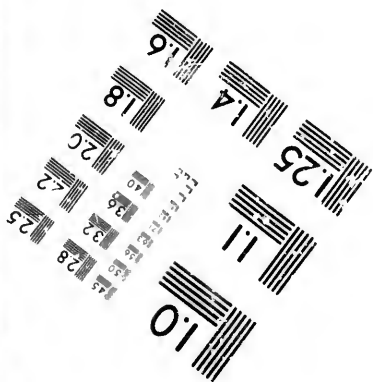
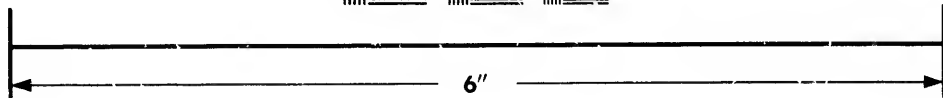
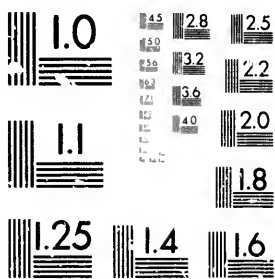


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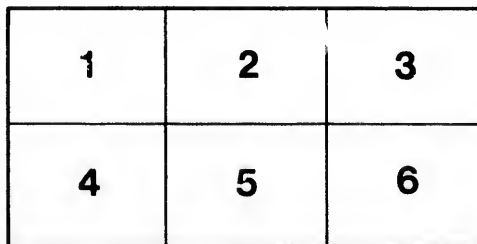
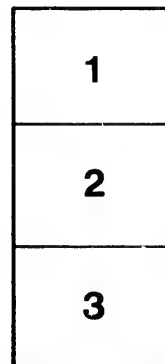
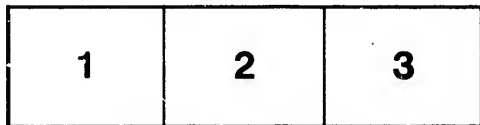
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HISTORY
ISLANDS & ISLETS

IN THE
BAY OF FUNDY,

Charlotte County, New Brunswick:

FROM THEIR EARLIEST SETTLEMENT TO THE PRESENT
TIME: INCLUDING

SKETCHES OF SHIPWRECKS AND OTHER
EVENTS OF EXCITING INTEREST

BY
J. G. LORIMER, Esq.

ST. STEPHEN, N. B.
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HISTORY

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HISTORY

OF

ISLANDS AND ISLETS

IN THE BAY OF FUNDY.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCTORY.

THE various islands lying in the Bay of Fundy and under the Government of the Dominion of Canada embrace a fair field for historical and descriptive embodiment. As those islands are no mean appendages of the New Dominion, and gradually rising in importance, it would seem a fitting time now, no longer to delay to make them better known, and thus add their quota to the grand inducements of the Dominion, generally, for an increasing population. Visitors to a few of those islands and newspaper contributors have, occasionally, presented their pen-sketches just as fancy and disposition directed them;—but, to do those facts of sea-land something like justice, a methodical history, published in a form less evanescent than the columns of a newspaper, is needed; and to supply this requirement is the intention of the author of the present publication.

The nearer art approaches nature in her delineations, the nearer to perfection; so the nearer romance comes to reality—fiction to truth—the closer hold it takes upon our judgment and our feelings. Historical reminiscences

are always fresh and new; and descriptive geography possesses a charm, recommending itself alike to old and young. The novelist, who keeps his soaring flights of imagination within the bounds of probability, commands and receives the admiration and approval of every reader who desires and delights in something more than airy nothings, flights of fancy, and incredibilities. If we feel that we are reading facts, although the record should read "strange as fiction," the impression is liable to be deep and enduring, and, in many instances, carries salutary influences with it.

The pages now in the hands of the reader, lay rightful claim to authenticity, without the embellishments of studied diction, or the tinselled adornments of romance. Indeed, such are needless here, for abundant material presents itself in progressing with the work in hand, to satisfy the most ardent lover of the marvellous, that "truth is stranger than fiction."

The reader is now introduced to the Bay of Fundy. This bay is a magnificent portion of the Atlantic Ocean, running some 150 miles up from its mouth, and separating Nova Scotia from New Brunswick. It is not our task here to award the meed of fame to Scandinavian, French, the Cabots, Americus Vesputius, Columbus, Cartier, DeMonts, Champlain, or others, as the original discoverers or explorers of the Bay of Fundy. It is enough that we have this splendid old bay before us, studded in many parts with beautiful islands. The singularity of its tides has been noted from the first dawn of its discovery by European eyes. They have a rise and fall varying from 30 to 50 feet, and sometimes 60 feet! At all times the flux and reflux of these rushing tides, more especially at the mouths of the rivers, bays, and basins of the head waters, are remarkable, presenting objects of intense interest. Not unfrequently a sort of tidal wave, which from its white froth foam has obtained the name of "bore," comes rolling in and over the low flat shores with a seemingly overwhelming rapidity and force, hardly conceivable by one who has never witnessed it, rushing swifter than the foaming speed of an Arabian charger, and with a noise more terrific than the thundering roar of an African lion!

This bay, has the unenviable reputation of being a

lodging-place for what seamen dread more than tempest gales—fog—and not unjustly; for during the summer months, the very period of the year when salt water margins and their scenery are sought by tourists as sources of invigorating enjoyment, that detestable foe to the sailor and the tourist, fog, comes too! It brings with it and puts on an extinguisher, not unfrequently for many days and nights in succession, over the lovely scenery of land and sea. But, even this salt water fog, dense as it may be, is bliss compared with the sultry atmosphere of the main land interior—of inland towns and crowded cities, where cholera and other contagious ills visit the sweltered citizens; while the inhabitants of those fog-visited islands in the Bay of Fundy wear the bloom of health upon their cheeks and are strong to pursue their wonted vocation. Visitors, too, soon become assimilated to the fog—become exuberant, even when saturated in a fog-mist, revelling in fog, as in sunshine, becoming as sportive as a lamb on its island home, or the tumbling porpoise in the bay.

It was a joyful sight to the eyes of the adventurous navigators of the Atlantic Ocean from the Eastern Hemisphere, when they first beheld the streak of another continent lining the horizon with its verdant sheen.

The discoverers of a western world must have felt their hearts stirred and thrilled to their depths, as the lovely islands of summer latitudes erst presented themselves before them, lying in the sunshine like “pearly gems at random set.” No wonder, those daring Europeans felt constrained to give praise to God at the sight! It was meet they should, and doubtless their spontaneous outpourings of thanksgiving were heard in heaven.

It was with kindred emotions of amazement, joy and praise that the first explorers of the North American coast, gazed upon the broad bosom of the Bay of Fundy as they sailed over its rolling waves. The political division made in the year 1784, separating Nova Scotia into two parts (the northern part called New Brunswick) cannot separate them geographically; for they are indissolubly united by an earth ligament, called the Isthmus of Chignecto, 12 miles wide, securer more than ever were the Siamese twins; and so may be called with propriety the twin sisters of the ocean; and thus, by

their maritime position, an identification of interests seems natural, reasonable and necessary, each for each, even were they not nationally confederated under the new name of the DOMINION OF CANADA.

This long arm of the ocean, the Bay of Fundy, extending from its mouth to Cape Chignecto, here separates and branches off, running up Chignecto Bay a north-easterly course, and again turns, now more northerly, sweeping up Shepody Bay into the Petitecodiac river, penetrating by its rushing tide to Moncton. It runs also from this minor cape in Shepody Bay a more easterly direction, washing the western shores of Westmoreland and Cumberland Counties, forming Cumberland Basin—the Bay de Verte, on the Strait of Northumberland, Gulf Coast, being only 12 miles distant. Here is the connecting link, the earth ligament, the Isthmus of Chignecto, through which it has been contemplated to cut a canal to unite the waters of the Gulf of St. Lawrence with those of the Bay of Fundy. Our great bay also turns at Cape Chignecto and runs a south-easterly course, passing several capes; the most noted, Cape Blomidon, which our seamen of the Bay sometimes honor with the appropriate name—"Cape Blow-me-down," as seldom or ever any vessel on passing can get by without paying it the compulsory compliment of "dipping" her sails, so fiercely does Cape Blomidon blow down upon them! Running up past this cape a narrow run, the Bay widens out into a broad sheet of water, called Minas Basin; and, pushing on in its mighty tide-rush, is only checked at Truro, along the shore of which it takes the name of Cobequid Bay; and looking more southerly, it also sweeps along that shore, touching the town of Windsor—receiving, in consequence, the name of Windsor River. Cornwallis, also, that fine farming district, gives its portion of the Bay its meed of praise, by calling it Cornwallis River, notwithstanding that thousands of dollars and tens of thousands have been expended to resist the mad desire of the wild "bore" of the Bay to roam at will over its fertile bosom of broad acres. The "Wellington Dyke" stands sentinel to obstruct the enemy.

The reader will please pardon the digression if we deviate a little from our course here to remark, paradox-

ically, that this connecting link, the Isthmus of Chignecto, is the dividing line between the fine County of Cumberland in Nova Scotia, and its equally fine County of Westmoreland in New Brunswick, and that Cumberland County is at present represented in the Dominion Parliament by Dr. Tupper, who is a large land owner in each Province, and accordingly seems to hold an even-handed justice and good fellowship for them both. Westmoreland County has the parliamentary guardianship of Hon. A. J. Smith, who being the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, is in duty bound to exercise his powers for the general good, irrespective of locality.

The southern shore of the Bay of Fundy washes four counties belonging to Nova Scotia—namely, Digby, Annapolis, Kings, and Hants—those counties lying on the north side of that Province.

The northern part of the Bay washes three counties on the south coast of New Brunswick—namely, Charlotte, St. John and Albert Counties.

From this brief sketch of the Bay of Fundy, the reader, hitherto unacquainted with it, may form a very good idea of the long and broad expanse of water surrounding the islands, the principal of which, appertaining to the Province of New Brunswick, is herein described. The author of this little work, feels keenly alive to the task. In this age of book-making, it requires no little hardihood to launch forth on the stormy, fluctuating and sometimes whelming waves of public opinion and newspapers' criticisms, an original production. Were the author seeking for the fame of authorship, he would not be an aspirant—were he writing as a paid scribe, he would shrink from the responsibility; but when he lifts his pen to bring into greater notoriety the islands of the Bay of Fundy, situate in the waters of Charlotte County, New Brunswick, his hand seems nerved to the undertaking; for he feels those islands merit all that *truth* can present in their behalf; and even then, the words of Sheba's Queen to Solomon the King, may be appropriately quoted—"The half has not been told."

The author avails himself of the opportunity afforded him in these prefatory remarks, to tender his obligations to William Dixon, Esq., of Her Majesty's Customs at Indian Island; also, to Mr. Walter B. McLaughlin, of

Grand Manan, for the valuable aid rendered in obtaining and imparting very much information touching the original history of Indian Island and the Island of Grand Manan. Others, too, who have readily contributed such information as they possessed, will accept the author's thanks; for, unaided in collecting necessary material, the present volume would have been deficient in many of the most interesting events connected with our islands' history.

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CHAPTER II.

GRAND MANAN.

MYTHOLOGY describes Nereus as a marine deity attendant on Neptune, the god of the sea; with numerous Nereids, her daughters, as beautiful sea nymphs riding on sea horses; and the fabled description has, in part, its reality in Grand Manan, which sits as an ocean goddess out on the restless waves of the Bay of Fundy, with numerous little islands, like marine Nereids, clustered around her. This fine island and its many appurtenances of minor islands and islets, comprise the Parish of Grand Manan, in the County of Charlotte, in the Province of New Brunswick. The province, having been divided into counties—the County of Charlotte is bounded on the south by the Bay of Fundy; and on the west by the River Saint Croix and the western shore of Passamaquoddy Bay; on the east by a line running true north thirty miles from Point Lepreaux; and on the north by the line running true west from the termination of the last-mentioned line. Deputies Wilkinson and Mahood made this survey in A. D. 1838; and, subsequently, a re-survey was made by Deputy Mahood in the year 1845, establishing the original boundaries, and including all the islands adjacent thereto, and the Island of Grand Manan and the islands adjacent to it. The division of the province into counties was next followed by the division of each county into parishes; and by an Act of Legislature passed 1st May, 1854, the Island of Grand Manan, with its appurtenances, became a separate political parish, known as the Parish of Grand Manan.

It must not be understood, however, that Grand Manan was not a parish, distinct from the other parishes in the county, previous to the political divisions under, and by authority of the Act passed in 1854. The is-

land had been regarded as the Parish of Grand Manan many years before—to which reference will be made on another page, connected with a circumstance of no common kind—but we must not anticipate. It was by the codification of the laws and statutes of New Brunswick in the year 1854, that the law prescribed the political division of the province into counties and parishes; and thus Grand Manan, with its island appurtenances, was, in common with the other parishes, firmly and definitely set apart, by legal statute, as the Parish of Grand Manan, in the County of Charlotte.

The boundaries of this important parish of islands having been definitely settled, the main island, Grand Manan, in extent, is 20 miles long, and 8 miles broad. "Calkin's Geography" so describes it, and as that work has been introduced as a text book into the public schools of New Brunswick, under the sanction of the Board of Education, it would be assuming more than would be conceded, to dispute its correctness, consequently, we take it for granted that this fine island is of the aforesaid dimensions. Its earliest history runs co-eval with the discovery of the Bay of Fundy; although, doubtless, many events and exciting scenes, abounding with intense interest, have sunk beneath the dark wave of oblivion, which neither grapnel, nor skillful diver, nor pearl-fisher can ever bring up to appear on historic page, which is much to be regretted.

The intrepid and ardent Champlain, who with De Monts furrowed the waves of the broad Bay of Fundy with his adventurous keel in the years 1604-5, mentions the discovery of the island while coasting along from the St. John River to Passamaquoddy Bay. There exists a slight difference in the orthography of the word—the name of the island—as among the subjects of Her Majesty it is spelled Grand Manan; while the subjects of the American Republic invariably spell it Grand Menan. A custom's officer has only to note the "e" in the last part of the name on barrel, or box, or parcel that may reach the island, to assure himself whence it came. American authority cites the Passamaquoddy Indian in support of its orthography of the word Menan, signifying island; but Champlain speaks of it, as mentioned by him in his voyage-description, as called by

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the savages *Mcnthane*; and, again referring to the island, spells it *Manasne*; leaving the reader, as it were, to choose for himself, which seems a very easy mode of overcoming a difficulty. Champlain speaks of having anchored at one time near the Southern Head of the island, and it appears he left the best proof possible that he did so; for, in the year 1842, Mr. Walter B. McLaughlin, whose residence is at Southern Head, found the remains of a large anchor that must have lain beneath the salt water wave, subject to the corroding hand of rusty time, for over 200 years! Our informant states as his opinion, circumstances tending to confirm it, that the bold navigator, Champlain, must have run his vessel aground in one of those "fog-mulls," which almost invariably make an annual visit, enveloping for the time being the entire island, its islets, and the surrounding waters, in a pall of density so thick as to render it impenetrable to vision. Even "Peeping Tom," were he here in a fog-mull, would have to acknowledge his poor eye-sight. Mr. McLaughlin states that the shank of this anchor was eleven feet long; and, at one part of it—the shank—it was seven inches in diameter; and although it must have originally weighed some 14 cwt., it was reduced by the long lapse of time, subject to rust and the action of the sea, to less than 300 lbs—an indubitable evidence that, over two centuries had passed away, with all the strange and mighty changes which the old and the new world, the eastern and the western hemisphere, have experienced, since Champlain lost his anchor at Southern Head, Grand Manan! Traditionary legends tell us many strange stories relating to Grand Manan, as having occurred long before the advent of Champlain on its coasts—as to pirates making it their favourite rendezvous, secret- ing money (hence, we have a cove on the western side, called Money Cove); and at the mouth of the deep-dug hole, making an unhappy victim swear to keep that money safe from all comers for all time; and then, to make the spirit-sentinel keep good faith to the pledge given while in the body, shooting the swearer, and bury- ing the body with the pirated silver and the gold. But those yarns, spun out by lovers of imaginative marvels to excite the wonder of the credulous, belong not to

authentic history, and so they are as they ought to be discarded from its pages. It is well authenticated that the Passamaquoddy Indians were the undisputed possessors of the island until about the year 1776; for about this period a white family by the name of Bonny arrived at the island from the mainland of New Brunswick, and pitched their tent near Grand Harbour, at a place called Bonny's Brook, which name it retains to the present time, and probably will in the long future. Bonny, with his family, remained unmolested for about three years, when they were finally ordered to leave by the Passamaquoddy Indians, under the direction of a Colonel John Allan who, in 1777, conducted operations in eastern Maine. This tribe of Indians was allied to the American cause during the Revolution. In speaking of this tribe of savages, as they were then, the term Passamaquoddy comes from Peskamaquontik, and that from Peskadaminkkanti—viz., "it goes up into the open field"—and not from the word Quoddy, which signifies pollock, as generally understood.

An American writer, from whose work we make several extracts, states that from the best authority obtainable "one of the earliest settlers on the island was Moses Gerrish of Massachusetts, who adhered to the King at the breaking out of the Revolution, and was attached to the commissary department of the royal army. Also, one Thomas Ross and John Jones; Jones returning to the United States, Gerrish and Ross remaining." Of Colonel John Allan's descendants, it may not be inopportune to state that our kind informant, Mr. W. B. McLaughlin, whose name we will have occasion to use quite freely, says he is intimately acquainted with a grand-daughter of the Colonel, now residing at Lubec, Me., and, whose silver hairs count the age of 82 years. From this venerable lady, much of the history of Grand Manan has been gleaned. Of a great-grandson of the said Colonel Allan, it may be here recorded that he now lives on the island, and in a state of abject poverty. It cannot be that the sin of the great-grandfather, the Colonel, in commissioning the Indians to drive off poor Bonny from Bonny's Brook, could have been visited on the innocent great-grandson—and yet, the sins of ancestors are visited upon the children even to the

third and fourth generation. So reads the Scripture—a lesson worthy of the most serious attention.

On the expatriation of Bonny and his family they settled in Maine, then part of Massachusetts, and their New Brunswick relatives and friends, not learning of their location, gave them up as lost—massacred by the Indians; but at the close of the revolutionary war, they felt the love of their old home in New Brunswick too strongly preponderating in the heart to remain as exiles, and therefore, obedient to the yearning dictates of love of home, of kith and kin, appeared again on New Brunswick soil. The first white male child born on Grand Manan was Alexander Bonny, born at Bonny's Brook, who grew, his first year or two, like a young sea gull among the rocks, washed by the drifting salt water spray. He became a Baptist Minister, and visited his native Isle for the last time in 1862; and subsequently died at the greatly advanced age of 90 years.

Of Moses Gerrish, according to Sabine's testimony of him, he was a man possessed of considerable ability—one who "would spread more good sense on a sheet of paper than any person of his acquaintance." Mr. Gerrish received a Magistrate's appointment, and held that office until his death. He died in the year 1830, in the 80th year of his age. Speedily following the first white settlers—fresh acquisitions added to the number—William Cheney and family from Newburyport, Mass., and others. Gerrish and Ross left no posterity; but Cheney's descendants are numerous. His daughter Barbara takes precedence as the first white female child, born on the island in the year 1787; and Moses, his youngest son, proudly asserted the prerogative of being the first male white child born here; but the Rev. Alexander Bonny disputed the Cheney claim to native heirship; and, as previously mentioned dates show, proved successfully that the modern Jacob had innocently attempted to steal away the modern Esau's birthright. Moses died in the year 1873, aged 83 years 3 months, his remains receiving interment in his native soil which he loved so well. Now followed on in rapid succession, as settlers, the Daggetts, Smalls, Guptills (then spelled Gubtail), Wormells, Ingersolls, Bancrofts, Woosters, Ingalls, Newton, and others. All

of these were from the old colonies of the States; but, cherishing a patriot love for the old English flag, sought their homes on British land, although that land was a sea-girt isle, and that period presenting but few attractions to any less than the hardy and adventurous pioneer. Daggett erected a grist-mill at the head of tidal water at Grand Harbour, near the present residence of Mr. John Daggett; and Wooster, with equal industry and perseverance, built a tannery, and began the manufacture of boots and shoes; but fish were numerous and too easily taken to encourage raising grain for the grist-mill; and so, too, the tanning of hides had to give place to the capture of fish. Those were the days when herring, cod and pollock would rush into Grand Harbour in such immense schools that the ebbing tide would leave them in countless numbers on the shore, "knee deep," in the phraseology of those times. In justice to others, first settlers, the names of John Kent, Dr. Faxon, Franklin, Smith, Bryant, Blake, Blanchard, Bingham, Benson, Southwick, Raser, Rich, Moon, Flagg, Russell, Morse, Sprague, Chapman, Richardson, Kemble, Fisher, Fry, Barker, Kimball, Shepherd, Woodberry, Drake, Cameron and Standwick may be added—others adding steadily, such as Josiah Winchester, from Nova Scotia, also, Daniel McLaughlin from Nova Scotia, of whom further mention is made on another page.

The present inhabitants of the island, on reading over the names as above recorded, will find that but very few of the original settlers have left descendants—many of the persons, whose names are here before us, have passed away from the cares and trials, the joys and sorrows of this life forever—the present residents of the island, many of them, knowing little, and caring less, about those who redeemed this beautiful island from its occupancy by the Passamaquoddy Indian, and opened up a bright, and fair, and prosperous inheritance for them, and their successors, through untold generations. But so it is. Nevertheless:—

"The waves of time may devastate our lives,
The frosts of age may check our failing breath;
They shall not touch the spirit that survives
Triumphant over doubt, and pain, and death."

In addition to the names of the earliest settlers on the island, we find, Waller, Gaskill, Thomas, Dixon, Burke,

Craig, Drugan, Redmond, Ryan, Kendrick, McLennan, McCarty, Boyle and others. Cochran Craig and Thomas Redmond taught school for several years, and earned for themselves, among the inhabitants, an esteem and a reputation that will blossom and bloom in the memory of surviving friends with perennial freshness, for years and years. Another name, Snell, merits mention—he too, taught a school on the island; and his kindness of disposition, and other winning qualities, have endeared him in memory to those who, when in their teens, received instruction from the good old man, who now, “after life’s fitful fever, sleepeth well.”

The settlement of Seal Cove dates about the year 1785. It is to be regretted that no better account can be given of one of the original settlers, if not the first one, which it seems he was, than that he was a fugitive from justice. His name was Wheeler, and he may be justly considered as the father “skedadler” of all the “skedadlers” that followed after, from time to time, even to this day. Connected as he was with a gang of counterfeiters—Ball, Gates, and Woodbury—who had their head-quarters at Devil’s Head, on the bank of the St. Croix River, not far from the little village on the opposite side of the river, known as the Ledge, and there coined counterfeit silver quite extensively. Suspicion, well-grounded, soon sent officers of justice to arrest the gang, and Ball shot the officer who attempted to arrest him. The murderer was subsequently arrested, tried, convicted and executed in the State of Maine. Woodbury, being also arrested, and convicted of counterfeiting, had his ears “cropped,” which must have seriously affected him auricularly. Gates eventually found his way to Nova Scotia, living to old age; but, as if the curse of false coin haunted him even to grey-haired years, he committed suicide at Granville, N. S., by hanging himself in an orchard to an apple tree! The present light house keeper of Gannet Rock Light, Mr. W. B. McLaughlin, when a boy, had often seen Gates, and heard him relate much of Grand Manan history.

Wheeler was lucky enough, for the time, to get to Grand Manan, and, as has been stated, settled at Seal Cove. How fared it with him? Let us see. All around

the cove at that time, a thick wilderness of woods presented a well-chosen retreat for Wheeler; but, only for a brief period, for he literally starved to death! His remains now lie, secure from all arrest, on a hill on Lot No. 46. At his death, his emaciated, starving wife, with a woman's true devotion under the most trying circumstances, travelled over sharp and rugged rocks from Seal Cove to Harbour Island, to obtain assistance to bury her husband. A hop vine, planted by his guilty hand, still marks the spot where his log cabin sheltered him and wife. Thus ended the mortal career of those counterfeiters, who having commenced their nefarious business at Devil's Head, ended their guilty lives under the devil's influence. Surely, the "way of the transgressor is hard."

It may not be uninteresting to state that the dies used by those wretched counterfeiters, were committed to a watery grave by casting them out of their boat near the centre of Seal Cove Sound, between the red cliffs near W. B. McLaughlin's residence, and Hardwood Hill on Great Wood Island. The crucibles were discovered and recovered a few years ago, nigh the spot where Wheeler's log hut stood—most probably hid by him for future use. After the death of Wheeler, two brothers, John and Joseph Blanchard, came to the island from the States, and made their permanent settlement at Seal Cove. Next followed Henry Kemball and James Parker; and in the year 1800, Doctor John Faxon came, settling at Seal Cove Creek, on Lot No. 46. The Doctor brought his family with him; and, under the influence of his enterprising spirit, Seal Cove seemed to start, as if by magic, into new life. With a mind capable of comprehending the resources lying dormant all around his new and chosen location, he was keenly alive to the advantages already ripe for development, and at once commenced action, by having a passage opened through the "sea wall" into the cove. This accomplished, a splendid little high water harbour was at once ready for small vessels and boats; and the fishermen and coasters, who make the Seal Cove Creek Harbour their safe and convenient haven, should ever remember with gratitude the name of the good and energetic physician, Doctor John Faxon. Connected

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with the arrival of Dr. Faxon at Seal Cove, is a circumstance which cannot well be omitted. The Doctor brought with him a Scotchman by the name of John Tar. As he was a sailor by profession, nothing could be more appropriate than to call him "Jack Tar," for so in name and verity he was. Now this Jack Tar had sailed under the flag and command of Captain Paul Jones, and as Paul Jones had been historied as a pirate captain, so our Seal Cove emigrant, Jack Tar, must have been, as one of the crew, a pirate too. It was the boast of Jack Tar at Seal Cove, especially, when "on a spree"—under the influence of liquor—that he fought under Paul Jones on board the *Bon Homme Richard*, in the bloody engagement with the British frigate *Serapis*, Captain Pierce.

Jack Tar, was exceedingly vain of this battle, and, when on his bacchanalian riots, would vaunt on the carnage of that sanguinary conflict, with all of a sailor's enthusiastic volubility, and in addition, sing sea songs and songs composed by enemies of King George the Third. Dr. Faxon having brought Tar over to the island as his "man Friday," endured much of his bad conduct patiently for a length of time; but that forbearance at last was exhausted, and, accordingly, when Tar in one of his sprees played up the old tune of Paul Jones and King George, and the *Bon Homme* and the *Serapis*, and the scuppers running blood, and the wild hurra of the pirate song, the Doctor, at the hour of midnight, and while a storm was raging without, put the old sailor out of doors to seek shelter where he would or could. Tar attempted to get to James Parker's, about a mile distant from Faxon's; but, in the storm and darkness, and in liquor as well, he fell over a cliff, and was found on the rocks beneath, the next morning, with his brains scattered over the stones! His remains lie buried near the sea on Lot No. 1, the same lot on which Cyrus Benson now resides. The cove, where Tar was killed is called Tar's Cove to this day. A rough stone, unchiselled and unlettered, taken from the beach, marks the spot where John Tar, the Scotch pirate, is shut in and shut out from battles and from grog.

Turning from such an unpleasant episode in our

history, and referring again to the active Doctor Faxon, we find him turning his attention to shipbuilding; and as ship timber of excellent quality was then abundant and easy of access, the Doctor had the keel of a ship laid, and between the years 1809-11, launched the first and only full-rigged ship ever built on Grand Manan. The doctor must have been cogitating on a name for his first-born ship, and so blundered and wondered himself into the story of good old Zacharias, who wrote of his first-born son, "His name is John;" and so Faxon, very unseemly, called her—the ship—*John*. The *John* was about 500 tons burthen, and it is to be hoped that our Grand Manan ship may yet return to her native island, laden with spices from "Ceylon's spicy Isle," or—"costly gems from India's coral strand." Regretfully, we must now bid adieu to the enterprising Dr. John Faxon, as he, on the declaration of war in 1812, hastily put all his property on the island into other hands, and returned to the States, never again returning even a "flying visit" to his favorite Seal Cove, where many warm friends would have given him a truly hearty reception. His property, which was considerable, fell into the hands of the Ingersolls, Bensons, and others, who prosecuted shipbuilding afterwards for a time. In 1845, the brig *Wanderer* of 130 tons was launched from Benson's shipyard. The *Wanderer* proved to be the last square-rigged vessel built on the island, although some very fine schooners since that period have been built here—so many that it would be tedious to enumerate them all; and yet, as deserving of special notice, may be mentioned the *Grape Shot*, built by Captain Eben Gaskill at North Head; also the *Anglo American*, built by Hart, Pettes, and Bancroft in 1866. Both those vessels were handsome models of naval architecture; and the *Anglo American* won the deserved reputation of being the fastest sailing vessel along the coast of New Brunswick, or that of the State of Maine. Her tonnage was one hundred and two tons; and as a "fruiterer" between New York and the West Indies, she made the quickest runs of any others on the line. The *Anglo* was a favorite with the islanders—all felt proud of her, for she was a trim craft, and could leave her "wake" for others to follow after. She sub-

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sequently became the property of a Boston firm, and was totally wrecked in the West Indies.

In the American War of 1812, Grand Manan, from its isolated position, became a favorite rendezvous for privateers and piratical crafts, and British cruisers had many an exciting chase to catch them. On one occasion an American privateer entered Grand Harbour and seized a vessel in Bonny's Brook while quietly riding at anchor. As a cat catching a mouse only increases desire for another, so the privateersmen, having caught one vessel, felt eager for another, and with whetted appetite for a second prize pounced upon schooner *Sally*, owned by Wooster and Ingalls, who with becoming forethought, anticipating a visit from the Yankee privateers, had removed a plank from *Sally's* bottom, which of course rendered the craft altogether unseaworthy. The privateers attempted to repair damages, but failed in the attempt, and Wooster and Ingalls were left in possession of their *Sally*. At another time Seal Cove was favoured by a visit from one of those privateers, who, calling on Joseph Blanchard, laughingly demanded a supply of potatoes. Blanchard refused to comply with the demand by telling the Captain of the privateer that as he was a British subject now, he would not afford succor or feed the enemies of King George. "However," said he, pointing to the potato field, "there are the potatoes, and if you are rascals enough to steal them—you must dig them." It may have been the plucky spirit evinced by Blanchard, that saved him from further aggressions, for an enemy always admires true courage, even in his most inveterate foe. On another occasion, a British cruiser chased one of those privateers so hotly that the privateer ran ashore on the western side of the island; the crew escaping to the woods and finding their way to Seal Cove, stole a large boat from Alexander McLane, and, as is supposed, landed safely at Cutler, Me.

Deep Cove, which lies a few miles southward of Seal Cove, was first settled in 1816, by Wm. Henry Silas Card and Dyer Wilcox, and the year following by William Robinson, by birth a Dutchman and by profession a British soldier. Robinson fought under General Braddock, and was with the army in the defeat

at Fort du Quesne, in 1755, and afterwards followed the fortune of war throughout the stirring events of the revolution. At the close of the war, he located at Yarmouth, N. S., subsequently removed to Grand Manan, at Deep Cove, and finally returned to Nova Scotia, where he died at the uncommonly great age of 110! What a life history his must have been! What a volume of 110 years' history between the cradle and the grave! The greatest part of this long life spent on battle-fields, amid human slaughter, the groans of the dying, and the blood of the brave! But Robinson's next trumpet-call will be: "Arise, ye dead, and come to judgment!"

Daniel McLaughlin, also a disbanded soldier of the British army, came to the island and located at Deep Cove in the year 1829. He obtained his discharge from the Royal Artillery service at Halifax, N. S.; and, in common with hundreds of other discharged soldiers, received a free grant of land in a new settlement in the County of Annapolis, N. S., called Dalhousie Settlement, in honour of Lord Dalhousie, who was at that time, 1829, Governor of Nova Scotia. Those discharged soldiers had a generous provision given them by the British Government, to enable them to make a successful beginning for future permanent homes. Three years' rations, served monthly, with military regularity, consisting of flour, pork, peas, &c.,—in fact soldiers' rations in full, for men, women and children—and what would be considered now-a-days a most horrible thing, a ration of rum, also monthly. True, indeed, many drunken sprees occurred—certainly once a month—and as there was no enemy to fight, they must needs have something monthly more practical among themselves, than a sham fight. In addition to the rations each man had given him an axe, hoe, spade, billhook and handsaw. Cross-cut saws were served out—on to a certain number of men, also a whip-saw to a certain number. Notwithstanding all these encouragements, it seemed impossible to manufacture farmers out of the red coats. While rations and rum were provided them gratis, many of them managed to erect small log huts, and cut wood enough to keep warm in winter; but, as soon as the meat and the drink stopped, scores of them

sold out their land for whatever they could get for it, and scattered throughout the country in every direction. It must not be understood, however, that there were no exceptions to this class of settlers, for many of them proved industrious, temperate and quick to learn the method of clearing up a new farm in the forest. Some of them, too, had drawn poor land, and, as it often is, those who less deserved good land, not caring to till it, were the persons who drew the lucky ticket; but on their selling out, the industrious and frugal settler bought such lots at a mere trifle.

Daniel McLaughlin maintained a character in the settlement for strict sobriety; but as his lot proved to be barren soil, he very reasonably left it, and being like Sir Walter Scott very fond of a dog, and Robin Hood very fond of hunting, he threw pickaxe and spade to the winds, picked up his trusty fowling-piece, whistled up his dogs, took his amiable wife and two children with him, and turning his back on Dalhousie Settlement left it at once and forever. As has been stated, he found his way to Grand Manan, and located at Deep Cove. If ever there was a truly loyal subject to the British Government, and they can be counted by millions, Daniel McLaughlin was one. He was proud of the name of "British soldier." In fact his whole bearing was military. His common attitude was as if in the ranks and on parade. To see him was to know that he had been a soldier. It was an unfortunate day for the wild sea-fowl that visited and frequented the waters around Grand Manan when the Halifax artilleryman came too, for his aim was almost and ever an unerring one. He loved his trusty gun, and doted over it with the fondness of a mother for her lost child.

The writer would here remark that the first and only pistol he ever owned, carried, or used, was given him, when quite a young boy, by Daniel McLaughlin. His son Daniel became a thorough seaman, and has commanded large ships from time to time between San Francisco, New York, Boston and other American ports and Europe. Another son, he to whom the writer is indebted for much material for the present history of the island, is the keeper of Gannet Rock light, and the eldest son is the present keeper of Head Harbour light

on Campobello. The youngest son is settled at Seal Cove, and has much of the warm-hearted friendliness of his father. His widow, that faithful wife and affectionate mother, resides with her son Walter; and although the rosy cheek and the coal black hair of her youthful days have been furrowed and whitened by length of years, yet the kind old lady never wearies in deeds of hospitality and attention to strangers. She has two daughters married and settled on the island, one in Eastport, Me., and one in Massachusetts. The husband and father, having fought life's battle, is at rest. It is well. Our friends, they are not dead, but sleep.

It may not be uninteresting to the reader to take a pen excursion at this stage of our history of Grand Manan to a few of the islets adjacent thereto, and forming a part of the parish. Nearly opposite Seal Cove, and a mile or two distant, an islet of considerable size, called Inner Wood Island, forms quite an extensive defense from southerly winds to Seal Cove. Outside this island lies another, of smaller area, known as Outer Wood Island. They were first settled by a man called Gerrald, and subsequently the inner island became the property of William Ross, who it is said put a man by the name of William Green in charge. John Ross owned the Island of Grand Harbour vicinity, and afterwards left the island and resided in St. John City, where he died. He lived, and died as he lived, a bachelor; and as one of their sisters married a Thomas, whose son Joseph became a resident at Whale Cove, the heirs of William Ross, after the lapse of years, began to institute their claim of heirship in that island; but as Ross had never disturbed the occupant, nor exacted rent, Green remained in peaceable possession until he died; and after his death his sons continued to hold the property by possession, and so became not only the occupants but owners of that valuable island, without money and without price.

Inner Wood Island is now divided in ownership between two families, Green and Wilcox—or rather Greens and Wilcozes, as there is a plurality. Like the French Canadians, they shut out, as by a Chinese wall, all others from participating in any share or lot or part of the land. The land is of very good quality where tilled,

and a large part of it is covered with spruce and birch, which prove useful for fencing and fuel; but were there no standing wood, there could be no difficulty in obtaining from the shore at high water-mark and above it abundance of drift-wood, as the supply seems inexhaustible.

Grass grows luxuriantly, and generally proves a heavy crop of hay. Oxen, cows and sheep have happy times on those islands. The oxen grow fat and strong from their calf-hood, having little or nothing to do; the cows go and come as they please, with grass to their knees in summer, and hay plenty in winter.

The sheep are as wise as it is possible for sheep to be in their day and generation. They have sheltered nooks at all parts of the islands, and no matter which way the wind blows, the hard-headed old father of the flock leads off for a lee retreat; and blow high or blow low, those harmless ones are safe from all harm. At low water they march over the rocks, slippery with sea-weed, with the steadiness of goats climbing cliffs, and feed on some kind of particular sea-weed with a zest and a relish equal to an epicurean seated at his viands. The owners of those sheep say that they would keep fat through the winter without any other food but that which they get among the rocks at low water. Those are the sheep that need no shepherd—nor care for sheepfold built by man. No wild beast to destroy, nor even dog to annoy, they live to old age—those that are not sold to butchers—at peace with themselves and their only neighbours the sea-gulls.

Mentioning sea-gulls reminds us of a singular habit they have. Like all water-fowl, webfooted, but unlike all webfooted-fowl, those sea-gulls frequenting the outer islands, and making them their homesteads, build their nests, like crows, in the trees. It is strange, almost unaccountably strange; and the only cause assigned for it is that their nests among the rocks were continually robbed by those who would rather steal eggs than buy them; and the poor gulls, after long and serious consultation, concluded to do as never webfooted-bird ever did before; and so build their nests, and lay their eggs, and hatch their gull-chicks, high up on a tree among the limbs! The truth of the sea-gull thus building its nest on a tree,

is asserted as a fact by the residents of the islands. What a creature must a human creature be, when even a wild sea-fowl has to resort to means at variance with its natural instincts, to escape the rapacity, the ruthlessness, the cruelty, the raiding propensity, the inhumanity of man to gull! Yea, even "Man's inhumanity to man, makes countless thousands mourn."

A small group of five small islets, or islands, lie to the southward and eastward of the Wood Isles, at a mile or two distant. They are generally termed Three Islands. The largest of the group is known as Kent's Island—having been first settled by Captain John Kent, whose son, Jonathan Kent, was, at one time, keeper of the Gannet Rock light, of whom more will be said on another page. The names of those five small islands are Kent's Island, Sheep Island, Hay Island, and the two smallest in area called Green Islands. There are some spots of good tillage on the first named, and excellent pasture for sheep. There are two rocky islets, called Green Island and the White Horse, lying directly south of Outer Wood Island—one standing, as it were, at each end of it, like ocean sentinels, to guard the passage into Seal Cove.

Gannet Rock seems deserving of a more extended notice. This noted rock bears from it to the south-west head of Grand Manan a north-north-west course; distance $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles. It rears its head defiantly above the stormy waves of the bay; and, as far as stony head and heart can take delight, appears to preside over the fearfully dangerous shoals and ledges within its watery domain with the pride and the destructive pleasure of a Nero! The Indians called it Menaskook. It is a concrete of flint, pebble-stone and sand, conglomerated into a solid mass, forming an acre, more or less, in area. It has been the scene of many a dread disaster. It has its death-record as well as the Goodwin Sands or Sable Island. The moaning winds and the monotone of the surging sea, even when the raging storm is sleeping and at rest, seem to sing in plaintive wail a requiem for the lost ones, who, far from the old homestead in their native land, met death in its direful form at Gannet Rock, whelmed in the angry sea. But let them sleep on on their ocean bed.

The sea will have to yield up from its great grave of many fathoms deep the forms of those, once so dearly loved on earth, to meet again and re-unite where no destructive elements can ever separate them more. It is a happy thought, this resurrected meeting and greeting of century-separated dear ones!

One of the first shipwrecks, authentically related, as having occurred at Gannet Rock, was a brig bound from Boston to the River St. John, N. B., in the year 1759. There were, independent of officers and crew, nearly one hundred persons, intending settlers in New Brunswick. A number were drowned, whose bodies were never recovered. The survivors, passengers and crew, after temporarily repairing the only boat saved, landed at Deep Cove, where they remained until the next spring, when they were taken to L'Etang in a small sloop.

In 1831, the brig *Rosemont*, bound for St. John, N. B., with a general cargo, met her doom at Gannet Rock; and in November 1845, the barque *Mary*, of and from London, was also wrecked here, and the second mate drowned.

It was in the year 1831 that the commerce of St. John City having largely increased, and, as a consequence, the shipping of the port increased in equal ratio, that the enterprising merchants deemed it necessary, for the protection of the commercial interests, to crown the head of Gannet Rock with a shining light at night. The necessity of the case calling for action, the citizens of St. John City, with a business activity (for which they are noted up to date, and will probably as long as Fort Howe looks down upon them, or Hazen's Crows Nest smiles in approval), began the work of erection as a Government work. It seemed to the Gannets an undue interference with time's vested rights to them; for thousands of sea-fowl had been the undisturbed possessors of Menaskook for centuries. Poor Gannets! Dispossessed and summarily of your fair inheritance, at once and forever.

The name John Purvis is identified with Gannet Rock lighthouse as the builder; while Joseph Hogg merits mention as the one who put up the lantern, or light-room; and, to make the trio complete, a Captain Lamb paid due respect to Christmas-eve, A. D. 1831, by

lighting his lamps, as the first lighthouse keeper, on that once celebrated home of the Gannets. It was a welcome sight to the sailor navigating the Bay of Fundy. The wild scream of the sea-gull had departed, and the human voice took its place, and the art of man triumphed. May its luminous gleamings never grow less.

For four years our favourite Lamb was monarch of Gannet Rock. Ever tender and gentle as a lamb, he became pensive on his isolated location—weary of the barren rock and its stormy surroundings; so much so, that, in 1835, he got transferred to a smaller rock off Quaco Head; but as it is near the mainland, the City St. John, and enjoying facilities for participating in society's social enjoyments, no wonder he felt pleased to leave the Gannet, where neither spring nor summer, the gentle rain nor the warm sunshine can vegetate a blade of grass or any green thing! A Mr. Miller succeeded Captain Lamb with an assistant. Both Miller, the principal, and his assistant were drowned in the summer of 1837, when Jonathan Kent, son of old Captain John Kent, already mentioned, received the appointment, remaining in charge until October, A. D. 1843; at which period he resigned for an inshore station. Henry McLaughlin, the present keeper of Campobello light at Head Harbour, succeeded Mr. Kent. The successor of Mr. Kent kept the situation until the year 1853, when he, too, resigned for an inshore station. Walter B. McLaughlin, brother of the then keeper, entered upon the duty on the rock; and having been an assistant previously, from 1845 to 1853, was well instructed in the performance of the responsible care and duty of keeper on such an exposed situation, one ever surrounded with danger. In 1845, a stone wall of immense thickness was erected around the tower, in order to protect the erection from the fury of the great storms so prevalent in the Bay of Fundy. Of the respective keepers of the Gannet Rock light, none, as the above record shows, kept it half the length of years that the present keeper has. True, he has had assistants from time to time; so had they; but as principal, he must ever keep watch and ward over this isolated rock's light. Mr. Walter B. McLaughlin's efficiency

and zeal as lighthouse keeper and fishery officer are too well known and too well appreciated by the Government departments to require any additional credit; but yet, in penning a history of Gannet Rock light, his name merits honorable mention, and we would not withhold it.

Grand Manan up to the year 1854 remained singularly exempt from toads, frogs, serpents, or snakes—not even the sharp bark of the fox was ever heard in its deep valleys or on its hill-tops. The island was as highly favoured as was Ireland, when the good and the great Saint Patrick banished, in his righteous indignation and by virtue of the power in him vested:

“Toad, serpent and snake
From bramble and brake.”

Our Gannet Rock lighthouse keeper took a different view of such things altogether; for to him belongs the praise or the blame of introducing that ugly creature, the toad, to the island. And, whether wittingly or unwittingly, it seems a remarkable coincidence that the introduction of the toad by Mr. McLaughlin was on the 12th of July—the day celebrated by Orangemen, in remembrance of the Battle of the Boyne! Not content with peopling the hitherto toadless island with toads he followed it up, by bringing over from the mainland foxes and frogs in August 1874. It does seem strange that the importer of toads should have permitted over a score of years to roll on, before he turned his attention, with paternal affection, to the frog and the fox! For want of better data, it can only be inferred that he wished to provide the islanders with cheap music by night to sing them to sleep, after the manner of oriental princes, and to raise young Reynards for the trapper's trap and sportsman's gun. Although his stock of toads only numbered four all told, yet so prodigiously did they increase, that in less than twelve years they were found on all parts of the island; and, when the rate of travel of his toadship is taken into consideration, it must have required a long time to hop the toad-hop from the vicinity of Deep Cove at Southern Head to Eel Brook at North Head, over twenty miles, attending to toad-creation in the meantime.

John Wilson, Esq., of Chamcook, Parish of St.

Andrews, brought over deer to the island about the year 1845, and they multiplied rapidly. Indians, and whites as well, killed them at all seasons of the year, until by Legislative enactment this wholesale slaughter has been prohibited. And yet the stealthy Indian, as hungry as a panther for venison, will occasionally shoot down a deer, and paddle away the meat to Pleasant Point, near Eastport, Me.

The American hare (rabbit) was introduced here from Nova Scotia by William Green—the same person, who so fortunately, became proprietor of Inner Wood Island, near Seal Cove, by being put on it as occupant-in-charge by good old William Ross, as already related. About a quarter of a century has passed away since the rabbit obtained firm foothold on Grand Manan soil; and, like the toad, they are now numerous on all parts of the island.

Having detained the reader the while at the southern end of the island and its adjacent isles, it is necessary to move along and tarry a brief hour or two at Grand Harbour, with its contiguous White Head and smaller isles adjacent to it.

Grand Harbour only requires more depth, sufficient depth of water, at all times of tide, to make it deserving of the name "Grand" in its widest use. The view seaward is delightful, and the harbour is long and broad enough to receive quite a fleet, did not the tide at low water leave such a breadth of beach. It is an irremediable obstacle to vessels of large tonnage as a desired port for ingress and egress at all times of tide, and yet a considerable trade is carried on at Grand Harbour. Isaac Newton, Esq., prosecutes a large share of the mercantile business of the island, has a convenient wharf extending from his store, and large-sized schooners load and discharge cargo without difficulty. The handsome and large residence, built by Mr. Newton a few years ago, and costing some three thousand dollars, will bear a favourable comparison with many a wealthy merchant's mansion, of suburban elegance, of architectural style and finish. There are several fine houses at Grand Harbour. Turner Wooster, Esq., of Her Majesty's Customs, owns and occupies a very fine cluster of buildings. Allen Guptill, John D. Guptill, and others, including

Mr. John Daggett, have convenient and tasty dwellings; and the evidences are all around there, that plenty for man and beast is the order of the day.

There is a new schoolhouse here, which, having been recently erected, is a most creditable acquisition to Grand Harbour.

The Free Will Baptists have a neat place of worship, and the congregation numbers, perhaps, the major part of the residents of the harbour and vicinity.

The Episcopal Church is a stone edifice, and the Rev. W. S. Covert is the present missionary; whose urbanity and kindness towards the people, generally, have won him many friends outside the people of his charge. He takes a lively interest in the cause of temperance, and lectures or debates on the platform with an earnestness only surpassed by his pulpit ministrations.

The first Episcopal Church at Grand Harbour was a wooden structure; and of the circumstances attending its destruction, we would fain draw a veil over them; but, as narrating events connected with the island's history, the withholding of the particulars would be sufficient to subject the writer to holding a pusillanimous pen—a charge not intended to be deserved.

Regretfully, then (from a sermon preached by the then Rector, Rev. John Dunn, on the 13th October 1839 at Grand Harbour, on the 15th at North Head, and on the 16th at Seal Cove—a copy of which sermon, in print, is now before the writer), the following particulars are here presented. It may be neither uninteresting nor unnecessary to quote from a "statement of the proceedings arising from the burning of the church," as follows:

"Whereas, on the night of Wednesday, the 9th of October 1839, at about 12 o'clock, the whole interior of St. Paul's Church in this parish was discovered to be in flames, which in about one hour consumed the building; and, whereas, certain circumstances (particularly the suspending in front of the church, from a triangle, a figure, in which was found a paper, containing language which betokens premeditated malevolence and hostility against the Bishop of the Diocese, against the Rector of this parish in particular, and four other persons of this county) prove it to be the work of an incendiary; its destruction also attempted by fire at

Easter in the previous year, 1838, prove that the burning of the church with the atrociously aggravated circumstances attending it, demand the expression of an unqualified abhorrence of the deed and its perpetrators."

The above, as quoted from the statement, is sufficient, without copying it entire. The statement thus ends its closing paragraphs: "A list was attached to the foregoing, containing the names of the wardens and vestry, fourteen in number, with 124 others.

"With the church were consumed the gown, surplice, books and pall. Within the week the offerings of female friends, amounting to nearly thirteen pounds, were presented to the minister for the purpose of replacing his gown and surplice. And ere the ashes of the ruined church were scarcely cold, a subscription paper was opened for the erection of a new church, which within three days embraced 125 names, amounting to over two hundred and sixty pounds.

"And the last and not least interesting circumstance, showing the zeal and warm feeling which this most deplorable event has produced among all classes of persons in this parish, was the presenting a subscription list from forty Sabbath-school children, with their collection, amounting to about twenty shillings.

"(Signed) JOHN DUNN, *Rector.*"

"PHILIP NEWTON,
"THOS. REDMOND, } *Wardens.*"

The afflicted pastor evinces so much of the spirit of Saint Paul under trial and affliction, that it would not be doing justice, under the circumstances, to leave this painful subject without presenting several extracts, as elucidating the spirit of the pastor on the occasion—selecting for his text part of the 9th verse of the 6th chapter of Micah, which reads thus: "Hear ye the rod and who hath appointed it."

In the opening paragraph of his discourse, the grieved pastor said: "I stand before you, under circumstances so highly aggravated in their nature, that I believe the record of the Christian Church furnishes but few, and in this country no parallel.

"This is a picture of extreme hardness of heart, per-

verseness and rebellion against the Almighty. Selfishness, some imaginary pleasure, or unholy gratification, are the sources of all vice and crime, and such as are actuated by these base motives can scarcely be restrained except by Divine judgments."

The preacher, while progressing with his discourse, expatiated on the instructions contained in his text, applying them to those under bereavement by the loss of their Church, and impressing them with God's dealings with His people; that afflictions are sometimes permitted to overtake and visit them, as reproofs and corrections for sin, lukewarmness and backsliding. One sentence, cited from the sermon in the preacher's own words, will suffice on this part of it.

"And whether God afflict His creatures in love or in wrath, whether He afflict them for instruction or for correction, our first duty under the rod is to become sensible of His justice, and that He willeth our good."

After thus deducing arguments from the text, for the inculcation of pious resignation, humility and penitence under the trying dispensation, the preacher approaches the subject of the deed and the perpetrators of it in this wise:

"And what can I say? What need I say? Your eyes behold a deed has been done, brethren, at our very doors, before our eyes, at the bare hearing of which the heart of every Christian man and woman must sink within them;—a deed the sight of which, in the hour of midnight darkness, was terrific and appalling beyond description, which none can fully imagine, but those who beheld that devouring flame, which completely filled those consecrated walls; who saw those naked beams, and watched that tower, whole and unscorched, slowly and solemnly inclining and settling through the rafters into the furnace kindled by the sacrilegious hand of man! Truly, it fell as if it were saying to its destroyer, who might have still been within sight of it, 'Look at me, behold me falling, and let it never be effaced from your vision; let it descend with you to your grave, and rise with you to judgment.'"

And now the preacher waxes warm while on this part of his discourse. He feels, as it were, the whole weight of this diabolical midnight act pressing upon his

troubled soul; and like one of the olden prophets, zealous for the Lord of Hosts, and the honour of His name, and the sacredness of His temple on earth, thus proceeds:

“A deed has been done—what shall we call it? Against whom has the offence been committed? Against the living God—the Witness of all deeds, open and secret, against the Majesty of Heaven the attack has been made! The God whom Christians worship, has been insulted and profaned. And, O thought, fearful and alarming, *is he among us*, that hardened man, who neither fears God nor regards man, he who did this deed now composing a part of this congregation? If he is within the sound of my voice, surely he must possess the spirit of a fiend; else his blood must chill in his veins. O God forbid, my Christian hearers, that ourselves, our families, and our beloved sanctuary should have been within the influence of such a pestilence.” After indulging in such anathema of righteous indignation, the preacher turns his weeping eyes towards the scene of the sacrilegious fire; and, touching plaintively the tender theme of woe and bereavement, says:

“The altar before which some have knelt to receive from the highest order of our ministry, and renewed their baptismal covenant; the altar around which husband and wife, parent and child, have knelt side by side, have devoutly received the emblems of the body and blood of their dying Saviour, have eaten and drunk thereof, and had their souls nourished by faith, as their bodies are by food; that desk, from which has ascended the sacrifice of praise and prayer; that pulpit, from which so many sermons have been delivered with the view of instilling the pure doctrines and salutary truths of the blessed Gospel into the hearts of the hearers; and, lastly, those walls, which have enclosed the mortal remains of those near and dear to many of you—these, brethren, are the objects which you have lost, which were rendered so valuable and dear from various associations.

“That edifice, consecrated to the worship of God. What has become of it? Over its ashes you sigh, you mourn, you shed the silent tear; that temple, with its altar, its bible, books of devotion, and its vestments, have fallen a sacrifice in the space of one short hour, to

the sacrilegious incendiary." And now the preacher in his concluding paragraphs, turns to the re-building of another house, wherein to worship the God of their fathers. The appeal, it seems, was not in vain. With the zeal of an Apostle, and the courage of a martyr, he says:

"If the friends of the church will hold up my hands, by their cheerful, sincere and consistent countenance; by their united and earnest prayers to their Heavenly Father, and by using their own exertions (unless I fall myself a prey to the midnight incendiary or assassin), and if God continues my health, in twelve months from the night in which the blaze and smoke of our late church ascended to the heavens, the incense of prayer and praise shall ascend from the altar of another church, to that God who giveth and who taketh, who ruleth in the armies of Heaven, and amidst the children of men."

The preacher's hands were "holden up," the "friends of the church" did lend cheerful aid, they did "use their own exertions," and God did continue to the pastor health, and did bless the efforts made to rebuild another edifice to His worship, and the preacher's resolve was fulfilled, and his heart was gladdened, at seeing the top-stone of the present stone church at Grand Harbour brought forth with joy and thanksgiving. Thus endeth the account of the burning of the church on Grand Manan, October 9th, 1839.

It is refreshing to turn from such a painful theme and description as the one just related, to speak of the present improved condition of Grand Harbour, in common with all parts of the island, as compared with it in its earlier periods. It is only a very few years since lobster factories became a business. The first opening of this branch of fishing industry was the work of Mr. John Cook, who had previously followed the profession of a druggist in Carleton, St. John. It was about the year 1858, some eighteen years ago. His factory was near the residence of Philip Newton, Esq., of whom he bought the privilege, built a dwelling-house, erected suitable buildings for the canning of lobsters, and gave employment to many hands. Those canned lobsters were exported to Scotland, *via* St. John, N. B., and the

business becoming remunerative, Mr. Cook in a few years accumulated quite a handsome competence, repaired the losses of an unsuccessful drug-shop, and returned from the island to Carleton, where he enjoyed up to the time of his death the fruits of his industry on Grand Manan in the lobster trade.

One of his sons, following in the footsteps of his father, entered into the same business on Deer Island—but not with that success attending it which his more judicious parent experienced. Another son, having married the daughter of Cochran Craig, Esq., undertook the business on this island; but not prospering in it, abandoned the lobsters and opened a photograph saloon at Woodward's Cove. Not succeeding, according to his expectations, in dealing with the "human face divine," he soon disposed of his materials, and emigrated, whence he had come, to Carleton, St. John, N. B. He was a very unassuming young man—mild as a lamb, gentle and kind—too gentle to throw live lobsters into a boiling cauldron. Mr. Cook, the ex-druggist, having thus introduced the cooking and canning of lobsters, and having proved it under his management a success, it was not to be expected that the business would be allowed to die out; consequently, in a short time, another lobster factory was started at Seal Cove by Bradford & Hartt, which gave employment to many and became a source of profit to the proprietors. A firm in Boston, Underwood & Co., having learned of the successful operations, felt a desire to have a hand in the trade; and having purchased a lease-privilege from Turner Wooster, Esq., which was admirably situated for carrying it on extensively, this Bostonian activity soon erected a cluster of buildings, outstripping all previous facilities.

Mr. Mitchell, a Scotchman, the superintendent and agent, became much esteemed; and lobsters, in tons of weight, were brought to Wooster's Wharf at Grand Harbour to exchange their green jackets for red, and then stripped by the nimble hands of youths and maidens, pressed into tin cans, and being hermetically sealed, packed in boxes and sent off to satisfy the almost universal desire of the lover of shell-fish with canned lobsters. Mr. Mitchell gives employment to four tin-smiths, twenty-four men and boys, and fifteen girls,

total forty-three hands in the factory. Until the advent of Mr. John Cook no idea was entertained of the immense numbers of lobsters frequenting the shores of Grand Manan. It would seem almost incredible that such vast multitudes of them were in the waters around the island; but the "traps" settled the matter, and the rocks and ledges, the coves and inlets proved the harvest fields, from which was fished up by the trap-system those delicious greenbacks which, by a remarkable coincidence, average betimes 80 cents to the hundred lbs.—just about the value of a greenback dollar.

The lobster factory at Grand Harbour is yet in progress, and probably will not be discontinued until the supply is exhausted, which may not be in the present day and generation, nor for centuries. In one season the Grand Harbour factory received 625,559 lbs. of live lobsters, and canned from them 125,865 lbs.

The shells of the lobsters are carted away from the factory and spread over grass-ground, and prove very valuable as a top-dressing fertilizer. True, while subject to the decaying process, olfactorily considered, one would hardly feel strongly inclined to partake of the meat late encased in such a shell. Sometimes the shells are spread over the ground and ploughed in; either way, those shells are excellent for crops.

Grand Harbour has many of the means within itself to form a neat, pretty village, were the houses and other buildings more compact—for instance, its church, meeting house, schoolhouse, customs house, magistrate's office, stores and lobster factory. It lacks a blacksmith's shop, hotel, cordwainer's shop, &c., to fill up the village requirements. The schoolhouse is the best on the island. Its schoolrooms are on the ground floor, where they ought to be. As it is, however, Grand Harbour, as being located at nearly the central part of the island, must command a prominent position.

The customs office originated here during Sir John A. Macdonald's premiership, and while our present Lieut. Governor, Hon. S. L. Tilley, was Minister of Customs at Ottawa. The appointment of customs officer was offered to Isaac Newton, Esq., who thought fit to refuse it, and the present officer, Turner Wooster,

Esq., having accepted it, keeps himself in good fellowship both with the people and the department.

The islanders, from its first and earliest history, had bought and sold and traded with a freedom from restraint which their peculiarly isolated position fully justified, and which seemed to every thinking mind as meet and right they should. Following the laborious, precarious and hazardous vocation of fishing, it seemed ungenerous and severe to compel the poor fisherman to pay a tax on his flour, pork, molasses, tea, cotton, and the various other articles of food and clothing—even to the pipe in his mouth, the tobacco to fill it, and the match to light it.

Grand Manan, situate as it is miles away from the mainland—shut-out for a great part of the summer from a sight of it, and in the winter separated for days and weeks by the fearful storms which sweep over the bay, thus debarred from participating in the various facilities enjoyed by residents on the mainland—to tax those islanders, or to saddle their overburdened backs with a customs officer, to make them pay tribute to Caesar, was not thought of until the confederation of the provinces. But as our Dominion of Canada is increasing in population—its public works and its salaried officers increasing—taxation must needs increase too. From the Governor General, down to the poor charwoman who dusts the desks of witless scribes in the Governmental offices, money, money, money must be paid; and as the people of this great Dominion must pay the money to the taxgatherers, to this great and the people of the islands in the Bay of Fundy *must* pay too. And Money sings:

"In the nation's halls I proudly stand,
For I hold the price in my good right hand
Of member, minister, senator, all——
I buy them up, both great and small.
I buy their honor, manhood and truth——
They'd sell what they call their *souls* in sooth.
And their empty lives at my feet would fling,
For I am Money, and money is King."

It is their loyalty that keeps them passive under extreme pressure; and although those islands possess unequalled facilities for landing goods of all kinds clandestinely, yet so conscientious are the people, gener-

ally, especially the traders, that when goods are landed at any part of the Island (Grand Manan) the importer starts off for Woodward's Cove and the "receipt of custom" with the speed of Weston, the walker, or Goldsmith Maid, the trotter! The islanders will neither eat nor drink nor wear any contraband articles. So are they the truly loyal subjects of the Dominion of Canada. Let the reader, if not an islander, go and do likewise.

WOODWARD'S COVE.

Leaving Grand Harbour and arriving at Woodward's Cove, quite a village-looking settlement is here. Here, is Small's large house, where food can be had by the hungry, lodging for the sleepy, drink for the thirsty. Here are two blacksmith shops, a schoolhouse and a temple. Here are several stores, well filled with a general assortment of provisions, clothing, and "stores" of all kinds to meet the wants of the fishermen. Only three or four years ago Mr. John Fraser, of St. Stephen, who had been engaged a long time in that town in mercantile business, relinquished his extensive trade there and came to Grand Manan and opened a trade at Woodward's Cove. Mr. Fraser is a remarkable man—totally blind, having lost both eyes about twenty years ago and an arm by blasting a large stone in St. Stephen. He took up trading on a small scale, but by perseverance, good business tact, and an indomitable resolution to succeed, prospered under the smile of kind Providence, and became a well-to-do-trader. He has purchased real estate at the cove, put up and carries on a large trade in a large building. Besides, has erected smoke-houses, built a wharf, a unique schooner—the *E. A. Fraser*—and made other improvements. Why he elected the island in preference to the commercial metropolis of the Saint Croix River, is a domestic, commercial or political problem which no one can solve as well as himself. At all events, his emigrating here has given an impetus to trade at the place of his location which must have a beneficial effect long in the future. His son keeps the post-office at the cove in his father's store, and that of itself is no trifling accommodation to the people of the cove and its vicinity. Another large store, well-

filled, is kept by Nelson Small, a naturalized American, who came here about the time the southern war was raging, who began trading on a small scale; but by dint of perseverance and ingenuity has run the race of competition successfully with Mr. Fraser. There is also a cooper shop at this cove, under the skillful care of an industrious man by the name of George Anderson.

In 1867, quite an exciting scene was witnessed at Woodward's Cove. A whale that it seems had become exceedingly anxious to breakfast on some nice fat herring had quite unwittingly entered within the precincts of a brush weir, built for the very purpose of catching herring and all such comers. His whaleship, once in the weir, and having regaled himself to his heart's content, and touching bottom occasionally, began to feel apprehensive that all was not right, and so turned tail to the village and headed for the deeper waters of the bay. The stakes and the brush felt the unusual pressure, but refused to give way. He had entered as a great intruder, a bold robber, a rapacious monster of the deep, and, if possible, must be held in durance vile and be made pay the penalty of his temerity. The news spread over the island with astonishing rapidity that a whale was caught in a weir at Woodward's Cove and there was more excitement, more "hurrying to and fro," than there was in "Belgium's capital by night," where fair women and brave men had whirled in the voluptuous dance, till startled by the war trumpet's blast calling—"to arms, to arms!" Our islanders went for the whale on the run from many points of the compass. The late Lorenzo Drake made for the scene of action with the coolness and yet the speed of a regular whalesman. Armed with a harpoon—that weapon which art has made the most suitable wherewith to pierce the blubber-flesh of this monster of the deep, the whale—a large number of people having collected, the battle began in terrible earnestness. The harpoon struck the whale, he lashed mightily his tail, the weir gave way, oars were in play, he made for sea, boats gallantly headed him to the shore, where bleeding, he breathed no more. This great fish was towed up to high water mark at the cove, cut up, and the oil, when divided among the stockholders, proved to be quite a

handsome dividend. This brief fish story is unlike many fish stories—it is true.

The temple, of which mention has been made, deserves more than a passing notice. It was erected by the efforts of a Mr. Cook, Baptist Minister, aided by the exertions of the zealous island ladies who are ever foremost in all good works. Subsequently, it became the property of Mr. Joseph Lakeman, of Woodward's Cove; and about that time Elder George Garraty, the present pastor of the "Christians or Disciples of Christ" Church, Duke Street, St. John, N. B., came to the island and soon made several converts to his faith, among whom was Mr. Lakeman—perhaps the most zealous of them all. The temple was dedicated by Elder Garraty, and was afterwards known as Garraty's Temple; and by others, and with more propriety, as the Christians' Temple. Then another change came o'er, not the "spirit of the dream," but the spirit of some of the people. Elder Garraty left the island, and a new sect arrived—preachers of the Joe Smith creed, professing to possess the gift of tongues, power of healing and other gifts, such as the prophets and apostles of old possessed. Mr. Lakeman now became a convert to this religion, and having much natural talent, fair education, fluency of speech, a mind enriched by reading, study, and a retentive memory, and deeply imbued with pious feeling withal, he was a "chosen vessel" among the prophet's disciples, and was soon ordained to eldership among those Latter Day Saints. The temple now became known as the Mormon Temple; but until Elder Lakeman embraces polygamy as part of his faith, the name Mormon is illegitimate; and, therefore, in keeping with its present sectarian position, it may be regarded as the Temple of the Saints. Independent of the various changes of Elder Joseph Lakeman's religious opinions, one opinion is entertained of him by all his acquaintances—in kindness, uniformity of moral excellence, an untarnished integrity, and good fellowship and Christian love and charity towards all mankind, Mr. Lakeman has remained unchanged. It would be well for Brigham Young and all the Salt Lake Mormons, if they could exhibit as unimpeachable a record.

The temple is a large building, having no outward

decorations—a plain specimen of the plainest style of architecture—unadorned by any paint or paintings within or without—and yet its site can hardly be excelled on the island. On high ground, about one fourth of a mile eastward from the cove village, it overlooks many of the smaller islands and a large portion of the Bay of Fundy; and as a central stand-point, the eye sweeps around the entire island and the horizon. The belfry is in keeping with the building, and although no bell ever sent forth a sound from it to call the church-goers together for worship, yet this humble, unassuming cupola became the chosen location of a burglar, named Archibald Downey, in the latter part of the month of April 1875, where he deposited bread, milk, ham, pork, butter, dried apples, molasses, together with sundry utensils and articles for bachelor housekeeping in the belfry. Downey had chosen a lovely, airy and healthy little home for himself: the outlook, too, was delightful; but he happened to look out at one time, at the wrong time, as will hereafter appear. Having on Saturday night, the 24th of April, made a raid on Mr. James Smith, by entering his house, and cleaning out the pantry of all its eatable contents, this accomplished burglar retired to the belfry with his heavy burden of provisions smacking his lips, doubtless, in anticipation of the rich feast he would spread for himself on the coming Sabbath—perhaps flattering himself with the idea of dining on savory meats high up in his belfry home, while Elder Lakeman would feed his flock with spiritual food below. There is not much stretch, if any, of the imagination in this, for Downey the burglar was well read and fond of reading. Besides, on his examination trial at North Head, he stated that on Sunday morning and previously he had “got a book up in the belfry, which he read, and knew it was a Mormon book.” As a specimen of his ready wit, the following may be given. On the magistrate asking him how he could see in the darkness of night to collect such a variety of articles in Smith’s pantry, he replied—“By the aid of the elementary light, called moon.” The Sabbath morning following the robbery, and while several men were searching for the robber, Downey hearing voices below looked out of his sacred storehouse; and on some one looking up as he looked

down he became the observed of the observers. An ascent was soon made to the belfry, and there was the tenant, surrounded with many of the good things of this life, which he had obtained without money, but not without price—the price of incarceration—as having been arrested, tried and convicted, he was sent to the penitentiary for two years and six months. Thus endeth the reading of the temple.

There is a brisk trade at almost all seasons of the year here; indeed, its central location, as well as Grand Harbour, is admirably situated to command a large share of custom. White Head Island, having quite a large and an increasing population, contributes largely to the trade of Woodward's Cove. It is sometimes called Fisher's Cove, as "Old Squire Fisher," as he was familiarly termed, long resided and died there.

His son, John Fisher, was born on Grand Manan and is well known and highly respected in Eastport, Me., as proprietor of an express agent office and other business affairs. He cherishes a warm feeling for his native island and is ever ready and pleased to attend to any requests from any of the people of the island who require his counsel, direction or services.

A grandson of Old Squire Fisher, a few years ago, left Eastport, Me., and established a hinery on High Duck Island, which had been the property of his grandfather. Young Alexander, perhaps, in his hinery enterprise has accomplished more real good than his namesake of olden time, who rode the conqueror of battle fields, trampling the gory victims of his mad ambition beneath the iron-shod hoofs of his proud charger, Bucephalus. Our Alexander, in keeping with the name of his island, has added ducks to his poultry yards, and the crowing of roosters, the cackling of hens, the quacking of ducks and ganders and geese make quite a lively scene and a noisy one withal on High Duck Island. The multitudinous throats of Alexander's feathered bipeds have completely drowned the screams of the gulls around High and Low Duck Islands, which bloodless victory is worthy of all praise; the ducks holding high carnival on High Duck Island.

WHITE HEAD.

Of White Head much could be written. It is peculiarly situated, geographically, with the main island of Grand Manan. For about two hours before low water, and at the first two hours flood nearly, access can be had to White Head without boat—the ledges and sand-bars permitting travel on foot, although there are narrow places where the water runs shoal and somewhat swiftly, but presenting no great obstacle to a safe and speedy tramp from Grand Manan to White Head. At all other times of tide, boats must be used; and then White Head is an island, being completely surrounded by water; but before low water and at the first of the flood, as already stated, the ledges and sand-bars form a little isthmus; when the White Head island that was, is, for the time being, a peninsula. Such is the anomalous geographical peculiarity of White Head of Grand Manan.

The residents of White Head are under many disadvantages, which the inhabitants of the main island enjoy; and of them all, the want of proper mail accommodation is not the least. The people there feel strongly the need of a regular postal delivery of newspapers and letters; and although Isaac Newton, Esq., of Grand Harbour and parties at Woodward's Cove are always only too happy in efforts to forward papers, letters, parcels, &c., to them, yet the forwarding is precarious and uncertain; and even when conveyed by one of themselves, they may be taken to a house far from their destination, on White Head, remaining for days until chance takes them on. It has been mooted from time to time, to stir up action on the part of the postal powers that be, towards having direct and regular postal communication with White Head, in common with other parts of the island; and as hope, if not too long delayed, is as an anchor to the soul, so the people hope on, in cherished anticipation that the White Head of Grand Manan will be duly revered, and not only revered but accommodated with a post-office. Then will the silver-sprinkled head of the Post-Office Inspector be honored by all the White Headers, and mutual happiness exist.

The principal fishing at White Head is the herring fishing in weirs. Those weir-herring are principally all smoked, and, consequently, the preparation of so many thousand of boxes of smoked herring, from the time they are taken out of the weirs, all shining and silvery-scaled, until they are ready for the gridiron, keeps many hands busily and profitably employed.

There is a Free Will Baptist meeting house here and also a schoolhouse. The people, generally, are moral, honest and industrious. Circumstances occasionally of an unpleasant nature occur, but, in praise of White Head, it may be said that they originate chiefly with fishermen and others who visit the place only for a time, and not the permanent residents.

This state of things may be regarded as an index to other parts of Grand Manan—indeed, to the island and its islands generally. The introduction of many newcomers have introduced as well, many unpleasant episodes in the history of Grand Manan at the present day; but as an increasing population ever adds its bad with its good, and too frequently in corresponding ratio, to keep the field wholly free from the thistle, brier, and hurtful weed cannot be. It is too much to be expected.

White Head obtained its name, doubtless, from its white appearance, which bears some slight resemblance to the white, chalky cliffs of Albion. Viewed at a distance from a deck at sea, it presents a dreary and uninviting aspect, and to a mariner a dread, with a wish that no fortuitous event may ever cast him on its grim-looking rocks. A nearer approach, however, soon dispels those unfavorable impressions, and the verdure of little fertile spots, comfortable cottages, smoke-houses, and the merry laugh of childhood ringing out like the sweet chiming of Sabbath-bells, the lowing of cattle, the bleating of sheep, and the numerous white sails of sharp-shaped boats, dotting every nook, cove and inlet, fills the heart of the weather-beaten tar with thoughts of former days and boyhood scenes in his own land; and, heaving a sigh of regret at their departure, would fain land and live at White Head. It is from a point of land jutting out at the eastern part of Grand Harbour that foot passengers to White Head take their departure

—two islands, Harbour Island and Green Island, lying between the said point of departure and White Head. This important part of the Parish of Grand Manan will ever hold a prominent position in the progress of the parish, and must commend itself to governmental consideration too strongly to be disregarded.

On leaving Woodward's Cove, and coming on towards North Head, about two and a half miles, brings you to a pretty little straggling village called

SINCLAIRVILLE *alias* CENTERVILLE.

It may have obtained its first name after an old Englishman, John Sinclair, who had resided there, and where his sons and their families yet reside, although Sinclair lived on the western side of the island at Dark Harbour for about a quarter of a century—a sequestered and dark spot, indeed, for a man to spend the one-third and more of his allotted years. Centreville contains a store, a blacksmith shop, a saw-mill, a schoolhouse, an undertaker's shop and several farms in its vicinity. The Griffin Brothers firm of Eastport carried on quite a trade here some years ago, and also a Mr. Lawrence, now in Boston. This little village, progressing in common with other parts of the island, began to feel its importance; and not choosing to be called Sinclairville, adopted the name of Centreville, by which substituted appellation it will probably ever be known.

Centreville has now mail facilities weekly, and this convenience although not perfected has largely tended to give greater interest to a desire for reading, which of itself is no trifling consideration. It is a very pleasant place during summer sunshine; but when an easterly storm sweeps the bay, the breaking of the sea against the shore, with the roar of the tempest, is simply, sublimely terrific.

Centreville seems to be a favorite location for American squatters, and others from other shores. They seem to take to it as a duck to the water. What the attractive power is that draws them to it is unknown. Yet the fact is all the same. Upon the whole, Centreville has many advantages, and the people, being industrious and generally frugal, are quite comfortable. Before leaving Centreville, it may not be out of place to remark that a

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convenient edifice for religious worship would be a standing monument of their piety, and would free them from the inconvenience of coming to North Head, or going to Woodward's Cove or Grand Harbour or a schoolhouse.

Wharf accommodation at some part of Centreville is much needed; and if the money uselessly expended on lighthouses on the St. Croix River and St. Andrews Bay was expended on wharves on Grand Manan and the other islands of Charlotte County, the benefit would be felt even in the Government coffers.

NORTH HEAD.

This particular district of the Parish of Grand Manan, certainly calls for special notice. Here is the general distributing post-office. Here is the main harbour of the island. Here is the Swallow Tail lighthouse. Here are three wharves at present—Gaskill's, O'Brien's and Dixon's, and a fourth one in course of erection by Capt. Gaskill; and according to the progressive spirit of the people, as many more may be erected in as many years. Here is a splendid schoolhouse. Here a large Free Baptist Church. Here are millinery shops, provision and clothing stores, groceries and confectionery. Here are farms, yielding the products of the soil abundantly. Here are fishing establishments, vessels of large tonnage, boats and dories all employed. Here are Flagg's Cove, Sprague or Pettes' Cove, Whale Cove, and the Saw-pit Cove. Here is where the steamers first come. Here where the mail-steamer lands her mail-bags filled with letters and the news of the world. On the arrival of the mail-steamer, the sight at the head of Gaskill's wharf, on the highway between it and the post-office (some sixty rods), and at the steamer (if high water and she is alongside), presents as lively and as busy a scene as on and about the steamboat landing at Eastport, Calais or St. Stephen. It is no idle gathering either, for large freights arrive with each arrival of the steamer.

The amount of trade carried on here, taking the population into consideration, is astonishing. The fishermen must be amazing consumers. Here are respectable and comfortable conveniences for the entertainment of

strangers. Capt. Jas. A. Pettes' house, a short walk from the steamboat landing, has all the accommodations requisite for the comfort of a limited number of guests. The table is well supplied with all that the hungry or the delicate appetite demands; the rooms clean, airy, and spacious; the bedrooms just what they ought to be, and where "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," loves to hold its vigils. The lady hostess is so well-known, and so well appreciated by the travelling public to the island, that anything further in her praise would be quite superfluous.

On the first settlement of this part of the island, as may be supposed, only two or three individuals pitched their tent here. Little did they dream of the future—the short future too. Drawing a straight line from the head of Flagg's Cove across to the centre of the sea wall at Whale Cove, leaves all the eastern part of North Head a peninsula—the strip of low land separating the two coves forming an isthmus: the western part forming our main land—shall say (geographically) continent. On this peninsula have at its extremity east, the Swallow Tail, and on the Swallow Tail a lighthouse, from base to deck, 45 feet; and the point on which it stands, being 103 feet above high water, makes the elevation of the light 148 feet total elevation. There is a keeper's house, in addition to the lighthouse, and other smaller buildings for stores, tools, oil, &c., all painted white. The keeper, Mr. John W. Kent, being quite neat and tasty of himself, spares no pains to keep his buildings in trim also. The light reflectors cast a brilliant gleam over the waters of the bay and help to chase away the gloom of darkness, and it may be of fear from many a storm-tossed mariner. The view from the Swallow Tail, or west of the bridge, near the Saw-pit, on a clear day, can hardly be excelled. Part of the coast of Maine, of the north shore in Charlotte County, Campobello, the Wolves Islands, Pennfield, Chamcook Mountain and the numerous hill tops extending from St. George to St. Andrews are all visible to the naked eye. It is a standpoint from which the observer can see, too, the blue line of the Nova Scotia shore lying along the horizon as if pencilled there by a marine artist. Now a large square-rigger looms up, and another, and another;

then smaller craft in scores. The smoke, too, of a steamer lazily floating along over the still waters gives rise to thought. Has she crossed the Atlantic, or is she from Halifax or Yarmouth or the States? Or is she bound out to traverse the treacherous ocean, bearing a precious freight of human souls? If so, may the voyage be propitious and free from harm over the wide waste of waters. No visitor to Grand Manan should leave it, if convenient at all, without a walk to the top of the highest land at Pettes' Cove, especially if the day be fine and free from fog. The scenery of land and sea from it will well repay the time.

By reference to the map of the island we find that the little isthmus, already mentioned, was glebe land many years since, when subsequently it became the property of Ebenezer Gaskill. The course by the compass from Flagg's Cove to Whale Cove being north ten degrees east.

Josiah Flagg was the original proprietor of 200 acres of the North Head peninsula, known as Lot No. 16, and adjoining the glebe lot. John Sprague was the early owner of Lot No. 15, adjoining the Flagg lot, and containing 225 acres—the line between the lots extending to nearly the centre of Fish Head, and running the same course as the glebe line, north ten degrees east. A triangular piece of land formed by the line extending from Nett Point, north twenty-eight degrees west, twenty-eight chains, until it strikes the line at the highway, of the original Flagg and Sprague lots, became the property of Lieut. John Cameron on which reside his two daughters, his grandsons, Capt. Pettes, Peter Dixon, and his grand-daughter, Mrs. E. A. Dixon, and other descendants, and numerous other families. A long, narrow strip of land runs longitudinally on the south of the latter line and highway, extending along the shore of Flagg's Cove to Drake's Dock and further: Nathaniel Daggett succeeded Josiah Flagg in ownership of Lot No. 16; and James Small succeeded his grandfather, John Sprague, in Lot No. 15.

From the above statements, the whole area of our little North Head peninsula—say from the present residence of Deacon Rodney Flagg to the Swallow Tail lighthouse—comprises about 450 acres. It would have been

deemed fabulous, at the earliest period of the settlement of this romantic part of the island, to have sketched by pen or pencil its present appearance as it is in 1876. What a half-century, more or less, effects in a wild forest land, possessing facilities for settlement and trade, can find as good proof at North Head as in almost any other portion of New Brunswick—and that, too, independent of railroads or telegraph wires.

Two or three dwelling houses, and small and inconvenient withal, were the only hospitable roofs, say fifty or sixty years ago, to afford a night's lodging or a homely meal to any poor wayfarer who might peradventure come along; or to the hapless sailor cast, like a waif from the sea, upon the shore. But, how is it now? Let the eye look over those 450 acres, and what do we see? Verdant fields and cultivated acres, handsome residences, garden plots, neat fences, vessels riding gallantly at anchor—some going to other ports laden with the islands exports, others coming in, bringing in like richly laden argosies the products of other climes; fish-houses, stored with the finest of fish, ready waiting for the market; an ever increasing population of industrious men, economical housewives and intelligent children—and of the last named, about 118 on the school register list of daily attendance; Sabbath-day worship regularly by a stated ministry of the Episcopalian, Rev. Mr. Covert; and the Free Will Baptist, Rev. Mr. Kenney,—both of those gentlemen, highly esteemed for their "works' sake" and other good qualities.

We will leave North Head for the present, resuming a few additional remarks hereafter, and, in the meantime, introduce the reader to the extremity of Northern Head.

Here is the noted Eel Brook, which has gained a name on account of its copper ore—that valuable mineral having been discovered there in beautiful specimens. But Eel Brook, has obtained a notoriety of a far different kind than copper—no less than the scene of some of the most dreadful shipwrecks that have occurred in the Bay of Fundy. Since the occurrence of those dread disasters, a fog-whistle has been erected near the scene, at Long's Eddy; and as no shipwrecks

have occurred since, the warning voice of this fog-trumpet may have prevented some fog-enveloped vessel from finding her voyage ended near Eel Brook.

The following account of two wrecks at this place will convey to the reader an idea of the dangerous nature of the Northern Head for vessels in fog or storm, and the great necessity for using every precaution towards giving the fatal spot as wide a berth as possible.

SHIPWRECKS.—THE LOSS OF THE SHIP LORD ASHBURTON.

The narrative of this dreadful shipwreck and loss of life is strictly true, the writer having obtained the facts from one of the survivors, Mr. James Lawson, a native of Bronholm, Denmark, and who has been for many years and still is a resident at North Head, Grand Manan.

The *Lord Ashburton* was a ship of over 1000 tons burthen, commanded by Capt. Owen Creary, a native of Pictou, Nova Scotia. His chief mate was a native of Brighton, England; the ship's carpenter hailed from Portland, Me.; his name is thought to be Sweeney, past middle age, had a wife and two children, residing in Portland. The ship's crew, officers and men numbered 29 all told. The *Lord Ashburton* sailed from Toulon, France, in ballast, on the 17th of November, A. D. 1856, bound for St. John, N. B. Nothing unusual occurred during the voyage across the Atlantic. The ship made Cape Sable in the afternoon of Christmas-day, December 25th, and in due time entered the Bay of Fundy, and sighted Grand Manan; but encountering head winds, fierce and continuous, was forced to put to sea. Three times successively this doomed ship sighted the island, and by adverse, furious gales compelled to turn her lofty prow away from her destined port—that port which she was never to enter! Battling with the storms of winter in the Bay of Fundy, the persevering mariners, with courage characteristic of the sailor accustomed to the perils of the sea, which proves how use doth breed a habit in a man, continued to urge on the *Lord Ashburton*: despite the raging waves, tempestuous winds, and gathering ice on deck and rigging, towards their anxiously desired port, St. John harbour.

Hope grew strong in the breasts of Captain Creary

and his men as they sighted Partridge Island light, at the entrance of the long-sought harbour, on the Saturday night of the 17th of January, A. D. 1857—just two months since the ship sailed from sunny France, with full flowing top sails, for New Brunswick. A good ship, manned and officered by able seamen—all hopeful of spending the opening of a New Year in the bustling, busy business City of St. John. Oh, could they but have seen on that 17th of November 1856, as they sank the sight of merry Toulon in the distance, a picture of the dread wreck of their good ship, so soon to be; could they but have read in brief the harrowing story of death's intended work among that gallant crew on the shore of a far-off island, and so nigh their intended port, what anguish untold would have been theirs! But let us not anticipate. The simple story of this tragic record of the bay is more than enough for the sensitive mind to dwell upon—the tender heart to feel. On the night of the 17th of January 1857, the wind blew a gale from the north-east, attended with a heavy snow and a tremendous sea—making up in all what is generally termed and so well known, “a violent north-east snowstorm.” That is sufficient; it tells its own story, it conveys its own interpretation, and can easily be defined by dwellers on the land; but, alas! how much more so by those who go down to the sea, in ships, who do business on the great water—by those on board a vessel in the Bay of Fundy, or anywhere on the North American Coast, and at night! The night under consideration found the *Lord Ashburton* in sight of Partridge Island; but to get within the offing or approach nearer, was impossible. Under dire necessity, the ship was hove to, hoping that daylight, the light of the coming Sabbath morn, would bring with it a cessation of the raging storm. Delusive hope! Daylight came, but no abatement. That Sabbath morning, the 18th of January, A. D. 1857, revealed a raging sea and a terrible snowstorm! Sunday passed away, the ship lying to; and with its passing, Oh, how many of those 29 sailors thought of *home*—of the days of their childhood, of the prayers they lisped at their mother's knee, of the ringing and chiming of Sabbath bells, of parental love and instruction, of the companionship of brother, sister,

relatives and friends! Are they all, or any, remembered now? And as the darkness of night again begins to fling its dark funereal pall over the bay, how many of them wipe the rolling tear with rope-hardened hand from the weather-beaten cheek, with presentiment of boding death! God knoweth. Their manly breasts heaving with intense agony of spirit, as another long, dark, stormy night gathered in and over them. Is that gallant-looking ship, as she rises and falls on and among the furious billows of the angry bay, to outride the storm, and anchor in safety in the noble harbour of St. John; or has fate sealed her doom by an irrevocable fiat? We shall see.

The *Lord Ashburton*, from the time she sighted Partridge Island light, was driven as wind and tide drove her—at the mercy of wind and wave. They had no mercy! “Before the boreal blasts the vessel flies.” And now, refrain as we would, our pen comes to the recital of the heart-rendering, sickening details. It was about an hour after midnight, on that eventful Sabbath night, the 18th of January, that the *Lord Ashburton* rushed on impetuously towards the frowning cliff of rocks, near Eel Brook, at the northern end of Grand Manan, the summit of the cliff high above the lofty top-gallant masts, and looking down as if with grim visage upon the awful sight below! The ship, speeding on to certain destruction, the seething waters all around her, struck the rocks abreast her fore-chains! Captain Creary, taking in the inevitable, at once cried out: “My God, my God, we are all gone!” The chief officers gave orders to get out the boats—futile orders, no human being could obey them; for

“Striking the rocks, the storm confirmed its power,
And soon the whitened waves flung bodies on the shore.”

Now came in terrible earnestness a battle for life. Hitherto, strong active men, now staggered and reeled like helpless children. The ship listed off shore, the foremast and mainmast went by the board—the mizenmast soon followed—the crew and officers gathered aft on the starboard quarter; and it was at this awful juncture that Death began his dread work in earnest. Yes, yes; it was then that—

“The wild confusion in this fearful storm,
And groans of men, was death in dreadful form.”

—the captain and his officers and many of the crew being swept off by the dark, mounting, rolling waves into the merciless sea! Ten of the crew, including ship's steward, flung themselves into the mad waves next the shore, and partly under the lee of the ship's quarter. Some got on fragments of the broken ship; others, attempting to gain the beach by swimming as best they could, although every heaving sea broke over them with overwhelming force. One of the ten who thus fought for life against death in the raging waves was James Lawson, and desperate were his struggles and efforts for existence.

Amidst the howlings of the tempest, the roaring of the waves, and the wild shrieks and shouts of drowning and mangled shipmates, he struggled on; sometimes nearing the shore and again carried back by the undertow. At length, when almost overpowered, his strength just gone, his feet touched land! It was then about two hours flood tide, and gaining a footing, he had just got out of tide's way, when he fell exhausted on the beach! Unable to stand, he got upon his hands and knees, and endeavoured to get further up the beach; but being too much exhausted for that, and feeling the rising tide beginning to wash up to him, he called aloud for help; and strange to say, in this his almost hopeless extremity, one of his shipmates, who had reached the shore in stronger condition than he, heard his cries, and coming to him, helped him to stand, and assisted him to the base of the cliff, where he remained till daylight, the waves at high water washing up to his waist. While struggling in the sea to reach the shore, he lost both boots, and the sharp rocks on shore soon tore the stockings from his feet; and thus he stood for hours barefooted among the icy rocks. A few short hours more in that situation, and he must die. Another strong effort, strong in his weakness, must again be made for life. Clambering up the precipitous breast of rugged rocks before him is now the only alternative. With the effort he succeeded, and on reaching the summit a dreary prospect presented itself. No dwelling in sight, no road to guide to a hospitable roof; with frozen feet, and now all alone, a dreary wild of rocks and snow and stunted trees before and all around him, it only remained for him to learn "what

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prodigies can power divine make man perform ;" and so in his exhausted and perilous condition he proceeded on; as best he could, knowing not whither, until he saw a building in the distance. Making for it, it proved to be an old barn at Long's Eddy, containing hay. (There is now a fog-whistle erected near the spot where the barn then stood.) This poor shelter he reached and entered—anticipating there to die! But God had decreed otherwise. Close on his barefooted tracks in the snow, followed a fellow-creature to save him—the same person now in charge of the fog-whistle—who on entering the barn beheld poor Lawson, and soon he was conducted from the cold barn to a warm little cottage, occupied by a kind-hearted old couple, Mr. Bennett and his wife, where he was kept until next day, then removed to the residence of Mr. William Kendrick, of Whale Cove, receiving every possible care and attention under the circumstances.

Early in February following, Lawson, with six others his rescued shipmates, were taken to the Marine Hospital at St. John. There he remained for five years and three months, having had both feet partly amputated by Dr. Boyd. On leaving his hospital home, he remained in the City of St. John about three years; but feeling a very strong desire to re-visit the Island of Grand Manan, where he had suffered so much and where he had experienced so much of God's goodness, he yielded to the strong desire and came to the island. If he had ever been skeptical in the belief of an overruling Providence, the subsequent history of his life was and is more than sufficient to establish his faith in the verity of those words:

"God moves in a mysterious way, His wonders to perform."

Thus was James Lawson saved on that awful night, or rather morning, of the 19th of January 1857, while all the officers of the ship and a large majority of his shipmates were hurled into eternity—into the swallowing gulf of waves of dark forgetfulness and deep oblivion!—the thick falling flakes of tempest-driven snow being the only flowers that strewed their watery graves, for the time, amid the awful roar of the hurricane! Having landed on the friendly shore where eight years previously God had so mercifully saved him, crippled in

both feet, his hands unskilled in any mechanic art, and his tongue, although fluent enough in his native language, the Danish, untrained in English, his disadvantages seemed very embarrassing, particularly on a foreign shore. The Danes are characteristically a moral, industrious, frugal and persevering people, and James Lawson proved no exception; for he soon manifested those national traits on his adopted island-home, securing for himself the sympathy and good-will of the inhabitants.

THE SAILOR TURNS MECHANIC.

Not being able to stand long at a time on his feet, he wisely elected to learn the shoe-making business, as being the most suitable under the circumstances; and notwithstanding the fact that he cut and stitched and pegged away, week after week, losing time and money withal, he persevered with a pertinacity of purpose not to be overcome, until he mastered the opposing forces, arriving at the accomplishment of his *acme*.

His perseverance thus rewarded, and the knowledge of his new profession giving increased satisfaction to his increasing customers, he was, in a short time, the recognised boot and shoe-maker of Grand Manan. As such he is this day.

THE MECHANIC TAKES A WIFE.

James Lawson, having succeeded so well in acquiring by dint of self-instruction a knowledge of the art and mystery of shoe-making; felt encouraged to go further and take unto himself a wife. Having married a good help-meet by whom he had two children, a son and daughter, he soon built up for himself a local habitation and a name.

In the dispensation of Providence, after a few years of married life, the mother exchanged this mortal life for one of immortality; and her bereaved husband, after a reasonable lapse of time, found it necessary to marry again—he and family residing about two miles from the scene of his providential escape from death. Having united himself with the Free Will Baptist Church at North Head, he sets an example of Christian consistency which it would be well if many older professing Chris-

tians would more closely imitate. We must now leave this part of our narrative, recommending at our parting the history of James Lawson, as one worthy of thought and copying in part. That history proving what a stranger in a strange land can perform, under the most trying and adverse circumstances, when strengthened by sobriety, and an indomitable resolve to succeed. Go, doubting youth, and arm thyself with fortitude; put thine own shoulder to the wheel, and Heaven will help thee to conquer every difficulty.

THE LOST.

Of the ten seamen who reached the beach, seven perished by the intensity of the cold, superinduced by their previous exertions among the breaking waves. The news of the dreadful shipwreck was soon carried throughout the island; and during the forenoon of that never-to-be-forgotten 19th of January, many people had collected at the scene of the awful disaster, although the drifted snow was piled up over road and fields as one insuperable barrier. Seven were found in a sitting posture, and when approached by those who had come to succour and to save, they looked so life-like in their death, that it was supposed they had fallen asleep! And so they had; but it was that sleep which knows no waking! It has always been considered by the men who saw the dreadful effects of that terrible catastrophe on that morning, as very extraordinary that not one of the ship's number of officers and men was missing! The bodies of the captain and his mates, with seventeen of the crew, were all there! What a sight! Twenty-one lifeless bodies stretched before their eyes on that rock-bound shore. Humanity was astir that morning among the hardy fishermen of Grand Manan. The still small voice of unutterable sorrow whispered down deep into every heart; and with trembling hearts, but strong arms, those dead strangers were soon lifted from their icy, rocky death-beds, to receive from sympathising strangers' hands a regretful and decent interment.

THE GRAVEYARD.

With the exception of the captain's remains, those of the other officers and seamen were laid together! Death

is a great leveller. In the graveyard at North Head, a long, lettered board reads: "Here lie the remains of 21 seamen of the ship *Lord Ashburton*, drowned 19th Jan. 1857." That tells the story! Captain Creary's brother came subsequently, had the remains disinterred, and taken away to receive burial in his native soil and among those of relatives. It was a melancholy consolation—but even that was a balm to wounded hearts. Better than an unknown spot at the bottom of the ocean. Now gentle footsteps can walk by the grassy hillock; and the hand of friendship strew flowers over him, and the tears of love and grief mingle together and weep in sorrow but in hope. It is noticeable to the residents of North Head that when a ship of Her Majesty's Navy or any other navy visits us, and the officers come ashore, they almost invariably find their way to the graveyard and then to the grave where rest the remains of the lost crew of the *Lord Ashburton*. How true it is that "fellow-feeling makes us kind." The sailor wearing his epaulettes disdains not to mourn over the grave of his shipmate from the fore-castle. Although those twenty-one strangers are buried far from the graves of their fathers, yet they are sleeping in British soil—the soil of a free land. "After life's fitful fever, they sleep well."

THE LOSS OF THE SARAH SLOANE.

The loss of this fine vessel, and the terrible loss of life with it, although far below that of the ship *Lord Ashburton*, in tonnage, and in number of men, far exceeded that dreadful wreck in its wholesale slaughter! Strange, that two such great disasters should have occurred at almost the very same point of rocks—the distance of the wreck of the *Sarah Sloane* being but a few rods from where the *Lord Ashburton* met her doom. But God's ways are inscrutable to man. It was Wesley, the poet and the divine, who, in describing death, wrote:

"Ah, lovely appearance of death!
What sight upon earth is so fair?"

But had he been a spectator at Eel Brook at the time of the wreck of the *Sarah Sloane*, and beheld with shuddering gaze the fragmentary portions of the bodies of the unfortunate sailors, he would not have asked the question: "What sight upon earth is so fair?" but

rather would he have touched the lyric string in words like these :

Oh ! shocking appearance of death !
What sight upon earth so appalling ?

The venerable Wesley must have had before him, imaginary or real, the sweet-face of some little cherub-child, whose spirit had just passed from its small tenement of flesh to its God—leaving the imprint-smile of an angel's kiss upon its yet dimpled cheek when he penned the lines quoted. He could not have had pictured before him the broken bones and mangled flesh of man, cut down as in a moment, in manhood's strength by the sweeping scythe of death—death in its most appalling form !

Of all that hapless crew, but *one*, a young mulatto, a native of Baltimore, U. S., was left to tell the tale of woe ! His name was Charles Turner. Turner's endurance of suffering was remarkable. How he lived through that fierce storm and the piercing cold, is only known to Him whose providence sustained him. The young mulatto was conveyed to Capt. Eben Gaskill's residence, where he received every attention and comfort that could be administered under the circumstances. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon of the 12th of March 1872 that the *Sarah Sloane*, Capt. Sloane, master, left St. John Harbour, bound for Cardenas, with a load of shooks and hay. The crew consisted of eight souls all told. By six o'clock that same evening, not one was living but the young mulatto !

With but one or two exceptions, the bodies were so mangled, as rendered the sight the most horrible and sickening. The bodies, literally cut and ground into pieces by the action of the *debris* of the wreck, and the action of the waves among the sharp rocks common to that part of the shore. No better idea can be given of the appalling sight than to use the words of a fisherman who was present after the disaster, and assisted to gather up the detached remains and put them in boxes. "The pieces," said he, "of the poor fellows, looked for all the world like so many junks of raw pork !" What more than that homely-expressed description was necessary to convey the effects of the wreck of the *Sarah Sloane* !

No more revolting and distressing casualty of the sea

can hardly be given. The mangled portions were carefully collected, boxed up, and buried near where the remains of the *Lord Ashburton's* crew are interred: while the body of the captain and supercargo were taken in the schooner *F. Gould*, Capt. Eben Gaskill, to St. John. Turner, the mulatto, was also conveyed at the same time to the Marine Hospital in that city, and had his feet amputated; and after his convalescence was sent to his native city, Baltimore, U. S., where, it is presumed, he was kindly cared for by friends and relatives. Those shipwrecks, attended with such lamentable loss of life, not to speak of property, which must have been heavy, awakened the Government to the necessity of using what means it could towards preventing the recurrence of similar disasters; and as there was a lighthouse at Swallow Tail, it was considered best to erect a fog-whistle at or as near as possible the place at North Head where those dreadful shipwrecks had been. Consequently, Long's Eddy appeared the most suitable location, and there it is, bellowing forth a grum warning by night or by day, or throughout them both, piercing through the fog-gloom, to keep clear of the rocks near Eel Brook, and the precincts of the old "bishop," who sits on his rocky chair, overlooking wrecks and storms as grim and hard-featured as ever did the noted Judge Jeffries, the cruel.

EEL BROOK.

The scenery at Eel Brook Cove, and from the base and summits of the stupendous cliffs, is grand and picturesque in the extreme. Nothing conveys more of the sublimity of rock and wave, than the raging surf striking in wild fury against those embattled cliffs! Nothing more calculated to impress the mind with awe, and the mighty power of the Almighty, who "walketh on the wings of the wind, and holdeth the waters in the hollow of His hand."

There is quite a farm at Eel Brook, and large ranges of pasture where flocks of sheep roam and feast unmolested by any wild beast. Eel Brook has its source in a small lake about one mile from the shore, called Eel Lake. It is surrounded with a fine growth of hard and soft wood. On the brook, and not far from the beach, is a small

saw mill, which cuts all kinds of short lumber—pickets and stuff for smoked herring boxes. Indians love to nestle about the mouth of Eel Brook. It empties into the bay through a deep gorge, and the aspect of the place is in keeping with the wild nature of the red man. They set eel traps at the mouth, and catch sometimes in one night a half barrel or more of large fat eels as they make from the brook to the bay. Hence the name Eel Brook. On approaching the mountain-like and precipitous cliff at the eastern extremity of Northern Head from the sea or bay, a singular resemblance of a human head, as if sculptured from the rugged rock, becomes an object arresting attention; and as if to render the outline of the man-rock more impressive, it seems to represent a church dignitary with a cowl, but minus the crosier. It has long been honored with the name Bishop's Head. By a strange freak of nature's rough carving on a rock at the Southern Head, and as if to off-set the Bishop's Head at Northern Head, stands the figure of a woman of giantess-size, which has attained the name of the Old Maid. Probably, even old dame Nature, in seating the Old Bishop at North Head, and the Old Maid at Southern Head, 20 miles apart, intended thus to represent the consistency of clerical celibacy, and the commendability of the Old Maid's vows of virginity. However, whatever may have been the design of those two rocky resemblances to the human, there they are, and there they will probably remain, until the period when they shall "melt with fervent heat," amid the "wreck of matter and the crush of worlds."

The public highway at present extends no farther than Eel Brook; but it cannot stop there. Now that a fog-whistle is at Long's Eddy, the road must be completed to it; and when so ready, there will be a splendid drive from Long's Eddy to Southern Head, nearly, which for beauty of rural and marine scenery may well challenge any other drive for the same number of miles on the Western Continent.

The largest growth of wood on the island is found at the northern and western part; a large number of the trees being well adapted for shipbuilding. James Rait and John Wilson, Esquires, formerly merchants in St.

Andrews, carried on quite a trade in the sawing of lumber and in ship-timber. Many logs cut at that time remained in the little lake (Eel Lake) until a year or two ago, when they were taken from their beds of watery repose and manufactured into pickets in the tiny mill on the brook.

THE SEA WALL

at the head of Whale Cove merits attention and particular mention, chiefly on account of the variety of beautiful pebbles to be found there. The lover of mineral and sea-shore specimens, can be richly rewarded by wending his steps to the pebbly-covered beach at Whale Cove, and collecting as many as he chooses to take away with him. Here are porphyry, agate, jasper and many other varieties. That noted head, called Fish Head, on the eastern side forms a stupendous break-water from the easterly storm, while the long line of frowning cliffs, extending, as one of nature's greatest ramparts, along the western shore to Eel Brook, shelters our spacious Whale Cove from the fury of a north-west gale, leaving the placid cove to wrap the drapery of its couch around it, and sleep on in pleasant dreams.

In the year 1873, a large ship, the *Humber*, of some 1600 tons, ended her voyage life at this sea-wall, and was a huge example of the cremation system of dealing with the remains of the dead, only that no kind hand gathered up the ashes to preserve them as precious relics of the dear departed! The waters of Whale Cove were the *urn* to receive them.

Leaving Eel Brook, and seeking other brooks, we find a pretty murmuring stream, east of the Free Will Baptist Meeting-house, coursing its never weary journey to the waters of the bay. Further on, southerly, another narrow but dashing brook races for the bay, emptying itself into its swelling tides, a little south of Drake's Dock. At the eastern line of the old Winchester farm, another pretty stream runs for salt water; and, like a twin sister, another near it on which is a saw-mill. Near the Isaac Meigg's farm, we cross another gurgling stream which turns a mill, passing on, like all the rest, as if eager to commingle with salt water. There is a lovely brook at Grand Harbour, running down past

Turner Wooster, Esqr's, place and the lobster factory establishment.

The stone church, new schoolhouse, parsonage, grave yard, &c., are all clustered around here and in the near vicinity of the bridge which spans this pretty stream. Its pellucid waters, as if allied to the church, sing a sweet cantata, as they glide swiftly on to unite their destiny with the mighty deep! The Jehu who drives over the road on arriving at Mark Hill, must hold his rein to allow his Arabian to slake his thirst at the watering trough, for sweeter, purer water neither man nor beast can hardly find in any country. Passing Mark Hill, and nearing Seal Cove, there is a very fair sample of a good saw mill, a few rods from the highway side, owned by Mr. William Russell, postmaster at the cove, and who cultivates a fine farm and keeps a neat and well-filled store withal.

The brook at Seal Cove empties into that safe little haven, made by Dr. Faxon's enterprise, and is spanned by a bridge, which seems to look up over the high hill-tops, as if waiting a visit from the Commissioner of the Board of Works to whom it will tell all its grievances.

The angler who wishes to hook trout weighing over two pounds each, must go to Lake Utopia, Lewey's Lake, the Magaguadavic or other noted trout waters to catch them. Having such a variety of salt water fresh fish, just outside low water mark, the Grand Mananites are content with small trout.

LAND BIRDS.

Of the land birds which visit the island from time to time there may be enumerated the following:

Eagles—White-headed, sea, red kite, orange-legged falcon, hobby falcon, kestrel.

Owls—Great and lesser horned, snowey, barn grey, small screech.

Crows—Raven and common carrion.

Swallows—Chimney, window, bank, purple martin.

Cuckoo—Yellow-billed, king-fisher, butcher bird.

Fly Catchers—Spotted grey, pied, blue-winged jay.

American Wood-thrush—Robin, rice bird, or black bird.

Warblers—Of these pretty little songsters of the trees, there are some 60 varieties in New Brunswick—all

migratory—such as black cap, white-throated, white-breasted, yellow-winged wren, coal tit, chatterers, wax-wings, sparrow, pinefinch, crossbill, broan tree creeper, &c., &c.

Wood-peckers—The great black, three-toed, spotted and small.

The American Pigeon is also migratory. On the 8th of March 1875, a turkey buzzard was shot at Whale Cove. As this bird is common to South Carolina, its appearance so far north as Grand Manan was a rare occurrence, which may never occur again.

Cranes—The grey crane, heron.

Plovers—The grey, golden, dotterel, sand plover, and little plover.

Sandpipers—The ash-colored, purple, pectoral, curlew, little sandpiper.

SEA-BIRDS.

Great curlew, whimbull curlew; snipe, crake, bittern; thick-billed goose, barnacle goose; shell duck, mallard duck, teal, wigeon, eider duck, scoter, surf scoter, harlequin duck; divers, ring-necked loon, black-throated loon; razor-billed awk, little awk or ice-bird, cormorant; terns: common, caspian, arctic, black-breasted, guli tern; gulls: great black-backed, swallow-footed, silvery, white-winged, green-billed; pirate bird, long-tailed do. (arctic), shearwater; Wilson's petrel, storm petrel, sea pigeon, &c., &c.

The above list of land and sea-birds has been kindly handed to the author by our Grand Manan ornithologist, Capt. John T. C. Moses, a native of England, but long a resident of Charlotte County, New Brunswick, retaining ever an enthusiastic love of fatherland and the old flag. He makes birds his specialty and his pastime.

The wild animals of the woods on the island are very few—deer, rabbit, fox. With the exception of sly Reynard's love for the poultry yard, what few wild animals are on the island are perfectly harmless, and a child is safe in sleeping on any part of it—free from attack of anything larger than a black-fly or musquito.

It has been observed by many sportsmen as something singular that no partridges are to be seen here. As there are plenty of birch, and considerable wilderness

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land, it does seem strange—but so it is. The entire western side of the island, from end to end, being uninhabited, presents a goodly range for land-game of beast and bird, but we have them not.

OUR ISLETS,

on the southern side of the island, are not only picturesque and beautifully ornamental to it, but useful as well, forming so many natural breakwaters, protecting the shore of the main of the parish from much of the fury of the sea in a storm. Long Island protects Flagg's Cove and Centreville. Great, High and Low Duck Islands and Nantucket protect Bancroft's Point and Woodward's Cove; while White Head and its inner islets form a barrier from the sea in favour of Grand Harbour. And the Three Islands and Wood or Inner Islands, opposite Seal Cove, throw up the shield of protection there; so that it would appear, as Nature, in her wise provisions for the general good, had an eye to the weal of Grand Manan—and governed herself accordingly. It may well be imagined that the Parish of Grand Manan, being as it is a complete sea parish, and totally separated from the mainland by a channel some nine miles wide, should command special consideration in the Marine Department at Ottawa.

When the present population is taken into proper consideration and the certainty that as years and seasons roll on, the population will be augmented, and with the augmentation of population, the trade, wealth and fishing pursuits of the island will also increase, there can be no more fitting time than the present for the Government to encourage and aid the island industries.

THE STATISTICS

of the parish are the least credentials in its favour. The list of electors, alphabetically arranged and here subjoined, exhibits the respectable position the parish holds on a general polling day, and gives a good idea of the real estate in possession. The number of freehold voters may be recorded thus :

A's 3, B's 49, C's 50, D's 40, E's 9, F's 37, G's 55, H's 18, I's 21, J's 5, K's 13, L's 18, M's 38, N's 6, O's 5, P's 5, R's 19, S's 29, T's 11, U's 7, W's 34, Y's 4,

Z's 4. Total number of voters in 1876, 480. It is easy to see that a parish polling 480 votes is an important portion of Charlotte County, especially to the candidate aspiring to a seat in the Local Legislature; and how much more important to the aspirant for a seat in the House of Commons!

It is but simple justice to the Charlotte County Islands that they should be represented in the Local Legislature by one of the islanders; and it cannot be expected that the people of those islands will be satisfied unless they are so represented. The total population of the Parish of Grand Manan at present, taking the last census as guide to it, may be safely estimated at two thousand four hundred souls, and, if slowly, surely increasing.

Referring to the protection afforded Grand Manan by its outlying islets from the fury of the sea, satisfactory proof was experienced on the 4th of October, A. D. 1869, when the great tidal-wave rolled on and along the North American coast, with the besom of destruction. 'Tis true Grand Manan felt at its different points some of the effects of that awful wave, but nothing in comparison to other parts. Even the steamboat wharf at the town of St. Andrews, N. B., was swept by that tidal wave, carrying away a part of the block on which the tower and lighthouse keeper's dwelling stood! The whole seaboard of the Atlantic Coast for hundreds of miles was more or less denuded of wharves, buildings, vessels and boats. The town of Eastport presented a melancholy sight; and some of its most enterprising business men were left almost destitute in one short hour; and yet, Grand Manan passed through the ocean ordeal comparatively unscathed! Its islets helped to save it. Even the Swallow Tail light—the base being 103 feet above high water mark—suffered much injury, but it had no outer island to protect it.

From the report of W. H. Venning, Inspector of Fisheries, for 1870, to the Department at Ottawa, the following data appears respecting the Fisheries at Grand Manan—namely, that in that year there were employed 375 men, and the total value of the fish caught amounted to \$102,351. There were some 50,000 boxes of smoked herring and about 30,000 barrels of pickled

herring. Since that period large acquisitions have been made to the fishing business. The island had no bankers then—it has now; the fishermen did not trawl then—they do now.

While speaking of trawling for fish, it is not necessary to go back to the treaty of 1818 to find, in its interpretation, cogent reasons to urge the necessity of more stringent regulations than at present exist for the protection of our inshore fisheries.

The amount of tonnage of the island coasters and freight vessels will average over 500 tons, while the tonnage of vessels engaged in fishing in the bay and on the banks, will far exceed that number. Of large two-sail fishing boats and boats of smaller size, and skiffs, and dories, they can be counted by hundreds. Thus progresses the productive developments of that inexhaustible storehouse of unbounded wealth, the sea.

At North Head village there is a large building of its kind erected for smoking fish, which is doing an extensive business in that branch; also another at Dixon's wharf, and one on the western side of Flagg's Cove. Centreville, too, contains smokehouses, and cures large numbers. But at Woodward's Cove and at White Head—White Head particularly—are found the principal places for smoking herring for exportation. The Duck Islands, Long Island, and the two inner islands at Seal Cove also contribute their quota of boxes of smoked herring. Indeed, the smoked herring of Grand Manan have become as well known in provincial and foreign markets, as the famous red herrings of Nova Scotia, known as "digby chickens."

The reader must by this time, having carefully perused our island history from its earliest settlement to the present period, possess a sufficient knowledge of its attractions, advantages, wealth and importance, to give to it its proper estimation as a portion of the Dominion of Canada. Although the whole Atlantic coast from Cape May to Cape Tormentine is dotted with summer resorts for tourists and visitors who seek the invigorating sea breeze, and love to lave in the swelling tide, yet Grand Manan, as it becomes better known, becomes better appreciated, and those lovers of salt water spray and the healthful breezes from the sea, find their way here, and

here recuperate their impaired health, recruit their flagging spirits, returning to their respective localities with buoyancy of spirit and agility of limb, such as was experienced by the cripples from the Pool of Bethesda!

With the increase of summer visitors, hotel accommodation must keep pace. A good hotel will be required at Woodward's Cove or Grand Harbour, and another at Seal Cove, or in the vicinity of Deep Cove, near the residence of W. B. McLaughlin, Esq.; and should Mr. McLaughlin convert his fine private residence into an hotel—with his well-known desire to please—the enterprise would be a success. To dine on a rich leg of mutton, and then visit the Old Maid of Southern Head, and return before tea—how pleasant! The Old Bishop at North Head would never write its pastoral.

MINERALS.

This island presents a fair and an extensive field for a more thorough investigation of its mineral resources than it has as yet received. Its geological researches have not been adequate to its deposits. Lumps of copper ore, one weighing several pounds, in its native purity, have been picked up at different places from time to time, in the vicinity of Eel Brook, Fish Head and around the shores of Whale Cove; and yet, strange to say, those tangible proofs of this valuable ore existing here remained disregarded, until, in 1862, Moses Bagley made a new discovery of copper at the western or back part of the island, near a small cove called Sloop Cove.

Parties from England, attracted by the report of this discovery, visited the place and began mining operations in 1870. The ore is known as grey copper and contains 90 per cent. of pure copper. This mining party penetrated 210 feet into a cliff, near the beach, finding as they progressed the prospects of the ore in quality and quantity increasing. Why the party discontinued and returned to England cannot be well accounted for. The statement has been made, and it remains uncontradicted, that the soil of the island covers a strata of copper.

Baryta, combining the sulphate and carbonate acids, is found to abound plentifully near Pettes' Cove and in the Fish Head vicinity. It is a very valuable mineral,

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and only requires a little capital and more enterprise to make it yield a large return for all outlays. The time may not be far distant when the hammer of the geologist may strike the blow that will set the miner's pickaxe at work in true earnest; and then the cheery song of the fisherman, as he nears the rocky shore with his boat load of fish, will blend merrily with the ring of steel striking the shining metal from its bed of ages! Thus will land and sea contribute in making Grand Manan shine brighter and brighter as one of the gems of the bay.

HORSES AND CATTLE.

The number of horses at present on the island may be counted up to 70, and horned cattle, oxen, cows and young stock upwards of 150, while sheep are numbered by hundreds. It is becoming quite common now for our youths and maidens, instead of visiting their friends or amusing themselves in sail or row boats, to step into a covered carriage or open wagon—of the newest style from Dewolfe's factory in St. Stephen or from Nova Scotia—and “take a drive.” The “saddle” is too old-fashioned, and the “sulky” is not sufficiently pleasing. That very welcome vehicle, too, the meat cart, makes its appearance up and down the island; and no person relishes a nice beefstake or mutton-chop with greater zest than a sturdy, hungry fisherman.

In concluding the present history of Grand Manan, the author candidly confesses that he has not done full justice to the subject. With a willing hand, and an earnest desire to do justice, he is notwithstanding conscious of having left much undone of what ought to have been done, and, it may be, of having done what ought not to have been done. The small price of the work would not justify elaborate details.

A glance at the past and the present relative to Grand Manan, will convince the most sceptical that this fine island has kept steady march on the road leading onwards and upwards, towards independence; and if not oppressed and overburdened and crushed by and beneath the weight of taxes from outside herself, she will prove the nursery of a brave and able population of men, to

aid the Government that wisely governs her with strong arms and fearless hearts.

What the past half-century has witnessed in the improvement of this island, the next half-century, under the protecting care and blessing of Him who ordereth and disposeth according to His will, will see yet greater improvements—will see Grand Manan grand in the prosecution of her fisheries; grand in her agricultural industry; grand in the development of her mineral resources; grand in the temperate habits of her hardy sons; grand in her churches; grand in her schools; grand in all that ennobles humanity; and as a bright diadem in the coronet of her grandeur,—grand, ever grand in the expansion of her native intellectuality.

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CHAPTER III.

MACHIAS SEAL ISLAND.

THIS island, lying as it does in the mouth of the Bay of Fundy, and being under the Marine Department of the Dominion of Canada, and having a little history of its own, it may not prove uninteresting to give it some attention in the present history of the islands of Charlotte County,

Its distance is about 13 miles from Gannet Rock; and as Gannet Rock is $6\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the south-west head of Grand Manan, the distance of Seal Island from Grand Manan is ascertained. It is a little over one mile in circumference, and at its highest part has an altitude of $28\frac{1}{2}$ feet. Mr. John Connolly and his sons—his successors—residents at present of St. Andrews, resided on that lone and dreary island some 37 years. The experience of this Connolly family of the fogs and the storms and the isolation of living on a lone, desolate rock, amid the fury of the elements, for 37 long years, must have been bitter indeed. Surely the Marine Department of the Dominion would be justified, and not only justified, but in duty bound, in consideration of such a life-long exile from all human society, save their own, to grant them a suitable salary during the remainder of their hitherto wasted years.

A SHIPWRECK.

On the 9th day of January 1869, John Connolly and his brother, Obadiah, saw a brigantine nearing the island, and soon saw her strike on a rocky islet, called Gull Rock, about one-fourth of a mile distant. The vessel proved to be from Sackville, N. B., bound to Barbadoes, with lumber and hay. The Connolly brothers started at once for the scene of the disaster, at the risk of their lives, and succeeded in rescuing the

captain, officers and crew from a watery grave. The captain's name was Thomas Blanche; the first mate, Charles Bent, N. S.; the second mate, Elijah Chase, Sackville, N. B.; and six seamen.

The rescued mariners were conveyed to the residence of the keeper of the light, where they were kindly cared for for four days, when they were taken to the mainland in the schooner *Dolphin*, of Cutler, Me.

Thus were the Connolly's instrumental in saving nine fellow-creatures from a watery grave—and that of itself is sufficient to entitle them to the consideration of the Government. It seems the island was called Seal Island, by reason of the great number of seals frequenting those rocks and islets. Little Gull Island, $\frac{1}{4}$ mile distant from Seal Island, and Swean's Rock, about two miles distant,—a barren rock low out of water with ledges,—form a favourite resort for the porpoise and the seal; while wild fowl make it their chosen lodgings when they fold a weary wing. During the long voluntary exile of the Connolly's on this most desolate abode in the Bay of Fundy, there were seven disasters, and, no doubt, had not the sailor's bright star of mercy been lighted night after night on that dreary rock, the number of wrecks and of lives lost within that 37 years would have numbered seventy times seven. There are now two lighthouses on Seal Island, and in addition a powerful steam fog-whistle, which can be heard in moderate weather at a distance of 15 miles, in stormy weather from 5 to 8 miles, and with the wind from 20 to 25 miles.

The keeper's dwelling has had necessary repairs, and the establishment is as well prepared as possible to warn vessels of danger, and to provide for the comfort and security of those who, to provide for the sustenance of the body, isolate themselves from all society but that of fish and fowl.

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CHAPTER IV.

INDIAN ISLAND.

THIS lovely little island-gem rests in the waters of the Passamaquoddy; but subject to the rushing tidal waters of the Bay of Fundy, in common with Deer Island, and all the smaller islands adjacent to them. It has been known by almost as many names as a lord, duke or earl, or even a prince of royalty. The red rover of forest and stream called it Jeganagoose; then it received the name of Fish Island; anon Perkins' Island; again LeArterail; finally, to stop this erratic love of aliases, it obtained the present name Indian Island, which sounds a little more euphonious than Jeganagoose; and yet it is rather singular that civilization delights in thus complimenting the descendants of those savage tribes by naming towns, villages, islands, and even railroad stations after them.

Indian Island has Campobello on its south-east, Deer Island on the north-west, and Moose Island on the west and south-west. It holds about a central position among them. Nothing can surpass the beauty of its situation; and the view of the surrounding islands—the Passamaquoddy Bay, the towns of Eastport, Lubec and the bee-hive hamlet at Wilson's Beach on Campobello from this island—is exceedingly delightful. A view of Indian Island, too, from Fort Sullivan, the American fort at Eastport, and which, with lofty head, overlooks the surrounding waters (for Eastport is built upon Moose Head Island, as New York is upon Manhattan) and the islands in them, enables the beholder to look over it to advantage. Its form is oblong, extending about a mile in length, and contains in area about 150 acres.

Although compared in size to Moose Island, Campobello, or Deer Island, it may appear too small to demand

more than a passing notice, yet we find that Indian Island has a history of its own—a history entitling it to an equal position, at the least, on the page of history. Gathering up the scattered leaves, and binding them together, they read our little island's history great in importance, greater far than many an island greater in area.

It was probably first visited by Frenchmen who accompanied DeMonts or Champlain, about the time that Annapolis Royal, in Nova Scotia, then called Port Royal, was settled by the French. Indeed, there can hardly exist a doubt about it, or that the hand of the white man's art had been there and cultivated a portion of the soil; for at the time that the earliest English settler, Chaffey, landed on the island, which was in 1760, one hundred and sixteen years ago, he found several openings in the woods, resembling garden plots, fringed with rows of currant bushes, having all the appearance of having been cultivated—many of them then growing and fruitful. In addition to those evidences that the white man had been there, and had cultivated vegetables, fruits and flowers, despite the presence of savage tribes, Mr. Chaffey had also discovered the foundations of fallen chimneys, which ruins were seen by his youngest child, who yet has a vivid recollection of having wandered among them in childhood, although now over eighty years of age.

The descendants of James Chaffey claim that he was the first Englishman that ever wintered among the islands in the Passamaquoddy Bay, and that little Jeganagoose, lovely Indian Island, was the identical place on which he landed as his chosen location. It is not impossible, neither improbable, but that fishermen from Old York might have entered those waters, following schools of fish, as the porpoise, or the whale, pursuing them even up the Saint Croix River during the spring and summer months, and so have had summer residences on the islands; but the chances and circumstances are at present in favour of James Chaffey being entitled to the name and the fame of being the first white English settler on Indian Island. As such the claim is his and his descendants, until set aside by stronger proofs to the contrary. The disputing

claimant might probably go into it with the determination of the "Tichborne claimant," and with similar results—all but Newgate!

Our Indian Island Robinson Crusoe, James Chaffey, was born in Somersetshire, England, went to London, learned the trade of a goldsmith, and, with the love of adventure strong in his bosom, determined to leave his native England, and see the new world, and gain a firm foothold for himself on the western hemisphere, the great continent of America. He first found his way to Philadelphia. Had that city, at that time, presented to the eyes of the young adventurous goldsmith, the amazing world of wealth and the world's productions, as in this, the Centennial exhibition of them, it may be easily presumed that he would have become one of its citizens. But Philadelphia in 1760 was not the Philadelphia of 1876; and, after a brief sojourn there, with the spirit of travel, adventure and trade within him, he came down east, settled, as has been said, on Indian Island, and at once entered into the fur trade with the Indians. Neither Deer Island nor Campobello (and venturing the assertion, until successfully contradicted) nor Moose Island (Eastport) can boast, as can lovely little Indian Island, of having the first house erected on it. The first house and the first store that astonished the wondering eyes of the Passamaquoddy Indians were built by James Chaffey, the Somersetshire boy and the London goldsmith, at that time, the Indian fur-trader of Passamaquoddy Bay.

An unmarried man at the time, with no white associate of either sex to cheer him in his solitude, it must have required an uncommon share of courage and love of adventure to reconcile him to an isolated existence, surrounded by day and by night with the wild whoops of treacherous savages made yet more wild and frightful, situated on the little forest island, and surrounded with the rips, and tides, and fogs of the ever-changing, ever-eddying, ever-whirling, rushing, foaming, seething waters of the Passamaquoddy!

As fortune is said to follow the brave, so Chaffey was destined to experience a change in his condition. In the year 1768, a man by the name of John Lefontaine came from Port Royal to the island. Lefontaine, or, as

now is, Fountain, had been at the taking of Quebec in 1759, and served on board of one of the British ships as a sailor. Like the adventurous Chaffey, he, too, chose Indian Island as his future home. It was providential for Chaffey, as Fountain had a very comely daughter, and good as she was comely. No wonder that the fur-trading bachelor, after having been associated with the sight of savage faces for eight long years, should have been captivated at beholding a handsome white maiden stand, like a bright star on a cloudy horizon, on Indian Island.

Our Passamaquoddy fur-trader saw and loved, and loved and wedded. By this happy union of too fond hearts, Chaffey was the father of eleven children; but of all of that large family, not one liveth at the present day but the youngest, who resides on the island, and numbers the years of the octogenarian, of whom mention has been made on a previous page. Following Fountain, several others came on in fishing smacks, remaining during the summer, and returning in fall and winter. A few, however, remained and settled on the island, and others, also, on Moose Island and among the other islands.

Indian Island seemed to sit supreme among the other surrounding islands—the little sea-nymph of the bay; for here was the head quarters for all the other islands. Chaffey was *the* trader. He carried on extensively in fish and fur, and wielded great influence among the Indians. He seemed to possess a power over them without manifesting any desire to exercise an arbitrary power. In his long business intercourse with them, he always maintained an inflexibility of purpose unswerving in his manner, of great decision and uncompromising firmness. The red man feared and admired this white man. His very fearlessness brought them to become his obedient traders, and they respected where they dared not resist. One instance of the power his moral courage possessed over those savage tribes may be given here. It reads as follows: During the American revolutionary war of 1776, Colonel Allen sent a party of Indians to Chaffey to make him say he loved General Washington. Chaffey was confined to his bed at the time by illness. The savages approached his bed-side,

flourished weapons, and ordering Chaffey's wife to give them the best in the house to eat, with uplifted tomahawks, and drawn knives, threats and threatening gestures, ordered Chaffey to obey. True to that firmness of resolve which had ever distinguished him, he passed triumphantly through the trial of his courage and national fidelity; and the Indians, as if kept at bay and ruled by an invisible power, left the house without accomplishing their purpose!

Through the influence of Chaffey, a man by the name of Goldsmith (in happy agreement with the name of the trade he learned), established salt works on the island—or rather was agent and manager for a company formed for the purpose. It was no inconsiderable enterprise, as the salt was manufactured from sea-water boiled up in large kettles. The business was prosecuted until all the wood on the island was consumed in boiling the kettles, and so had to desist. The island at the beginning of those unfortunate salt-works was clothed with a magnificent growth of all kinds of wood common to the country, and Chaffey's aid in thus denuding the island of its valuable trees has been a source of regret to the people of the island, even to this day. His death occurred in 1796, leaving a widow and a large family in bereavement. Hon. William Todd (deceased), of St. Stephen, N. B., married several years ago a descendant of Mr. Chaffey. Now Indian Island began to receive fresh and new acquisitions. A Scotchman by the name of Daniel McMasters, from St. Andrews, established a fish store; then, Col. Thomas Wyer, also of St. Andrews, prosecuted the same business, then the late John Wilson, of Chamcook, traded in fish and lumber; then a Mr. Freeman did a large business; and about this time a Mr. Henderson, who had been Collector of Customs at Snug Cove, Campobello, was removed from his situation to Indian Island, and sat, like a modern Matthew, at the receipt of customs there. This was about the year 1811. This was the important embargo epoch; and, the new customs' officer is said to have performed his duty with vigilance and impartiality—never deviating from the strict line of rectitude. It was then that flour, principally, and goods of all kinds were mysteriously (a secret known only to expert smugglers) run

over from Eastport to the island on dark nights; and where naked beaches and sea-walls were at sundown, at sunrise next morning and long before it, those beaches and sea-walls, were covered with immense piles and heaps of goods. Collector Henderson, on seeing such sights, would playfully tell the men near by: "Just clear away a path for me to walk through, so that I will not break my legs, and that will do!"

Then it was that men ran great risks for the reward of great wages. Ten, fifteen, twenty, thirty and even as high as forty or fifty dollars a night for running contraband goods from Eastport to Indian Island—a very short run! The stern voice of the American sentry hailing the smuggler, with the imperious "Heave to that boat," followed by the sharp crack of the musket, were common through the darkness and stillness of the night: and yet the boat glided on, with muffled oar, for Indian Island's welcome beach. Many are the thrilling stories related of those eventful times—sufficient of themselves to form a romantic and tragical history of facts, as intensely fascinating as the most exciting novel of imaginary marvels. In 1812, the first day after the declaration of war, a privateer arrived at Eastport. There were also three schooners at anchor in the cove at Indian Island. Two boats from the privateer, filled with men armed to the teeth, came over to capture the schooners. A few of the men of the island hastily collected on Chaffey's wharf, and as the armed boats neared the schooners, the Indian Islanders pointed their muskets at them, warning them not to come nearer at the risk of life. The privateersmen replied that they would return and bring over the privateer. The boats accordingly returned. Two of the schooners slipped their cables, and ran ashore on the beach, it being ebb tide; and the other schooner, owned by Merritt, of St. John, N. B., started for St. Andrews. The privateer got under weigh; but instead of crossing to the island, she gave chase to the schooner, and captured her just as she was entering St. Andrews Bay. Merritt, the owner, was on board and the vessel had a full cargo of goods and produce, which proved a valuable prize to the enemy. Had he slipped his cable, as the other schooners had, he would not have slipped into the

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hands of the Yankee; but such is an instance of the fortune of war.

Another incident, by way of reprisal, may be mentioned. A scow, loaded with barrels of tar, was lying at Eastport, which was brought over to the island, ran the blockade, and was moored at a wharf. Several boats, full of men, crossed over to re-take the tar, when Joseph Freeman, Capt. of Militia, with a small band of his men, fired into them. The Eastporters, instead of catching the tar, it seems, caught a tartar! An old Irishman, by the name of John Doyle, was one of Capt. Freeman's firing party, who, elated with the result of what was in reality a bloodless victory, gave vent to his patriotic enthusiasm in a poetical effusion of forty lines. As a specimen of the whole, we give the following:

"My gun being not well-loaded
It snapp'd, being all in vain;
The balls came whistling round my ears
Just like a shower of hail.
But still we drove them to their boats
Without either dread or fears,
And quickly we were re-inforced
By Deer Island volunteers."

The poet Doyle in the following verse feels it his duty to compliment the Campobello lads also on their readiness to assist in the tar-y conflict; and thus he sings:

"The Campobello heroes, too,
Behaved with courage bold,
Commanded by George Anderson,
Who scorned to be controlled.
He is a valiant soldier
For his King and country's cause,
And he made the Doodle Dandies
Submit to British laws."

And then the Irish melodist goes on to sing of the "Deer Island boys," "health to Capt. Lloyd, to Capt. Freeman, to Capt. Anderson," to the "Bucks of Garryowen," and to the "Indian Island boys."

It is a truly patriotic song, and had our poet hero, John Doyle, only lived to have presented it to the British Grenadier Band, to be sung in Boston at the time of the great "Musical Jubilee," his bliss, earthly, would have been complete; but it is to be hoped his song now, no longer of earth earthy, is one of the sweet anthems of Heaven!—of triumph over death and the grave.

It was about the period of this exploit that Eastport was taken by the British forces, and held in possession until the close of the war. It was not long after the proclamation of the cessation of hostilities, before the angel of peace spread her healing wings over the late contending parties and business intercourse revived. In 1818, Alfred Armstrong was appointed sub-deputy treasurer for West Isles and Campobello, by the then deputy treasurer at St. Andrews, Thomas Wyer, Esq.—the office to be kept at Indian Island. In 1820, the sub was honored by the Legislature with full deputy, in which capacity he acted until 1822, when the office was closed, by the misrepresentations of interested parties, until the following year, 1823, when Alfred's brother, Richard, received the appointment. It was during the treasury-reign of Richard Armstrong, and under his auspices, that the big dwelling house, with custom house attached, was erected on Little Thrum Cap Islet, only separated from its kind mother, Indian Island, by a narrow channel a few yards wide. In 1824, he left the big house, the custom house and Little Thrum Cap behind him, removing to the City of St. John.

Another deputy treasurer, C. H. Jouett, Esq., was sent to take the vacated office; and seating himself in the office, in the big house, on Little Thrum Cap, looked with wonder and delight over the sparkling waters around him, and felt he was monarch of all he surveyed—all but Eastport, Moose Island, and dependencies—with the exception that he acted under certain restrictions, such as from entering any vessels except coasters. In 1826, however, permission was granted him to enter foreign vessels. This was the harvest period for Indian Island. The trade was extensive and profitable, and a large number of vessels were engaged in the West India trade, carrying thither cargoes of fish and lumber, and bringing in return sugar, molasses, rum (not "white eye"), &c., which were re-shipped in large quantities on smaller vessels, which ran as packets, and sent to St. John and other ports for sale.

Then it was that the West India trade of Indian Island, West Isles, and Campobello exceeded by one-half that of St. Andrews; and the duties then paid into the Government treasury by the Parish of West Isles

and Campobello, were nearly one-half of the whole of the duties paid by Charlotte County. The principal business of those islands was then in the hands of J. & J. Chaffey and Charles Guay, at Indian Island; by J. Patterson, Cadwallader Curry, and Wm. McLean, at Campobello, with a few smaller traders on each island.

The following list of vessels, owned at Indian Island, in 1827, will afford the reader of to-day a good idea of its prosperity almost 50 years since:

NAME OF VESSEL	TONS	OWNED BY	TRADE WITH
<i>Indian Queen</i>	122	J. & J. Chaffey	West Indies
<i>Elizabeth Mory</i>	103	“ “ “	“ “
<i>Mary Stubbs</i>	107	J., Patterson	“ “
<i>Eliza Ann</i>	398	“ “	“ “
<i>Lady Douglas</i>	197	John McKenney	“ “
<i>Indian Chief</i>	177	W. Hatheway	“ “
<i>Aolus</i>	154	Eben Scott	“ “

A very short time after the above period there were added to the above list—the following:

NAME OF VESSEL	CLASS	OWNED BY	TRADE WITH
<i>Queen of the Isles</i>	Brig	J. & J. Chaffey	West Indies
<i>Cavatier Jouett</i>	“	“ “	“ “
<i>Pappoose</i>	“	Chas. Guay	“ “
<i>Eugenia</i>	“	“ “	“ “
<i>Lord of the Isles</i>	“	John McKenney	“ “
<i>Le'Aterail</i>	Schr.	Chas. Guay	“ “

Here was a fleet of thirteen vessels, aggregating say 2000 tons, engaged in trade between little Indian Island and the West Indies half a century ago. Where are they now? And echo answers—where! Has the glory of those past days forever departed? Is there not vitality enough in the Governments of the present day to breathe new life over the islands of the bay!

In addition to this fine little mercantile fleet, numerous small coasters were busily employed in plying their vocation, principally with St John and border ports. But the sun of prosperity which had shined so brightly over those islands for years, ripening them into the maturity of independent competence, became dim—a dark cloud appeared in the marine horizon, betokening coming ill to Indian Island and her sister isles. The West

India ports were opened to American vessels, and soon the disastrous effects to the little Indian Island fleet became apparent. The West India market had found new channels of trade, the little fleet grew less, business declined; and, as if to consummate the ruin of the trade, death came, too, and snatched away from among the living the most active, energetic, leading merchant of the island, John Chaffey. This event, deplored by all the survivors, for all felt his loss, occurred in 1835. If no church bell tolled his demise, his death was the death-knell of an expiring trade, as in a very brief lapse of time only one vessel, the Brig *Chaffey*, remained as a solitary witness of the departed fleet. Nor was that lone star in the gloomy horizon long to shine. The *Chaffey* was wrecked in 1849.

Since the death recorded of Mr. John Chaffey in 1835 very little else but fishing has been the business pursuit, and that so quietly that a passer-by would almost conclude that the fishermen have transmigrated into somnambulists!

Returning to the deputy treasurer, C. H. Jouett, Esq., it may be right to say that when he removed to St. John, in 1836, Capt. Thomas Moses received the appointment. He, too, sat at the receipt of custom, like his predecessor, in the big house on the little islet.

The Government, after a time, united the treasurer-ship and the collectorship into one; and then Capt. Moses came down from his Thrum Cap pinnacle, stepped across the narrow channel, entered a gallant craft, with all the pomp and state of Cleopatra, and landed at Welchpool, Campobello, as collector and treasurer. Capt. Moses retained this joint office until his death, which occurred in 1861. In July of the same year, J. E. Dixon, Esq., of Indian Island, received the appointment of deputy treasurer and collector for West Isles and Campobello, the Government removing the office to Indian Island, but not to the big house on the Little Thrum Cap! Mr. Dixon was not so elevated. The house, like Solomon's Temple, fell!

In 1866, Campobello became the honored and happy recipient of a separate office and a separate collector, as Welchpool felt its dignity insulted by Little Indian Island sitting in majesty and ascendancy over it.

THE FENIAN INVASION.

The history of Indian Island would be incomplete without the history of the Fenian invasion of 1866. It was previously supposed that the Province of Ontario, Canada West, would be the scene of its marauding attacks, and that they would be confined to it. It proved otherwise.

The spring of that year had hardly opened, when Fenians began to congregate at Eastport, Me., as a chosen place to rendezvous, and in large numbers. Under the leadership of a fellow by the name of Killian, who seemed well-fitted to lead a band of ruffians, they commenced "training" on a sandy beach, at the foot of a long range of bank, a few rods above Dog Island; and as this beach is nearly opposite Indian Island, their military teachings were observed quite clearly. They went through a daily "drill" at that place, from which they could plainly see the bated British flag flying at the custom house. Killian and his braves, eager to win fame as heroes, without losing any blood in the attempt, saw a good opportunity by taking that flag. Accordingly, on the night of the 14th of April 1866, they crossed over to Indian Island, proceeded as stealthily as Indians on the white man's trail, and surrounding the residence of the customs' officer, Mr. Dixon, they knocked violently at the door for admittance. Mrs. Dixon was lying very ill at the time; and as there were ladies in the room watching with the sick lady, one went to the door, without opening it, asking who was there. A voice replied: "We want that English flag. Give it quickly, or we will burn down the house." The collector, Mr. Dixon, was up stairs at the time; but hearing an unusual noise below, at once hastily dressed, and went to the door. Hearing the threats outside, he opened the door, when pistols were levelled at him, with a demand to give up the flag. At this time he heard others trying to tear off the window shutters.

Taking in the inevitable, and the danger to Mrs. Dixon by this midnight attack, he thought, and thought wisely, that prudence in this case was the better part of valour, and surrendered to those worse than Italian banditti, the flag that had waved over the custom

house. Those valiant Fenians, having performed such a gallant exploit, returned to Eastport, taking with them the British flag, as a bloodless trophy of unparalleled heroism. No wonder that flag was sent on to New York, to the "Head Centre" office, to be displayed there as the first flag taken on the battle field!

A day or two previous to this cowardly act, an English man-of-war, the *Pylades*, Capt. Hood, arrived at Welchpool. On Sunday morning (the flag was taken on Saturday night) the circumstance was laid before the captain of the *Pylades*; a telegram was sent to Beverly Robinson, Esq., St. John; the tocsin of alarm was heard from St. John to St. Stephen. St. George, St. Andrews, and even Bocabec felt the insult and the outrage, and the old lion of old England began to stir himself, even among the colonists.

The newspapers took up the cause; and the largest capitals of the largest type admissible in the columns of a newspaper, contributed to extend the report of this Fenian outrage, and a call to arms!

The taking of this flag was accepted as a warning note to prepare to resist invasion; and it was pleasing proof of British pluck to witness the alacrity with which that warning note was taken up and acted upon. Only one week passed away ere a band of those night-fighting Fenians again visited Indian Island.

On the night of April 21st, they landed at Guay's wharf, on which stood four large stores—two of them having been built a very short time previously. They set fire and burned those four stores to ashes! The Queen's warehouse was in one of them, containing a large quantity of liquors and other goods—brandy, rum, gin, wines, whiskey, tea, tobacco, &c., &c., with a large supply of salt. All was consumed by the hands of those incendiary braves!

Capt. Hood of the *Pylades* had been notified the previous evening of the apprehended danger, with request to send a guard for protection; but the man-of-war captain disregarded the fears and the application as too trifling to require precaution. The event proved the necessity.

The flames had been seen from the *Pylades*, and Lieut. Vidall with a boat's crew crossed over to ascer-

tain particulars. Another war vessel, the *Duncan*, had arrived from Halifax, bearing the flag of Rear Admiral Sir James Hope, and having General Doyle on board. On the afternoon of the day after the fire, Admiral Hope, General Doyle and Capt. Hood came to the island and visited the scene of the late conflagration, and made strict enquiry of the taking of the flag from the custom house. A guard of marines and sailors from the war ships were sent over, and the new school house was placed at their disposal, and did good service as a guard house. Troops and volunteers now poured into all the border towns; intense excitement prevailed all over the province—especially in Fredericton, St. John and the frontier towns and rural districts adjoining. Governor Gordon telegraphed to Indian Island, to have the books, papers and all documents appertaining to the collector's office removed to Welchpool; but, after a guard was put on the island, the order for removal was countermanded.

A gunboat next came to add to the fleet of war vessels—the *Rosario*—bringing a civil engineer, Mr. Innes, to inspect and report on the erection of fortifications; and a crew of men from the *Rosario* were directed to throw up embankments around the school house (guard house), and to intrench it with a stockade. The ships relieved each other, by sending their portion of crews as guards—one from the *Pylades*, the *Niger* (Lieut. Boxer), the *Fawn* (Capt. Hall), the *Cordelia*, (Lieut. Ogilvie); and after those ships left our waters, Lieut. Wilnot arrived from St. John with a detachment of volunteers; and following after, Lieut. Chandler with volunteers from St. Andrews and Fredericton.

An attempt at a night attack by two large boats, fully armed, was made on one occasion, which was summarily disposed of. A sentry of the St. John volunteers discovered the boats, and at once fired into them. The rifle report soon brought out the guard, and a general rush was made, in true volunteer style; too impatient for a fight to wait to "fall in" with military precision, for the scene of action. The quick, sharp rattle of musketry was heard at Welchpool; and from the *Niger*, Lieut. Boxer's ship lying at anchor there, went up sky rockets, blue lights and signals. The *Niger* slipped

her cable, and came on in full speed of steam, with her fighting-lamps all aglow—officers, marines and sailors eager for a fray! While thus speeding on for action, the Fenian armed boats passed the *Niger* undetected, hastening on for Eastport, their harbour of refuge.

A British naval officer, Capt. Napier, would not wait for his boat to touch the beach in order to land; but, with his blood up, jumped for the shore from the bow of the boat, and landed in pretty deep water, although not cooling his sanguine hopes of a fight with Mr. Fenian and Mr. Killian!

This attempt of another Fenian raid, after the taking of the flag and the burning of the stores, was the last one by them. Like birds of passage, only earlier, they began to take wing and go south to New York; and before autumn, the excitement began to subside, gradually declining, until it finally died out altogether. General Meade, of the U. S. army, had been sent on to Eastport and Calais, to put a stop to the designs of the Fenians. But the tardiness of the apparently kind interference was too visible to blind the eyes of the provincialists. Had the English war vessels, the regular troops of the British army, and the volunteers of New Brunswick not put in an appearance until General Meade came, the Fenians could have had things all to themselves and in their own way. The town of Eastport relied always to a great extent on the trade of the very islands attempted and intended to be invaded by those blood thirsty Fenians; and it did seem to come with an ill grace from them towards those provincial islands to permit the Fenians to rendezvous among them—to open their hotels, and in many cases their private houses to them, and to sanction their organizing and drilling on the outskirts of their town for the avowed purpose of invading their friendly neighbours and profitable customers, the people of Campobello and West Isles. After all, in justice to the good people of Eastport, perhaps, they were, in the case of the Fenians, more sinned against than sinning; for Killian and his hundreds of brigands would care little for the people or authorities of Eastport, unless supported by their Government, which support was not forth-coming until

General Meade and his "boys in blue" put in their disclaimer against Fenian invasion.

Before quite dismissing the subject-matter of this intended invasion, it may be well to remark that the American Government ought to have known, and did know, that there was a friendly intercourse and a bond of commercial amity existing between the town of Eastport and those islands; and that Government ought to have known, and did know, that the perpetration of villainous outrages on those islands, by lawless hordes of Fenians, would destroy that friendship—would cancel that amicable bond, and light the torch of antagonism that after years would hardly extinguish. The provincialists have never, since 1866, given the American Government credit for promptitude of action in efforts to suppress the hostility of provincial enemies, especially during the Fenian excitement. The tardiness evinced too much of indifference.

Indian Island, as we have seen, from its earliest history to a very recent period, has been the mart for all the surrounding islands, not only the mart of trade, but for all else. Here was the chosen spot by the red man as a charnel-house for the dead. Here the mournful, plaintive "ugh" of savages, over the remains of one of their tribe, would blend in strange cadence with the moaning surf-song of the whirling tides. There is a circumscribed spot, yet extant and plainly visible, known as the Indian Island burying ground to attest to the fact that the Indians brought their dead from the adjoining islands to Indian Island for interment. Even those savages had an eye for rural scenery and a love for a rural cemetery.

As the Province of New Brunswick progressed, and members were elected for the House of Assembly, the election law of those days gave no less than fifteen days wherein to complete the great work! The inhabitants of those islands, even to Grand Manan, had to attend the polling at Indian Island! The last four, elected under that dear old law (dear in many ways) were Wyer, Hill, Clinch and Brown. And here, too, under the old militia law, the male population of the surrounding islands mustered to learn their drill, the art of war. Three days consecutively were devoted to that all im-

portant duty, and under the leadership of Colonel McKay of St. George, and succeeding him, Colonel Hatch of St. Andrews, the militia of those sea-girt isles succeeded amazingly in acquiring a proficiency in keeping step together, by treading on one another's heels to such a degree that the poor militia man, afflicted with chilblains, learned to endure punishment with the stoical silence of the red man about to suffer death.

Those days are frequently alluded to as the "good old days" when West India rum flowed like milk, and West India sugar was sweet as honey; when everybody treated everybody; when everybody got merry; when everybody would sing, swear, dance and fight!

On those election days and militia days, it was that little Indian Island held high carnival. It was at those eventful, now historic periods, that the people of the various islands of Charlotte County congregated, and revelled in unity of drink and song, if not in sentiment, renewing annually the friendship of fog for saltwater.

Retrospectively, since the period when the enterprising James Chaffey, whose history in brief is before the reader, up to the present day, what changes! The old merchants—where are they? The goodly West India fleet of merchantmen—where are they? The fish and the fur trade—where? The big house on Little Thrum Cap—where? The large stores—where? All gone! But, consolatory thought, the dead but sleep—they will rise again! And the loved island, that once knew them, yet remains to remind the living of the virtues of the departed.

Indian Island although shorn of much of its pristine glory, yet stands out in beauty, surrounded by the same rushing, eddying, sparkling waters that erst washed its shores, reflecting all around it the goodness of Him who smiled upon it, as one of His handiworks, when the "morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy."

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CHAPTER V.

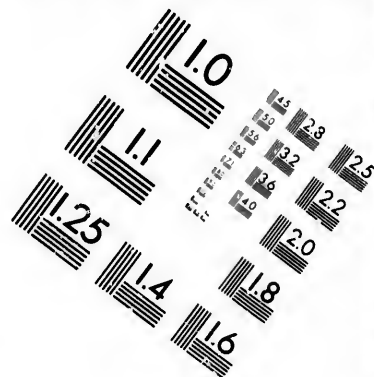
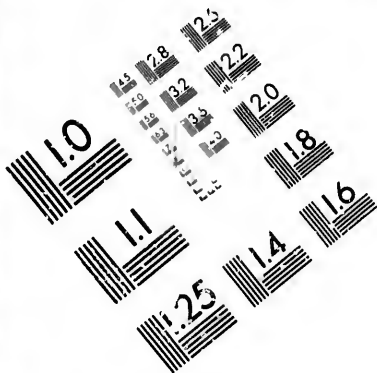
DEER ISLAND.

THE earliest history of this fine island obtainable at the present time, dates back some 60 years, and the changes effected in a new and sparsely inhabited country in even a century are not few; and Deer Island, within the last fifty or sixty years, as will be seen, has kept good pace with her sister isles of the Bay of Fundy in the march of improvement.

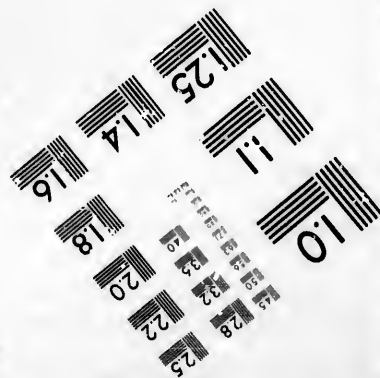
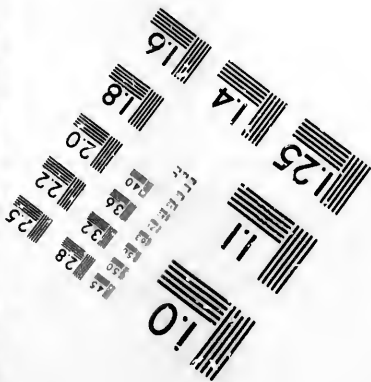
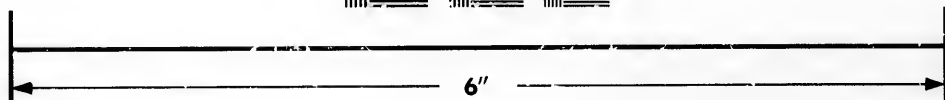
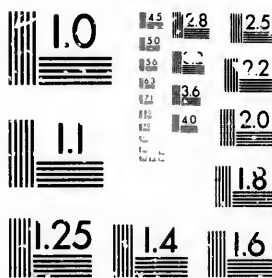
Looking at Deer Island, then, through the dim vista of years, what do we see? The flowing tides marking its coast-line and washing its coves and sheltered inlets, without, perchance, even an Indian's bark canoe to relieve the monotonousness of the scene. The island, covered chiefly with forest pine—tall, straight, sound and large enough for shipbuilding purposes—seemed to wave their lofty tops invitingly for the introduction of the white man's axe.

The time was just at hand when civilization was to effect a change, and squatters pioneered the introduction. The rude log hut, speedily erected and nestled among the stumps of the fallen princely pines, became the cozy home of the hardy woodman; and ships were built to navigate far distant seas, never more to re-visit that Deer Island the place of their nativity. Situated as Deer Island is in the margin waters of the Bay of Fundy, it is justly entitled to be classed as one of its islands. Although a large portion of its shores is washed by the waters of Passamaquoddy Bay and St. Andrews Bay, it may also lay legitimate claim to those noble sheets of water as well. Deer Island stands at the head of all the other islands which comprise the Parish of West Isles, and is in fact greater in area and business importance than all the others combined. No wonder, then, that once within the range of civilization it soon assumed





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an important position and its population rapidly increased. It could not be otherwise. Lying at the mouth of the splendid River St. Croix, and open to the Bay of Fundy, at all seasons of the year; covered with a growth of stately pines, even to the margins of its coves and harbours; teeming with fish around its coast, and presenting such an inviting field for artisan and fisherman;—no wonder that it soon became a favourite resort for industry and enterprise. That the aboriginal red man had, at some previous time, pitched his wigwam among the sheltered valleys of the island, was clearly enough to be seen—the squatters having discovered numerous heaps of clam shells adjacent to some running stream or living spring. The traces of Indian life were discernible; but nothing to justify the conclusion that the French, during their earlier occupation of the country to the English, had ever made for any of themselves a home on Deer Island. It does not appear that the island at any period was ever much of a huntingground, for at the present time nothing more than a few wild water fowl, rabbits and partridges offer sport for the sportsman's gun. And, going back 50 years, no game in addition to the present were seen except the fox, who at the advent of the squatters would yelp out his sharp fox-bark through the stillness of the night, as if in concert with the discordant hooting of the owl. But as white men multiplied, and poultry increased, it was found expedient and necessary to exterminate the hen-thief as best they could; and as trappers were not there to entrap the wily foe and depredator, recourse was had to poison and to the entire destruction of the fox; so that now and for years past the rooster can crow and the hen can cackle over her fresh laid-egg, all undismayed at the apprehension of a raid by Reynard on their peaceful and happy domain.

Deer Island has an irregular and broken coast or shore line, some thirty miles in extent, its greatest length about seven miles, and averaging four in its breadth. Its area may be computed at 14,000 acres. Taking Chocolate Cove as a starting point (this cove is immediately opposite the small but lovely island called Indian Island at its north end) and following along the eastern coast is Bar Island, then North-west Harbour,

Lord's Cove, Lambert's Cove, Northern Harbour, and passing a high head land called Clam Cove Head, is seen Fairhaven, and lastly Cummings' Cove; thus making the circuit of the island along its shores, are eight commodious and well-sheltered harbours, where coasters can find havens of refuge from the perils of the sea. With such natural facilities for trade, the islanders themselves have not been neglectful to take advantage. A well-filled store is kept at Cummings' Cove, another at Bar Island, while Lord's Cove lords it over the others by having two stores, with one at Fairhaven. In addition to those five stores, considerable trading in small articles is carried on in private houses.

Education, the hand-maid of religion, is well supported and encouraged here. There are six schools under the local inspection of Charlotte County located at the principal coves and harbours; and several young teachers of ability have already found their way from a Deer Island schoolhouse into other parts of the County, reflecting credit on their birth-place, their teachers and themselves. The spiritual welfare of the people are carefully attended to by Campbellite, Methodist, and Free Will Baptist pastors. The Campbellites have a pretty firm foothold at Bar Island Harbour; the Methodists are gradually increasing; but, at present date, the Free Will Baptists are in the ascendant, outnumbering all others by large figures.

Like the other islands in the Bay of Fundy, its shores are rocky; but, with the exception of Clam Cove Head and a few other high bluffs, the land presents but little difficulty in obtaining safe landing at all parts. The island, having been shorn of its proud pineries, produces now a mixed growth of hard and soft wood, very well adapted to the building of small vessels and fishing boats. The soil, where cultivated, produces good crops of potatoes, grass, oats and vegetables; and garden flowers, skillfully cultivated, bloom luxuriantly, and many a pretty bouquet is made up and presented by fair hands to her favoured swain. Dame Nature, too, at the proper time affords an ample supply of ripe and delicious berries, which find a ready market on the island and in Eastport, especially on Independence Day.

The fisheries in the waters all around the island, and

outside of its vicinity afford employment to a large and an ever-increasing population of a hardy and an industrious people. Fairhaven seems to be the principal port of the island. - At all events, it carries the lead in sending out four large consters and two bankers, besides several vessels of smaller size. About 25 years ago, Cummings' Cove carried off the palm, as a shipyard was established there which turned out several large ships, and as a consequence, large houses were erected in the vicinity; but, for several years past, a business mildew has passed over it. Shipbuilding is no more, and the imposing edifices are dilapidated; for those who erected them have passed away to that "silent bourne whence no traveller returns," while those who have inherited their property do not seem to have inherited with it the business activity and enterprise of their worthy ancestors. But such valuable characteristics do not come within the range of legacies and bequeathments, neither are they hereditary.

The island is well watered with running brooks, and a few of them afford amusement for the juvenile angler in catching the speckled trout. Numerous springs of excellent water are found on almost all parts of the island. There are also several tiny lakes, with but one meriting special notice, which is known as North West Harbour Lake, taking its name from its location. It is about two miles long and one mile broad; and, contrary to reasonable expectation, contains no fish—an exception to almost all other fresh water lakes.

There are no minerals, nor any indications of ores, so far as geological investigations have extended; but although nature may not have deposited any of her precious eggs in Deer Island soil, yet Captain Kidd, or some other piratical rover of the seas, may have buried pots of doubloons and Spanish dollars on its wild uninhabited shores in some of its many secluded nooks; where a "triple tree grows from a single trunk," or a "cairn of stones" raises its mysteriously hydra-headed watch-guard over the spot which hides the precious coin. When such strange sights are seen, then the dreamer of buried pots of gold and of silver may begin to dig, with every reasonable prospect of being disappointed.

The roads on the island are generally dry and good;

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but what strikes a stranger as something strange and peculiar is the number of gateways to arrest his progress on his travel. To have to halt and open and shut gateways, take down and put up bars, every mile (less or more, as the case may be), seems a tax unnecessary on time and patience. One consolation is, however, that you have the privilege of working your way onward, as no toll-gate keeper stands with open palm to take loose change from you. A change may be effected by road commissioners in the future, and the gate system on Deer Island will only then be spoken of as a thing of the past.

The largest part of the the travel is, however, from cove to cove in boats; and, as a consequence, there are but few horses, wagons, bridles, saddles, whips or spurs, in requisition. It would be a rare sight to see a young lady and her beau cantering along the road on horseback. The more healthy exercise of walking, when not boating, is indulged in; and the robust appearance of both sexes is undeniable evidence of the superior claim of pedestrianism over all other modes adopted for healthful recreation.

The tide, as it rushes in on the flood from the Bay of Fundy and among the small islets and ledges and points of land jutting out from the islands, keeps the rising waters in one continual whirl of agitation—and in many places the utmost care is required to save small boats from destruction. The most dangerous place around, or among the West Isles, is at the southern extremity of a point of land extending from Deer Island between Chocolate Cove and Cummings' Cove. On the flood, and especially at half-flood, it is extremely dangerous for boats to approach near the point, as the whirlpools rage furiously, like an immense boiling cauldron, in the vicinity, attended with fearful noise, which of itself is alarming, but proves a friend to boatmen on dark nights by its timely warning. The boatmen of Passamaquoddy Bay, familiar as they are from boyhood with the tides, eddies, ledges and whirlpools, have but little difficulty in avoiding all danger, and a fatal accident among them seldom occurs. About 25 years ago, three brothers named Stover, were unfortunately drawn into those whirlpools, and despite their

most desperate exertions to save themselves, were swallowed up, boat and all, in the yawning gulf of seething waters. They were distinctly seen at the time of the lamentable disaster by men on the deck of an Eastport schooner; but it was impossible to render them any assistance. A boat when once fairly within the merciless yeast of roaring waves is beyond the reach of aid, and the destruction is as swift as it is certain. At the most dangerous time of tide, large two-masted boats would have but slender chance of escape, if once within the power of those whirlpools. Like dealing with the celebrated and dreaded Maelstrom on the coast of Norway, the surest way to avoid danger is to keep at prudent distance, or in sea-term, give them a wide berth. At other times of tide than the flood, not much risk, if any, is run by passing through those waters, which are then as harmless as they are noiseless. Before closing the notice of those whirlpools, it may not be altogether out of place to refer to a circumstance connected with them, possessing a little of the ludicrous. A person, now deceased, who during his latter years resided on Deer Island and adjacent to Chocolate Cove, was in the habit of visiting Eastport, almost every week, crossing over in a small boat by himself. Prone to partake of that which does inebriate, he would seldom leave Eastport on his return-trip free from the influence of his favorite, beverage, and as he neared the frightful whirlpools, which raged almost within his course for home, he, not unmindful of the danger, would commence to sing a hymn suitably worded for one in extremity, and so continue to sing plaintively and in pious strain until he passed the whirlpools and felt assured that danger was past in the passing. He would, even in sober conversation on the subject, attribute his preservation to his hymn-sung-prayer, and not to any skill in steering his tiny craft clear of the raging waters. It may have been so. Who dare gainsay it? At all events, the whirlpools never caught him.

The many romantic islets adjacent to Deer Island are not the least of its attractions. They are various and varied. There is the White Horse—not quite so white, however, as the white horse King William rode, when crossing the Boyne water. This noted small island is

situated almost at the centre of the mouth of the Le'Etite passage, which runs swiftly on the flood into St. Andrews Bay. The White Horse is a bold rock, with some short grass clothing its summit. Sea-birds are the only living thing that resort to it. The water is bold all around it and it would be difficult to find a sheltered nook large enough to protect a small boat in a storm. It is a good guide, however, to the entrance of the Le'Etite passage. In closer proximity to Deer Island, are Pope's Folly (where poor Pope, in 1812, established a trading post and lost all), Casco Bay Island, Spruce Island, Sand Island, and White Island. Cherry Island may be termed Little Thrum Cap's twin sister, being so closely allied to it and so similar in its appearance. Those several little islets clustered around the eastern part of Deer Island are very picturesque, and some of them would suit admirably for pic-nics, and gatherings of social parties, who enjoy the sweet shade of pretty umbrageous trees, with the dash of the salt water wave against the base of their verdant repose. The history of Deer Island in the past is so interwoven with that of Indian Island, that the reading of the latter may serve for the former, so far as the settlement of those islands by the whites is concerned.

The proximity of Deer Island to the towns of St. George and St. Andrews, as well as to the American town, Eastport, renders it conveniently situated for trade, and affords close communication with those towns, enabling Deer Island, to a certain extent, to participate in their advantages.

A son of Mr. John Cook, the person who introduced the lobster factory business on Grand Manan, started a similar establishment on Deer Island. It could not be the paucity of the material that caused the relinquishment of the factory, as the large lobster factory enterprise in the town of St. Andrews has always been well supplied with lobsters; and yet the shores of the islands, and the north shore generally, seem to possess an inexhaustible supply.

The salubrity of the island speaks loudly in its favour. A medical gentleman, taking up a permanent residence on Deer Island, and depending on lancet, blisters and pills, among the people, would have to forego

his vocation, and either follow the ex-lobster proprietor, Mr. Cook, by leaving the island, or try the hook-and-line among the rips for fish for a chowder.

Deer Island, however, is not totally exempt from "all the ills that flesh is heir to"—that could not be. Doctor Gove, Junr., of St. Andrews, seemed to be the favourite physician among the Deer Island people. This young disciple of Esculapius, became very popular on the island; and he seemed to reciprocate the kindly feeling and high opinion so freely accorded him. Tourists and invalids could advantageously remain here during a part of the summer season, the one for pleasure, the other for health.

The Parish of West Isles must always maintain an important position in the County of Charlotte. In the cause of temperance Deer Island shines out luminously and nobly. No license-money for rum-selling goes from Deer Island into the county treasury box. Prohibition is hers. The flag of total abstinence waves proudly over her rocky hills and verdant valleys. Deer Island has set an example to her sister isles worthy of all imitation; and Grand Manan, to her credit be it said, has sent up *her* disclaimer against a licensed blight upon her shores. If one thing more than another calls for the meed of praise for Deer Island, it is that firm stand she has taken in the cause of temperance. It will prove her polar-star to prosperity. It will keep the bloom of health fresh upon the cheek of an industrious populace. And her bright example may be wafted over the Bay of St. Andrews, into the good old shire town, and permeate through its quiet streets, until "wholesale and retail" of bacchanalian drinks shall be banished forever. Then will the Jubilee-song of redemption from the chains of the cruel tyrant, intemperance, be sung in sweeter strains of joyous melody, than the national and patriotic songs of Jeannie Watson, of Scotland, or of Rosa D'Erina, of her own loved Ireland.

Should that happy era ever arrive, Deer Island's triumphant struggle for liberty will place her in the foremost rank—in the vanguard-battalion of the temperance army that fought for the freedom of the nations. That will be the brightest jewel in the history of Deer Island, "shining brighter and brighter unto the perfect day."

CHAPTER VI.

CAMPOBELLO.

THE same authority ("Calkin's Geography") which describes Grand Manan as 20 miles long and 8 miles broad, also describes Campobello as 8 miles long and 4 or 5 miles broad. The reader of this little history, as well as the writer of it, must bow acquiescently to Calkin's Text-book. But for the sake of courtesy, admitting its correctness, it will not do to be so credulous as to believe the Map of New Brunswick, 1867, which places Wilson's Beach, near Head Harbour, opposite Lubec! The south-eastern coast-line of this valuable island is irregular and broken, presenting no sheltered harbour from Owen Head at the western passage until quite up to Head Harbour at the eastern passage.

Admitting the island to be 8 miles long and 4 miles broad, and that in configuration it is a right-angled parallelogram, then its area would contain over 20,000 acres; but from its broken coast line and large areas of water at Welchpool, Harbour de Lute, Wilson's Beach, Herring Cove and at Head Harbour, the total area of rock and soil cannot be more than, say 15,000 acres. But that number of acres, situated where they are, tell in forcible language the great value of this very important island.

Its earliest settlement runs nearly coeval with that of Indian Island, and so closely identified that the narrator of the early settlement of Indian Island has almost unwittingly to himself written the history of Campobello.

Located almost within gun-shot of the town of Eastport, as may be supposed, it holds uninterrupted intercourse with it, not only daily but hourly.

Welchpool and Wilson's Beach being the principal marts of trade on Campobello, they hold a commercial

relationship with this most easterly town of the State of Maine, that keeps up a personal friendship each for each which nothing less than national hostilities could destroy.

Campobello is delightfully situated, and seems to coquet with the waters of the Bay of Fundy on the one side and with those of Passamaquoddy Bay on the other. The shores all around the island are abundantly stored with fish, and the fishermen of Campobello are noted for their enterprising industry—for their courage and their dexterity in handling their splendid boats in a heavy sea. Perhaps these daring boatmen of Sambro, Nova Scotia, and the hardy fellows of St. Johns, Newfoundland, would find their match in the fishermen of Campobello, and, indeed, of those of all the islands in the Bay of Fundy.

WELCHPOOL

presents quite a village aspect. Sheltered cozily from nearly all the storms that sweep over the bays, this snug little town-like village carries on quite a brisk trade. Possessing excellent facilities they are utilised by several enterprising traders, to the mutual convenience and advantage of vendors and consumers. There is a neat Episcopal church, having a lovely site on a romantic-looking hill, and near by a schoolhouse with all the modern improvements. Accommodation for visitors can be had at the village at moderate prices, and to those who prefer a very quiet lodging in preference to noisier places, Welchpool offers her hospitalities. Here is a goodly cluster of fish-houses, where pickled, dry and smoked fish are prepared for exportation in large quantities. Here at Welchpool is a mineral lead deposit, which a few years ago was worked with considerable activity; but like many other similar enterprises, it fell through; and the sound of the miner's pick is no longer heard at Welchpool, blending in cheery unison with the boatman's song. If there existed a disposition among the people to cheat the custom house, no fairer opportunities present themselves than are to be found at Welchpool. And nothing can better prove the firmness of the people to resist the temptation of illicit traffic, than the every day and every night opportunity, without the attempt.

Here at Welchpool Admiral William Fitzwilliam Owen resided. Admiral Owen owned the island. Welchpool was consequently the depot for all the naval stores on the station. The old Admiral could stand on elevated ground and look over his island domain and the busy population of it, and speak forth the words of command as authoritatively, as when standing on the quarter-deck of a man-of-war issuing orders to his gallant tars.

In the summer of 1841, Her Majesty's steamship *Columbia*, Commander Cartwright, arrived from England, for the purpose of surveying the Bay of Fundy and its coasts, under the directions of Admiral Owen. Commander Cartwright and the old Admiral disagreed. The cause of the disagreement was best known to themselves; but it ended in Captain Cartwright leaving the ship *Columbia* and taking up his residence in the City of St. John, having received the appointment of resident hydrographer, in which capacity he acted. Commodore Harding, R. N., was sent out from England to take command of the *Columbia*.

Mr. John T. C. Moses, now a resident of Grand Manan, received an appointment, in the spring of 1842, as assistant surveyor in the service of this naval survey. The *Columbia* steamed over to Annapolis Royal shortly after to regulate her nautical instruments, chronometers, &c., &c., and returned to Campobello to receive fresh orders from the Admiral.

Commander Harding, with an efficient staff of surveyors, went to the City of St. John, remaining about six months in those waters, surveying the harbour and the River St. John. The survey of the river between St. John and Fredericton was performed during the winter on the ice, and the men suffered severely from exposure to cold. These surveys being completed, the *Columbia* steaming to Grand Manan surveyed all the south-east portion of the island—the Murr ledges and the Outer Islands. St. Andrew's Harbour next received attention from the attentive *Columbia*.

In 1843 the Government wharf and a large store were built at Welchpool, and yet remain (although dilapidated monuments) as evidences that the surveying steamer *Columbia* had been there; and the venerable proprietor of the soil, Admiral Owen, and after him

Captain Robinson-Owen, but that they have left the once busy scene of operations, and left it to return never!

They died not on the battle-field; but slept
A quiet sleep—in peace—while others wept.

Sic transit gloria mundi! Such are the fluctuations of human happiness—such the fading of worldly glory!

Three young New Brunswickers—Forbes, Burton and Otty—joined the *Columbia* while on the Bay of Fundy survey. Young Otty subsequently joined a man-of-war on the Mediterranean station; but was unfortunately drowned, just as his promising abilities began to bud for blossom! He was of the City of St. John, and had he lived, would doubtless have won fame for himself and his native city.

The present lighthouse keeper at the southern Wolf Island, Mr. Edward Snell, was Queen's pilot on board the *Columbia*, and from his lone look-out now can find food for reflection.

In the summer of 1844, Admiral Owen went to England in the *Columbia*, his family accompanying him. The old Admiral of Campobello and of the steamship *Columbia* hoisted his broad pennant on going into the harbour of Portsmouth, and felt no doubt something of the spirit within him which swelled the spirit of the brave Collingwood, when he with full flowing topsails carried his ship into action!

Captain Robinson, of the Royal Navy, subsequently arrived from England, and having taken one of the old Admiral's daughters as a life-prize, the son-in-law ultimately became the possessor, the proprietor occupant of Campobello, taking the name of Robinson-Owen; hence afterwards, he was always addressed as Capt. Robinson-Owen.

After Campobello became the property of the son-in-law, he received sundry applications by gentlemen of New York for the purchase of the island, and a surveyor was sent on to survey the entire island, preparatory to the consummation of sale. If the writer has been correctly informed, the stipulated price was one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. And although that reads a large sum, yet, taking the island's wealth of broad acres

into consideration, its unbounded wealth of sea-fishery, its wealth of valuable timber and undergrowth of lovely young trees, its rich pasturage, its numerous leased plots of cultivated gardens and neat residences, its water-power for mill privileges, its minerals, its almost unrivalled beauty of location, and the very *entrepot* for commercial facilities and advantages with the most easterly town of the most easterly state of the United States of America, that amount of money, in comparison with its intrinsic value, is a mere trifle.

It seems rather singular that no sale was effected, as Captain Robinson-Owen was willing to sell, and another party was anxious to buy. The captain's terms, however, were very likely cash down, and therein may have been the cause of no transfer.

There is a portion of the island—Wilson's Beach and vicinity—that is freehold, independent of the rest of the island, which would restrict the purchase of Campobello to certain defined limits, and that, of course, largely interferes with a sole proprietorship. Head Harbour lighthouse, too, with its other erections belong to the Dominion of Canada; and the time has not yet arrived when the Canadian Government will put any of her public works in the market for sale.

The numerous lessees resident on Campobello are too warmly, too firmly attached to the British flag, to see any other hoisted over their heads, emblematical of a foreign lessor. Such as patriotic Major Brown would never consent to it.

Campobello, in common with the other islands of the Bay of Fundy, is the nursery of a hardy, skillful and enterprising race of men, who, should the hour of need demand their services, would prove themselves able and undaunted sailors—men who would never surrender the flag of their country but with their lives. Of such stuff is our islanders composed.

At the time of the threatened Fenian invasion, Campobello was loyal to the core.

The western part of this lovely island approaches the shore of Lubec quite closely. The channel between the American town, Lubec, and the shore of Campobello is narrow, and at low water it looks to the uninitiated as an easy task to wade across.

The attempt, however, would teach the lesson of its impossibility.

At a noted head-land near by rises up from the rushing tide a high rock, which, from its singularly marked resemblance to the head of a monk, has received the name of Friar's Head. Old dame Nature seems to have had a special regard for Grand Manan and Campobello in way of carving out for them the representations of clerical dignitaries! She may have intended the Old Bishop at Northern Head, and the Old Maid at Southern Head, Grand Manan, as representatives of Adam and Eve, but missed it. And, indeed, very few of the posterity of those two ancient worthies would be willing to accept those two rough-looking portraits of humanity as the pictures of the father and mother of us all!

Geographically considered, there is a dissimilarity between Grand Manan and Campobello. For instance, Grand Manan has on its south side, its coves and harbours, and roads and villages. Campobello, on its south eastern side, has no harbour or sheltered cove, or roads, or villages. The western side of Grand Manan offers no favours to seamen or landsmen—in safe harbours, roads, or villages. The north-western side of Campobello has its harbours, its villages, and its gardens. Therein, is the dissimilarity.

WILSON'S BEACH.

This portion of Campobello is no unimportant one. The Wilsons, after whom it is called, carried on a large and lucrative fish trade at one time here, and were highly esteemed, as accommodating and liberal-minded traders. The beach opens out on the river which runs past it from the Bay of Fundy, and between it and Deer Island and Indian Island. It is called the eastern passage, between Eastport and Head Harbour. The tide at either ebb or flood rushes past Wilson's Beach with astonishing velocity; and a vessel, once in the tide, even in a calm, will be carried onwards with wondrous rapidity. The eddies along both shores perform a friendly work in counteracting many a disaster which the whirling tides might otherwise occasion.

There is a Free Will Baptist Church at this place, and quite a population. After the Wilsons closed up

business, the fishermen traded principally at Eastport, but as there is a store there now, a large share of the custom remains there, which proves of great convenience, especially in rough weather and during the winter season. The denominational faith of the people is principally divided between the Episcopalians and the Free Will Baptists. Quackery either in preaching or physic is not sufficiently patronised on Campobello, for any adventurer to try the experiment.

The postal arrangements of and for the island afford good encouragement to the business-man, and to those who wish to hold daily intercourse with newspapers.

The venerable mail-conveyancer, Mr. Rice, of Welchpool, has been on the route between that pool and the town of St. Andrews for many long years, and the many conflicts he has encountered while conveying Her Majesty's mail-bags to and fro between those ports would form quite an interesting chapter. During the winter season, particularly, to navigate the turbulent waters of the Passamaquoddy River and the St. Andrews Bay in a two sail boat, and that without any additional assistance, must have tried the skill and nerve of the fearless mail-man, Mr. Rice. But he was never known to shrink from his duty on account of a storm. Perhaps, indeed, his zeal betimes would appear to out-run his discretion; and when many a man would have let the mail-bags lay over until the storm abated, he would close-reef his sails, and grasping his helm with a practised hand; bear away for the good old shire town of the County of Charlotte.

Welchpool, annually, is the scene of a Fish Fair. At the close of the summer and autumn fishing the fair is held. And competitors for prizes exhibit specimens of fish with as much of the spirit of competition as the best Agricultural Fair can show. This fair proves a jolly time, and invitation cards are posted off in good season, away up the St. Croix, even to Upper Milltown, not omitting St. Andrews, St. Stephen and the American City, Calais, on the way.

New paper editors or their representatives are there; and doctors and lawyers and ministers—both ecclesiastical and governmental—and ladies, all slippered for the dance, do congregate at Welchpool on the happy

occasion of the annual fish fair. Then it is that the fastest sailing boats spread their canvas wings to fly over the waves of the Quoddy, in daring speed to win a first, a second or a third prize. Then it is that many a heart beats high in glowing anticipation of being present at the Campobello fish fair and the ball in the evening!

The ball opens and the spirit of merriment may be supposed to make its appearance; and in the words of the Rev. John Skinner, author of "Tullochgorum" and other songs, sings:

"Lay aside your sour grimaces,
Clouded brows and drumlie faces;
Look about and see their graces,
How they smile delighted.
Now's the season to be merry,
Hang the thoughts of Charon's ferry;
Time enough to turn cametary,
When we're old and doited."

The samples of fish cured at Campobello are very creditable; and the "Finnan haddies" from there, find a ready sale at remunerative prices in the American markets, and in the Provinces of Quebec and Ontario, and elsewhere.

Welchpool has now regular steam communication with St. Andrews; and that of itself is a great acquisition to its many other facilities and advantages.

The Head Harbour light and the keeper's residence stands on a bold, rugged rock, on the extreme north-east point of Campobello, directing the mariner through the channel that leads to Eastport and Indian Island. The West Isles, lying opposite, is only separated from this rocky point and Wilson's Beach by this tide-river, which rushes at all times of tide with great velocity. Head Harbour seems an appropriate name for the Harbour here found. The lighthouse points the way, and vessels seeking safety from a storm, if once within this harbour, can ride out a gale without feeling it. The harbour penetrates the island for a long distance, and with its little separate windings, affords calm security and a lee-shelter that cannot be excelled even by its near neighbor, the far-famed L'Etang. The banks and shores and extended land on each side of this splendid river-harbour presents a very pretty pastoral picture in summer, as flocks of bleating sheep with their sportive lambs enrich the beauty of the scene. The mother of

milk and butter and cheese, too, can occasionally be seen reposing on her verdant couch on a gentle knoll; chewing her cud with the utmost complacency, and quite indifferent to the approaching stranger under canvas. But the stranger-sailor, while looking pleasingly at the good-natured face of the dreamy cow, cannot say with Selkirk: "They are so unacquainted with man, their tameness is shocking to me."

There is a long, narrow stretch of sharp rocks, extending from the keeper's house to the mainland, nearly resembling the back bone of a whale. Over this, when the tide leaves it, is the pathway to the island road. Quite a fair road runs through the middle of the island from east to west; and along this road, here and there, is a small clearing and a small house, a small cow, a small lot of poultry, a few small chickens, with two or three small children. It reminds one forcibly of a new settlement on a small scale. To the lover of inland scenery—of Nature's handiwork in a quiet way—a drive along this central road through Campobello (or to those who prefer a good long walk) with shrubbery and rich undergrowth of woods and tall, waving branches, composing a welcome shade from the heat of cloudless sunshine, this road will be found very pleasant. At some little elbow turnings, there are the prettiest alcoves imaginable, where the velvety grass and thick foliage of saplings, woo the passer-by to rest awhile. They seem, indeed, as though they were for "whisp'ring lovers made."

On leaving this woody road from an eastern starting point, or entering it from the western part of the island, the broad basin-like waters of the Harbour de Lute, fringed at many parts of its here flat and there elevated shores with neat cottages and gardens, impress the beholder with the happiness of those who make happy blending of rural with sea-life their happy choice. The residents of Campobello are thus happily circumstanced. On it is sufficient variety of landscape, to meet the desire of those who love to ramble through the woods; or, if desiring more adventurous recreation, can climb to the top of a lofty spruce, free from apprehension that Bruin may catch him on his descent; or take a stand on the edge of a precipitous cliff, and look out on the ever-heaving bosom of the Bay of Fundy; or casting the eye

downward, see the whirling tides and eddies lashing the rocks of ages beneath his feet. Around it, those who love boating, can enjoy that salt-water luxury to any extent; for bay and river, cove and harbour; are all before them for the using. No doubt many a roving youth, and others, seekers of wealth in distant lands, have often thought when far away from their Campobello Island home, like adopting the words of the poet Gray, and say or sing:

“Ah happy hills! ah pleasing shade!
 Ah fields beloved in vain,
 Where once my careless childhood strayed
 A stranger yet to pain.
 I feel the gales that from ye blow
 A momentary bliss bestow,
 As waving fresh their gladsome wing,
 My weary soul they seem to soothe,
 And redolent of joy and youth,
 To breathe a second spring.”

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CHAPTER VII.

RECAPITULATORY AND CONCLUSIVE.

 Closing the present history of the principal Islands of the Bay of Fundy, in the County of Charlotte, in the Province of New Brunswick, and the Dominion of Canada, a recapitulation may be indulged in, without subjecting the author to the charge of redundancy. A few minor omissions, too, may find their record in this chapter, to as much purpose as if they had appeared in their regular order.

The population of Deer Island, Indian Island and Campobello ought to have been stated under the proper head. It is not yet too late to supply the omission. When the census was taken in 1871 there were in the parish of West Isles (which includes Deer Island, Indian Island and adjacent islets) 299 families; a total population of 1,556—815 of them being males and 741 females.

Campobello contains a population of 1,073—males 571, females 502. The number of families on the island in 1871 was 202.

THE BAY OF FUNDY

Is too important to be omitted in enumerating points and facts connected with the history of our islands.

The pen of the historian of North America, of whatever age or nation, has never failed to chronicle the wonderful tides, which of themselves are sufficient to entitle this bay, on the page of history, to the fame of being the most extraordinary known in the world. When Cabot in 1498—when the adventurous Frenchman DeLevy in 1518—when Sieur de Pont Gravé in 1603—when Champlain and De Monts in 1605—and away back in the centuries of the past, when the Micmac or Algonquin Indian paddled his birch canoe along the

shores, and up and down the rivers, the basins and the lakes of this Acadia—those tides rushed on, as is now their wont, in their unparalleled irresistibility.

It seems almost a tax on the credence of the human mind to imagine a rise of water twice in twenty-four hours to the immense height each of 60 or 70 feet, and yet it has its verification in the tides of the Bay of Fundy.

Other tides, in other parts of the world, pale into insignificance compared with those mighty swellings of our grand old Bay of Fundy.

Cumberland Basin, Cobequid Bay and Avon River are the principal points where those tremendously rushing tides roll on in terrible velocity and sublimity of grandeur. At the last-mentioned place, Avon River, a horseman often has the speed of his horse put to hard trial to escape the fury of the rushing tide as he crosses from Yarmouth to Windsor. When the tide is out the flats are hard and dry, and "a short cut" across the flats from village to town is preferable to a round-about road; but whip and spurs are required betimes to escape the fury of the "bore," as he madly spreads over the flats with a seeming eagerness to outstrip the horse and his rider for their temerity in thus obtruding on his salt water domain. And there have been instances where victims have been overtaken and drowned while attempting to cross the flats, which a little precaution would have prevented. A person acquainted with the tides runs little risk; while one ignorant of their amazing impetuosity, had better travel higher ground than the flats at the head of Avon River.

In dealing with the history of Grand Manan, it ought to be mentioned that, on following the Whale Cove road from North Head to Eel Brook, a very pleasing sight is presented; but the person or persons wishing to see it must take a clear starry night, or even a dark cloudy evening, any time, indeed, after twilight, provided there is no fog to veil the view. On rising a hill, from the top of which Campobello and the North Shore is visible, there is a certain spot of ground from which, as a standpoint, the eye can see the Swallow Tail light, the Point Lepreaux light, the south-west Wolf Island light, the White Head (Bliss Harbour) light, and Head Har-

hour light. Thus, from the one stand-point, without changing position, nothing more than a slight inclination of the head, the lamps of five lighthouses are plainly visible to the beholder. It is well worth the trouble of a walk and the seeking for the spot of ground—the stand-point. The looking for what you are sure to find, has even in itself a sort of teasing charm; but you must not step around, tantivy-like, slow and sure, to see the five lighthouses. The distances from the Northern Head to Head Harbour light and the Wolf Island light, are said to be about equal, and the distance from Wolf Island light to Head Harbour light is equal to its distance from Northern Head; therefore the three angles and the three sides are equal, forming an equilateral triangle of a salt-water area.

Among the many changes for the better, regarding our islands in the bay, the militia drilling may be classed. The men of Grand Manan must be considered sufficiently skilled in military tactics, as there is no training on it in these days. The superior mode adopted years long ago was admirably calculated to effect proficiency; for instance, a valiant captain, whose trusty blade, his good broadsword, now hangs suspended on a rusty nail near a cook stove, would drill his company in this wise: "Take hold of the head of your ram-rod, and ram it down briskly, if you please, gentlemen." A gallant colonel from St. Andrews, Col. Hatch, was present on one of these occasions, and hearing the directions of the captain, smilingly reprimanded him by saying: "There are no such words, sir, in the Drill Book as 'if you please, gentlemen.'" The polite captain succumbed to his superior officer, the noble colonel.

Another Grand Manan captain would order his men, in true fisherman-style, to "ship bagnuts," "unship bagnuts" (bayonets). No wonder the art of war was so speedily learned, under such competent officers. But, those good old days have passed away; the remembrance of them, however, is not so soon forgotten. Woodward's Cove was the field where our hardy fishermen learned to "play sodger"

And where many a potent dram
Caus'd a real fight, and not a sham.

The fishermen, being so accustomed to ship and

unship their boats' rudders, were delighted at receiving orders from their militia captain in their own vernacular; hence a leading cause in their aptitude to learn.

Another object worthy of notice, especially by the curious in such matters, may be seen at Pettes' Cove (this cove has also the name of Sprague Cove). The object of interest referred to is a large opening through the base of a high cliff at the north-western part of the cove, which must have been the work of centuries, formed and eaten through by the action of the tides wearing and tearing, and disintegrating by piece-meal this huge hole through the rock. At low water or before it, and at two hours flood, there is but little difficulty in passing through the cliff by this rugged hall-way. The actual measurement of this gigantic orifice through the massive cliff is 25 feet in length, 8 feet in height and 8 feet wide, so that at high water those who wish to pass through in a boat need find no difficulty, no matter which way the wind blows. A tourist from the states, some few years ago, visited the island, and in a book of his travels describes this hole through the wall of rock; and that, in the face of the cliff through which he had passed, saw a striking profile, which, from its strong resemblance to the face of Washington, he named Washington's Cliff.

The writer of this history, from his view of it, believes that the profile bears a stronger resemblance to the face of Wellington, and, therefore, as it is a Canadian cliff, it seems more seemly to name it Wellington's Cliff, in honour of the British hero of Waterloo. In deep seams high over head, when in this canopy of rock, may be seen a sulphurous sediment, and by laying some of it on the palm of the hand and smoothing it with a knife-blade, it resembles yellow paint. A rich variety of mineral rock is found here, consisting of manganese, crystalized quartz, and baryta. A beautiful specimen was picked up on the last day of June, 1876, of the quartz, that weighs some 10 lbs., glittering and sparkling like the shining stars of the luminous galaxy of the firmament.

Before quite leaving the Northern Head district, around which the narrator's pen loves to linger, the new fish weir, erected at Long's Eddy by Lakeman & Company, merits at least a passing notice. Where there

are so many fish weirs around the shores of the bay, it would seem unnecessary to say a word concerning this recently built Eddy weir; but as nothing of the kind has ever been attempted there before, the undertaking is looked to with considerable interest. The great rush of tide at this place, and the exposure of it to the fury of northerly, easterly and westerly storms, with the whirling eddies withal, have prevented many an ardent fisherman from risking labour and money in the erection of a weir that the first storm might set to wind and wave. It, however, is now there, and from the building of it the enterprising company entertain sanguine hope of a good investment. It has long been noted as a great and favourite resort for fish; and if fishermen are good judges in the signs, then Long's Eddy is just the place for a weir. Instead of driving stakes for brush, bed-pieces of great length have been laid close together, and those ballasted with large stones several feet high. Should this peculiarly-constructed weir prove a success, it will be the harbinger of scores of others, and the Lakeman weir of Long's Eddy will open up a new era in weir building.

It is within the triangle area of salt water, already described, that the Indian in his bark canoe finds his profit and his sport in shooting porpoise. Let the reader picture to himself a calm day, but the waters covered with dense fog, he on the deck of a vessel, and without sea-legs to stand on, holding to the rail to keep up, and from rolling larboard or starboard in motion with the craft. He sees nothing, he hears nothing, save the swash of the rolling wave against the sides of the vessel, and the discordant gratings of the booms and flapping sails, and blocks rubbing their hard heads together so harshly that it seems they do not wish to "swell together in unity." Now the fog lights up—clearer and clearer—there it is clear enough to discern a speck upon the water rising and falling with the undulating waves. Now it becomes plainly discernable. The object seen is an Indian—not an Algonquin, neither a Milicete, but a veritable Micmac. There he stands, with arms folded across his brouzed breast, his dusky features shining in the gleam of sunshine like a polished mirror; the birch canoe, rising and falling

with the gently rolling wave beneath his moccasined feet, seems like little more than a sheet of bark to stand on. But the Micmac knows his canoe, and the tiny, frail-looking thing seems to know its master. There stands the stoical Indian, as impassive as a pillar of marble, away out, miles from shore, a lone occupant of his frail home upon the deep. The beauty of the landscape of surrounding islands, the tops of lighthouses, resembling the white spires of churches in the distance, have lost their usual attractions. The one object, the Micmac in his canoe, only arrests attention. See! he bends forward—now his right arm leaves its mate—the hand grasps the top of something—it is his faithful gun. Almost as quick as thought, it is at his shoulder. A sharp report goes booming over the glassy sea—a tiny cloud of smoke lifts from over the canoe, and the Indian, with his long, coarse black hair streaming down his back, is seen speeding over the waves, with a haste as though life and death were the motive power of his propelling paddles. And so they are. Another moment, and the canoe rocks quietly on the wave, the Indian stoops, rising again instantly, and with his rising in comes into the canoe a porpoise dripping blood. The fat sea-pig of the bay, had unwisely exposed himself to the eagle-like eye of the Micmac—the unerring aim had been taken—and the late stoical Indian had proved himself the impassioned rifleman of the Bay of Fundy. In a short hour or two, the porpoise, late puffing in freedom among the rolling waves, will have his pelt hung across a pole by a wigwam; while the little papoose, almost as oily as the porpoise, is trying an attempt at a war-dance and a war-whoop over the carcass—a faint picture of the bloody scenes of Indian warfare in the olden times.

Ashore, and in proof of the facility of the soil at the Northern Head district, it is only necessary to state the fact, that about the middle of June, 1876, a cabbage was measured in the garden of Rev. Aaron Kenney, which was found to be over thirty inches across from tip to tip of two leaves, potatoes as large as hens' eggs and peas in pod half-grown. At Pettes' Cove beets, in the same month, eight inches high—the leaves broadly covering the rows, and in this case, free from the

enervating influences of hothouse stimulants, thereby excelling the minister's garden. With such evidences, it would be a calumny on the island to charge it with sterility of soil.

As Flagg's Cove, so called, is the leading harbour of Grand Manan, and where the mail-steamer, *William Stroud*, lands her passengers and mails, it is only justice to the travelling public—those who desire or intend to visit the island, either on pleasure or business—to add a few particulars to those previously presented to the reader. The number of family residences are 60, all told, and containing at the present time 75 families. There are 9 shops and stores, 4 wharves and a large number of outbuildings, which were the whole number compacted in town style, would look very favourably from an approach by water. The numerous houses between Griffin's Corner (formerly Dragan's) and Drake's Dock, with the two stores in that district, are not included in the number stated. The buildings, many of them, are delightfully situated. Built on elevated ground, overlooking the broad cove and outer islets, and being neatly painted, a stranger, having pictured in his mind a fishing hamlet of rade cabins, would find himself most agreeably disappointed, especially when on landing, and a walk of five minutes—no more—to find himself seated with tables before him, spread, and spread abundantly, with healthy aliment for body and for mind.

North Head at Flagg's Cove is the starting point for peddlers and travelling agents for business firms who visit Grand Manan. From there they diverge to all parts of the island, like spokes of a wheel from the hub—a comparison, not odious to those commercial irradiators of dark-coloured calicoes. Two new stores in course of erection, and a very fine dwelling intended to be shortly built at Griffin's Corner—a site (either for public or private building) that can hardly be excelled, if equalled, on the island—will add to the beauty of the place. A public hall will also be built at North Head. The land has been purchased, and funds raised towards the accomplishment of that laudable undertaking.

Thus has progressed that portion of Grand Manan, now known as District Number One, within the very

few scores of years since the good old veteran pioneers in its settlement, Flagg and Spragne, pitched their tents, with the resolve each "here will I live and here will I die;" and so they did, living useful lives, and dying peaceful deaths.

The postal facilities, too, which this important island enjoys, presents a striking contrast with those of the past. Years ago, and not long ago, a small schooner would fly the mail-flag over, very likely, a dozen of newspapers and half as many letters; and passengers, if any, would much rather prefer a seat on the lumbered-up deck, although saturated with salt-water spray, than go below and enjoy the delectable oscillation of pitching and plunging in sweet harmony with Her Majesty's mail-vessel. Betimes a small sailboat was brought into requisition. The salary to the mail-carrier would not justify him in indulging himself with the luxury of a fish-schooner, rendered delightfully odoriferous by the presence of old oil barrels, decayed fish tubs, and swashing bilge water. Then the wail of the mail-carrier, echoed by some sympathising friends, or the cry of a sorely grieved passenger, would reach the ear of the mighty and the merciful House of Assembly and the Governor in Council, and a few more dollars would be added to the salary of the Grand Manan mail-carrier. Things got better at last. 700 dollars were granted as an annual compensation, and a fast-sailing vessel, well fitted for freight and passengers, was put on the route as a regular packet. She was called the *Carrier Dove*, and the people of the island and others hailed her with joy akin to old Noah, when he received the dove into the ark. There was one vessels previous to the *Dove* that merited the name of packet, the *Grapeshot*, built by Capt. Eben Gaskill for a packet, as he had had encouragement (by promises) to do so, but he had good cause to lose faith in the promises, and the handsome little *Grapeshot* turned her cannon's mouth in another direction than the post-office. The 700 dollars' grant was finally overwhelmed by 4000 dollars subsidy, to have a steamer run twice each week during the summer months and once a week the rest of the year, between St. Stephen and North Head and Woodward's Cove, Grand Manan, touching at St. Andrews, Eastport (Me.), and Campo-

bello, with and for mails, and other mails, and females, too, should they desire to step on board the *William Stroud*. This little steamer has been recently fitted up very creditably, and is now well provided with suitable accommodation for freight and passengers; and more than all, the mail-bags are not likely to be immersed in salt water, as they used to be betimes on board the sailboats, so much so, that newspapers and even letters had frequently to be dried before being read. Travellers intending to visit Grand Manan can always make close connections at Eastport, as the *Stroud* leaves there every Monday and Thursday forenoon for the island. Fare, one dollar, United States currency.

Grand Harbour has two heaths in close proximity to the village which entitle them to distinction, by producing a singular kind of fruit called (perhaps from a similarity in colour) "baked apple." The plant or stalk on which it grows is not over 5 or 6 inches in height. Only one "apple" on a stalk. The fruit is about the size of a large walnut cut in two. It makes a delicious preserve, and is a general favourite with the most fastidious epicurean. It is not only a splendid preserve, but is very pretty withal, and handsome and nice enough to take a proud position on the table of royalty. Let any visitor enquire for "Gardner's Heath," and test the "baked apple."

The sad disasters and shipwrecks of the Bay of Fundy have been numerous. Hundreds of human lives have been lost in the terrible storms that have swept over the bay from time to time. Not unfrequently a vessel has left her native port, freighted with men, women and children, all intent on a pleasure-trip, when in a few short hours they have been engulfed in the sea—the howling winds and the roaring, breaking waves singing their requiem as they went struggling down to their ocean graves.

It has been the merciful work of some persons to have proved themselves instrumental in rescuing many fellow-mortals from impending death, even along the shores, the ledges and the islets of Grand Manan. Mr. John Kent and his sons did much in this way, dating away back to the year 1810, when Capt. Burnham and 3 men were saved by them; in 1811, the ship *Duke of*

Kent, capt. and 39 men; the same year, a schooner and 4 men and a brig and 9 men; and so on, up till 1824, having rescued from 1810 up to 1824, 93 men. This good work, after the death of John Kent, was followed up by his son, Jonathan Kent, ending with the year 1863, and numbering 80 lives saved—total 173 persons rescued from watery graves by the Kent-family; and in many cases relief in food and clothing extended the saved ones.

But a brighter day has dawned over the waters of the Bay of Fundy, since the dark era of 1810, when no warning light threw its gleams of merciful interposition far over the treacherous rock and yawning wave. Machias Seal Island light, Gannet Rock light, the Swallow Tail light; with Long's Eddy fog-whistle, all stand as faithful sentinels to warn the mariner of impending danger.

Grand Manan has thus her watchguards through the long dark hours of night, holding up her luminous lamps to the anxious sailor, as he looks longingly for the beacon-star to guide him on his course.

The other islands, even to that little group called the Wolves, has on the most southern island a revolving light, flashing forth to almost all points of the compass its shining to the distance, in clear weather, of 20 miles. And the Head Harbour red cross white light flings its bright sheenings away over the main channel that conducts the keel of steamer or of barque far up the silvery waters of the St. Croix River, even to the very head of tide-water, where the hospitable and enterprising town of St. Stephen, N. B., and the city of Calais, Me., are continually engaged in laudable rivalry of commercial industry.

To return to the consideration of the principal product of our islands in the Bay of Fundy, and to give in detail yearly statistics of the value of fish exported—pickled, dried and smoked—would swell our little history far beyond its limited pages. Such detail, if presented, would carry the reader along through a regular ratio of progression, step by step, elucidating the steady and gradually increasing value of the fisheries in the bay. But as this is impracticable here, it must suffice for the present purpose to take the catch of two

years; lay fish, facts and figures side by side, in close proximity, and by this juxtaposition evidence, see the ultimatum of the progressive principle.

From an authentic record kept in the year 1829, the money value—in fact the money realized by the sales of all the fish caught on Grand Manan in that year—amounted to four thousand dollars. Now, passing over 46 years (having to more than epitomize), and coming down to the year 1875, we find, by a similar authentic statistic, that the sales of that year's catch of fish on Grand Manan amounted to two hundred and eighty-six thousand eight hundred and forty-six dollars, which any arithmetician can soon ascertain to be a yearly average increase of over 6148 dollars. Surely that fact is satisfactory evidence of the steady increase of the value of the fisheries of the parish of Grand Manan. A sum of 6148 dollars annual increase for the last 46 years. Were the products of the soil and the increase of live stock, cattle and sheep, to be added to the value of the fish, the figures would read a very handsome increase. And as it is with the Island of Grand Manan, so with those other islands of Charlotte County. Apart from exhibiting statistics, the proofs are manifest. The residences, the churches, the schoolhouses, the stores, the wharves, the boats, the vessels, the cultivated fields, the roads, the horses, cows, oxen, sheep, and poultry, with here and there the rural hog-pen, all testify to the steady march of improvement.

And what of the increase of human population? It would require more men—more by hundreds than peopled Grand Manan from Deep Cove to Eel Brook in the old days of the Seal Cove Dr. Faxon, when Jack Tar sang his rebel song—to catch and cure fish to bag nearly 300,000 dollars! The island has those men.

The population has gone on, and goes on increasing; and as fingers multiply, hooks on the trawls multiply, and quintals of fish multiply, and boxes of smoked herring multiply, and dollars multiply, and so goes on the multiplying process of the steady, gradual, increasing development of prosperity, pecuniary and intellectual.

The hake-fishing season, which usually begins in July

and ends with the first fall month, or, as it sometimes happens, runs into October, is always looked forward to with ardour full of hope, by the fishermen. It is, indeed, an epoch in the island fisheries of more than usual interest, animation and profit. At this period Pettes' Cove presents a most animated picture of fishing life. To see upwards of 30 boats and 60 men landing on the beach—the boats filled with large fish, and the men with bared arms and keen knives commencing the work of "dressing" on large tables prepared for the occasion, is no dull sight. It is only the expert and well-trained fisherman who can "go through" a fish in artistic style! To watch the process is not without its charm to a student of surgery. First the decapitation, then the embowelling, next the scientific cut-vertebral, followed by the dexterous pluck of the backbone from the all unconscious hake, and the whole post-mortem process is completed. The heads, back-bones and other unused portions of the entrails are cast upon the beach, to be carted away for compost-manure, or spread upon fields as fertilizers; or as in too many cases, permitted to remain until the tides wash them away, or they become exceedingly offensive by reason of the noxious effluvia arising from putrefying on the shore. The hake is a very profitable fish. First the hake will take in salt in its curing nearly equal in weight to itself; and as fishermen are reputed, like sailors, to possess very generous dispositions, knowing this peculiarity of the hake, it is not to be supposed that the salters will be parsimonious in its application to the body corporate. Then the livers are sold as soon as taken from the fish at prices varying from 60 to 80 cents a bucket, or otherwise put in barrels or casks to melt into oil by the heat of the sun. Fishermen, generally, prefer selling them to those who make a business of preparing oil for the market, considering it the most profitable mode. Then the sounds are washed, dried and sold at good prices, from fifty cents to one dollar. The latter price has been paid, and much competition among buyers is always manifested. The gold dust of California in its palmyest days could not have caused greater excitement and rivalry among buyers than the veritable hake sounds among traders in sounds. A novel idea struck the minds of our fishermen one season.

Prices ran high, strange reports and false rumors were circulated, having their headquarters in Eastport, concerning the prices offered by American firms. The idea was to unite together in solid, hake sounds phalanx, bring every man, woman and child his, her or its amount of sounds together, and offer the whole for sale by auction. The fishermen, rightly judging of human nature by themselves, that this plan would bring out all the buyers, and as determined competition would give the sellers the full benefit of the spirit of opposition in the buyers, the sounds were collected, the auction took place. One trader found little or no opposition; the scheme, well-planned, failed; and the result was that the subsequent mode adopted was and is to this day: "Every one," in selling sounds "on his own hook." Thus the hake is exceptionally the profitable fish of the bay in body, liver and sound.

Fears are entertained by many fishermen—men of thinking minds and large experience—that the trawling system is calculated to prove extremely detrimental to the fisheries. The previous mode of catching line-fish was by hand lines; and although a more tedious operation, yet quite remunerative without exhausting the supply. Now, however, the fishermen complain that this trawling will eventually, indeed in a very few years, perhaps not so long, destroy the in-shore fishing. If so small boats will prove useless, and the young men will either have to go in vessels on deep sea fishing voyages, or otherwise have to leave their homes and homesteads for other lands. Those in-shore fishermen complain that schooners anchor miles from shore, and by setting their trawls so far outside of the in-shore lines, keep the fish from striking nearer the land, and, consequently, they, the in-shore fishermen, must either follow them miles from shore in their small boats, which is next to impossible in windy weather, or relinquish the only avocation they have followed as the means of support for themselves and families. There is, therefore, a very fair opportunity now for the Department of Marine and Fisheries at Ottawa, and certain other parties not so far from salt water as Ottawa, to look into such matters, and govern themselves accordingly.

With the present history of the islands of the Bay of

Fundy, in Charlotte County, before them, and the public generally, no person can claim ignorance of the importance of those islands as a portion of the Dominion of Canada, and of the necessity to look carefully into the best means available to add to that importance, to foster, by wise and just legislation, the natural resources of those islands, and to assist the people in their hazardous and laborious calling to yet greater developments in working out their part, to their own individual advancement, and to the common interest of this "Canada of ours."

Taking the population, the area, the wealth and the native talent, and in many the cultured minds of the parish of Grand Manan, the parish of West Isles, and of Campobello into consideration, it seems strange that those islands have not been represented in the Legislature of the Province of New Brunswick, by one of themselves—a resident of any one of the islands. No local jealousy ought to exist on this point. No matter whether of Grand Manan proper, or any of its outlying islands; whether of White Head or Nantucket; whether from the near proximity of the Old Bishop or that of the Old Maid, near Deep Cove, or here or there; no matter if a resident of Welchpool or Wilson's Beach, or Harbour de Lute, or Indian Island, or even Thrum Cap, or Lord's Cove, or Fairhaven, or Chocolate Cove, or no cove at all—anywhere on Deer Island—it matters not—on the subject of those important islands sending one of their own men to represent their ever-increasing interests in the Provincial Parliament of New Brunswick, there should be no dissent. Let those island parishes be a unit in this matter. Let the people decide to put shoulder to shoulder in this cause, and there will not be found votes enough in the County of Charlotte to leave that island candidate at home. It cannot be expected that an outsider—one whose home, relatives, associations, property, interests, are all on the mainland—feels and takes that interest in the prosperity of the islands that he takes in his own locality, and those nearer to him than the islands. It is the duty therefore, of the islanders to be true to themselves, their families and their homes, and no longer remain passive in this absolutely necessary work of political reform;

but begin to think well of it, look into it, appreciate the necessity, and collecting all their electoral strength together, use it wisely and well, elect their man, call him out by requisition as the man of their choice, and send him forth from that political focus, the ballot-box, wearing the garland of victory, to be their mouth-piece and their representative on the floor of the Legislature of their country.

There is an end to all things here below sooner or later; and on counting our pages of manuscript, we are admonished that the end of our little history draweth nigh. Many hours have passed pleasantly in compilation. And yet they are remembered with regret. Regret that the work has been so imperfectly performed; so much left undone that ought to have been done, and *vice versa*. The author is neither ignorant nor indifferent to the critical crucible it has to pass through, and yet he will not so cringe with fear and trembling as to beg of critics to be merciful. Like, rather, the stern battlement of nature's rocks which face defiantly the lashings of the merciless sea, he looks unmoved upon the sneering lip and would-be caustic pen.

Having no pecuniary equivalent in view—free from that consideration—his one ardent, deep, sincere desire is that the little brief history of the islands treated of, all unpretentious as it is, will tend to make those islands better known—will give them a place, “a local habitation and a name”—among the many portions of British North America, confederated as they are into one great and rising nationality, known by the name of The Dominion of Canada.

The writer has not drawn upon imagination to picture by pen sketches the loveliness, the picturesqueness, the beauty of those islands as they lay out and rise up among the waves of the Bay of Fundy. They need but to be seen to be admired. The words of the poet Cowper are applicable to them:

“Scenes must be beautiful which daily view'd,
Please daily; and whose novelty survives
Long knowledge and the scrutiny of years.”

And, now to close, let the pen of Colonial pa-

triotism write, and the heart of Canadian patriotism feel, that

As the high fame of the Dominion grows;
As farmers till the soil, and fishers fish the sea—
Contented in prosperity—
Resigned in adversity—
And beneath high Heaven's approving smiles,
Our own lov'd Bay of Fundy's lovely isles,

will, in the next decade of years, judging from the past, afford a yet richer field for interesting and gratifying reminiscences.

THE END.

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