

ACADIENSIS

..... EDITED BY

DAVID RUSSELL JACK.



A Quarterly devoted
to the Interests of the
Maritime Provinces
of Canada. ❧ ❧ ❧ ❧

VOLUME II.

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CHUMS.

"We wish you a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."



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The Last Sleep.

BY BERTA M. CLEVELAND.

Dykes in their last sweet green,
Tides changing cold,
Out of the north the Norland winds unfold;
Sleep little heart beneath thy ivied screen!

So safe from every storm
That beats the land!
Earth holds, within her all-sustaining hand,
Each life to yield again in perfect form.

Sleeps every lovely thing,
Wrath and death reign!
Yet life but sleeps to rouse and glow again,
But thou, but thou, can'st waken with the spring?

Thy sleep earth did not bring,
Men laid thee down;
Even now, God-hands are wreathing thee a crown,
To wear when breaks the everlasting spring.



ACADIENSIS

VOL. II.

JANUARY, 1902.

No. 1.

DAVID RUSSELL JACK,

EDITOR.

Past and Future.



YEAR has come and gone since the first number of this Magazine was laid before the public, and in that space of time its promoters have passed through experiences, many and varied. There have been disappointments, not a few of them. The greatest of these being

probably the apathy displayed by the people among whom this enterprise was conceived and brought forth, towards its welfare and future prosperity. It is regrettable that the people, to whom, by the permanent preservation of data relating to themselves, their forefathers, and the country in which they dwell, the greatest benefit might reasonably have been expected to accrue, have treated our undertaking with such marked indifference.

After a year of much personal effort and hard work, combined with continued advertising, but 122 subscribers have been secured in the city of Saint John. Recently a young man of good address was employed as a canvasser, and a list, containing the names of thirty individuals, chosen on account of their supposed ample means and literary tastes, placed in his hands. The result may be told in a few words. Without exception they declined to become subscribers.

There is, however, another and a brighter side to the picture. Among the subscribers who have pledged their assistance, are not a few men, and women, too, who have

done much to assist in making the undertaking a success. Our thanks are due very largely to the members of the Acadian Society, each of whom, by the guarantee of a certain fixed amount of money, prevented the possibility of a heavy financial loss to the editor and promoter of the enterprise. As a result of the year's work, a deficit of about \$200 remains. The work might have been carried along for the first year upon the lines upon which it was originally started, with little or no financial loss. It was felt, however, that in order to have a magazine creditable alike in its style and matter, something larger and more in accord with the spirit of the times must be produced.

Our first number contained forty-eight pages of printed matter, and two small illustrations; our fourth number, seventy-eight pages of printed matter and ten full pages of illustrations, as well as half a dozen or so of lesser importance. Each of the first four numbers published has shown a continued and upward progress.

To the writers who have favored us with their kind assistance, our thanks are also particularly due. It is not necessary to specify them. The reader has but to glance over the table of contents to learn who they are. Suitable articles are much more easily procured for a well established magazine than for one which is struggling for a permanent place.

But it is from a wide extent of country, from unexpected people and sources throughout the length and breadth of America, as well as from Europe, from Newfoundland to New Orleans, from Southern California to the miners' camp in the wilds of the Yukon, that subscriptions and words of good cheer have come in, and are continuing in a somewhat slow but yet a constant stream.

And now a word as to our intentions for future work. This magazine will be continued indefinitely, and we hope to be able to make the eighth number as much an improvement upon the fourth, as the latter number has been upon

the first. But perhaps that is expecting too much, for it has already been stated by competent and unbiased critics, in no way connected with our work, that our magazine is the best that has yet been produced in the Maritime Provinces. Our aim shall ever be, that having gained the leading position in our own particular line, to hold it at all cost. To old Kings College at Windsor we are indebted for many courtesies, none the less appreciated because they were somewhat more unexpected than from other sources.

Nova Scotia is an older province, by nearly half a century, than New Brunswick, and it may be for this reason that its people are, as a class, more literary and artistic in their tastes and aspirations.

It is said to be the history of every nation and country that the first century of its existence must be devoted to the development of its trade and commerce, its natural resources and the accumulation of capital. This having been in some degree accomplished, a class is created, who have some spare time to give to the cultivation of the mind, and the expansion of the intellect.

Be that as it may, due allowance being made for differences in the periods of settlement and proportion of population, our sister province would appear to be much more richly endowed with institutions of learning, and the seeker after knowledge there, much more gifted with opportunities for acquiring the wealth for which he longs, than is the case in New Brunswick.

Nearly a century and a quarter have gone since our province received its first great influx of population, and yet it appears to be necessary to import our Bishops, our college Professors, our Clergy, and our other men of letters from older communities. Can it be the case, as would appear to the mind of the writer, that in the institutions where this practice is least followed, the most satisfactory results, both as regards religious growth and the spread of education would appear to follow ?

For the second time since the commencement of our undertaking we venture to reproduce a few extracts, from among numerous letters of commendation which have been received, in order that our readers may be aware, to some extent, of the deep interest with which our work is being followed at home and abroad.

Acadia is to the student, in many lines of thought, practically an undeveloped mine of wealth, offering problems of much interest to the explorer. It is perhaps not surprising that an enterprise, which, if it depended for its existence upon the support of the people among whom it was promoted, would die a rapid death for the lack of sufficient support, should receive greater encouragement from individuals in other lands, who having perhaps, somewhat fully investigated the problems there offered, should seek new territories in which to pursue their studies.

The work spent upon ACADIENSIS by the editor during the past year has involved the writing of over 2,500 personal letters, the revision of all proofs, the careful scanning of the lists of membership of many literary and scientific societies in order that sample copies might be sent to likely subscribers, as well as a mind ever on the alert for suitable literary material, new contributors, and in addition, to the thousand and one little ideas which contribute so much to the success of any undertaking. If the results have not come fully up to the expectations of any of his patrons, the editor can only plead the old excuse, namely, that he has done the best that he could.



"The Quarterly should have much success. I like its tone and its get-up."—*Prof. A. B. de Mille, Kings College, Windsor, N. S.*

"Please send me the April issue of your magazine and also succeeding numbers, with account for the year"—*A. Ralph, for the Senate Reading Room, Ottawa.*

"I must congratulate you upon the excellence of the second number of ACADIENSIS."—*J. R. Inch, Chief Superintendent of Education, Fredericton, N. B.*

"Personally, I am much pleased with the matter and form of ACADIENSIS, and have found it very useful in my researches into the history of the original Acadians. The April number seems to be a particularly interesting one. The Canadian History Readings (edited by Mr. G. U. Hay, Ed.) too, are excellent in their way, and have convinced me that we Americans must look out for our laurels in the matter of historical research, or you will be soon telling us our own history."—*Rev. Charles W. Collins, Portland, Me.*

"The New York State Library tries to obtain every genealogy published in the United States, and every local history published in New England and the Middle States, and now has on these subjects probably the largest collection in America. We should greatly appreciate the favor if you would kindly tell us the price of ACADIENSIS, and to whom to apply for a copy."—*Melvil Dreyer, Director State Library, University of the State of New York.*

"Please forward ACADIENSIS, including number one, to—*C. R. Straton, Wilton Wilts, England.*"

"I sincerely wish you success in your editorship, and have much pleasure in becoming a subscriber. If I can at any time give you information that will assist you in your labors, I shall be very happy to do so."—*F. S. Scovil, Brighton, England.*

"Thank you very much for your interesting and much above the average Canadian publication. Canada is a very attractive country to me, its bookplates particularly, and am very glad to send you my subscription for two years. Wishing you success, I beg to remain, sincerely yours, *Walter Conway Prescott.*" [Mr. Prescott, who resides at Newton Highlands, Mass., is the owner of several very beautiful bookplates. By his courtesy in sending names of possible subscribers, and the personal interest which he has shown in helping to promote the welfare of our publication, he has indeed proved himself a valuable friend. ED.]

"I received your Acadian quarterly. Enclosed please find money order for one dollar. I took great pleasure in reading contents of your first number, and with kind wishes for your success, remain yours truly, *Thos. Gilmour, Finance Dept., Ottawa.*"

"A friend of mine has just lent me the April number of ACADIENSIS, the first I have seen of it. As I would like to get it regularly, I am enclosing a year's subscription, and would ask you to kindly send me the first two numbers."—*Mrs. Alexander Campbell, Dartmouth, N. S.*

"I hope that you will attain the highest degree of success in the publication so useful and so entertaining. I was charmed with the two numbers already published."—*Edward L. O'Brien, Bathurst, N. B.*

"Enclosed I send \$1.00 in payment of our Society's subscription to ACADIENSIS, first year, commencing with number one."—*Warren Upham, Secretary Minnesota Hist. Soc., St. Paul, Minn.*

"You may place the name of this Society upon your subscription list, beginning with the first number issued."—*R. G. Thwaites, Secretary and Supt. State Historical Society of Wisconsin, Madison.*

"Mrs. M. E. Rath-Merrill encloses herein \$1.00 for one year's subscription to ACADIENSIS, and no doubt if the standard is kept up, she can secure other subscribers. She is very much interested in Canadian life, as parts of her family are residents in Canada. If the editor has plates to exchange she will be very glad to know of them. Ecclesiastical plates are her specialty."—*Columbus, Ohio.*

"Enclosed please find \$1.00 for which send me your magazine ACADIENSIS for one year, beginning with the issue of January 1st. I am much interested in the study and collection of bookplates, so naturally the article in the *New York Times Saturday Review* of May 11th, under the heading "Books and Authors," attracted me immediately."—*Mrs. Katherine French Burnham, Santa Catalina Island, Cal., U. S. A.*

"My friend, Judge Putman, has handed me a copy of your magazine, and I enclose one dollar for subscription to your first volume."—*J. Marshall Brown, Portland, Me.*

"I shall of course be most happy to do anything that I can for you, and am interested in any literary movement which will, in a competent way, gather together and perpetuate such memorials of our historic provinces as may help us to prize more highly the

home and its associations which Providence has given us. If at any time you think that I can be of service to you, please let me know, and I will seek to do what I can."—*Prof. R. A. Falconer, Presbyterian College, Halifax, N. S.*

"It will give me much pleasure to subscribe to your magazine."—*Hon. George Peabody Wetmore, Newport, Rhode Island, Chairman Library Committee, U. S. Senate, Washington.*

"I may add that I like the ACADIENSIS very much and wish it the best of success. The words of Mr. J. Emory Hoar, on page 109, of number two, are particularly to the point, I think, and appeal to me especially, as Brookline is my home. Wishing you both pleasure and success in your undertaking, I am, yours very truly, Louis F. Newcomb."—*Editor Tribune, Windsor, N. S.*

"I have just heard of your new magazine, the ACADIENSIS, and desire to subscribe to same, as I have been informed that among the good things therein, there will be a series of bookplates. That article alone will make me a subscriber. Please favor me with a copy of each number which has already been published and the bill for same."—*John Roach, New York.*

"Have received a copy of ACADIENSIS and enclose one dollar for subscription to same. Please send number one."—*Dr. Charles E. Clark, Lynn, Mass.*

"Let me say how much I like ACADIENSIS. Please find enclosed one dollar for a year's subscription. Will you kindly send number one. As to contributing—I am willing to do what I can to help your quarterly, and I hope it may evolve into a monthly. You are editor, you have in your mind the kind of magazine you want. I have had some little experience, and let me advise you not to allow your dainty quarterly to be swamped by miscellaneous contributions, some of which you insert against your own better judgment."—*Rev. J. S. Black, D. D., Halifax, N. S.*

"I am very glad to subscribe to the magazine, for apart from bookplates, I am interested in Canadiana. Will you kindly send me a copy of the first number, as I am apt to have magazines of local interest bound. I hope the magazine will have a long and prosperous life."—*Miss Marie Gerard Messenger, Chappaqua, Westchester Co., N. Y.*

"Let me congratulate you earnestly on the two numbers of ACADIENSIS. Both I have found full of interest and value to me, and I enclose my subscription herewith. I regard it as in some

degree a duty to promise you a contribution; but I fear it will have to be brief, and cannot be immediate. With congratulations and very best wishes, I am very sincerely yours—*Charles G. D. Roberts, New York.*"

"Please enter the following names as subscribers to ACADIENSIS. I will remit on receipt of bill,"—*George E. Littlefield, Dealer in Old, Rare and Curious Books, etc., Boston, Mass.*

"I shall be pleased to notice your magazine in the next number of the *Ex-Libris Journal*. Kindly send me your first issue, and favor me with an exchange copy. I will then send you the *Journal* of the *Ex-Libris Society* from time to time."—*W. H. K. Wright, Plymouth, England, Hon. Sec'y and Editor Ex-Libris Journal, and Founder and Organizer of the Ex-Libris Society, which includes in its roll of honor many well-known litterateurs of Europe and America.*

"I sincerely hope that your venture may be a success and a conspicuous one."—*Colin H. Livingston, A. B., etc., Washington, D.C.*

"I am interested in all the historical and antiquarian matters with which you deal, and may, perhaps, sometime be tempted to offer you a little contribution."—*D. Allison, Sackville, N. B.*

"I must congratulate you both upon contents and appearance of your magazine. I sincerely wish you all success. There ought to be a large place in the Maritime Provinces for such a magazine. I hope next month to be able to give you a much more practical proof of my sympathy."—*Rev. R. W. Colston, Maugerville, N. B.*

"The same mail brought me a copy of ACADIENSIS which I hope will broaden out and have a long and very successful future."—*H. C. Read, Sackville, N. B.*

"The subjects treated of in your magazine are very interesting to me, and I enclose you \$1.00 for a year's subscription."—*William Clark, Sackville, N. B.*

"We would ask you to put our Society on your subscription list to ACADIENSIS."—*Wm. P. Greenlaw, New England Historic Genealogical Society, Boston, Mass.*

"I have ready an article about ACADIENSIS, to be printed for our review. I should be very glad if you can lend to me the block of the *Ex-Libris* of ——— which appears in your number two. Then, if possible, send it directly, and it shall be back quickly to you. Receive, I pray, our thanks and believe me."—*Sec'y Societe F^{se} Des Collectionneurs d' Ex-Libris, Paris, France.*

"I am a subscriber to ACADIENSIS, but did not get the July number. I got the January and April numbers O. K. As I don't want to miss any of them, if you have not sent it, please send one."—*Norman McLeod, Sunset Mine, No. 1, B. C.*

"I have perused the third number of ACADIENSIS with great pleasure and found it most interesting, particularly as a great part carried me back to my younger days. I was much interested in the sketch of Judge Robie, as we knew him so well. The sketch of his Lordship Bishop Medley quite took me back to former days. The first time that I saw him was that day that he landed at Halifax, when he came to my father's house. He was indeed a model Bishop and well calculated to take the position he was called upon to do. Wishing you every success to ACADIENSIS, etc."—*Mrs. Richard Uniacke, Halifax, N. S.*

"Last number of ACADIENSIS (No. 3) has arrived, and I think that it is the best yet. I met J. V. Ellis, jr., here the other day. He is a newspaper man, city editor of *Milwaukee Journal*. * * * * * Hope that the magazine will continue to improve in the future as in the past."—*Arthur W. Akerley, M. D., Milwaukee, Wis.*

"ACADIENSIS for April, 1901, has just been received by us."—*Historical Society of Pennsylvania, Philadelphia, Pa.*

"Although not a native born Canadian, having lived the first nineteen years of my life in Scotland, I shall take great pleasure in looking carefully into the contents of ACADIENSIS."—*David R. Porgan, Vice-president First National Bank, Chicago.*

"I must say that I admire the determination and public spirit which attach your conduct in the ACADIENSIS matter, in carrying it on at such a loss and making such efforts as you do to continue and improve it, and I shall make greater efforts henceforth to render any assistance I can. I agree with you that the abundant illustrations are a good feature, and if you can keep up the standard, it is bound to succeed even though its progress will be slow."—*Prof. W. F. Ganong, Smith College, Northampton, Mass.*

"I have duly received the numbers published of ACADIENSIS, and I find the publication very interesting. Go on."—*N. E. Dionne, Bibliotheque de la Legislature, Quebec.*

"I wish to thank you for your courtesy in sending me number three of ACADIENSIS. I found it most delightful reading, and I have instructed my agents, Messrs. Henry J. King & Co., Pall Mall, London, to remit you the amount of my subscription for the

current year, and I will beg of you, on receipt, to be so good as to forward me numbers one, two and four. If they are as good as number three, I will continue the subscription for next year. I take much interest for many reasons in the part of the world with which your publication deals."—*Col. W. F. Prideaux, C. S. I., Ramsgate, England.*

"I regret to say that I will be unable to comply with your wish and send you the steel-plate of my bookplate until my return to Vancouver, B. C., about the first of April next. I was much pleased with the copy of ACADIENSIS you so kindly sent me."—*Sir Chas. Tupper, K. C. M. G., etc., etc., Hurst House, Abbeywood, Kent, England.*

"Are you a collector of bookplates? I have been at it for 45 years. I very foolishly gave my collection of 10,000 rare plates away 25 years ago to a friend to publish some. He got lost on a steamship, plates, etc., so I mourn him and my plates."—*J. Douglas Scott, Hydepark, Mass.*

"In receipt of your favor of the 5th, I have the honor to inform you that I am interested in a new quarterly of your Journal, and I beg you will place my name upon the list of subscribers."—*Dr. Rudolph Newman, Reichenberg.*

"Your favor of the 25th inst., came duly to hand and was followed by the four numbers of ACADIENSIS. I enclose \$1.00 covering the bill. I sent for these pamphlets for Mr. ———, of Regent Park, London, England, who is quite interested in book-plates, and saw a copy of ACADIENSIS in London."—*Percy S. Mallet, New York.*

"I desire to congratulate you upon the excellence of the current issue of your magazine. It shows a great deal of patient care and persistent energy on your part, and it deserves well at the hands of your literary and historical friends of the Maritime Provinces. The quality of your Journal is certainly equal to anything published in Canada. Of course I can say this fairly and frankly to you seeing that our spheres are so different."—*John A. Cooper, Editor of the Canadian Magazine, Toronto.*

"There is nothing that I would not do to oblige you. I have a large collection of electrotypes, and some of them might be very useful to you. * * * I will look through my collection of electrotypes, photographs, engravings and portraits, and see what I can do for you. I am suffering severely from la grippe and am dictating this letter from my bed. I hope to be able to go to

New York about Dec. 17th; write to me to jog my memory. I have five large rooms full of such things here and in New York."—*Gen. J. Watts dePeyster, Brigadier-General and Brevet Major-General, U. S. A., M. A., Litt. D., Ph. D., LL. D., Tivoli, Duchess Co., N. J.*

"I send you the following of my historical publications, all that I can find at present. * * * "The Historical Gleanings" were checked in the bud by the fire at Windsor some three years ago, all but two or three proof copies being burned. During the winter I may turn up some other papers which will interest you, and if so shall not fail to send them."—*Henry Youle Hind, Principal Church School for Girls, Windsor, N. S.*

"I am directed by the Minister of Education to request you to place the Department upon the subscription list of ACADIENSIS, and to supply all the back numbers."—*The Deputy Minister, Education Department, Toronto.*

"I am sure that we have not said anything in the *Presbyterian Witness* about your work that was not richly deserved. I have some idea of the toil and care involved in such a work."—*Rev. Robert Murray, Editor of the Presbyterian Witness, Halifax, N. S.*

"Enclosed please find my subscription for ACADIENSIS for two years. I have been too busy to prepare my promised paper. * * * I hope to do so at an early date."—*A. H. MacKay, Supt. of Education, Halifax, N. S.*

"I received, with many thanks, your kind letter and the *Ex-Libris* you enclosed. I received also the copy of your beautiful magazine ACADIENSIS, and I should be glad to become a subscriber."—*Prof. Carl G. F. Langenscheidt, Berlin.*

"I shall be glad to aid you in every way that I can."—*Henry C. Hunter, Attorney and Counsellor at Law, Sec'y of the Canadian Society of New York.*

"Enclosed I beg to hand you two dollars, my subscription to ACADIENSIS. I may say that I am very much interested in the Province of New Brunswick, as my grandfather, Capt. Archibald MacLean, was an officer in the Loyalist corps, the New York Volunteers. When the rebellion was over he came to New Brunswick and settled on the Nashwaak, where he died. His son is still on the old place."—*A. MacLean Howard, Toronto.*

"I enclose \$1.00 subscription for ACADIENSIS. I happened to take it up * * * and liked its make-up so well that I want it, and will take the back numbers, too, if you have them on sale."
—*R. R. McLeod, Author, etc., Brookfield, Queens Co., N. S.*

"I enclose names of several subscribers for ACADIENSIS. I have met with but one refusal, Mr. —*, who is suffering from a severe affection of the eyes."—*From our Halifax Special Agent.*

"I hope that you have received sufficient support to justify your continuation of ACADIENSIS. Enclosed etc., etc."—*Rev. Neil McKendrick, Placentia, Newfoundland.*

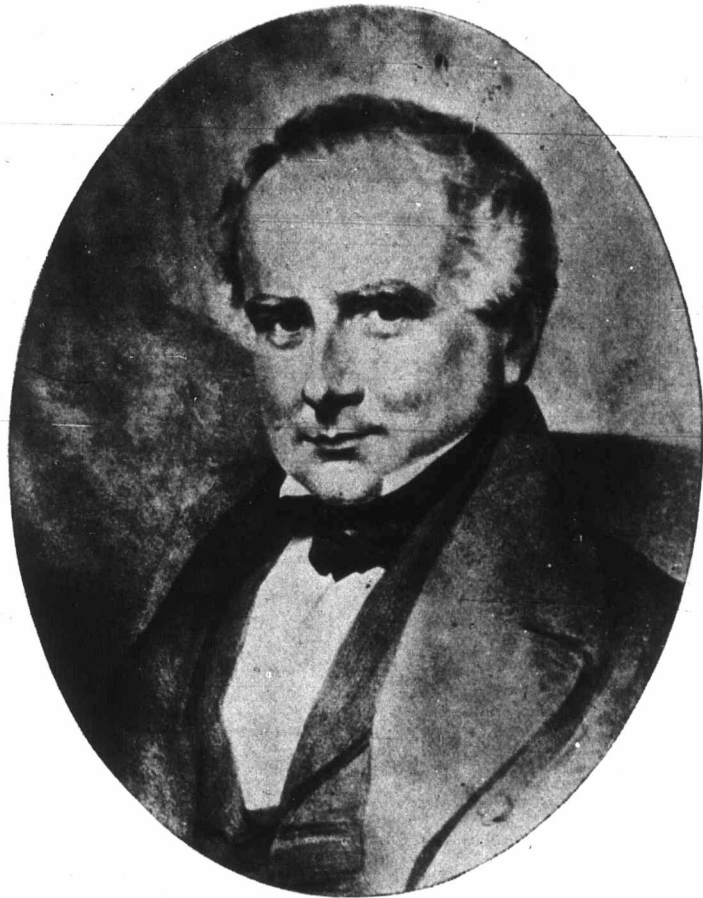
"I wish ACADIENSIS continued success, and trust that your subscription list may receive many new names for the new year."
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"Noticing a paragraph regarding your quarterly in the *Editor*, of Franklin, Ohio, I would ask you to be kind enough to send me a sample copy."—*Anna Bishard, Altoona, Iowa.*

"I enclose one year's subscription to your magazine, which is undoubtedly an undertaking deserving of the hearty support of the people of the Maritime Provinces."—*W. B. Wallace, Judge of the County Court, Halifax, N. S.*

"I have just seen the last number of your magazine, ACADIENSIS, and will be much obliged if you will send me the numbers which have already been issued. I am particularly interested in your article on Acadian Book-Plates."—*Joseph Murphy, Toronto, April, 1901*





Thobaldus

Haliburton's "English in America."



UCH has been done in the past fifteen years to revive interest in that versatile writer and thinker, Thomas Chandler Haliburton, who was not only the greatest Nova Scotian litterateur, but the greatest author as yet produced by British North America. The Haliburton Club was formed at King's College, Windsor, in 1884, largely through the initiative of Mr. H. Percy Scott. Mr. Scott afterwards contributed a critique of Haliburton as a humorist and descriptive writer to a memorial publication issued by the Club in 1897. This "Centenary Chaplet," as it is called, also contains a most interesting sketch of the Life and Times of Judge Haliburton, by his son, Robert Grant Haliburton, who died not long since; and a Character Study by Mr. F. Blake Crofton, of Halifax, the scope of which may be fairly inferred from its title, "The Man and the Writer."

I shall not attempt to go over the ground so admirably covered by these gentlemen, my principal object being to draw attention to that one of Judge Haliburton's works which had perhaps the most limited circulation and the least popularity, but cost the most labor and research. "Rule and Misrule of the English in America," though written more especially for English readers, was published at New York by Harper & Brothers in 1851. While there may be found scattered through Sam Slick's humorous sketches numerous opinions on political topics, and much practical philosophy, these are not necessarily in all cases the author's own sentiments. But in the dedication the author expressly says that "this book will show you that my political views are unchanged" and we can doubt-

less feel a like assurance as to the other ideas embodied in this work. According to Mr. Crofton, "Judge Haliburton was an Epicurean philosopher, modified a little, for the better by Christianity, and for the worse by practical politics." This has all of the glitter and probably much of the accuracy of the average generality. It may fairly summarize the every day philosophy of Sam Slick, but it scarcely does justice to the strongly asserted principles of "Rule and Misrule."

The frame-work of the book is the colonial policy of England, and the development of English colonies and colonial institutions in America during the seventeenth, eighteenth and first half of the nineteenth century. One of the objects of the work was to show where and by whom republicanism was introduced into this continent, and this is conclusively traced not to the great statesmen who formed the Federal Constitution, but to the Puritan colonists who founded a *de facto* republic at Boston in 1630. To the revocation, half a century later, of the charter which permitted so much practical republicanism, is attributed that "intense hatred of the imperial government" that finally led to the overthrow of British rule,—a hatred which, at the present day, finds expression among the "tail-twisters" of the American Senate, much to the astonishment of the modern Englishman. The institutions organized at that early date, and the democratic principles then disseminated, were subsequently adopted by the American provinces generally. Thus Independence, though precipitated in 1776 by the folly of the British government, was only the realization of a long-cherished and traditional principle.

Haliburton draws attention to the essential republicanism of early New England, both in church and state, the former being purely congregational, and both alike based on the supreme sovereignty of the people. They held the maxim, *vox populi, vox Dei*, to be equally true in politics

and religion. Public opinion, he adds in this connection, "when rightly understood, exercises a most salutary and necessary influence over the officers of government; but if it be so closely applied as to absorb all independence, it ceases to be a check and degenerates into tyranny." In a subsequent passage he describes Democracy as the last resort, because it is the least natural form of government, and may end in military despotism. "The people, instead of being content with a few masters, whom they could always conciliate or control, submit themselves to that many-headed monster a majority, and become alternately tyrants or slaves." There is a prophetic suggestion here of our modern party system in Canada. In another place our author contrasts democracy with monarchy, and pays to the latter a tribute as eloquent and ingenious as that of Lord Beaconsfield to the allied institution of aristocracy. These passages are among the most profound observations in the entire book, but are too lengthy for quotation here.

Haliburton devotes much space to the New England Puritans whose character and conduct have been so variously estimated. "The annals of colonization," he writes, "may be searched in vain for an effort so distinguished for courage, industry, perseverance, frugality and intelligence." So, too, he finds solidity back of the sophistry that they called in aid of their claim to independence. "The right of Europeans to America will not bear a very close investigation, but the pioneers who settled it under the circumstances mentioned might well be excused if they thought their pretensions quite equal to those who had first sailed along the coast, and called it their own." On the other hand he touches on their glaring inconsistencies. "They did not think it scriptural to call Apostles saints, who were unlettered men like congregationalists (with no other possible advantage but the accidental one of being inspired) but they thought it by no means superstitious to appropriate the designation to themselves, or to regard old

women as witches, and consistent with religion to execute them. . . . They maintained the right of private judgment, but they hanged Quakers ; for it was manifest that they who differed from them had no judgment whatever." Whether Collier was right in stating that the Puritan emigration "drained England of her best blood," nothing but a stretch of poetic license could justify Mrs. Hemans in saying of the immigrants that

" They left unstained what there they found, —
Freedom to worship God."

Lack of space prevents allusion to Judge Haliburton's religious views which were eminently well-informed and orthodox, his theories of government, and his character sketches of political parties. Responsible government and the policy of concession to the French Canadians are discussed in a way that was then prophetic, but has since become of present day interest and anxiety. But we must pass by these and also Haliburton's philosophy, tempting as it is to stop and listen to the stories that illustrate such apothegms as "Men more easily forgive an injury than an insult ;" "ridicule eludes the grasp long after argument is vanquished" ; and "the lessons of history, like experience, are of little use to any but the immediate actors." But, perhaps, these brief references and extracts give sufficient glimpses at the literary, political and philosophical treasures of this book. My own copy of it is dry enough looking, both as to cover and to internal workmanship. But few who read it, and at the same time possess some acquaintance with his other and more popular writings, will question its author's right to the first place when the time comes to launch a series of "Canadian Men of Letters."

C. E. A. SIMONDS.



Lieut.-Colonel Harry Ormond,
30th Regiment.

From a photograph taken in 1861 by George E. Peleg, Esq.

Colonel Harry Ormond.

THE CAREER OF A NEW BRUNSWICK SOLDIER.



IN a previous contribution to the pages of ACADIENSIS* brief reference was made to Lieutenant-Colonel Harry Ormond, commander of the 30th Regiment, and as the career of that New Brunswick soldier deserved a more extended account than was then possible, it will form a fitting sequel to the romantic story of the McDonells of Glengarry, and the Macdonalds of Glenaladale.

Lieutenant-Colonel Harry Smith Ormond was born at Maugerville, Sunbury county, New Brunswick, September 10th, 1784, and was the eldest son of Lieutenant George Ormond, adjutant of the Queen's Rangers, Colonel Graves Simcoe's famous loyalist corps of the American revolution. The Ormonds were a race of soldiers, and direct descendants of the celebrated Duke of Ormond, lord lieutenant of Ireland in the reign of Charles I. During the Commonwealth the Ormonds were exiled from England, and again after the expulsion of the Stuarts. Lieutenant Ormond was born at Gramont, in French Flanders. He was in America at the breaking out of the revolutionary war, and in 1777 received a commission in the Rangers, sharing with Colonel Simcoe the disasters of the war. In 1783, with the survivors of the corps, he came to New Brunswick and received a grant of 500 acres of land in the parish of Queensbury, York county, but made his home at Maugerville, where two of his children were born. About 1790 Lieutenant Ormond removed with his family to Upper Canada, induced thither by his old commander,

*A Monument and its Story. ACADIENSIS, vol. i, p. 136.

Colonel Simcoe, who had been appointed first governor of that province, and who entertained a deep affection for his old officers of the Queen's Rangers. But Lieutenant Ormond did not remain long in the new province, for the record of the third birth in his family is at Elizabeth Castle, Isle of Jersey, on May 18th, 1793. On the 6th of September, 1795, a fourth son was born at Elizabeth Castle, and christened George Richard Ormond, who became in after years paymaster of the 86th Royal Sussex Regiment of Foot, and saw a great deal of service during the wars of the early part of the century. From records preserved by his descendants it would appear that Lieut. Ormond had received a military appointment on the Isle of Jersey, where his children were educated.

Colonel Ormond received his commission as ensign November 8th, 1799, and entered the Forty-ninth Regiment when but fifteen years of age. He was in the detachment of the regiment that served as marines on his majesty's ship "Glatten" at the battle of Copenhagen in 1801, and commanded the guard of honor that received Lord Nelson when he visited the "Glatten" after the engagement. On the 28th of August, 1801, Colonel Ormond was promoted lieutenant, and on the 24th of September of the same year, captain.

In June, 1802, the Forty-ninth regiment sailed for Quebec, where they arrived after a long voyage. Under its gallant colonel, Sir Isaac Brock, the regiment was destined to fill an important and historic chapter in the early military history of Canada. The serjeant-major of the Forty-ninth was James FitzGibbon, * a gallant Irishman, who had shared with young Ormond the perils of Nelson's victory at Copenhagen, and whose name, with that of Laura Secord, is interwoven in one of the most heroic stories of the war of 1812.

* A Veteran of 1812, by Miss Agnes FitzGibbon, p. 50.

During the ten years that followed, the Forty-ninth regiment garrisoned the principal forts on the frontiers of Canada, and when war was declared by the United States against England in 1812, was not at its strength, and only remained efficient through the moral influence of Colonel Brock. But, though weak in numbers, the regiment proved a rallying force for the provincial corps and militia regiments that quickly responded to Brock's call, and dispelled the dream of easy conquest that had been indulged by American statesmen.

With his regiment Colonel Ormond served in the campaigns on the Canadian frontiers during 1812 and 1814, and participated in the battles of Lundy's Lane, Chippewa, Chrystler's Farm, and Stony Creek, and he led the grenadiers of the Forty-ninth at the storming of Queenston Heights under Sir Isaac Brock.

As mementoes of the campaigns in Upper Canada, Colonel Ormond preserved two pieces of the old colors of the Forty-ninth that had been carried through the battles of the war, and which are now in possession of his daughter, Mrs. Charlotte E. Perley, of St. John.

After the close of the war with America the Forty-ninth returned to England, having been stationed in Upper Canada seventeen years.

Colonel Ormond also served in India, and at the Cape of Good Hope from 1825 to 1835, where his regiment was actively engaged against the native tribes. He was one of the first British officers who made friendly intercourse with the Kaffir chiefs possible, and instituted fairs at the British posts, which proved of great service to the Kaffir race, and the peaceable settlement of the English among these warlike tribes. Colonel Ormond named his third son, born at Fort Wiltshire, Kaffirland, for the celebrated Kaffir chieftain, Gaika, to commemorate the friendship he had established.

In 1829, after retaining the rank of captain for twenty-eight years, Colonel Ormond was promoted major, with the brevet rank of lieutenant-colonel, and appointed aide-de-camp to Princess Charlotte of Wales, daughter of George IV and Queen Caroline. The Forty-ninth was known as Princess Charlotte of Wales' Regiment of Foot. On the 14th of September, 1842, Colonel Ormond arrived at St. John and assumed command of the 30th Regiment, then in garrison in that city, and the following year, with the regiment, returned to England. In 1844, after an honorable service of forty-five years, he retired from the army.

While stationed at St. John, Eliza, Colonel Ormond's eldest daughter, formed a friendship with the late Hon. John H. Gray, then a handsome and eloquent young barrister. In 1845 Mr. Gray sailed for Dublin, where Colonel Ormond resided, and in that city met Miss Ormond, where they were married. Mr. Gray, with his bride, returned to St. John and he became prominent in provincial politics, and was one of the founders of the Canadian Confederacy. Captain Scott Gray, a distinguished officer of the Royal Navy, is a son of Mr. Gray, and was born at St. John.

In 1853 Colonel Ormond returned to New Brunswick, and the latter years of a long and eventful life were passed in his native province, where he died on the third of May, 1864, at the residence of his son-in-law, George H. Perley, in Lincoln, Sunbury county, but a short distance from his birthplace, at the venerable age of 81

* "Hon. John H. Gray was the grandson of Joseph Gray, a Loyalist who settled in Halifax, N. S. His father was William Gray, many years British Consul at Norfolk, Virginia. John H. Gray was born at St. Georges, Bermuda, in 1814, his parents wishing their child to be born a British subject removed there before his birth. In 1872 he was appointed a judge in British Columbia, and afterwards became chief justice of that province. Died at Victoria, B. C., June 4, 1889. Some years before his death Mr. Gray wrote a history of the various conferences that led to the formation of the Dominion of Canada."—CLARENCE WARD.

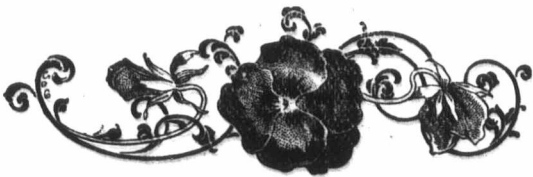
years. He was the last surviving officer of the Forty-ninth regiment who was with Lord Nelson at the taking of Copenhagen, and was awarded two medals and four clasps for gallant services.

Although a strict disciplinarian, Colonel Ormond was a man of generous impulses, and, during his long service in the army, gained the friendship of the Duke of Wellington, commander-in-chief, and many of the leading military men of the nation. In South Africa, during his service there, his efforts were ever on the side of peace, and just treatment marked his intercourse with the natives.

Colonel Ormond participated in many historic events that have made the name of England great, but in whatever position it was his fortune to be placed, acquitted himself with credit, and his life, from his birth among the sturdy and devoted Loyalists to his death in his native county in New Brunswick, was an honorable as well as remarkable career.

The portrait of Colonel Ormond in ACADIENSIS is from a photograph taken in 1859 by his son-in-law, the late George H. Perley, who was an amateur photographer of merit at a time when the art was in its infancy. Mr. Perley was the son of Moses H. Perley, a gentleman whose name as an author and scientist will live in the annals of our country.

JONAS HOWE.



Literature and Nature.



English-speaking folk are in the habit of expanding or contracting the meaning of words, and, although hardly in consonance with the canons of art or science, the method or lack of method is, at least, convenient, provided the intention is made entirely clear.

When we think or speak of nature, we very commonly have a vague conception of out of doors; and, if pressed for a definition, would declare that the term includes everything but God, and man and his works. I am, of course, assuming the presence of some figments of old fashioned orthodoxy, but I do not forget that there are some who include God, others who comprise everything within the word.

Nature, and the love of nature are so remote in their origin and have been so steadily persistent in their existence, that it does not seem strange that the English should not, like some other languages if my information is correct, embrace all the ideas which nature and love and their relation to each other suggest.

Love of nature may, with some reservation, be regarded as an instinct, and be designated a barbaric virtue. It is not stifled, but it is often in part suppressed by enlightenment, so called, and has to be coaxed back to vitality in the midst of the triumphs of civilization.

I may be heterodox, but I cannot persuade myself that the Greeks were nature lovers of anything like Thoreau's type, and here I am not considering his mental and intellectual equipment, but only his affection. They loved nature indeed but with limitations, and intense manifesta-

tions of their favor seem to be somewhat sporadic. After naming Homer, Aeschylus and Aristotle, an epic poet, a dramatist and a many sided philosopher, one has to pause and ponder before making a list of Greek hierophants of the beautiful cult.

When you place Virgil, Horace, with some questioning, and Ovid on a like list for the Romans, you certainly will not be embarrassed by the number of aspirants for place entitled to serious consideration.

Hebrew and Asiatic literature seem to me to be far richer in proof of the existence of a profound interest in living things lower in the scale than man, and elementary forces and appearances, than in anything obtained from Greece or Rome. We are, or should be, fairly familiar with Biblical illustrations of the truth of this, and every year the same kind of illustrations reach us from Oriental sources other than Hebrew, though largely through Occidental hands and brains. These results are due to various conditions, of which two may be mentioned.

Persons leading nomadic or eremitic lives are for reasons, many of which are obvious, charmed into the choicest friendship with nature. The Arabs read the sky as the face of a friend; the Arab's steed was as his child. In Mrs. Steel's "On the Face of the Waters" an incident is related of an Indian saint and recluse. His disciple, who had passed many days in silent meditation in a garden, fed a wild squirrel with food which she had induced it to take from her hand. The master presented to her a bunch of flowers, and told her that she had learned all that he could teach. This reminds us of the gentle Saint Francis and his little brothers the birds.

Many have observed with wonder and regret that the boy, tractable and well intentioned when alone, as one of a herd becomes a demon of rebellion, and unrest, and more or less malignant mischief. It is commonly assumed that the boy is in this exceptional, but, in truth, although by

reason of his youth he may be more susceptible to evil influence than an adult, when he becomes a man, if he is not a solitary, his comrades in society will help to drag him down. How sad it is that the mass insists upon the unit descending from the heights, the clouds and the sparkling waters, to seek pleasure with Circe on the dead levels. It is not surprising that now and then some soul longs, with the sweet singer, for the wings of a dove, to fly far away and remain in the wilderness at rest.

How absurdly and pathetically untrue were the sylvan and pastoral masques of the Stuart times, and the ideal of sylvan and pastoral life for a far longer period. The word-builders, who may be regarded as reliable, give us other conceptions of shepherds and peasants in communities. The pagans were the people living in the village round the *Paga* spring; the heathen were the folks of the heath. How pregnant with contempt in certain uses are the words rustic, bucolic, boor and boorish, nor can we forget the descent of villain from villa.

The memory of that idyllic tale of Baskett's "At You-Alls House" of "Fishing Jimmy" and some other recent and nearly all American literary products, suggests a reference to the modifications and exceptions which might be urged to aspersions directed against a useful and important class. It is indeed probable that the farmer and his family of today are very different from those of even twenty-five years gone by. But I cannot quite forget some countrymen of my youth who never talked or thought to any important purpose, who seemed almost wholly devoid of sentiment, and who forced me, in every way save that of physical violence, to swallow each morning, shuddering, a jorum of gin and worm wood.

In some sections of Northern, Southern and in other parts of Europe, the inhabitants, in general, are lovers of nature. There must be reasons for the existence of the characteristic, but they are not very obvious, and,

to the best of my knowledge, no expert has, as yet, seriously attempted to tabulate, enumerate or even discover them.

The English seem to me to be less affected by the charms of flowers, birds, beasts, clouds, skies and waters, and of other objects out of doors, than the Irish or the people of Scotland. And yet England has produced some notable lovers of nature, whose thoughts and their expressions are admirable. Chaucer has many of them, and then he helps to add to their importance by telling, not of mere birds and fowls, but of byrdes and fowles. All glory to the occasional Bluenose or New Englander who, when he mentions his cow, makes her dissyllabic. The following was writ by some one nigh Chaucer's day and it has somewhat of the quality sought.

" When he came to the grene wode,
In a mery morninge,
There he heard the notes small
Of byrdes mery singynge.
It is ferre gone sayd Robyn
That I was last here ;
Me lyste a lytell for to shote
At the donne deer."

Caxton's edition of Mallory's *Morte d'Arthur* has many passages of the character indicated, and reference to other works contemporary and somewhat later would probably give the same result. With Marlowe we sit—

" By shallow rivers to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals."

But no one surpasses Herrick in the selection and treatment of an out of doors topic in the exquisite verses Corinna's *Maying*. Every illustration and almost every thought are suggested by plant life. "Rise and put on your foliage," he exclaims to the maid, and bids her note—

" There's not a *budding* boy, or girl, this day,
But is got up and gone to bring in May."

I might make voluminous extracts from Shakespear, but content myself with a single reference. It would be hard to name a poem of a stanza containing so much action, comprehensiveness, and beauty, both grand and tender, as "Hark! Hark! The lark at Heaven's gate sings." A flutter of pinions in the cool, calm air beneath the waning stars; a bird's glad song before the glorious portals; the stately opening of the gates; the issuance, in splendid brightness, of Don Phoebus, his chariot and steeds; the moistening of quivering nostrils in sweet and blushing flower cups filled with sparkling dew; the "merry buds," conscious of the breath but hardly of the presence of the god, "winking, to ope their golden eyes." Need I ask whether this does not more satisfactorily bring day opening before us than gaping milkmaids and hinds rubbing knuckles in their orbits.

The Classicists and Romanticists, not always in one manner and degree, largely monopolized the selection and pursuit of such studies as were unconnected with theology and moral philosophy until well nigh the close of the eighteenth century. This is only one way of stating that it was not often that a writer or reader could be found in England who was not distinctly under the influence of classicism and not improbably of romanticism during the period indicated. Now as the ideas involved in these two terms were based upon antiquity more or less remote, were formally stated, and were required to be accepted without amendment or protest, they were emphatically antagonistic to that which claimed absolute freedom for subjects and methods of investigation, and proposed to deal, at least primarily, with present and existing matters from an original and unbiassed point of view. During the several intervening centuries an occasional student of some branch of natural history might be discovered; but the existing knowledge of the subject selected was very meagre, based to a large extent on uncertain report or even bare conject-

ure, and rarely received useful additions through his research and cogitation. For a long time natural science was regarded as occult and hence became an object of suspicion if not of malediction. Opposition from this latter point of view was only partially, slowly and gradually withdrawn, nor did it quite cease to exist until a comparatively recent date.

It cannot be alleged that naturalism, and an earnest longing for the true, achieved substantial conquest over artificialism and slavish adherence to ill conceived or obsolete tradition until some decades of the nineteenth century had expired. Ruskin may well be regarded as the most definite, fluent and persuasive of the apostles of the new creed, but he was well supported. Carlyle, Darwin, Turner, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Morris, George Elliot, Hammerton, in different vocations, were excellent propagandists, but their names are selected almost haphazard, and a large addition might be made to the list. I should be disposed to include the name of Leigh Hunt, had not his didactic uses been greatly impaired after he was made to pose as Harold Skimpole.

My references to the poets and poetical interpretation, and to the natural sciences and their position in popular estimation, on the assumption of close relationship between them, may at first seem odd. If it invites criticism, the fault is not mine, but the incomplete terminology to which I have adverted. The worker in Nature's domain; now in my mind's eye, must be both poetic and scientific, although it might be well for him to note that the former term applies properly not to a merely meditative but to a distinctly productive quality. He should of course be a quick, close and accurate observer, but he must not be discouraged if his organs of sense are insufficient at first, for, with constant and zealous use, they will, at least in the absence of serious organic defect, almost certainly serve him better. He will be to some extent a specialist, but I

hold a very firm opinion that the extent of his accumulation of general knowledge should always be considered an index of the specialist's probable success; and, notwithstanding my previous strictures, that, at the outset, he should know as much of Latin and Greek as can be obtained in an ordinary college course in arts.

You must not, however, be deceived by my *ex-cathedra* style and regard as a master a fairly humble and but poorly equipped disciple. The obtrusion of a fragment of autobiography will give an idea of my opportunities, but you must take my word, which I now give, that they were not wholly neglected. In 1844, when my age was but twelve months, my father and his family went to reside in a newly erected dwelling on land now within the city of St. John, then in its immediate vicinity. The holding, originally including some three acres, was a few years afterwards doubled in area by acquisition of adjacent property, and consisted, as to one half, of gardens, lawn and grass land, as to the other half, of intensely picturesque rocks with a deposit in places of peat, or of not over rich leaf mould. In this firs, spruces, tamaracks, birches, ash trees and cone shaped and symmetrical trees, known locally as cedars but really of the cypress family, flourished, with many berry-bearing shrubs and vines and flowering plants of many kinds, and ferns. The house stood and still stands on a plateau with an inclined field and part of the lawn between it and the highway, and behind is a cliff some hundred feet high and the natural wood. My father was successful as a gardener and as an arboriculturist, and before the lapse of many years there was an abundance of foliage, of bloom, and also of nutritious vegetation in fruit, crisp leaf, and stalk and root. A stream of no great dimensions was used to feed a pond which was at the same time of convenience and ornament. This was my beautiful and happy home until twenty-one years ago, and the dwelling place of very many living creatures besides myself. It would be difficult to find elsewhere, so near a populous

center as this, an enclosure of the same dimensions so redundant in various forms of untamed life. Among occasional visitants were foxes, raccoons, not greatly welcomed skunks, porcupines, squirrels, minks and common weasels, kangaroo mice and star nosed moles, partridges so-called, wood-cock, teal, snipe, plover of several kinds, herons, bitterns, and even passenger pigeons, varieties of the hawk and owls. On one occasion the appearance of a scarlet tanager so attracted members of the family on a Sunday morning that they reached the parish church long after service had commenced; on another a stormy petrel was found in a bed of herbs after a heavy blow from the sea. The place was used annually as an ornithological exchange, and flocks of many kinds arrived there from abroad in the spring time and thence departed for winter quarters in the fall, making congregations on such occasions, each with its hundreds. Then scores and scores of them were regular denizens during the mating and nesting seasons; and scores and scores would, from time to time, arrive to pilfer their favorite fruit or berries. I cannot begin to name them all but, among them, were migratory and hermit thrushes (robins); song, fox, and white-throated sparrows, rusty blackbirds, bobolinks, wild canaries, cedar waxwings, cat birds, humming birds, varieties of titmice and grosbeaks and wood-pecker and crows.

That comedian of animated nature the frog was well to the front. Once I counted no less than sixty little fellows in the pond, seated each in the center of a white water lily or, in a few instances, on a floating pad. One summer an old chap, minus a leg regularly came out of the water when a member of the household approached the margin, climbed the bank and waited with inscrutable batrachian blinkings, to be tickled with a stick or straw. Among my reptilian reminiscences is one not as pleasing as the experience was, to my very youthful mind, in a loathing way exciting. One bright spring day the nurse-maid took my

little sisters and myself to the top of the cliff, where we seated ourselves in the sunshine on leafless branches and withered grass. Before long there was a rustling and a squirming beneath us, and, to our horror, there appeared a family of snakes. Many insects crept and fluttered over the grounds, or wriggled in the pond; some of evil repute and little loved, or despised or hated; others assumed to be inoffensive, and when beautiful, as several were, even superlatively, greatly prized. Once I encountered a procession of scarabei on the gravel walk attending to the obsequies of a defunct mole.

To illustrate the character of this model suburban retreat, I may mention that for several nights in succession, during one winter, I could, with perfect ease, have shot from my bedroom window a partridge roosting on a branch with the moon in the back ground, or should I write back sky?

My studies with strict and formal text-books as aids, in the field of natural science, were confined mainly to botany and the rudiments of geology and zoology. Many forms and varieties of life were therefore familiar to my eyes in youth whose names were wholly unknown to me. The boy or girl of to-day, armed with a profusely and correctly illustrated manual, has far less difficulty in identifying the bird, the fish, the insect, or the flower than had his grandfather. But, even assuming that you fail in the matter of nomenclature, there is no reason why you should not be able to identify. Learning to observe intelligently is indeed half the battle, and I am greatly inclined to think that neglect to employ the means of observation provided for our use often, perhaps generally, results in their ceasing to be of service. Of the correctness of this conclusion there can scarcely be a doubt: it is certainly sustained by the reported experiences of others, and very strongly by my own personal experiences in many instances, from which the following selection is made: About ten years ago, when spending a day in Fredericton, the charming capital

of New Brunswick, a friend was persuaded to join me in a stroll. It was in October, and the temperature was warm, though bracing, the sky unclouded, the air wholly undisturbed and intensely clear, the light, as if after passing through amber tissue it was reflected from golden shields. At our feet, and on every side, the insects were making music with legs, wings, wing-covers, or otherwise: it was not unlike the sound produced from the sharpening of a scythe, and may be likened to the interminable prolongation of the word *sing* on a shrill, upper note. To my friend, however, notwithstanding his most strenuous efforts to hear, it was wholly inaudible. On the evening of the same day I called upon another friend, and, when bidding him good-bye on the lawn in front of his portico, I observed that the same concert was still in progress in the warm, windless night, under a full and splendid moon, and told him of the incident related, to discover that he, too, could not hear a sound from the minute musicians. It only remains to be stated that my two friends were exceptionally intelligent and well-informed, and that neither of them was regarded as in the least defective in his power of hearing.

In the days of my youth there were books, exceedingly popular with boys, which had a direct influence in leading them to regard with favor life in wild places and among wild things. Robinson Crusoe was one of these, of course, and so was that impossible fiction, The Swiss Family Robinson, but three prime favorites were Masterman Ready and the Settlers in Canada, by Captain Marryat, and The Children of the New Forest, also, I think, the product of his prolific pen. There were besides the tales of Captain Mayne Reid and Cooper, well recognized sources of delight to many of all ages and of either sex. I look back, however, with grateful and pleasant thoughts to the perusal of the Rollo books and the Franconia or Beechnut stories by Abbott. They were, perhaps, not so brilliant

as some of the others mentioned, but they were certainly fascinating to the half-grown New Englander or British North American, and almost certain to lead to increased interest in the realms of nature. To mature minds in even partial sympathy with his conceptions, Thoreau was, is, and ever will be a real prophet.⁶ But let lovers of nature not forget how much they owe to his immediate literary friends who were brought under his influence and could not do otherwise than accept much of his teaching. It would indeed be a sad day when and if Emerson and Thoreau, Nathaniel Hawthorne, and Whittier, Bryant and Longfellow, all typical New Englanders, and representing together big names and hearts, were remembered solely as names. Meanwhile Audubon, Asa Gray and other distinguished specialists deserve our eternal gratitude, not merely for giving us facts, but for presenting them in such a form that the attention and interest of those of artistic as well as those of scientific predilections have been aroused and secured.

The output from the pens of North American writers within but a few years past has been very large in that department of letters which advocates the love of nature and portrays its multitudinous charms. Burroughs, long a distinguished worker in this field, continues to provide for the growing want, and his coadjutors are many and most effective. It is needless to do more than indicate the authors of "Tommy Anne and the Three Hearts," "Fisherman's Luck," "The Foot Pathway," "Wild Animals I Have Known," "Wilderness Ways," "Flowers in the Pave," and "Mooswa and Others of the Boundaries," but there would be no great difficulty in suggesting the addition to these of a goodly number of others of equal, or nearly equal, fame.

And have these writers no mission save to add each a quota to that which is derived from the acquisition and accumulation of knowledge, and forms a by no means

inconsiderable fraction of the sum of human pleasures? Assuredly they have, although it may be that they do not all appreciate its nature, or even, perhaps, suspect its existence. Popular opinion upon any topic is not necessarily the same at all times, and, as a matter of fact, it more generally resembles a pendulum than a fixed pole.

Bearing this in mind it does not seem surprising that our propogandists are inducing city folks to seek pleasant country places which, in by-gone days, were abandoned by those from whom they sprung as stale, unprofitable and wholly devoid of attractions. But yet another thought occurs as to a possible and beneficial result of the pursuit of the studies under discussion. Citizens of the great North American republic in general, and, for that matter, not a few Canadians and Britons, have a professed infinite confidence in the all-sufficiency of their own political and social institutions and conditions, and a corresponding contempt for those of other nations and of other ages. It would be a notable conclusion if, after failing to acquire the quality from the history of humanity, they should recognize and appropriate reverence, under a smokeless sky, in the midst of the bearers of feathers, fur and blossoms. Well might they sing in such event, "Lo, we heard of it at Ephratah. We found it in the fields of the wood." Ps. cxxxii, 6. I. ALLEN JACK.



Colonel Robert Moodie.

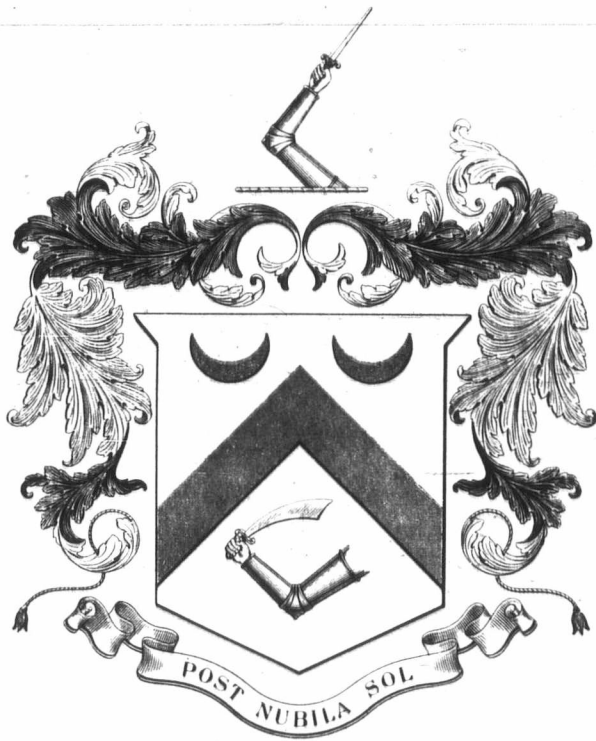
TO THE EDITOR OF ACADIENSIS :

Sir,—If you will refer to my *Sketches of Celebrated Canadians* (Quebec, 1862), you will find there (p. 335) an account of Colonel Robert Moodie, respecting whom enquiry is made, in your last issue, by Mr. C. E. Thomson, President of the York Pioneer Society, Ontario. From this sketch it will be seen that Colonel Moodie was a native of Dunfermline, Fifeshire, Scotland, that he entered the army at an early age, and saw much severe fighting during the Peninsular war. He served in Canada, in the 104th Regiment, of which he became Lieutenant-Colonel, during the war of 1812, and distinguished himself in many sharp affairs with the enemy. He was present at the battle of Queenstown, where he acted with great bravery. About the year 1822, he returned to Scotland, and resided at St. Andrews, for the education of his family. He continued there until 1835, when he again came to Canada, for the purpose of taking possession of a valuable and extensive tract of land, which he had acquired near Toronto, and where he was killed by the insurgents in December, 1838. He left behind his widow, a Canadian lady, of Scottish extraction, two sons and three daughters. The circumstances of his death are fully set forth in Dent's *Story of the Upper Canadian Rebellion* (2 vols., Toronto, 1885), who, after briefly noting the facts in his career, adds: "It seemed a fatality that he should pass unscathed through the perils of two hard-fought campaigns in the Peninsula to fall by the bullet of an unknown insurgent in a petty encounter in front of an obscure wayside inn in Upper Canada." The dates of his several commissions in the army are given in the *Royal Military Calendar* as under: Lieutenant, 12th January, 1796; Lieutenant 28th Foot, 20th January, 1796; Captain 11th West India Regiment, 21st March, 1800; Captain 104th Foot, 9th July, 1803; Major, 20th June, 1811; and Lieutenant-Colonel, 27th October, 1814, after which he was placed upon half pay.

Yours faithfully,

HENRY J. MORGAN.

483 Bank St., Ottawa, Nov. 28, 1901.



David Russell Jack

№ _____

NO. 22.



Book - Plates.

ARTICLE IV.



SINCE the publication of the third article of this series the writer has received from the author, Mr. George May Elwood, a charming monograph, entitled, "Among My Book-Plates,—A Plea for Fads." This little publication is concise, witty and well written. Did space permit, the writer would like to incorporate it in this series of articles, but the ethics of magazine writing would scarcely permit such a wholesale absorption of the work of others. He therefore feels that he must content himself with laying before the readers of this sketch a few of the introductory remarks which are quite interesting. It opens as follows :

"Heaven pity the man who hath no fad ; such a one must, as a matter of course, miss much that serves to make life enjoyable, oftentimes endurable. His, indeed, must be a featureless pilgrimage through life—a barren and fruitless existence, whose departing will leave no footprints on the sands of time. To such a one these pages may scarcely chance to come, for it is safe to assume that our readers are found among the initiate, those to whom the voice of art appeals ; upon whom beauty has claims ; who, let us hope, have fads ; who, perchance, collect. It matters little as long as they collect something, collect with patience, with thoughtful, studious care and a discriminating love for their chosen subject, be it prints or etchings, ceramics or old books, scarabei or book-plates. If the latter, then hail ! and thrice hail ! for I venture fearlessly to assert that, of all the fads which come of inoculation with the microbe of collecting, there is none which offers more attractions, is more satisfying, leads to more thoughtful

and profitable study, presents more varied and intrinsic beauties, brings one into more charming contact and correspondence with choice kindred spirits, than does a carefully selected and well arranged collection of book-plates—the works of the masters and past masters of the art of designing and engraving. * * * *

It is an epitome of the history of nearly five centuries of nations and men. * * * * Again, it brings to one the sense of being almost in personal touch with the originators and first owners of these little paper tokens, whose characteristics, tastes, fancies or whims they voice so eloquently. Especially is this true if the names chance to be found upon the roll of those whom we have learned to honor, venerate, and love.”

No less than six new specimens have been added to the list of Acadian book-plates within the past twelve months, and the writer trusts that this may be but the beginning of what is to follow. Two of those are excellent examples of the engraver's art, and it is hoped that all of them may be laid before the subscribers to ACADIENSIS during the coming year.

Apropos of book-plates, Mr. J. Douglas Scott, of Hyde-park, Mass., in a letter to the writer, relates a rather mournful experience, but nevertheless not without its ludicrous side. He writes :

Are you a collector of book-plates? I have been at it for forty-five years. I, very foolishly, gave my collection of 10,000 rare plates away twenty-five years ago to a friend to publish same. He got lost on a steamship, plates and all, so I mourn him and my plates.

Mr. Scott is an engraver, and judging from two specimens of his work with which he was good enough to favor the writer, he must be an artist of no mean skill.

No. 22.—It has been intended for some time to include in this list of book-plates, the result of the writer's own first effort, aided by local skill, but fearing the keen shaft of satire he has put off the evil day, in the delusive hope that some inconspicuous corner might be found in the magazine in which it might be inserted without attracting an undue amount of attention. Alas! He now realizes



NO. 23.

that he has indeed made a serious mistake, and that the proper place for it would have been No. 1 of the first article. Then it could not have suffered so severely by contrast with the work of more experienced heads, aided by better skill than the writer at the time was able to command. Had it appeared at an earlier stage it might have passed almost unnoticed. The writer feels that with all its defects, most of which he now fully realizes, he is bound to produce it as an example of Acadian art, but trusts that at a later date he may be able to show something more creditable both to the designer and the owner.

No. 23.—Mr. Lewis J. Almon is the owner of a neat and effective book-plate, bearing the arms of the Almon family, a copy of which, with the owner's autograph attached, is reproduced herewith. Mr. Almon is of Loyalist and old American Colonial lineage, he being descended on the paternal side from William James Almon, a surgeon in the Royal Artillery, who, coming to New York in 1776, served with the army there until the close of the Revolutionary War, and then settled in Halifax, N. S. Upon the maternal side Mr. Almon is descended from Rev. John Cotton, who emigrated from England to Boston, Mass., in 1633. He is a son of the late Hon. William Almon, M.L.C., of Nova Scotia. Mr. Almon married a daughter of the late Hon. John Robertson, and occupies a lovely home, which overlooks the broad Kennebecasis Bay, a tributary of the River Saint John, at Rothesay, Kings County, N. B.

No. 24.—The late Hon. William Johnson Almon, M. D., was born at Halifax, N. S., January 27th, 1816, and was educated at King's College, Windsor, N. S., where he was a fellow student of Major-General Sir J. E. U. Inglis, the hero of Lucknow. He studied medicine at Edinburgh and Glasgow, and became a medical doctor in 1838. He was a member of the Canadian House of Commons from 1872 until 1874, and was called to the Senate by the Marquis of Lorne, April 15th, 1879.

He was one of the founders of the Nova Scotia Historical Society, and always took a deep interest in historical study and research. He married, in 1840, Elizabeth Lichtenstein, daughter of Judge Ritchie of Annapolis, and a sister of the late Chief Justice, Sir William Johnstone Ritchie of the Supreme Court of Canada.

He was the owner of a remarkably fine library, which contained many rare and remarkable books, including the copy of Pope's translation of Homer's *Odyssey* presented to Rev. Mather Byles, D. D., the noted clerical wit of Boston, Mass.

His collection also contained numerous letters written by Dr. Byles, his portrait in oil by Copley, his family Bible, the signature of Queen Anne and George the Third to various documents, and many other mementoes of the olden time.

He died in March, 1901, his end being hastened by injuries received as the result of a fall. The *Ottawa Evening Journal* states that he "continued to the day of his death to represent the old New York Tory Loyalist phase of opinion, and historical investigation has strengthened that view, even in the minds of American historians."

The book-plate used by the late Dr. Almon is identical with that used by his brother, Mr. L. J. Almon, of St. John, which is reproduced herewith.

No. 25.—Sir John C. Allen, LL.D., D.C.L., was a man who commanded the life-long respect of all who knew him, a fine example of the style of man whom even princes delight to honor. His integrity was without a flaw, and his record after many years at the bar and upon the bench of the Province of New Brunswick, of which province he was chief justice, was such that few, if any, equalled it, while certainly none excelled.

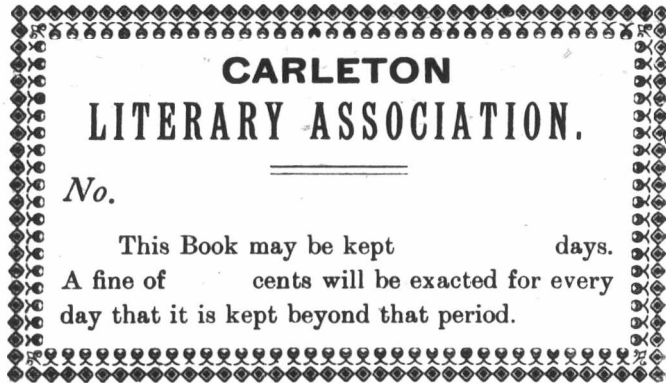


No. 25.

He was of Loyalist descent. His grandfather, Isaac Allen, practised as a lawyer at Trenton, New Jersey, until the outbreak of the Revolution. At the close of the war, and after having rendered valuable military service to the cause which he espoused, he removed to New Brunswick, and was appointed one of the first judges of the Supreme Court, and a member of the Legislative Council of this province.

It is our intention to publish at an early date a steel-plate portrait of Sir John Allen, accompanied by a sketch of his career, from which such of our readers as may so desire, may obtain much interesting information.

No. 26.—The Carleton Literary Association, whose label is here reproduced, was organized about the 1st of July,



No. 26.

1867, by members of the Carleton Union Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons. The library, which consisted of between 400 and 500 volumes, was first contained in the Masonic lodge rooms on King street, Carleton, where the members of the Literary Society were accustomed to meet. Afterwards the library was removed to a room on the ground floor of what is known as the Carleton City Hall, in Market Place. The management of the library was in the

Carleton lodge, which was distasteful to some of its patrons, and led ultimately to the disruption of the association.

About the year 1880 the entire library was donated to the Free Public Library of St. John, being the first contribution after the establishment of that useful institution.

No. 27.—King's College, Windsor, Nova Scotia, from which the late Chief Justice Allen, just alluded to, as well as many other Acadians of note obtained their degrees, is



**Bibliotheca Collegii Regalis
apud Windsoram**

dono dedit

No. 27.

charmingly situated near the town of Windsor, and is one of the oldest institutions of learning now extant in the Acadian Provinces. Upon its staff will be found the names of men of ability, to more than one of whom we are indebted for assistance, as has been before remarked, in

the work of conducting this magazine. There is much that is interesting, quaint and instructive in and about old Kings College, and although the writer has been more than once a visitor within its gates. he has often regretted that circumstances have not been propitious for more frequent inspection of its library, museum and other interesting features.

The original plate actually in use by the college is an engraving on steel plate, but the difficulty and expense of printing from it for the purposes of this sketch were such that we decided to provide the reproduction which accompanies this article. A few impressions from the original steel plate are in the possession of the writer, and in case any collectors who may peruse this article should care to exchange a copy for another of equal value, he will be pleased to accede to their desire.

DAVID RUSSELL JACK.

(To be continued.)



Old Nova Scotia in 1783.

FRAGMENTS OF AN UNPUBLISHED HISTORY.



N the ancient town of Rowley, near the north-east corner of the old Province of Massachusetts Bay, there was born, in the year 1731, a boy who was destined to experience more vicissitudes of fortune than fall to the lot of ordinary mortals. His name was Jacob Bailey.

The surroundings of his childhood were not inspiring. He writes :

When I had completed my tenth year, I found myself an inhabitant of a place remarkable for its ignorance, narrowness of mind and bigotry. An uniform mode of thinking and acting prevailed, and nothing could be more criminal than for one person to be more learned, religious or polite than another. * * Every man planted as many acres of Indian corn and sowed the same number with rye; he ploughed with as many oxen, hoed it as often, and gathered in his crop on the same day with his grandfather. He salted down the same quantity of beef and pork, wore the same kind of stockings, and at table sat and said grace with his wife and children around him, just as his predecessors had done before him.

Rev. Jedediah Jewett, pastor of the Congregational church in Rowley, was the friend and patron of young Jacob Bailey, and is entitled to the credit of taking an almost friendless young man from his obscurity and placing within his reach the opportunity of acquiring a college education. He entered Harvard in 1751, at the age of twenty years. Among his classmates were John Adams, the second president of the United States, and Sir John Wentworth, afterwards governor of New Hampshire, and later of Nova Scotia.

After five years spent as a schoolmaster, Jacob Bailey decided to enter the ministry, and in January, 1760, em-

barked for England, where, after passing a satisfactory examination, he was ordained by the Bishop of Peterborough. The mid-winter voyage, tempestuous as it proved, was not more disagreeable than the presence of "unmannerly, drunken, profane and licentious companions on ship-board." On his return to America, Mr. Bailey at once entered upon his duties as a missionary of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel at Pownalborough, on the Kennebeck river. Here he labored with success for nearly twenty years. Then came the American Revolution, an event that sadly marred the tranquility of his situation. Jacob Bailey was a Tory, and the majority of his neighbors were Whigs. As early as September, 1774, he was insulted and mobbed, and obliged to flee from his house at night to escape the violence of the "Sons of Liberty." This was but the commencement of a series of persecutions. Mr. Bailey quaintly observes: "My neighbors were so zealous for the good of their country that they killed seven of my sheep out of twelve, and shot a fine heifer as she was feeding in my pasture." His necessities were so great in the following winter that he was obliged to dispose of the remainder of his cattle, except one cow.

At length, after repeated attempts had been made upon his life, he yielded to the inevitable necessity of abandoning his home, and sought refuge in Nova Scotia. He arrived at Halifax with his family in June, 1779, cherishing a resolute determination of returning to Pownalborough as soon as the British arms should have triumphantly subdued the "rebellion." Needless to say, the long hoped for day never came. After a sojourn of more than two years at Cornwallis, he removed to Annapolis in the summer of 1782, where he was rector of the parish until his death in 1808.

The Reverend Jacob Bailey's pen was seldom idle, and his writings were of a very miscellaneous character. Much that he wrote has been lost, but enough remains to show

how continuously his early practice of using the pen was followed through life. Among the papers now in possession of the Whitman family in Nova Scotia are some fragments of history of Nova Scotia from which the extracts that follow are taken.*

It appears from statements in several of Mr. Bailey's letters that his manuscript history was written between Christmas, 1783, and the following March. It was undertaken at the instance of Rev. Samuel Peters, D.D., who, in conjunction with Brook Watson, was interested in the preparation of a sketch of the Province of Nova Scotia. Speaking of what he had written, Mr. Bailey observes: "I have spared neither the American rebels nor the curtailers of the British empire."

In a letter to Rev. Dr. Peters, May 7, 1784, he writes:

After I had finished the concise account of Nova Scotia which I transmitted to you, I was persuaded by some gentlemen to enter more largely into the subject. I have already swelled it to the size of our octavo volume. * * I was advised to publish it by subscription, but as I knew you were engaged in an history of this province, I could not consent without being guilty of unpardonable baseness.

It is not improbable that an anonymous pamphlet of 157 pages, printed at Edinburgh in 1786 for well-known London publishers, entitled "An Account of the Present State of Nova Scotia," may be none other than the History of Nova Scotia compiled by Dr. Peters. The pamphlet is dedicated to the Right Honorable Lord John Sheffield. Mr. Bailey in his letter to Rev. Edward Bass,† July 28th, 1784, writes:

Mr. Peters, formerly of Hebron in Connecticut, is made rector of a church in London; he is much caressed at home. His importance is chiefly owing to his singularity and his drollery upon both the rebels and the court. He has written and published a queer

* For the opportunity of examining this manuscript and many others, the writer is greatly indebted to the Honorable Judge Savary of Annapolis Royal.

† Afterwards Bishop of Massachusetts.

and extraordinary History of Connecticut, and he is now engaged with a certain member of parliament [probably Brook Watson] in completing a Description of Nova Scotia, and they have employed your humble servant to collect materials, and I have already furnished them with an ample collection.

This much, by way of introduction, we now proceed to quote Jacob Bailey's description of the inhabitants of Nova Scotia.

THE NATIVE INDIANS.

It naturally occurs to treat first of the Indians, who were the ancient or original proprietors of this country, till European interest and ambition deprived them of the most eligible situations.

1. I am informed that the Mickmacks, who reside on the peninsula of Nova Scotia amount to several hundreds, but were formerly much more numerous, when they were reckoned a powerful tribe, remarkable for their savage disposition and hostility against European invaders. They preserved for many years an ascendancy over the French inhabitants, and treated them with much complaisance. They entered the habitations of the latter without ceremony, and made free with their liquors and provisions. But the present generation are esteemed an inoffensive and harmless set of people, except when under the influence of intoxication. They chiefly support themselves by hunting and fishing. Some few, however, apply themselves to agriculture with success, but are generally poor. They profess the Roman Catholic religion, and are subject to the direction of their spiritual fathers.

2. The tribe of St. Johns on the continent are abundantly more numerous, and according to the best information I could obtain, their numbers cannot be less than fifteen hundred. They have always been considered as a more polished people than the former, and used to denominate the Mickmacks fools and savages. They certainly eye the emigrations from New York with the utmost jealousy and

dislike, and yet are restrained by their fears from committing any acts of hostility.

3. The Passamaquoddy Indians are not so numerous, but have an occasional place of worship on the River St. Croix.

4. The Merrimachées are another considerable tribe; their numbers, however, uncertain.

They seem to be governed on the continent by princes and chiefs, and though some of them occupy small plantations of vegetables, they delight in roving, and are impatient of being confined to one situation or place of abode.

These Indians of Nova Scotia have been much disaffected to British government since the late contest began. They were advocates for the American cause, rejoiced at their success, and joined the rebels whenever they could engage with the least prospect of safety. And this is really surprising if we recollect on the one hand the contempt and ill-treatment they have received from the people of New England, and on the other the protection, tenderness and generosity of Great Britain.

THE FRENCH INHABITANTS.

It is certain the natives of France had visited the regions of Nova Scotia before 1580, for we find that in the first voyage of Sir Francis Drake to America five of his soldiers travelled from Mexico to Nova Scotia by land, and from thence to Europe in a French ship.

In 1613 Sir Samuel Argall found the subjects of France established at Port Royal, now Annapolis. Though they sustained frequent molestations, they gradually increased, extending their settlements from Annapolis to Horton, Cornwallis, along the shores of Minas Bason to Cobequid, to Cumberland, or Checkenecto, and other parts till transported by British authority in 1755.

These people were for many years the happiest and most contented of mankind, being separated in a manner from



*your humble servant
Jacob Bailey*



**BIRTHPLACE OF JACOB BAILEY,
DISTANT A LONG SUMMER DAY'S RIDE FROM ROWLEY, MASS.**

the rest of the world. The tormenting and destructive passions of avarice and ambition were unknown in their rural retreats. They resided in villages along the most fertile and pleasant rivers. Health, cheerfulness and competency were found in their humble habitations. They raised a plenty of wheat, apples and garden herbs. Their flocks of sheep and cattle afforded them milk, butter and clothing, and the waters and the forest furnished them with every luxury they wished to enjoy. Perhaps once in a year they had an opportunity with their fish and their furs to supply themselves with the wines of France and the spirits of New England. These acquisitions enabled them to observe their holidays with festivity, mirth and good humour.

A remarkable equality prevailed among these people; none rose distinguished with opulence and dominion, or felt the distresses of poverty and contempt; for when age, sickness and misfortune reduced any family, their necessities were supplied by the generous assistance of their neighbors. When any young couple were united the inhabitants of the village assembled, and by their joint labor, prepared them both a dwelling and furniture. No other superiority and subordination obtained among them, but such as was established by age, by wisdom and virtue. Their spiritual fathers were their principal guides, both in religion and policy, and by their advice and influence easily composed the little contentions which arose among them, for it is only in countries where opulence and dominion prevail that crimes are committed—though it may be stated, on the other hand, that where these are unknown no splendid and striking virtues appear.

But though these Acadians lived in domestic ease and tranquility, their political situation, between two rival powers, was not so happy. Their natural attachment must have been to the French nation from which they were descended, and being rigid Roman Catholics, those who

had the direction of their consciences, improved every opportunity to confirm their aversion to the English. For almost a whole century they were continually changing masters, being compelled to transfer their allegiance from one dominion to another, and under both crowns they were generally destitute of countenance and protection.

After the peace of Utrecht they were subject to the British Empire without more favorable circumstances of security and encouragement, for they became either neglected and exposed to the insulting violence of the savages, or else were always suspected as traitors, and frequently treated as rebels. Yet, after suffering so many political mutations and embarrassments in their own country, the conclusion of their fate was truly deplorable. They were seduced by their religious guides, in whom they placed the most entire confidence, into error and guilt, and finally fell victims to a barbarous and cruel policy.

In 1755 they were invaded by forces chiefly from New England which completed their destruction. They beheld their possessions demolished by licentious soldiers, their houses, furniture and provisions consumed by the devouring flames, and themselves carried away into captivity and dispersed among a people whose language, manners and religion were extremely different from their own; a people who imagined they performed an acceptable service to their Maker by treating them with indignity and contempt, where, after being exposed to the curiosity of the idle, the ridicule of the vain, the scorn of the opulent, and the indignation of the bigot, they were committed to the miseries of nakedness and hunger. Some were sent to form plantations in the Southern colonies, where the climate quickly finished their existence. A few returned to the land of their nativity, mortified to find their paternal inheritances in the possession of their enemies, destitute of all property and subjected to servitude for a present subsistence. Some escaped to France, the residence of their remote

ancestors, from whence they were transported by M. Bougainville over an immense tract of ocean to the frozen regions of the South, there to begin a settlement on the Falkland Islands ; but here the same inexorable fate pursued them. Compelled to perpetual migration they were soon again expelled, for the complaisance of France and the timidity of Britain yielded these islands to the haughty dominion of Spain.

But as few destructions are so general that no remnant escapes, so multitudes of the Acadians concealed themselves in the country or retired to Canada till the tempest was over. Several hundred of these people still remain in the province, highly disaffected during the war to the British interest and now, at the conclusion of hostilities, as greatly disgusted with the monarch of France for not restoring them to their former estates.

When the Island of St. Johns was taken by the British forces, in 1759 (if I rightly recollect), above 4,000 of these Acadians were found to have retired from the continent during the invasion from New England, where they had begun new settlements, but they could not escape transportation.

Many of these people, especially about Annapolis, lived to behold a surprizing reverse of fortune. Some of those very persons who, in their younger years, were employed to transport the Acadians from Nova Scotia, have themselves been compelled to take refuge here and to receive the offices of hospitality and neighbourhood from those they had formerly injured and ruined."

[NOTE.] This finishes Mr. Bailey's description of the Acadians : his description of the Loyalists will form the subject of another paper.

In the anonymous pamphlet " An Account of the Present State of Nova Scotia," already mentioned in this article, there is a

statement very like the closing paragraph of Mr. Bailey's history quoted above. It reads :

"These people [the Acadians] descended from the ancient French settlers, had increased to several thousands, clearing large tracts of land and raising numerous herds of cattle, living many years in the most perfect friendship with the native Indians, amongst whom they not infrequently intermarried. Unfortunately for themselves, by engaging in all the quarrels that were agitated from time to time between Great Britain and France, they became an object of resentment to the former, who having caused them to be assembled together under various pretences caused several thousands to be shipped off and transported to the other colonies, where many of them died of grief and vexation. This action, sufficiently cruel in itself, was rendered still more so from having been perpetrated in consequence of positive orders from a nation commonly regarded by its enemies as magnanimous.

Let us attend to the event. The lands from which the Acadians were thus violently torn became a desert, and every attempt to re-people them failed, until a large body of men, inhabiting those very colonies to which the Acadians had been banished, were driven in like manner from their own country for a similar attachment to Great Britain and compelled to cultivate the lands left by the former, as if it was the express intention of Providence in this particular instance to mark in strong colours the injustice of a great nation, as well as to teach mankind a lesson of moderation and humanity."

W. O. RAYMOND.

Notes and Queries.

WANTED, information of any Ricketsons or Rickersons who lived in New Brunswick, probably in or about Woodstock; also of any descendants of Jordan Ricketson, of Nova Scotia, other than that given by Hon. A. W. Savary in his edition of Calnek's History of Annapolis County, N. S. Also concerning Jordan Ricketson, son of Abednego, son of Timothy, son of Jonothan, son of William. This Jordan Ricketson is supposed to have been an officer in the British navy.—G. W. E.

WANTED, biographical information concerning the following who were owners of book-plates and all of whom appear to have resided at one time in New Brunswick, namely: John Flood, who died at Fredericton, N. B., 16th August, 1821, aged 74 years; Capt. John Saunders; John Simcoe Saunders; Edward Fry, possibly of St. Andrews, N. B.

Was Ross Flood, Adj. 74th Regt., who married, 2nd, Eliza, second daughter of Hon. Judge Saunders, any relation to John Flood mentioned above?—D. R. J.

WANTED, information of any old Loyalist or pre-Loyalist silver at present in existence in the Acadian Provinces. Information concerning old silver, largely Church silver brought from Boston by Dr. Caner, who was rector of King's Chapel in that city would be particularly appreciated.—J. H. B.

A statement has recently appeared in a local newspaper to the effect that Sir Edmund Head, when Governor of New Brunswick, owned a tame moose which drew a sled from Fredericton to St. John in seven hours, distancing a span of horses owned by Lord Hill. Can any reader of ACADIENSIS cite any contemporary newspaper or other account of this animal and its performances, especially the race against the horses of Lord Hill.—W. F. G.

Indian Legends of Acadia.

As Told by that Strange Solitary of the Forest Known as
"The Woodranger."



OW'S me, lads, there be many strange tales hanging o'er these scenes. It is true they may be mere fancy work o' the plumed pagan's cunning brain, and yet the wisest may not say there be not many truths in them."

Checking, as he spoke, his swift and silent movements of his paddle, we gladly rested with our grey-headed companion, while his keen blue eyes swept the surrounding view, the waters of the silvery bay, the wooded shore, the far-reaching marshes in the distance, and almost overhead Blow-me-down's bare breast. Between the setting sun and the Eden-land twilight had hung a transparent curtain of gold, deepening into bronze and brown, while along the bright rim of Minas Basin the greenwood had flung a wide fringe of dusky hue, which was growing wider and darker each moment.

"Tell us the story, Woodranger," we said together, knowing well the fascination of his inimitable tales of wood-lore.

"It be an old tale, lads, trailed by many a tongue afore mine, but stories seldom lose by a new telling. The Indians were great story-tellers, and nothing pleased their vanity more than to listen to the tales o' strangers, all o' which they stored away in their minds to become a part of their own stock. The wilder and more weird the story the more they were pleased. To them, each plant trailed the great mystery o' life, and to plant, as well as animal, they attributed a soul. They peopled the valleys and hillsides with

elves and fairies of amazing beauty, while they habitated every rocky peak and mountain-top with gods and spirits of wildest fancy. The thunder of the cataract was the voice of the great beaver who had built this mighty dam to protect his home, and the song o' the laughing cascade the revelation o' some love romance. Some day, when the last redskin shall have been gathered to the hosts o' the happy hunting-grounds, will some one be asking why all this bewitching fancy-work has been allowed to fade away with its weavers."

THE MYTH OF CREATION.

No longer allowing his gaze to wander over the wide expanse of water, and the still broader expanse of forest, the Woodranger began the following legend :

"It was natural the lives o' the redskins, living always in the shadows o' the wildwood, should partake o' the sadness, for the forest is ever sad. There is a depth o' feeling found within its green walls which is not known in the open country. Hast never noticed how the heart bounds and the mind expands upon leaving the woods for the plains? The woods lock within their inner bodies their lightness o' heart, keeping to themselves their joys and sorrows, but the plains have no secrets. The creatures that prowl there must do it in sight o' friends and enemies alike, but in the forests there are many paths, and all are hidden. The redskins lived so much in this mysterious silence and solitude that it was but Natur's teaching that they should partake o' its gloom.

"But, hear me running off into this sarmonizing, when lighter tales are on my tongue. Among the pretty conceits held by the Indians was one which claimed that in the beginning there were two worlds. One of these was a world of light—an open plain, as it were. The other was a world of darkness—the forests, as it might be said. Gods that were above the prevication of the great truth,

and goddesses that were fair to look upon, reigned in the world of light, and roamed at will the free plains. Of course there was only harmony and happiness.

"In the world of darkness, half-concealed by its caverns, and rendered more hideous by their secret hiding places, from which they might spring at any moment without warning, abided demons and creatures of hideous and doubtful forms.

"Well, this state o' things, if we are to believe the red brother, went on for a long time without causing any disturbance outside o' the elements in which the primeval inhabitants lived. If one monster ate another there were enough to take its place, and in the world of light the gods and their companions, the goddesses, passed their happy days. But one hungers at a continued feast, and an endless round o' pleasure brings weariness and discontent at last. I cannot dissemble, for the truth of this is only conjecture to me. I do know the woods cannot always hold their charms over a man, and I opine it is so with the open country, though I must confess I have less reason to know if this be the great truth. At any rate, in the course of ages, one of the goddesses begun to wonder what lay in the thick o' the darkness below her. Was the sunless region peopled? If so, who and what were its people? Were they fair to look upon, or were they ugly? The more she pondered on this the greater became her desire to solve the problem for herself. It is true the Great Spirit had forbidden any god or goddess to wander beyond a certain limit. But to tell a woman that she mustn't proves that she will, and I mean no disrespect to woman nor goddess. How I do previcate my subject!

"Aweel, this curious goddess watched her opportunity, and one day she went beyond the limits o' her kingdom, a strange power seeming to move her feet on, faster and faster the farther she went. She had expected, from the strange tales which had been told to her, o' meeting with

an unsurmountable wall o' darkness. Instead she seemed to see continually before a curtain of twilight, growing darker as she advanced, it is true, but scurcely nearer. So intent was she on watching this that she did not mind the pitfall at her feet, and the first she knew she stumbled, and then she sank rapidly downward, until consciousness left her and she lost the trail.

"Now a strange discovery was made by one o' the demons in the world o' darkness, as he was feasting on the carcass o' a monster he had just killed. This was nothing less than a halo of light, descending upon him like a huge ball o' fire piercing the black roof o' their abode. Entering he sought some o' his companions, and huddled together in alarm the two watched and waited, while the bright spot grew brighter and nearer. At last it was seen to be a creature o' such beauty that the demons were frightened and knew not what to do.

"They at once began to talk with one another, for the animals had the power o' speech, and they debated as to what they should do. Never having seen a woman before, or any creature so beautiful, monsters as they were, they felt that they must do something great for her. Finally an enormous turtle, for turtles then were as big as the meadows o' Grand Pre, said he would receive the goddess on his back, as the most fitting place for her to alight. This suited the others so well that they began to make the turtle's back a more becoming a retreat for the goddess. They began to gather bits o' earth found on the seashore, and they pounded into powder, rocks, until the turtle's back was covered with earth. As strange as it may seem as the goddess came nearer, the light growing brighter all the time, strange flowers and plants and trees sprang up on the turtle garden, until it was a most lovely spot, fit for any queen.

"Years passed while this was taking place, so slow was the descent of the runaway goddess, and farther and far-

ther penetrated the light she had brought, until it entered the dark nooks and crannies o' the black world, amazing the monsters with the miracle. They flocked around her on her fairy-like island, and grew docile under the magnetism of her influence.

"If, at first, the goddess was pleased with the flattery showered upon her, she finally grew very tired o' it, and heartily wished herself back in the realm o' light. But she knew she had disobeyed and could not rise to her old home. In this loneliness she was amused by a one o' the inhabitants o' this world o' darkness, lighted considerably by her presence, and finally she fell in love with him and they were married.

"Two children were born to this couple, and as unlike as their parents. One was very beautiful, and as good and perfect as he was handsome. The other was a prince o' darkness. And they quarreled between themselves, until the prince o' light which aptly represents education and Christianity, became too powerful for the other, and he drove him into the region o' darkness beyond the light o' the goddess. The prince o' light then went to work creating the creatures o' the earth, all that are useful and loved by man. He showed his wisdom by creating first o' all the game animals, and the people were delighted. But the prince of darkness he went to work making the animals which worry and trouble men. When the dark prince was driven out these did not all go with him, but have ever since remained to pester man.

"When the prince o' light had created the many animals which are good, he made a giant in his own image, and when he was nearly done, the black prince, angered that his brother had outdone him, spat in the face o' the man, which accounts for the evil in the human heart. Thereupon the other rose in his might and drove him into the regions o' darkness, where he has been ever since, though

two and two o' all the creatures he made staid to increase and multiply on the earth.

"From these beginnings was begun the population o' the world, the good and evil, man-kind and animal-kind."

LEGEND OF FUNDY.

"Naturally the legends o' this vicinity partook o' the majestic and gigantic. They were peopled with giants, that had wonderful strength, as well as size. This is not surprising. Everything about nature here is sublime and suggests the mighty and remarkable. There is something about the very fogs o' this locality which magnifies objects and makes trees into walking men o' great size. I have witnessed this myself, and can easily understand, how in the mystical past, before the enlightening influence o' the white men were felt, how natural it was for the simple red man to see in each bush, moved by the breeze, a strange creature, in the cloud-swept pine and beech a figure o' giant form, and hear in the ceaseless thunder o' old Fundy the voice o' a mighty and mysterious power calling unto them.

"But tales o' these class were not often told to the pale-faces, but were repeated in whispers or low tones around the camp fires, where none but the sons of the dusky brotherhood were about to listen.

"A long time since there lived in these parts a man and his wife, who had several children, but were very poor. Once, when on a fishing expedition, this couple got lost in the fog. While vainly trying to find their way home, they were surprised by the sound of mighty paddles and the thunder of ponderous voices. Frightened by the cries, they soon discovered a big canoe come rushing through the water, and they knew they were near a party of giants who had come down that way.

"These giants had seen the poor Indians and asked them who they were and what they were doing. Upon being

told that the man and his wife were lost in the fog, the chief of the party invited them to accompany them to their home, where they should be treated kindly.

"The big people seemed as pleased as a little Indian boy would have been at finding a flying squirrel. So the man and his wife consented to accompany the giants to their home. The journey was long, but at last the couple beheld with awe a semi-circle o' wigwams as high as mountains. They were met by a chief taller than the taller o' the twain with them, and, upon seeing the visitors, who must have looked exceedingly small to him, he laughed, which though done in a very low tone, could have been heard a hundred miles away.

" 'Bring the visitors to my wigwam, son,' said the chief-tain, when one of the giants took the small canoe containing the little couple in the palm o' his hand, with the Indian and his wife sitting therein, and took all into the wigwam, placing it near the eaves about five hundred feet above the ground, so it was within easy reach. Supper was brought them, and they were invited to eat and make merry. Everywhere good nature seemed to prevail.

"But the little Micmacs soon learned that these big people had troubles as well as small folk. When they came to go out on the trail for game they found no wild creatures o' the forest o' appropriate size to give zest to the chase. And they were forced to come back laden with a few dozen caribou hanging from their belts the same as the Micmacs would have brought in as many squirrels. Swinging them by the hind legs as we might a pair o' rabbits, they brought a comple o' moose, while one dangled under his arm a bear. Still game was very plenty, so they made up in number what was lacking in size, and they seemed to get along purty well.

"One morning the old chief came in where the Micmacs were resting and said he must stop up their ears and roll them in thick blankets, as some o' their enemies were com-

ing to give them battle, and the sound he was afraid might kill them.

"The Micmacs could do no better than to submit to this, and as they lay there swathed in blankets and robes there suddenly came a terrific noise, which seemed to rack the very earth, and the ground shook as if he was being hurled from its support. For a time the outcries were such as to threaten to kill them, but by and by they stopped, and a little later the old chief returned saying he and his sons had had a terrific battle with their old-time enemy Chenoo, that they had been sorely pressed but that they had finally got the old fellow under their knees and choked him to death.

"A few days after this the old man's son came in where the Micmacs were and said he must bundle the little folk up, as he and his brothers, led by their father, was going on the warpath to meet the old foe, Worwees, the biggest old scamp that ever breathed the nor'-west blast or warmed his fingers by the burning mount. They might be gone several days, as they had a long tramp, and Chenoo, who was recovering from his recent chastisement, would lay all sorts of pitfalls for their footsteps. Chenoo, being the north wind, would blow in their faces, and do everything he could to make their journey hard. So again the Micmacs were bundled up from head to feet, and left alone.

"As they had learned to love their big friends, they waited long and earnestly, anxiously, to hear some sound of them. On the fourth day their ears were greeted with such a terrible sound that it was half an hour before their echoes died away so they could make themselves heard one with the other, and they knew the giants had met their enemy. Other sounds followed, with the groaning and twisting o' the earth, until the noises gradually grew less violent, and they knew that either their friends had gained a victory or been defeated.

“ Their return was slower than their departure, so the Micmacs began to get uneasy before the giants appeared, their lower limbs covered with blood and many severe scratches and wounds. These they soon found had been caused by the fight taking place in a forest and these big fir trees, pines and hemlocks had been to them as same as for us to fight in a briar swamp. The enemy had held them hard this time, said the old chief, as he pulled big pines and oaks out of his legs like so many great slivers, and the fight had not been kicking the wind, but they had vanquished the foe, though one o’ his sons had been brought home dead. It would require a full day’s incantation to bring him back to life, and as the days were six months long that meant no little task.

“ But the giants set themselves to work, and by another dawn the dead opened his eyes and breathed again. His father asked him what he was laying there for and he said he was dead. Then the old man told him to get up and look after the preparations for the next hunt, and he went about his work as if nothing unusual had happened.

“ Seeing many strange doings, but treated kindly all the time, the two Micmacs staid with the giants seven years, when one morning the old chap asked him in a whisper which could be heard a hundred miles away if they wouldn’t like to go home. They said they would, and when the woman had promised that she would remain silent during the journey, preparations were made for the trip. A canoe was brought out, and the man was told to get into the stern, while his wife took the bow. A dog then jumped in amid boat and pointed with his nose the way for them to go. The man paddled, and away they sped at an amazing rate. It is said the dogs o’ the Eskimos, from whom this legend comes in part, have a remarkable instinct for scenting land, and can do it for many miles.

“Well, no mishap happened to mar this journey home, and at the end of seven days the Micmac and his wife greeted their overjoyed children. His duty performed, the dog started and trotted off toward home, just as if he was running on the land instead of walking on the water. But the Micmacs had seen so many wonders that they didn't give this a second thought.

“They found their children as poor as ever, but from the day o' their arrival home their ill fortune changed to good. Every time he dropped his line into the sea the biggest fish quickly bit at his bait; the fattest moose was easily bagged; geese came to him in the season o' difficult hunting, and so he had the fat o' the land. His feet never wearied o' the chase, and he became known as the mightiest o' the Micmacs, for to these simple people personal power was the one thing desired. To be a great hunter, able to entice the wild animals into his nets, to run like the wind, to be crafty in war and to have prophetic dreams, these were the qualities most sought after by the simple Indian. And our Micmac had all o' these.

“So after seven years o' this kind o' happy life he dreamed a strange dream. He thought he saw a mouse in a little house, but when he ran after the mouse it suddenly seemed to fill the entire building and became a mighty creature, which he could not and dare not overpower. He felt moisture on his nose and eyes, and he awoke fancying that some creature was licking his face.

“When he told this dream to his wife she was frightened, and could not understand it. But he told her it was a good omen, and that he was going to be a bigger man than ever. But more than that he could not explain to her. That day, sure enough, the strange dog o' the giants was seen walking on the water, and when he came ashore he came up and licked the Micmac's face, his ears and eyes. That part o' the dream had come true. While these features were still moist the dog looked at the man

and then looked wistfully away from whence he had come. The Micmac fancied he understood, and he said :

“ ‘I will come after three years,’ whereupon the dog barked joyously and sprang away towards his home in the northland.

“ You will notice that the Micmac always mentions three years or seven years, which goes to prove that these numbers bore a charm with them. At the end o’ the time he went into his canoe without any fear, and he rode away into the northland, until at the close o’ one day he saw in the distance the mighty wigwam o’ the giants. But, instead o’ all the party coming down to meet him, only the old chief appeared to greet him. Not a word said he o’ his sons until the new-comer had broken his fast, and he had brought out the clothes o’ one o’ his sons, when he told that they had fallen victims to the sorcery o’ the shark. That he was ready to join them in his own kingdom where the magic o’ earthly creatures could not reach. He bade the Micmac put on the clothes, which was like asking a mouse to put on a house, and then the Micmac recalled his dream. But like the mouse, as he pulled on the big garments, he grew until he filled them in every part. He was a giant o’ giant land. A chieftain, too, for when he looked about him the old fellow had disappeared. So it came about that the poor Micmac became ruler o’ the great northland, and wisdom coming with the clothes, he was as wise as he was mighty in size. So much for this ancient tale o’ the Micmac, which to him varied in the ways o’ the red brother, has many beautiful mysteries. So it was when they spoke o’ the white bear, always some magic was hinted at.”

G. WALDO BROWNE.

Bluenose.

AS to the origin of this word and its early application to the people of this province, I would refer to my note in Vol. I of the New Brunswick Magazine, p. 380. My authority for the statement there made is to be found in the N. S. letters of the Rev. Jacob Bailey, the noted Loyalist Rector of Annapolis. The struggle for political supremacy between the Loyalist and pre-loyalist inhabitants of Western Nova Scotia in the provincial elections of 1785, and the special election held in this county in the following year in consequence of the unseating of the successful Loyalist candidates, was marked by surpassing acerbity and virulence. Perhaps in this respect it has never been exceeded in this province, the later contests being shortened, and the excitement mitigated by the simultaneous polling, unknown in the eighteenth century. Mr. Bailey's feelings were warmly enlisted in the cause of his fellow Loyalists, and he makes frequent mention of the struggle and its incidents. To his friend, Peter Fry, Esq., at Halifax, on November 18th, 1785, he writes of the pre-loyalist party, "The Bluenoses, to use a vulgar appellation, who had address sufficient to divide the Loyalists, exerted themselves to the utmost of their power and cunning. They seem to have adopted the resolution of Queen Juno: *Flectere si nequeo superos Acheronta movebo.*"

On July 6th, 1786, writing to Rev. Dr. Peters, in London, he mentions several deplorable conditions of life in Nova Scotia, among them; "Violent contentions between the Loyalists and the old inhabitants called Bluenoses."

Unlike the term "copperhead," applied in the north to northern sympathizers with the southern cause during the

American Civil war, the nickname seems to be a harmless one, not carrying any moral reproach, or sinister suggestion; and one is almost disposed to suspect that the pre-loyalist settlers had been already called *Bluenoses* by the people of the more southern colonies, perhaps in sarcastic allusion to the supposed effect of our colder winters on the human complexion, and that the Loyalists brought the word with them and used it as a convenient and disrespectful designation for the old settlers. But this is mere conjecture, and against it is the fact that Mr. Bailey deemed it necessary to explain it to these two New England Loyalists. Whatever its origin as the name of a species of potato, I conclude it was first applied to people in the County of Annapolis not earlier than the arrival of the Loyalists. On September 28th, 1787, Mr. Bailey advised Rev. S. Parker, at Boston, of the shipment to him of six barrels of potatoes, of which No. 5 consists of "rose and blue noses."

A. W. SAVARY.



We very much regret that the second article of the series respecting the Wetmore Family, of Charlotte County, N. B., will not appear until the issue of our April number, the receipt of some valuable information at a later date having necessitated the recasting of the second and following articles.—ED.

The *St. John Sun*, dated February 15th, mentions the death of Joseph Daniels at Somerville, Mass., he being a former well-known resident of Hopewell Hill. It is further stated that he was about 75 years of age, was a son of Joseph Daniels, sr., and a grandson of Wm. Daniels, the original owner of the Daniels grant, one of the first subdivisions into which Hopewell parish was divided. Any information respecting the early members of the family, their origin and their descendants, is respectfully requested.—J. D. M. K.

Book Notices.

WINSLOW PAPERS, A. D. 1777-1826. Printed under the auspices of the New Brunswick Historical Society, edited by Rev. W. O. Raymond, M. A.

This volume, containing, as it does, 732 pages of printed matter, forms one of the largest and most important collections of public and private papers relative to the early history of the Acadian Provinces that has hitherto been published. Some idea of the variety of topics with which the volume deals may be gathered from the fact that it contains about 650 letters and documents written by about 170 different persons, and covering a period of nearly fifty years.

The editor's task in selecting, arranging and annotating such a large collection, in order to render the work valuable, both to the student of local history and the casual reader, must indeed have been a severe one. An important feature of the work is the copious index which has been provided, and which renders the volume particularly valuable for reference purposes.

In his preface the editor relates that having learned of the existence of the collection, he was invited by Mr. Francis E. Winslow, of Chatham, N. B., in whose keeping the greater part of the papers were, to examine them with a view to their preservation in some permanent form. Continuing, the editor states that he found himself almost overwhelmed with the extent and variety of the materials available for historical purposes, and that the greater part of his time for the past two years has been devoted to the task of digesting and arranging them for publication. The book will doubtless be found a veritable mine of information with regard to the circumstances under which the Province of New Brunswick sprang into existence. Copies may be obtained from Barnes & Co., St. John, N. B.

THE ST. JOHN RIVER, IN MAINE, QUEBEC AND NEW BRUNSWICK, by J. Whitman Bailey, printed at the Riverside Press, Cambridge, Mass., 1894.

Of the many rivers of Northwestern America it would be difficult to find one which, in the diversity of its natural features, the facilities afforded for sportsmen, and the interesting history of its colonization, is more worthy of mention than the St. John. Yet singularly enough, this river, possessing as it does, such a wealth and variety of scenery, such historical associations, navigable as it is for steamers for 200 miles, and for canoes and boats of slight draft for an additional 200 miles, and forming, for a considerable distance, the boundary between two vast territories, peopled by those who speak a similar tongue, but are of a different nationality, has never, viewed in its entirety, formed the subject of any published work. Mr. Bailey has treated his subject in a careful and interesting manner, and to the tourist and many others, the work will prove a veritable encyclopedia, regarding the region about which it deals.

MALISEET VOCABULARY, by Montague Chamberlain, with an introduction by William F. Ganong, Ph.D., Professor of Botany at Smith College, Northampton, Mass., for sale by the Harvard Co-operative Society of Cambridge, Mass., 1899, pp. 94. Bound in paper.

Both the author of the above work and the writer of the introduction are so well known within the sphere of this magazine that it will require no assurance from us to convince the public that the work is both interesting and valuable. Prof. Ganong has been a valued contributor to the pages of this magazine, while from the author himself an interesting sketch is at hand, and will appear in our next number.

THE UNITED EMPIRE LOYALISTS' ASSOCIATION OF ONTARIO, ANNUAL TRANSACTIONS, MARCH 10th, 1898. Paper, pp. 74. Price 50 cents. Printed by the Hunter Rose Co., Limited, Toronto.

A copy of this report has been sent us by Mr. Allan McLean Howard, one of the vice-presidents of the Association. In addition to the Revised Constitution and Bye-Laws of the Association, and the list of officers and members, it contains several very interesting historical and biographical sketches, among which the following are included: the late Hon. John Beverley Robinson, by Dr. Ryerson, President of the Society: The Sufferings of the U. E. Loyalists, by Allan MacLean Howard; The Pre-Loyalists and U. E. Loyalists of the Maritime Provinces (1760 to 1783) by Sir John G. Bourinot, K. C. M. G., LL. D., D. C. L., D. S.

THE BAILEY-BAYLEY FAMILY ASSOCIATION, being an account of the third annual gathering of this family, held at Groveland, Mass., August 15th, 1895.

For a copy of this interesting pamphlet of 50 pages we are indebted to Mr. Hollis R. Bailey, of Boston, Mass. It contains, among other interesting memoirs, information concerning the life of Rev. Jacob Bailey, a sketch of whom appears in the current number of this magazine, from the pen of Rev. W. O. Raymond, M.A.

IN THE ACADIAN LAND, Nature Studies, by Robert R. McLeod, of Brookfield, Queens County, N. S. 1899. Cloth; pp. 166.

This book possesses an interest, a charm and a delicacy which are delightful to persons who love and study nature for the beauties which are to be discovered in the pursuit of that study and all that appertains thereto.

The introduction, which is short and simply written, reads as follows:

"It has pleased my fancy and suited my purpose to locate the following chapters on the Molegar Road. To find it one must go to the northern district of Queens County, Nova Scotia. It connects a small gold-mining community with other villages. Only a distance of six miles through barren are brush, and meadow, past fringes of old wood, and swamps of spruce and maple, over ledges, two brooks and a river. A very commonplace stretch of new road, but in passing over it several thousand times, in all

seasons and all weathers, it became more charming, more to be seen, and learned and admired. It would be a pleasant employment for me to fill volumes with the unwritten diaries of these journeys. However, I celebrate them with this little book, in the hope that some readers will become interested, and thereby life enlarged and curiosity stimulated to know more of the wonderful world so easily accessible to all dwellers in the country, and that, too, without money and without price."

OVER THE GREAT NAVAJO TRAIL, by Carl Erickmeyer, author of "Among the Pueblo Indians," Life Member of the American Museum of Natural History, New York; and Member of the American Folk-Lore Society. Pp. 270; bound in linen; boards. Published in New York, 1900. Price, \$2.00. Sent post-paid to any address upon application to the author at Yonkers, N. Y.

This work is not only a book of travel, but is also of value to the students of ethnology and folk-lore, and to all who are interested in western frontier life, and in the American Indians of New Mexico and Arizona. The book is handsomely printed in large type, widely spaced on heavy enamel paper, and is a fine specimen of an artistic publication.

So well has the work of the pen and of the kodak been harmonized, full-page illustrations alternating with almost every leaf of well written descriptive matter, that the reader can scarcely decide upon which to fix his attention.

The illustrations are all from photographs taken by the author, and the cover decoration consists of a *fac-simile* of a Navajo silver belt.

SCHOOLROOM DECORATIONS. An Address to Historical Societies, by J. George Hodgins, M. A., LL. D., Librarian and Historiographer of the Education Department for Ontario. Pp. 26. Paper. Printed by Warwick Bros. & Rutter, Toronto, 1900.

This booklet is amply illustrated and should be in the hands of all members of historical societies, school teachers and members of school boards, throughout the length and breadth of our Dominion. Among other suggestions made are the decoration of schoolrooms with patriotic pictures, illustrative of our national and provincial histories, and that instead of placing in our schools a picture of Paul Revere's Famous Ride, we should have Mrs. Laura Secord's notable walk through the woods and past the sentries to warn Col. Fitzgibbon of the coming enemy; for the "surrender of Burgoyne" and Cornwallis, we might have a picture of the Surrender of Hull at Detroit, or of the Defence at the mouth of the River St. John, New Brunswick, by Madame La Tour, etc., etc. The Editor of ACADIENSIS has suggested to more than one painter as a subject the heroic defence by Madame La Tour of her husband's fort, during his temporary absence, and the gallant and successful, though only temporary, defeat of the wily Charnisay. The book-plate of Dr. Hodgins, a well engraved steel plate, which accompanies the copy of his work, is gratefully accepted.

LOUISBOURG, AN HISTORICAL SKETCH, by Major Joseph Plimoll Edwards, of Londonderry, N. S., read before the Nova Scotia Historical Society, 27th November, 1894, published at Halifax. Pp. 62. Paper.

This valuable sketch was received prior to the publication of our fourth number, but owing to the pressure of other matter, we were unable, much to our regret, to do more than make the briefest mention of its receipt. In this sketch, which contains the description of many episodes, which were both interesting and romantic, in connection with this famous fortress, the writer has followed the lines of historical accuracy with great care, and personal or race feelings seem to have been so carefully eliminated from its pages that it is almost impossible to ascertain, even after a careful perusal of the work, whether his sympathies were with hardy New Englanders, who finally succeeded in destroying the fortress, or with the brave Frenchmen, whose remarkable and gallant defence has long been a matter of history.

THE ACADIANS OF LOUISIANA AND THEIR DIALECT, by Alcée Fortier, Professor of the French Language and Literature in Trilane University, Louisiana, reprinted from the Publications of the Modern Language Association of America.

In this pamphlet of 33 pages, for a copy of which we are indebted to the author, he commences with a bird's-eye view of the history of Acadia, from the settlement of the colony to the dispersion of the inhabitants. This is followed by a description of the settlement of many of their number in Louisiana, more particularly in the vicinity of New Orleans, which had, about two years previous to the arrival of the fugitives, been ceded by the Treaty of Paris to Spain. The Spaniards had not at that time taken possession of the colony, and the unhappy wanderers, some of whom came from the Antilles, while the greater part, in rude boats built by themselves, floated down the streams flowing into the Mississippi reached New Orleans, where they expected to find the white banner of France, but where the French officials, who still remained, received them most kindly. The third part treats of the proverbs, dialects and curious sayings of the French of Louisiana, many examples of which are given.

YEAR BOOK, 1901-2, THE CANADIAN SOCIETY OF NEW YORK. Pp. 89, with stiff paper cover.

We are indebted to Mr. Henry C. Hunter, the Secretary of the Society, for a copy of the latest Year Book. The objects of this Society, as the majority of our readers are probably aware, are the fostering of cordial, social relations between Canadians in New York and vicinity, and the keeping alive of the memories of Canada. Any Canadian, by birth or adoption, is eligible for membership in the Society. In glancing through the list of officers we notice the name of Mr. T. S. Hall, who is a well known native of New Brunswick. The honorary members are the Earl of Minto, Governor-General of Canada; the Earl of Aberdeen, and the Right Honorable Sir Wilfrid Laurier. The membership

of the Society, all classes included, at the time of the publication of the Year Book, would appear to be two hundred and twenty. Informal monthly dinners were held during the winter months, the average attendance at which numbered about fifty. Larger functions, held at Sherry's, also appear to have been included in the past year's entertainment, one of which, held on the evening of April 30th, 1900, was attended by more than seven hundred persons, including representatives from Great Britain and nearly every colony of the Empire. The financial arrangement for the carrying out of such an entertainment must have been carefully planned, for it is stated that upon the settlement of the account of the reception, there was a surplus of \$40, which was sent to Ottawa for the relief of the sufferers from the then recent disastrous fire in that city.

The book contains much information that is valuable to those who are interested in fostering and keeping alive the love of country, in the hearts of Canadians who are residing in the neighbouring republic.



EXCHANGES RECEIVED.

The Book Lover.
Canada Educational Monthly.
Educational Review.
Educational Record.
Prince Edward Island Magaziue.
Commonwealth.
Bulletin des Recherches Historiques.
Windsor Tribune.
Kings College Record.
Journal of the Ex-Libris Society.
Historic Quarterly.
N. E. Hist. and Gen. Register.
"Old Northwest" Genealogical Quarterly.
Canadian Magazine.
New York Gen. and Biog. Magazine.
Genealogical Advertiser.
The Jerseyman.
The Argosy.

We regret that owing to the large number of periodicals published in the Acadian Provinces, about one hundred and fifty in all and the very considerable expense in publishing and mailing free copies to each of them as has been our custom heretofore, we shall be obliged to confine our mailing list strictly to such publications as may favor us with an exchange, or to those to which we are indebted for a periodical notice of our magazine.

Our thanks are due to the following for notices of our fourth number.

Journal, Summerside, P. E. I.
Tribune, Windsor, N. S.
Acadian Recorder, Halifax, N. S.
Morning Guardian.
Post, Sydney, C. B.
Reporter, Fredericton, N. B.
Globe, St. John, N. B.
Messenger and Visitor, St. John, N. B.
News, Truro, N. S.
Progress and Enterprise, Lunenburg, N. S.
Leader, Parrsboro, N. S.
Record, Sydney, C. B.
Presbyterian Witness, Halifax, N. S.
Sentinel, Woodstock, N. B.
Agriculturist, P. E. I.
Times, Moncton, N. B.
Beacon, St. Andrews, N. B.
Press, Woodstock, N. B.
Colchester Sun, Truro, N. S.
Saint Croix Courier, St. Stephen, N. B.
Colonial Standard, Pictou N. S.
Sun, St. John, N. B.
Acadian, Wolfville, N. S.
Herald, Yarmouth, N. S.
Brooklyn Daily Eagle, Brooklyn, N. Y.
Free Press, Weymouth, N. S.
Herald, Fredericton, N. B.