

Duplicate

**Footprints Around and
About Bedford Basin.**



By **GEORGE MULLANE.**

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FOOTPRINTS AROUND AND ABOUT BEDFORD BASIN

A DISTRICT BRIMFUL OF
ROMANTIC ASSOCIATIONS.

SOME INTERESTING FACTS
ABOUT ITS EARLY HISTORY.

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SOME INTERESTING FACTS ABOUT ITS EARLY HISTORY.

[BY GEORGE MULLANE.]

One of the most beautiful sights of a bright June day is obtained by standing amongst the scented foliage and viewing the sparkling waters of Bedford Basin. Looking from Mount St. Vincent a delightful expanse of water greets the observer's eye, extending four miles across to the wooded shores of the eastern side. The harbor, at the Narrows, is less than a mile across—beyond this it expands again into Bedford Basin, with its ten square miles of safe anchorage.

A drive to Bedford gives a most charming view, through a district brimful of romantic associations. It was on the shore of this basin that the Duke of Kent held his colonial court, presided over by a beautiful companion and friend from the Island of Martinique. Along the road close by galloped his coach, with six spanking bays with outriders, and a staff of thirty officers, bound for the Lodge, where, perchance, a grand ball was being given in honor of the King's birthday.

The remains of the prince's music pavilion still stands on a height which overlooks the water. It was indeed a famous place in its day, and the memory of the brilliant functions yet linger as a tradition, albeit the Lodge is sadly shorn of its former glory. In another place will be given Judge Halibarton's famous description of the Lodge, as he saw it in its early decay.

Not far from the Mount lived a distinguished peninsular soldier, and governor of the province—Sir John Cope Sherbrooke. The whole atmosphere here is teeming with romantic interest, and it shall be our endeavor to present its more lively features in a few off-hand sketches.

The earliest reference to Halifax harbor and Bedford Basin is to be found in Champlain's Voyages, first volume. The great French explorer says: From Sesambro (Sambro) we passed a very safe bay, (Baie Sain), containing seven or eight leagues, where there are no islands on the route except at the head of it, where there is a small river.

The Sackville river is no doubt the small river referred to. There appears to have been a settlement of French fishermen at Chebuctou, under the auspices of one of the many private companies which came into being after the dissolution of the Company of New France. It is impossible to locate the exact spot where the village of fishermen stood, but the evidence seems conclusive that it was on the west side of the Basin.

The governor of Acadia, Chevalier de Villebon, visited the settlement in 1698. After his visit he suggested to his government that the fishermen of the Basin be employed in the seal fishery during the winter months. Villebon made a return visit the next

year, but found that the settlement had declined, nine men only being left, the remainder having withdrawn to Boston. Of these nine, three were Irishmen, the remainder, with the priest and surgeon, were French, the majority who had left were Huguenots, and probably could not get along with their brethren of the old faith. This fishing hamlet did not flourish very long, as it would appear that a botanist from the Royal Gardens, who sailed from Rochelle in search of plants, arrived at Chebucton about 1699, and found the place without inhabitants, but saw the remains of their flakes, which they had used for drying their fish. Diereville goes on to say that the place was without inhabitants: "it had been made before the last war by French fishermen, who were settlers there for a company, which did not find it profitable."

He found Indians there, and entertained three of the chiefs on board his ship. They took him to see the grave of the missionary, Thury, who had recently died, and which they had covered with pebbles smoothed to a level surface.

During the war between France and against England, Holland and Russia shortly after the accession of Queen Ann, in 1702, the governor of Acadia stationed look-out parties at Chebucton that they might speak the French men-o'-war in the Spring and give them news. History is silent as to Chebucton and the Bedford Basin for upwards of twenty-one years. We know comparatively nothing about this splendid sheet of water until the unfortunate de Rochefoucauld duc d'Anville, with his scattered fleet, sought shelter and refreshments for his sick and sorely tried crews in Bedford basin. After the death of the first and second in command of the French expedition, the command devolved upon la Jonguiere, the governor of Canada, who was on board the flagship. He ordered, after the missing transports had arrived, some of the soldiers to disembark and encamp on the western side of the Basin near the Four-mile House, which still bears the name of the *French Landing*.

Before the remnant of the great French armada had departed from the Basin they burned some of the prize vessels that had been captured on the voyage out from France. The ribs and hull of one

of these vessels could still be seen about 1830, buried deeply in the sand at low tide off the shore at Millview, but not a trace of them, to the human eye, is now to be seen.

In an old map of the plan of Halifax the Basin is called Torrington Bay, probably after Admiral Torrington. It did not long retain this name, as it was shortly after named Bedford, in honor of the Duke of Bedford, who was Secretary of State when the town was founded.

Cornwallis wrote to his government as follows: "I have seen but brooks; nor have as yet found a navigable river that has been talked of. There are a few French families on each side of the river about three leagues off (Bedford). Some have been on board.

Long before Cornwallis and the first settlers came to Chebucto a road led from the head of the Basin through the forest to Pisequid (Windsor). And as this forest road would be the natural route for the enemies of the settlement to take, in an intended attack on the new town, the Governor at once set about to secure the point by placing a company of soldiers at Bedford and erecting a palisade for defence there. On July 23rd, 1749, writing with reference to the protection of the new settlement from the French in the interior, he intimated that he intends placing a company "at the head of the Bay where the road to Minas begins."

THE ROAD AROUND THE BASIN.

In October, 1749, Cornwallis wrote that some of the French inhabitants had been employed in cutting a road from the head of the bay (Bedford) to the town. We have here the first intimation of a road on the western side of the Basin being made. The fort at Sackville was occupied by Gorham's Rangers, who were skilled in woodcraft and the ways of Indians, who patrolled the forest along the shores of the Basin for lurking foes.

The fort stood on a hill to the east of the Sackville River, and was built of wood and surrounded by a palisade.

Mr. Regina'd V. Harris, to whom the public is indebted for the facts about Sackville, says:

"The old house on the hill back of the fort has a most interesting history of its own. The frame work of this manor house is built of Norwegian

oak, brought to this country one hundred years ago, and is still in a splendid state of preservation. It seems to have been the local residence of the commanders at the fort, and among these may be mentioned Colonel Scott and Colonel Beresford, though one source of information indicates that the latter was on the retired list. Colonel Beresford exchanged his English residence with one Lister, a local land proprietor, for all the land lying between what is now known as Sucker's Brook and Parker's Brook."

The first officer stationed at the head of the Basin was Captain John Goreham. In September, 1749, he carried to what is now Sackville materials of all kinds for barracks, and an armed sloop was ordered by Governor Cornwallis to assist him. His instructions were to remain with his company of rangers all winter.

Captain, afterwards Lieut.-Col. Goreham, and his brother Joseph, also an officer, were employed on military duty in Nova Scotia before the founding of Halifax.

Captain John was with Colonel Noble's New England troops at Grand Pre, but was absent when the memorable attack was made by the French, in which the commander of colonial troops and his brother lost their lives. He was returning from Annapolis with a despatch from Governor Mascarene when he met the provincials in retreat. He afterwards came to Halifax with Mascarene to meet Governor Cornwallis, and was sent to the head of the Basin, as before stated, with his rangers, to build Fort Sackville and scour the woods between the fort and Windsor for Indians. In 1752 he was appointed to the governor's council. The two brothers, Goreham, saw considerable service from the time of the taking of Louisburg by Sir William Pepperall down to the time of the revolutionary war in America. John Goreham commanded at Cumberland during Eddy's rebellion, and was tried by court martial for favouring the Cumberland rebels and reprimanded. Joseph Goreham rose to be a Major-General in the British army.

He married at Halifax, Ann, daughter of Captain John Spry, Royal Engineers, who afterwards settled at Spryfield, back of the North-West Arm. Lieut.-Col. Joseph later commanded at Placentia, Nfld. They were the sons of Col. Shubal Goreham, of Barn-

stable, Mass, an old Indian fighter on the frontiers of the province.

John was not a favorite with Cornwallis, who said "he was no soldier." Likely enough this was old country prejudice against a colonial who was acquainted with the methods of Indian warfare, of which Cornwallis had no experience. Cornwallis would have removed him from his command, but had no power, as Goreham held a commission in the regular army. Descendants of Joseph Goreham's daughter, Ann Spry, are living in England.

John Thomas, a surgeon in Winslow's expedition of 1755 against the Acadians, informs us that after the New England troops had finished their work hunting down the remaining Acadians that he left Fort Edward (Windsor or Pisquid) on the 6th December, 1755, early in the morning. On the 7th he says: we marched early this morning, at half-past seven. The land abounds with birch and hemlock, the soil very good, but very stony. We encountered not far from a freshwater river, called the Twelve Mile River, it being about 12 miles from Sackville. This river abounds with salmon.

On the 8th the troops resumed their march. Thomas says: we had some rain. We marched early this morning, had travelling, marched over bogs, high hills, rocky and uneven ground, but the soil appears to be good. It abounds with birch and hemlock. We travelled twelve miles, and came to a small fort at the head of a fine large basin, called Halifax Basin. The fort is called Fort Sackville, it contains near an acre of ground. It is built with pickets, four square, has but one cannon and a few swivel guns, no blockhouse, and in my opinion may be easily taken. It is generally garrisoned with one captain, one subaltern, and fifty men. When we arrived at this fort it was almost sunset. We concluded to continue at the fort for the night. It is ten miles from Halifax, and the travelling excessively bad.

8th Dec. Pleasant day. We all lodged at Fort Sackville last night. Major Preble marched in the morning with his party for Halifax.

I got a passage in a boat for Halifax and came down the Basin and landed in the town at 3 p. m. It is eight miles by water from Fort Sackville: this basin abounds with codfish and

mackerel, and as I am informed, there is 70 fathoms of water in many parts, and is so large as to contain the whole British navy. Major Preble marched into Halifax with his party at 3.30 p. m., where they had sufficient barrack prepared for them."

Thus we see by the quaint diary of Surgeon Thomas that Winslow's New Englanders after they had completed their sad work, in expelling the Acadians, marched into Halifax by the Bedford Basin road.

BIRCH COVE.

On a copy of an old plan of lands on the western side of Bedford Basin, *Birch Cove* is mentioned as having been granted to Captain Otis Little. Captain Little was an officer of one of the Independent companies, and came out with the first settlers in the frigate *Canning*. He had served in Nova Scotia, previous to the settlement, and was well acquainted with the country and its resources. He published, in 1746, in London, a pamphlet dealing with the fisheries, resources and climate of the country. Pointing out the most suitable plans for defence, he mentioned an island in the Basin of Minas, where a fort could be made. He knew the Grand Pre settlement, and spoke of the Stone house built by the English there.

On arriving at the new settlement Little was appointed by Colonel Cornwallis Commissary of Stores, which position he held until 1751, when he was dismissed for remissness in his duties. It does not appear that while he held the grant at Birch Cove he made any effort to improve the land. Some years afterwards his grants, both in the new town and on the Basin, at Birch Cove, were escheated. These grants, after being escheated, were re-granted to Benjamin Green—the first Treasurer of the province. Green advertised for sale among other property on November 14, 1769, a lot of land on the west side of Bedford Basin, near the Block House, consisting of 300 acres, and a lot on the same side of 100 acres, and three hundred acres on the east side of Bedford Basin. A notice of escheat said that Otis Little left certain parcels of land "dilect and unimproved." After his dismissal by Cornwallis, Little disappeared from Nova Scotia.

Birch Cove in old days was named Block House Cove—from a block house

in the vicinity for the protection of the settlers. It was near by this spot where the Acadians or neutrals, as they were called, had settled when they made their way back after their expatriation. After the close of the French war many of the exiled Acadians returned to Nova Scotia and settled at St. Mary's Bay and elsewhere. Rev. Mr. Bailly came in 1768 at the request of the governor, urged thereto by the Indians and Acadians, to continue the work of Abbe Maillard. He was young and vigorous and full of zeal, qualities that were essential to the missionary who had so vast a field to cultivate.

Governor Franklin received him well, as did also his successor, Governor Campbell. Writing from Halifax 23rd May, 1769, to the Bishop of Quebec, Bailly pointed out the difficulties of the mission owing to the people being scattered in all directions. On 22nd of July of the same year he said that he had experienced many favors from Governor Campbell, and his council; that they had obtained for him an allowance of one hundred pounds from the King. The zealous Father again writing from Halifax, 24th April, 1771, said: "The government appears opposed to the increase of missionaries, and all this opposition came from the Presbyterians and the people of New England. Last winter I said mass for three months in this town, when suddenly I had to seek a secluded spot six miles from town in order to celebrate on Sundays. I need not have done this had I consented to shut the door of the barn wherein I had been saying mass, against all except the Acadians and Indians. The Governor continues to honor me with his protection, as do also the principal persons.

Two Presbyterian ministers have preached publicly against me; I have been named in the papers. They say if the King is permitted to place a priest in Nova Scotia, it will be tolerated should he put one in Boston. The establishment of a priest in Nova Scotia is, they say, the disgrace of the present reign. The secluded spot, or literally, as Father Bailly has it, "a hole in the country," was Birch Cove.

In 1769, Father Bailly baptised a child there; that same year he advised some Acadian families, who lived near Halifax, to go to Minudie and take up land. This they did, as a daughter of one of them informed P. Gandet, Archbishop O'Brien, in his life of

Bishop Burke, was convinced that this was the spot. It is about six miles from town: there were Catholics there as the register of baptisms proves. The barn in which Father Bailly celebrated mass in Halifax to the sons of Erin was owned by the first Michael Tobin, and stood on South street, almost opposite Hillside house. Mr. Tobin came to Halifax in 1700.

In spite of the atrocious penal laws, the people of Halifax, with the exception of the puritans from New England, tolerated their brethren of the old faith, and winked at the evasion of the acts of oppression passed by the first parliament, convened in 1758. Few have read the acts passed by the first Assembly of the province—the statutes that lack, so painfully to the present generation, the spirit of religious toleration. It does not require a fertile imagination to picture the Irish Catholics, after the barn chapel was closed, stealing out of town in the dim light of early morning of a Sabbath day, and wending their way along the Bedford road to Birch Cove, to be present at the celebration of mass. Among those wayfarers to the "hole in the country" could be seen leading pioneer Roman Catholics such as William Meany, John Cody, James Kavanagh, John Mallowney, John Murphy, Michael Tobin, Constant Connor, who were eventually to gain recognition for their faith from Governor Andrew Snape Hammond and his Council, and to be obliged no longer to test the sincerity of their belief by long journeys to Birch Cove. The following is the amended act which gave liberty to Roman Catholics to worship in public:

"An act for the relieving His Majesty's subjects professing the popish religion from certain penalties imposed upon them by two acts of the General Assembly of this province made in the thirty-second year of his late majesty, entitled: an act confirming titles to lands and quieting possessions; and an act for the establishment of religious public worship in the province and for suppressing of popery."

On the 27th September, 1768, John Tracey applied for a grant of 500 acres of land in the back range of lots at Bedford Basin adjoining the late Mr. Monk's lands at Birch Cove. The Council agreed to the application provided the land asked for was unoccupied. It was on this land, towards Kearney

lake, that the Acadians probably built their temporary habitations, when they made their way back from the colonies after their expatriation.

Murdoch says: "That a fire raged in the woods back of Birch Cove from the 28th to 31st of May 1782, destroying on Sunday 28th, Bedford Lodge. This lodge was built by the Monk family. One of them, George Monk, afterwards Judge Monk, had a town house on Hollis street near the Halifax hotel on the opposite side.

Andrew Belcher afterwards built a residence at Birch Cove. He was a son of the first chief justice of Nova Scotia, and became a successful merchant about the time the Duke of Kent was commander-in-chief on this station. He was the father of Admiral Sir Edward Belcher, the famous Arctic explorer. Andrew Belcher's portrait was done by Field, and once graced the walls of the Rockingham Club. After Mr. Belcher removed to England his house at Birch Cove became the summer residence of Sir John Coape Sherbrooke, K. B., who greatly enlarged it and improved the grounds. The house was built on three sides of a square. Sir John was one of Wellington's gallant captains. He was born 1764, the third son of William Coape, J. P., of Farnah, in Duffield, Derbyshire. His father took the name of Sherbrooke on his marriage in 1756, with Sarah, daughter and co-heiress of Henry Sherbrooke. Sir John Sherbrooke entered the army as an ensign in the 4th Regt. of Foot, 1780. He got a company in the 85th Regt., 1783. He afterwards became a captain in the 33rd Regiment; and was stationed in the Halifax garrison in 1784. It was while on detachment duty at Sydney, C. B., that a remarkable ghost incident occurred. He and a brother officer named Winyard, while sitting conversing in their quarters, saw a figure pass through the room, and Winyard recognised it as his brother who, as he afterwards learned, had died in England at the time the apparition appeared.

Sir John Sherbrooke received his majority in 1794, and was at Ostend in the 83rd, in the Duke of York's unfortunate expedition, and served in the latter part of the campaign, went to India in 1799 and took part in the Mysore war. Distinguished himself greatly in India, was knocked down by a ball at the battle of Malvallah, but re-

covered himself and got up and was mentioned in despatches for bravery.

Sir John Sherbrooke was described as a short, square, hardy, little man, of a very determined character. After important services in Italy, he became second in command to the "iron duke" in 1800 in Spain. He was again mentioned in the despatches by Wellesley, as well as in the general orders, for the manner in which he led his division to the bayonet charge. For this conduct he obtained the king's approbation. His health broke down while in the peninsular and he returned to England in 1810.



GENERAL SIR JOHN COAPE
SHERBROOKE.

On the 4th June, 1811, he was appointed lieutenant-governor of Nova Scotia and remained here during the war of 1812-15. He was presented with a piece of plate by the legislature of this province, for good work done during the war; valued at £1,000. His portrait was also painted at expense of the government and is now to be found in the Halifax Club. After

leaving Nova Scotia he became Governor-General of Canada. He died in 1830 in England. His wife was a daughter of Rev. Reginald Pynder, rector of Madresfield, Worcestershire. His sister was the mother of Robert Lowe who became Earl of Sherbrooke. The old house at Birch Cove stood on the site of Mrs. Dickson's residence. A Colonel McDougall lived in it in the thirties of the last century, and it was the scene of many a gay function in old days. The property afterwards came into the hands of the Donaldson family.

The following poem, descriptive of the charming lake scenery at Birch Cove was considered of sufficient merit to be given a prominent place in the pages of a literary periodical of much excellence, which was published in Halifax in the early fifties of the last century. The periodical in question had an all too brief existence:

LINES OCCASIONED BY A VISIT TO BIRCH COVE
LAKE.

"Favored spot of ground!
Where'er we gaze, around, above, below,
What rainbow tints, what magic charms are
found.
Rock, forest, stream, lake, mountain, all abound,
And bluest skies that harmonize the whole;
Beneath, the distant torrent's rushing sound
Tells where the volumed cataract doth roll
Beneath those hanging rocks, which shock, yet
please, the soul." BYRON.

Hail, hail glorious landscape! thy grandeur
tremendous
Description shall never have power to name!
O who could look down from thy cliffs so stu-
pendous!
Nor feel his soul tremble with awe in his frame!

There is something that lives in thy wildness
so daring,
So pregnant with nature's unquenchable pride;
That the dullest would tremble thy beauties
revering—
Thy wild rocky steeps, and thy cataract's tide,

Sublimè are thy cascades unceasingly roaring,
And sublime are thy rocks that eternally frown;
That in wood-covered bloom to the heavens are
soaring,
Or bare bosomed majesty proudly look down.

On the waves which beneath them in wild
foaming whiteness,
O'er the dark yawning gulf like the lightning
are driven;
When illumed by the sun they compeer with
his brightness,
While their roaring resembles the thunder of
heaven.

How glorious to view, where the noontide sun's
beaming,
The rainbow like tints of thy cascades arise,
Which fall back in pearls of purest light—
gleaming
With the mellowest shadings and lights of the
skies.

Sweet landscape! thou'rt nature enthroned in
her greatness,
Thou art nature enshrined in her glooms and
her light!
Thy lofty dark hills, and thy cataract's fleetness,
Contrast in proportion eternally bright.

Thy blue mountain reared in some wild freak
of nature,
Sublimely exalts its dark head to the skies;
And trees hoar with age, and of colossal
stature,
Midst lightning-cleft rocks most majestic arise.

Thy pure crystal streamlets unceasingly flow-
ing,
Untroubled and smooth through the wood-
mantled vale;
On their emerald banks the sweet wild flowers,
blowing,
Greet the eye with delight, and the senses re-
gale.

Sweet landscape! thy scenery never could tire
The eye that for scenes of reflection would rove;
Thou art union of all we in nature admire,
An emblem of mightiness, beauty, and love.

I have feasted mine eyes on thy beauties Ovoca,
Have drank of thy witching charms lovely
Lough Greine;
Have trembled beholding thy FALL, Pool na
Pooka,
And almost knelt down to adore thee Lake
Leine.

O nature, of all thy delights I've partaken!
With thy scenes all my dreams of enchantment
on wine!
But I never till now saw a scene that could
waken
A throeb of emotion so purely divine.

Lovely landscape! the atheist who in darkness
has trod,
And forgotten that being he ought to adore!
If thy grandeur be viewed, he should turn to
his God!
Blush, tremble, and weep, and deny him no
more.

A STONE MASON.

THE PRINCE'S LODGE.

The view from the high hill at the rear of the old Three-Mile House almost baffles adequate description. This hill is named Geizer's, after an old German settler, who once lived in the locality. Looking north from this height to the blue distances are revealed upfathomable woody dells, and constant views of the sparkling waters of Bedford Basin and its numerous little coves and miniature bays. It will require no stretch of imagination to fancy a summer trip on the blue Mediterranean and its thousand bays. But instead of alo and olive groves, there are pines, maples, ash and European trees clustering in great profusion upon the green hills, which descend into the sea.

The shore is broken into innumerable little bays and wooded points which seem to vie with each other for superiority until they all yield to their

queen—*Birch Cove*. Along the curve of the shore a number of summer residences and a beautiful convent mark the fringe of the wooded hills on the west. There is romance along these shores—from Sherwood to Birch Cove. Looking back a hundred and twelve years there looms up in imagination many a gay boating party upon the ever restless waters of the Basin, while sweet music is wafted across the bay from the rotunda occupied by the band of the 7th Fusilier regiment, of which the Duke of Kent was colonel.

Gay young officers of the Prince's staff, and the youth and beauty of the town beyond Block house hill, gathered here upon the invitation of the Duke and the talented Madame, to picnic in the beautiful groves and sweet retreats of the Lodge, or to dance in the gay saloon, the short summer nights away. Authentic his-



MADAME ALPHONSINE THERESE BERNARDINE JULIE DE MONTGENET DE ST. LAURENT, BARONNE DE FORTISSON.

tory tells of some of the fair dames and damsels who graced with their beauty this once famous mansion through a malicious satirical poem by a grum, but a remarkably clever, old judge who once lived at Studley—the site in Halifax which Dalhousie University will, in the near future, adorn. Frances, Lady Wentworth, beautiful and vivacious, Mrs. Belcher, charming and lovely, Mrs. Murray, the gay wife of Captain Murray, R. N., Mrs. George Brindlay,

sister to Lady Wentworth, the two beautiful Misses Uniacke, one soon to be Lady Mitchell, and the other, Mrs. Jeffery, the wife of the collector of customs, and many other budding and full blown beauties, with Madame, the Duke's friend, the presiding Venus of the Temple. The wanton shots fell harmless. The snarling judge had been excluded from the society of the noble and grand—hence his attempt at revenge.

Of the men who belonged to the intimate circle were Sir Willoughby Gordon, the Prince's military secretary, Dr. Copeland, his surgeon, Dr. W. B. Almon, surgeon in the royal artillery, Captain Halliburton, of the 7th Fusiliers, (afterwards Sir Brenton Halliburton), lieutenant de Salebury, of a leading Quebec family, whose father was a close friend of the Duke's and madame, when they were at Quebec; James Stewart, afterwards Judge Stewart; Captain Murray, R. N., the senior captain on the station, and many more of the youth and beauty of the town.

The Prince's Lodge, made famous as the residence of the Duke in 1800, was built on land originally granted to Captain William Foy. This man, who was the first Provost Marshal of the province, came with the first settlers under Cornwallis, in the transport Canning. He was a captain in an independent company, as was also his fellow passenger, Captain Otis Little. Captain Foy obtained a grant of land on the western side of Bedford Basin, on July 20th, 1752. With Captain Foy and Little came Thomas Gray, one of the governor's clerks, Otto William Schwartz, the founder of the Schwartz family in Nova Scotia, Philip Knaut, John Jacob Preper and Christophe Preper, two bakers, of whom there are descendants in Halifax county. Foy died in Halifax about 1774, and was succeeded in his office by Captain John Fenton, who held it until sheriffs were appointed about 1784. Fenton, on his retirement from office, returned to England, where he died.

From the Foy family the property passed to John Willis, who was once the proprietor of the famous Pontac hotel. The first grant states that it contained 255 acres. The property eventually fell into the possession of John Wentworth, afterward Sir John, lieutenant-governor of Nova Scotia, and a former governor of the province

of New Hampshire. He built a small summer residence on the west shore of Bedford Basin, which he named "Friar Lawrence cell." Lieutenant-Governor Wentworth was born in New Hampshire in the year 1736. His grandfather and uncle had been governors of that colony before him.

The New England Wentworths descended from William Wentworth, a leader of a religious congregation, who settled in New Hampshire, then a part of Massachusetts. The family claimed kindred with the Wentworths, of which the celebrated Lord Strafford was the head. Sir John Wentworth loved this rural retreat, and spoke with some regret of having to give it up to the Duke of Kent in one of his letters to the colonial secretary.



H. R. H. EDWARD AUGUSTUS,
DUKE OF KENT,

Fourth son of George III; born Nov. 2,
1767; died Jan. 23, 1820.

His Royal Highness, with that love for rural life for which he was noted, had selected a spot on the west side of Bedford Basin, which forms the inner harbor of Halifax, where he made many improvements and expended large sums of money in beautifying.

Dr. Anderson, of Quebec, who wrote a life of the Duke, visited Halifax in 1834. He says: "I had the pleasure to count among my friends the late James Forman, an old and reputed merchant of that place, though long retired from business. "Mr. Forman took me," says the doctor, "to scenes rendered historical by reminiscences of the Prince, among those was the famous lodge, and to the North-West Arm, where he pointed out a huge iron chain, riveted to the rock to which had been attached a chain cable which was stretched across the Arm and fixed in like manner on the opposite side. I also visited Bedford Basin, where the Prince had built for himself a pretty lodge, and improved, with great taste, the natural beauties of the place. Here in the society of his friends he used to spend his moments of leisure. When I visited the spot with Mr. Forman in 1834, "the Lodge, or Prince's Folly," as it was commonly called, had fallen to ruin, and the winding paths and

Spot where once a garden smiled
And still where many a garden flower grew
wild—

were overgrown with underwood and brambles.

Judge Hallburton—Sam Slick—gave a description of the Lodge in ruins:

"At a distance of seven miles from town is a ruined lodge, built by his Royal Highness, the late Duke of Kent, when Commander-in-Chief of the forces in this colony, once his favorite summer residence. It is impossible to visit this spot without the most melancholy feelings. The tottering fence, the prostrate gates, the ruined grottos, the long and winding avenues, cut out of the forest, overgrown by rank grass and occasional shrubs, and the silence and desolation that reign around, all bespeaking a rapid and premature decay, recall to mind the untimely fate of its noble and lamented owner, and tell of fleeting pleasures and the transitory nature of all earthly things.

I stopped at a small inn in the neighbourhood for the purpose of strolling over it for the last time ere I left the country, and for the indulgence of those moralising musings which at times harmonize with our nerves, and awaken what may be called the pleasurable sensations of melancholy.

A modern wooden ruin is of itself the least interesting, and at the same time the most depressing object imaginable. The massive structures of antiquity that are everywhere to be met with in Europe, exhibit the remains of great strength, and though injured and defaced by the slow and almost imperceptible agency of time, promise to continue thus mutilated for ages to come. They awaken the images of departed generations, and are sanctified by legend and by tale. But a wooden ruin shows rank and rapid decay, concentrates its interest on one family, or one man, and resembles a mangled corpse, rather than the monument that covers it. It has no historical importance, no ancestral record. It awakens not the imagination. The poet find no inspiration in it, and the antiquary no interest. It speaks only of death and decay, of recent calamity, and vegetable decomposition. The very air about it is close, dank and unwholesome. It has no grace, no strength, no beauty, but looks deformed, gross, repulsive. Even the faded color of a painted wooden house, the tarnished gilding of its decorations, the corroded iron of its fastenings and its crumbling materials, all indicate recent use and temporary habitations. It is but a short time since this mansion was tenanted by its royal master, and in that brief space how great has been the devastation of all the elements. A few years more and all trace of it will have disappeared for ever. Its very site will soon become a matter of doubt. The forest is fast reclaiming its own, and the lawns and ornamented gardens, annually sown with seeds, scattered by the winds from the surrounding woods, are relapsing into a state of nature, and exhibiting in detached patches a young growth of such trees as are common to the country.

As I approached the house I noticed that the windows were broken out, or shut up with rough boards, to exclude the rain and snow; the doors supported by wooden props instead of hinges, which hung loosely on the panels, and that long luxuriant clover grew out eves, which had been originally designed to conduct the water from the roof, but becoming choked with dust and decayed leaves, had afforded sufficient food for the nourishment of course grasses. The portico, like the house, had been formed of

wood and the flat surface of its top imbibing and retaining moisture, presented a mass of vegetable matter, from which had sprung up a young and vigorous birch-tree, whose strength and freshness seemed to mock the helpless weakness that nourished it. I had no desire to enter the apartments; and indeed the aged ranger, whose occupation was to watch over its decay, and to prevent its premature destruction by the plunder of its fixtures and more durable materials informed me that the floors were unsafe. Altogether, the scene was one of a most depressing kind.

A small brook, which had by a skillful hand been led over precipitous descents, performed its feats alone and unobserved and seemed to murmur out its complaints, as it hurried over its rocky channel to mingle with the sea; while the wind, sighing through the umbrageous wood, appears to assume a louder and more melancholy wail, as it swept through the long vacant passages and deserted saloons, and escaped in plaintive tones from the broken casements. The offices as well as the ornamental buildings had shared the same fate as the house. The roofs of all had fallen in and mouldered into dust; the doors, sashes and floors had disappeared."

A melancholy event connected with the Duke of Kent's household occurred in the month of December, 1798. Mr. Copeland, the surgeon of the prince's favorite regiment, the 7th Fusiliers, was also on the personal staff of His Royal Highness. He obtained permission to visit England, with the intention of taking his family out with him on his return to Halifax. He embarked on board the Francis. Having arrived within a few hours sail of his destination, he perished with all her crew. His wife and youngest child shared his melancholy fate.

Lieutenant Scambler, of the cutter *Trepassy*, on a passage from Halifax to Newfoundland, was instructed by Captain Murray, the senior officer of the navy, at Halifax, to obtain information, if possible, of the Francis. This is his answer:—

— SYDNEY, May 17, 1800.

Sir,—Agreeable to your orders I proceeded to Sable Island, on Tuesday morning, 13th May, I went on shore, and landed the stock sent by Sir J.

Wentworth; and after staying there near an hour, without seeing any person on the Island and seeing a schooner at anchor in the northeast arm, at some distance from the cutter, I immediately weighed and made sail, and spoke her; she proved to be the *Dolphin*, of Barrington, laden with fish, seal skins and seal oil; she had several trunks, very much damaged on board, which appeared to have been washed on shore. One was directed to His Royal Highness Prince Edward. Another trunk was directed to Captain Sterling, 7th regiment, both empty. There was also a trunk containing two great coats, the livery being that worn by the servants of His Royal Highness. Two men belonging to the *Dolphin*, who remained all winter on Sable Island, seal fishing, gave the following information: "On the 22nd December, they observed a large vessel at little distance from the northeast bar. She was endeavouring to beat off all day, but the wind was so light and baffling that she made no great progress. As the day shut in, the weather began to threaten, and was soon followed by a tremendous gale from the southeast, which continued with extreme violence through the night; in this gale the Francis must have been driven on the sands, and in the course of the night have gone to pieces, as no part of her was to be seen in the morning. Soon after the storm had abated the corpse of a woman was discovered. She had a ring on her finger, but being unable to get it off they buried it with her." From subsequent inquiries it was ascertained at Halifax, beyond all doubt, that it was the corpse of Mrs. Copeland.

List of the lost in the Francis:—

Dr. Copeland.
Mrs. Copeland.
One child and maid.
Captain 44th Regiment.
Captain Sterling, 7th Fusiliers.
Lieut. Mercer, R. A.
Lieut. Suttou.
Lieut. Roelrick.
Volunteer Oppenham.
Sergeant Moore.
Private Thomas King.
Private H. Abbott, 16th L. D.
Judd, a coachman.
4 stable boys.

A housekeeper to Lady Wentworth.

On the death of Sir John Wentworth in 1820, the lodge became the property

of his son, Charles Mary Wentworth, who resided in England. From him it passed into the hands of Mrs. Gore, the novelist, who was a descendant of Lady Wentworth's sister, Mrs. George Brinley.

About 1800, when the late king Edward VII visited it, it was owned by Mrs. Gore's son, who lived there at the time. It was shortly after this sold to a number of persons, who divided the property into building lots, and offered them for sale as a land speculation. A part of the property is owned by a Mr. Gray, who resides there, and is known as Gray's picnic grounds.

The following poem, written many years ago, was found among some mss. in one of the old homes in the vicinity of Prince Edward's valley:

THE PRINCE'S LODGE.

Silence and gloom, companions of decay,
Still linger round these haunts of honor fled,
While on these mouldering walls departing day
Rests like a dream of beauty o'er the dead.

Through lonely walks now deeper grows the shade,
Save where the fire-fly lights his mimic lamp,
Or where beneath yon leafy colonnade
A ruddy flame displays the rude-made camp.

Ere not a mark of other days appear,
Ere ruin sweeps each vestige from the scene,
I pause to ask, and was, and was it here
Once dwelt the sire of England's Sovereign Queen!

Where are the festive lights—the garland flowers—
The sweet wild music melting on the wave?
Where are the stately guards—the princely towers—
The hermit's home—the stone that marked his grave?

Did merry laughter ever here rebound?
Did busy footsteps haste along this floor?
And mingling voices in this hall resound,
And hearts beat high that now shall beat no more?

Can grandeur pass away without a trace
To tell of present bliss or future trust?
Then let me linger in this lonely place
And write the record in its kindred dust.

Queen of the British Isles, I may not see
Save by the graver's art thy face divine;
Nor, Lady, would'st thou deign to hear from me
The rustic strains that suit not ears like thine;

Yet could thine eyes behold this lovely spot
And mark the desolation time hath wrought,
Though all exalted be thy royal lot
A moral to thy heart would here be taught.

Floating and frail is all beneath the sky,
The reign of beauty and the throb of joy;
Mine be the choice amid the good and wise
To seek that Home no changes can destroy.

—REV. A. GRAY.

THREE-MILE HOUSE AND VICINITY.

The three-mile village church and the cemetery have a conspicuous place within the records of Bedford Basin. In the churchyard many of the forefathers of the village sleep. Side by side with them are some who were prominent in the higher walks of life, who "lived and moved and had their being" quite outside the little village—judges, clergymen and governors.

In the records of the dead, as revealed by the tombstones, there may be found names that were closely identified with the history of the province from a very early date: the Grays, Franklins, Unicekes, Wilkins, Almons, Jones, Johnstones, Hills, Donaldsons. Of the German settlers the names of the Leizers, Artzes, Hurshmans and others are conspicuous. The innets were singing sweetly on the branches of the trees as one wandered through the secluded village churchyard. Profound rest seemed personified in and all about this consecrated ground. The name of Leizer recalled the keeper of an inn that stood on the site of the present "Ye Wayside Inn," where travellers, by the way of Bedford road, refreshed themselves ninety years ago or more. It would strike the seeker after facts to search for the name of McAlpine, a host of some renown in the first years of the nineteenth century, but then it would be remembered that McAlpine died long before the church was built. He kept the original "Three-mile house," which stood in Prince Edward's valley. He had been a soldier in his youth, and fought in the revolutionary war in America. His inn was in great repute among the townspeople of Halifax as a tea-house, where the young folk would reach it by the Blue Bell and Lady Hammond roads. McAlpine died about the year of 1821. His house was taken after his death by H. Mavcock, who "respectfully informed his friends and the public that he had taken the Three-mile house, lately occupied by

Mr. McAlpine, and he trusted by strict attention and civility to give satisfaction to those who might favor him with their custom—as he could accommodate with good diet and excellent beds, for which only a moderate charge would be made." This was in 1822.

In the days before the construction of a railroad to Windsor, all traffic from the western part of the province came by the Bedford road to the metropolis. The coach, with its passengers and the royal mail; the farmer with his produce, and the drover, with cattle for the imperial forces, and the public market, came that way, and stopped over-night at one of the wayside inns along the Basin for rest and refreshment—for horse and man. The following fragment of an old letter turned up among some of the papers of *Agricola* (John Young.) It is headed "A Change of Scene," and goes on to say: "It is but a few years since I left the province, and in taking a ride on my return as far as Sackville bridge, I could not but observe the different buildings on the road. The new road is certainly one of the greatest improvements imaginable. McAlpine's place seems dwindling away, like many other reputed places of resort. The tanyard is certainly in a prosperous condition, but *Sherwood*, once the residence of Bishop Stanser, is sadly neglected, and the fences going to ruins. McAlpine's Three-mile house stood at the junction of the Westernmost or Blue Bell with the Lady Hammond road, as shown on a survey of that locality, by Titus Smith. Nearby John Steele, a merchant, built a cottage, which was named the "Triangle cottage." Previous to the building of Mr. Steele's cottage a Mr. Shaw, once a member of the house of assembly, built a residence in the valley, which was years afterwards occupied by Increase Ward as a hotel.

In 1829 John Northrup kept the Three-mile house. Besides Northrup's there were the Rockingham, Barkman and Fultz, named the 15-mile house, at Sackville. In 1833 the following road-houses existed along the Basin road: Birch Cove hotel, five miles; Rockingham, six miles; Gough's, eight miles and a half; Fultz's, twelve miles.

When the Duke of Kent occupied the Lodge, on the Basin, he erected a range of low buildings a little to the north of the Rotunda, which were

occupied by two companies of his regiment, and contained the guard room and mess room for the officers. This building was afterwards known as the Rockingham Inn, a favorite resort in summer when tea and ginger beer were to be had under the piazza, which ran along the edge of the water. This hotel acquired the name of Rockingham, having been for a long time after the duke's departure the place of meeting of the Rockingham club. This club was established either while the duke was resident here, or very soon after his leaving for Canada. It was composed of Governor Wentworth, the members of H. M. Council, the admiral of the station, several of the principal military officers, and a number of the leading citizens of Halifax. A number of portraits of the leading members of the club were executed by Field, an artist of good reputation. The guard house, or barracks, which was transformed into the Rockingham Inn, has been erroneously applied to the four-mile house. The Rockingham was destroyed by fire 70 years ago, before the firemen from the town could reach the scene to do anything to save it. The four-mile house, in the fifties, was kept by John Butler, who afterwards removed to the "Nine-mile house," and then to Bedford, where he kept the upper hotel, above Fitzmaurice's, which was near the railway track.

The Four-mile house, in the days of boat racing on the Basin, was kept by William Davey, who had been an alderman in Halifax, and, at one time, the proprietor of the hotel adjacent to Northrup's market. He was a man of large proportions—a typical "mine host." Davey's hotel was in full operation in the sixties and seventies of the last century.

Long distance races are not altogether a modern feature. As early as 1808 races of this character were pulled off in Halifax. At the above date a number of soldiers of the 101st regiment lined up opposite the North Barracks, on what is now Cogswell street, for a series of races to the Bedford road. Messrs. Lynch and Blake, of the 101st, started from Colonel Pollock's quarters and ran to Rockingham Inn. McNaughton and Scott, of the same corps, ran to Irvin's tanyard, and Dillon and Rochefort, to Rockingham Inn.

In the old days the Prince Edward valley witnessed many brilliant cavalcades and dashing incidents of horsemanship after the road was made safe for travel. In the middle thirties a regular "John Gilpin" episode occurred, when a distinguished member of the nobility of Great Britain, rode to Windsor and back for a wager.

"The dogs did bark, the children scream!
Up flew the windows all,
And every soul cried out, well done!
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
His fame soon spread around,
He carries weight: he rides a horse,
'Tis for a thousand pound!

In the early forties the appearance of a flashing horse with a frenzied rider on his back was a noteworthy event. One of the incidents of this hurry-scurry was notable from a most important circumstance connected therewith. The Cunard steamer *Hibernia* had arrived in Halifax. Her news was awaited with intense interest on this continent. Aside from the importance of disturbed markets there was an international crisis imminent, and the Washington government was on the tiptoe of excitement as to the latest move on the diplomatic board. Presently a horse's head was seen by the valleyites rising above the hill leading down from Kempt road. The air was filled with exclamations of wonder, but the rider looked neither to the right nor to the left. The *Hibernia* had reached Cunard's wharf, on Monday, in the afternoon. She was thirteen days from Liverpool. She had sighted immense fields of ice floating in the Atlantic, but she kept clear of all contact with them.

Within five minutes of the packet's arrival the only British papers that sly hands could quickly reach were secured, and a courier rode away with them on horseback across the peninsula, as if for dear life. The rider reached Windsor in two hours and forty-six minutes. So profoundly was the secret kept of the news, that was eagerly sought by the New York press, that no one knew, even in Halifax, that a messenger had departed with London newspapers containing the decision of the British cabinet in regard to the Oregon boundary dispute. The flying messenger reached Digby

Gut in 13 hours from Halifax, and in ten minutes afterwards the steamer *Kennebec* was steaming towards Portland. Then was it discovered that the steamer had two *carrier pigeons* on board, and through them the news, forestalling the government despatches—England's ultimatum—was conveyed to New York in four hours. This was a decided triumph for the enterprising newspaper men—as the outcome of the negotiations was known on the streets of Gotham hours before the official despatches arrived in Washington.

The hill back of the village church, called Geizer's, is named after a German, who built a home there in the eighteenth century. He came from Hanover, where he had been king's hunter. He emigrated directly to Nova Scotia, but he was not among the very first lot of Germans who landed on the shores of Ch. obucto. He came about 1752. He married in Halifax a woman named Faulkenhyde, who was a fur dresser. From Halifax he went to Lunenburg, later to Nine-Mile River, St. Margaret's Bay, where he built a house down the river, now Mrs. McKenzie's. Then wishing to get nearer town he moved to the property on the top of what is now known as Geizer's hill, which he purchased from one Gebherd. There he built a house. A portion of this old structure forms a part of the building now occupying the spot. The first house was built about one hundred and ten years ago (1801.) James, a son of William, was born there. He died about thirty-five years ago, aged 75 years.

In the vicinity of Geizer's hill, in a private burial ground, sleeps Titus Smith, the naturalist. Smith was considerable of a linguist, besides being a geologist and botanist of remarkable acquirements. He is said to have arranged and classified the wild flowers of Nova Scotia, which were painted from nature by Mrs. Morris Miller, and published in London under the auspices of Sir Colin Campbell, when that gallant soldier was lieutenant-governor of Nova Scotia. Titus Smith well earned the title by which he was familiarly known: the village philosopher. In the early thirties, having observed that the garden seeds imported from Europe were frequently apt to fail, probably from the want of a progres-

sive naturalization, he believed that he was rendering an acceptable service to horticulturists when he informed them that he generally had on hand seeds of the most common and useful kinds of esculent vegetables, which he conceived would, on trial, be found wholly free of that defect. Having been accustomed to give much of his time to the study of the botanical subjects of the province, he had in his power to say that he was competent to furnish collections of plants and seeds of the native indigenous plants of Nova Scotia, and he offered his services to persons who were desirous of availing themselves of his experience.

The newspapers took the opportunity of expressing what they stated they had long felt, that Titus Smith was every way worthy of much more encouragement than he had, so far, received in Halifax. Many employments and situations were found for the obtrusive, while others calculated to do honor to any community, vegetated almost forgotten in the shade. Halifax was older now by three-quarters of a century since Titus Smith failed to get the recognition, within its gates, that his superior abilities entitled him to, and yet it could safely be said it has not developed, to any too visible extent, that excellent attribute of character that seeks out unobtrusive merit with the object of crowning it with appreciative regard. But Halifax does not stand alone in that particular. Titus Smith's acquirements, it may be mentioned, were varied. In the botany of Nova Scotia none ventured to dispute the palm with him.

Returning to the inns on the Bedford road, the famous Rockingham was up for public competition in 1814. It was then occupied by John Fry, who referred all and such who were desirous of renting the premises, to call on Mr. Peters, at the Union Tavern, Halifax, who would supply the information as to terms and so forth. Ten years later Michael Tobin and Gasper Roast, trustees under the will of David Muirhead, offered the inn for sale. In the meantime it had been occupied by Samuel Douglas, and again by Charles Paine. Judge Haliburton put up at the Rockingham, when he visited the Duke's Lodge, in 1828, to gain material for his delightfully descriptive article, which

he afterwards published in Blackwood's magazine.

EDITOR ACADIAN RECORDER:

SIR,— in your issue of 8th inst., the poem on the Prince's Lodge is wrongly credited to Rev. Benjamin Gerrish Gray, who was father of the great divine, Rev. Dr. J. W. D. Gray, of St. John, but in no way related to Rev. Archibald Gray, the real author. It is to be found in a volume entitled, "Shades of the Hamlet and other Poems, by Rev. Archibald Gray," a handsome presentation copy of which is still prized in my old paternal home at Plymton, Digby Co. Rev. Archie Gray was son of Rev. Dr. Archibald Gray, a Scotsman, who succeeded Rev. Dr. Andrew Brown the historian, as pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Halifax, and was father of a family very prominent in the social and professional life of Halifax in their day. One of them James F. Gray who married a Miss Tobin was a leading lawyer, defeated as a conservative candidate for the county in 1848, and dying soon afterwards. Rev. Archie, the poet, was some time rector of Sackville, but in the fifties was rector of Digby. After he graduated at King's (as he told me himself), his father desired him to go to a Scottish college to qualify for the Presbyterian ministry, but acceded to his preference for orders in the Church of England. His son, W. Myers Gray, barrister, now in British Columbia, must be well remembered by many in Halifax. A brother of the poet was grandfather of James Bond Gray, a prominent citizen of Yarmouth, and another, Samuel Gray, a very erudite but retiring chamber lawyer, practised in Halifax many years after the death of James F.

A. W. SAVARY.

[NOTE.—G. M. desires to say: the correspondent who was good enough to send him a copy of the poem on the Prince's Lodge, intimated that the initials of the author could not be deciphered on the old mss., but that he had enquired into the matter, and was informed that it would be perfectly safe to give the Rev. B. G. Gray the credit of the production. The correction of the error has brought out a very interesting letter from Mr. Justice Savary—and that is a pleasing feature.]

SHERWOOD.

Sherwood is another estate on Bedford Basin, noteworthy on account of its many historic associations. It is on a portion of this grant that Mount St. Vincent academy is built—an institution conducted by the ladies of the order of the Sisters of Charity.

In an age of much materialism it is good to have an object lesson of work for others inspired by the christian motive. From the splendid mother house of the order at Rockingham go out hundreds of Sisters of Charity, bringing the light of knowledge and, that most beautiful of earthly accomplishments, christian culture, to thousands of homes in Halifax, Glace Bay, North Sydney, and many other sections in the province—and far beyond, as is Boston and Bermuda, where establishments have been made. But it is at the *Mount* that the motive power, so to speak, of this vast work is supplied. Here we have an educational institution built on the foundation of faith: that enduring rock for the human builder—faith, the essential requisite of the spiritual builder.

One of the great editors of Harper's magazine, Dudley Warner, spoke in these words of Bedford Basin, as he saw it at evening on his way to Halifax: "It is nearly dark when we reach the head of Bedford Basin. The noble harbor of Halifax narrows to a deep inlet for three miles along the rocky slope on which the city stands, and then suddenly expands into this *beautiful sheet of water*. We ran along its bank for five miles, cheered occasionally by a twinkling light on the shore. The Basin is almost large enough to float the navy of Great Britain, and it could be here, with the narrows fortified, secure from the attacks of the American navy." The latter was a little bit of quiet irony at the expense of his country's navy, then in the early days of its making.

Sherwood recalls that ancient Nottinghamshire forest, famed in story, of Robin Hood, and Frier Tuck and their merriemen, and the bold outlaws, that once dwelt within its precincts. It is a far cry from the battle of Fontenoy to Bedford Basin; nevertheless a chain of circumstances connects that fiercely contested and bloody battle with the beautiful shore that fronts

Sherwood, through lieutenant John Creighton.

Creighton was the first person named in connection with this particular spot. The records show that he obtained a grant of 600 acres. He was born in 1721, at Glastonbury, in England, a town famed for its "ruinous remains of one of the great abbeccies of the middle ages." He came to Nova Scotia in 1740, with his wife and four servants, in the *Charlton*, frigate, Captain Richard Ladd, in the expedition with Governor Cornwallis. He was a lieutenant in the army, and served under George II and III; saw some hard service on the continent of Europe, and was wounded in the battle of Fontenoy. He was among the officers retired at the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1748, and was placed on the half-pay of Colonel Warburton's regiment of foot. Colonel Creighton was sent by Governor Cornwallis to settle a number of the first emigrants from Germany at Lunenburg; and was commanding officer of the block-house built for the protection of the settlers. He held many public offices at Lunenburg; and on the recommendation of Governor Lord William Campbell was appointed by His Majesty George III to a seat in the "old council of twelve." He died at Lunenburg, on the 8th of November, 1807, aged 80 years. Three of Colonel Creighton's sons served in the army, and saw service in Europe during the war with the French republic. Sarah, a daughter, married the first Judge Wilkins. She was the mother of Judge Lewis M. Wilkins, who, like the father, adorned the supreme court bench for many years, and Martin I. Wilkins, one of the most effective parliamentary representatives of his day. A daughter, Lucy, married Hon. H. N. Binney.

Sherwood, on Bedford Basin, was a name given by the Rev. Robert Stanzer (afterwards Bishop Stanzer), to a villa which he built on the west side of the bay, near Rockingham. There the reverend gentleman dwelt in summer, and sometimes entertained the guests of the lodge farther up the road. Bishop Stanzer was an Englishman, and came to Nova Scotia to take the rectorship of St. Paul's after Mr. Byles and Mr. Weeks disagreed about dividing the interests of the parish between them. The Rev. Robert Stanzer sold

Sherwood in 1807 to Brenton Halliburton, then a young man who had left the army—retiring from a captaincy in the Duke of Kent's regiment, the 7th Fusiliers. Mr. Halliburton had just married Margaret Inglis, daughter of Bishop Charles Inglis. At Sherwood he resumed the study of the law, which he had thrown aside for a military career. Under the patronage of the Duke of Kent Brenton Halliburton was destined to attain the top rung of the ladder. After being admitted to the bar he rose rapidly in his profession. He was elevated to the supreme court bench, eventually succeeding Samson Salter Blowers as chief justice of Nova Scotia. He was knighted by Her Majesty Queen Victoria, in the fifties, being the first member of the legal profession in the province to receive that honor. From Brenton Halliburton, Sherwood passed into the hands of Mrs. Jane Donaldson, the widow of a leading business man of Halifax, who died in the first year of the nineteenth century. In April, 1819, Jane Donaldson inserted in the *Nova Scotia Gazette* the following advertisement:

TO BE LET.

The elegant summer residence, at Birch Cove and Sherwood, with all the grounds attached to them respectively. The fields and gardens are in a high state of cultivation. The fences are excellent, outhouses in good repair. Mrs. Donaldson, shortly after this advertisement appeared, died, as the following obituary shows: Died—On Friday last, at her residence, Birch Cove, after a short but severe illness, Mrs. Jane Donaldson, in the 46th year of her age, widow of Thomas Donaldson, universally respected by all. Her death took place in June, 1820.

In 1839 Joseph Howe had apartments at Sherwood, where it was his wont to retire when tired out during the strenuous struggles for responsible government. In the summer of 1846 Sherwood was rented by Harriet Mixer, who completely fitted up the whole house in the most comfortable manner for the reception of the public. A few rooms were especially furnished to accommodate ladies and gentlemen with their families during the summer. The gentlemen of the army and navy were invited to call and enjoy the salubrity of the delightful scenery of Sherwood. In 1847 the property was conveyed by William

Donaldson to William (afterwards Sir William) Young—thus Sherwood, at long intervals, becoming the property of two owners who were destined, in turn, to fill the chief judicial seat in Nova Scotia. The property after that passed to Thomas Kenny, the brother of Sir Edward, and the senior partner of the firm of T. & E. Kenny. Thomas Kenny resided at Sherwood until his death, when it passed to Sir Edward Kenny, who used it as a summer residence for many years. In 1881 Sir Edward Kenny conveyed it to his son, Jeremiah F. Kenny. Sherwood is now owned by a number of persons living in Virginia, U. S.

In the middle forties, when the Dartmouth Ferry Company established twice-a-week excursion trips to Sackville, during the summer months, there were rounds of picnics at the 4-Mile House, at Birch Cove, and at the head of the Basin. The association at the former place could not, perhaps, be properly called a picnic. It was usual for men only to leave the steamer at the 4-Mile House to engage in the very rational pastime of skittles in the well-equipped skittle alley which "mine host" of this hostelry provided for his guests.

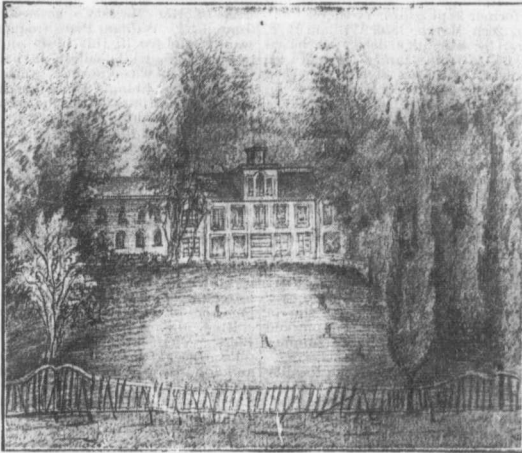
One of the largest picnics held at Birch Cove was that of the Repeaters—then a most vigorous organization in Halifax. It came off at the old Donaldson place. A Dartmouth steamer conveyed the company to and from the grounds. The music was furnished by St. Mary's and St. Patrick's amateur bands. Coblenz, a famous Halifax caterer, was purveyor for the occasion. The company numbered about five hundred, and all enjoyed themselves most gaily in the different amusements of dancing, football, swinging, leap-frog, quoits, cards, conversation, courting and such other recreations as they fancied. Michael Bennett presided at the dinner, assisted by Thomas Ring and Bernard O'Neil. The affair passed off very pleasantly. It was customary, too, for the North British Society to hold high festival on the grounds of the Prince's Lodge; and the Nova Scotia Philanthropic Society enjoyed their annual outing with all the greater zest when they were gathered together on the charming grounds overlooking the Basin, and thus honored the anniversary of "the day when the Britons came over."

MILLVIEW.

There is a deep cove some nine miles up the western side of Bedford Basin. The hamlet adjoining this Cove is Millview. The cove is cut off from the Basin by a "dump," so-called, over which the Intercolonial railway tracks now pass.

In the days before the building of the railway access was free to the cove. Vessels then came up the basin loaded with corn, to be discharged at

ned at Lunenburg Mr. Zouberbuhler took a leading part in that undertaking. He was appointed a Justice of Peace in the settlement. On the 15th December, 1753, lieutenant-colonel Sutherland, who commanded the troops at the Block House, at Lunenburg, was informed that the people had gathered in a riotous manner and imprisoned John Petriquin under the pretence that he had received from England a letter enumerating a number of articles



PRINCE'S LODGE,

On the shore of Bedford Basin, 6 miles from Halifax, as it appeared 100 years ago—the residence of His Royal Highness Edward, Duke of Kent (father of Her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria), during his command of the forces in British North America.

the pier in the cove, and thence transferred to the grist mill to be manufactured into flour. The building of the railway across the cove put a stop to this enterprise. A portion of the land adjacent to Mill Cove was granted to one, Zouberhuler, a leader among the German settlers who came to Halifax shortly after the settlement.

When the new settlement was plan-

sent over for them, which they had not received, and that he had concealed this letter. Colonel Sutherland and Mr. Zouberbuhler went to the Block House, where they found Petriquin confined in the black hole. As they could not ascertain who had confined him, they took it upon themselves to release him.

The mob took the released man out

of the hands of Sutherland and Zouberbuhler and imprisoned him again. The inhabitants then put Petrequin to torture under the pressure of which he stated that the alleged letter was in the hands of Zouberbuhler, who had given him ten guineas to say nothing about it. At all other times the prisoner denied that he ever had such a letter. The mob threatened to pull Zouberbuhler limb for limb, hence he returned to the fort for protection. These proceedings were the result of what is known as the Hoffman mutiny. The next lot was granted to Mixner at a later date than Zouberbuhler, and the former kept a tannery there.

On 26th March, 1836, William B. T. Piers, by warranty deed, purchased for £500, from James Mixner (or Maxner), two pieces of land whereon the tannery had been established—on the Nine Mile River, in Bedford Cove, Bedford Basin, about eight miles from Halifax. The old road from Windsor road to the road leading directly to Hammond Plains, now little used, passed through part of the land. The property, which consisted of two lots, formed a part of a tract of land 245 acres, that had been granted John Henry Mixner, on the 2nd February, 1813. On this river, in the fork formed by the Windsor and Hammond Plains roads, William Beuel Thomas Piers built a grist mill, with a large over shot water wheel on the north side of the building. The picturesque old mill was pulled down in the summer of 1908.

For seventy-two years the locality was familiarly known as "Piers' Mill," but a few years ago the railway named its station near there "Millview," and the place is now so called. The Mixner tannery did not occupy the site of the grist mill, but was in the yard of a little house close to where the mill was erected. William Piers' purchase included this small house and also a larger one adjoining it to the northward. Both of these houses are still standing. The larger one subsequently became the house of William and later of his uncle, L. E. Piers, sr., who built the wing thereto, and afterwards of William Hare. It had a fine row of tall, graceful native elms in front, and was altogether a pretty country residence.

About May, 1836, William Piers moved from Halifax to the larger house, just mentioned, near the mill,

where he continued to reside and superintend the mill till about the end of 1842. Besides the mill a wharf and store house were built, and the place was soon busily engaged in the manufacture of flour, etc.—the miller being Thomas Goff. In 1837 Piers was granted a water lot of 1½ acres in front of the mill property. William Piers had a fast sailing boat connected with the carrying trade of the mill. She was schooner rigged, called the "Victoria," 32½ feet keel, which ran between his Bedford mill and Halifax. As she was named after the "Queen," it is probable that she was built about the time of Her Majesty's accession in June, 1837. William Piers frequently went to and fro in this boat, and on one occasion, while sailing in her on the Basin, he was knocked overboard by the boom jibing. He might have been drowned but that he floated until help came to him, by using a high beaver hat as a life preserver, the air in it being sufficient to buoy him up. The speed of the "Victoria" attracted attention, and she was entered by her owner in a number of races.

On Thursday, 20th September, 1838, a race, which created much excitement, was sailed at a regatta on Halifax harbour. A prize of \$100 was offered for first class sailboats. This race, which was the twelfth on the programme, proved the most interesting one of the day. Eight boats started, among which were W. B. T. Piers' "Victoria," then a new boat, schooner rigged, Mr. Black's *Mary Ann*, and John Howe's *Mary* were the other competing boats. The *Victoria*, after a well contested race, won the prize.

William Piers gave much earth from the hill behind his Bedford house for use in building the Bedford road at the time Sir Colin Campbell was lieutenant-governor of the province. At this period the Kearney Lake road, from Birch Cove to Hammond Plains, had not been made, and the way to the latter place was by the road which branched off from the Bedford road at Piers' mill. The negroes on their way home to the Plains on Saturday night were in the habit of coming along in groups, and when they arrived at the fork of the roads, at the mill, they usually got out of their waggons and danced on the large wooden platform of the bridge over the Nine Mile River, to the accompaniment of melodious tunes which they whistled with re-

markable ability. This light-hearted exercise would be kept up until pretty late in the night, when all would return to their waggons and merrily resume their homeward journey.

On the 24th November, 1841, William Piers conveyed the Bedford mill property to his father and uncle, T. F. and L. E. Piers. The latter thereafter worked the mill on their account for a number of years, till about 1857. Mr. Hall, brother-in-law of L. E. Piers, lived in the Bedford house for a time, and about 1856 L. E. Piers himself moved there, where he died in 1867. L. E. Piers, jr., and George Piers worked the mill from about 1857 until April, 1870.

T. F. Piers, on his death, in 1860, left his half share in the property to his sons, L. Edward, Henry and George. On the 10th June, 1866, the latter three mortgaged the property to Wm. Hare, a merchant of Halifax—their shares and their prospective shares. On the 27th July, L. E. Piers, sr., conveyed to Wm. Hare his share. They finally conveyed to Hare all interest in the property. On 6th Oct., 1876, Hare conveyed it to Wm. C. Moir, and it now belongs to Moirs' limited.

THE PAPER MILLS, ETC.

Anthony H. Holland established the Acadian Paper Mill, at Nine-Mile River, near Bedford Basin, in 1819. The paper manufactured at this mill was used for his newspaper—the ACADIAN RECORDER—and various pamphlets from his press. The news and brown wrapping paper were the first papers manufactured in Nova Scotia, and, in fact, Eastern Canada. The 17th March, 1823, Holland's paper mill was granted a bounty of £100 by the legislature. Mr. Holland's residence was near W. E. T. Piers' house and opposite to what is now Moirs' Mill, at Bedford. In 1837, Messrs. T. & L. Piers, to obtain water power and other conveniences, removed the cod line and twine manufactory from the Stanyan Rope Works, at Willow Park, to Nine Mile River, Bedford Basin.

As a result of these business extensions this firm in March, 1837, got a lease for five years from James W. Merkel, administrator of the estate of the late Anthony H. Holland, of a paper mill, house, etc., at the foot of Paper Mill Lake, on the road from Hammond Plains and Bedford grist

mill. The lease specified that the apparatus for the manufacture of line and twine might be placed there and removed by Messrs. Piers. Spinning at the paper mill was in operation between 1839 and 1840.

An Englishman named Angell, employed by Messrs. Piers, at the rope-walk, invented and made a most ingenious and beautifully constructed cod-line machine, which hackled the hemp into tin cans, spun it and wound it on bobbins, and finally laid it into the finished lines, about as it is now done by modern rope-making machines. This was the first machine of its kind known to have been made, and was a great improvement on the old method of spinning and laying line by hand. The machine was worked by water-power at the paper mill. Mr. Angell was a man of superior attainments and of high personal character. He was a member of the Baptist denomination, and took a leading part in that church's activities in the town. His son, the Rev. Henry Angell, was a Baptist preacher and, for many years, was a pastor of a church in Yarmouth.

The Messrs. Piers encouraged Mr. Angell in his experiments, and adopted his machine, when perfected, for making their line. When the business was closed, and the building vacated, this machine was stored at the Piers' grist mill, at Bedford, where, in subsequent years, it was placed out in the weather and ruined. A representative of a celebrated British cod-line maker was once shown the machine, and quickly discerning its advantages, adopted the principle in his own machines. It was understood that neither Angell, nor the Messrs. Piers profited anything through these very practical inventions beyond the use of them in their own legitimate trade. Angell left Halifax and went to St. John's, Newfoundland. Another of his sons afterwards rose to prominence in the ancient colony.

Messrs. Piers employed Alexander Kiscock to superintend the manufacture of their paper. He had been employed in their rope works, but understood something about making paper. The old paper mill was built of stone, in the lower story, while the upper one was formed of wooden slats, like venetian blinds, to allow the air to circulate and dry the newly-made paper. Kiscock, in connection, for a time, with John Wills, of Halifax,

afterwards built a paper mill, on the Nine-mile river, between the old paper mill and the Piers' grist mill, at Mill cove. Mr. Kiscock confined his labors to the production of wrapping paper. The article was extensively used in Halifax—in fact, the demand from the town kept the mill going to its utmost limit. The mill was afterwards burnt down—about 1876. William Bevil Thomas Piers was descended from Lewis Piers, an Anglo-Irish gentleman, who came out with Cornwallis in 1749. William was the great grandson of the first settler.

Since the articles on BIRCH COVE and SHERWOOD appeared, in regular order, additional facts concerning these old grants have developed. It is established beyond the shadow of a doubt from documents in possession of Miss Susan Donaldson, and her sister, Mrs. Dickson, now residing at Birch Cove, that that property came into the possession of Thomas Donaldson, on the 9th of January, 1811; and that the property, in 1780, was owned by one John Jones, sailmaker who, at that date, conveyed it to John Willis. The document of transfer was recorded in the presence of Gerald Fitzgerald, an attorney, and was attested by George William Sherlock, J. P. Both the lawyer and the justice of the peace were Irishmen—the latter being at one time president of the Charitable Irish society. He was a prominent merchant of the town. Fitzgerald filled the position of secretary of the Irish society. Daniel Wood, jr., was the deputy registrar of deeds, who recorded the document. Jones' wife's Christian name was Marsey.

As late as July, 1809, William Donaldson wrote on the margin of a volume of Halliburton's history of Nova Scotia: that "Alexander Brymer purchased the Birch Cove property from one Scott, and built the cottage on the hill." This cottage has disappeared. It was near the site of the present Donaldson residence, but south of it. According to a tombstone in old St. Paul's cemetery, Thomas Donaldson died in 1816. An old plan of Birch Cove and the Sherwood properties, signed on the drawing by Charles Morris, surveyor-general, shows that both properties, at one time, belonged to Alexander Brymer. Thomas Don-

aldson was a confectioner; he kept on Granville street—his sign, a very handsome one, announced that his business was under the patronage of his royal highness the Duke of Kent. It was a great resort of the military and naval officers. The duke's equipage could be often seen depositing madame at the door of Donaldson's store, which she visited to order confections for the Lodge and when bent on a shopping expedition in the neighborhood.

Thomas Donaldson and James Donaldson, 1st, were admitted members of the North British society in 1794. In 1797 George Donaldson became a member of the society. Robert Lyon, and George and Thomas Donaldson composed the committee of charity of the society in 1808. Peter Donaldson succeeded his father in the Birch Cove estate. He was a man of considerable ability, and had received a good classical education. He was in touch with the prominent men of the town, and often did work for judges and lawyers, which demanded considerable skill and knowledge of languages. The following are copies of documents still in possession of the Donaldson family at Birch Cove:

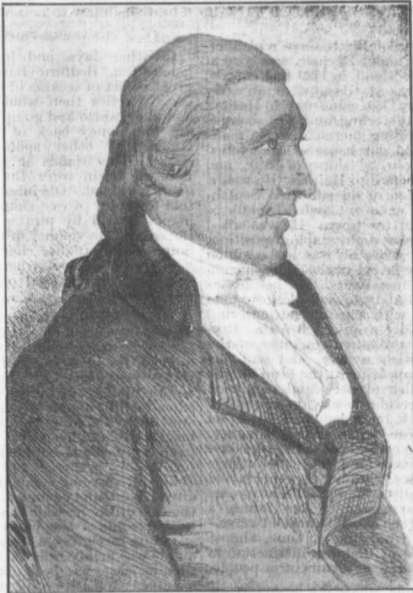
MEMORANDA.—Mr. Belcher is willing that his excellency Sir John Sherbrooke shall occupy the house, grounds and pastures of Birch Cove for three years from this date, and have the use during that time of the whole of the premises, and all the farming implements thereon. Mr. Belcher, conceiving that Sir John Sherbrooke may be induced to make some improvements on the grounds, which in the event of Birch Cove being sold, will be entirely lost to Sir John, he therefore agreed with his excellency that there shall be no further rent charged on the part of Mr. Belcher, or his heirs, or assigns, for the before mentioned term, than the annual sum of fifty pounds currency. Witness, the hands of the parties, this twentieth day of November, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and eleven.

J. C. SHERBROOKE.

Signed in the presence of Rupert D. George.

Rent payable half-yearly in May and Nov:

J. C. S.



THE HONORABLE ALEXANDER BRYMER.

HALIFAX, 5th Dec., 1814.

Sir John Sherbrooke, To military officers and laborers for building stone wall at Birch Cove, from the 15th August and the 3rd December, inclusive. Wall built by Armstrong and Sullivan, 90th regt: £12s.

	£	s.	d.
Wall built by masons of the 60th regt., 173 rods,	17	6	0
Labourers, 60th regt.	15	15	0
	—	—	—
	£33	2	0

HALIFAX, 9th Jan. 1811.

In consequence of Andrew Belcher, Esq., having executed a deed of sale of his Birch Cove estate to Thomas Donaldson, I hereby transfer to said Donald-

son, the foregoing lease of said estate to Sir John C. Sherbrooke and which lease was made previous to the sale to Donaldson.

ANDREW WRIGHT,
Attorney to Andrew Belcher, Esq.

In the back lands of Birch Cove are the marks of a number of mounds, indicating graves. Some of these mounds have been opened, and human remains found in them. Query: Is this the place of burial of Duke de Anville's men, of whom over 1,100 perished by scurvy? Another singular feature appears in the stone walls surrounding a large tract of wild land back of the Cove lands. Who built these walls, and why were they built? It would

seem a useless expenditure of time and effort to enclose the primeval forest in this manner.

An owner of Birch Cove and Sherwood, Alexander Brymer, was born at Dundee, Scotland, in 1729, and entered into business at Glasgow at an early age, but, in 1759, came out to Halifax with £4,000 sterling, and very soon became a leading merchant. He made several good purchases of condemned prizes, taken by ships of war, and brought them into Halifax. He was a fine specimen of an educated Scotchman. He came somewhat rapidly to the front in the town. He was noted for a generous and amiable disposition. For many years he was looked upon as the very father of the Scottish community of merchants. By his advice several Edinburgh and Glasgow men came out with means, and, entering trade, rapidly acquired wealth. Brymer was a prominent member of the North British society, and had the honor of appearing at the head of the society's list of perpetual members. His town residence was on the site of the present Jerusalem warehouse, on Water street—south of the Ordnance. It was long considered the finest house in the province, and was called "Brymer's palace," where he entertained very liberally. He was for many years deputy paymaster of the forces, a member of the old "council of twelve," and held, from time to time, almost every office of honor or distinction in the gift of the government or people.

Mr. Brymer amassed a large fortune—estimated at over £250,000. He left Halifax in 1801 to reside in London. There he married a second time—a daughter of lieutenant-governor Sir John Parr. He died at Ramsgate, at an advanced age, in 1822. Collateral descendants of Alexander Brymer reside in Halifax at the present day.

Senator Power has furnished information concerning the properties at Mount St. Vincent and Rockingham station. Mount St. Vincent is not included in the Sherwood property, as has been stated, but is on the land granted Lieut. John Creighton, which was conveyed by him to James Creighton, and his wife, Eliza—the ancestors of the Halifax Creightons. John Leizer's inn was not on the site of the "ye wayside inn," but at the Four-mile house, on a part of land granted to Wm. Bourn. The property passed

to Jacob Markel or Merkel, who was a brother-in-law to Leizer's.

TREASURE-TROVE.

In other days, and in an earlier generation, Bedford Basin was the great resort of seekers of buried treasure. Parties then would, now and again, organize and go up the bay to dig for money back of the French landing, or other spots along the shore. The islands at the head of Bedford Basin were the more frequently visited. Old inhabitants often told the story of vast sums in gold and ingots buried by pirates or sunk in the sea, in the vicinity of these places. Some would produce charts, and say: "see this is the spot where a French ship was sunk, having on board untold wealth."

Amos Pedler, a blacksmith, formed a company that built a coffer-dam and carried it up the basin to the islands. Some of the more eager of the adventurers went down into the waters to be the first to grasp the prize. The legend still lingers around Bedford and Sackville how the enterprising blacksmith and his party went down in the coffer-dam, but an accident unfortunately occurred, and they were obliged to ascend suddenly—but not altogether empty-handed, for it was the tale of the fire-side that after the mishap some of the party were seen spending foreign gold around Bedford, and it was firmly believed that a portion, at least, had been obtained from a sunken ship's treasure chest.

There are a number of holes back of the shop of the late "Bobby" Allen, which were made by the money seekers. It is a tradition that practical jokes were often played upon those seekers by parties who were more skeptical than those who went, under cover of night, to dig for gold. It was told, with a serious face, that a party in Halifax was organized to go up the Windsor road to a spot where strange symbols appeared on certain trees in the vicinity. There it was said that some fleeing Acadians had buried all their worldly possessions, in the shape of French gold, obtained from Louisbourg. The party set out to the designated spot, but had been preceded by the practical jokers, who had provided themselves with an ox-hide and horns, and chains, and who concealed themselves in the bush nearby. When the

"seekers" arrived, one of them produced a map, with names and heights, and red crosses, and from it marked out where the money was supposed to be concealed. After some strange ceremonies, known only to treasure seekers, they set to work digging. They had proceeded with the work but a short time, when suddenly a wild, unearthly yell was heard behind, in the wood, where the "seekers" were at work. This noise was succeeded by an apparition with horns, and accompanied with clanking chains. On perceiving this strange shape emerging from the forest, the diggers dropped spades and picks, and ran for dear life to their boat on the shore.

Passing to another apparition, real or imagined, the story is told of a naval officer supposed to be the shade of one of D'Anville's crew that used to haunt the road in the vicinity of the French Landing. Those who were supposed to have seen the naval spirit had perhaps lingered too long over the potent spirits indulged in by the guests of the "Ye Wayside Inn," in the days when good old Jamaica was sold for a penny-ha'penny a glass. However the ghost-seers stoutly maintained that they had observed a form, clad in the uniform of a French naval officer, pass along the road, turn to the right and go down to the shore and disappear in the water. They maintained that this apparition was the shade of the second in command of the French fleet which had taken refuge in Bedford Basin. The officer in question, when the command devolved upon him by the death of his admiral, having failed to prevail over the other commanders, committed suicide, in a fit of despair. The ghost that walked the Windsor road was supposed to be that of the dead admiral who took his own life—so tradition ran.

Going back to the treasure-seekers again, Jack O'Brien, a noted American diver, who had worked at diving on the western lakes, went down in the waters of Bedford Basin to seek for the sunken vessels of D'Anville's fleet. He made several descents in the depths of Bedford Basin, but failed to find a vestige of the frigates that used to be seen, in the old days, at the bottom of the Basin. Dr. Aikins, the archivist, used to relate that his grandmother, who lived on Miller's island, had actually partaken of the

wine obtained from some of the sunken French men-'o-war.

The late Robert Allen, of Rockingham, who died a few years ago, at the advanced age of 100 years, used to relate that he heard his father-in-law, Mr. Schoffelberg, who resided on the east side of Bedford, say that in his young days the mast of one of the privateers, sunk at the French landing, reached the surface of the Basin, and that on leaving the shore, near Allen's, he had to take care not to collide with it for fear of overturning his boat. This takes one back to the French fleet again, and the story recorded in the diary of an officer of one of the ships. The officer states the horrible fact that the starving crew of his ship tried to induce the captain to order the butcher to slaughter the English prisoners on board for food. The captain put them off for the time being, with the promise that, if relief did not come after the morrow, he would allow one of the English prisoners to be slaughtered by the butcher. Happily for the wretched prisoners, succour did heave in sight in the shape of a neutral vessel, which supplied them with provisions, and the desperate act of cannibalism was averted.

Reverting once more to buried treasure, tradition relates that a rock at Birch Cove, which had steps leading up to it, was removed to make room for the bed of the railroad. A chamber was then exposed in the masonry of the steps in which, it is confidently alleged, a large sum of money was found by the lucky contractor. Others say the high rock was where a semaphore telegraph was fixed and that Mrs. Belcher, then residing at Birch Cove, used it to communicate with her friends of the army and navy in Halifax.

A word more about Sherwood :

MR. GEORGE MULLANE,
Care *Acadian Recorder*.

Dear Sir,—In your interesting article on Sherwood, in last Saturday's *ACADIAN RECORDER*, you state that "Sherwood is now owned by a number of persons living in Virginia, U. S." In the interest of historical accuracy this should be corrected by the statement that Sherwood is now owned by Sherwood Corporation, of which the writer is president.

ALEX. McNEIL.

In the closing years of the eighteenth century an incident occurred on the harbor that indicated, in a manner, how it came about that Bedford Basin then so far from the immediate settlement of Halifax became the sailing and amateur fishing grounds for the inhabitants, and subsequently the chosen locality on which, in winter time, the sports incidental to the season were carried out, and during the summer, the scene of great aquatic events.

A "friend of decency" found it necessary to write a letter to Anthony Henry, the printer to the king's most excellent majesty—for publication in the *Royal Gazette*—which was made the occasion of bringing out, in the shape of a complaint, the imperial order that then existed requiring all boats, of every size and design, passing George's Island, to report to the officer stationed on the island. The communication in question, using the old style "s", read:

(For the *Royal Gazette*.)

Mr. Henry :

Sir,—I have often remark'd that in the various occurrences of life, mankind are too apt (according to the old saying,) to lay the fiddle on the wrong horse; and accuse persons in authority with transactions which they are by no means privy to: and frequently to lament the existence of evils, which require only to be known to be remedy'd.—I was convinced of the truth of the former part of this assertion, by an occurrence that happened a few days since; being engaged on a party of pleasure down the Eastern Passage, we found it was necessary to stop at George's Island, to report to the officer on duty our business and place of destination:—to accomplish this object, it was necessary to lay our Boat near the wharf on the eastern side, and wait until a man who was dispatched for that purpose acquainted the officer; as this occasioned a delay of nearly ten minutes, we were amused during that time with the gambols of three or four naked men who were bathing, who not content with showing their dexterity as swimmers, (one in particular) retired to the shore and insulted us with actions modesty would blush at the recital of; this jeft was considerably heightened by the observations and laughter from the Persons on shore, who seemed highly to applaud the actor for his performance:—As seven or eight females composed part of the

company, we certainly were placed in a very unpleasant predicament, and had it not been for the delay it would have occasioned, I should have gone on shore and made a complaint to the commanding officer, who I was then unjust enough to accuse as the author of this insult:—But reflection convinc'd me I was guilty of the mistake noted in my first remark, as it could not be possible that a Gentleman bearing his Majesty's commission, would countenance actions solely calculated to offend the eye of decency, and which degrades human nature below the brute creation.

The order of stopping at the Island previous to passing it, I have no doubt was given for wife purposes; not to restrict the Inhabitants from enjoying those little excursions, conducive to health, and so pleafant in the summer season; nor were the Men on the island placed there for the purpose of annoying those parties by insult or obscene actions; I therefore attribute the transaction related, to proceed entirely from the licentious behavior of a few individuals, who I am sorry to add are a disgrace to the army.

I shall make no further comments on the subject, not doubting that this will have the effect propofed, and that my other observation will be fully verified, viz.—That this evil requires only to be known to be remedy'd.

I remain your humble Servant,

A Friend to Decency.

The effect of this very stringent regulation was to turn the pleasure seekers to Bedford Basin—the place that afforded them the greater scope for their pastimes and greater freedom from molestation of any kind. Once in a while some thoughtless person or persons would make a visit to the island lying in the Basin, then known by the name of Steven's island, and injure the grass which the owner, Robert Milne, considered to be a deprecation, but otherwise the rights of the owners of the shores, utilized for private picnic and chowder parties, were not seriously interfered with.

At a later date the shores resounded with the hum of industry—all around. Ship-building was vigorously prosecuted at the head of the Basin, and there the builders could at all times procure spars from 6 to 18 inches, and black birch and ship's timber from 6 to 15 inches. In the early fifties most active fishing enterprises en-

lived in the Basin. In the early autumn it was not an unusual thing to see mackerel schooling in the vicinity of the four mile house—in fact, sometimes the waters, extending from shore to shore, would present the picture of an immense cauldron so great in quantity were the visits of the mackerel—large fat No. 1s—that challenged admiration with their merry antics in their native element.

The fishermen from over the border, at this period, followed the mackerel into the very heart of the harbors, and it was the special delight of our shrewd neighbors to sail their well-equipped schooners up through the narrows and into the Basin, and set their nets just along the shore, between the three and four mile house, and having taken their fill, salt the fish on the fringe of the bountiful pastures on which browsed hundreds of fat cattle awaiting the call of the beef contractor for the imperial forces.

At a still later date the Basin held a prominent place in professional aquatic. On Tuesday, September 23rd, 1873, a match race was fixed to take place between George Brown, of Halifax, and John A. Biglin, of New York. Owing to rough water in the morning, and the absence of the steam launches at 5 o'clock, when the water was in perfect condition, the race was put off. It was postponed until the day following. The steam launch of the flagship, the *Royal Alfred*, which was placed at the disposal of the committee in charge of the race, through the kindness of Commander Kerr, had the referee and judges on board. There were in the Basin the buoy steamer *Charger*, with officers of the flagship on board; the Dartmouth steamer *Micmac*, and the tug *Goliath*, with excursionists; the *A. C. Whitney*, with a party invited by the owners, Lawson, Harrington & Co.; a number of steam launches, and a dozen yachts of the Royal Halifax Yacht Club fleet.

At 9.40 o'clock the referee and judges repaired to Biglin's quarters, at the Three-mile house, to discuss the prospects of a race, and to make the necessary arrangements. Bernard Biglin, for his brother, and John J. Scriven, for Brown, tossed for the choice of position. The toss was won by Mr. Scriven, who chose the inside position for Brown. The water was quite smooth in the cove, near the Three-mile house, the starting point,

but further out, where the wind took effect, it was decidedly lumpy. Mr. Harding, of St. John, N. B., as referee, with the approval of the representatives of the oarsmen, decided at 11 o'clock to postpone the race until 3 o'clock, and, provided the water was then unfit, to further postpone it until 5 o'clock. The decision was on shore, and soon was known to the disappointed thousands of men, women and children, who, in carriages or on foot, thronged the open road and every place from which a good view of the course could be obtained.

The Four-mile house was the centre of attraction. Around this hostelry all day there was constantly a great crowd of people. In the midst of them, at one door of the house, pool selling was carried on. Most of the sales were in small amounts—at two to one on Brown. Close to the pool-sellers the circumstance can be recalled of two enterprising citizens of the great republic who carried on an extensive gambling operation on the "wheel of fortune" principle—a feature of "now you see it" and "now you don't" which then was quite novel in these parts. At 5.50 p. m., Bernard Biglin went on board of the *A. C. Whitney* which, in the absence of the *Royal Alfred's* launch, was placed at the disposal of the committee. A delay was caused by replacing the turning buoys which had been moved by the wind, and when this was accomplished the referee thought it would be too late to pull off the race that evening.

The announcement "no race tonight" quickly spread around; the steamers and other craft bore away for the city, and the crowd on shore took the road for the same destination.

The next day—24th—fog prevailed in the morning. A few minutes before 8 o'clock the referee and judges embarked on the admiral's steam launch to go over the course. The water, though smooth at the starting point, was soon found to be broken, and at the upper end of the course proved quite rough. It had been decided at the Halifax hotel meeting on the night before that stakeboats should be used instead of buoys at the turning point, and a party of men were sent up to the Basin to make the necessary change. The inside boat, which Brown was to turn, carried his colors, blue, and the outside one, to be

turned by Biglin, carried the latter's white and blue colors.

The referee and judges having seen the stake boats placed in their proper position, returned to the Three-mile house, where a large crowd had already gathered to hear the decision. After a short consultation it was decided that the race should be postponed until three o'clock. As three o'clock approached the spectators again gathered on the shore of the Basin to witness the oft-deferred contest. Between two and three o'clock the fog lifted, the water appeared fairly smooth, and the only unfavorable feature was the pattering rain. A little before three o'clock a brief consultation was held between the referee and the representatives of the oarsmen, the result of which was a unanimous agreement that the race should take place at once. About this time the referee and judges encountered a new difficulty by the steam launch getting aground opposite the Four-mile house. In this dilemma a steam water boat, owned by Mr. Judge, was obtained to replace the launch, and the oarsmen were, at length, called out. Brown was the first in the water. He was loudly cheered by his friends. He was stripped to the buff, and bareheaded. Biglin, with his boat black-leaded, appeared a few minutes later, wearing a shirt, minus the arms, and a cap of his colors—blue and white. Both men were at the starting point at 3 o'clock, ready for the contest. Mr. Harding, the referee, in a few words, gave them their instructions to start at the word, "go," row a straight course to their respective stake-boats, turn from the inside to the outside, and return straight, finishing the race anywhere on a line between the referee's boat and the shore. The men, on signifying that they fully understood the matter, were asked: "Are you ready?" For answer the two men in silence stretched forth their bare, brown arms, and grasped the oars with a firmer grip, eager to spring to their work. "Go," said Mr. Harding—and they went.

The men dipped their oars as quickly as possible and instantly close observers marked the difference between the quick arrow-like start of the experienced American sculler and the comparatively slow movement of the Nova Scotian. Biglin seemed to have

sharply watched the referee's lips, and caught the word almost before the sound of it had reached all others. He glided away in magnificent style, shoving ahead from the first stroke, and a clear lead of a length before he had gone a hundred yards. Brown, though slower than his opponent to take the water, pulled a fine stroke and sent his boat along at a lively rate. There was not the slightest appearance of excitement about him. The very obvious lead of his opponent seemed to give him no uneasiness. As calmly as if he were rowing out to visit his fishing nets he settled down to his customary long and powerful stroke of about 34 to the minute, while Biglin, continuing the starting spurt, pulled with greater rapidity, but appeared to labor more. The position taken by Biglin at this stage occasioned much delight among his admirers, and one of them, on the referee's boat, suddenly astonished the spectators by loudly offering to bet a thousand dollars even against Brown. Fortunately, as the end proved for him, there was nobody on the boat willing to make a thousand dollar bet, though there were many thousands in the pockets of men on shore ready to be staked on Brown on even terms. A small even bet was, however, made on the boat. Bernard Biglin, who acted as judge for his brother, expressed himself as being willing to bet even.

The rapid pace of Biglin did not last long. Before the first mile had been covered, Brown, rowing steadily and moderately, collared him. Passing the Four-mile house, Brown, encouraged by hearty cheers of his friends on shore, put on a fine spurt, and shot a length ahead of his opponent, who had been spurting repeatedly to keep the lead, and who was now unable to answer the Haligonian's effort. Cheer after cheer now went up for Brown all along the shore, his friends feeling satisfied that the substantial lead he had obtained would be held and increased, and that, if all went well, he would win easily.

The first mile was made in about 6 minutes and 40 seconds. About the end of the second mile Biglin crossed into Brown's water—a move that led many of the latter's friends to suspect jockeying or a foul. Brown, however, had increased his lead to about ten lengths, and was beyond the chance of any such accident. Biglin, a little

later, turned outward again towards his course, and continued to make plucky, though hopeless, efforts to regain his lost position. Brown reached the stake boat three lengths ahead—and turned somewhat slowly. He was quite cool, and remarked to Captain Wasson, the stake boat judge, that Biglin had led well at the start. Then Biglin again showed his training and experience by making a quick turn, which gained him about half a length. On the home stretch both men rowed well, but without any notable feature except that Brown, without seeming to make any very great effort, increased his lead steadily. Amidst such roars of applause, as probably never before had awakened echoes around and about Bedford Basin, he crossed the winning line thirty seconds, or about ten lengths ahead of Biglin, who, also at the close, received a round of cheers. The winning time was 38m. 45s. The course was five miles— $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles each way. The race was for the sum of \$1,000.

HIS MAJESTY KING EDWARD VII.—THEN
PRINCE OF WALES—AT BEDFORD
BASIN.

If of an imaginative turn of mind the thoughtful rambler may trace the foot-steps—well-worn—of a son of George the III in the famous locality; closely in line he may detect the uneasy step of the Duke of Orleans, the distinguished member of the Bourbon family of France, who enjoyed in Halifax, for a brief time, the hospitality of a scion of a reigning British monarch—a measure of unostentatious generosity that he could not then look for in his own beloved country; the delicate, well-shaped impression not, however, to be observed in many quarters, was the lightly tread of the eldest daughter of another son of George III who, himself, ascended the throne at a later date; the manly step near by was that of her brother, who was a commander of one of the war-ships in Halifax harbor. Other footmarks that bore evidence of a much later period might be traced to the youngest daughter of the king—William IV—whose elder children had once strolled through the grounds, and to the light, fantastic step of the sailor son of Louis Phillippe—the Prince de Joinville. But there were other footmarks of a still later date. It required not a very great

stretch of the imagination to detect the strollings, in his tender years, of our own King Edward and of his two royal brothers and sister: the Dukes of Edinburgh and Connaught and the Duchess of Argyle.

On the day following the grand ball, at the province building, his royal highness the Prince of Wales, while in Halifax, in 1860, rode out in plain clothes to visit an estate outside the town called the Prince's Lodge. This pretty estate was formerly the property of Sir John Wentworth, lieutenant-governor of Nova Scotia, but, at the time of the Prince's visit, belonged to his heir, Mr. A. F. Wentworth Gore, who had specially come out from England to receive the heir to the throne in the visit it was almost certain he would make to the mansion formerly occupied by his royal highness' grandfather. The gravestone of the Duke of Kent's favorite charger, in the picturesque pleasure-grounds of the now ruined Lodge, was an especial object of interest. After returning to Halifax his royal highness went on board of H. M. S. *Hero*, and witnessed a regatta on the harbor.

The regatta over, the prince quitted the *Hero*, and after having paid a visit to all the vessels of the squadron, he went on board the *Valorous*, which had got up steam, and in this frigate he proceeded through the Narrows into Bedford Basin, a sheet of water that one who had been abroad called the finest probably on the face of the earth. The *London Times* correspondent thus described it: "This noble sheet of water is about ten miles long, by seven broad, free from almost any rocks, with a great depth of water all over it. Except at its narrow entrance, it is completely landlocked, and shut in by the picturesque semi-mountainous hills, which, clad with red and white pine to their very summits, make the whole scenery of the lake as rich and solemn-looking as can well be imagined. To say that the navy of Britain could ride here in safety, gives but a poor idea of the immense capacity of this harbour. Not only the royal navy, but all the shipping of Liverpool, could be accommodated in it with ease, and with room to spare. The heights around it too are so steep and rugged that a very little trouble or expense would convert it into such a series of impregnable fortresses as might defy all the

armies and navies of the world to assail." After steaming round the Basin the prince returned to the governor's house.

HODGE PODGE AT PRINCE'S LODGE.

A hodge podge party under the auspices of a general reception committee and the Royal Halifax Yacht Club took place on Friday, August 12th, 1884. This function was given in honor of a number of distinguished Canadian and New Brunswick visitors at Prince's Lodge. The weather was perfection itself and during the day a wholesome breeze that had lent its force in affording the yachtsmen an opportunity of displaying at once the seaworthiness of their graceful crafts and their own efficiency in handling them, died away and gave the guests, on their return from "the feast of reason and the flow of soul," an opportunity of witnessing the beautiful Basin by moonlight. The Dartmouth ferry boat left the Queen's wharf at mid-day loaded with Canadians and New Brunswickers, as well as a host of other pleasure seekers, and departed for the Prince's Lodge. On passing H. M. S. *Duncan* three most lusty cheers were given for the admiral, and three more for Captain Gibson,—the 16th regiment band playing "Rule Britannia" and "God Save the Queen."

On arriving at the "Lodge" the steamer was met by various yachts decked in holiday attire, which led the way up the harbor, preceded by the provincial revenue cutter *Daring*, on board of which there was also a considerable gathering. On landing, and falling in two deep, the assemblage were marched to the historic grounds—the band meanwhile playing the good old tune, "The Lass o' Gowrie." Then the company, after engaging in a variety of games, pitching quoits, etc., were summoned to the substantial—

"Then all was jollity,
Feasting and mirth, light wantonness and
laughter,
Piping and playing
Till life fled from us like an idle dream.

After the clashing of plates, knives and forks had somewhat subsided the commodore of the Yacht Club proposed "The Queen," which, as usual, was drunk with all the honors, and followed by cheers three times three. The next toast—"Our distinguished Canadian and New Brunswick guests"

—was drunk amid great cheering, when Hon. T. D'Arcy McGee was loudly called for, but the distinguished guest remarked that as those present would have another chance of mingling their voices together as they had already mingled a good many other things, whilst at the tables, he would merely on this occasion thank them for the handsome and enthusiastic manner in which the toast had been honored.

At five p. m. the lieutenant-governor, accompanied by Lady MacDonnell, arrived on the ground and, met by commodore Wallace and the mayor, proceeded to present the cup to Capt. Smith, representing the winning yacht. In the course of presentation, he remarked that from his recent tour round the province, in which he had visited many of our nearly unrivalled harbors, he was convinced that even Scotland, with all her harbors, did not offer greater inducements to Englishmen than our Nova Scotia waters. Turning to those who had competed for the cup he expressed pleasure in presenting it to the winner. Three cheers more, with hearty good will, for Lady MacDonnell.

After the "Marsellaise" and other songs in French had been sung in a highly spirited style, Dr. Charles Tupper remarked that, not being blessed with a musical soul, he was sorry he could not in return sing an English song, but proposed three cheers for D'Arcy McGee, which being most heartily given, had the effect of making Mr. McGee speak more at length than he, at first, anticipated.

Joseph Howe followed, and after making a very happy speech, in which the ladies came in for their full share of compliments, proposed three cheers for the "wives and sweethearts of our guests, and the ladies of Canada and New Brunswick," which, it is needless to say, was given with great enthusiasm. The Mayor of Fredericton then spoke, and kept the audience for a short time engaged in rounds of laughter by his sprightly remarks.

At a Highland reel danced to McPherson's music on the pipes, several of those who were advanced in years participated, and there was fun galore. The company reassembled in marching order, proceeded on board the steamer, and the yachts being taken in tow, they all arrived at the ferry wharf about 8 p. m., the general feel-

ing on separating being that a more pleasant day's outing could hardly have been anticipated.

A PLAN OF THE LODGE.

According to a plan of the Prince's lodge drawn in 1816 by Valentine Gibbs, one of the engineers that laid out the Shubenacadie canal, the property contained eleven buildings in all. Besides the lodge or residence, there was a small office or building in the rear. In front were the rotunda or band stand, and the Rockingham barracks near the shore. The library was a separate building on a line with the residence but south of it. A building marked Smith's house, was in front near the main road and inclining to the north. The coach and square houses were on a line with the Smith house, but farther north. The Chinese Temple was near the brook and south of the library building. There was a small building in the rear between the main building and the library. The garden house was on the borders of the lake at the east end, and the duck house on the west end.

Mrs. Frances Gore, widow of Charles W. Gore, died in 1861, leaving the Prince's lodge property to her son, Augustus F. Wentworth Gore, who came from England to be present at the lodge property when the Prince of Wales visited the locality in 1860. Augustus F. W. Gore and wife conveyed the property in 1870 to the following: Henry N. Paint, William C. Moir, William H. Neal, William D. O'Brien, Thomas Durney. The company in 1871 conveyed the lodge property to William Forsyth. Forsyth sold the Round house and the land on which it is situated to Wm. M. Harrington. Mr. Harrington sold it to the Rambler's Cycle club, who used it for a club house for a time. This portion of the lodge property is now owned by H. V. Wier, of Halifax.

The Duke of Connaught in 1869, also visited the lodge property from a barge of H. M. S. Mullet, which flew the Royal Standard over the sparkling waters of Bedford Basin. On this occasion he was accompanied by General Sir Charles Hastings Doyle, Sir William Young, (the Chief Justice) Sir A. Rodney Mundy, the then retiring commander-in-chief of the British North American fleet, and Admiral Wellesley, who had just assumed the chief command.

BEDFORD RIFLE RANGE.

One of the finest rifle ranges in Canada is situated in the valley of the Sackville river. It is an ideal spot for rifle shooting. In situation and all other particulars it is considered that no better site could have been chosen for the purpose—comprising as it does a spacious level area, with high wooded hills in rear, serving as natural butts, and being accessible by railway from the metropolis and other parts of the province. Before the opening of Bedford ranges, target practice took place at Windsor, Truro and Pictou. In and about Halifax there were a number of short ranges, Point Pleasant, Willow Park, Fort Needham and on the Basin, near Africville. Objections were urged against these ranges on account of danger to passing pedestrians from bullets flying wild. To the interest which the lieutenant-governor, Sir Richard Graves McDonnell, actively took in the improvement of our musketry, the militia is indebted for the selection and possession of Bedford range. The range is a part of the Sackville estate granted to George and Joseph Scott on the 22nd November, 1750, and comprised 850 acres. Captain George Scott was a very enterprising officer.

During the year of 1754 Governor Shirley of Massachusetts entered into a correspondence with Sir Thomas Robinson, Secretary of State, with a view to the reduction of the French posts at Beausejour and the River St. John. Arrangements were made with Governor Lawrence for this purpose, and Lieut.-Colonel Moncton and Captain George Scott were sent to New England.

Moncton was ordered to consult with General Shirley, how two thousand men might be raised with the greatest privacy and despatch, who were early in the spring to be employed under Moncton's command for the reduction of fort Beausefour and the removal of the French from the river St. John.

While Lieut.-Colonel Moncton and Captain Scott were engaged in this undertaking, one Drucourt, who could play the violin and teach dancing, and whose wife kept a *cabaret* at Louisburg, spent the summer of 1754 at New York, sent there to watch the proceedings of Moncton and Scott. He

had been in the mounted police in old France.

On the 20th April, 1765, 1800 men for the expedition to Beauséjour, were embarked and remained on board the transports at Boston waiting for the arrival of 2000 stand of arms from England, which, having a passage of ten weeks, did not come there until the 18th May. On 17th May, Colonel Monckton went on board. He waited for a wind, and finally sailed on 23rd May. He had at the time they left, very nearly the complement of 2000 men. Shirley had appointed Captain Winslow, late of Phillips regiment, and Captain Scott, to be lieutenant-colonels on this expedition under the general command of Mr. Monckton. Of the seige and fall of that fortress, Parkman's account cannot but prove of great interest to the student. Colonel Scott died in Bedford, and is buried in the wood about midway between the fort and the Church of England cemetery. The situation of this grave can be obtained by an examination of the map of the village made about 1875 by A. F. Church (long a resident of Bedford). Near Colonel Scott's grave there is said to be an Indian graveyard. Colonel Scott was commander of Fort Sackville. A Colonel Beresford, on the retired list, obtained a portion of the Scott grant through George Lister, who owned a great portion of the original grant of the old soldier of the French wars.

In the early twenties an advertisement appeared in all the newspapers, offering at public auction, in the exchange coffee house in Halifax what was then called the "Sackville estate," situate at the head of the Bedford Basin. This tract of land contained upwards of 8,000 acres, and from its situation, within the distance of ten miles from Halifax and at the junction of the two main roads of the province, offered, it was set forth by the auctioneer, great advantages to purchasers. A very large proportion of it was covered with excellent timber, particularly on the eastern side, where it had an extensive front on Lake Charles and Lake William. The quality of the soil was good, and the meadows on the Sackville river, which passed through it, were capable of being rendered, at a small expense, extremely valuable. The Mansion House and buildings were large and convenient

and in good repair. The whole estate, at this time, had been divided into ten lots and was offered either together or in lots to suit purchasers. This property, or at least a large portion of it, was not disposed of on this occasion. Some years afterwards, however, it is understood, it was offered for sale in England, and it secured a purchaser in George Lister, an English gentleman, who had a very laudable ambition to become the proprietor of a profitable estate in this country.

Mr. Lister, who was at the time a bachelor, came out to Halifax and resided in the Mansion House—which, by the way, is now the property of the heirs of Dr. Terman—for many years, having ample leisure and opportunity to reflect upon the uncertain nature, from a financial standpoint, of speculations that are rashly entered into. In course of time, however, the prospects of it being, after all, a successful venture on his part were greatly brightened by the line of railway from Halifax to Windsor passing through a portion of the property. Once the road was fairly under construction, Mr. Lister cut up that portion of the estate immediately at the head of the Basin, and on its western side, into good sized lots, and offered them for competition to the speculative inhabitants of that day, who brought themselves to believe that snug fortunes were but loosely hidden in the land through which the iron horse snorted.

At a later day, lots to the east of the Sackville river were disposed of to the extent of between forty and fifty acres, realizing about \$5,000. At this time it was predicted that Sackville would soon take the lead of all other newer towns in the vicinity of our Atlantic coast. Mr. Lister went to England in 1856, married there and soon after returned to his Sackville home. He and his wife—there were no children—have now for many years rested, side by side, in or near the village cemetery. The property fell to the wife's sister, who died about eighteen years ago.

By the will of Mary Brockwell—Mrs. Lister's sister—the "Sackville estate," or what is left of it—and there are many broad acres—was "given, devised and bequeathed" FOR THE EDUCATION OF FEMALE ORPHANS. The dwelling house at the head of the Basin—a most delightful retreat—was to be occupied by these orphans, and for the purposes of the institution there were devoted

about fifty acres adjoining the homestead. The residue of the real estate was to be sold and the amount realized invested for the proper maintenance and education of the aforesaid female orphans. Miss Brockwell left other valuable property for the same benevolent purpose.

The homestead at the head of Bedford Basin now owned and occupied by Mrs. Ternan has an interesting history. The framework is built of Norwegian oak, brought to this country a hundred years ago. The building is still in a splendid state of preservation. It seems to have been the residence of the commanders of Fort Sackville. It was occupied at one time by Colonel Beresford, who exchanged some property in England with George Lister, who, at the time, owned the "Sackville estate." The land surrounding the residence embraced—about three acres—all that which lay between what are now known as Sucker's and Parker's brooks.

The old guard house at Fort Sackville stood in the field near the Windsor road. Its chimney was so large as to allow of a means of escape to prisoners confined there. The guard house was demolished a few years before the close of the last century.

A riotous gathering took place at Sackville Bridge one night in 1783. It seems that a turnpike gate had been set up with a view of collecting tolls, under a provincial law not now in print. A party of armed men on horseback assembled at eleven o'clock on Saturday night, October 19th, 1782, surrounded the keeper's house, and cut the gate to pieces. After the destruction of the toll-gate, the following notice appeared in the *Royal Nova Scotia Gazette*: "Whereas it has been represented to us by George DeChamps, Esq., one of the trustees for the turnpike, by a letter of the 23rd instant, that some evil-minded persons assembled together on horseback about 11 o'clock at night at the turnpike gate at Sackville, the 19th inst., and cut the gate to pieces: whoever will give information of the person or persons who have cut it down, so they may be prosecuted to conviction, shall receive £20 reward.

JOHN CUNNINGHAM,
JOSEPH FAIRBANKS,
Trustees.

Monday, 28th October, 1782."

The turnpike was again erected, but three years later—in September, 1785—a similar disturbance occurred; although rewards amounting to £25 were offered, no discoveries were made. The first bridge was of wood; the second of stone; and the one carrying the traffic of the present day is constructed of steel.

BEDFORD RANGE AS A MILITARY CAMPING GROUND.

While the Asiatic cholera raged in Halifax, the soldiers in the garrison suffered severely. The epidemic visited the town in 1834, and prevailed for two or three months—the death rate being about thirty daily. Dalhousie College, on the Grand Parade—then a comparatively new building—was converted into an hospital, there being no public institution of that kind in the town. Interments were mostly at Fort Massey—now the military cemetery. Large trenches were dug for the reception of the bodies, which were coffined roughly, and borne on trucks for burial. The disease committed sad havoc with the soldiers. The Rifle Brigade, especially, suffered to such an alarming extent that it was decided to remove the regiment to Bedford, where it encamped. Once away from the barracks of the town, and given a chance to enjoy the sublime features—pure air being a leading characteristic—of Bedford Basin, this fine old regiment recruited rapidly, and the disease found no more victims.

WOOLLEN MILLS.

In the early forties of the last century a firm of woollen manufacturers was established at Sackville. It was composed of George Eastwood, Henry Eastwood and William Tolson. The co-partnership expired in 1846, and the property was then offered at private sale. The firm held a lease of the water-power for 21 years. There was a never-failing supply of water—the machinery was all of the best English and American manufacture, and was well-adapted for carding and other country work. The firm was known as George Eastwood & Co., but the new firm, which continued the business, was called Eastwood & Tolson, and for many years the business of woollen manufacturing was thus carried on.

The firm in question established a blanket depot in Halifax—"at the foot of the Round Church hill"—where

all business connected with the woollen factory at Sackville bridge was transacted. At the depot they exchanged blankets and other goods for wool, having always on hand 4 and 5 quarter cradle blankets, 8, 9, 10, 11 and 12 quarter family blankets, and a large lot of country-made and felled home-spuns. The firm undertook to sell at a lower price than that of any imported goods of the same make and quality.

THE PROVINCIAL RIFLE ASSOCIATION AT BEDFORD.

The first annual firing of this organization, for various prizes and medals, commenced at Bedford on August 27th, 1898. The grounds were well prepared for the match. Some time was occupied in arranging preliminaries, and it was not until about noon that the firing in the first competition commenced. There were about 400 competitors on the field. In the first competition the 300 yard range only was contested. It was decided to defer the second competition, which was for the Cogswell challenge cup and \$40, in consequence of the absence of some Prince Edward Island volunteers, who were expected to be on the grounds. In the first competition the highest number of points was made, respectively, by lieutenant-colonel Lyons, of the 6th King's militia; sergeant A. Waugh, of the 4th Hants; Michael Doran, of the Halifax Rifles. The lieutenant-governor was present during the greater part of the day, and took a lively interest in the proceedings.

The second day at the range was as fine a day as riflemen could desire. The shooting on the whole was better than on the first day. The Halifax members of the association had ill-success. The country marksmen proved themselves the superior of the citizen soldiery. One account of the contest on the day said: "the arm that guides the plough and otherwise tills the earth must necessarily possess the nerve and muscle against which dry good men, who seldom handle a heavier implement than a yard-stick, and professional men, who, like ourselves, wield only the pen, can hardly expect to make a good appearance. That we have good shots in our midst there is no denying, and we frequently hear of large scores being made at occasional target practice; but—how

it is we do not know—when the great competition day arrives, Halifax fails to do itself honor. Let us be understood: we do not deprecate the firing of the metropolitans, but as citizens we naturally regret that more prizes do not fall to our share. Let us hope that the Halifax boys will yet retrieve lost honors and bear off a fair proportion of the prizes."

The provincial rifle association gold medal and £10 was won by captain A. Fraser, 5th Pictou regiment. In this competition three Halifax men obtained prizes, viz: lieutenant James R. Graham, of the Halifax volunteer artillery; sergeant George A. Sanford, of the same battery, and private Joseph E. Campbell, of the Halifax rifles. The latter is the only survivor of the three who won prizes in this competition—three capital shots. The 1st prize of the third competition for the medal of the National Rifle Association was won by quarter-master sergeant Eaton, of the 1st Kings, winning by scoring 33 points at ranges 200 and 300 yards.

A competition which excited much interest among the best shots in the Halifax volunteers was for a handsome silver bugle, presented to the volunteers by Lady Mulgrave—the wife of the lieutenant-governor of Nova Scotia—and a number of ladies of the city. The much-coveted prize was fired for at Bedford range, on the 21st August, 1898. Five members of each company took part in the contest. It was won by the Scottish company. The ranges were 200 and 400 yards. The following scores were made: Scottish rifles, 130; Halifax rifles, 132; Mayflowers, 126; Dartmouth, 120; Chebucto Greys, 108.

A STEAMBOAT ON BEDFORD BASIN FOR THE FIRST TIME.

The first steam boat to make a trip on Bedford Basin—indeed, it could be said, the first ferry boat propelled by steam to appear on the harbor of old Chebucto—was the *Sir Charles Ogle*. She was built in the cove at Dartmouth by Mr. Lyle. It was in the closing days of 1829 that the steamer was completed—the machinery on board and in order. An attempt was made to launch her on the first day of the new year. She set off in fine style, but when about two-thirds in the water she stuck in the ways, and every exertion to complete the launch at that tide were unavailing. Her

length of deck was 103 feet, width of beam 20 feet, width of deck over all 35 feet, 176 tons measurement; her engine was 30 horse power.

It was understood that the fare would be four pence, and that the steamer would make four passages an hour. The team boat, which she displaced, frequently made but four trips a day, frequently less, and sometimes in winter would not cross at all. It was considered on all hands that an excellent exchange had been made. The steamboat had two commodious cabins. In the eyes of the inhabitants she brought Dartmouth as it were to the end of the steamboat wharf, and it was anticipated that the enterprise would have an admirable effect on the life and prosperity of the village. The hope was generally indulged in that the steamer would well repay the public-spirited gentlemen who had first given to Halifax one of the wonders of science. At full tide, near midnight, the steamer was got off, and in the words of an enthusiastic townsman, uttered at the time: "she now sits the water gracefully as a swan, an honor and an advantage to the community." On the 12th of January teams and passengers crossed the harbor in the *Sir Charles Oyle*, and on the following day she circumnavigated George's Island, to the satisfaction of numerous and most respectable passengers who had taken advantage of the trip.

It having been given out that on the morning of the 21st January the steamboat would start from the Slip on an excursion towards Sackville, a large number of gentlemen assembled at the wharf to take passage, but from the fact that she was detained an hour, and the weather had become somewhat unpleasant, many declined going. At 12 o'clock she left the wharf, and, although the wind and tide were both against her, she proceeded towards the Basin in the finest style. The ebb-tide at the Narrows was supposed to be running at least two miles an hour, yet she moved on gaily, beyond the resistance of the tide, and the pressure of a heavy snow-squall from the northward, at the rate of between five and six knots within the same period. Arrived within the Basin, the day became fine, when she proceeded some miles towards the head of that extensive sheet of water, and sweeping a circuit along the shores of Rocking-

ham and Birch Cove, she returned majestically through the Narrows, where, propelled by the power of her very superior and beautiful engine, and assisted by the ebbing of the tide, she dashed along at an estimated speed of between eight and ten miles an hour. Passing the wharves, on which a great concourse of people had assembled to witness the novel and interesting sight, she performed a circle around George's Island, and returning to the Slip, landed her passengers, all greatly pleased with their excursion, which had lasted during two hours and a half, and all for the moderate sum of fifteen pence each. The advantages of her excellent accommodations under deck were rendered apparent and fully realized in going through the Narrows, when the snow-squall, for a short time rendering it unpleasant on deck, induced all to try the comforts of the cabin below, where the gratification of the parties was not a little increased by the enjoyment of such refreshments as Mr. Keefer, of the Exchange Coffee House, had, at a short notice, been enabled to provide.

The steamer again started at 3 o'clock, when such persons as felt inclined were accommodated for 5d. each with an excursion down the harbor, around the buoy at Point Pleasant, up the North-West Arm nearly to Melville Island, and back again to town. The delightful and, at that season of the year, uncommon fineness of the afternoon; the placidness of the waters of the Arm, never before disturbed by the paddles of a steam engine; the circumstance of one of the venerable fathers of the country—Mr. Howe, senior—being accidentally in his field, and suddenly beholding in front of his retired habitation that, perhaps, which he had indulged little expectation of seeing effected in his day, and hearing the solitude of his retirement unexpectedly broken in upon by three hearty cheers from the passengers on the deck of the first steam boat that ever glided along the shores of that pretty inlet—which were no less heartily returned by the good old gentleman—added in no small degree to the pleasure of the trip. She returned to the dock about dusk, and was brought into her berth in the handsomest manner, under the direction of her newly-appointed commander, Capt. Hunter.

It was announced that she would, in a few days, commence to ply regularly

between Halifax and Dartmouth, from which she would not be diverted. Before the team boat was entirely laid fast it was suggested that a timely notice should be given the public of an intended excursion to Sackville, or to the light-house on Mauger's beach, at a moderate fare of 18s. or 2s. each person. A trip like that, it was pointed out, would be very productive to the company, who had a strong claim on the patronage of the townspeople for the liberality with which they had advanced their means towards the completion of the undertaking, and afford at the same time much pleasure and gratification to a great number of the townsfolk, who would be delighted to embrace the opportunity of a short aquatic expedition. It was thought that the company would find it to their interest in devoting the boat even the second day to the performance of a similar route at a lesser rate of fare, thus placing within the reach of all the enjoyment of a pleasurable excursion which would do much towards destroying the foolish prejudices, which many were known to entertain, relative to steam navigation.

Before the end of January the *Sir Charles Ogle* was regularly in the ferry service, and passengers and freight were hourly on the increase. It was remarked as a most encouraging circumstance that in one day, in three trips of the steam boat from Dartmouth, she conveyed fifty-three teams, loaded with produce, to the Halifax market. The scene was exhilarating—and it was scarcely less so to observe on the next morning that, instead of a glut in the market, the articles had nearly all disappeared, leaving opportunity for as much more to flow in. When it was recollected that, by the steam boat, was but one route to the town, it could be conjectured how much plenty and wholesome circulation at that time pervaded the province. The steam engine placed in the *Sir Charles Ogle* was the first of the kind introduced into Nova Scotia. Frequent interruptions having occurred for making repairs, another boat of 25 horse power was built in 1838, and a third one of 40 horse power was constructed in 1844. The second boat was named the *Boxer*, in honor of Captain Boxer, of the Admiral's flag ship *Husar*, who, with a party of his men, helped in getting off the *Sir C. Ogle*; and then the *Micmac* after the

aborigines of the soil of Nova Scotia. All the steamboats were built at the shipyard of A. Lyle in Dartmouth.

A BEDFORD PIONEER—A SKETCH OF HIS CAREER.

A correspondent familiar with Bedford Basin and its traditions furnishes the following sketch of an early settler of Bedford who spent all his long life around and about the Basin:

Very many of your readers will recollect Flemming Smith, (I write his christian name as he spelled it,) the old colored man who kept picnic grounds and sold spruce, hop, and corn beer on a road running southerly from the road between Bedford and Dartmouth and branching therefrom near the house which the late Miss Brockwell occupied at the time of her death. In his grounds he had swings and tilts as well as bowers furnished with tables and benches for picnickers. He was well known in Halifax and Dartmouth and all the countryside. He died six years ago in a little hut he had built for himself on land belonging to him on the Cobequid road, his wife having pre-deceased him.

Flemming's parents were Virginian slaves. He was born shortly after they were reunited in Nova Scotia. They had been picked up separately in Chesapeake Bay, at different times during the war of 1812, and by different British men-of-war, from boats in which they had escaped from their plantation. Among the officers on one of these ships was that famous son of Halifax who, in command of the "Shannon" sailed in triumph into Halifax harbor with the captive "Chesapeake." Late in his lifetime, Flemming wrote to Sir William Provo Parry Wallis, then senior admiral of the fleet and the nestor of the navy, mentioning his parent's rescue. The distinguished admiral sent a very kind reply accompanied by a photograph of himself in uniform. This picture was, of course, highly prized by its possessor, and was shown to all his visitors.

Flemming's memory was unusually good. His stories of events occurring within his knowledge were often highly entertaining; and he could tell of some few happenings further back. But he was also gifted with an exuberant fancy, and much of the superstition of his race had been stilled into him.

Naturally he was prone to mix figments with his facts.

On the western side of the Sackville river at the shooting-range rises a high hill which is a land mark for miles around. It is called Gordon's Hill. But according to Flemming the Gordon homestead was on the eastern slope near the base where there are evidences of a somewhat extensive clearing; while the top of the hill was occupied by a family named Harris, a single apple tree being all that is left to mark the spot they cultivated. On the upper side of the main road, in a field opposite the present Bedford railway station, stood a house which was at that time occupied by a Mr. and Mrs. Lawlor and their colored man-servant. One Saturday night the Lawlors gave a little party, at which the only guests were Mr. and Mrs. Gordon, Mr. and Mrs. Harris, and another person. The entertainment consisted in playing cards and drinking rum—"everybody," said Flemming, "drank rum in those days." When midnight came, Mrs. Lawlor wished the card-playing to cease; but being over-ruled by her husband, she went up stairs to bed. The six who were left continued their games and their carousing until, it was supposed, all had fallen into a drunken stupor, and a candle was somehow overturned. At any rate, the colored servant, who had been dozing in the porch, awoke to find the house in flames. He rushed out and shouted to Mrs. Lawlor, who, hearing his cries, sprang from a window into his arms and was saved. Before the sun was high on the Lord's Day morning, all that remained of the house and of the six who perished in it were some smoking cinders, save that on those cinders lay, untouched by the flames, six human hearts—left there (Flemming was wont to declare), as a witness to all who passed that way of the dire punishment inflicted on the Sabbath-breakers.

In this case it was probably before Flemming's time that the element of fiction was introduced into what, apart from it, was probably a mass of fact. The following had likely come down to him in its entirety:

When Christopher Columbus discovered America two hundred years ago, he came to Bedford and trained a moose to harness. In winter time, having got the animal into good shape, he drove it in a sled to Windsor. But

Columbus found very few white folks in that town; its inhabitants were then mostly Indians.

Flemming was a truthful man and an intelligent one. His love of the marvellous, however, led him to give too ready credence to tales of wonder told him by others. Thus we must account for his story of the clever goat of Windsor Junction that used to steal the navvies' dinners. When the navvies began to hang their baskets on trees high out of its reach, the goat learned to climb up after them.

But like the Pasha of Many Tales, Flemming set limits to his credulity. Some school boys once told him that most of the stars were larger than the earth. They were disappointed if they expected Flemming to believe any such nonsense. Had not his father, one memorable November night, aroused all his sleeping family because he felt sure that the end of the world was at hand? And did not Flemming and his brothers then behold with their own affrighted eyes the stars of heaven falling in showers on the earth, till none remained in the sky except the morning star alone? This fearsome sight was, of course, the meteoric shower of 1833. It was reproduced on a less striking scale in 1866. In 1899 the display did not come up to expectation, the Leonids, it is supposed, having been deflected from their course by the attraction of Jupiter.

Flemming, in his time, played "many parts"—farmer, clerk in a country store, railway section-man, waiter at the Bedford hotel (Fitzmaurice's), teacher of vocal music. He had an immense stock of plantation hymns. Before singing one, it was his habit to exercise his voice with *do, re, mi*, etc.—a performance which reminded one of a violinist tuning up his fiddle. Among his hymns was the one in which occur the oft-quoted lines:

"See de old debbil gettin' round a stump!
Gib him a kick and make him jump!"

But Flemming did not pronounce the words as *de, debbil*, or *gib*. His enunciation of English was good, with a very slight African intonation. This was not one of his favorites; but when he sang it, he sang with glee as though with his mind's eye he were watching the indignity practised on the evil one, and glorying therein.

One of the hymns he loved rang out in solemn, earnest protest:

"Some say that John the Baptist
Is nothing but a Jew;
But the holy scripture tells us
He was a preacher too."

In another, referring to another John, the refrain seemed to rise in exultant emphasis, as if the singer were flinging irrefutable testimony in the face of discomfited scepticism:

"John SAW,
John SAW—
JOHN SAW the holy number,
Sitting round the golden altar."

The body of Flemming Smith does not rest in the Union cemetery of Bedford beside that of the wife whom he loved, and whom he nursed with tender solicitude during years of hopeless illness. The good man's bones, in accordance with his dying request, were interred near those of his kindred, where Sackville church, from its wind-swept height, gazes down upon the cultivated valley of the Sackville's chief tributary, and upon the wild one furrowed by its main stream—looks even beyond these, over the watershed and into the basin of the distant Shubenacadie. On this lovely hillside, sweetest of resting places for the dead, sleep the forefathers of the surrounding settlement. Here, too, repose some scions of a patrician house, themselves eminent in Nova Scotia's annals. For in yonder corner, where the trees of the wild wood push their branches over the churchyard wall, and beneath tombstones decked with the heraldic achievements of an ancient line, lie the mortal remains of the old Uniacs.

Despite his unshakable belief in ghosts, Flemming, so far as I have heard, saw only one: but of this anon.

EAST SIDE OF BEDFORD BASIN.

The winding shore above the Narrows has many picturesque points and coves to recommend it to the lover of natural scenery. It has also historical associations, but not, perhaps, of such prominence as that of the western side. High hills, clad with pine and spruce, rise conspicuously above the sparkling waters, affording wide views of the city and harbor of Halifax. Tufts' Cove, which was named after Gerisham Tufts, who belonged to a family extensively known in the United States, was the first to obtain a grant of the land surrounding this cove. The im-

pression prevailed that he belonged to New England and came to Halifax early in the settlement of the town.

The land above the Tufts property was granted to Ezekiel Gilman. He was one of the two army majors, retired, that accompanied the first settlers to Halifax. Leonard Lockman, after whom Lockman street is named, was the other. In Murloch's history of Nova Scotia the following tragedy, with which Gilman was connected, is thus related:

On Saturday, 10th Oct., 1740, (N. S.) the Indians committed acts of hostility at a saw mill that had been erected in Chebucto bay. Six men without arms were sent out by Major Gilman to cut wood for the mill. Of these six four were killed and one made prisoner by a party of Indians, who had lain in ambush. The sixth man made good his escape from them. The saw mill was near Dartmouth Cove. On the following day, Sunday, the governor and council met on board the *Beaufort*. They decided not to declare war against the Indians as that would be in some sort to own them as a "free people"—that they ought to be looked upon as rebels to H. M. government, or as banditti ruffians. War, however, was to be made on them; a reward offered for prisoners and forscalps; Major Gilman to raise another independent company of volunteers to scour all the country round the bay; a proclamation issued reciting the Indians' hostilities recently committed at Canso and Chebucto, and ordering all officers, civil and military, and all H. M. subjects to take and destroy the Micmacs, and offering ten guineas for each Indian, living or dead, or his scalp, as was the custom of America. Major Gillman was now instructed to raise his company and get them hatchets, haversacks and snowshoes. Gilman went to Piscataqua to enlist his company of 100 men, engaging to return with them before December.

The Gilman lands were escheated, and regranted in trust to Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin. Coffin was a son of an officer of the Customs at Boston. He was born in that town on 16th May, 1750. He entered the navy 1773 under the patronage of Rear-Admiral Montague, the commander-in-chief on the North American station. In 1781 he was one of the lieutenants of the *Royal Oak*, with Vice-Admiral Arbuthnot (Governor of N. S.) in the action off

Cape Henry. On 3rd July, 1781, he was made commander, and towards the winter, when Sir Samuel Hood was returning from the West Indies, obtained permission to serve as a volunteer on board the *Dalfeur*, Sir Samuel's flagship. He was then present in the brilliant action at St. Kitts, and by Hood's interest was promoted to be a captain of the *Shrewsbury* of 74 guns, on the 13th June, 1782. He had scarcely taken up his commission before he was involved in a difficulty which a much older officer might well have feared.

Three boys of, respectively, five, four and two year service at sea, were appointed by Sir George Rodney, as lieutenants of the *Shrewsbury*. Coffin, in the first instance, refused to receive them, as not qualified according to instructions, and as incapable of doing duty. Afterwards, understanding that it was Rodney's positive order, he did receive them; but he was, notwithstanding, ordered to be tried by court martial for disobedience and contempt. The trial was held at Port Royal on 29th July, when his own commission was scarcely more than six weeks old. He was acquitted of contempt, and the court pronouncing that the appointment of these officers by commission was irregular and contrary to established rules of the service, acquitted him also of the charge of disobedience. The lieutenants, however, having been appointed by the commander-in-chief, remained on board the *Shrewsbury* in defiance of the decision of the court, and it was not till Coffin wrote (20th Sept. 1782, begging their lordships to have them suspended as he considered "it necessary to have lieutenants on board who knew their duty" that the admiralty issued an order (14th Dec.) cancelling their commissions. Before the order came out Coffin was removed into the *Hydra* of 20 guns, which ship he took to England and paid off.

Coffin then spent some time in France, and in 1786 was appointed to command the *Thiabe* frigate, which was ordered to carry out Lord Dorchester and his family to Quebec. While at Halifax he was, in 1788, accused by the master of knowingly signing a false muster. When the case was brought before a court martial in Halifax harbor it was shown that four young gentlemen were borne on the ship's books as captain's servants, but had not been present on board, and

though the custom was general throughout the service, that there was probably not one captain on the court who had not himself been guilty of precisely the same offence, and though the charge, unquestionably, was made out of personal malice, the court was compelled by the plain letter of the law to find Coffin guilty. The law directed the person so offending to be cashiered. The court not unnaturally thought that the punishment was altogether out of proportion to the offence, and therefore sentenced Coffin to be dismissed his ship. When the sentence reached home Lord Howe, then First Lord of the Admiralty, at once saw that it was a blunder, and by the way of correcting it, ordered Coffin's name to be struck off the list. Against this Coffin petitioned, and by the King's command the case was submitted to the judges, who pronounced that the sentence of the court was illegal and, also, that the punishment as directed by the Act could not be influenced by any other authority. Coffin was thereupon reinstated in the service, Lord Howe not considering it advisable to exercise the right of the admiralty arbitrarily to dismiss him from the navy.

In 1790 Coffin was appointed to the *Alligator* of 28 guns. This ship was lying at the Nore, with a strong tide running and the wind blowing fresh a man fell overboard. Coffin immediately jumped after the unfortunate sailor and succeeded in rescuing him, but in the exertion he injured himself badly. In 1798 he was sent to Halifax as commissioner of the dockyard and it was while holding this office that the lands on the east side of Bedford Basin, were granted to the naval authorities with Sir Isaac Coffin as trustee.

THE FRENCH DEAD AT BEDFORD BASIN.

A movement is on foot, undertaken by responsible parties in Halifax, to interest the French government in erecting a monument to commemorate the memory of the victims of the *duc d'Anville's* ill-starred fleet who died of a scorbutic disease on the shores of Bedford Basin. Premier Guion, of the Province of Quebec, and other prominent French Canadians, are also interesting themselves in the matter. Investigation by surveyors have taken place back of the French Landing, and also at Birch Cove, with a view to the

locating of the burial place of those unfortunate sailors and soldiers who died after being landed from the ships of the fleet.

The account of the French expedition and its misfortunes is familiar history. After D'Estournel had committed suicide the command of the fleet devolved on Marquis de la Jonquiere, governor-elect of Canada—a man who had seen a good deal of active service. Unlike d'Anville, La Jonquiere belonged to a family of little fortune, but by his own efforts he had raised himself into prominence. He was of tall stature, of excellent physique, and had an imposing air. Although in his conduct he proved to be not over particular in some matters, yet his worst enemies could not accuse him of being anything but a man of undaunted courage. When la Jonquiere succeeded to the command the fleet was still in Bedford Basin. For the moment nothing could be done—until sickness throughout the fleet had somewhat abated. The men had been encamped on shore, the sick being placed in large tents formed of old sails, but still the epidemic continued. According to the deposition of an English prisoner 1135 men died while the fleet was in the harbor. The Micmacs, who were encamped nearby, became infected and were carried off in great numbers. Finally La Jonquiere decided to move immediately against Annapolis. Some accounts state that his departure was hurried by a report that a British squadron, under Admiral Lestock, was expected on the coast. Only one thousand men were now fit for service, and deaths were occurring daily. One frigate had remaining only one seaman to a gun. La Jonquiere, nevertheless, gave orders for the embarkation of the troops and made preparations for sailing.

The following beautiful elegy is by a young Halifax poetess:

LES VOYAGEURS.

By Annie Campbell Huestis.

"and so they entered the harbor, a pitiable remnant of the mighty fleet which had left France. Some died of disease, some of despair and heart-break, some threw themselves upon their swords, some frenzied, fought until they fell. And here among the hills overlooking the harbor, many of them were buried."—Account of D'Anville's fleet, 1746:

I

Sleep well, *Voyageurs*,
The quiet hills enfold you.
The mighty dark shall hem you in,
The endless silence hold you.
But the hill winds and the hill calms
That dwell where you are lying,
Are changeful as the restless sea
That drew you to your dying.

II.

Sleep well, *Voyageurs*,
Your merry day is over,
Ah, how can ever heart be still
That once was free, a rover?
The winds that blew no more for you
In the gay dawns are calling,
The seas you may not sail again,
Mourn when the dusk is falling.

III

Sleep well, *Voyageurs*,
The sleep so dreary seeming,
But who can tell what wonder ships
Drift, ghost-like, through your dreaming.
Ships of the air, ships of the dark,
That drift beyond our hailing,
And who can tell how wide and free
The sea you may be sailing!

IV

A hidden sea, a solemn sea,
For hearts so wild and daring
And never one comes home again
To tell us of his faring,
Oh, strange and far and dim the way
The *Voyageurs* are going!
The distant music of their dream
Is sweet beyond our knowing.

V

Who knows what friendly voices cheer
Where fearless souls are steering?
Who knows what radiant harbor lights
Their shadowy ships are nearing?
Dream, dream, *Voyageurs*,
Oh, deep and long your sleeping,
But the hill winds and the hill calms
Shall hold you in their keeping.

STEVENS' ISLAND—BEDFORD BASIN.

On the east side of Bedford basin, above Tufts cove, there is a picturesque island, now owned by John Glassey, of Halifax, on which that gentleman has built a bungalow. The island is well known to all frequenters of the basin as a spot where clams abounded, and where picnics and clam bakes attracted large numbers in days gone by. A row to Stevens' island by the yorth of the town during the summer months was a favorite pastime in the days before the North West Arm became popular. Before the island became private property a number of people ventured to build camps there without obtaining the permission of the naval authorities, who, seemingly, winked at this invasion of imperial rights, when the island ceased to be a place for target practice for the sailors of the men-o'-war.

Stevens' or Navy island was originally owned by Thomas Stevens, an early settler. He did not get a grant, having been in possession, lived and made improvements there ever since the year 1759, on a verbal promise of a grant from Governor Lawrence. On December 17th, 1788, Stevens, in consideration of friendship and affection, conveyed all of that island called Millers, and since called Stevens' to Robert Millne. On May 31, 1800, Millne and his wife Margaret conveyed to H. R. H. Edward, Duke of Kent, for £75, an island in Bedford Basin, formerly called Miller's, and now called Stevens' island.

Prior to 1806 this island was leased by the military authorities to the admiralty for rifle practice. The island contains four acres and two perches of land. The water lots surrounding were not granted until the time of Sir Gaspard Le Marchant. The grant was to the Right Honourable Lord Panmure, secretary of state for war, and is recited as follows: "a water lot or lot of land covered with water, lying and being in Bedford Basin, in the county of Halifax, and the water in front of Stevens' island, the property of the war department, 100 feet all round the island." This grant was given in 1858, and was signed by Charles Tupper, Provincial Secretary.

Frederick Ott received a grant of land which fronted on the cove in which Stevens' island is situate. In consequence his heirs, in 1799, laid claim to the island, and published a notice cautioning the public from trespassing on the property. The notice was signed by Andrew Murdoch, Thomas Akins and Frederick Ott Beamish. Akins was the father of Thomas B. Akins, the archivist of Nova Scotia. Murdoch was the father of Beamish Murdoch, who wrote the history of the province, and both were nephews of Frederick Ott Beamish. The claimants found that they could not make good their claim to the island, and shortly afterwards published another notice, which stated that the island was given up without suit.

In 1804 a party of young men residing in Halifax formed a club, which they named the "S. F. Club," from the initial letters *semper fideles*. It had been their custom to resort to Stevens' island for their outings. After a time

they built a small club house on the island. Becoming aware of the fact that the Stevens' island was not unlikely to pass into private hands, the club, now grown in numbers, purchased a parcel of land on the mainland, abutting the cove, and there built a new club house. The land was bought from Ernest Hill, of Dartmouth, who was interested in powder mills that stood thereabouts, and which were afterwards purchased by the Acadia Powder company. Besides the "S. F." club there are several bungalows on the shores of the cove, owned by residents of Halifax. Here, too, the Wright family own a number of acres, of the old grants. It was on a part of these lands that the late George Wright, of Halifax, who was lost in the steamship *Titanic*, was born. Heffler's picnic grounds, once a favorite resort of picnic parties, is south of the "S. F." club house. On these grounds the veteran firemen of Halifax used, at one time, to hold their annual hodge podge. The hodge podge was a most jolly function, and in its day gained as all-round a popularity as the Union Protection company's annual festive gathering.

THE TWELVE MILE HOUSE.

Over sixty years ago a writer published a description of Bedford Road in a sketch entitled, "the Twelve Mile House." The following extracts are from this sketch: "It is a fresh and breezy morning, a not uncommon circumstance in Nova Scotia—there is a bracing elasticity in every atmospheric evolution, that, somehow or other, invigorates and elevates the mental and physical temperament. The blue roof of heaven's arch assumes so dense and firm an appearance, that the gazer almost involuntarily, but wildly longs to wrap in its fanciful foldings and be borne away he knows or cares not whither. Ariel locomotion being however out of the question, under present circumstances, the traveller must needs content himself with such as is afforded by the glossy yellow painted coach, that rattles to his door. The team of horses are restless and impatient, as all horses are or ought to be; apparently infected with the same joyous gaiety as the human animals, claiming superiority not always sustained. The road winds gracefully around the margin of Bedford Basin; the excursionists gaze musingly at the

rising tide, at the boys upon the shore absorbed in the enticing occupation of clam digging, or at the dotting sails of pleasure boats dancing with the riplots. The coach is fairly on the road, and the eye glances quickly, restlessly among the tall pine trees whose wiry tassels hide the roving squirrel, and, as each dark tree glides by like some scene of magic, succeeded by glimpses of variegated moss hillocks upon which the teaberry crimsons for the woodbird the traveller heaves a sigh, as he gazes on the uncultivated land, for the many sons of suffering humanity, the poor denizens of over crowded Europe, that amid such toiling and care, rising early and late resting, glean not from earth's grain floor a competent maintenance. Why, he asks, is the sound of German spinning wheel not here? When will the clock be imported whose destiny will be to tick behind the door? When will the door be raised; and when will the hills of Nova Scotia be dotted by the homesteads of emigrants?

But our traveller is roused from his reverie, for the gushing waters resound, and with eager bound the horses whirl the vehicle past the white bridge spanning its width, eager for the rest they have earned. But a moment has he to catch the stream far away among the bushes, rankly growing, in the alluvial deposits; but a moment to give the long lines of evergreens edging the capacious harbour, with perchance the admiral's ship in perspective. Scarcely one look at the cultivated portion of the scene and the snug farm houses. For many a happy fireside has Nova Scotia, and many more be her portion, when the crisis is past through which she is struggling—the cloud that overshadows her is dispersed.

Eager is the pace, if gratification be the object, with man or his dumb servitor; but all equally enjoy the pause in their progress, which occurs upon the smooth green before the door of the capacious and commodious hotel known as the Ten-mile house. Not unmindful of its comforts, the traveller, however, will, if time permit, recall the beauty of that far-spreading scene; that exquisite *coup d'œil* from beyond the white bridge still lingering in his mind. We grieve to say, and of course blush to record, another instance of the Nova Scotian's fickle and vacillating attachment to

home articles and inventions, as the unfourishing *woollen factory* in this instance exemplifies, passed by so frequently, so patiently and so modestly upon the dusty highway side, asking a place in the estimation of the industrious searcher out of curiosities. Is knowledge never deprived of power when it becomes by circumstances subservient to party?

It may perchance be upon the morning of the first week-day after the Sabbath that the traveller stands gazing upon the scenery of Sackville. The sacred stillness of the consecrated hours still haunting the blue ether, still with mild but irresistible sway, luring the world-roving from the traffic-dream; soothing the wayward and impetuous current of human cares, anxieties, false pleasure fancies, or avaricious and ambitious promptings—nature, glorious nature, will be worshipped or avenged. See now how the stream high up wavers in the sunlight, winding in and around the turf ledges, where the quiet, lowing cows love to graze. See the shadows of the fir and spruce trees, our country's emblem, feathering the soft moss hillocks. But careless in its roving, without one blessing for the interest it excites, with one only thought of fulfilling its destiny of doing its appointed work, hidden though it be for a time by the massive granite rock. But lo! while the traveller looks on, it has turned around all obstacles, all that *would shelter*, all that impede, all that *exanimate*; and here at his very feet its tiny orisons are offered to the Deity; and in its pleasant foam shimmering, dancing, gurgling in its young momentary life, he reads an epigram.

E. A.

On the plan of the east side of Bedford Basin William Allan and Thomas Davie are named as holding the grant of land adjoining that of Gilman, which was regranted to the naval authorities. Captain Thomas Beamish held the next parcel, which was wedge-shaped, the thin edge abutting on the cove opposite Stevens' Island. Beamish was the ancestor of Thomas B. Akins and Beamish Murdoch. During the war of the American revolution Thomas Beamish was port warden, and no vessel could dock or leave port without a permit from him. His office was at what is now known as Renner's

corner, a small building which had been the first governor's house. It was removed to make place for the larger building erected during Governor Lawrence's *regime*. Frederick Ott had a grant adjoining Beamish's.

Going north along the cove the three next lots were granted Richard Jacobs, an early settler of the town, after whom Jacob street is named. Richard Jacobs became an opulent citizen of the town. He was a baker by trade and owned property on Water street on both sides at the foot of Jacob street. The stone building on Water street was built by his son, Godfrey Jacobs.

Richard was one of the grand jury that opposed impressments contrary to law. In 1781, captains of men-of-war, when vessels were in port, in order to fill up their complements of men, undertook to impress in the streets of the town, without authority from the civil authorities. On the 6th of January an armed party of sailors and marines, assisted by soldiers, and commanded by naval officers, seized in the streets of the town some of the inhabitants, and several coasters belonging to Lunenburg, who had come up in their vessels loaded with produce. The impress bound their hands behind their backs, carried them through the streets, and lodged them in the guard houses, from which they were conveyed on board the ships-of-war in the harbor.

The grand jury were in session at the time, and presented the outrage to the sessions, who requested the governor, Sir Richard Hughes, to interfere. The governor issued his proclamation, declaring all such impressments, without the sanction of the civil authority, to be illegal, and an outrageous break of the civil law, and calling upon all magistrates, etc., to resist such proceedings, and to bring the offenders to justice. It does not appear, however, that the proclamation was sufficient to procure the release of the unfortunate coasters. The names of the grand jury were William Meaney, Richard Jacobs, William Graham, Robert Kitts, Peter McNab, John Boyd, William Mott, William Millett, John Moore, William Carter, James Creighton, John Cleary, Charles Hill.

Richard Jacobs' grants eventually fell into the hands of Andrew McGregor who, in 1832, applied for grants of

the water lot in front of Jacobs' original grants. The grants to McGregor are signed by Colonel Bazelgette, as administrator of the government, and John Spry Morris, surveyor general. On the assessment roll of the town of Halifax, in 1822, Andrew McGregor was assessed for the property south of the ordnance on Water street to the value of £900. McGregor was a master tinsmith and resided, in the fifties of the last century, on Brunswick street, upper side, close to St. George's church (Round Church). George Hoffman held the grant above Jacobs' lots. It included the little peninsula in Stevens' island cove, where Andrew Barry now lives. John William Hoffman lived within the pickets, and was a first settler. His family consisted of four persons; probably George was a son of the above.

The property fronted by Admiral's Cove, Bedford Basin and the two islands, were granted to Magdalen How. She was a daughter of Captain Samuel Cotnam, of the 40th regiment, who was stationed at Annapolis before the settlement of Halifax. She married Captain William How, who met a tragic death. The following is the account of this tragedy, as given by Cornwallis in a despatch to the Duke of Bedford, dated Nov. 27th, 1760: "I have now an affair of a more extraordinary nature to inform you of. Captain Howe was employed upon the expedition to Chignecto as knowing the country well, and being better acquainted, both with the Indians and inhabitants, and, poor man, fancied he knew the French better, and personally those villains, LaCorne and LaLoutre. His whole aim and study was to try at a peace with the Indians, and to get our prisoners out of their hands. For which purpose he had frequent conferences with LaLoutre and the French officers, under a flag of truce. Captain How and the officers held a parley for some time across the river. How had no sooner taken leave of the officer than a party that lay perdué, fired a volley at him, and shot him through the heart. The sad event occurred in October, 1760. His untimely death left a blank in the society of the old capital not easily filled. His widow was left with a large family of children.

Mrs. How's daughter married Winckworth Tonge, a British officer, well known in the French war. Their son

was Winkworth Cottnam Tonge, a member of the Nova Scotia bar, who was elected Speaker of the house of Assembly, November, 1805, and became the clever opponent of Sir John Wentworth and Council in their attempt to override the popular branch of the legislature.

Edward How left several sons. William, the eldest, married the widow of one of the Cumberland "rebels." Joseph Morse, the founder of Amherst. The second Edward lived at Annapolis and was a Judge of Court of Common Pleas; another son entered the military service and was an officer in the Royal Fusiliers—the seventh regiment; Joseph, who was the youngest but one, entered the navy, and was a lieutenant on board H. M. S. *Leviathan* in the great naval battle off Cape Trafalgar in 1805. Alexander How, M.P.P., Captain How's youngest son, was also in the army. He died in Dartmouth in January, 1813, in the 65th year of his age. His widow (daughter of Harry Green) survived him thirty-three years and died in the same town in 1847.

The following effusion was addressed to her grandmother (Mrs. Magdalen How) on her 80th birthday by Grezelda Tonge, one of the sweetest minstrels that ever tuned a harp upon the shores of Acadia. Mrs. How was also a poet and wrote under the *non-de-plume* of *Portia*:

How oft from honor'd "Portia's" hallowed lyre
In tones harmonious this loved theme has
flowed—

Each strain, while breathing all the poet's fire,
The feeling heart and fertile fancy shewed;
Oft times, in childhood, my young mind has
glowed

While dwelling on thy descriptive lay—
Oh, that the power had been on me bestowed,
A tribute fitting for the theme to pay!—
With joy I'd touch each string to welcome in
this day.

But thou wilt not despise the humble song
Though genius decks it not—though rude and
wild

Its numbers are: ah, surely, no! for long
Thy kindness I have proved; while yet a child
Pleased I have sought the muse, and oft be-
guiled

With her low plaintive tones the passing hour—
On the young effort thou hast sweetly smiled,
And reared my mind even as an opening
flower—

Watching, with anxious love, o'er each ex-
panding power.

Oh, more than parent, friend unequalled, how
Can I, my love for thee confess! or say with
what a hallow'd, what a fervent glow,
I hail thy mental beauty through decay.
While I, thy venerable form survey;
Though eighty lengthen'd years have scattered
snow

Upon thy honor'd head—though sorrow's seal
Is stamp'd with heavy pressure on thy brow,
Thine is an angel's mind; and oh, I feel
It gives an angel's look which age can never
steal.

Thy soul has long been ripening for its God—
And when He calls it, I should not repine;
But nature still must mourn—and o'er thy sod
I know no tears will faster fall than mine—
I know the bitter anguish that will twine
Around my heart strings but the thought is
pain!

I will not think that I must soon re-sign
What I can never find on earth again,
Oh, that blest prize has not been lent in vain!

For I do hope thy firm, but mild control,
Thy precept and examples, may have shone
With rays of brightness o'er my youth's soul,
Which will my pathway light when thou'rt
gone;

And when, before thy Father's mercy throne,
Thou join'st with myriads in the holy song—
If it may be, wilt thou on me look down,
And watch my faltering footsteps while along
This busy maze I tread, and guard me still
from wrong.

The building of a railroad from Halifax to Windsor in 1855-6 was viewed as likely to benefit Bedford to a greater extent than any village or settlement along the line. The first sale of lots at Sackville comprised a portion of the Lister estate. It took place on the 7th July, 1856. There was a large company assembled—nearly all the buyers being from Halifax. William Ackhurst was the auctioneer. There were 59 lots sold, having an aggregate area of 41 acres, 2 roods and 30 poles. The situation was thus viewed by one who was present at the sale: the proceeds amounted to £1175, being at the rate of £28 per acre. This, we think, a very fair price, at the present time, for lands at Sackville, situated as these lots are. It shows a very great rise in the price of real estate in that vicinity within the last three years. But although these lots sold at what may be considered a fair price now, there is good reason to believe that before many years—although not quite as soon as some speculators think—their value will be doubled. From the situation of the place, it seems all but inevitable that a flourishing town must gradually, but at no nail's pace, grow up there. The situation is a pleasant one, and being only ten miles from town, and accessible both by railway and steamboat, will be a favorite summer resort for persons doing business in Halifax; in fact, the distance between the two places is not such as to prevent a person's residing at Sackville all the year, and carrying on his business in Halifax as well.

The railroad passes through the future town; there is now a station there; and it is within a short distance of the Windsor branch with the trunk line. Add to this that the great eastern and western post roads converge at that point, and thence now lead down the western side of the Basin to Halifax—it is indispensable that a good road be made forthwith down its eastern side to Dartmouth. The place is every way admirably situated for carrying on a manufacturing business, and in the Sackville river there is a very fine water power which might be made available for that purpose. It only requires the exertions of some enterprising individual to start something of this kind to insure the rapid growth of the place. Such an example would soon have plenty of followers, and the impetus thus given to Sackville would soon make the place take the lead of all the newer towns in the vicinity of our Atlantic coast.

In the following statement the lots, from 1 to 15 inclusive, lie along the river and Basin, and have water lots in front of them. No. 17 is the home stead and has a dwelling house and other buildings upon it:

No.	A.	P.	R.	£	s.	d.	
1	0	2	11	Peter Ross,	42	0	0
2	0	3	0	Peter Ross,	46	0	0
3	0	2	0	John Dwyer,	22	0	0
4	0	1	27	Matthew Noonan,	19	0	0
5	0	2	9	H. C. D. Carman,	18	0	0
6	0	3	0	W. Langley,	31	0	0
7	0	3	6	W. Langley,	46	0	0
8	0	3	4	George McKenzie,	55	0	0
9	0	2	36	H. C. D. Carman,	22	0	0
10	0	2	28	B. W. Salter,	19	0	0
11	0	2	19	B. W. Salter,	20	0	0
12	0	2	1	B. W. Salter,	19	0	0
13	0	1	31	J. G. Gray,	22	0	0
14	0	3	0	George Bossum,	33	0	0
15	0	2	15	J. G. Gray,	27	0	0
16	1	1	4	James Ward,	51	0	0
17	3	0	38	P. Ross (homestead),	330	0	0
18	1	3	4	Peter Ross,	30	0	0
19	0	3	1	John Duggan,	15	0	0
20	0	1	33	H. C. D. Carman,	13	0	0
21	0	1	38	John Doran,	13	0	0
22	0	1	38	H. C. D. Carman,	15	0	0
23	0	1	33	George McKenzie,	14	0	0
24	0	1	33	John Esson,	9	0	0
25	0	1	33	William Pyke,	10	0	0
26	0	1	33	James Archibald,	11	0	0
27	0	2	8	James Archibald,	16	0	0
28	1	0	38	W. A. Hendry,	13	0	0
29	1	0	14	George Handley,	13	0	0
30	0	2	0	W. A. Hendry,	8	0	0
31	0	1	36	H. C. Carman,	7	0	0
32	0	1	38	John Doran,	7	0	0
33	0	1	38	W. Hendry,	6	0	0
34	0	1	33	George McKenzie,	6	0	0
35	0	1	33	John Esson,	5	0	0
36	0	1	33	B. Salter,	5	0	0
37	0	1	35	James Archibald,	10	0	0
38	2	2	38	B. Salter,	18	0	0
39	0	2	28	W. Langley,	9	0	0
40	0	1	30	W. Hendry,	5	0	0
41	0	1	30	J. Tolson,	6	0	0

No.	A.	P.	R.	£	s.	d.	
43	0	1	33	Clement Hamilton,	5	0	0
44	0	1	8	Matthew Noonan,	5	0	0
45	2	2	0	William Evens,	8	0	0
46	0	2	23	William Hendry,	6	0	0
47	0	1	38	John L. Barry,	5	0	0
48	0	1	38	J. Tolson,	5	0	0
49	0	1	33	John Doran,	6	0	0
50	0	2	23	John Forte,	9	0	0
51	0	3	5	William Evens,	5	0	0
52	0	3	26	William Evens,	5	0	0
53	1	2	0	William Evens,	11	0	0
54	0	1	37	William Lyons,	5	0	0
58	0	2	17	William Evens,	5	0	0
59	0	2	38	John Hurbin,	5	0	0

BEDFORD.

A little way back from the site of the old Railway hotel, of which the first proprietor was John Butler, is a parcel of land granted to Foster Hutchinson. The story of the Hutchinson family is as sad as that of any of the Acadian families removed from Nova Scotia by the order of Governor Lawrence and his council. And strange as it might appear, it is, nevertheless, a fact, that the wife of Foster Hutchinson was the daughter of the man who first suggested to the British government that the removal of the inhabitants of French extraction, and their distribution in the older colonies, would solve a problem that had long troubled the rulers in Nova Scotia.

Foster Hutchinson's wife was Sarah, daughter of Lieutenant Governor Paul Mascareen, who for many years served in various capacities at Annapolis and, eventually, arrived at the head of the government there.

Foster Hutchinson was the son of Thomas Hutchinson and Sarah Foster, and brother of Thomas Hutchinson, the last royal governor of Massachusetts Bay, before Great Britain put forth the effort to divide, with the sword, the perplexities of the on-coming revolution. His home was the handsome mansion in Garden Court street, at the north end of Boston—pictures of which have come down the years. It was the finest house in the town. This house fell to the possession of Foster's more famous brother, Thomas, and it continued to be his home until its destruction by a mob in 1765. Thomas Hutchinson was a member of the Massachusetts council from 1714 to 1739. He was also colonel of the 1st Suffolk regiment; a man of independence and of stern determination. He was the person who seized the famous Captain Kidd, when he resisted the officers of justice sent against him.

THE LOYALISTS.

The loyalists who settled in Halifax, were principally men of standing and intelligence. The majority of them were from Massachusetts, and some held office under the crown in that colony. Foster Hutchinson, for instance, was a brother of that lieutenant governor Hutchinson who, on the passing of the stamp act, suffered from the excesses of the mob, at Boston, when they levelled the stamp office and wrecked the house of the stamp distributor. At that time the mansion of the governor was destroyed; his plate, his furniture, his pictures, and his fine library were plundered and burnt, and the owner barely escaped with his life. Many of them were graduates of Harvard college, and belonged to the legal profession. A few were from Rhode Island and New Jersey, and were in arms for the crown. Loyalists of this class opposed the coercive methods of George III and his ministers, and up to a certain point were with the people in their efforts to obtain redress of grievances by constitutional means. Hutchinson, governor of Massachusetts, whose reputation long lay buried under patriotic vituperation, has now justice done him by fair minded writers, and is allowed to have been himself a patriot, taking a line opposite to Samuel Adams, and seeking to the utmost of his power peace with justice. These men were opposed to revolution, as were, in the outset, a large majority of the people. They were the leaders of the party that adhered to the crown, and when they were expelled that party were without leaders and without organization. Still, in the struggle which ensued, as many as twenty-five thousand loyalists were in arms for the crown, and as the writer on this question remarks, "a number sufficient to give the conflict the character of a civil war between the parties in America, as well as between the British and American sections of the Anglo-Saxon race."

The Hutchinson family were allied with the leading families in the colony of Massachusetts. Rev. Samuel Mather, son of the famous Cotton Mather, married Hannah Hutchinson, sister of Foster Hutchinson. When Thomas Hutchinson was made chief justice of the supreme court of Massachusetts, Foster succeeded his brother as judge of probate and held that office, as well

as that of judge of the supreme court until his withdrawal from Boston with General Sir William Howe and his army. A glimpse of this exit is exhibited, (if somewhat exaggerated by whigs prejudice) in the following extract of a letter written at the time. "It also appears that the Tory gang had for a month before such warning that they hired vessels for their own safety, which lay ready under pay, to take them bag and baggage, and make their exit with the fleet upon the earliest notice of necessity of evacuating the town, which General Howe, with his council determined upon after an application to General Washington for five days cessation of arms at the end of which Howe promised to leave the town. To which Washington answered in the negative, adding that he would sooner run the risk of sacrificing 50,000 in storming the fortress.

Howe was all the time making preparations to be gone, which they say was much accelerated by an accidental fire among several Prospect Hill barracks some nights before, which Howe took as a part of the general design, for storming Boston by the Americans."

The night before the evacuation is described on the other hand by Lieutenant colonel Winslow, who was registrar of the court of probate, under Foster Hutchinson. He tells how, while acting collector of customs of Boston, Hutchinson, himself and Fitch, registrar of the vice admiralty court, had packed the documents of their respective offices and stored them in the custom house building to await their removal to the ships in the harbor to be brought to Halifax; and how he, Winslow, with a guard of British soldiers cleared the mob out of the custom house that had swarmed into the building when they learned that the army was taking its departure.

Foster Hutchinson succeeded his brother Governor Thomas Hutchinson, August 3rd, 1769, and was the last judge of probate to hold office under the appointment of a royal governor. When the evacuation of Boston by the British troops took place Hutchinson carried them to Halifax. The loss of those records was severely felt, and many difficulties arose in the settlement of estates of deceased persons. In some instances it became absolutely necessary, even in the midst of the revolutionary war, to obtain from Judge Hutchinson copies of certain of

the papers and records then in his hands in Halifax. He seems to have offered no objection to this proceeding, and he continued, from time to time during the whole war, to make and attest such copies, claiming to the very last to be judge of probate for the county of Suffolk, in his majesty's province of Massachusetts.

Many wills were attested by Judge Hutchinson during the nine years that the records remained at Halifax. The records were eventually restored through the agency of Benjamin Kent, father-in-law of Chief Justice Blowers, who was sent from Boston to negotiate their return.

In the old "North Church" burying ground (the Boston church made famous by Longfellow and other American writers) the Hutchinson family tombs are to be found, carved with heraldic emblazonment. The following inscriptions, on the tombs of a whole family, in St. Paul's cemetery, tell a sad tale of proscription, and exile in a strange land:

Here lies the body of
FOSTER HUTCHINSON, ESQ.,
Formerly a member of His Majesty's Council,
and one of the judges of the Supreme Court for
the late province of Massachusetts Bay.
He departed this life on the 8th day of April,
1769, in the 75th year of his age.

Here lies the body of
MARGARET HUTCHINSON,
his wife, who departed this life, on the 2th day
of November, 1803, aged 77 years.

Sacred to the memory of
LYDIA
widow of William Slayter, Esq., and daughter
of the late Foster Hutchinson, Senr.

Sacred to the memory of
GHRIZZELL
daughter of the late Foster Hutchinson, Senr.,
died 28th March, 1822, aged 38.

To the memory of
JONATHAN SNELLING,
formerly of Boston,
who departed this life, Dec. 8th, 1782, aged 68.

Sacred to the memory of
JONATHAN SNELLING, ESQ.,
his wife,
who departed this life, 7th Jan., 1801, aged 50.

Also,
HANNAH SNELLING,
7th daughter of Foster & Margaret Hutchinson.

Here are also interred the remains of
JOANNA HUTCHINSON,
who died April 17, 1826.

Under this stone rests the remains of
FOSTER HUTCHINSON, ESQ.,
one of the judges of the Supreme Court of the
Province of Nova Scotia, and a member
of His Majesty's Council.
He died on the 25th day of November, 1815,
in the 54th year of his age.

He was a most amiable man, and a learned and upright judge. He was not of a robust constitution, and had never married. James Stewart, solicitor general, was given his seat on the bench.

And what footprints on the sands of time are those which arrest the attention as the stroll around the Basin draws to an end?

Trace them from the town and they seem to have a starting point at the doorstep of the printing office in the building at the head of Presc tt's and Collins' wharf, and shortly afterwards in the building called the "Arcade," which is still standing, but greatly renovated internally and externally, in the centre of the block, on Hollis street, between George and Duke streets. The imprints lead north and go beyond the town proper to Prince Edward's valley, and on to the Nine-mile river.

The old paper mill, erected in this vicinity, which has already been described, was the property of Anthony Henry Holland. This mill was erected by Mr. Holland, in which to manufacture the paper which was required in the publication of the ACADIAN RECORDER—a weekly journal that he established in Halifax in 1813, and which was early issued from the "Arcade." Although the combined circulation of the several newspapers that were published in Halifax at this period consumed but a few reams of paper, yet, during the war of 1812 between England and the United States, the latter country being the source of supply of the article, it was difficult to keep a stock on hand, and it often happened that the day for publication arrived with not a single sheet available for printing. Mr. Holland, who was a man of much enterprise, soon saw a way out of this difficulty. He made up his mind to manufacture his own material as long as the old rags, to be gathered within the province, would hold out. To this end he put up the mill at the Nine-mile river, and although the finished article was not, perhaps, as fine in quality as that manufactured in the United States, it yet served the purpose for which it was made, and time has fully tested its durability, for one hundred years have elapsed since the first sheet went through the press, and the reader to-day can gather from it all about the "troubles" with Madison with as

much case as did the generation of 1812.

Anthony Holland was a native of Halifax. He was a nephew of Anthony Henry whose record as a printer could be traced back to the first printing office established in Halifax. Holland's enterprising spirit carried him beyond the province. He went to New England before the war, and it was not long before he was the proprietor of a newspaper called the "*Gazette of Maine and Hancock and Washington Advertiser*." The paper was published at Bucktown, Maine, and was conducted with much ability and with an expression of opinion on the grave questions agitating the public mind that admitted of no mis-understanding, but it was too outspoken to command general support—the atmosphere was not congenial. Holland at length sold out, and came back to Halifax. The field of newspaperdom, was, as he had left it, still almost fully covered, but Holland soon found an opening, and with an indomitable determination to succeed he started his weekly with this motto:

"Here lies the Press the people's rights
maintain
Unawed by influence and unbribed
by gain."

There are very marked footprints leading from the old mill up to Sackville—on the Windsor road. Here was a settlement whose smiling farms challenged the province for productiveness. The settlers who, in the early years, had cast their lot in this very pleasant place, were the Wards, the Fenertys, the Ellis's, the Hamiltons, the Fultzes, the Wrights—and others.

One of the Fenerty boys occasionally dropped into the old mill on his way home from the town. His inventive genius was aroused, and the idea became fixed in his mind that there was a better way of making paper than by soaking old rags.

Young Fenerty pondered much on the subject as he strolled along the road to his home, and the day came, in the early forties, when he could exclaim: "Eureka! I have found it." It was the discovery that paper could be manufactured from the pulp of the trees of the forest. The great fact was published at the time, and the manufactured article was placed in the printing offices in Halifax for public inspection. Some years later somebody on the other side of the Atlantic claimed that he had made the same discovery which Fenerty had first brought to light, and the world applauded.

From "around and about Bedford Basin" there are then the footprints which point unmistakably to the fact that to this locality may be traced the first manufacture of paper in Nova Scotia—perhaps in British North America, and to the greater fact that from here the fertile brain of the inventor gave to the world the knowledge that in the trees of the forest there was the raw material for the production of newspaper—a discovery that helped, in a most material sense, to develop one of the most powerful agencies for the promotion of human happiness. Fenerty's footprints can never be effaced while the waters of Bedford Basin roll in from the sea.

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ANTHONY H. HOLLAND,
First proprietor of the "Acadian Recorder,"—in 1813.



The picturesque drives around the basin of Halifax Harbor; the "sleigh club" and the winter pastimes; the graphic description of a memorable sleigh drive--to the nine mile house in the early years of the last century.

Probably one of the regiments which, in its time, saw more active service than many of the other regiments of the imperial forces, was the gallant 52nd. Its record was from Hindoostan to Waterloo—including the famous battle of Badajoz. The 52nd formed a part of the garrison of Halifax in the late twenties.

An officer who was with the regiment in Halifax took occasion, a few years later, in the leisure of retirement, to give his friends in England an idea of the nature of the exhilarating pastimes in which, during the long winter and when "off duty," he had often engaged. The sudden visitation of snow, to which the people of the district in the old country; which he then resided, had, for years, been strangers, had had the effect of vividly recalling to his recollection some passages of those other days when pleasure to him was found under every shape, and happiness was deemed a secure and permanent reality. He thought he could elicit something even from a subject so cold and unpromising as snow. In the early period mentioned he was ordered to Halifax, glad to have escaped the *desagrement* of a winter's residence in Newfoundland

"where sailors go to fish for cod."

and gladder still to find himself safely housed in a gay and hospitable garrison.

There were few places, he remarked, so wretched as to be without some attractions of climate. In tropical countries the night was the sweet season; in colder climates the day, though not exclusively. Of all the varieties of temperature which he had seen, and of all the places where the air breathed health and life, commend him, he said, to the "Indian summer" of North America, and the picturesque drive around the basin of Halifax harbor. The Indian summer was the "latter

autumn" of Europe. The frosts set in sharp and keen in the morning and evening—a clear blue sky, without a cloud, pervaded all space, and overhead the resplendent sun tempered the atmosphere, which else would be too cold. The face of nature was then invested with supernatural beauty; the brilliant lines which dyed the bright foliage could be likened only to the high transparent color which tinted the cheek of those—the favorites of heaven—whom death prematurely claimed; it was also the precursor of the mortality of nature. Yet a few weeks she wore that gorgeous garb—and lo! the night winds came, the heavens descended, and the earth was wrapped in a shroud of snow!

But the death of nature in Nova Scotia was the life of man. During the glowing autumn his enjoyment was of a calm, contemplative kind; but when once the winter set in, his energies were exerted, and he led a life of activity. Of that the sleigh-driving, which was then called *sleighing*, was the principal external feature. Every one, however limited his means, contrived to establish some vehicle on runners, whether it was an ordinary truck for wood, to which dogs were yoked, casks sawn in two, the bodies of old gigs—indeed anything in which a man could sit, or to which an animal could be attached. But the fashionable sleighs were carriages of no ordinary pretensions, and rejoiced in all the splendor that arctic invention could bestow upon them.

The winter season of 1827 was remarkable for gaiety. In that year the sleighing of Halifax assumed a new character: in short, the "sleigh club" was established. Originating with the naval and military officers, the Academic Union Club included all the civilians who chose to become members, and there were few who kept aloof.

The judges and other grave functionaries of the law, "his honor the President"; the official dignitaries of all degrees; the wealthiest merchants, and, of course, the whole of the garrison, composed a numerous and striking assemblage. The laws of the club were simple and easily observed. A president and vice-president were elected every week, whose duty it was, first, to lead; the latter, to bring up the cortege. Another duty, no less pleasing, devolved upon the former.

On the days of meeting at the general place of rendezvous, in front of the province building, after driving in procession through the town, the club drew up at the president's house, or, if that was inconvenient, at a noted pastry cook's, where he, the president, stood the treat "of ginger bread-nuts and cherry brandy" for the whole party. This was the luncheon *de rigueur* provided on the occasion: but if the roads were sufficiently firm this luncheon was dispensed with, and the party started for the Nine-Mile House, at the extremity of the Basin. Then might be seen the caracoling of steeds, the waving of plumes, the glancing of bright eyes, the merry cry of the charioteers, and the mellow notes of the horn or bugle as they rung through the frosty air. It was a sight to warm the frozen, to arouse the torpid, to enliven the dullest.

First led the way, with four bright bays, the kind, the hospitable, the joyous Colonel Ferguson, in the sleigh which he had named "the Aurora Borealis, or Northern Light conveyance." Each carriage bore some appropriate designation, and the Colonel's, though light and swift, was the most capacious in the garrison. Perhaps it seemed to hold more than it really did, as all were welcome to a seat, and it was always filled. Seated on a rich box, the Colonel drove—as good a whip as a man. Beside him sat some young officer who he had indulged for the day; far beneath was the body of the carriage, open to the sky, with an enormous bear-skin for an apron, and, wrapped in shawls and sables, the beauties of Halifax were seen dispensing smiles and happiness to all within their view. In the rumble behind were places for two more—one, whose delight it was to blow the bugle, and the other who leaned beside him—"the ocean to the river of his thoughts which terminated all."

Next, gaily decked in scarlet housings and embroidered collars, and scarcely to be restrained by their no less impetuous driver, came two gallant steeds, in Indian file, or tandem fashion. The "Reindeer" was the name of the sleigh, and he who drove, the noblest, the boldest and the most gifted of human beings! Endowed with the rarest genius, he might even have rivalled his father's lofty fame. The writer referred to Captain Canning—the son of England's brilliant premier—who was, at the time, in command of one of the war ships in Halifax harbor. In him there was all the promise that friendship could possibly desire. How sad the thought that fate should have reversed the picture! An untimely death—Canning was drowned at Madeira in 1828—and all his honors and his friends' hopes swept into nothingness! Poor Canning, his memory was forever "green in our souls."

Then followed a troop of charioteers, in tandem, curricule, unicorn, and single harness—first, the Arctic Ranger and close following, the Esquimaux, the Chebucto, the Meteor, the Walrus and the Mic-mac. How can these separate styles be told? Some 20 or 30 sleighs formed the general cavalcade, and another four-in-hand, the "Avalanche," which Mrs. A— did not disdain to drive, brought up the rear of the procession. All was mirth and frolic and glee. The signal bugle blew, and *VIA!* they were off at 12 miles an hour on their track through the snow, with no sound to indicate their rapid flight but the quick harmony of the sleigh bells. Here was every motive for high spirits; youth, health, no care—save an upset and that not cared for—dear friends, and dearer objects still! There was also another end besides driving, which Lord Byron said was "the great end of travel"—there was the Nine-mile House in perspective, a well known place of resort for the newly wed; in fact, the salt hill of Halifax, where Acadian honey-moons were passed.

The describer of this "scene in the snow—life in Nova Scotia," in the course of his narrative, recalled an occasion in a hollow about half-way between Halifax and the head of the Basin, where a sleighing party met a commissary and his bride, indulging in their first *tete-a-tete* excursion in their own sleigh. They had started from their *gîte* for Halifax and en-

countered—happy symbol—the “Union Club.” They wished the club further, and would have turned aside, but there was no road; indeed, barely room enough to pass, so they drew up as the foremost four-in-hand came sweeping down the steep declivity. In an instant they were recognized, and the telegraph quickly flew from one end of the line to the other; and as the party neared them there rose such a charivari to honor their nuptial rights! The noise made at the marriage of Belchezer was nothing to it. Horns resounded, bugles cracked the elements, shouts, scream and uproarous laughter, rent the skies.

The Commissary was a very quiet man, and hated an eclat. He would have given a twelve months' rations to have seen the gay sleighing party all buried in the snow. Unlucky thought! the demon Asmodeus, who made marriages and marred them too sometimes, resolved that it should be his own fate. As the “Avalanche” passed him, Miladi's whip *accidentally* flicked his impatient horse—he reared, plunged, and presto! the sleigh was whirled into a drift, and the unhappy Commissary jerked out to seek, like St. Francis, a bride of snow. His *own* luckily held on, so it was only a *man* expended, and there was no time to stay to pick the poor fellow up.

There was now no stop or pause. On the party sped, and soon drew near the haven of their wishes, where a famous luncheon was ready. Halifax abounded in all sorts of condimental appliances, and the inn was famous for good things. Hot turkeys, smoking cariboo steaks, reindeer tongues, pickled herrings from Digby, bear-hams

from Annapolis, cherry brandy, noyeau, and Prince Edward Island whiskey. Here was enough to satisfy all tastes and appetites—a rapid drive and a thermometer 40 degrees below freezing point, were sufficient exercise for slender Patty J—y, or delicate Miss T—. Accordingly the party ate, drank and made merry; filled a health to the ladies, and coupled it with a speedy return to the Nine-mile house— at which some blushed and others *tried* to look cross.

Returning, the order of driving was reversed—the lady led: and soon the word was passed for an impromptu party at the engineer barracks, for Mrs. A— (like the D—s, of St. A—), was rich, handsome, and good-natured, and gave almost the best parties in Halifax. Homeward the party scurried, discussing the approaching amateur play; the last government house ball; the probable match to arise from a certain conjunction observed in Judge Halliburton's sleigh, the “Arctic Dove,” or some local or peculiar subject. Arrived at Dutch Town, the sleighs drew off to their separate destinations. There was no leave-taking, for the party were to meet again soon; some pressure of hands there may have been, and some interchange of glances, but no utterance given to the thoughts which lie “too deep”—that was reserved for a later hour. When *that* hour came—but, just at this point, the interesting writer, in his home on the other side of the Atlantic, heard the pattering of the melted snow pouring from his roof. As he wrote, the thaw had begun, the snow was vanishing, and with it his remembrance of the winter in Halifax