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Dent's Canadian History Readers

BOOK VI

IN PIONEER DAYS

IN PIONEER DAYS

BY

D. J. DICKIE

TORONTO

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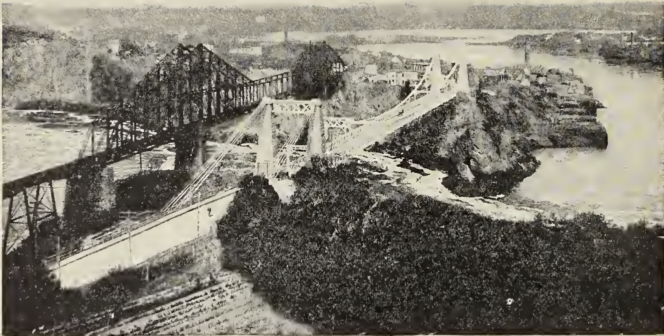
IN PIONEER DAYS

GLOOSCAP

While the world was still young, Glooscap came up from the south to the St. John. His canoe was an island, but he paddled as swiftly as though it were of birch bark. The Indians were astonished at him and his great canoe. "He will do amazing things," they whispered. Glooscap landed and camped near the mouth of the river. He had brought his grandmother with him; she kept his wigwam.

In those days the animals were larger than men and often did them harm; you have heard how the Great Spirit made the moose smaller because he hurt the Indians. When Glooscap came to the St. John he found the beaver very large and dangerous. They swarmed in the rivers, cutting across them with their dams, and making it impossible for the Indians to go up or down freely.

As soon as the winter had turned the river to stone, Glooscap put on his snowshoes and went up the St. John looking for beaver dams. He found one not far from the mouth of the river. He examined it carefully, but left it untouched and went on. At Kingsclear his snowshoes began to be a burden, so he slipped them off and left them. They are there still: two little islands in the river just above Kingsclear; the Indians call them



Canadian Pacific Railway

THE REVERSING FALLS
At the mouth of the River St. John

Glooscap's snowshoes. At Grand Falls, Glooscap found a second beaver dam. He tore it to pieces and drained the water off so that the beaver should have no second refuge.

When spring set the river free, Glooscap hollowed a canoe from a great stone, and fashioned a paddle from a long sliver of rock. With these he returned to his wigwam at the mouth of the St. John. His grandmother received him with tears of joy; and the Indians, amazed at his power, made him their chief.

He took a great stick in his hand and with it broke in pieces the beaver dam near the mouth of the river. The water ran through in a flood and carried away the sods which the beavers had used to stay their dam. One of these sods lodged below; it is now called Partridge Island.

Glooscap gave his grandmother a spear, and set her

beside the remains of the dam to watch that no beavers came through. He then pursued the enemy up-stream to their houses, which were built in the mouth of the Kennebecasis. Glooscap called his dogs and hunted the beavers to Milhist Bay, where he killed them on a white granite rock. You can still see the drops of their blood, red upon the white granite.

Glooscap knew that one of the young beavers had escaped. He went up the Kennebecasis to a trap which he had set, but found it not sprung. He returned to the dam, and asked his grandmother if the young beaver had gone through.

"No, indeed," said his grandmother. "When a beaver wishes to pass through a dam secretly he makes the water muddy so that he cannot be seen. The water has been clear all the time."

"If I do not kill that beaver he will do a great deal of damage," said Glooscap, "I must go and hunt him."

"Wait for your brother," said his grandmother, "he will soon be here, and will be sure to know which way the beaver has gone."

"I didn't know I had a brother," exclaimed Glooscap in great astonishment.

"You didn't know, but I did," said his grandmother; "wait for him, he will soon be here."

Sure enough, in a few days Glooscap's brother, Mikumwesu, arrived. His grandmother had saved a beaver's tail for him. She roasted it before the fire and made him a little feast.

"Have you killed all the beavers?" asked Mikumwesu, as he ate.

"All the old ones are dead, but I lost a young one," replied Glooscap.

"He has gone up the river," said Mikumwesu; "go down to the seashore and pick up two stones. Throw

them up the river as far as you can. If they land ahead of the beaver, they will scare him back again."

Glooscap went down to the shore and chose two huge rocks. He threw them with all his strength. They landed miles up the river. They lie within three miles of Perth and are now called the Tobique Rocks. The escaping beaver was very tired by this time. Before he reached the rocks, he crawled out on the north bank of the river, died, and turned to stone. Glooscap killed all the other dangerous animals in that country. The beautiful St. John was now open and safe for the Indians.

One day Glooscap and Mikumwesu sat on a cliff at the narrows and talked of what might be done further to improve the river for the Indians.

"Let one half the river run up and the other half down," suggested Glooscap.

"The Indians would then have too easy a time," replied Mikumwesu; "that would not be good for them."

"Let the water run up-stream as far as Spring Hill half the time, and the other half of the time let it run down," said Glooscap.

"Agreed," said Mikumwesu.

And it was so, and it is so even to the present day.[1]

[1] This story is a legendary explanation of the Reversing Falls at the mouth of the St. John River. Just at the mouth of the river there is a fall of eighteen feet. Now it chances that on that part of the coast the tide rises eighteen or more feet. Thus, when the tide is out, the water of the river falls down into the sea; but when the tide is high the water of the sea falls "up" into the river. The change of direction in the water takes place twice every day.

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IN THE HIGHLANDS OF SCOTLAND.

Whence many of the pioneers came.

SIR WILLIAM ALEXANDER

THERE were successful business men in the old days just as there are now. Some people seem to be born lucky. Sir William Alexander was one of these. His father was a Scotch laird. William was a younger son and not heir to the estate; but he managed to obtain a good education.

He had just finished his studies and was looking about for a position, when it was announced that the young Duke of Argyle was about to make the "grand tour" of Europe and required a travelling companion. The Duke was a great prince in Scotland. He would travel with every convenience then known and be received by the princes of those countries which he visited. To be his companion was a great opportunity for a young man. That was William's first bit of luck; he obtained the post.

After his year of foreign travel and high society, William returned to Scotland, polished, elegant—a budding poet. But now Fortune turned her back on him. The young lady he wished to marry refused him and "matched her morning to one in the evening of his days." William retired to his father's house and devoted himself to poetry.

He wrote a sad poem about his unkind sweetheart. It was called "Aurora" and made him quite famous. After he had finished the poem he felt better, married an heiress, and went to push his fortunes at Court.

In London, William had the good luck to please James I., the witty king. He wrote many poems and

Canadian Pacific Railway

THE OLD FORT AT PORT ROYAL

several plays. In 1613, he was appointed Gentleman Usher of the Presence to Prince Charles and Master of the Requests. A little later James made him a knight. He was now thirty-three years old; he was Sir William Alexander, a well-known poet; a favourite of the King; he had a good position and a rich wife. One would have expected him to be satisfied with his gains; but he was not.

You remember that when Champlain and De Monts moved up to the St. Lawrence they left Poutrincourt alone on his lands near Port Royal. Then came Captain Argall. He took Acadia for England and carried the French inhabitants away prisoners.

This happened in 1613, the very year in which Alexander was made a knight. Sir William had heard of America and was very much interested in it. Like Alexander the Great, having subdued the old world, he longed for a new world to conquer. He knew that

lready in America there had been founded a New rance, a New England, and a New Spain; Sir William ished to establish there a New Scotland also.

In 1621, he applied to his friend, James I., for a grant f the land which Argall had captured. He proposed to olonise it at once. The King willingly gave him all that ountry which lies east of a line drawn from the River t. Croix to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. This country ir William named Nova Scotia, or New Scotland. hus, the beautiful province by the Atlantic was the rst part of Canada to come into British hands.

Sir William was now a busy man indeed. He arranged o divide his province into a number of large estates to e held by baronets. The baronies were to be subdivided nto farms, which poor men might rent from the lords. here were many poor men in Scotland, and if Sir Villiam had offered to give them farms of their own, hey might have been willing to leave home and settle in he wilderness. Few cared to do this for a rented farm.

In the following spring, however, a ship-load of emigrants was got together and sent off to New Scotland. They had a stormy passage and were so delayed by contrary winds that it was autumn before they reached this ide of the Atlantic. They were obliged to spend the winter n Newfoundland. In the spring of 1623 they set sail once more, passed Cape Breton Island and coasted the outhern shore of Nova Scotia. Here they were amazed o find a good many French settlers already on the land. These were people who had escaped Argall, or had ettled in the country during the ten years since his aid. Sir William's company, not wishing to dispute ossession with so strong an enemy, returned to England, where they spread about a very flattering account of he new province.

Sir William did not intend, however, to give up his

grant so easily. Four years later he sent out a small fleet under the famous Sir David Kirke to retake it from the French. Kirke overcame a French fleet and captured Port Royal without difficulty. This was in 1627. Later in the same year, Kirke sailed up the St. Lawrence and took Quebec from Champlain. It was upon this expedition that they took prisoner Claude de la Tour, and engaged him to win his son Charles over to the English. But you know that story.

Sir William now sent out another party of Scotch emigrants. They built a fort on the west side of the basin of Port Royal. Its ruins are still known as the "Scotch fort." The new settlers passed a hard winter and thirty of them died.

Notwithstanding, Sir William would undoubtedly have continued to send out people, had not the King interfered. James I. was now dead and his son Charles reigned in his stead. Charles had foolishly put himself into the power of the French King. Sir William was suddenly ordered to destroy all his buildings and bring away all his people, "leaving the bounds altogether waste and unpeopled as it was at the time you landed first to plant there by virtue of our commission." And all this because Charles of England was anxious to please the French King.

There was nothing for Sir William to do but to obey. He abandoned his province and his plans. Though obliged to withdraw from Nova Scotia, Sir William's personal fortunes continued to advance. He became Duke of Stirling and was appointed Secretary of State, an office which he held with much credit until his death in 1640.

Norman McLeod, Sydney

ALONG THE CAPE BRETON SHORE

THE HIGH HAND

those old days before Britons brought in law and
der, might was right upon the long Atlantic seas and
the sunny, hidden bays of Cape Breton and Acadia.
e who was strong took; he who was stronger took
gain; and there was no one to gainsay or to deny.

When Sir William Alexander was offering baronies in
ova Scotia to the canny Scottish lords at two hundred
ounds apiece, Robert Gordon obtained a grant of the
orth-eastern part of Cape Breton. In this region James
tewart, Lord Ochiltree, undertook to plant a colony. To
ose who knew, it seemed likely that the young man would
et his money's worth of fighting at least, for Spanish
arbour to the north, and French Harbour to the south
f him, had been the resorts of fishermen, fur-traders,
eebooters, pirates, these hundred years and more.

Lord Ochiltree was a tall young man, black and

handsome, made much of by the ladies. He had a haughty way about him that suited ill with a lean purse and narrow acres; his temper was high, his mind set upon fame and fortune. In 1629 he set forth upon his adventures in two small ships carrying food and tools, and manned by two score Scots, each one cheerfully eager to try conclusions with Fortune.

Sailing with speed through sunny weather, on the last day of June they drew near the unknown coast. Late in the afternoon the look-out marked the white line of the breakers, and with the glad cry of "Land ahoy!" called all hands on deck. As the sun set, it laid across the waves a shining ribbon of invitation. Blinking and cautious, the captain followed the wavering beam. They crept into a cosy bay somewhat north of English Harbour. Having welcomed them in, the sun lifted his token and was off. The fir-trees, marching in solemn ranks, came down to the water's edge. The little port lay silent in a deep green peace.

The men were up and out with the dawn, eager to stretch their legs upon land again. Lord Ochiltree selected for their fort a pleasant, small meadow through which a creek fell into the sea; and there was, presently a great ringing of axes, a thudding of spades, and a very cheerful noise of tongues.

Within the month a roomy cabin had been erecte for the young leader. It had a fine wide window lookin east across the bay and a fire-place built by Long Joh Lough, himself a master-builder with a cunning han at a chimney. Two long huts housed the men, a thir sheltered their stores, and a palisade fenced all.

Lord Ochiltree superintended the building in th intervals of trade, for trade was good from the firs The Cape Breton Indians were ever keen at a bargai and cared very little what flag flew at the peak of th

:rading ship, or in what tongue they did business. If ıot Spanish, then French; if not French, then British. [t was all one to them.

Moreover, a second source of profit had suggested tself to the shrewd young lord. During the first week ɔf their occupancy, a French fishing-smack slid into the ɔay and stood close in to take water from a sweet spring which sent a rivulet down the sand. Her master, amazed :o see the little mushroom fort sprung up since his last visit less than a month ago, and recognising the British flag floating over her, prepared to fill his casks and depart with what despatch he might.

But Ochiltree was too quick for him. The small boat put him across the bay in a twinkling, and upon the fisherman's deck he explained, courteously enough, that he was now the owner and proprietor of land and water in all that country. The Frenchman with signs and shrugs indicated that he knew no English. Ochiltree patiently repeated his explanation in French somewhat the worse for wear; he concluded by assuring the visitor that he was welcome to water and fish on condition that he should pay a small sum for the privilege.

"Tribute, indeed!" The Frenchman's temper began to show signs of boiling over. He had fished these waters and used this bay; yes, and his father and grandfather before him. Tribute had never been exacted before. He did not think it likely that he should pay it now. "Tribute! *Parbleu!*"

But Ochiltree was firm and strong. Half a dozen bare-legged Scots swarmed upon the little deck, shouting and waving their claymores. The Frenchman paid. He was the first of several. Each ship that entered contributed fish or furs for Lord Ochiltree's behoof.

September saw the little fort stocked for winter, and the hold of the larger vessel well stored with furs.

Already the captain had numbered the days that remained before sailing; the men, in private, discussed who should go and who should stay; my Lord counted his gains.

One still sunny morning the Scottish fort was rudely awakened by a shot which carried away the flag-staff. Lord Ochiltree appeared at the great window in his night-clothes; the men tumbled out, to see a French schooner making into the harbour. There was little to do with, and less time to plan a defence. The Frenchmen were ashore and swarming over the palisades before the Scots could load and train their single gun. There were sixty of the enemy, great hairy fellows with Captain Daniel at their head. The fight was hot and brief. The French flag was nailed to the stump of the flag-pole, and the morning was given over to carousals.

Next day Captain Daniel superintended his men in the work of razing the little fort so lately built. Ochiltree and his men, from the hold of the ship where they were confined, had the mortification of hearing the work of destruction as it went forward. The stores of fish and furs were hastily transferred to the Frenchman. That night Ochiltree, in irons, slept upon a bale of his own beaver. Captain Daniel had taken back the tribute exacted from his people.

With his prisoners safe below, Daniel sailed away till he came to St. Ann's Bay. Here the unfortunates were landed and forced to help in the building of a French fort which was being established at that place. It was some relief at least to be out of that stinking hold and to labour again in the open air. The work was over all too soon. Again Daniel confined his prisoners in the hold and sailed for France. Here they were discharged, and the young lord eventually found his way back to Scotland a poorer, perhaps a wiser, man.

Canadian National Railways

MAHONE BAY

MUCH WANTS MORE

WHEN Sir David Kirke took Quebec from Champlain, Acadia too was handed over to the English; when Quebec was given back to France in 1632, Acadia was given back also. Champlain came back again as Governor of Quebec; the King gave the governorship of Acadia to a man called Razillai.

Razillai divided the province into three parts: Nicholas Denys had the north; Charles La Tour the west; and Razillai himself the east. Razillai, as governor, had power over the whole country. It was his affair to keep the English on their own (the west) side of the Kennebec River, which constant fighting had made a boundary between the two nations. To put the English in their place at the beginning, Razillai sent a man-of-war to Pemaquid, where the English had collected their

goods for the Indian trade. The warship captured the place and carried all its stores to La Have,[1] where Razillai had established himself.

Soon after this, Razillai died, and the King gave his position and lands to Charnisay. Charnisay abandoned La Have, though it had one of the best harbours on the coast, and set himself up at Penobscot. Penobscot is not very far from the mouth of the St. John where Charles La Tour had his fort. Before many months passed, Charnisay and La Tour began to quarrel.

Charnisay had the best of it all through the long fight; but La Tour won out at last in a way so simple that it makes one laugh. Charnisay moved first. In 1641 he got an order from the King to arrest La Tour and send him a prisoner to France. It was easy to write such an order, but a very different matter to carry it out. La Tour had a fort, men, money, ships, and a wife, who was as good a fighter as himself. Charnisay could not catch him.

In this deadlock both men turned for help to Boston. Here La Tour had, at first, the advantage, for he favoured the Protestants, while Charnisay was a Roman Catholic. In 1643 La Tour sailed into Boston Harbour with a ship manned by one hundred and forty Huguenots. He told the governor that Charnisay was beseiging his fort upon the St. John, and asked for help.

The people of New England were Puritans. It was their custom, when in doubt about anything, to look into the Bible for advice. As they were not sure whether they should help La Tour or not, they opened the book. Some verses seemed to tell them to help La Tour; others forbade them. It was very puzzling. At last the governor decided that while he could not officially assist La Tour, he would not forbid his people to go with him. La Tour hired four vessels and eighty men.

[1] La Have is near Mahone Bay on your maps of Nova Scotia.

They returned to the St. John and soon drove Charnisay away, pursuing him to his own doors at Penobscot.

Charnisay, for his part, sent his agent to Boston to show his commission as governor of Acadia, and the warrant for La Tour's arrest. He complained that the Bostonese had helped La Tour against him. He offered to permit free trade between the English and the Acadians, if the Boston people would make and keep peace with him. This meant, of course, that they were not any more to assist La Tour. The New Englanders had suffered much from the French raiders. They were glad to make peace.

Meantime Madame La Tour had been in England on business for her husband. She bargained with the master of a vessel to bring her home. Instead of landing her on the St. John as he had promised, he sailed about in the Gulf of St. Lawrence trading with the Indians. Then, in spite of her protests, he carried her to Boston. But this wilful captain made a mistake when he played fast and loose with Madame La Tour. She sued him in the courts of Boston for "injury received," and he was obliged to pay £2000 in damages.

Madame La Tour reached the St. John, and found her husband absent. When it came to the ears of Charnisay that Madame La Tour was alone on the river, he set sail and attacked Fort La Tour. But, like the captain, he did not know Madame. "She defended the place so well, and her artillery was served with such good effect, that Charnisay's frigate speedily became unmanageable; and, having twenty men killed and thirteen wounded, he was under the necessity of warping his vessel out of the reach of Madame's cannon, where he refitted and so returned to Penobscot."

In spite of the treaty, the people of Boston continued

to help La Tour with provisions, stores, and ammunition in trade for his furs. It was done secretly, but Charnisay soon found it out. He threatened Boston with the displeasure of the King of France, saying that if her people did not keep the peace, neither would he. Just as a warning, he seized a Boston ship, and having stripped the crew of their clothing, kept them for six days on an island. On the seventh day, he bundled them all into a boat, without arms or compass, and left them to find their way home as best they could. After that the Boston people refused to help La Tour any more.

Again La Tour was absent; again Madame commanded on the St. John; again Charnisay sailed up the river and besieged the fort. This time Madame had but a handful of men. Gallantly did she defend her walls, however. On the third day the enemy, much harassed by her fire and ignorant of her real weakness, withdrew to a greater distance.

All was going well when, on Easter Sunday, a cowardly Swiss whom Charnisay had bribed to his interest, betrayed the little garrison. Still Madame gave no sign of fear. When Charnisay mounted the wall, "she ascended upon her side to contest the possession of it with him."

Charnisay, who did not wish it to get abroad that he had been twice beaten by a woman, proposed a parley. To save the lives of her men, Madame La Tour signed a treaty. Charnisay promised to let her and her men go. When he entered the fort and found out how few men Madame really had, he flew into a terrible rage; swore that she had deceived him and that, therefore, the terms of the treaty should not stand. He ordered all the men to be hung except one; this one escaped on condition that he should hang his comrades. Madame La Tour with a halter round her neck was forced to stand at the

foot of the scaffold and see her men executed. A rich booty of stores, furs, ordnance, and plate was captured in Fort La Tour and carried off by Charnisay to Penobscot.

Madame La Tour never recovered from the loss of her men and her fortune; she died within the year. Charles, bankrupt in heart and purse, escaped to Newfoundland where Sir David Kirke commanded. Kirke refused to help the unfortunate Acadian, but his Boston friends rallied once more to his aid. They loaned him a vessel in which to trade in the Bay of Fundy. It is said that La Tour made the Boston people but a poor return for this kindness. Later he sailed to Hudson's Bay where, for a time, he carried on a large trade.

In 1651, word reached La Tour on Hudson's Bay that Charnisay was dead. Without loss of time he returned to Acadia to regain his estate. Here he met Charnisay's widow and, within a few months, married her. Thus simply did La Tour come into possession of his own lands and Charnisay's as well. Charnisay's sister, who also had an interest in Acadian lands, died about this time and left her share to La Tour. He laughs best who laughs last.[1]

[1] Rewritten from Haliburton's *History of Nova Scotia*.

STONE AND CASING OF STONE USED IN PIONEER GRIST MILL

Canadian National Railways

THE RESTIGOUCHE FLOWING INTO BAY CHALEUR

NICHOLAS DENYS

THE UNLUCKY

Of all men Nicholas Denys was the most unlucky, yet undaunted still and playing his part like a tall man, whether fortune smiled or frowned.

When King Charles of England had given Nova Scotia back to King Louis, it fell, together with the rest of Acadia (Acadia, as generally used, meant the whole of what is now called the Maritime Provinces and part of New England besides), into the hands of three men. Charles La Tour and Charnisay fought long and bitterly, each desiring the whole of the south. Nicholas Denys established himself upon his own third

ı the north; and did his best, unsuccessfully, to keep is coat skirts clear of the quarrels of the other two.

Denys was governor of all that country which lies long the Gulf of St. Lawrence from Canso to Gaspé, ıcluding Cape Breton and Isle St. John (Prince Edward Island). It was a rich and lovely heritage; its osy shores, its long green meadows promising wealth nd peace. Nicholas Denys saw its promise. His dark yes gleamed with hope as he sailed his own blue seas. He was many leagues away from the English, remote ven from La Tour and Charnisay. He hoped they vould forget him.

He built two forts, Chedabucto (now Guysboro') ınd St. Peter's in Cape Breton. The two guarded the ıarrow entrance to his gulf shore. Then he established ishing- and trading-stations here and there. The waters warmed with fish; the Indians were friendly; Denys lid a splendid business.

Charnisay wished to be supreme in Acadia. When he ıad destroyed La Tour's forts and caused the death of ıis wife, he turned his attention to Denys and cap-ured the two forts. Then he destroyed the fishing-stations and removed the settlers, carrying off all the urs and fish.

Charnisay did not live long to enjoy his ill-gotten gains. He died and Charles La Tour, whom he had driven out, married his wife and fell heir to his lands. Denys at once returned to his own country. He restored his forts, opened his fishing-stations and, for a year or two, had peace.

Then Le Borgne, a merchant to whom Charnisay had become indebted for large sums, came to Acadia to get back his own. One moonless night he sailed up to Canso, raided St. Peter's in the sleepy dawn, and took Denys with all his people captive. With prisoners and

stolen goods aboard, they sailed away to Port Royal, burning La Have on the way. At La Have, this graceless pirate burned even the chapel which they say had cost one hundred thousand francs.

At Port Royal, Denys protested hotly against such treatment, and was put in irons for his pains. Denys had the King's commission, however, and Le Borgne dared not keep him long a prisoner. At the end of the year he got away to France, where he laid the affair before the King. Louis reaffirmed his former grant, and made Denys Lieutenant-General from Canso to Cape Rosiers.

In 1654, Denys returned to St. Peter's and received his fort back from Le Borgne's man. He set his people to work rebuilding the defences, the cabins, and the drying-stages, while he himself paddled along the gulf shore re-establishing his connection with the Indians. The palisades of St. Peter's had been strengthened, the cabins put in order. Denys's men were preparing the fish stages for the season's catch when a fire broke out in one of the huts. The buildings were of wood, the wind was high. There was no hope from the first. The whole village was destroyed. Denys returned to find his hopes buried in ashes.

This third calamity dashed his spirit somewhat. He abandoned St. Peter's and Chedabucto and betook himself to Chaleur. He built his home on the shores of Bathurst Bay and opened small fishing-stations at Miramichi and Miscou. The home station on Bathurst Bay was near the mouth of the Nipisiguit, a fine river a hundred miles in length, which flows into the bay. It had long been famous for its fish, and was an ancient haunt of the Indians. The Jesuits had a mission on its banks.

On Chaleur, Denys was too distant to be in danger

rom either French or English enemies. For ten years e lived quietly, doing an enormous trade. He had iscovered coal, the first discovery of coal in America, nd gypsum. At seventy-four, he turned his business ver to his son and retired to France, where he passed his ld age in writing a very interesting history of America.

THE FAIR MINIOTA

AWASH in the great gulf tides there is a rose and green sland, the land, perhaps, where Glooscap found the ummer. Brave Cape Breton stands her guard upon he east; Nova Scotia, large and dignified, on the south; New Brunswick, tall and smiling, in the west. So she ies, a queen among islands; on summer days, her rosy hores washed by sapphire seas; through silver nights, radled like the sickle of the moon fallen upon the bosom f the waters. Abegweit, the Micmacs called her—Abegweit, "cradled on the waves."

It may have been Cartier who saw her first, Campbell's and Sylvester's points appearing to him like two slands as he crossed the gulf to Gaspé. Perhaps he saw er again, a nearer view, as he found his way out to sea hrough the Strait of Canso. It was Champlain who amed her Isle St. John. In his day she was much requented by fishermen.

The French Government long refused to grant seigniories upon the island. They wished all the people n that part of New France to settle in Cape Breton round Louisburg, that they might strengthen the forts defending the entrance to the gulf. In 1663, however, about the time Talon reached Quebec, Captain Doublet,

Bayer, Charlottetown

ROCKY POINT AT THE ENTRANCE TO CHARLOTTETOWN HARBOUR

of the French Navy, was granted Isle St. John as a fishing-station, with permission to establish a small settlement there.

One summer morning a snug little ship, her white sails wide, sped westward along the south shore of Isle St. John. Captain Doublet stood beside his skipper on the deck. They knew their island and were keeping a sharp look-out for a place where the Captain had it in mind to land. On their right the low shores, deep rose in colour, came down pleasantly to meet the shining waves. Grass of an astonishingly bright and living green covered the meadows inland. The trees stood in open, park-like groups, tall, and of a wondrous grace, with gleaming stems and silver leaves. It looked like a fairy island in a picture-book. The sailors gaped over the rail in amaze.

"*Nom de chien*, it is pink, this island!" whispered Pierre Tardou to his mate Jean.

"Of a truth, and without doubt, it is the home of the 'Little People'; may the Virgin and all the saints pro-

tect us," answered Jean. The two crossed themselves as they gazed, fascinated, at this strange land.

At that moment Captain Doublet recognised his headland. A shouted order to the men and the ship drew towards the land. Presently she was floating in the soft curve of the shore inside Rocky Point.

The Captain had brought all things needful for establishing his station and carrying on his business. The ship was warped up toward the mouth of a good-sized creek that came tumbling into the sea, and the goods were got to land, the men muttering prayers as they worked. Before dark the Captain's tent had been pitched, the men's hammocks swung, a good supply of firewood collected, and sites chosen for the storehouse, huts, and drying-stages, the erection of which must begin upon the morrow.

That evening a cheerful fire lighted the little beach, which was littered with bales and boxes just landed. The brook fell quietly into the sea. The cook had swung his soup-kettle over the coals, and the men sat about chatting as they ate. Suddenly out of the grey twilight came a strange sound, a kind of moaning song. It appeared to issue from some point farther up the creek. The sailors sat frozen: their hair rose upon their heads. Their superstitious fear of the island which had weakened during the day returned stronger than ever, and they crossed themselves with shaking hands.

The sound was repeated again and again, low and melancholy but distinctly audible. Captain Doublet appeared in the door of his tent. His unchanged countenance reassured the men somewhat.

"An Indian woman," he said, when he had listened to the song several times repeated. "Mourning for her dead belike. There is nothing to fear, men. The Micmacs here about are very friendly. We shall, doubtless, have

a visit from them to-morrow. Nevertheless it is a poor commander who takes needless risks. Let a watch be set, Barbeau, and the fire kept up through the night."

Captain Doublet was more curious about the strange song than he was willing to have his men guess. Next morning, when he had set each to his task, he strode away up the creek on pretext of looking out trees suitable for the cabins. A few rods from the shore the bed of the stream turned northward. Just round this bend the Captain came upon a rock strangely shaped. It stood in the sand at the lip of the brook and it looked like a woman struggling to rise from the water. Near this rock the Captain discovered a number of small foot-prints, and concluding that it must be, in some way, connected with the worship of the Indians, he returned satisfied to his camp.

Within a few days the Micmacs, always friendly with the French, had made themselves quite at home in and about Captain Doublet's cabin. It was from an old chief that the Captain learned the story of the rock.

"Ages ago," began the old Sagamo, "Kiotsatou, a great Sourisquois chief, came from Cape Breton to visit a Micmac friend in this place. He brought with him his son, Sunfells, and his daughter Miniota, a maiden of surpassing beauty. The young Sunfells, who was already a mighty hunter, went every day into the woods to hunt. Each night, when he could no longer see to point the arrow, he returned with his meat to his father's wigwam on the shore.

"Now the Micmac friend of Kiotsatou was a maker of good medicine. He could feel the approach of danger while it was yet a great way off: he could foresee and tell: many times had his wisdom saved the tribe. After a few days he came to Kiotsatou and told him that Sunfells, in returning at night, must not cross the creek. There

ras a Manitou in the stream who disliked being disturbed fter dark and who, if angered, might slay the boy.

"Kiotsatou warned Sunfells, ordering him to return ach night by land, though the path took him several iiles about. At first Sunfells obeyed his father and rought his meat into camp by the forest path. But me passed, nothing happened, and the young man ecame careless. One night, being later than usual, e risked disobedience. The Manitou of the brook ose and drowned him.

"Kiotsatou and Miniota mourned for him many days. 'he grief-shaken father vowed revenge. He waited, ow in hand, till the Manitou of the stream came out ne night to sleep upon the bank and, creeping near, iot him. The Manitou, shrieking with the pain of the rrow in his side, plunged into the brook. The water egan to rise. It rose steadily for many days and nights. 'he land about was flooded. The Indians lost their ods, their hunting-grounds were being inundated.

"In this crisis, Kiotsatou confessed to his friend hat he had done. The medicine man hastened to onsult his gods and brought back word from Glooscap iat the maiden must be sacrificed.

"What lamentations! What sorrow of farewell! What eartbreak, bereft of both his children! But the gods iust be obeyed; the people must be saved. The fair Iiniota prepared herself. From her father's arms she lunged into the stream. The water began at once to ll and was soon at its natural level.

"As a monument of the maiden's courage, and to omfort the poor father, Glooscap turned her into one, and there she remains upon the bank to this day. Iiracles, it is said, have been wrought at this stone; id the Indian women cease not, in trouble, to carry ieir sorrows to the feet of the Fair Miniota."

Canadian Pacific Railway

ALONG THE ST. JOHN

LOUIS D'AMOURS

SIEUR DE CHAFFOURS

MUCH of the best land between Quebec and Montreal, along the south shore and down the Richelieu, wa granted out in seigniories in Talon's time. Some o these seigneurs, as you remember, brought out censitaires and worked their land carefully. Others, to proud or too lazy to work, pinched along for a time an then forfeited their lands to those who made bette use of them.

Now the seigneurs, like the habitants, of Ne France, had large families. It was not many years ti their sons—four, six, ten, even twelve sons—grew u about them. It was imperative that these youn seigneurs should, in their turn, be provided wit estates. But where to find the land?

In this difficulty later intendants turned their eyes toward the St. John River country, that rich land which lay between Quebec and Champlain's first colony, Acadia. By 1672, sixteen seigniories had been granted along the St. John. The grants were made in Quebec with the accustomed pomp and ceremony. The young seigneurs knelt, bareheaded, before the Governor, and swore fealty to His Majesty the King. Thereafter, they set out through the wilderness to take possession of their estates. Chambly, formerly of the Carignan-Salières Regiment, was made Governor of the new district.

Of all the young seigneurs who came down to the St. John to make their fortune, the d'Amours were the most interesting. There were four of them: Bernard, Réne, Mathieu, and Louis. Their father, Mathieu d'Amours, was a member of the Sovereign Council in Quebec. He had fifteen children and obtained grants along the St. John, hundreds of miles in extent, for his sons.

The first three brothers did not care for farming. They were more interested in the fur trade, which was very valuable in those parts. After eleven years, Réne had done so little to improve his estate that even the easygoing Council in Quebec could not any longer shut their eyes to his neglect. They threatened to take away his seigniory if he did not work it.[1]

But Louis, the eldest brother, was a real farmer, the first in what is now the province of New Brunswick. He had his seigniory at Jemseg on the St. John. When he received his land, Louis d'Amours was a splendid fellow in the prime of life, vigorous, energetic, and enthusiastic. He had married Marguerite Guyon, of Quebec, a gentle, wise little woman and a good worker.

[1] Réne, Seigneur de Clignancourt, had his seigniory at Grand Falls.

Louis had sixty-five acres of cultivated land upon which he grew wheat, corn, peas, and oats. He had twelve head of cattle, fifty hogs, and Marguerite had nearly one hundred fowl. The second summer they built themselves a comfortable log-house of three rooms, and later put up a large barn, and a small but warmly-built stable.

In the summer of their third year upon the St. John, Louis d'Amours had a fine stand of wheat in one of his fields. He and Marguerite were very proud of it. Presently the birds began eating it. They arrived in flocks. Scarecrows frightened them not a whit. Each one the guns killed to-day was replaced by a dozen to-morrow. Very little of the crop was saved.

Louis and his wife Marguerite worked faithfully for many years. In 1702, war began again between the French and the English. The English came up from the New England States and ravaged the beautiful valley of the St. John. The settlers had to flee for their lives, either to Quebec or to Port Royal.

Louis went to Port Royal. He had no means of making a living there, and he and his wife suffered many hardships. The gentle Marguerite died, worn out with struggles and disappointments.

After his wife's death, Louis, though no longer young, joined the army. He was taken prisoner and carried to Boston, where he was detained two years. He then returned, broken in health and in heart, to Port Royal, where he died in 1708.

JOHN GYLES

[THE English village of Pemaquid lay near the boundary
between Acadia and New England. Naturally, it was the
scene of frequent raids—French, English, and Indian. It
was commonly reported of the Frenchman, St. Castin,
that he encouraged the relatives of his Indian wife to
take scalps and captives from the English; while New
England ships were constantly playing the pirate in
French waters.

One foggy evening in the autumn of 1689, a party
of Maliseets skulked on the edge of the clearing near
the settlement. It was not a large party, but the braves
meant mischief. The brother of Long Bow, their leader,
had been shot near Pemaquid a month before, and he
had come seeking revenge. The Indians kept themselves
close as long as daylight lasted. The grey day faded into
grey evening, the evening into night. The grey mist
hid the twinkling lights of the settlement. After con-
sulting in guttural undertones, the Indians moved up
to the edge of the village; the mist, they felt sure,
would screen them.

Pemaquid washed its supper dishes and milked its
cows. The women drew out the trundle beds and tucked
the children into them. The men who had been at a
town meeting returned. Fires were banked, candles
snuffed; Pemaquid slept.

The first deep sleep of the tired folk was just beginning
to break when an arrow of flame shot across Matthew
Gyles's window. He started up and went to the case-

ment. A rod away, Thomas Anderson's house blazed merrily while the Indians danced, like veritable demons, as it seemed in the very flames.

As he gazed, a tomahawk smote through his own door; as he turned, the war-whoop sounded on the stair. One tremendous heave sent the huge four-poster across the door. Mistress Gyles and her two little daughters crouched on the floor behind the bed. Snatching his gun from the wall, Matthew prepared to defend the women; of his boy, John, sleeping in the attic, he dared not think.

When the front door fell, six Indians darted into the Gyles's house. Three of them, finding nothing of value, darted out again; two attacked the closed bedroom door; the last, rummaging in the attic, found twelve-year-old John still sound asleep in the midst of that horrid babel.

Catching the boy by the hair, the Indian dragged him from his bed, down the stairs, and out into the road. His shrieks of pain and fear drew his mother to the window. "Johnny! Johnny!" she cried, leaning from the sill. An arrow grazed her hair and quivered in the door opposite. Her husband drew her in. John, dumb now with terror, saw her no more.

What happened further in blazing Pemaquid tha night Johnny Gyles never knew. He was carrie swiftly along for perhaps a quarter of a mile. Then h was set upon his feet, and he and his captor entered th woods. With his arm firmly held by the Maliseet, th lad was forced to advance at a kind of stumbling ru Though very much frightened, he used his ears an was soon satisfied that he was alone with the India He tried to form some plan of escape, but his min would not serve him; it whirled helplessly.

Presently he lifted his head. They were crossing a

open space in the woods, and he felt the wind in his face. It had been easterly that evening. It now blew upon his right cheek. They were travelling north and east. They would take him to the French settlements. From his babyhood Johnny had been taught to hate and fear the French. Despair filled his young heart.

The tall Indian by his side said never a word. Mile after mile they traversed in silence. At length the boy became exhausted, and the Indian was forced again to carry him. Another mile brought them to the camp. John was thrust under a robe of beaver-skins where already others slept, and fell instantly asleep.

He was awakened by the return of the war-party. They brought a number of captives, all men but two. Evidently the raid had been costly, for the sound of mourning rose from more than one wigwam, and the braves made anxious haste to depart. They broke camp and set out at once, again travelling north-eastward. The other captives, several of whom John knew, were bound, each to an Indian; but the lad was left at liberty. A Maliseet lad of his own age even offered to be friendly; but John would have none of him.[1]

On the second day they reached a camp upon the Penobscot. Here they were joined by another party with many prisoners. The squaws made a great circle, dancing and singing. An old squaw took John by the hand and led him into the circle. Some took him by the hair, others by the feet, and pulled him till he was almost torn in pieces. Then his master came forward and, laying a blanket in the circle, led the boy away. The blanket paid for his release from the cruelty of the dance.

The Indians now travelled on more leisurely. They

[1] This part of the story is as the storyteller imagined it. The record says there was a raid. The rest of the story is all true.

Canadian Pacific Railway

LOVELY MEADOWS IN THE ST. JOHN VALLEY, WHERE JOHN GYLES WAS A PRISONER

treated John kindly enough. He fed, like the others, upon fish, wild grapes and roots; he was made welcome to a corner of a beaver-skin at night. By day he had a pack to carry, but it was not heavier than he was able to bear. His master sometimes cuffed him, but he would allow no one else to do so. For a time John scorned the Indian boys, but he was young and very lonely; presently he joined in their games and sat with them by the fire, where they listened to the songs and stories of their elders.

After many days the party reached the St. John. They halted at a camp in a corn-field. The squaws removed John's pack and led him into a large hut where thirty or forty Indians were whirling about five prisoners. The dancers looked very fiercely at him and spit chewed corn-stalks into his hat which he held in his hand. A squaw with a little girl came and laid a sack of corn in the ring. The little girl tried to lead him off, but John

thinking he was to be killed, refused to move. Then a grave-looking Indian handed him a peace-pipe. "Go out and smoke it," he said. John went.

Now that winter was upon them the Indians broke up into small parties and began to ascend the river. When the ice stopped them, they cached their canoes and travelled forward upon snowshoes. They carried heavy burdens and were often very cold and hungry. In the spring, when the ice went out, they unearthed their canoes or made new ones of moose-hide caulked with balsam and charcoal. In these they went down towards the sea again.

One winter the party with whom John and his master were hunting killed a moose. John and a young hunter were ordered to fetch it into camp. It was a fine morning when they set out, but it turned cold and cloudy and it was late in the evening before they reached the moose. As they were skinning it, a thick snowstorm came on. They made a fire of rubbish, which warmed them but melted the snow and filled their clothes with water. It was dawn before they finished their work and, shouldering their sacks of moose-flesh, turned homeward.

The moose-skin coat, which was John's only garment, was frozen stiff and stood out like a hoop around his knees. His snowshoes and leggings were frozen to his feet. He marched the whole of that day in great pain and fatigue. He was walking numbly, his legs moving mechanically, when suddenly he experienced a strange revulsion of feeling. The pain in his feet and legs left him, he moved easily, his courage returned, his spirits rose.

In an hour he was again in the depths of despair. The pain was so great he found it almost impossible to walk. The Indian had long ago left him behind. Again

he despaired and again, just as he was on the point of lying down in the snow, came that strange refreshing, "as with the richest cordial."

At sunset he reached the camp. The Indians, shouting that the captive was frozen, hurried to remove his pack and to cut off his snowshoes and his leggings. He sat shivering by the fire, soon his feet began to swell, the skin rising in huge blisters. They were inexpressibly painful. The Indians told him that his feet would rot and that he would die; yet he slept well that night.

A few days later the skin came off his feet whole—nails and all—like a shoe. The squaws gave him rags to bind them up, but said: "Die, sure, no use to put on balsam"; and they would not trouble to get him any. John pushed along in the snow, however, and himself gathered some of the healing salve. He melted it in a clean shell and rubbed it over his feet. Presently he could walk upon his heels. It cost him the greatest pain in the world, but he knew that for him it was walk or die; so he walked and lived! Within a year his feet were well; even the nails came on again.

When John had been six years with the Indians his master died, and the others quarrelled as to which should possess him. Father Simon, the priest, who sometimes visited them, suggested that he should be sold to the French. Fearing the French as he did, John begged hard to remain; but the Indians had made up their minds; they wished to be rid of him. "Then," said the boy, "if I must go to the French, sell me to those near the mouth of the river that I may have a chance of escape to Boston."

In the end he was sent up the river to Louis d'Amours and his wife. When the Indians left him he cried hard, tall lad though he was; but Father Simon whispered to

him to be of good cheer for Louis d'Amours was good-natured and well-to-do. Twice before he had bought English captives from the Indians and sent them back to their homes in Boston.

From the very first the d'Amours were kindness itself to the friendless boy. Louis spoke gently to him; Madame smiled and fed him. She made him a warm suit out of an old one of her husband's, and "Little English," as she called him, had, every evening, his share of the comfortable fireside. Presently d'Amours began to employ John in his Indian trade. The young Englishman was shrewd and honourable. Louis was soon able to leave many affairs in his hands.

In the autumn of 1696, when Louis d'Amours was in France, Captain Church, of Boston, arrived at Jemseg. Friends sent word of his coming up the river to Madame d'Amours. Marguerite consulted with John. What was to be done? They decided, finally, to fasten a paper upon the door telling Captain Church that d'Amours had already bought English prisoners from the Indians and freed them, that he had such a prisoner with him now; and asking him, in consideration of these facts, not to burn the buildings. When they had done this, they retired to the woods and remained several days in hiding.

Marguerite promised John that if he remained faithful to her in this danger and made no attempts to communicate with Church, that he should be free to return to Boston as soon as her husband came home. Gyles gave his word and kept it loyally. He had the keys of the valuables, knew where the silver was buried, and had all the care of Madame and her children in the woods. When they returned to the seigniory, they found the buildings safe and the treasure untouched.

In the following spring, Louis d'Amours came back from France. His wife told him what had happened and acknowledged her promise to "Little English." "Without doubt," she said, "it was for his sake they spared the buildings. We owe him much, Louis." D'Amours urged John to stay with them. "You shall be as our own son," he promised; but Gyles had determined from the hour of his capture to seize the first opportunity to return to the English settlements. That opportunity had now arrived. The d'Amours provided him with everything needful and sent him, in safe company, to Boston, where his relatives received him with amazement, having long thought him dead.

HIDE-AND-SEEK

For a hundred years the French and English played hide-and-seek in Acadia. To the French she was a stepping-stone between old France and new, and a buffer against New England; New France felt safe only when Acadia was hers. To the English, Acadia was the harbour of pirates and the lair of raiding savages; New England had peace only when Acadia was hers. When war was declared, the New Englanders set sail and conquered Acadia; when peace was made the King of England, who knew nothing of the discomforts of living a neighbour to pirates, gave her back to France.

Eight times during a hundred years did Acadia change hands. As the English always sailed away as soon as they had conquered the country, the Acadians really owned it. There were about nine hundred of them in Talon's time, settled about the mouths of the rivers which empty into the Bay of Fundy. They were a quiet, kindly, but very independent people. The fish and fur trade was, largely, in the hands of outsiders; the Acadians themselves lived in great comfort among their rich dyked pastures. They grew or made everything they used, from the wool for the clothes which they wore to the fine fruit and vegetables for which the province was already beginning to be famous.

Canadian Pacific Railway

ACADIAN BLOCKHOUSE

In May, 1690, Sir William Phips took Port Royal. He then went on to Quebec where he met Frontenac, with what result you remember. Phips had been gone only a few weeks when Villabon arrived from France with supplies. He found the Union Jack floating over Port Royal, but that was soon changed for the Fleur de Lys. Des Gautins, a French official, brought out the town money which he had hidden when Phips was seen approaching, and all planned to make a return raid upon New England.

Villabon raided New England, and Captain Church raided Acadia. Towns were destroyed and people killed on both sides. At last New England, which was

by this time a rich and populous colony, determined to conquer Acadia for good and all. An army of one thousand men was raised and embarked upon two men-of-war. They reached Port Royal in May, 1707. Subercase, who was now Governor, defended himself with such spirit that the English were driven off. For once Port Royal had successfully defended herself.

New England did not give up. She had suffered long and bitterly; this time she meant to conquer Acadia and to keep it. She began to collect a still larger army. In September, 1710, General Nicholson set sail from Boston with four men-of-war and thirty transports full of soldiers. One of the transports was wrecked at the entrance to Port Royal Harbour and twenty-six men were drowned; but Nicholson landed a large army safely. Subercase had only two hundred and sixty men. There was nothing for him to do but to surrender. The garrison marched out with arms and baggage, drums beating, and colours flying. Nicholson promised to land them in France.

Saint Castin and his Indians made several raids upon the English but accomplished nothing. The Peace of Utrecht was made between England and France in 1713, and this time England did not give back Acadia. It was just one hundred years since Captain Argall had first attacked her; and at last the long, cruel game was over. Acadia became Nova Scotia; she passed into, and has ever since remained in, British hands.

HOME OR COUNTRY

By the Treaty of Utrecht, France gave Nova Scotia to Britain. She kept Cape Breton and Isle St. John, thinking that the two islands would guard the road to Canada and enable the French to continue the fisheries. With very little trouble, too, they could be made the source of much annoyance to the old enemy; two thorns in the side of Nova Scotia. Of this last there was whispered talk in the Court of France, talk not quite so carefully subdued in the Governor's council-chamber in Quebec. The Indians would be eager allies.

The British, except for a small garrison at Port Royal, now called Annapolis after Queen Anne, left their new province alone. The Acadians had permission either to sell their lands and, within a year, leave the country, or to take the oath of allegiance to the King and become British subjects. Governor Nicholson, who came to Annapolis in 1714, promised that if they remained they should retain all their possessions and have the free exercise of their religion.

Almost to a man the Acadians refused to take the oath and agreed to go. But to promise was easier than to perform. It was hard to leave their flocks and herds, their meadows and their orchards, their well-stocked gardens, and their cosy firesides. They put it off from autumn until spring; from spring till autumn came again. For five years nothing was done.

All this time French agents were among the people explaining, persuading them that it was wrong to

remain among the British who, they said, were little better than heathen. To Cape Breton they should go, or Isle St. John, countries quite as beautiful as their own Acadia. Here they might live, faithful to Church and King. The Acadians were a steady people, slow, difficult to move. They loved their Church and King; yes, but they loved their homes. Nothing had happened. Perhaps nothing would happen. A few moved; most of them stayed quietly where they were.

Gabriel Étoille moved. He was an earnest little man with dark eyes in a thin face. The Étoille family had military traditions; Gabriel's grandfather had been a private in the Carignan-Salières Regiment. Gabriel himself had been with Subercase at Port Royal; but the kindly Governor, seeing that the defence of the place was hopeless, sent him and several other civilians back to their farms before the surrender of the town.

Gabriel was loyal and so was his little, young wife, Matilde. No one but Matilde knew he had been with Subercase, and they lived safely on the farm all that winter following the peace. It was not a large farm, only a garden and a strip of pasture for the stock, but it was all they had. Through the summer of 1714 the agent talked of Cape Breton; Gabriel stood, on warm evenings, behind the byre and looked wistfully across his pasture to where the moon came up beyond the Basin of Minas; Matilde glanced often about her clean little kitchen with the bedroom beyond. Her eyes dwelt on the four blue china plates on the shelf beside the windows. Should she get them safely to Cape Breton? she wondered.

They talked and talked and talked, Gabriel and Matilde; Gabriel and Henri Fourchette, and Antoine Maillard. It was not so easy to arrange the matter. Governor Nicholson had given all who wished leave

BLOMIDON AND THE BASIN OF MINAS

to depart; but they were refused permission to go in English vessels; and French ships dared enter the harbours of Nova Scotia only in secret.

After a month's absence the agent came again in March. This time plans were made. On Tuesday fortnight a French vessel would anchor at the mouth of a little creek emptying into Tatmagouche Bay. For four livres each, or its equivalent in skins, her skipper would land them at St. Peter's, Cape Breton. There, the French Government would provide them with new lands. The agent was all enthusiasm; he knew the forest paths, and himself would lead them to the rendezvous.

Great was the excitement in the little settlement upon Cobequid Bay. It was now or never; should they go or stay? The women forgot their bread in the oven; the men left their work on the dykes; all day long the great discussion went on. All day long the boys and girls flew

about, collecting their treasures from barn and loft and hollow tree. They were all for flitting, you may be sure.

At last it was decided; five families were to make the move. There were hurried sales of stock and fowls; neighbours paid in whatever transportable goods they had, there being no money in the country. The five homesteads must be abandoned; there was no one to buy them. Housewives chose and re-chose from among their valuables; packed and re-packed the bundles that were to go with them to the new homes.

On Thursday morning the little settlement gathered in the churchyard. Those who were remaining shook hands with the men and women who were to go forth. They were all there, dressed and ready. Each had his place and his duty. Even Denys Maillard had a tiny pack suited to his five-year-old back. The sun shone warmly upon the blue bay. The refugees dared not look back towards the homes which they were leaving. Nine o'clock struck. The leader hurried everyone to his place in the line. Neighbourly hands lifted packs to stalwart shoulders and helped mothers to tie the shawl which was to carry the baby, Indian fashion. Amid tears and blessings the little procession climbed the low rise, crossed the fields where the snow still lay in patches, and entered the woods.

Many a tear fell upon the first few miles of that fores path; but they fell secretly. Only cheerful voices wer heard calling back and forth along the line. The stopped to eat the prepared lunch at Cedar Creek. I was less than two yards wide but the melting snows ha filled it brim full. While the others ate, Gabriel found stout tree-trunk lying across the little stream. Upo it the procession crossed and followed the leader int what was to most of them unknown country.

The snow was deep in the hollows of the woo

By courtesy of the Ross Robertson Collection, Toronto Public Library.

SUMMERSIDE, PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

Aristide Gallot pitched from a little knoll head foremost into a snowbank, which swallowed him so that only his moccasins were seen kicking faintly. His father drew him forth and set him upon the path, but within the hour he had strayed again and was heard calling lustily for help from the top of a great log beneath which his foot had sunk and caught.

On the third day out the whole party camped. Annette Maillard's feet were so swollen that she could not proceed. Matilde Ētoille and several of the young girls were in almost equally bad case. They lost part of a day crossing a stream so wide that no fallen tree-trunk would serve them. The men had partly constructed a rude bridge when a party of Indians came up. They had a canoe cached in the underbrush and before dark had ferried the whole party safely over.

As the days passed, rations grew slender. They had hoped to kill some game as they went, but scarcely anything had been found. Gabriel knocked over a few rabbits, but they did not go far among so many. The women, secretly stinting themselves, began to show worn white faces. The fretful voices of children could be heard up and down the line. Then Henri Fourchette shot a deer as it came down to drink just at dawn.

What rejoicing! They camped till noon, cooking a good meal and dividing the remaining meat among the different families.

Next day, in the afternoon, as they descended a hill, the sun struck across a stretch of blue water. With shouts the boys broke their line and ran wildly down to the beach. They had reached Tatmagouche.

A fishing-smack rocked pleasantly half a mile from shore, and away out a small boat could be seen putting down a line. The English flag floated lazily from the mast of the smack. There was no French vessel in sight.

"Nor will be as long as he remains," said the leader disgustedly, shaking an angry fist at the intruder.

They built their supper fires well back on the sand, but the smoke carried its message. The English skipper sent a boat ashore to see what they were about. The leader explained, in his precise English, that they were Acadians for Cape Breton and awaited a vessel to carry them.

"A vessel, indeed," said the skipper angrily, when he had been given the message. "A dirty French pirate stealing in here to fish. Let him try it while I am in the bay and see how he'll like a shot across his bows." He ordered his vessel to be put round and with the evening breeze they sauntered over toward the east shore and anchored a dozen rods from the land. "Let him put in if he dare," said the skipper.

Gabriel and Henri watched this movement in dismay; the agent groaned aloud. The sand was warm and dry; there was plenty of driftwood for fires; they had a better camp than they had had since they left home; but food was scarce and the women were weary with the journey. This *bête* might remain for days.

"While the wolf watches the front of the lodge, the fox walks away from the back," said a quiet voice in Gabriel's ear.

"Starlight!" he exclaimed in great relief.

"The back of the lodge is here, my friend, and the door but a little way," said the slim young Indian, who so suddenly stood among them.

On their right the shore curved east and south, doubling behind them in a long narrow bay. Here the Frenchman lay comfortably concealed. It was less than a mile across the neck to the point of embarkation. Keeping the fires alight to deceive the English skipper, the men roused the women. Bundles were hastily got

ogether, babies were snatched up asleep as they were, lder boys and girls were tied to father or mother that hey might not stray in the darkness. Gabriel and ntoine stayed behind to replenish the fires a last time. n less than two hours the whole party stretched themelves out thankfully upon the deck of the French ransport. In the darkness before the dawn they slipped own the bay and so set their course for Cape Breton.

Twenty-four hours of pleasant sailing brought them o St. Peter's Harbour. Here were no long tidal flats to e dyked into rich pastures; the forest, dark and tall, narched grimly to the water's edge, a regiment ready o dispute their landing. Many a homesick hour they pent longing for the lovely meadows of Minas; deep nd bitter were their regrets as they struggled to wrest ew farms from the wilderness. Some gave up and reurned; others stayed and won new homes. Perhaps to one of them had the move seemed really worth while xcept to Gabriel and Matilde. They had the family onour to think of; and though comfort had been acrificed, honour had been served.[1]

[1] This is not an historical story.

Canadian Pacific Railway

GRAND FALLS ON THE ST. JOHN

FATHER LOYARD

FATHER SIMON, who had befriended John Gyles, died i
1701 and, five years later, Father Loyard came to tak
his place upon the St. John. Loyard was an honourable
kindly man and, after Nova Scotia became British i
1713, he did much toward building up a friendly feelin
between the two peoples in the province.

For many years after the Peace of Utrecht th
St. John River country, all that part of Canada which i
now the province of New Brunswick, was in disput
Britain said that it had always been part of "Acadia
and was, therefore, now hers. France said that "Acadia
meant only the peninsula of Nova Scotia, and that th
mainland was still hers. Governor Vaudreuil, of Canad
whose wife was a d'Amours and a native of New Brun

vick, stood out stoutly for possession of it. He made Loyard his agent on the St. John, encouraged him to bring the Acadians over from Nova Scotia, and gave him power to make grants of land to them when they arrived.

Father Loyard was a far-sighted man. He knew that the British had at last realised the value of Nova Scotia; he felt sure that they would not easily give it up, that they would not be driven out of it by single scalpings or scattered attacks. Believing that there was nothing to be gained by such methods, he urged his people not to use them. He was, however, a loyal Frenchman and constantly encouraged the Acadians to return to French territory.

The St. John valley is near to Nova Scotia; it is a gentle, fertile country. No place could have been found more suitable as a refuge for those Acadians who did not wish to live under British rule. Father Loyard made many journeys among the Acadian settlements, and brought back to the St. John many useful colonists.

His great work, however, was done among the Indians. During twenty-four years he ministered to them. Tirelessly he wandered among them; on Sundays preaching; on week-days teaching; relieving their wants, healing their sick. He died of an illness caught while on a long winter journey to help starving people. Naturally, the Indians loved him.

Realising the importance of Loyard's influence, Governor Caulfield, of New England, made friends with him at the first opportunity after the peace. In 1715, Caulfield sent a messenger to Loyard begging him to tell the Indians that the British would be their friends as the French had been. He sent up a ship-load of gifts, which Loyard distributed among his people.

The next year, to cement the friendship of the

Micmacs, the King of England sent money to build a church on the St. John. It was built at Medoctic—a beautiful little church, well-furnished in every way. The King sent out a small bell for it, which pleased the Indians greatly. They contributed generously of their beaver-skins; and the church was the pride of all that country. Father Loyard made it his headquarters as long as he lived, preaching in it whenever he could.

Loyard succeeded pretty well in keeping peace among his civilised neighbours; he had less control over the savages. They had been bred in the French tradition; they understood and liked Frenchmen and French ways; the English were strange and distasteful to them. Many were the raids and attacks upon the English, planned perhaps by some French trader but carried out by the Indians.

They were willing enough to make peace; it was keeping it which troubled them. In 1720, nine chiefs went to Port Royal where Governor Phillips spent one hundred and fifty pounds in entertaining them. "But," he said, "I am convinced that a hundred thousand would not buy them from the French interest."

And he was right. As long as Father Loyard lived his influence kept them within bounds. He died in 173 and the Indians, ripe for mischief, became a ready too in the hands of those who were far less good and wis than he.

THE PORT OF JOY
Charlottetown Harbour

THE PORT OF JOY

CAPTAIN DOUBLET'S fishing-station on Isle St. John had long ago been abandoned; for years the Indians had their beautiful Abegweit to themselves. After the loss of Nova Scotia, however, the French found themselves with greatly narrowed fisheries, and their thoughts turned again to Isle St. John.

St. Pierre, first equerry to the Duchess of Orleans, begged for the island, and his noble patroness obtained it for him. A fishing-company was formed. Three ships were made ready, and three hundred men with food and stores embarked. Daniel de Belleisle commanded the expedition.

Belleisle reached Louisburg in Cape Breton on August 23, 1720. Here he found that the other two ships which had separated from him on the voyage had already touched and sailed on. At Louisburg, Belleisle met young Denys, and, as he had had great experience in founding stations, Belleisle persuaded him to go with them.

Leaving Cape Breton they sailed pleasantly along, always in sight of the land. Imagine with what eager eyes the colonists scanned the shores they passed. Rounding Point Prim and crossing Hillsborough Bay, they sailed between two little islands and so into a broad basin.[1] High red bluffs protected them from the sea upon the south; green and tree-clad slopes invited them inland. It was so safe and beautiful that the happy colonists called it the Port of Joy.

The other two ships were already anchored and welcomed their leaders with cheers. September was at the door, and there was no time to lose if everything was to be got under cover before winter. While the sailors unloaded the stores, the colonists attacked the timber. An open park-like space well behind the point had been chosen as the site of Fort La Joie. A few days' work with the axes prepared it for the builders, who attacked the new problem of putting up log-houses with awkward but determined hands.

The men were divided into parties, each under an officer. One group cut down the trees; a second trimmed the logs of branches; a third netting the stripped log in chains hauled it to the fort; while all those who knew anything about building were detailed as carpenters By the end of the month a rough but stout little for protected the harbour entrance. Earthworks had been thrown up and eight cannon mounted, and the men were hard at work upon the storehouses and the cabin which they were preparing for themselves.

A fringe of trees had been left upon the shor which curved towards Lighthouse Point; and upon th Point a tall black cross was reared. Near by, Fathe Breslay was in charge of the building of the chapel.

It was a tiny place, only fifteen by eighteen feet. Th

[1] Now Charlottetown Harbour.

walls were rough logs, the ceiling bark, the floor beaten earth. There were no pews; only a few of the men could get into it at one time; but Father Breslay was happy. With his own hands he built the altar and covered it with a fair white cloth. Over it he hung a picture of the Christ and His Mother. On week-night evenings he called the men to Vespers and Confession; on Sunday mornings he said Mass.

In November the harbour froze and Northumberland Strait became a churning mass of great cakes of ice. No ship of those days dared attempt the crossing. The Port of Joy was shut up for the winter. The men explored the island, hunted, trapped, and fished through the ice. They seem to have spent a pleasant winter. It was a fortunate beginning.

As was the case with so many of the French colonies, the beginning was the best part of it. Like so many others, the Port of Joy was founded in a burst of enthusiasm and with the highest hopes. But when the founding was done, the French seemed ever at a loss. They did not know what to do next. It was not in their nature to settle to the back-breaking toil of clearing the forest and developing farms to support a settlement for the fort to protect. They built their forts, then left them, hurrying away to hunt or trade or fight.

It was so with the Port of Joy. The fishing was excellent, but there were so many quarrels about it that first one and then another drew out of the company. The station lapsed to the Crown. In a few short years Fort la Joie was found in charge of a captain with a few men. The defences were in ruins, which after all mattered little as there was nothing to defend. The cabins were falling down; they had been patched and propped so often that they were dangerous. So the place remained for many years.

MARIE MAISONAT

In the gallant days when Port Royal was still French, Captain Baptiste was the most dangerous privateer who sailed the northern seas. Many a richly-laden prize did he tow proudly into harbour. Boston merchants feared him greatly; all who could, took cover when word came down the wind that Captain Baptiste had slipped his cable.

His house was the finest in Port Royal; his dinners the best, his wines the oldest, his daughters the prettiest. Half the gay doings of the town went on under his roof. The wild sea-dogs who were his comrades sang and told stories in the kitchen; while the gay young officers from the fort danced with the girls in the parlour. Open house he kept, and never a night but someone knocked for food or fun.

Of all that jolly company, Captain Baptiste's daughter, Marie Maisonat, was the gayest. Dark and slender, her flashing eyes dared everyone to follow her in each new prank her witty mind invented. Like her race, impulsive; like her father, utterly careless of consequences, she led the youth of old Port Royal in hunt, in tramp, in dance, a merry chase.

When Nicholson came to Port Royal in 1710, there sailed in his company one William Winniett, a Huguenot, who, when the Protestants were driven from France, had escaped to London and so, in time, to Boston. Winniett was an adventurous person. He had not been many weeks in Port Royal before he determined to

marry Marie, and marry her he did. In a year's time the wedding was over, and Winniett, who had settled down to trade, became, shortly, the leading merchant and ship-owner of Nova Scotia.

So "Mad Marie" moved from one handsome home to another. But now her tricks and jokes were over; her husband became a member of the Council of Annapolis; and the corn-roasts and sleigh-rides, the hunting and fishing picnics, gave place to grave dinner-parties where the Governor was entertained in state, and public policy discussed from soup to nuts.

One imagines Marie yawning behind her beringed fingers; but no! Times had changed and with them the versatile lady. Hunting and dancing were gone with her lost French youth; politics and power were come with the British.

For Marie discovered that she loved power, knew how to win it, knew how to use it. The British Governor needed information about the woods, the streams, the Indians, the Acadians, Quebec, the Court of France. Marie had it or knew ways of getting it, and Marie was British now. Many a plot was revealed in her parlour, many a plan laid about her dinner-table. Her great brown eyes shone with pride as she listened, suggested, advised, and with her woman's wit found ways to circumvent the enemy.

Years passed; Marie grew old and stout; she forgot to care about velvet and jewels, about parties and beaux; but the love of power grows. In her brown drugget gown, large bonnet, and heavy garden-shoes, she ruled Annapolis as she had ruled Port Royal.

She married her daughters to British officers. The eldest became the wife of Captain Crosby, Lieutenant-Governor of Annapolis. The second married Lieutenant Handfield, and the third Captain Edward Howe. Grand-

Canadian Pacific Railway

MARTELLO TOWER FOR DEFENCE

sons and granddaughters grew up around Marie, fine stalwart young fellows, pretty girls. These, too, she married into important families; so she kept her power.

The private soldiers when not on guard were kept busy patching up the tumbling walls of the fort. Sometimes one or other of them would get a job helping some merchant in the town, and so earn sixpence. Too often, then, the careless fellow dropped into a tavern to spend it; and being called to account by his superior officer, would always reply: "I was called to finish a job for Madame Winniett." The officer might storm, but he could do nothing, for Marie never permitted anyone to invoke her name in vain. If the sinner were ordered "confined to barracks," she ordered him to be released, and the officer was obliged to let him go.

Soon after Captain Knox arrived in Port Royal, he

was taken by a friend to call upon Madame. They saw, in her drawing-room, a tall young fellow, her grandson. He was well-dressed in the uniform of an officer's servant. Knox stared at his hat, thinking it very rude of him not to take it off to them. The poor lad was an imbecile, but they did not know that. Seeing Knox stare, the old lady became offended and said she could assure him that the boy was an officer's son and as good as he was. Knox, not meaning any harm, said he supposed he was the son of a French militia man. At this, Madame fell into a towering rage and shouted out: "We have rendered King Shorge more important services dan ever you did, or *peut être* (perhaps) ever shall; and dis be well known to people *en authorité*." As she grew more and more angry, Knox and his friend thought it was time to decamp. They slipped out, leaving her to vent her temper upon her grandson.

HANNAH DARLING

Ben Darling was a New Englander, born at Marblehead about 1730. When he grew up he became an Indian trader. He was a cautious, kindly man, who offered a fair bargain and never broke his word to Indian or white man.

As soon as Canada became British, New England began to hear many stories of the rich Indian trade along the St. John. Ben Darling resolved to try his fortunes there. He brought his wife and little daughter Hannah through the wilderness to the village of Nauwigewack.

At this place the Maliseets had a large settlement. They cultivated the ground with a plough shaped like a spade. Corn and tobacco grew plentifully in their

little fields. They were friendly, and Ben Darling did a considerable trade with them. They did not wish any white man to settle near them, however, and refused, at first, to allow Ben to buy land.

The wise trader did not force himself upon them. He brought in powder, shot, knives, hatchets, and many other things which they desired. He gave honest value for their furs. Quietly he made himself necessary to them. Presently they trusted him.

After a time Darling again sought to buy land for a post. This time the Indians did not refuse outright, but they bargained a long time; at each conference the chief added something more to the price. Patiently Ben listened to him, promising this, refusing that. At last they agreed. Ben was given an island not far from the village. In return he gave the chief two bushels of corn, a barrel of flour, a grindstone, powder, shot, knives, hatchets, and some other tools. He was obliged to promise that he would not cultivate the soil. Mrs. Darling was not even allowed to have a garden.

Ben now built himself a comfortable log-house, the upper part of which he finished as a store-room for the goods used in his Indian trade. After some years Mrs. Darling died and Hannah, now grown into a handsome young woman, kept house for her father.

Hannah Darling's friendly ways and merry laugh made her a great favourite with the Indians who had known her from childhood. They admired her white skin, her rosy cheeks, her quick wit. More than one of the young chiefs would have been glad to carry her off to his wigwam.

One day Ben and the old chief went together down the river to examine a beaver dam. While they were absent, an insolent young Indian came to the house. Opening the door without knocking, as was the Indian

custom, he strode into the kitchen and ordered Hannah to follow him to his wigwam.

The girl was alone in the house; there was no one within call; she was terribly frightened. Her wit, which had served her well in many a laughing encounter, now enabled her to escape from a serious one.

After pretending to think for a moment, she promised to go with the Indian and followed him out of doors. As he strode ahead of her across the clearing she fell behind, turned, rushed back, and flinging herself over the threshold locked the door.

The Indian beat upon the door but found it too strong for him. He then appeared at a window, brandishing a long knife and threatening to kill Hannah. But she, brave as she was clever, showed him a determined face. She snatched down a gun, loaded it, and drove him off.

At this moment Darling and the chief returned. Hannah opened the door and threw herself into her father's arms sobbing, now that the danger was over. The chief was very angry when he heard her story. He sent out a band who quickly brought in the cowardly one. The chief made him stand before Hannah and offered to kill him if she so desired. The girl would not, of course, allow such a punishment to be inflicted. She readily forgave the culprit, but the tribe, less easily appeased, chased him out of their settlement.

Hannah Darling afterwards married and lived to be a very old lady.

Norman McLeod, Sydney

BOMB-PROOF SHELTERS, LOUISBURG

LOUISBURG

WHEN Nova Scotia had passed into the hands of the British, the French turned their attention to Cape Breton. The island is supposed to have taken its name from the Breton fishermen who frequented it in Cartier's time. It lies between Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, blocking the southern entrance to the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Its coast is indented by many deep bays and river mouths, in those days frequented by pirates. Among its beautiful lakes and hills are many rich and lovely valleys. The island abounds in coal.

Before the Peace of Utrecht was signed, the King of France had ordered the Bandot brothers to examine Cape Breton and to report upon it as a place suitable for settlement and defence. These gentlemen sent in a very interesting memorial. They strongly advised the settlement of the island which, they said, was admirably situated to be a depôt of trade between France and Canada.

The Messieurs Bandot then pointed out the difference

Canadian Pacific Railways.

APPLE-PICKING TIME IN NOVA SCOTIA.

between British and French colonies. They showed how the English settled, clearing and farming their lands; while the French idled about the woods, hunting and trading. Cape Breton could not be held, they said, unless a strong and permanent settlement were established there. Otherwise it, too, would fall into the hands of the British.

Nova Scotia being lost, the island must become the headquarters of the French fishing industry. They suggested that fishing-villages should be established where the fishermen and their families could live all the year round instead of returning to France each winter. A great shipbuilding trade might, they said, be built up in the island, and forts established there to protect the St. Lawrence.

They advised that Government vessels should be lent to carry colonists to the island. These, they said, might return with cargoes of masts, spars, planks, and fish which would, in part, pay the expenses of founding the colony. The fort should be garrisoned with soldiers who were also workmen. After serving in the army for a time these men might be released and settled upon the land, both peopling and protecting it.

The plans suggested were excellent and were approved by the French Court. Steps were ordered to be taken towards carrying them out, and first it was necessary to choose a site. Port St. Ann and English Harbour were considered. Port St. Ann is a spacious and well-protected harbour. To fortify it would cost little. It is near the beautiful Bras d'Or Lakes where the soil is fertile, a district excellent for both farming and fishing.

English Harbour has a narrow entrance and good anchorage; but the beach is small, and the land about stony. The cod-fishing is valuable; but the place, it was reported, would cost a mint of money to fortify, as all

the materials for the works would have to be brought from a distance. In spite of these disadvantages, Port St. Ann being a little difficult of access, English Harbour was chosen as the site of the great fort.

Upon a neck of land on the south side of the harbour a town was laid out and called Louisburg in honour of King Louis. The French through their agents made a great effort to get the Indians of Nova Scotia to remove to Cape Breton, and many of them did go. The Acadians also were pressed to emigrate. Many of them would, doubtless, have gone if they could have found shipping in the early days after the peace. But as the years passed and the British showed themselves friendly, few Acadians were found willing to abandon their farms.

As Louisburg grew, it became a terrible menace to New England. Privateers thronged in the great harbour. French cruisers sallied forth to chase and destroy the New England fishing-boats. Trading became dangerous; fishing nearly impossible.

Governor Shirley of Massachusetts was brave and determined. When he came into power in 1740 the New Englanders began to talk of attacking the fort. It was a daring suggestion. Louisburg was entirely surrounded by fortifications thirty feet high; it was further protected by a ditch eighty feet wide. The walls mounted one hundred and sixty-four guns. The entrance to the harbour was protected by thirty-two heavy guns mounted upon an island.

Undaunted by these dangers, Shirley made his plans. He wrote to England asking for ships to help him. It was brought up in the Colonial Parliament, and though at first the members voted against it as too expensive and dangerous, the merchants and fishermen finally carried the Bill through. New York sent money and

provisions. Shirley wrote to Commodore Warren of the West Indies Fleet asking him to come and help them.

On March 23, 1745, word came back from Warren that he dared not come north as he had no orders from the King to do so. Shirley's forces were ready; the next day, under the command of Sir William Pepperell, they sailed alone. Three weeks they passed at Canso, rebuilding the fort and drilling the men. Then Warren arrived. The very next day after he had sent his former message he had had his orders from the King to sail against Louisburg.

The whole fleet with four thousand men aboard now advanced against the French stronghold. They arrived on the last day of April. They landed their men and began the siege. It was very difficult to land the big guns and the stores; there was no wharf and the surf rolled up the beach. The men had to wade through the sea to land the goods. This work, together with the damp ground upon which they had to sleep, caused much sickness among them.

After the cannons were landed they had to be dragged over a swamp. Horses and oxen could not cross it, the wheels of the guns sank out of sight. Colonel Messerve invented a way out of this difficulty. He had wooden sleds built. Upon these the guns were placed and the men drew them over the mud. It was heart-breaking work and it had to be done at night in the darkness and damp. At last it was completed; the guns were in position and began to play upon the fortress. Then the British had the good fortune to capture a French ship-of-war laden with men and stores for Louisburg. They sent word into the fort that *Le Vigilant* was theirs. This discouraged the French. Two more British ships now came up with fresh supplies of powder. The

bombardment was kept up unceasingly until, on June 15, the French hung out a flag of truce.

Terms were agreed upon, and two days later the French marched out, their colours flying and drums beating. At the same time Pepperell entered the south-west gate leading the victorious British.

Already a fast sailing-vessel was on her way to Boston with the triumphant news. She docked at one o'clock in the morning; by daybreak every bell in the town was ringing; men, women, and children were in the streets, talking, laughing, and congratulating one another; their courage had been justified; Louisburg was theirs.

And after all this, when peace was made, Britain gave Louisburg back to France. It seems foolish; but, apparently, it could not be helped. The war had been going on three years; both nations were thoroughly weary of it, but France would make peace only upon one condition—the British must give back Louisburg. Otherwise the French said they would fight for ever. For peace sake Britain gave it back; and so, when the time came, it had to be taken all over again.

Norman McLeod, Sydney

ATLANTIC SURF NEAR LOUISBURG

HALIFAX

THE FIRST BRITISH SETTLEMENT IN CANADA

THE British had now owned Nova Scotia for thirty-six years without settling it. Liberal offers of land there had, indeed, been made to the New Englanders, but the remoteness of the country and the constant Indian raids had deterred emigration. The Governor and garrison at Annapolis held the country for Britain; there was a fishing-village at Canso, another at Cape Sable, La Tour's old home; the rest of the province was altogether French.

In 1749, France and Britain, after three years of war, again made peace. To the disgust of the New Englanders who had captured it, Louisburg was once more given back to France. The French continued to insist that only Nova Scotia had been ceded to Britain, and that all the rest of Acadia was still part of New France.

The New Englanders sent home to Britain to explain the value of Nova Scotia and to point out that unless it was settled it would be useless to try to hold it. In Britain, the soldiers were just coming home from the wars; many of them had no work in prospect; it was suggested that they should be sent out to settle Nova Scotia.

We have watched, many times, the French found a colony. We have seen them collect a few enthusiastic adventurers and send them out often in poorly-equipped vessels. We have seen cabins rushed up; elaborate forts planned, weak walls built; supply ships late or lost altogether; colonists, who had hurried into the woods to hunt or trade, suffering from cold, hunger and lack of discipline. The French colony grew, if it grew at

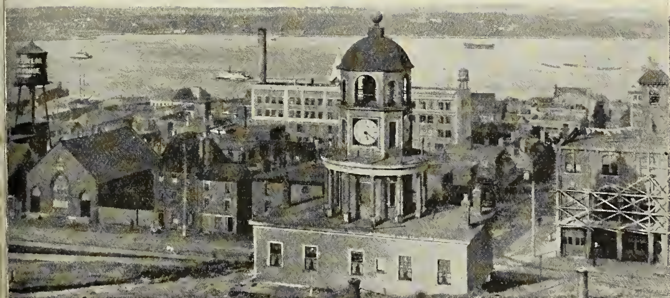
all, slowly and at the cost of great waste of time and money, and great loss of life.

We shall now watch the British found a colony. The difference in their methods shows the difference between the two races, both of which have their weaknesses and their good qualities.

When the British Government determined to settle Nova Scotia, they put the whole affair into the hands of the "Lords of Trade and Plantations." The Chairman of the Board was the Earl of Halifax, a shrewd and energetic man. He called his Board together and set to work. They sent out notices to the officers and men of the Army. To every private who should settle in the new province they promised fifty acres of land, with ten additional acres for each member of his family. Eighty acres were offered to junior officers; and from two to six hundred acres to seniors. The colonists were to be carried to Nova Scotia and maintained there with all things needful for one year at the expense of the Government.

The offer was liberal and within a few months more than two thousand men had applied for permission to join the colony. The Lords asked Parliament for money and were granted forty thousand pounds to use in establishing the new settlement. This large sum enabled the Lords to send the settlers out in comfort and to provide them with everything of the best quality. The King appointed Edward Cornwallis to be their Governor, and the fleet of thirteen transports set sail with all in order early in May, 1749.

Less than two months, a quick passage for those days, brought them to Chedabucto Harbour. Chedabucto is just midway upon the Atlantic coast of Nova Scotia; it is one of the finest harbours in America, indeed in the whole world; and there is excellent cod-fishing in the neighbourhood. The land about is rocky, but as it



Canadian Pacific Railway

HALIFAX HARBOUR

was well covered with trees the colonists did not find this out for some time.

As the ships sailed up the harbour the people crowded the rails to watch several canoes full of Indians. The savages as curiously gazed at the tall vessels and then, frightened perhaps by their number and size, fled. The colonists turned to look at the harbour and to exclaim at its great size and beauty. The solemn forest which grew to the water's edge must have looked somewhat forbidding; but most of them were too inexperienced to realise its terrors.

Governor Cornwallis had everything planned. The colonists landed first at Sandwich Point, but not being entirely satisfied with the situation they removed farther up the harbour to the place where the city of Halifax now stands. The men were divided into small parties, each with its leader, and so attacked the woods. With so many hands the clearing went on very rapidly.

As soon as a proper space had been made ready, the surveyors put down their posts and Mr. Bruce, the engineer, laid out the town in straight and handsome streets.

The place was ideal for defence. A round and steep hill which stood back a little way from the water's edge made an excellent site for the citadel. Great George Street was run from it straight down to the centre of a shallow bay. They planned to build a block-house on each horn of the bay and to run palisades from each block-house to the citadel. The centre of the town was thus well protected and all the citizens could, if danger threatened, get quickly inside the defences.

On July 14 Governor Cornwallis wrote: "It has all the conveniences I could wish except a fresh-water river. Nothing is easier than to build wharves. One is already built for ships of two hundred tons. I have constantly employed all the carpenters I could get from Annapolis and the ships here to build log-houses for the stores. Have likewise offered the French at Minas considerable wages to work, and they have promised to send fifty men to remain till October. As there was not one yard of cleared ground, you can imagine our difficulty and what we have here to do."

It is the British way to conduct everything in a systematic and law-abiding fashion. In so large a company officers of the law were needed. While the clearing and surveying went on, Cornwallis arranged that all those who had no tents should return each night to the ships where they were under the control of the officers. By the middle of July twelve acres had been cleared and the town laid out.

On July 14, on ship-board, Governor Cornwallis organised a government for the town. He called to him Paul Mascarene, Edward Howe, John Goreham, Benjamin Green, John Salisberry, and Hugh Davidson.

He appointed them members of His Majesty's Council for the Province of Nova Scotia, and to each of them he administered an oath. These men had all power to make laws and to try offenders; and it is not recorded that anyone of them abused his power.

When the Council was sworn in, the ship's guns fired a salute, the people went ashore and spent the rest of the day as a festival. Games, races, and trials of strength were arranged for the morning hours. The best rations the ships afforded were served at noon. The settlers spent the afternoon wandering about the beautiful shores of the harbour, each choosing the spot where he wished to build his home. At night camp fires were lighted and those who wished, spent the night on land.

Halifax was now a busy place. There was much to do: store-houses, a wharf, and a saw-mill were urgently required. The men must get their families under cover before the winter. Planks, doors, and window-frames were ordered from Boston. Twenty small vessels were kept busy plying back and forth with these supplies for the builders. At first all hands were put to work upon the public buildings. The men, divided as they were into parties, competed with one another, and the work went forward very rapidly. Every woman was busy cooking, cleaning, and mending. The boys and girls herded the hundred cows, the droves of sheep and pigs; or hurried back and forth carrying small supplies to the axemen and the carpenters.

Meanwhile, Mr. Bruce was busy laying out the town in lots. By August 6 he had finished the centre of the town. Draws were prepared—papers with a number upon each—and cast into a hat. At seven o'clock on the morning of August 8 each man stood, in Mr. Bruce's presence, and drew for himself a number. The head of each family drew a lot; and one man drew for each

four bachelors. Mr. Bruce then distributed the lots in the town according to the numbers drawn by the men.

Each man was now eager to work upon his own house and garden. Cornwallis, who was very anxious to have all safe before winter, tried to get the men to continue their work upon the palisades and the block-houses, but they would not. He offered one shilling and sixpence a day, which was a good wage for those times, but even so could get far fewer workmen than he needed.

There had been some drunkenness and a little pilfering, so, on August 18, four Justices of the Peace were sworn in, and each company of people appointed a policeman to patrol their neighbourhood. On August 30, a sloop with one hundred and sixteen settlers sailed up the harbour. These late comers were welcomed and provided for as well as the others. Two new streets were laid out and lots given them.

By the middle of October the palisades were finished and three hundred and fifty houses had been completed. The decks of the transports had been roofed over to shelter those whose houses were not yet ready, and all was made snug and comfortable.

The winter was very mild; the snow not deeper than three feet in the woods. The soldiers and sailors who had left Louisburg when it was given back to France had arrived and were wintering in Halifax; there were upwards of five thousand people in the town. Cornwallis knew better than to allow that number of men to remain idle. He busied himself arranging work suited to everyone. Many were needed each day in the woods to cut and haul logs to strengthen the palisades. Others squared timber for the frames of the public buildings, or finished the interiors of the houses. Still others were employed cutting down the trees on Citadel Hill. It was a busy and profitable time.

Canadian National Railways

LUNENBURG

GERMAN SETTLERS

WHILE Halifax was building in 1750, the British Government made a proclamation about the new settlement in Germany also. Fifty acres of fertile land were offered to each man, with ten acres in addition for each member of his family. The land was granted free of rents, and of taxes for ten years, and the Germans were to share in the supplies granted at Halifax for three years.

A great many Germans accepted this offer. By 1753, some sixteen hundred had arrived. Most of them were ambitious poor farmers who had no money, but hoped to better themselves in the New World. In those days they did not serve meals on ship-board; each passenger took his own food with him. As the voyages were long, this food often became bad, or failed altogether before the passengers reached land. It happened so with the

Germans. They fell sick; many of them died, and many others were still suffering when they reached Halifax. To prevent the infection from spreading on land, the poor Germans were kept on their ships for some time.

The new settlers had sold everything they had before leaving Germany. There were many old people and orphans among them. They spoke no English; there was not enough food in Halifax for them and they endured many hardships. The Government helped them build a little church and here, on Sunday afternoons, Mr. Breynton preached to them in German. This comforted them a little in their loneliness.

They were quiet, home-loving people, used to hard fare and willing to work. The men wore short coats, breeches buckled at the knee, long stockings and wooden shoes. Their hair was plaited and tied with a ribbon. The women had linen petticoats woven from home-grown flax. They wore little calico caps or handkerchiefs upon their heads. These costumes were picturesque enough, but not very suitable for a Canadian winter.

The Government had intended sending the Germans inland and settling them upon the vacant Acadian lands, but the remaining Acadians refused to have them. They were settled at Dartmouth just across the harbour from Halifax, and there spent a wretched winter. They had no lights and little besides potatoes to eat. They used shells for spoons and bark for plates.

In 1753, the Government decided to send them to Mahone Bay. Fourteen transports came and embarking all the Germans except fourteen families took them down the coast. On Mahone they founded the settlement of Lunenburg. They both fished and farmed, and, struggling and suffering, at last built up comfortable homes to bequeath to their children.

ST. PAUL'S CHURCH

Canadian Pacific Railway

ST. PAUL'S

THE Lords of Trade and Plantations invited the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts to provide religious services for the people in the new town of Halifax. After meeting and solemnly discussing the matter the Society agreed to do so. They promised to send out six ministers and six teachers to the new settlement.

The minister who had come out with the fleet died shortly after his arrival, and the Society sent out in his place Mr. Tutty, a gentleman who also spoke German as well as English. This made him very popular with the German settlers.

The next step was to build a church. The Government promised to provide the money. Lumber was ordered from Boston, and eager hands began to prepare the foundations. The small, oblong building common in most pioneer settlements would not do; a very large congregation waited at the door; Halifax needed a large church. A creditable public building cannot be built

in a few days, but, in this case, Government and people combined, and the first English church in Canada was ready for use by September 2, 1750.

As you climb the hill towards the citadel, in modern Halifax, old St. Paul's stands upon your left. Low, spreading her wings like a mother brooding comfort over her chicks, mellowed by the gracious memory of almost two hundred years of service, she clings to the hillside.

It is dark and cool inside. As your eyes grow accustomed to the dimness, they travel up the long isle to the chancel where the light from the high old windows picks out the faded colours of many a gallant battle flag. Against the ceiling are hung the hatchments of men famous far beyond the bounds of Canada; on either wall stretch long lines of memorial tablets, the names upon which are like a roll-call of Canadian history. The marble and brass plates crowd upon one another; the great scroll with the names of Halifax men who died in France has been placed in the vestibule, to face you as you enter. So, from threshold to chancel the ancient church is full of memories and of glory.

The gray church spire,
From the green hillside,
Lifts eye and thought to heaven.

GRAND PRÉ, AN ACADIAN VILLAGE

THE EXPULSION OF THE ACADIANS

Characters

MÈRE SOUJET. A stout woman with her skirt pinned up. She is scrubbing her door step.
FRANÇOIS and PIERRIE. Boys of twelve years.
HELOISE. A pretty girl with a basket.
FARMER BANAL. A tall man with a scythe.
MASTER SILLERY. A little elderly man.
FELIX LESTIN. A merry young man.
MARIE LESTIN (his wife). A stout bustling person.
VIGER (the blacksmith). He wears a leather apron.
MARVEL TARON. A tall boy of fourteen.
ANNETTE VIGER (Viger's wife). She wears a cap and apron and carries a basket of knitting on her arm.
EVANGELINE. A beautiful maiden.
THE COMMANDANT. A tall soldier with a kindly face.
THE SERGEANT. A short man with a loud voice.

THE FARMER OF GRAND PRÉ. A large elderly man, grave and quiet.
GABRIEL. A handsome young farmer.
THE CURÉ.

SCENE I

Grand Pré Village Street

The street is narrow and short. There are five houses facing the Bay and two with their backs to it. On the same side is the blacksmith's shop and beyond it the path runs down to the landing-place. At the end of the street is the church. Trees overhang the street, and the houses are set in pretty gardens. Tall grasses and flowers grow on each side of the path to the landing-stage. The bay is calm and very blue. Three ships, their sails furled, lie off shore. The sun shines gloriously. Mère Soujet scrubs her step.

Enter François and Pierre, running and laughing.

Pierre (*shouting*). Give me my cap, *bête*. (*They chase each other off*).
Mère Soujet (*shaking her head after them*). I like it not.

Enter Heloïse.

Heloïse (*laughing*). What like you not, Mère Soujet?
Mère Soujet (*sitting back on her heels and sniffing*). The air.
Heloïse (*going out laughing*). You look so funny, Mère, when you sniff.

Enter Farmer Banal.

Farmer Banal. A fair morning, Mère Soujet.
Mère Soujet (*shaking her head*). Fair enough, Farmer Banal, but the wind rocked the church tower last

night so that the bell rang again and again. It is a bad omen. There is evil brewing.

Farmer Banal (*laughing*). Come, come Mère Soujet, the church bell could not ring an evil message.

Mère Soujet (*suspiciously*). What means this calling of the men to the church then? What would the British soldiers with our farmers?

Farmer Banal. 'Tis some order from the governor, belike. See! here is Master Sillery from the Long Meadow, perhaps he knows.

Enter Master Sillery, singing.

Master Sillery. Hola! Banal. Have you seen Felix Lestin this morning? His cow wandered into my garden last night.

Farmer Banal. Yes, I was talking to him. He is on his way thither. He stopped at Crelle Farm to ask about his cow.

Mère Soujet. Are you come in answer to the Herald's order, Master Sillery?

Master Sillery. I am that, Mère, and much against my will I tell you. A hundred things wait to be done while I——

Enter Lestin and his wife Marie

Lestin (*clapping Sillery on the shoulder*). While you stand chattering here, Master Sillery, idling about the village at ten o'clock of a fine summer morning. Come, then!

Marie (*laughing*). Master Sillery likes idling no better than you do, Felix. The soldiers——

Viger (*stepping out of his shop door*). Taron's youngster says that there is something serious afoot. He heard——

Mère Soujet. What did he hear?

Viger. Here he comes, he will tell you himself.

Enter Marval, other men and women hurrying up from different directions join the group as he talks.

Marval (*excitedly*). I heard—I heard the commandant say he would lose a year's income rather than do it.

Annette (*taking a sock from her basket and beginning to knit*). Rather than do what, Marval?

Marval. I know not, but he shook his head and looked upon the ground and——

Pierre. Where were you, Marval? How heard you him?

Marval. I lay in the long grass by the landing-stage, fishing. The Commandant and the Captain came ashore and walked——

Marie (*laughing*). And you slept, Marval, slept and dreamed.

Farmer Banal. Here comes the fair Evangeline, perchance her father will have news.

Marval (*running to meet Evangeline*). Evangeline, it is true that I heard the Commandant say——

Lestin. Good morning, fair Evangeline. Has your father heard the meaning of the summons?

Evangeline. He knows nothing, friends. He has gone to consult the Father.

Annette (*pointing to the ships*). Look! Look! they put out a boat.

The Children (*shouting*). The soldiers! The soldiers!

Master Sillery. Let us to the church.

All. To the church! To the church!

[*They move down the street in a group chattering and laughing excitedly, the children running now before and now behind the others. The men pass into the church; the women seat themselves in the churchyard and take out their knitting. The children run about shouting.*

Scene II

Within the Church

The Commandant (*speaking from the steps of the altar*). Is the door closed, Sergeant?

Sergeant (*on guard at the door*). It is closed, sir.

The Commandant (*holding up the Royal Commission*). Men of Grand Pré, you are convened this day by his majesty's orders. He has been clement and kind, a father to you, but how have you returned his kindness? With disobedience.

The Farmer of Grand Pré. When have the people of Grand Pré disobeyed the King, Commandant?

The Men of Grand Pré (*muttering*). Aye, when? Let him answer!

The Commandant. How often, both in your time and in the time of your fathers has the Governor asked, entreated, commanded, that you take the oath of allegiance to our King?

Gabriel. The Governor knows that we cannot take the oath. Our fathers were excused. Why should not we be?

The Commandment. You have been warned again and again. You have exhausted the patience of the Governor and now I am come—I am come——

The Men (*whispering and moving uneasily*). What is it? What is required? What would he say?

The Commandant (*raising his head and speaking loudly*). The task is painful to me, but I am a soldier; my duty is to obey. I deliver to you the royal will of the King: namely, that all your lands, dwellings, cattle, and goods are forfeited to the Crown and you yourselves are to be transported from this province to other lands. God grant you may dwell there in peace and happiness. I have spoken.

Farmer Banal (*dazedly*). Are we to be carried away, then?

The Commandant. The ships wait in the harbour to transport you.

Lestin. Shall we not take our families (*looking wildly about*). Marie! where—Marie?

[*The men move towards the door but the Sergeant and his men keep them back.*

The Commandant. You will remain prisoners here until your wives have collected and brought in such goods as it is possible to allow you to take with you.

The Farmer of Grand Pré. This is a heavy sentence, Sir Commandant, is there no way of escape?

Gabriel (*eagerly*). Would money——a fine, perhaps—— ?

The Commandant. You have heard the order. My officer is, even now, instructing the women. Hark!

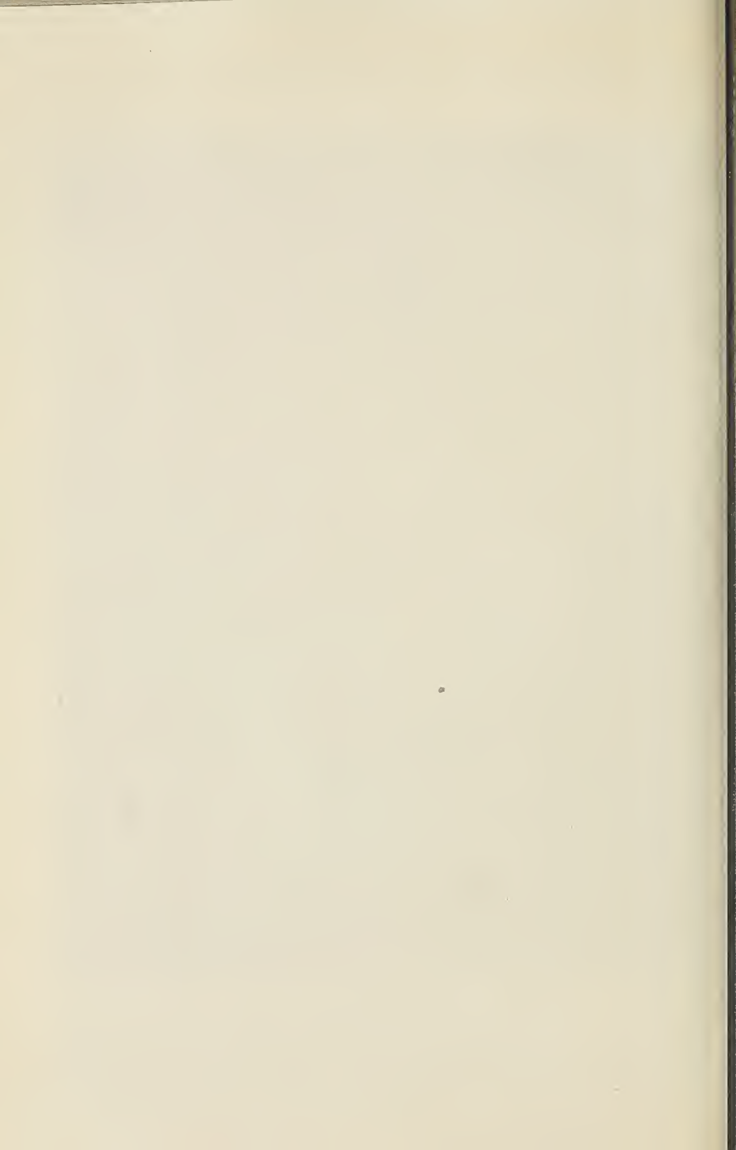
[*They listen. There is the sound of a loud voice reading, then a low murmur, then shrieks of fear and dismay, then silence. The men rush towards the window, then towards the door. The Commandant passes out but the Sergeant bars the way to the men of Grand Pré.*

Scene III

The shore at the landing-stage. The sand is strewn with boxes, bales and bundles of goods, and small articles of furniture. Groups of women and old men huddle together here and there; children race about

Canadian Pacific Railways.

EVANGELINE AT THE WELL.



among them. A cart loaded with household goods creaks slowly down from the village—boats ply back and forth between the land and the ships.

Pierre (*racing past the cart and shouting*). The men! the men are coming! the sergeant has opened the door of the church.

Marval (*running to him*). Where are they?

Heloïse. Let us run to meet them.

Mère Soujet. Nay! hasten not, little ones, they will arrive soon enough.

[*The women shade their eyes with their hands; the men are seen approaching.*

Marie (*wiping her reddened eyes*). Felix! Felix! I cannot see you!

Evangeline (*catching her by the arm*). I can see my father, but Gabriel, tell me, Marie, is Gabriel there?

Annette. Aye, he is there, child, next the Curé, he comes.

Marie. Oh woe! woe! to see us brought to this. (*She breaks into sobbing.*)

Evangeline (*comforting her*). There, there! Marie, see, your husband comes hither. You have your children beside you. All is not lost when you have your family.

Viger (*waving his hand and calling*). All well, cheer, my brave fellows, cheer for our women folk.

[*The men begin to cheer but break off suddenly.*

Heloïse (*screaming*). The smoke, the church! the church is on fire.

Evangeline. My father's house, too, see! see!

Annette (*shouting to the men*). The village is in flames.

[*The other women join in the shout. The men turn about.*

Master Sillery (*shouting*). The village is on fire! Hasten, men!

Gabriel. The soldiers have done this.

Farmer Banal (*seizing him as he is about to rush off*). It is of no use, men. The soldiers would not have set the place on fire if they had intended we should quench the flames.

The Sergeant (*commanding from the rear*). Forward, men, to the beach.

The Commandant (*landing from a boat*). Let everyone gather his possessions together. All must embark at once. We sail with the first tide.

The Curé (*approaching the Commandant*). Is there no help for us, sir. Cannot this cruel order in some way be stayed.

The Commandant (*sorrowfully*). There is no help, all must go!

Farmer Banal (*bowing his head*). We shall behold our homes no more.

The Curé (*lifting his hands*). Good people, since there is no mercy in man, let us turn to God, the Father of Mercy.

[*With their bundles in their arms and holding each other by the hand, the people kneel about him. The women sobbing, the men stern and silent, all hiding their eyes from the flames which leap ever higher and higher over Grand Pré.*

At the other settlements, Piziquid, Annapolis, and Chignecto, the people were collected and embarked in the same way. About 6000 altogether were removed. The officers in charge seem to have tried to help the people, letting them take their small valuables with them and keeping families together as far as possible.

In the confusion of the sudden departure, however, property was destroyed, injustices were done, and people were separated from their friends.

The Acadians were taken to the Southern States where, having no means of their own and no work, they became a charge upon the people. The Americans did not like this and kept them moving from one district to another. They suffered great hardships and numbers died. In the end, however, the majority got work, saved their wages, and hired passage back to their loved Acadia. At least 4000 of them returned. They settled quietly and, you may be sure, gave the British Government no further trouble.

EVANGELINE

Evangeline was a fair maid of old Acadia. She lived at Grand Pré, where her father was one of the principal men of the settlement. Evangeline had a sweetheart, whose name was Gabriel. The two young people had plighted their troth and looked forward to a happy married life.

Just at this time came Colonel Winslow to carry the Acadians away. All was fear and confusion. Evangeline was put upon one ship, Gabriel upon another. The two were carried to different parts of the Southern States. There was no post office in those days; the exiles were poor and spoke no English; it was very difficult for them to get news of one another.

Evangeline had a brave heart; she did not despair. As soon as she was free, she set out to find her lover Gabriel. For years she sought him, travelling here and

Norman McLeod, Sydney

CAPE BRETON VALLEY

there through that strange land. She found him at last in a hospital, dying. So the two faithful hearts were reunited.

It is a sad story but very pretty. The poet Longfellow having read of the expulsion of the Acadians, thought it a good subject for a poem. He made up the story of Evangeline and wrote it out in a long poem which you will read when you go to High School. The poem is beautiful; the story describes faithfully many of the sufferings of the Acadians; but one should remember that it is not an historical story.

Canadian Pacific Railway

THE CITADEL, HALIFAX

THE FIRST PARLIAMENT IN CANADA

In old times each country was governed by a king who took advice only from his personal friends; the people had no say in what taxes they should pay, or how affairs should be managed. The British people learned self-government; for centuries it has been the custom of our race that each country should be governed by its own Parliament.

Very soon after Halifax was founded an order was sent out from London advising the Governor to hold an election that the people might elect their members and a Parliament be called. There were so few British people in Nova Scotia, and so many wars and disturbances, that for some years it was not thought convenient to do so. In the meantime the Governor and his Council made laws which often did not please the people.

In May, 1758, Governor Lawrence, who had suc-

ceeded Governor Cornwallis, laid the matter of an election before his Council. They planned it all very carefully. They agreed that there should be twenty-two members in the Parliament: four for Halifax; two for Lunenburg; and sixteen for the rest of the province, which had not yet been divided into counties. Each voter and each member of the Assembly must be twenty-one years of age, Protestant in religion, and own property in his district.

The election, they agreed, should be held in the autumn. The votes were to be collected in each district, sealed up carefully, and sent to Halifax by the first possible messenger. There the votes were to be counted and those elected named by the Provost-Marshal.

When they had agreed upon all these matters, the Governor and Council of Nova Scotia sent a note to the British Parliament describing what they had done and asking if they might hold the election in this way. Permission came speedily back, writs were issued, the election held and, on October 2, 1758, the first Parliament ever held in Canada assembled in Halifax.

The members assembled in the morning and chose three of their number to announce to Governor Lawrence that they had convened. He appointed two members to receive their oaths of allegiance. When all had taken the oath, the Governor required the presence of the Assembly at his house. The members found him there, sitting with his Council. He requested them to elect a Speaker. They retired to another room and chose Robert Sanderson as their Speaker. Again entering the presence of the Governor, they reported what they had done. The Governor commended their choice and all returned to the Assembly Chamber.

The members sat in the large chamber of the Court House which stood on the corner of Argyle and

Buckingham Streets. It had been arranged for the session. There was a throne-like chair for the Governor, a lower seat for the Speaker, a small table for the Clerk. The members sat upon ordinary chairs round a long table which stood lengthwise of the room.

Governor Lawrence opened the session with a speech which, much shortened and simplified, ran somewhat as follows:

His Excellency Governor Lawrence. His Majesty having been most graciously pleased to direct the calling of an Assembly of freeholders, I am to assure you that it is with peculiar pleasure I now meet you, convened in that capacity. It is known to all that His Majesty has sent many fleets and armies to conquer and protect his province of Nova Scotia. We are, as yet, dependent upon his bounty even for food and stores; but I look forward to the day when Nova Scotia shall be self-supporting. I entertain the most sanguine hopes that you are come together to promote the real welfare and the prosperity of the people whom you have the honour to represent. I urge you to sanction all that legislation already passed by the Governor and his Council and promise to give my assent to all reasonable Acts of yours.

(*The Governor retires, the House standing as he does so.*)

First Member. We have listened to the speech of His Excellency with attention. I feel sure that every member of the House echoes His Excellency's wishes and hopes.

Enter Messenger.

Messenger (*laying paper upon the table*). I am sent from the Council to lay this Bill before you for your assent. (*He retires.*)

Mr. Speaker. Let the Clerk read the paper.

The Clerk (*reading*). "Soit Baillé aux Communes."

Second Member. Tush! What means this nonsense of French?

Third Member. I say we have no need of it in our affairs. Let all be written and spoken out in plain English.

All. Agreed! Agreed!

Fourth Member. Mr. Speaker, I move that this paper be returned to the Council with a request to know for what purpose they sent it to us.

Fifth Member. I second the motion.

Mr. Speaker. Gentlemen, you have heard the motion; all in favour?

Members. Aye! Aye! Aye!

Sixth Member. Mr. Speaker.

Mr. Speaker. Mr. Suckling.

Sixth Member. Mr. Speaker and Gentlemen, it is well known to all that the public officers of this province have not set forth any table of their fees. One man is charged a certain sum; to have the same office performed, a poorer man is often charged more. This is not just. I move that the public officers be required to lay the tables of their fees before us.

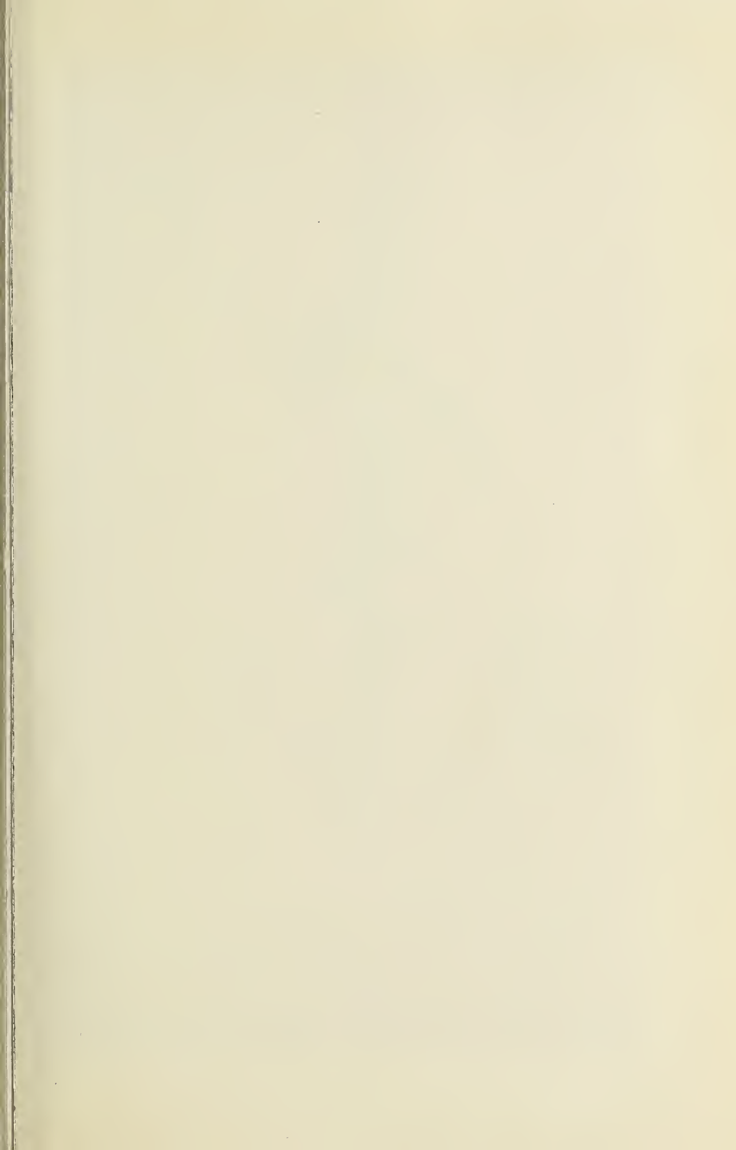
Seventh Member. I second the motion.

Mr. Speaker. Gentlemen, you have heard the motion; all in favour?

Members. Aye! Aye!

(*The Clerk calls a Messenger and whispers to him.*)

Eighth Member. Mr. Speaker, I beg to give notice of motion that on the third day from hence I will bring down to this House a Bill entitled "An Act for the Better Keeping of the Lord's Day." There has been, of late, much looseness and brawling about our streets upon the Sabbath Day. This is not as it should be. We have therefore framed an Act which limits the time the shops may keep open upon the Sabbath; and



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CHARLOTTETOWN.

which provides a fine for non-attendance at church, the constables to parade the town during church hours to take those who are guilty and to prevent disorder.

Enter Messenger with paper which he lays before the Speaker.

Mr. Speaker (after looking at paper and consulting with the Clerk). Gentlemen: the tables of fees which you require from the public officers are in my hands. They have all been sent in except the table of fees for the Admiralty Court. The Judge of that Court, the Honourable John Collier, refuses to submit such a table.

Ninth Member. He refuses, does he? I say we should let him know who we are that ask!

Tenth Member. Mr. Speaker, the Honourable John Collier is not one who should risk his position in this province by incurring the anger of this House.

Eleventh Member. His position, Sir—rather say his positions. He is a Justice of the Peace, a member of the Council, a Judge in the Court of Probate, a Judge in the Admiralty Court.

Third Member. Such combining of offices is an outrage.

Fifth Member. It leads to much injustice.

Enter a Member of the Council.

Sixth Member. I charge Judge Collier with taking such fees in the Court of Admiralty as are grievous and oppressive, such as the subject is unable to bear.

Member of Council. The last speaker is guilty of contempt. I demand that this House give him leave to attend before the Council and make good that charge.

Thirteenth Member. The members of this House are accountable only to this House for what they say.

Fifteenth Member. I move that the gentleman be given no leave to attend the Council.

Sixteenth Member. I second the motion.

Mr. Speaker. Gentlemen, you have heard the motion; all in favour?

Members. Aye! Aye!

(*The Member of Council retires in anger.*)

Tenth Member. Mr. Speaker.

Mr. Speaker. Mr. Pantree.

Tenth Member. Inasmuch as the collectors of the import and excise duties are, by reason of gout and other infirmities of body, rendered incapable of performing their duties, I beg to bring in a resolution that His Majesty be petitioned to appoint others to these offices.

(*The Members discuss the resolution, but a Messenger draws Mr. Pantree aside, where he is confronted by one Archibald Hinschelwood, who steps out of the crowd at the back of the room.*)

Mr. Hinschelwood (*very red in the face and sputtering angrily*). Sir! How dare you, Sir, complain of me in this fashion! Incapable! How dare you!

Pantree. Really, Sir, I had no notion. I make no complaint against you.

Hinschelwood (*shaking his fist*). You have complained! Your House has complained. I tell you I'll not bear it, Sir. How dare you, Sir! I have but one life to lose, Sir; I'll lose it if I must. I'll not be used so.

Pantree. You may insult me, Sir, but you may not insult this House. (*Turning to the Speaker.*) Mr. Speaker: This gentleman insists that this House has complained of him without reason. He insults this House and he insults me.

Seventh Member. Let the gentleman be called to the Bar.

Mr. Speaker. Sir, you are called to appear at the Bar of this House. (*He is seized by two Messengers and brought before the Speaker.*)

Mr. Pantree. I mentioned no names.

Hinschelwood (*who is now rather frightened*). But you meant me.

Tenth Member. I submit that the gentleman has no right to draw such a conclusion.

Fifteenth Member. The gentleman is well known as a public officer whose duties have frequently enough been neglected.

Fourth Member. I move that the gentleman be required to apologise to the Member and to the House.

Hinschelwood (*now quite subdued*). I apologise to the House and to the Member.

Pantree. I grant pardon for my part.

Eighth Member. I move that the gentleman be detained in custody of the Messenger until he has submitted a written apology for his language.

Tenth Member. I second the motion.

Mr. Speaker. Gentlemen, you have heard the motion; all in favour?

Members. Aye! Aye! Aye!

(*Hinschelwood is removed by Messenger.*)

Twelfth Member. Mr. Speaker, I rise to give notice that on the fifth day from hence I shall bring in a Bill dealing with the payment of certain sums due for the building and maintenance of the Sambro Lighthouse.

Sixteenth Member. Mr. Speaker, the hour is late and I move that we adjourn.

Seventeenth Member. I second that motion.

Mr. Speaker. Gentlemen, you have heard the motion; all in favour?

Members. Aye! Aye![1]

(*The Members gather up their papers and go away in twos and threes talking earnestly together.*)

THE PAYZANTS

LOUIS PAYZANT'S father came from the island of Jersey and settled on an island at the mouth of Mahone Bay. Before the Germans came to Lunenburg this island had been granted to the Payzants. Louis cleared the brush and built a comfortable log-house. He had a field of wheat doing well, and many boxes and bales of merchandise for trade stored in his attic.

One night in May, 1754, when his hired men had gone home and his family to bed, Louis Payzant heard a noise. He thought it was the Germans of Lunenburg come to steal and, stepping outside, he fired a shot to warn them off. It was, instead, a band of raiding Indians. Payzant's shot showed them where he stood; they fired and he fell. His wife, rushing out, caught him in her arms, where he died in a few moments.

Mrs. Payzant dragged her husband's body inside and barred the door. The Indians then set fire to the house; the poor mother gave in, and told her oldest son to open the door. The Indians rushed in like tigers;

[1] It was the custom, in those days, for members of Parliament and other public speakers to use many long and dignified words. I have made their speeches much shorter and simpler that you may read them. Also, the different laws mentioned were not all brought in upon the same day. The session lasted until April, 1759. All these laws and many other useful ones were made by the first Assembly during the winter. I have put them together in one day so that you may dramatise the first Parliament.

the lad jumped on the table shaking his fists and commanding them to leave his mother alone; the old servants and younger children screamed with terror.

When they had plundered the house and secured their captives, the Indians pushed off in canoes. They landed at Chester and set out across country to Windsor. They passed the fort in the night. The poor captives could see the sentry and longed to cry out for help, but no one dared, as an Indian with tomahawk in hand guarded each white prisoner. One cry would have meant instant death.

The Indians hoped to obtain a ransom for their prisoners, and treated them not inhumanely. They fed upon bread and berries. The braves carried the children through the woods upon their backs.

They went by way of Chignecto to Fredericton. From there Mrs. Payzant was sent to Quebec, but the children were kept by the Indians. After a time the two younger ones came into the hands of the French, who restored them to their mother. She then went to powerful friends, who used their influence with the Indians, and finally got back the older girl and boy. The Payzants were still in Quebec when Wolfe captured it.[1]

[1] You should read this story in *Old Province Tales* by Archibald MacMechan.

THE MONGUASH MAKE PEACE

SALTER STREET
One of the first streets laid out in Halifax.

Ever since the settling of Halifax, the Government had tried earnestly to make peace with the different Indian tribes of the province. In the summer of 1749, while Halifax was still a city of tents, Governor Cornwallis received the chiefs of several tribes. They made speeches, received gifts, and promised to be loyal to Britain.

As long as the French remained in power in Canada, Indian loyalty wavered. They promised glibly as they accepted the gifts sent them by the British King; but a year, even a month later, found them upon the war-path in the interests of the French.

After the fall of Quebec in 1759, the Governor and Assembly of Nova Scotia made new efforts to win the Indians. In July, 1761, the Assembly, then convened at Halifax, made a treaty of peace with Joseph Agrimault, chief of the Monguash tribe.

A "Great Talk" was arranged. It was held in the Assembly Chamber. The Governor appeared in his robes of State; the members of his Council, together with the magistrates and other public officers, sat about him. The members of the Assembly were in their places

at the table. The Abbé Maillard introduced Chief Agrimault and his followers. President of the Council Belcher addressed the Chief.

Maillard. Your Excellency and Gentlemen, I present to you Chief Agrimault, and the wisest of his old men. They have, in the past, sought war; they now seek peace with you. We know that His Majesty the King of Britain has already shown his good heart to his Indian subjects. The Monguash are come to lay down their arms and to ally themselves with the great British Father.

Belcher. You are welcome, oh Chiefs. His Majesty the King of Great Britain has ever treated the Indians with the greatest leniency. In return he expects fidelity and submission from them. On the other hand, it is only fair to warn you that if the present treaty is broken, His Majesty will give no other, he will never forgive.

As you now bury the hatchet in token of friendship with His Majesty, it is expected that you will always exert yourselves to oppose and hinder His Majesty's enemies. As Commander-in-Chief of His Majesty's forces in Nova Scotia, I now take you by the hand, in token that His Majesty the King of Great Britain receives you into his favour and protection.

(*Belcher shakes hands with Agrimault, and both sign the treaty. The members of the Council and Assembly stand while the two sign the treaty. Agrimault makes his mark, a picture of his medicine animal, and the Clerk of the House writes his name after the mark.*)

The party now forms in procession, the Governor and officers at the head; Chief Agrimault and his wise men next; the members of the Assembly following.

They pass out of the Court House and down the street to the Governor's garden. Here the ceremony of burying the hatchet is performed.

When all are assembled and silence has been imposed by the Herald, the oldest of Agrimault's followers steps into the centre of the circle. With the point of an arrow he digs a shallow hole in the ground. Chief Agrimault, with the small hatchet in his hand, then steps forward and speaks.

Agrimault. I have formerly paid obedience to another king, but now acknowledge King George III. as my only lawful Sovereign, and vow eternal fidelity and submission to him; my submission is not by compulsion, but it is free and voluntary and with my whole heart. I shall always esteem King George III. as my good father and protector. I now bury the hatchet on behalf of myself and my whole tribe, in token of their submission and of their having made peace which shall never be broken upon any condition whatever.

At the conclusion of this speech, he lays the hatchet in the grave and places upon it a handful of soil which he stamps down. Each of his followers advances in turn, places earth on the hatchet and treads it down. While this ceremony is going on, the servants pass about with trays offering glasses to the company.

Belcher. I call upon all to drink the health of the King of Great Britain. (*He raises his glass.*) Gentlemen, the King. (*All clink their glasses.*)

The Company (*shouting*). The King. (*All drink.*)

A Member of the Assembly. Three cheers for Chief Agrimault and his tribe.

Three cheers are given by all.

The party disperses.

SIR BROOK WATSON

A POOR BOY WHO BECAME LORD MAYOR OF LONDON

Brook Watson was born in 1735. His father and mother, who were very poor, died when he was ten and left him without support in the world. When he was fourteen he was sent to Boston to a man named Levens, a distant relative.

Mr. Levens was a trader and employed Brook on a small vessel which carried goods to the West Indies. One day, while in Havana Harbour, young Watson went in swimming. A shark attacked him and bit off the lower half of his right leg. He was rescued and taken to a Spanish hospital, where he recovered.

As soon as he was able, Watson returned to Boston, only to find that Mr. Levens had failed in business. Penniless and friendless, with his crutch under his arm, the boy went back to his old boarding-house. The landlady appealed for him to the City Council, who arranged to apprentice him to a tailor.

When the landlady came home and told him this, Brook protested angrily. He did not want to be a tailor; he would not be a tailor; what a trade for a high-spirited boy! He, for his part, would have none of it. The other boarders, hearing the dispute, came into the room, and one of them, a Captain Huston, offered to take the boy on his trading schooner. Watson gladly agreed, and when Huston had given his bond to the city, they set sail for Chignecto in Nova Scotia.

At this time, 1750, through the isthmus of Chignecto ran the boundary line between the French and the

British. The French had Fort Beauséjour on the west side of the Missiguash River; the British had built Fort Lawrence on the east side. French agents were busy coaxing and threatening the Acadians, persuading them to cross to the French side of the river.

Captain Huston, who sold supplies to the troops, took Brook with him to Fort Lawrence. The lad was diligent and ambitious; Huston treated him like a son, and he soon became popular with the officers at the fort.

In the spring of 1755 Fort Lawrence had almost exhausted its supplies of provisions; they had little left except a herd of seventy-two cattle, which grazed near the fort. One April day the cattle, imagining the grass greener on the French side of the river, swam across. Young Watson saw them and hurrying down to a party of soldiers working on the river bank, begged them to swim over and drive the cattle back. The river was swift and full of floating ice; the men hesitated, refused. Watson then stripped, and plunging in swam with a good deal of difficulty to the French shore. The bank was muddy, his wooden leg sank so deeply that he could not walk; he lay down and crawled and wriggled forward. He had driven sixty of the cattle back to their own side of the river, when he was observed by a French officer, who, seeing his exhausted condition, sent him back to the British fort in a boat.

Brook Watson was one of those appointed to take part in the expulsion of the Acadians. He speaks in his letter of the sufferings of these poor people, and we may be sure that having been homeless himself he sympathised with them.

Watson went into business first in Halifax. A year later he removed to London and became a partner with Joshua Mauger, a man who had made a great fortune as a victualling agent for the troops during the

war. Watson did business in London for many years, and though, as his friends said, he was too honest to become very rich, he lived in good circumstances.

When the American Revolution was over, Watson became chief assistant to Sir Guy Carleton in providing for the homeless Loyalists. He returned to London at the end of 1783, when the Government granted him a pension of £500 for his services.

In his later years honours showered upon Brook Watson. He was elected to Parliament in 1784. In 1786 he was chosen by the Government of New Brunswick to be their agent in London. He became an Alderman and Sheriff of London, and finally, like Dick Whittington, Lord Mayor. He lived to be seventy-two, dying in 1807.

THE ACADIANS

THERE in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset
Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors
Mingled their sound with the whir of the wheels and the songs of the maidens.
Solemnly down the street came the parish priest, and the children
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.

Canadian Pacific Railway

HAY MEADOWS NEAR MAUGERVILLE

MAUGERVILLE

THE FIRST BRITISH SETTLEMENT IN NEW BRUNSWICK

THE New Englanders were always quick to seize any chance to enlarge their boundaries. As soon as Wolfe had captured Quebec, and Canada became British, the people of Massachusetts prepared to take possession of the rich valley of the St. John.

In 1761, they sent out twelve men under Israel Perley to explore and report upon the St. John country. They came up from Boston in a ship. At Machias, they strapped their knapsacks upon their shoulders and struck through the woods north-eastward. Perley, who was a surveyor, had a compass and guided them. Rounding the head of Passamaquoddy Bay, they

reached the upper waters of the Oromocto, and followed it till it fell into the St. John. On their return they reported the country fertile and wholly unsettled.

The next year, Captain Francis Peabody, a man already in middle life but very active and energetic, succeeded in having a township surveyed on the St. John. The new settlement was sixteen miles long upon the river and was divided into one hundred lots. Each lot had a frontage upon the river and was about fifty rods wide. This township was called Maugerville.

In 1763, a band of two hundred settlers came up from New England to take up the new farms. One lot was reserved for the Church of England, one for a second church, one for a school, and one for the first minister who should come to live among them. The other ninety-six farms were given to the settlers.

Among the colonists were the Burpees, and with them their son David. David was only eleven, but he was a thoughtful lad, observant and systematic. Probably no one thought him very important, yet it is through little David that we know to-day a great many interesting things about those early days in Maugerville. When David was eighteen he began keeping a diary; for fifty-nine years he continued to write in it whatever of interest happened in the settlement. This diary, together with David's account book and some of his papers, have come down to us. From them we learn what the people ate and wore, did and thought, in those long-ago days.

As soon as the people were a little settled, they formed a church. They held a meeting and drew up this covenant:

"We whose names are hereto subscribed, apprehending ourselves called of God to combine and embody ourselves into a distinct church society . . .

"And it is also our purpose and resolution to discharge the duties of Christian love and Brotherly watchfulness towards each other, to train up our children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, to join together in setting up and maintaining the Public worship of God among us. . . .

"And we earnestly pray that God would be pleased to smile upon this our undertaking for His Glory. . . ."[1]

At the end of the covenant the most important men signed their names. David's grandfather was the first to sign.

As they had no church, the congregation gathered each Sunday at one of the houses. For ten years they had no settled minister. Sometimes a travelling clergyman visited them; at others the deacons and elders held service. They had prayer and singing; then one of them read a sermon aloud.

As they had no minister, there was no one to marry them. So Gervase Say and Anna Russell married themselves in the presence of the congregation. They wrote out a paper and, probably, stood up together in the front of the others while one of the elders read it aloud. This was the paper:

"MAUGERVILLE, *February* 23, 1766.

"In the presence of Almighty God and this Congregation, Gervase Say and Anna Russell, inhabitants of the above said township, enter into the marriage Covenant lawfully to dwell together in the fear of God the remaining part of our lives, in order to perform all the duties necessary betwixt husband and wife, as witness our hands.

"GERVASE SAY.
"ANNA SAY."

(The Witnesses.)

[1] There is a good deal more of this Covenant, but this is enough to show you what they thought in those days.

After it had been read, Gervase and Anna signed it; then seven witnesses signed it. So they were married.

Meantime these hardworking people were hewing out farms and building houses for themselves. They had little enough to work with. Two neighbours would join together to buy a plough, a grindstone, or a cart. David's grandfather owned a share in a cart, but most people had no sleigh, carriage, or wagon of any kind. They probably did not miss them much; the roads were so narrow and bad that people had either to walk or go upon horseback. The husband rode upon the saddle, and the wife sat upon a pillion behind him.

They raised corn chiefly. After David had a farm of his own he grew fifty bushels of corn in one year. Eighteen bushels he had ground for flour, the rest he sold. Some years they got as much as a dollar and fifty cents a bushel for their corn. Few people paid in cash, though; there was very little money in the settlement. They even paid their board in corn; David paid half a bushel a week when he boarded with his uncle Pickard.

Their houses were of logs, warm enough, as there was plenty of wood to fill the great fire-places. Furniture was dear, and most of the homes were rather bare. David's grandfather, who was one of the richest men in Maugerville, had only two tables, two large chairs, and ten small ones. He had four beds, and three feather ticks and blankets and coverlets complete. The Burpees had a mirror, which was a luxury, no doubt. To cook with, Mrs. Burpee had six pots and pans, besides a toaster and a gridiron. They had only eleven plates altogether.

Wages were low, yet the young folk liked handsome clothes in those days as they do now. David's sister worked for him for a time, and he paid her about thirty dollars a year. With her money she bought two dresses,

a quilted coat, a pair of stays, silk mits, a lawn handkerchief, an Indian handkerchief, and eight yards of striped camlet. These things were expensive; she could not have had much money left. When David bought a broadcloth suit he had to pay more than twenty dollars for it.

As they had no minister to advise them, they were "watchful" of one another. Israel Kenny was accused to the elders of "scandalous sins." The church met at Mr. Pickard's house to inquire into the matter, but were not satisfied. At last Israel came before the church to acknowledge his faults. Then they forgave him and restored him to their charity.

THE FIRST STORE

JAMES SIMONDS was a merchant of Newburyport, Maine. He and his partners, Hazen and Jarvis, did a general trading business there. One spring they had orders for supplies which were to be sent up the St. John River. To see that the goods were promptly delivered, James Simonds went himself to St. John Harbour in charge of the cargo.

Having examined the harbour, Simonds was surprised and delighted with it. He saw that a valuable up-river trade with Indians and white settlers waited only to be developed. He returned, full of enthusiasm, to Newburyport, where the partners listened eagerly to his report. A location at the entrance to a great river which watered a vast and fertile territory; a location where there was as yet not a single rival trader, could not fail to interest business men.

LOOKING UP THE ST. JOHN

Plans were made and a new partnership arranged, though the new firm seems to have been closely connected with the old. Simonds took James White, his brother-in-law, as his partner, and prepared to open a store at the mouth of the St. John.

By August, 1762, everything had been arranged. The partners embarked in a small vessel, which carried as cargo the stock of the new store. With Simonds and White came their father-in-law, Captain Francis Peabody; Jonathan Lovet, another son-in-law; Hugh Quinton, and fifteen other persons.

They had brought with them in the ship the frames and materials for their houses. These they had put together as far as possible before leaving Newburyport. They decided to build on the ruins of Charnisay's old fort at Portland Point. In two days they set up the houses, and on the third day left the ship and moved in.

Rough places they were, these new homes; but the women were soon at work with broom and mop.

Lengths of linen they hung for blinds; there were braided rugs for the floors. The great feather beds rounded up from the rough bunks like high risen loaves of new bread, just as they had done from the handsome four-posters left behind in Newburyport. Mrs. Simonds had a clock which sat upon a little shelf with a bit of knitted lace tacked across it. Mrs. White had a three-cornered cupboard for her dishes. The fire-places were still building, and the women cooked outdoors, Indian fashion. The fragrance of the soup-kettles, their high voices as they called to one another, and the burr of their spinning-wheels, made homes in that solitary place.

The men were busy from the first; trade was very brisk. It seemed impossible that the St. John River could have managed for so long without a store. Even before the stock was landed, trade began upon the deck of the ship. As soon as possible the supplies were stored in Simonds' house and the vessel dispatched for more.

While the young men conducted their private business, Captain Peabody busied himself in surveying and settling the country. He wrote letters, sent messages, and travelled back and forth himself, interesting individuals and public bodies in the new district. He was a man of strong personality, and it was largely due to his influence that settlers began slowly to drift in.

Simonds and White soon had comfortable buildings in which to do business. As there were no other merchants, they bought and sold everything the people needed. It was not always smooth sailing; they had many difficulties and both hardships and losses to bear; but they were stout-hearted men, and in the end became wealthy.

The following letter which Simonds and White

wrote to the Newburyport partners some years after they had settled upon the St. John shows the great variety of trade which they carried on, and some of the difficulties which beset merchants in new countries.

"St. John River, *May* 10, 1770.

"Gentlemen,

"The sloop, *St. John's Paquet*, arrived here the second instant, but the river was so high and full of ice that we could not begin to unload until three days ago, having taken out 200 hogsheads of salt and sugar, and have left 650 bushels of salt on board, and have shipped all the lime that is burned, and furs that we have yet received.

"The spring has been so backward that there has been no possibility of burning any lime. The piles of wood and stone are now frozen together. We have not more than half men enough to save the fish (seven in all; the rest have left us some time since). The first school [of fish] is now running and the wires wholly broken down with ice. [We] have no help of the fishermen, only about ten days' work of two hands.

"The mill could not go before the middle of April, and the ice has been continually breaking the dam ever since.

"The saving the gundales from being lost at the places where they were left last fall has taken a great deal of time; have got the last of them home to-day but have not anybody to caulk them . . . Have no nails to trim casks or board the frames, nor any hoops but what is picked up at an enormous expense. But what has been the most difficult and distressing was the want of provisions and hay. Such a scene of misery of man and beast we never saw before. There was not anything of bread kind equal to a bushel of meal for each person when the schooner sailed the 6th February, and less of

meats and roots in proportion . . . the Indians and hogs had part of that little.

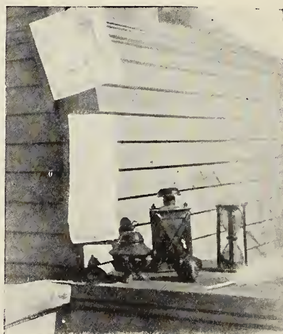
"We meant by our memorandum to have the articles over and above what would fit out the fishing-vessels . . . they will want seven or eight barrels of pork and all the bread for the whole season. They ought to have all their stores when they leave this place about the first of June.

"There is great uneasiness among the fishermen about the coffee. They say you promised them five pounds to each man, the same as they had last year, and a barrel of molasses to each vessel. We have not had any of those articles nor any tea except that of the spruce kind for three months past.

"We have only to add that we shall do all in our power to catch fish and burn lime, but cannot tell what quantities we shall have, as the few hands here are sickly and not to be depended upon.

"We are, Gentlemen, your humble servants,

"SIMONDS AND WHITE."



Above.—Letter folded, showing address and seals. Letter open.
Below.—Ink-well, old lantern, sand-glass for telling time.
In front.—Sand-box for blotting letter, and goose-quill pen.

SETTLING THE ISLAND

France surrendered Acadia to Britain in 1713; she kept Isle St. John and, from that year, the island was a thorn in the flesh of the British Government at Annapolis. The French ordered a survey to be made of the isle, and began to coax the Acadians to leave Nova Scotia and settle there. A number of families did make the move. French agents kept stirring up the St. John Indians who did not like the British. When war began again, Isle St. John served as a pantry to Louisburg. Vegetables and cattle were raised to supply the fort.

Louisburg fell. Lord Rollo was sent in 1758 to take over Isle St. John from the French. He found some four thousand fishermen and farmers settled about Port La Joie, and along the Dunk, Montague and Brudenell Rivers. When the British came, some of the French settlers hid in the woods; others moved to Quebec; a few were sent away to the New England colonies; and a number went home to France, where instead of admiring them for their patriotism, the people said they were foolish not to have taken the oath of the British and kept their lands.

As soon as peace was made in 1763, the race for grants of land in Prince Edward Island began. The Earl of Egmont wanted nothing less than the whole island. Admiral Knowles also asked for it all, promising to settle it within ten years. The Lords of Trade and Plantation said that it should be surveyed into counties, parishes, and townships; that a town-site with a church and glebe should be allotted in each township. "Then," said the Lords, "grants to settlers might be made."

Between 1764 and 1766 Captain Holland surveyed

the whole of British Canada—Prince Edward Island with the rest. There were so many petitioners for grants of land in the fertile little island that the Lords of Trade decided to distribute the grants by lot. A great lottery was advertised. The numbers of the townships were written on slips of paper and thrown into a hat, all but townships forty-nine and fifty: these two were reserved. The applicants came up in turn and drew the lots.

Anyone who drew a number was granted the township

Bayer, Charlottetown

ON THE ISLAND

so numbered in Prince Edward Island. Upon agreeing to the conditions made by the Lords of Trade, he became a proprietor of the island. The proprietor promised after five years to pay a rent of six shillings per hundred acres for his estate, and to settle it within ten years. If one-third of it had not been settled before four years were out, the proprietor forfeited his land. Thus, by pure chance, were chosen the men who were for a long time to hinder the prosperity of the island.

The Lords of Trade recommended that a Governor and Council should rule the island until there were enough settlers to elect an Assembly. In July, 1768, Walter Patterson was made Governor and began his work. Building a new settlement of men and women is like building a snow-fort or a play-house—only much more interesting. If you have ever built a house to play in, you will know just how Governor Patterson felt when he reached Charlottetown. He was a clever, lively man, who dreamed of a great future for the island and worked hard to make his dream come true.

Patterson found the island almost empty. The French had nearly all gone; only three hundred families remained and took the oath of allegiance to Britain. As yet, few British settlers had arrived. Very little clearing had been done. There were no roads at all; such travel as there was, went on by water or by blazed trail. Wood was plentiful—white birch, oak, and pine. The lobster and oyster fishing was good during part of the year. Geese and ducks, bear, fox, otter, and wildcat lived in the woods.

There were two houses in Charlottetown, two houses and a wharf-head. The houses were alike, one storey and of good size. They were shingled and clapboarded, and filled in between with stone laid in mortar. The larger one had two parlours and two kitchens, beside lodging-rooms, and a proper cellar under half the house. This last was a great luxury.

Governor Patterson was, at first, very busy making his family comfortable against the winter which is long and cold enough in those parts. They banked the house well, cut and piled a great many cords of logs for the fire-places, and put the food supply in safe storage. It is said that the Governor himself lent a hand with this work.

In the spring (1769), one hundred and twenty British families arrived, and the next year people began to come to the island in a small though steady stream. To prevent their going away, the Governor and Council ordered that no ship's captain should take anyone away without a licence. Plenty of people would have been glad to take up land in the rich little island, but the British Government would not allow many people to go. Like Colbert, they feared that the home country might be depopulated. The landlords of the old country were afraid that all their servants would leave and go to the new country, where every man might have land of his own.

Meantime the Governor was very busy getting things started. He thought the plots of land laid out for the settlers in Charlottetown too small, so he rearranged the town plan. Instead of having two houses back to back between each pair of streets, he ordered that each lot should run through from street to street.[1] Thus, there was just one row of houses on each block and everyone's house faced south. He also arranged that each settler should have twelve acres in the pasture land for his cow, instead of six acres as had been at first settled.

The town had five principal streets running down to the river. Great George Street, named on the plan, was a hundred feet wide; the others were eighty feet. Patterson begged the home Government to grant money to build a church, a court-house and a gaol. "There is not even a barn in which to assemble to worship," he wrote. The sites of St. Paul's Church and the market-house were reserved for public buildings.

The Governor next began to lay out roads from Charlottetown to the other settlements, and to en-

[1] There are streets like this in Charlottetown still.

courage the farmers. By 1771, corn, oats and barley of good quality were being raised. Wheat did not do so well, but potatoes flourished marvellously. One man who planted six bushels harvested two hundred; another who planted three bushels dug one hundred and sixty. "And as for our garden stuff," says the proud Governor, "no country produces better."

THE "HECTOR"

THE North Shore is one of the oldest known parts of Nova Scotia. The fishermen used it in Cartier's time; Nicholas Denys, sailing back and forth between St. Peter's and Bay Chaleur, knew it well; in its woods Micmacs and Mohawks met and fought. A beautiful and fertile country, it had, as yet, no permanent settlements.

Two years after Canada became British, a hundred thousand acres near Pictou were granted to one McNutt, a speculator. He promised to bring in settlers, but he did not keep his promise and in 1770 the land was taken away from him.

The Americans had heard good reports of the Pictou country and in 1767 the brig *Hope* arrived with Dr. Harris, his own and five other families aboard. In the party were eighteen children, the youngest of whom was only three months old. Dr. Harris had also one convict and three negro servants.

The people of Truro had heard that the *Hope* was bringing settlers, and a number of young men went over to Pictou to help the newcomers. They built huge fires upon the beach and were seen waving and shouting a neighbourly welcome as the ship sailed up the harbour. Dr. Harris and his men took them for savages and determined to fight. The *Hope* stood off shore. In

Waldron, New Glasgow

THE "HECTOR"

the morning, through a glass, the captain made out the men upon the beach to be white, and the settlers joyfully disembarked.

Their pleasure was short-lived. They had come with bright pictures of the country in their minds, and high hopes for the future. Here was only the dreary forest, the lonely shore. The great gloomy trees shut out the sunlight; there was scarcely room to set up a tent. One of the women leaned her head against a tree and wept despairingly. "Oh, Robert," she cried, looking at her children, "take me back! take me back!" Indeed most of them would have returned, but the Captain sailed the *Hope* out of the harbour during the night, and there was nothing for the settlers to do but stay.

Half an acre was given to each man. McCabe was the first to have his cleared; he did it with the axe and grub hoe. About the large trees he chopped the surface roots free, and the wind soon tore them from the ground. That first spring, the settlers planted potatoes under

the moss; they had no fertilisers and very few came up. Fortunately game and fish were plentiful.

The next spring the men went to Truro, a three days' tramp through the snowy woods. Each one returned with a sack of seed potatoes on his back. That summer they had a good crop, but it only lasted them till the beginning of winter. The next year, when the men brought back the seed from Truro, they cut the eyes out of the potatoes with their penknives and planted them, while the families eagerly ate up the potatoes.

Such lives make men and women hardy and fearless. These men took up all the shore farms, built log-houses, planted orchards, and opened a road to Truro. In three years there were eighty-four people in the little settlement, and they raised sixty-four bushels of wheat, and sixty-five of oats, besides rye, barley and pease. Squire Patterson brought up a stock of goods and opened a store, where he did a large trade with Indians and white men. James Davidson of Edinburgh came, took up land and opened a little school. He taught seven days in the week, for children had no free Saturdays in those days, and Davidson held a Sunday School, one of the first Sunday Schools in the world.

The settlers' houses were of round logs chinked with moss, and had bark roofs. They hewed their tables and chairs out of logs; their dishes, too, were wooden, and they slept on straw beds. At meal-time a pot of potatoes boiled in their skins was set in the middle of the table, and from it each helped himself.

Flour was ground in hand-mills. Two stones, ten inches thick and two feet across, were placed one on top of the other. The lower stone was fixed, the upper moved upon it. The grain was poured through an iron pipe in the centre of the upper stone and fell

upon the lower stone. The upper stone was then made to rotate as rapidly as possible by twirling an upright pole fastened to its surface. As the upper stone rubbed upon the lower one it ground the grain into coarse flour which was gradually pushed out and fell off the edge. It was very hard work to grind the grain so, but the flour made very wholesome bread.

In 1773, a shipload of Highlanders sailed for Pictou. Their ship, the *Hector*, was old and slow. They were poor people, and many of them had not enough food to last throughout the voyage. Many fell sick and several died. There was a piper on board. He had no food at all, but lived upon what the others gave him for his piping.

The *Hector* reached Pictou on September 15. The Indians, who had already made trouble for the American settlers, determined not to let the Scotchmen land. They gathered upon the beach intending to fight; but when they heard the strange sound of the bagpipes, they fled in terror to the woods and never again dared to molest the settlement.

The Highlanders were dismayed to find that the shore farms had all been taken up already. Squire Patterson offered them land back in the woods; but this they refused. It was too late in the year to plant and reap a crop; the newcomers were destitute and starving. The Pictou people shared their food with them at first, but a whole shipload of people soon swept the settlement bare of provisions.

As the season closed in, Squire Patterson, knowing that he had not in his store enough food for all, refused to give any more to the Highlanders. They bore it for a few days and then, driven by the cries of their children, they broke into the store and took what they needed.

Patterson and Harris, angry and frightened, sent to Halifax for soldiers, but the Highlanders behaved quietly. They left a list of all that they had taken, and afterwards paid for everything.

The people suffered terribly that winter. One old settler cut down birch trees and boiled the buds. Others dug up the seeds they had already planted and used them for food. Two lads set out for Halifax to buy food. They were so weak that they got on very slowly; they feared their families might starve before they could return. In the woods they found a fine string of fish caught and laid down by an Indian. Famishing as they were, they did not touch it; but afterwards, considering their need, they went back and took it. Strengthened by a good meal, they reached Halifax and returned safely.

Waldron, New Glasgow

Willow tree under which Dr. MacGregor preached when he began his Ministry.

As they would not take the backwoods farms offered them, the Highlanders bound themselves out to work for the people of Halifax and Truro. When they had earned a little money, many of them came back and settled at Pictou. In a few years hardworking families found themselves comfortable.

By and by Dr. MacGregor, a great scholar and preacher, came to minister to them. Some mocked, but Dr. MacGregor, a big man, strode through the woods unheeding. As he was the only minister, he tramped miles every week, visiting and praying with the people. On

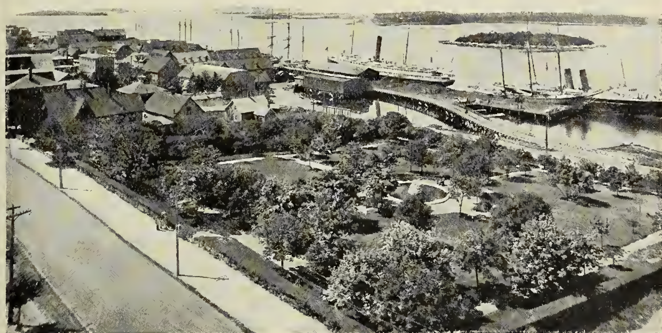
winter Sabbaths he preached in a private house; in summer time, under some convenient tree.

In 1787, the people of Pictou built their first church. The men divided the work among them. One party cut and hauled logs, another hewed and placed them, a third planed the boards, a fourth cut the shingles, a fifth made windows and doors. For his first salary Dr. MacGregor received £27 in cash and £30 in provisions. From that time on, Pictou has prospered.

AT YARMOUTH

THE d'Entremont lands were at Pubnico. Rich pastures lay cosily in the valley, pleasant orchards covered the south-facing slopes. The whitewashed manor-house with its outbuildings rambled half-way up the hill from the shore. In hall and drawing-room a careful state was kept; the table was ever well served, and gentlefolk paid Madame formal visits. The Acadian farmers in the country round about looked up to the family of the manor. Its sons were brave, its daughters beautiful; the d'Entremonts were a proud race.

When the Acadians were carried away, the d'Entremonts fared no better than other folk. Their lands were confiscated, their buildings burned, and the family carried off as prisoners to Roxbury, Massachusetts. Here they remained in exile and in poverty for ten years. Then, having saved money enough to take them to Quebec, they set out by way of Halifax. The Governor, who had read in history of this great family, heard that they were in the town. He sent for d'Entremont and asked him where he was going.



Canadian Pacific Railway

YARMOUTH SHIPPING

"To Canada, where we may again enjoy the exercise of our religion," answered d'Entremont.

"Stay here," said the Governor, "settle anywhere along the coast that you wish, and I promise to send you a priest once every year."

"Will you grant us again our own lands at Pubnico?" inquired d'Entremont eagerly.

"I will," said the Governor; "and the priest shall visit you every year."

So it was agreed, and the d'Entremonts returned to their ancient home loyal subjects of Britain.

Not long afterward, Governor Lawrence, by proclamation in the New England States, offered the deserted Acadian lands of Yarmouth County to settlers. It is only a few hours' sail from Boston to Yarmouth, and in June, 1761, five families settled on the Acadian fields, already grown wild and waste. The New Eng-

landers intended both to fish and to farm. They brought plenty of food, oxen, calves, pigs and horses with them, and they arranged to have a further supply of provisions shipped to them just before winter set in.

The summer was passed in building and clearing. The Perrys settled in an Acadian orchard, and Mr. Perry used the great bole of one of the apple trees as the centre post for his camp. Here Annie Perry, the first baby in the settlement, was born. The men did some fishing, too; it gave promise of being profitable. Early in the autumn, supplies ran low. The settlers began to expect the supply-ship, but day after day passed and it did not come. They waited confidently, they watched eagerly; they grew anxious, then despairing; the ship did not come.

During four months the snow lay deep upon the ground. The settlers had neither flour, potatoes, salt, sugar, nor green vegetables of any kind. The live stock was soon consumed. The starving cows, saved till the last because of their milk, made the day hideous with their bawling.

Several of the settlers died of illness brought on by lack of proper food. One family was found starving by a neighbour who had still left the hide of a steer. He hurried home and cutting off the tail, brought it to the fainting mother and her children. Long afterwards the woman told of that meal; she said that tail was the sweetest meat she ever ate. In the spring, when the supply-ship came, one man ate so much biscuit that he made himself very ill. His life was only just saved by hours of oiling and rubbing.

Some of the settlers returned to New England, but most of them stayed, and others came to build up the settlement. Grain was harvested in increasing quantities each year; a mill was badly needed. Sanders, a miller

and one of the first settlers, sent to Boston for the framework and machinery and built a mill at Acadia Bridge.

In 1773, John and Ben Bernard opened a store at Fish Point on the west side of the harbour. They were honourable men and did a good business with white men and Indians alike. They would not sell liquor, however; again and again they were besought to import whiskey, but each time they sternly refused. One evening, just at dusk, a worthless Indian came into the store demanding drink. As usual he was turned away, and that night he burned the store with all its contents. The chief, who was a friend of the brothers, was about to kill the criminal, but the Bernards interceded for him and his life was saved. Undaunted by this set-back, the brothers built another store in which they prospered for many years.

THE UNITED EMPIRE LOYALISTS

THE United States was settled by British people; for a hundred and sixty years she was part of the British Empire. In those days Canada belonged to France. The two countries, like bad children, were always quarrelling about something. At last, as you remember, they fought the Seven Years' War, and Britain won Canada. Canada and the United States were then both British.

The British Government said that the Seven Years' War had cost a great deal of money; they said the United States should be taxed to help pay for the war. The people of the United States said as they were not allowed to send members to the British Parliament, it was not fair that they should pay taxes. That was true; it was not fair; for the British rule is: if you send a

representative to Parliament, you pay taxes; if you have no one in Parliament to represent you, then Parliament must not make you pay taxes.

Most of the British people agreed with the Americans that it was not fair for them to pay taxes; but the King, George III., a very headstrong man, would not give in. He and his Ministers said the Americans must pay taxes when the King told them to, whether the taxes were fair or unfair. The King was angry, and the Americans were angry; they quarrelled and quarrelled. The King said they must pay the taxes; the Americans said they would go out of the Empire and be a country by themselves. At last they fell to fighting.

They began the fight in 1774, and they fought for nine years; it was called the American Revolution. That was a terrible war, brothers fighting against brothers, for all were British. The King sent over large armies; the Americans were poor, often hungry and cold, but they fought on. In the end they won; they were fighting for the right, and those who fight for the right always win in the end. Britain made peace; she let the United States go out of the Empire to be a country by herself.

Not all the Americans fought against Britain, however. Many of them, angry with the King as they were, still loved their Motherland and were loyal to her. They might and did think that it was not fair to make them pay taxes; but they would not go to war about it. Most of the ministers, doctors, lawyers, and judges belonged to this party; among them were thousands of the most highly educated and wealthy people in the colonies, with many a poor man besides.

When the war came, these people would not fight against Britain, their Motherland. This made the fighting Americans very angry. They called their loyal neighbours traitors, and did everything they could to

injure them. Mobs went about robbing and burning their houses and barns. They took their food, clothes, furniture, horses and cows. They often burned the houses in the middle of winter, so that the poor Loyalists were forced to shelter in the woods, where they were sometimes frozen to death. If any man let one of these poor Loyalists into his house, or fed him, he might expect his own house to be burned.

The British were very sorry for these suffering people. They urged them to escape to Canada. The British Parliament voted fifteen million dollars to help them. They had new lands surveyed in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Ontario to give them. Each man was to be given 200 acres, and the same amount was promised to each of his sons and daughters as they grew up. Flour, pork, beef, butter, and salt were promised them for three years; seed and implements were to be provided. A plough and a cow were allotted to every two families; a whip-saw and a cross-cut saw to every four families; and a portable mill to each settlement. Each family received a hammer, hand-saw, some nails, and four small panes of glass for the house; while every five families had, among them, a full set of tools, a musket and some ammunition.

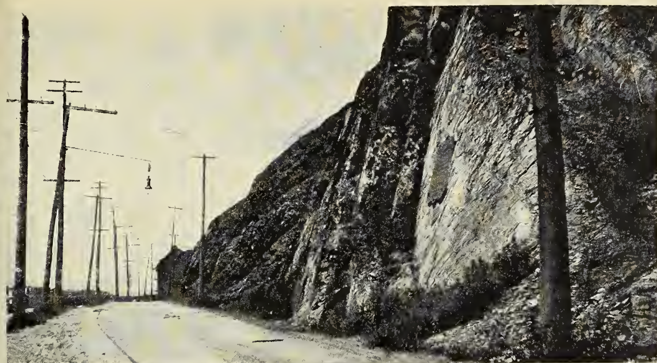
From this it will be seen that the Loyalists, rich or poor, were glad to escape with their lives. Few of them were able to bring any of their property with them. If the Americans had not stolen or destroyed it before, they did so when the Loyalists left. These Americans, though right in the first place, did very wrong in the last, and were punished for it just as Britain was punished for doing wrong at first. Britain lost the United States, and the United States lost, in her turn, thirty-five thousand of her strongest, wisest, and noblest citizens. Thirty-five thousand Loyalists left the United States

for Canada. The United States was sorry, but Canada was glad for they brought great strength to our country.

The Loyalists suffered much during the war; they endured many toils and dangers on the long journey to Canada; but what they went through after reaching the wilderness may scarcely be imagined. Deprived of everything they had, separated from their friends, set down alone in the thick woods hundreds of miles from a town—what must they have felt?

But they braved it out, lived through it and, most of them, became again happy, comfortable people. The British Government was so proud of them that it proclaimed that each Loyalist should have the right to put the letters U.E.L.—United Empire Loyalist—after his name to show that he belonged to this gallant band of men and women.

The Orchard Stile on a Loyalist Farm



PRES-DE-VILLE

SIR GUY CARLETON

GOVERNOR CARLETON, like many another of our greatest men, was Irish. He joined the army at eighteen and soon became a great friend of Wolfe. A grave, quiet young fellow, Carleton did not advance very rapidly in the Army. It is said that he, having once criticised the King's friends, the King never forgave him and would never give him any good position. When Wolfe was appointed to lead the British against Louisburg and Quebec, he insisted on having Carleton with him as quartermaster-general, in which position Carleton greatly distinguished himself.

After the British had conquered Canada, General Murray ruled in Quebec for seven years. Then, in 1766, Carleton came out as Governor. He tried hard to rule justly. He gave up all the fees that it was customary for the Governor to demand and accepted nothing but his salary. He did his best to keep peace between the French and British settlers. Presently he went home to England

to try to get a law passed establishing a form of government which should please both parties.

While in England he married; there is an interesting little story about that. Carleton was now middle-aged, but he proposed to a very young lady, Anne, the daughter of his friend, the Earl of Effingham. The young Lady Anne, who was already in love with another, told her sister, the Lady Maria, that she had been "obliged to refuse the best man on earth." "The more fool you," replied Lady Maria, a tiny fair-haired, blue-eyed person of eighteen. "I only wish he had given me the chance." A friend told Carleton; he proposed to the Lady Maria; she accepted him, and they lived long and happily together.

The Quebec Act was passed in June, 1774. It gave French Canadians the right to use the French law in civil cases, to have their own priests and services, and many other privileges. Carleton, who had worked hard to have this law passed, felt sure it would please the people of Quebec. He came back to Canada hoping that everything would now go smoothly.

Alas! It was not to be. The American Revolution was just breaking out. The Americans at first hoped that Canada would join them against Britain. When they found that she would not, they attacked her. Carleton had to adjourn the new Council in order to attend to the defence of the country. Expecting the Americans by way of Lake Champlain and the Richelieu, he sent every man he could spare to Montreal, Chambly, and St. John's on the Richelieu. The commander at Chambly surrendered the fort almost without a fight. The Indians and habitants kept deserting; thirty or forty disappeared each night. St. John's surrendered, and Carleton was obliged to fall back upon Montreal.

Here, the Americans had many sympathisers, and

Carleton only a few troops and a small flotilla of boats. The Americans now cared chiefly to take Carleton prisoner, for they felt sure that if he were out of the way, the Canadians would join them. They surrounded the flotilla, but Carleton, disguised as a habitant in homespun, red sash, moccasins, and bonnet rouge, got away in a small boat. As they passed the American battery, his men drew in their oars and paddled with the palms of their hands lest any noise betray them.

Carleton reached Quebec safely on November 19, 1775. Cramahé had prepared the walls and their defenders as well as he could. A fortnight earlier, Arnold, leading 700 Americans, had landed at Wolfe's Cove. Arnold had set out from Maine with 1100 men. A terrible march through the New Brunswick and Quebec woods, where his men froze and starved by turns, had left him with only 700 to attack Quebec. He had managed to put his troops across the river between the two British gun-boats and had established himself on the Plains of Abraham.

Montgomery, the American general who had taken Montreal, now came up, and the two made their plans. Montgomery was to lead his men from Wolfe's Cove round under Cape Diamond, where the Quebecers had a barricade, Pres-de-Ville; Arnold was to take his party round by the St. Charles to attack the Sault-au-Matelot (Sailor's Leap) barricade; both of these while a fire was kept up against the walls from the Plains of Abraham.

New Year's Eve, 1775, fell with a violent snow-storm blowing up the river. The roadway between the cliff and the river at Pres-de-ville is only fifty feet wide and there were just fifty Canadians to guard it. Montgomery's men came up about five o'clock in the morning; the defenders could not see them for the storm till they were within a few paces. The first volley

killed Montgomery and several of his men; the second turned the rest to the right-about. Arnold made a better fight at the Sault-au-Matelot barricade, but in the end he, too, was beaten back, leaving many prisoners in the hands of the Canadians. To Carleton, waiting with his reserves in the Place d'Armes at the top of Mountain Street, was brought the joyful news that the attack had failed, only thirty Canadians being killed or wounded. The Americans lingered around the city, keeping up an irregular kind of siege until May, when the British fleet sailed up the river and drove them away.

Carleton was made a knight for his services. He led the British against the Americans while the war lasted. When peace had been made, he remained in New York to help the persecuted Loyalists and to arrange for their transportation to Canada. When that work was over he was made a peer—Baron Dorchester—and returned to Canada, where the people rejoiced to see him again. He remained our Governor for ten years longer, during which he worked busily to people the Maritime Provinces and Ontario with British settlers, and to keep the French happy and contented.

Carleton returned to England in 1796, and died in 1808 full of years and honours.

Bayer, Charlottetown

THE "DRIFT HOME" OF THE FISHING FLEET

Charlottetown Harbour, Prince Edward Island.

THE SEA COW FISHERY

As soon as possible after his arrival, Governor Patterson called the leading settlers of Prince Edward Island to a meeting. He read them his commission from the British Government; the other officers needed to carry on the affairs of the island were appointed and sworn in.

The Governor and this Council ruled until 1773. By this time quite a number of settlers had come in; it was time to elect a Parliament. For this purpose, Patterson called together all the men resident in the island. By the voices of this meeting eighteen members were chosen to form an Assembly.

The House met and appointed Robert Stewart Speaker. Already an Act had been passed to regulate the Sea Cow Fishery. Sea cows are huge animals which formerly lived in northern seas, large ones weigh as much as four thousand pounds. They were very valuable for their oil. In pioneer days sea cows swarmed upon Magdalen Island and upon the north shore of Prince

Edward Island. Fishermen from New England and Nova Scotia came and slaughtered them in thousands. The islanders wished, naturally, to reserve this profitable industry for themselves, and so passed an Act to regulate it.

Twelve other laws were passed by this first Parliament. Then the Governor dissolved the House. Many new settlers had already taken up land, and more were arriving with each boat. It was felt that by the next year so many new people would have settled in the island that it would not be fair to govern them by a Parliament which they had had no share in choosing. Among the newcomers, too, were many intelligent and educated men who, Governor Patterson thought, would be useful in the Government. The first Assembly was dissolved on July 12.

AUNT NABBY

During the American Revolution the people of Barrington County, Nova Scotia, found themselves between the upper and nether mill-stone. Whether the Americans raided the British, or the British raided the Americans, Barrington County was in danger. For a long time the people lived in terror of an army which the Americans had threatened to send against them.

The army was not sent; instead came a mosquito fleet of privateers. Some were American, others British; some were large, others small as fishing-boats. As privateers they professed to carry "Letters of Marque" from one government or the other authorising them to damage the property of the enemy. As a matter of fact,

few of their captains had ever seen "Letters of Marque" or commissions of any kind. Pirates they were, nothing better, taking advantage of the troubled times to rob and to destroy.

It was churning-day at Aunt Nabby Smith's. As it was warm weather, Aunt Nabby brought the churn near to the kitchen door. She churned away busily, intent on the butter for which she was famous. The thump, thump of the dash prevented her from hearing footsteps.

"How do you do, Aunt Nabby?" said a cheerful young voice. Aunt Nabby looked up, her dash suspended in the air. It was her nephew from Cape Cod; he had a band of raiders behind him.

"None the better for seeing you in that uniform, nephew," said the old lady sternly. "What do you want here?"

"Some of your home-made bread and pie, first of all, Aunt," answered the young scapegrace, laughing. "I well remember how good they used to be."

The raiders pushed in and cleared the pantry in a twinkling. Aunt Nabby said nothing. But when a young fellow, a piece of pie in each hand, started up the pasture to drive off her sheep, Aunt Nabby appeared at the door with a gun in her hand.

"You touch those sheep and I'll shoot," she said.

The man hesitated, stopped, looked back.

"She'll do it, too," shouted her nephew. "The old lady's crazy and will shoot as soon as look at you. Come on, boys, let's be off."

And off they went.

A VERY OLD NEW BRUNSWICK HOUSE

THE REVEREND SETH NOBLE

By 1774, the Maugerville people had grown rich enough to call a minister and to build a church. One Wednesday evening in June, they held a meeting at Hugh Quinton's house to discuss these grave matters. All the members were there. They filled the kitchen. Jacob Barker was made chairman.

At this meeting they decided to call the Reverend Seth Noble to be their minister. They agreed to give him one hundred and twenty pounds to pay his moving expenses, and sixty-five pounds yearly salary, as long as he remained with them. The salary was to be paid in cash, furs or grain. Afterwards, they promised, in addition, to cut and haul each year twenty-five cords of wood to Mr. Noble's house.

Mr. Noble accepted this very generous offer, and the people at once began to build their church. It was a frame one, clap-boarded. The minister was to live as well as preach in it. In 1776 it was finished, and Mr. Noble took up his work at Maugerville.

The new minister was a New Englander and hotly opposed to Britain in the war now going on. He was very anxious that New Brunswick, or Western Nova Scotia, as it was then called, should join the United States. He wrote a letter to General Washington telling him how important the St. John country was, and promising to help any army which should come to take it from Britain.

No army came, so Mr. Noble began to urge his congregation to join the United States. Most of his people were New Englanders like himself and their sympathies were naturally with their own people. In May, 1776, they held a meeting and agreed that they wished to throw off the British connection and join Massachusetts. They appointed a committee of twelve men to ask the Government at Boston to take them in. They also agreed to have nothing to do with anyone who wished still to belong to Britain. One hundred and twenty-five people signed these resolutions, so it must have been hard for the twelve or thirteen who did not sign.

Asa Perley and Asa Kimbal were chosen to go to Boston to ask that the St. John country might be taken into the United States. The Boston Government gave the men a barrel of gunpowder and some guns. They could not send any soldiers to hold Maugerville for the United States, but they suggested that the Indians be stirred up to plunder and drive out the British families.

It is to be feared that the committee did not leave quite all the plundering to the Indians; some writers say that they took part in it themselves. Machias was an American village not far from St. John. Many people of Machias made their living by plundering the farmers and fishermen of Nova Scotia. Privateers sailed out of Machias Harbour and raided the settlements at the

mouth of the St. John so often that the people were forced to flee farther up the river. At last, in 1778, the British sent Major Studholm with some soldiers to protect them.

Meantime Mr. Noble and his committee had conspired with Jonathan Eddy and some people in Fort Cumberland to rise and seize the fort. The attempt failed. Eddy and his followers fled through the December woods to Maugerville, which they reached perishing with cold and hunger.

The British now began to think Mr. Noble dangerous. They sent Captain Gould up the St. John to make all the people take the oath of allegiance to Britain. Noble and Eddy escaped to Machias. The people of Maugerville did not wish to lose their farms as the Cumberland people had done, so they all took the oath. The British Government then forgave them for their rebellion and allowed them to hold their lands in peace.

THE FIRST LUMBERMAN

WILLIAM DAVIDSON was a Scotchman from Inverness, an energetic, enterprising person. He came out, in 1765, to the Gulf Shore and established a salmon fishery at the mouth of the Miramichi. The salmon-fishing proved very profitable; soon Davidson was able to open a store, where he presently did a good trade with the Indians.

At first there were scarcely any white settlers in the neighbourhood; a few Acadians who had escaped the deportation, an occasional Canadian trapper—these alone were to be met with. But Davidson soon changed this. He wrote to his friends in Scotland, telling them

of the rich and beautiful country he had found. Other friends from Nova Scotia and from Prince Edward Island joined him. Soon there were thirty families settled on the Miramichi.

Davidson now opened a small shipyard and began building wooden ships. In 1779, while the American Revolution was going on, he heard that the British Government needed masts and spars for their ships of war and transport. This shrewd business man did not rest till he had obtained a contract for delivering masts and spars to the Government at Fort Howe, the fort at the mouth of the St. John.

He hired the settlers from far and wide, and into the woods he sent his markers and cutters. The huge white-pines stood waiting for them, some of them six feet in diameter and towering above the hills. Captain Munroe wrote to Colonel Haldimand saying: "The finest masts and spars I ever saw were cut on the River St. John." Masts enough to load ten ships were, at one time, stored at the mast dock at Fort Howe.

The Indians threatened Davidson's mast-cutters, but a letter was sent to Peter Thomas, head-chief of the Maliseets, telling him that King George needed the masts and had sent them gifts: blankets, clothing, powder, shot, ribbons, and a cask of wine for the squaws, so that he and his Indians should remember to protect the mast-cutters. Major Studholme at Fort Howe distributed the gifts, and the Indians gave no further trouble. In this way began the great lumbering business of New Brunswick.

Canadian National Railways

CHESTER BAY, NOVA SCOTIA

RED CLOAKS FOR GREY

Chester was another place which the privateers visited frequently. In 1782 three American privateers under Captain Umlah, cruising outside the harbour, picked up a pilot in a fishing-boat. They forced the pilot to take them into Chester and, once inside the harbour, they opened fire.

Captain Prescott, in charge of the block-house, had his guns loaded and attempted to reply, but his powder was bad and his shots did no damage. Fresh powder was quickly brought and later firing swept the decks and so damaged one ship that she struck.

All the Americans then swung round behind the point, making as if to land. Hailing Captain Prescott, Umlah asked permission to land and bury his dead.

This request was granted on condition that the enemy stacked their arms. The Canadians helped the Americans to dig the graves and lay out their comrades. By and by Captain Prescott invited Captain Umlah and his officers to tea at his house. The Americans went.

As they sat at supper, Prescott's son came up and thundered upon the door.

"Are you there, father?" he shouted in a loud voice. "Where shall I billet a hundred men from Lunenburg?"

"In Higgan's barn," shouted Captain Prescott in reply, and, turning to his American guests, said: "I shall be well ready for you in the morning, gentlemen."

The thing was, of course, a ruse. No men had come from Lunenburg. The Americans may have suspected strategy, but later in the evening they were convinced. In those days, long heavy cloaks were worn instead of overcoats. As is usual in times of war, military fashions were popular. All the ladies were wearing grey cloaks lined with scarlet. On this particular evening, a number of young ladies, as they quite often did, turned their cloaks inside out and appeared about the village in scarlet.

As the Americans returned to their boats in the dusk they caught glimpses of scarlet at every corner. "Reinforcements have certainly come to Prescott," they thought, and being ignorant of the numbers of the enemy, they decided not to attack.

SHELBURNE

Shelburne was built on a lovely bay which had once been occupied by the La Tours. When the American Revolution was over and the United States became a republic, the many Americans who remained loyal to the British Empire moved to Canada.

In 1782 a hundred heads of families in New York bound themselves to move to Nova Scotia. They sent two men to Halifax to find out where they could land, and to make as good terms as possible with Governor Parr. They arranged to settle at Port Roseway.

More than thirty schooners were required to carry them. They had a prosperous voyage, and about three thousand people entered the haven on May 4.

The location was of the finest in the land, fish abounded, the land was fertile. Many of the new settlers were people of education and wealth. They had brought money, goods, and servants with them. The town of Shelbourne was laid out under the direction of professional engineers. Fine wide streets were surveyed, handsome residences erected.

In the autumn came five thousand new settlers. Many of these were unprovided for, and it became necessary to issue rations to them. They got through the winter without much sickness, however.

As it turned out, Shelburne, which had begun in so promising a fashion, did not grow. There was not enough work in that place to employ so many men. One by one the families left to settle elsewhere. The fine houses stood empty, grass grew in the wide streets. To this day the visitor in Shelburne may trace the remains of the former town.

Bayer, Charlottetown

PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND VILLAGE

A TROUBLED LOYALIST

THOMAS HOOPER lived in New Jersey. He had a hundred-acre farm, a large house and barn, a wife and happy growing family. When the war came, Hooper, feeling that he could not fight against his flag, refused to join the American Army; he remained quietly on his farm taking neither side. His American neighbours and relatives were angry at his loyalty to Britain. They helped themselves to his cattle, pigs, and fowl whenever they needed them; they stripped his place of oxen.

The war dragged through nine weary years; by 1782 it was plain that peace was near, and that Britain would give the struggling colonies their freedom. Hooper was a shrewd man. He wished to live in a British country, and he felt sure that the Americans who had treated him badly during the war would not be kinder when they had all power in their own hands. He decided that it would be best for him to go to Nova Scotia or Prince Edward Island.

Early in the spring he set out to find a new home.

He went to the Maritime Provinces and travelled about examining the country, for he wanted a good farm. The Governor at Halifax had already promised farms to all the Loyalists who wished to leave the United States. Hooper was everywhere kindly received and, in July, returned to his home full of hope.

Matters had not been going well in his absence. He found his wife and two children sick of a fever. His American neighbours had grown bolder than ever. They pretended to think he was hiding a spy; went often to his place, plundered his house and barn; thrust their bayonets through the furniture, curtains, and the hay-filled bedticks.

At last, one morning, they came in and took the bed from under Mrs. Hooper, who was still an invalid. They carried her out and, laying her down on the floor of an outhouse, they made off with the bed. Mrs. Hooper took cold and died. After that Thomas Hooper hated the Americans.

He was watched, but he managed to escape with his two sons, lads of nineteen and ten. He left behind him four girls and his baby boy. To do so must have been a trial for the poor father, but he had, as yet, no home to which to take them.

Hooper and his sons got safely to Shelburne which was then building. Thomas worked and saved for two years. By that time he thought he had enough money to take a farm, and he begged Governor Patterson of Prince Edward Island to get him a grant of land. The Governor arranged that Hooper should be granted a lease at Bedeque.

Hooper and his sons crossed to the island in 1784. Thomas was a careful man, but in the end he found just the farm he wanted. The land was rich; the sea abounded with fish, the river with wild fowl; Hooper

hoped that at last he might build a little home and gather his family about him again.

In New Jersey, Ann, the oldest daughter, who had had charge of the farm and the children, now prepared to move. She held an auction sale. Three months' credit was allowed to all those who bought more than ten-shillings' worth. The goods were sold for a third of their value, but they were sold, and the family began to pack up and make ready. Sarah, the second daughter, married and remained in New Jersey.

The others reached Bedeque in Prince Edward Island in December, 1786. The baby was now quite a big boy; his father would not have known him. The rough little cabin in the bush was a poor place after their fine home in New Jersey; but they were all together once more, father, brothers and sisters, and in the joy of reunion they cared about nothing else.

In 1787, Thomas Hooper was notified that the British Government had allowed him £347 18s. as compensation for the loss of his farm; but, so far as we know, it was never paid.

THE GREAT SPRING FLEET

THE spring of 1783 was a sad and busy one in New York. The city was crowded with Loyalists who had been driven from their homes during the Revolution. Few had work; many were in straits for clothes and food. They haunted Carleton's offices whispering their pitiful tales of loss and need, begging eagerly to be carried to Canada where they might begin life again. Now that the Treaty of Peace had been signed, the new American Government pressed to have New York

Canadian Pacific Railway

ST. JOHN, CITY AND HARBOUR

cleared of these people. Sir Guy Carleton and his assistants worked night and day, finding new homes for the Loyalists and arranging for their transportation.

On April 26, 1783, a great fleet sailed from Sandy Hook, New York, to Fort Howe. Twenty ships carried three thousand settlers of all ages and conditions. They arrived on May 11 and were heartily welcomed by Major Studholme. The spring was backward and cold; the scene desolate enough. Cedar swamps lay between the low rocky hills; little good soil was to be seen; and just behind lay the wilderness.

The city of St. John was born in a night. The settlers were lonely and poor but they had experience and determination. They rejoiced to be once more on British soil. They cleared the brushwood from the shore and put up tents, hurricane houses made of sail-cloth, and shelters of boughs and bark. In a day or two all were housed on land. These first comers had the first choice of locations and were able at once to go upon their lots and begin building their houses. To each

Loyalist were given 500 feet of lumber and an allotment of bricks and shingles. There was no need to issue stones for chimney building; the settlers had only to stretch out their hands for stones. In June two thousand more arrived and, in September, yet another three thousand. By the end of the year some ten thousand Loyalists had arrived in New Brunswick; and fifteen hundred frame houses and five hundred log ones had been erected. The city of St. John was incorporated in 1786; it is the oldest city in the British colonies.

But these people did not wish to be city dwellers; they wished to be farmers; and the Government had promised them land. Years before, the rich St. John valley lands had been granted to speculators. As these men had done nothing to improve their lands, they had forfeited them. The British Government now promised to give them to the Loyalists. But these lands still belonged, legally, to the speculators, and months of worry and trouble passed before they were legally taken back and granted again to the settlers.

Thus it came about that the poor Loyalists had to move twice, which caused them great loss and damage. They had to settle and build houses in St. John, waiting there for months, perhaps years, while the lands were escheated,[1] granted anew, surveyed, and allocated to them. Then they had to move to their lands and build new houses upon them. In the end, however, it was done and the people settled.

[1] Escheated means legally taken back by the Government.

THE GRANDMOTHER'S STORY

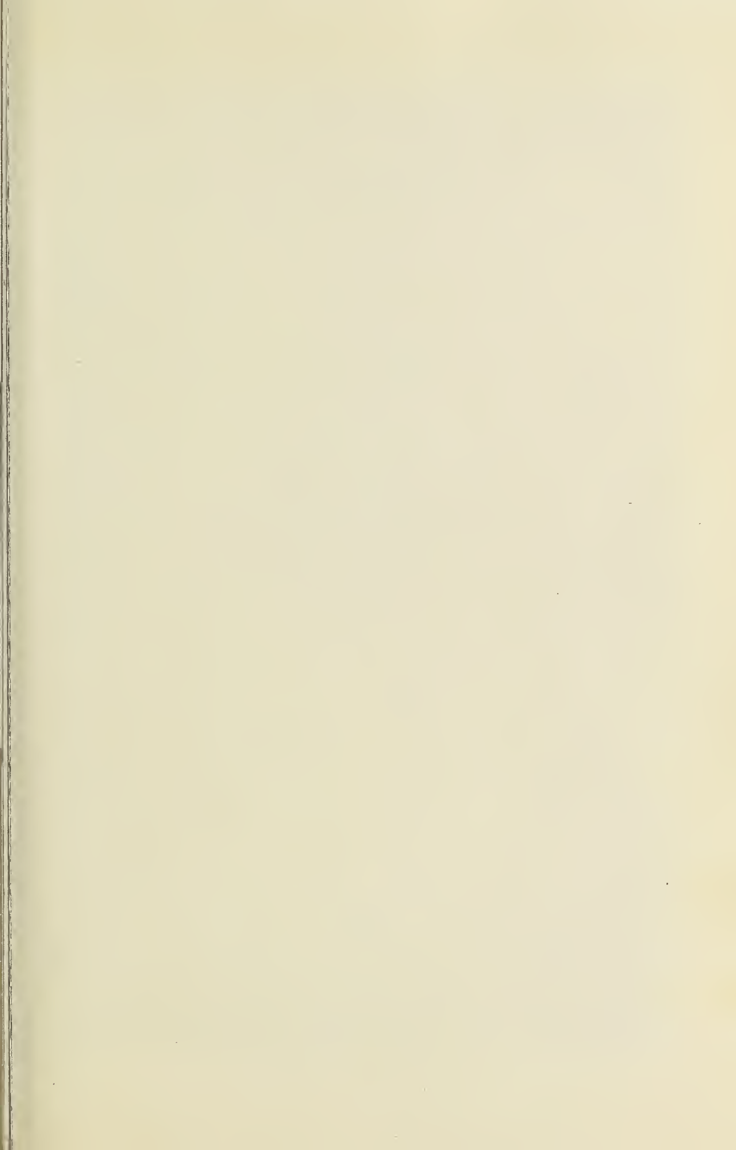
THIS STONE MARKS THE PLACE WHERE THE LOYALISTS FIRST LANDED IN ST. JOHN

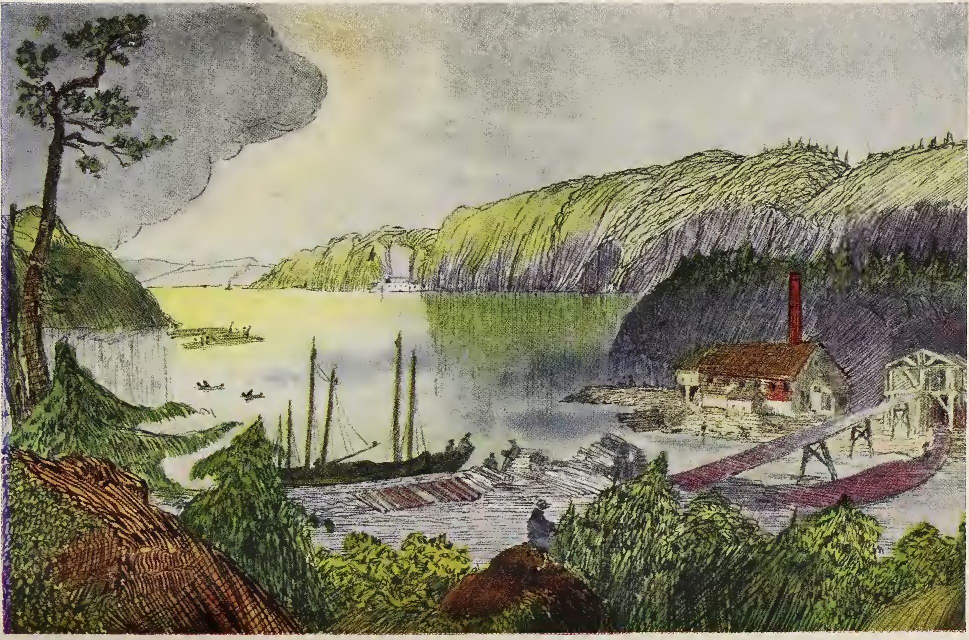
When the war closed, the New Jersey Volunteers lay encamped at New Town Creek near Brooklyn, Long Island. We sailed in the ship *Esther* with the fleet for Nova Scotia. Some of our ships were bound for Halifax, some for Shelburne, and some for St. John's River. Our ship going the wrong track was nearly lost. When we got to St. John, we found the place all in confusion; some were living in log-houses, some building huts, and many of the soldiers living in their tents at the Lower Cove.

Soon after we landed, we joined a party bound up the river in a schooner to St. Ann's.[1] It was eight days before we got to Oromocto, and there the captain landed us, being unwilling on account of the lateness of the season, or for some other reason, to go farther. He charged us each four dollars for the passage.

We spent the night on shore, and the next day the women and children proceeded with some of the party to St. Ann's in Indian canoes; the rest came on foot. We reached our destination the eighth day of October,

[1] The old name for Fredericton.





By courtesy of the Ross Robertson Collection, Toronto Public Library.

ON THE ST. JOHN RIVER, NEW BRUNSWICK

tired with our long journey, and pitched our tents at the place now called Salamanca, near the shore. The next day we explored for a place to encamp, for the winter was at hand and we had no time to lose. The season was wet and cold, and we were much discouraged at the gloomy prospect before us. Those who had arrived a little earlier in the fall had made better preparations for the winter; some had built small log huts. This we were unable to do owing to the lateness of our arrival. Snow fell on the second day of November to the depth of six inches. We pitched our tents amidst the shelter of the woods and tried to cover them with spruce-boughs. Stones were used for fire-places. Our tent had no floor but the ground. The winter was very cold, with deep snows, which we tried to keep from drifting in by putting a large rug at the door. The snow that lay six feet deep around us helped greatly in sheltering us from the cold. How we lived through that awful winter I hardly know. There were mothers that had been reared in a pleasant country enjoying all the comforts of life, with helpless children in their arms. They clasped their infants to their bosoms and tried by the warmth of their own bodies to protect them from the biting frost. Sometimes a part of the family had to remain up during the night to keep the fires going, so as to prevent the rest from freezing. Some destitute people made use of boards which the older ones kept heating before the fire and applied by turns to the smaller children to keep them warm. Many women and children, and some of the men, died from cold and exposure. Graves were dug with axes and shovels near the spot where our party had landed; and there in the stormy wintry weather our loved ones were laid to rest. We had no minister, and had to bury them without any religious service.

OFFICERS' BARRACKS, FREDERICTON

The first summer after our arrival all hands united in building their log houses. Doctor Earle's was the first that was finished. Our people had but few tools and those of the rudest sort. They had neither bricks nor lime, and chimneys and fire-places were built of stone laid in yellow clay. They covered the roofs of the houses with bark bound over with small poles. The windows had only four small panes of glass.

The first store opened at St. Ann's after our arrival was kept by a man named Cairnes, who lived in an old house on the bank of the river, which stood near the gate of the first church built in Fredericton. (The site was in front of the present cathedral.) He used to sell fish at a penny each, and butternuts at two for a penny. He also sold tea at $2.00 per pound, which was to us a wonderful boon. We greatly missed our tea. Sometimes we used an article called Labrador, and sometimes spruce or hemlock bark for drinking, but I despised it.

There were no domestic animals in our settlement at first, except one black and white cat, which was a great pet. Some wicked fellows who came from the States, after a while, killed, roasted, and ate the cat, to our great regret and indignation. A man named Conley owned the first cow. Poor Conley afterwards hanged himself—the reason for which was never known. For years there were no teams, and our people had to work hard to get their provisions. Potatoes were planted amongst the blackened stumps in the little clearings, and turned out well. Pigeons used to come in great numbers, and were shot or caught in nets by the score. We found in their crops some small round beans, which we planted; they grew very well and made excellent green beans, which we ate during the summer.—Reprinted from *Canadian History Readings*, by G. U. Hay. (By permission.)

NEW BRUNSWICK A PROVINCE

ALL the legal business in the matter of escheating the lands had to be done in Halifax. The long journey back and forth between the St. John and the capital caused much irritation to the Loyalists as well as frequent loss and damage. Edward Winslow, a leader among them, began to talk of having New Brunswick erected into a province by itself, separated from Nova Scotia. This idea found great favour among the settlers, who asked to have it done.

In May, 1784, the British Government made New Brunswick a province and appointed Thomas Carleton, Sir Guy's brother, to be the first Lieutenant-Governor.

Carleton arrived in November and was received with the greatest delight by all the people, who thought that their troubles were now over.

Thomas Carleton was a short stout man, well educated, a soldier who had seen thirty years of service. He was energetic and untiring. He tramped about the province visiting the different settlements and making up his mind about what was best for them. On one occasion he tramped on snowshoes all the way to Quebec to visit his brother who was ill. He was a generous man, too. He refused, as his brother had done, to receive the fees which pertained to his office, living upon his salary. As the province was so young and poor, he provided his own house and furniture. Carleton was an obstinate man and not always wise. The people did not always approve of what he did, but everyone knew that he tried to do what was right.

The day after his arrival he published his commission, made a statement of the boundaries of the new province, and called to his Council eleven of the wisest men in the settlement. Before leaving England he had been instructed to call an Assembly, and as soon as convenient one was elected. The first session was held in 1786. At it a law was passed requiring all grants of land in New Brunswick to be registered with the Government of New Brunswick. If grants were not so registered they were declared to be illegal. This law soon put an end to the trouble about the settlers' lands.

JOSEPH BRANT[1]

BRANT'S FORD ON THE GRAND RIVER

SIR WILLIAM JOHNSON was an Irishman of good family. His uncle, Sir Peter Warren, was a Lieutenant-Governor of New York County. In 1738, Sir Peter sent for his nephew to come out to America to manage his estate for him. Johnson was then twenty-three years old, a big, fine-looking fellow with a fresh cheek and a clear eye. He was manly and commanding, and soon made himself popular with Indians and whites alike.

Johnson worked hard at clearing and settling his uncle's land. Presently he set up a store for himself. He did a good business with the Mohawks whose lands were near. As the years went on, the Mohawks trusted and admired Johnson more and more. In 1746 they adopted him and made him one of their war chiefs.

By this time Johnson's first wife was dead and he took as his second, Mary Brant, an Indian maiden. "Miss Molly," as she was usually called, was a beautiful young woman, the flower of the tribe. She and her brother Joseph were above the average of Indian intelligence even among the proud Mohawks. Johnson

[1] His Indian name was Thayendanega, meaning two sticks bound firmly together.

took a great interest in Joseph and sent him to an English school in Connecticut.

Joseph Brant was an ambitious young man. He early determined to be a leader among his people. He studied hard at school, acted as interpreter to the English preacher, and helped Dr. Stuart to translate the New Testament into the Mohawk tongue. In 1765, he married the daughter of an Oneida chief, and set up a modest home in one of the Mohawk villages.

Mrs. Brant was a handsome woman, a little above middle height. She was straight and well shaped, inclining "to be jolly or lusty." She wore a blanket of silk and fine English cloth bordered with narrow lace. Beneath her blanket she wore a jacket and short petticoat. Her leggings were of the finest scarlet, her moccasins ornamented with beads and silk ribbons.

While the American Revolution was brewing, Brant, who had recently been made the principal war chief of the Six Nations, was much courted by both sides. The Americans sent messengers to invite the Iroquois to join them; the British reminded the tribes of the long alliance that had existed between them. Brant went to Montreal and later to England representing his people.

In England he was introduced to the King, and invited by all the great folk to their parties. Many amusing stories are told of him as he moved, in paint and feathers, his tomahawk in his sash, through the drawing-rooms of London. He held conference with the leading statesmen of those days, who promised that should he and his people join the British against the Americans, they should never regret it.

Brant, at last, concluded an alliance with the British, and early in the spring of 1776 he returned to America to lead his warriors to battle. War had already been

declared, and Brant, who landed near New York, had to creep through the lines of the enemy in order to reach home. He arrived safely, organised the tribes, and with them fought through the war.

When peace was made in 1783, Brant went to Quebec to ask that the British promise to provide for his people be fulfilled. The Six Nations did not wish to remain in the United States, and asked that land should be assigned them in Canada. They were granted a fine territory on the Bay of Quinte. The Senecas objected to this, saying it was too far from their home south of Lake Erie.

Some of the Mohawks stayed on the Bay of Quinte; others, Brant among them, went on to Niagara, where they were in touch with the other tribes of the Iroquois. On behalf of those Indians who preferred to live in the west, Brant now applied for land on the Grand River.

Colonel Butler learned that the Missassaugas were willing to sell the desired land to their cousins the Iroquois. On May 22, 1784, a great council was held at Niagara. The chiefs and warriors of the Missassaugas, and of the Six Nations, were there. Colonel Butler explained to all what land was wanted and for what purpose. Pokquan, the Missassauga chief, replied that his people were willing to sell such of the land as belonged to them.

A bargain was struck and a deed executed that very day. The deed was signed by Pokquan, seven Sachems, and two principal women of the Missassaugas. By this deed some two and a half million acres of the land which lies between the three lakes, Ontario, Erie, and Huron, became British. Eleven hundred and eighty pounds were paid for it.

The Six Nations were granted a tract on the Grand

River. "I do hereby," writes Governor Haldimand, "in His Majesty's name authorise and permit the Mohawk nation and such others of the Six Nations as wish to settle in that quarter to take possession of and settle upon the banks of the river commonly called Ouse or Grand River running into Lake Erie, allowing them for that purpose six miles deep from each side of the river, beginning at Lake Erie and extending in that proportion to the head of the said river, which they and their posterity are to enjoy for ever.

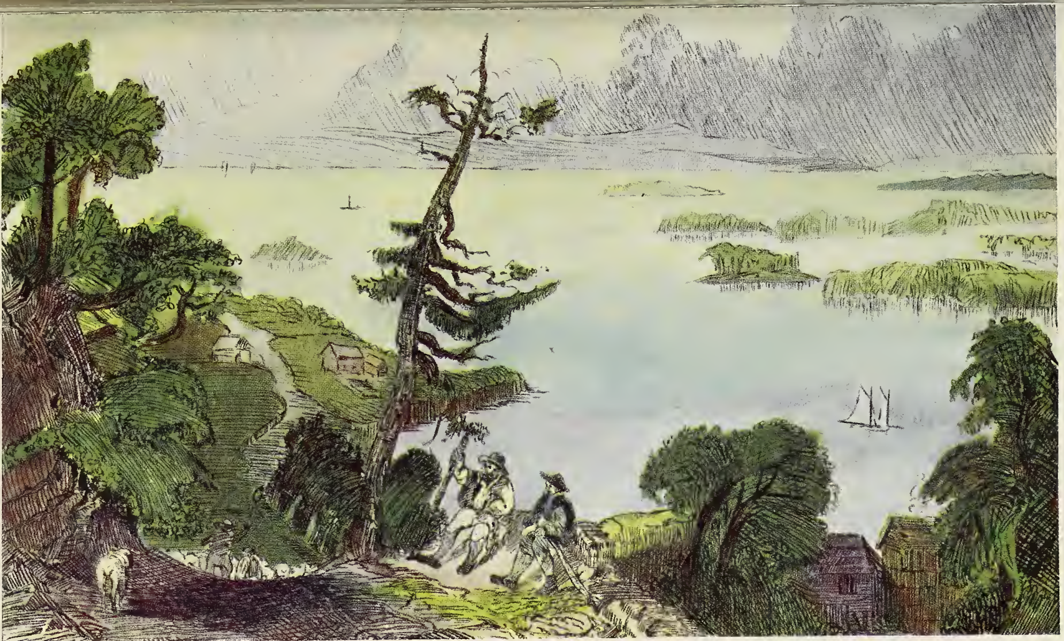
"Given under my hand and seal at arms at the Castle of St. Louis, at Quebec, October 25, 1784.

"FREDERICK HALDIMAND."

In the same year Governor Haldimand wrote to the commander at Niagara charging him to give the Six Nations every possible assistance in establishing their settlement on the Grand River. A saw- and grist-mill, a church and school, were to be built; £25 yearly was to be allowed them for a teacher whom the Mohawks were themselves to choose. An officer was to be sent up, in the spring, to help Brant in laying out the town and dividing the farms fairly among the people.

Mohawk Village, as the centre of the settlement was called, prospered from the first. Near it the river lays a shining arm about wide and fertile meadows. Brant lived in a frame house at the edge of the village. The first church in Upper Canada was erected there. It was 18 by 24 feet and had two storeys. It was used also as a council house and for visitations and tribal dances.

After many years Brant moved to Burlington, where he owned another estate. He lived to be an old man. Held in honour for his wisdom and kindness, he was constantly invited to mediate between the Government



By courtesy of the Ross Robertson Collection, Toronto Public Library.

BAY OF QUINTE.

and his own people. Even the President of the United States sent for him, upon one occasion, to ask his advice about making peace with hostile Indians.

Brant's old age was saddened by the conduct of his son, a young man given to drink. In a drunken rage he attacked his father, and Brant, in defending himself, inadvertently killed his son. He submitted himself to the law, which pardoned him freely, but the proud old chief never quite recovered from the disgrace and sorrow.

NIAGARA

At Niagara was made the first British settlement in Upper Canada. From the days of La Salle and Father Hennepin a French fort guarded the river. As one of the passages to the Great West, Niagara was an important fort and, when the British were fighting for Canada, the French sent six hundred men to defend it. Prideaux and Sir William Johnson were sent to take it at the same time that Wolfe was sent against Quebec. Prideaux was killed, but Johnson took the fort.

In 1764, the year after the French surrendered Canada wholly to the British, Sir William Johnson entered into a treaty with the Senecas who owned the land about Niagara. By this treaty the Senecas sold to the British King a tract of land four miles broad and about fourteen miles long, lying on both sides of the river, and extending from the mouth southward to the Falls. To make all quite safe, Johnson had the treaty signed also by the Missassaugas, who claimed the land on the west side of the river.

While the American Revolution was going on, the British had a regiment at Niagara to keep the Americans on their own side of the river. Every mouthful of food eaten by these soldiers had to be brought all the way from Montreal; it took time and a great deal of money to feed them. General Haldimand suggested that some farmers be settled on the King's lands at Niagara to raise grain and cattle for the troops.

By 1780, a number of Loyalists, driven out of the United States, had taken refuge at Fort Niagara. Some had brought property with them, others had none, but many of them had been farmers. In March of that year, Haldimand received permission from Britain to carry out his plan. The land on the west side of the river, granted by the Missassaugas, was to be cleared by the Government and divided among the Loyalists at the fort.

The settlers could not buy or rent this land; it belonged to the King. They were to own only what they grew upon it, and the produce must be sold to the officers at the fort. They were to be given seed, implements and provisions for a year; mills and a forge were to be provided for them.

Colonel Butler had charge of the business. He began at once to clear and break up the land. Four or five families were soon settled and building log-houses for themselves. Seed-wheat was sent up from Montreal, but it arrived too late for planting that year. For the following spring, Butler asked the Government to send in sixty bushels of spring wheat and oats, twelve of buckwheat, and a barrel of Indian corn. He asked for dressed leather also, to make harness, and a forge and iron to make ploughshares.

The little settlement did well from the beginning. Such of the soldiers as had served their time, and

those who had large families, were given land with the Loyalists. From the first the farmers accepted only half rations from the Government and, after the second harvest, they were able to maintain themselves altogether.

Peter and James Secord, two of the farmers, planned to build a saw- and grist-mill on Peter's farm. They had to buy the ironwork and millstone in Montreal. As the mills were to be a public benefit, they asked to have the equipment brought free up the river in the King's ships. The Government, hearing of the enterprise, refused to allow it. Materials would be sent up, the Secords should be paid for building the mills, but they might not own them themselves. The saw-mill was built first that in it might be made boards for the grist-mill. The two mills cost £500.

The settlers now began to feel at home upon their lands and wished to have them for their own. They sent in a petition to Colonel Butler asking him to try to arrange that they might either buy or rent their farms so that they might feel secure in working them. They were now raising more produce than the garrison could use, and they petitioned, also, to be allowed to sell what remained to anyone who wished to buy.

In 1783 the Americans won their freedom. They felt very bitterly towards the Loyalists and proclaimed that they would punish very severely any of them who remained in the United States. The British, on the other hand, promised these loyal people lands and honour in Canada. Many of them had already moved into the Maritime Provinces and Quebec. As these parts of Canada filled up, the Government began to look to Upper Canada to provide lands for the newcomers.

As in other places, a hundred acres were promised to each father, with fifty acres additional for each child.

Single men received fifty acres each, and officers were given up to a thousand acres apiece.

By the beginning of 1784 there were forty-six families in the Niagara settlement; they had forty-four houses and twenty barns. There were seven hundred and thirteen acres of cleared land; one hundred and twenty-three acres sown in winter wheat, and three hundred and forty-two more ploughed for spring crops. Captain John Macdonnel led the settlement with fifty acres cleared. A proud record, this, for four years' work.

CAPTAIN MICHAEL GRASS

During the later years of the American war a great many United Empire Loyalists moved into the Maritime Provinces. General Carleton knew that as soon as peace was made thousands more would go. He began to look anxiously about in Canada for good lands for them.

Peace was signed in 1783 and the Americans at once began to seize the property of those who had remained loyal to Britain and to drive them out of the country. Carleton was then commanding in New York. The city was full of hunted Loyalists for whom the General must make provision. He called to him one Michael Grass.

Twenty-five years before, when the British, on the Plains of Abraham, won Canada, Captain Grass had been a prisoner of the French in Fort Frontenac. When the British took that place in 1758, he was released and went back to New York State where he took up a farm. During the American war Grass remained

NEAR THIS SPOT CAPTAIN GRASS AND PARTY LANDED

loyal, and as the Americans threatened to kill him, he took refuge in the New York.

When called he went at once to Carleton. He found the General seated at a table covered with papers and maps.

"I understand, Mr. Grass," said the General, "that you have been in Fort Frontenac in Canada. Pray tell me what sort of a country you think it is. Can people live there? What think you?"

"Yes, your Excellency," answered Grass, "I was there, a prisoner of war among the French. From what I saw I think it is a fine country. I should think people might live there very well."

"Indeed, Mr. Grass," exclaimed the General, "I am heartily glad for the sake of these poor Loyalists to hear you say that. They cannot all go to Nova Scotia or New Brunswick, and I have been completely at a loss to know what to do for them. Now, Mr. Grass, will you lead a party to Fort Frontenac? If you will, the Government will provide passage to Quebec and rations for all until such time as you shall be able to provide for yourselves."

Captain Grass asked for three days to consider the matter; at the end of that time he consented. At once notices were posted through the city calling upon all those who wished to go to Canada to enroll themselves with Captain Grass. To every married man they promised a hundred acres, with fifty additional for each member of his family. Bachelors were to receive fifty acres each. By the autumn of 1783 the party was ready and embarked in seven vessels.

After a weary voyage they reached Sorel on the Richelieu; here they encamped for the winter. Many of these Loyalists had come from luxurious city homes; now they lived in narrow huts of rough logs. The snow was deep, the cold severe, the months long. The men worked every day in the woods cutting down trees out of which they built boats to carry them on their journey in the spring.

They were cautious, sensible people who knew their log cabins to be far better than no shelter. When May came, an advance party went forward to Fort Frontenac to spy out the land. Surveyor-General Holland and his men went with them to survey the chosen district. They reached Kingston, as it should now be called, in June, and it took them the rest of the summer to lay out the townships. In the autumn the party returned to the main body at Sorel where all passed a second trying winter.

The next spring the whole party embarked for Kingston. They travelled up the St. Lawrence in bateaux which had been made at Lachine. These were large boats, carrying five or six families in each. Twelve boats formed a brigade. Each brigade had a conductor, and five men in each boat, one of whom steered. It was the duty of the conductor to keep the brigade together and to direct it in a safe channel.

When they reached rapids, part of the brigade was left at the bottom and the remainder was doubly manned. Four men remained in each boat with setting poles. All the others walked along the shore, sometimes in water, sometimes out, pulling on a rope fastened to the bow of each boat. If there were trees in the way, they had to stop and cut them down. At the top of the rapids, the men left the six boats in charge of the women and returned to bring up the other six.

After a toilsome journey up the St. Lawrence, the Loyalists landed and pitched their tents some distance west of the present city of Kingston; but finding the soil there rather stony they removed to the present site; as Captain Grass said, they had not come so far through such dangers to settle upon poor land at last.

Captain Grass had with him five leaders, each in charge of one group of the settlers. The Captain himself was given the first choice of a location for his party; he chose the township of Kingston. Each of the other leaders then chose a township and led his followers to it. In the different townships each pioneer chose his farm, and soon the wilderness rang with the cheerful sound of axes.

Before the Loyalists had received their farms and provided themselves with shelters, it was past midsummer; too late to sow and harvest a crop for that year. Captain Grass asked the Government for turnip seed which, when it came, he distributed to his party. Each man took a handful and, clearing a spot in what is now the city of Kingston, sowed it. After the first frost they harvested a fine crop of turnips which made a welcome change in their winter diet.

Captain Grass chose for his own farm a piece of land on the south-west border of the town. It lay very beautifully, falling pleasantly to the lake; Macdonald

Park once formed part of it. Wellington Street was, at first, called Grass Street after the founder of the city. Captain Grass lived to be a very old man; he loved, during his later years, to tell again and again the brave story of the coming of the first Loyalists to Eastern Ontario.

THIS PARK, NOW IN THE CITY OF KINGSTON, WAS ONCE A PART OF CAPTAIN GRASS'S FARM

By courtesy of Dean Starr

OLD ST. GEORGE'S

THE FIRST MINISTER

It is pleasant to remember that the first minister who came to preach in Ontario was "a scholar and a gentleman" who, like Dr. Macgregor in Nova Scotia, gave up ease and honour in order to minister to the lonely exiles who needed him so sorely. Dr. John Stuart's thin face with its fine brow, its keen eyes, and its kindly mouth brought comfort to many a heart sick for home; his quiet courage and tireless hope inspired many a despairing settler.

Dr. Stuart was born in Pennsylvania, the son of a devout father who had left the old country for religion's sake. John, the eldest son, was sent to college in Philadelphia and graduated in 1763, the year in which Britain won Canada.

After taking his degree, Dr. Stuart went out as a missionary to the Mohawks. Among them he met and

made friends with Sir William Johnson, Mary and Joseph Brant. Sir William encouraged the young missionary in every way that he could; and Joseph Brant helped him to translate part of the Bible into Mohawk.

During the American war, Stuart, like so many other Loyalists, had rather a hard time. The Americans drove him from his farm and, for a time at least, kept him in prison in Schenectady. He had now a wife and three little boys. As he could not draw his salary from the missionary society, he asked to be allowed to open a Latin school in order to support his family; but the Americans would not let him do this.

At last, in 1781, he got permission to move to Canada. In order to get away he had to pay £400 as security and to promise that as soon as he reached British territory he would send back an American prisoner in exchange for himself. If he could not get any American to exchange with him, he promised to return himself.

The Stuarts travelled by way of St. John and the St. Lawrence; a long and roundabout journey. At Montreal they found many Loyalists as badly off as themselves. Few had money; nearly everyone was receiving rations from the Government. Dr. Stuart, unwilling to be a burden, at once opened a school.

In June, 1784, Dr. Stuart, who was again in touch with his missionary society, went west as far as Niagara. The Mohawks at Brantford already had a church which the Government had built for them. They had no minister, however, and begged Dr. Stuart to stay with them.

As there was, in those days, no minister west of Montreal, Dr. Stuart thought he ought to settle in Kingston which was about the middle of the newly-opened frontier. Having so decided, Stuart went back to Montreal and taught his school through the winter. The next spring he moved to Kingston.

At first, Dr. Stuart had only £50 a year as his salary. This was very little even in those days for a man who had a growing family. After a time the Government gave him £100 a year. To eke out his salary, Dr. Stuart took a farm. He chose the land just west of Captain Grass's, the land upon which Queen's University is now built. Here he and Mrs. Stuart brought up their boys and girls, entertained important visitors who came to the province, and kept open house for anyone who needed help.

Church service was, at first, held in a room in the barracks, but the people very early made up their minds to have a church. It was found that it would cost £200 to build one; in those days £200 was a great deal of money. By 1791 they had collected £80. Dr. Stuart and his committee wrote asking help of the missionary society and of the Government, but neither would give any money.

The people then held a meeting and resolved to build their church themselves; they voted to employ Andrew Thomson to build it. It was to be twelve feet high and to cost £108. By 1793 it was ready and in 1794 the congregation was able to furnish it with pews, a pulpit, reading-desk, communion table, cupola and bell. It was called St. George's.

Besides preaching in Kingston, Dr. Stuart made long journeys through the woods to minister to the people at Niagara and York (Toronto). He urged the missionary society to send out young men to preach in the new districts. He did his best to get schools opened and gave of his own salary to help pay the teacher of one.

Dr. Stuart lived till 1811, long enough to see the new province, in whose service he had spent his years and his strength, well started on the road to greatness.

LETTER OF A LOYALIST

BEDEQUE HARBOUR, ISLAND ST. JOHN,
September 19, 1785.

DEAR BROTHER,

I take this opportunity to let you know that we have arrived safe at this place, after a passage of about four weeks. We came by way of St. John where we remained three days for a passage to Cumberland, and from thence we got teams to cross the land to the Bay of Verte, which is about fifteen miles, and there we stayed six days waiting for a passage to the island, which we performed the next day, where we found everything agreeable to our expectations.

I have drawn five hundred acres of land in two divisions, two hundred and fifty in the above harbour, where I can take every kind of shellfish within one quarter of a mile from my door, and oysters in particular a great abundance. The land appears to be good, and has about eight or ten acres cleared, formerly a French settlement. We have begun to build. Major and myself are at Charlotte Town in order to get the articles allowed us by the Government. The Governor pays us great attention, and serves us in every respect.

Major and Tommy are well and very hearty. They like the place very well and think themselves happy if their brother and sisters were with them, which would be a great blessing to me, and with the blessing of God I hope to live as well as I have heretofore. I am not determined when I shall return as yet. I shall be better able to let you know by the next opportunity. I purpose to apply for Major's land, which he is entitled to, three hundred acres, before I leave the town.

Your afft. Brother.

THE TWO MACDONELLS

The Glengarry settlement was begun in 1784 by the disbanded soldiers of the King's Royal Regiment of New York. They were Scotchmen who before the American Revolution had settled in New York near Johnstown, the home of Sir William Johnson. They were loyal and after fighting on the side of the British through the war they came to Canada to settle. These men were accustomed to hardship and hard work. Within a few years they had cleared farms and were writing home to Scotland advising their friends to come out to Canada, where all men were free and each might be a laird in his own right.

In 1786 the Reverend Alexander Macdonell (the first) arrived, bringing from the Highlands five hundred of his people. What a welcome they had! What tears, what handshakings, what news of home, what sage advice about Canada!

The reverend leader was busy everywhere, advising the newcomers about their affairs, inquiring among the old settlers as to their religious life. He rode through the settlement holding services, baptising, and marrying. In a short time he had organised a parish, the first in Canada: soon a church was under way. It is known as the "Blue Church" and is by some writers thought to have been the first church built by white men in Upper Canada, earlier even than St. George's in Kingston.

The next large body of settlers came to Glengarry in 1803. They were led by a second Reverend Alexander Macdonell. This young man while serving his church in Inverness heard of an immigrant ship which had been wrecked, her people being now at Greenock near

Glasgow and in great distress. Young Macdonell went to the University professors and merchants of Glasgow and begged them to give these poor people work. The immigrants were Roman Catholic and the Glasgow people Protestant, but Macdonell persuaded them to help, and work was found for six hundred men.

The French Revolution was now going on and Macdonell helped to raise from among his people a regiment to fight for Britain. He went with the men as chaplain. When the revolution was over he led his men, together with more than a thousand of their friends and relatives, to Glengarry in Canada where they settled. This second Alexander Macdonell became the first Roman Catholic bishop in Upper Canada.

Canadian National Railways

IN THE RIDEAU COUNTRY

THE HUNGRY YEAR

The British Government promised to supply food to all the Loyalists for the first three years. The promise was, in general, faithfully kept; but three years was not long enough, for those who had no experience of farming, to harvest a crop from the heavily timbered soil. Sometimes, too, supplies of food were late in arriving or damaged in transit; the immigrants were often hungry during those first years.

1787 was called the "Hungry Year." For those who had arrived in 1783 it was the fourth year; from them Government rations were withdrawn. That very year, as luck would have it, the crops failed. The scanty stores remaining were eaten up long before spring. Starvation stalked through the land.

Those who had money sent it to Quebec, but, even there, flour could not be bought. Fish and game were scarce and difficult to catch. The mothers made bread of bran. Beef bones were boiled again and again; those who had any lent them around the neighbourhood that people might boil them with their bran to give it a taste.

As spring came on the buds from the trees, roots, and bark were boiled and eaten. One family lived for two weeks upon boiled young beech leaves. Indian cabbage, wild potatoes, butternuts, plants, and pigweed were used. A number of people died, having eaten poisonous roots.

At last, upon a sunny hillside, the early wheat headed out. What relief! People came from far and near to eat of the milky heads boiled. Many a family lived for

months on boiled oat-heads. In general, those who had, shared generously with those who had nothing, and the little flour in the country was sold at fair prices.

Many pitiful stories are told of the sufferings of those days. One old man and woman, alone and helpless, had lain down to die when a flock of pigeons came fluttering to the door. Another family were starving, having used up everything eatable within reach. The mother and children were so weak they could scarcely walk. Suddenly, one morning, a deer wandered into the clearing and the father, gathering his remaining strength, made shift to kill it.

The next summer brought crops and relief. Nature seemed trying to make up to the pioneers for her former harshness. The seed sown multiplied abundantly; the bushes bent over with wild fruit; pigeons and ducks arrived in flocks; salmon was plentiful and easily taken with a forked stick.

On the Bay of Quinte an ox was killed by a falling tree. The farmer built a great fire upon the shore, roasted it whole and called his neighbours from all directions to the feast. The "Hungry Year" was over.

THE NEW PROVINCE

Before 1780, Upper Canada was a wilderness unknown to any but the voyageur and the trapper. Forts Frontenac, Niagara, Erie, and Detroit, each with its little company of soldiers, guarded the frontier; the rest lay in solitude.

By 1784 ten thousand Loyalists had settled above Montreal. The disbanded Highland regiments were given farms along the St. Lawrence; Captain Grass and

OLD HOUSE IN KINGSTON IN WHICH GOVERNOR SIMCOE IS SAID TO HAVE HELD A COUNCIL

his party took possession of the Bay of Quinte region. Steadily the line of settlement extended, first along the shore of Lake Ontario, then of Lake Erie. By 1791 there were so many English-speaking people in Upper Canada that the British Government separated it from Quebec, making a new province of it.

A province must have a Governor and a Parliament. Colonel John Simcoe was appointed Governor and sent out with instructions to have a Parliament elected and assembled. You may imagine how proud were the people of Upper Canada; only eleven years old, this new province, and already preparing to manage its own affairs. There would be no more waiting for needed laws to be passed; no more misunderstanding between the French and British people of Canada. From the St. Lawrence to Lake Erie the Upper Canadians rejoiced.

Colonel Simcoe made an admirable Governor for a young community. He was a man in the prime of life,

able and full of energy. He reached Kingston on July 1, 1792. Mrs. Simcoe, who was with him, tells us of their arrival:

"We drew near to Kingston which we were aware of before we saw the houses, as we discerned the white waves of Lake Ontario beyond, looking like a sea, for the wind blew extremely fresh.

"Kingston is a small town of about fifty wooden houses and merchants' storehouses. Only one house is built of stone. It belongs to a merchant. There is a small garrison here and a harbour for ships. They fired a salute on our arrival, and we went to the house appointed for the commanding officer, at some distance from the barracks. It is small but very airy and so much cooler than the great house in Montreal that I was very well satisfied with the change. The situation of the place is entirely flat, and incapable of being rendered defensible. Therefore, were its situation more central, it would still be unfit for the seat of government."

Within a week of his coming to Kingston, the Governor had called his Council together. They divided Ontario into nineteen counties and arranged to hold an election in which sixteen members should be chosen to form a Parliament.

As soon as the proclamation and the writs had been sent out through the country, the Governor and his officers went up to Niagara which, for the time being, had been chosen capital of the new province. They sailed in a small vessel called the *Onondago* and arrived on July 26. Niagara was still smaller than Kingston. Four long low wooden buildings grouped together had been built for the naval officers. They were known as Navy Hall and were being hastily put in repair for the Governor and his wife. As the repairs had not been

completed, the Simcoes lived in tents for some days. Mrs. Simcoe had left a beautiful home in England and must have found the pioneer village very rough and strange, but she seems to have enjoyed her experiences very much.

Governor Simcoe opened the first Parliament of Upper Canada in September 1792. It was a miniature Parliament; the Council had seven members, the Assembly sixteen. But they had come together to do serious business and the "House" was opened with as much ceremony as though it had had 600 members. The Governor appeared in all the glory of scarlet and gold; Mrs. Simcoe wore a beautiful gown of white satin brocaded with wreaths of flowers. The members were in formal black, the ladies and gentlemen who came to look on, in their very best you may be sure.

The Governor spoke enthusiastically of the future of the province and gravely of the responsibilities of the members. The members themselves were business men who knew what they wanted. They laid down rules for procedure, passed eight important Acts for the welfare of the province, and adjourned in just one month.

DUNDAS STREET

Governor Simcoe was not content with assembling Parliament and passing needed laws. In his dreams Ontario appeared as she is to-day, beautiful and rich; he spared neither himself nor others in the effort to make that dream come true. He strengthened the frontier, induced many new Loyalists to come to Upper Canada, and travelled everywhere through the country finding out what the people needed.

Roads he felt to be of first importance. In many

districts there were still no roads at all, and the people were forced to pick their way through the woods on foot or horseback. The forest trails were blazed; where horses were much used the settlers lopped the lower limbs from the trees to make passage easier. In the older settlements corduroy roads were used. A corduroy road is paved with logs split in two and laid with the round side upward. Such paving made a very rough road, but it was the best the pioneers had had up to this time.

Niagara was too near the boundary to be suitable as a permanent capital and, after some dispute, York (Toronto) was chosen. It was then a very small village, known as "Muddy York." Through the capital, it was felt, the principal roads should pass. Governor Simcoe planned two great roads: Dundas Street to run east and west from Montreal to Detroit, following the St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario and then cutting through the Mohawk lands; Yonge Street to run north and south from the lake shore at York to Lake Simcoe. These two roads cut the province into four and made the back lands accessible to new settlers.

The energetic Governor began work on the new roads at once. By 1793 Dundas Street had been opened from the head of Lake Ontario to the Grand River. Already villages sprang up along the highway and settlers streamed in to the rich lands along the Grand and the Thames.

The roadway had first to be surveyed and then cleared. The surveyors with their instruments went first; gangs of men with axes followed them; then came the road-builders. Needed timbers were to be had for the felling. Great quarries were opened at Rockton out of which they took the stone for macadamising the road. By day the axes rang, by night the

camp fires gleamed; so the great road was driven through the wilderness.

As the road went through, stores and taverns sprang up like mushrooms by the roadside. Most of them were built of logs. The taverns were built to accommodate travellers; people afoot, or even on horseback, travel slowly, so that many inns were needed. These taverns were the centre of pioneer society. As the houses were small, all important social functions, balls, banquets, weddings, funerals, political meetings and even church services were held at the inns.

Along the main roads and through the principal towns, regular lines of stage coaches ran. The coaches were huge lumbering things, something like the body of a closed car swung upon heavy wooden wheels. As the roads were often very bad, the coaches were drawn by four horses which were changed at certain taverns along the road where relays of fresh animals were kept.

The arrival of the coach was the great event of the day at the inn. In a twinkling the stable-boys were unhitching the horses and driving them into their stalls. Perhaps a passenger got out, his carpet bags and valises were thrown down from the roof or from the rack behind, and he went in to seek lodging. The driver, striking his great boots with his whip, strode into the taproom to get a drink; the passengers who were going farther washed the dust from their throats with hot or cold drinks handed in through the window. In five minutes the fresh horses came prancing out, the great traces were caught up and fastened, the coachman mounted the box, he cracked his long whip over the backs of his team, the stable-boys jerked off their blankets and they were off.

Even when the stage had passed, the great road and

the little taverns were busy places. Settlers, on the way to their new farms, drove by with their ox teams and covered wagons. Supplies went in to the distant settlements, produce came out from the cultivated farms. Scarcely an hour of the day or night but the road rang to the hoof-beat and the wheel.

AT LONG POINT

The Ryersons came originally from Holland where their ancestors had been brave men for many generations. Several Ryerson brothers settled in Pennsylvania. When the war came the family divided, some joining the Americans, others remaining loyal. The Loyalists, Samuel and Joseph, having their property taken from them, moved to Maugerville, New Brunswick.

Joseph married a Canadian girl and lived on the St. John for ten years. Then, thinking that by this time the Americans must surely have forgotten their anger, he took his wife and four children back to New York. The Americans had not forgotten, however. They made things very unpleasant for Joseph and his family; they decided to return to Canada.

A number of the New Brunswick Loyalists, Joseph Ryerson among them, now moved up to Lake Erie where, it was reported, fertile land was to be had. Joseph thought he would examine the Lake Erie country before settling. With a friend he went up to Niagara. There they met Governor Simcoe who received them kindly, promising them grants of land.

The following spring Joseph Ryerson set out, with his family, for Long Point. They got passage in a small

sloop up the Hudson as far as Albany. From Albany they portaged across to Schenectady where they got a flat-bottomed boat to take them up the Mohawk and Wood Creek. From the head of Wood Creek to the head of Oswego River which runs into Lake Ontario is a portage of only ten miles. Ten miles is not far to tramp, the difficulty was to get the boat across. Pioneers were not easily daunted, however. A rough wagon was soon ready, its body trimmed logs, its wheels rounds cut from the trunk of a great beech tree. Upon this wagon the boat was finally loaded and toilsomely drawn by hand through the woods to the banks of the Oswego.

OLD GRIST-MILL

The slow journey along the south shore of Lake Ontario was easy, but another laborious portage had to be made about the Falls of Niagara. This over, they coasted the north shore of Lake Erie, reaching Long Point on the last day of June.

Captain Ryerson chose for his farm lands lying pleasantly along the banks of a pretty brook which ran into the lake. Here, helped by the earlier settlers, he built a fine log house with a parlour, a kitchen, two bedrooms and a garret. When a stream ran through the land granted, the Government required the owner to build a saw- and grist-mill. Within three years Joseph Ryerson had built both. The saw-mill soon paid for itself, but the grist-mill nearly ruined its owner. It cost

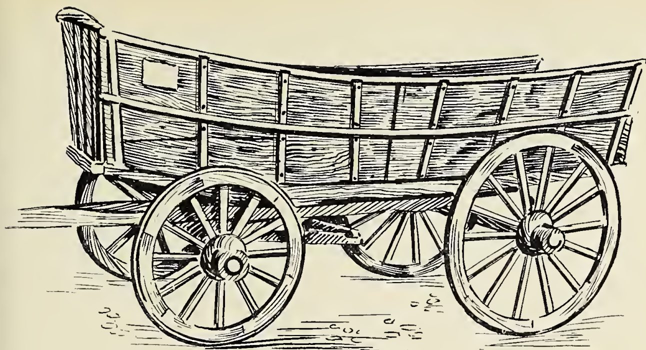
a great deal to build and keep it in repair and the farmers had, as yet, very little wheat to grind.

Misfortunes came: the mill dam broke, the machinery got out of order, the fine log house caught fire from the chimney and burned. In 1814, the Americans attacked the little settlement and destroyed it. But the pioneers carried steadily on, building up again whatever was destroyed, and continually wresting new fields from the forest.

An interesting story is told of John Ryerson. One morning excitement stirred Vittoria, the little settlement: an ox was missing. The hide was found in the home of Richard Carr, a very poor man, and he and his friend Smith were arrested, tried, and condemned to death for stealing. They would probably have been hanged at once, but the sheriff wished to give the people a chance to see the hanging; so the men were kept in prison while the news was sent around the country.

Meanwhile, John Ryerson and Dr. Rolph, shocked that men should die for so small an offence, consulted as to what might be done. Dr. Rolph rode off to Toronto to get a pardon from the Governor while Ryerson did what he could to hearten the prisoners. No one believed that Rolph could get the pardon and be back in time.

The execution day arrived, the crowd gathered, the prisoners mounted the scaffold—still no Dr. Rolph. John Ryerson asked if he might pray; the sheriff permitted it. The good man fell upon his knees and began. He prayed for half an hour, the people began to move restlessly. He prayed for an hour, even the prisoners wearied, but Ryerson prayed on. He swayed upon his knees, his voice grew faint, they could not hear his words, but no one dared to interrupt a prayer. At the end of two hours a shout welcomed Dr. Rolph as he dashed up the road with a pardon; John Ryerson fell back in a faint; the poor men were saved.



Waterloo Historical Association

CONESTOGA WAGON

WATERLOO

THE FIRST SETTLEMENT BACK FROM THE LAKE

Long before the American Revolution, there came from Europe many protestants, Germans, Hollanders, Swiss. They sought a country where they might worship God in the way which they thought right. Many of them settled in Pennsylvania. The land was rich, the people hard-working, the population grew rapidly; soon there was no land left to make farms for the sons growing up.

These people, "Pennsylvania Dutch" they were called, did not believe in war. When they first settled in America, Britain had promised them that they should not be required to fight. During the revolution they took neither side; but when peace had been made, hundreds of them moved across the Great Lakes into Canada. They felt safer under Britain, whose promise of peace they had.

In the autumn of 1799, Joseph Sherk and Samuel

Betzner arrived at Niagara. They had come from Pennsylvania to spy out the land for their friends. They hoped to find a tract of good farming land which could be bought cheaply and to which they might lead their neighbours.

Sherk spent the winter in Niagara, but Betzner went on to Ancaster. Here, he heard of a beautiful river with long rolling meadows on its shores. Between Niagara and the river stretched the dreaded Beverley swamp, a morass hundreds of acres in extent, and fabled impassable.

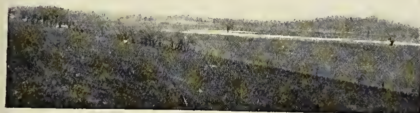
This obstacle daunted the two Dutchmen not at all. As soon as the spring opened, they pushed on into the wilderness some thirty miles to what is now Waterloo County. They reached the Grand River somewhere in the neighbourhood of Freeport. The land was beautiful, the river broad but not very deep, fish were plentiful; the prospect was better than they had hoped. Turning down stream, Sherk chose for his farm the heights and lovely valley opposite Doon; while Betzner selected a fine level stretch on the west side of the river near Blair.

The two men now returned to Pennsylvania to get their families. In the spring of 1800 they again reached Niagara. Discovering that the owner of the land was Richard Beaseley, they bargained with him for the farms they had chosen. Sherk traded a horse for his. He bought a yoke of oxen and a sled and, loading his family and furniture upon the latter, drew them through the wilderness to the height above the river.

Later in the summer came Samuel Betzner senior with his family, and the two Reichert brothers. The elder Betzner chose a farm next to Joseph Sherk's, while the Reicherts settled near Freeport. Alone in the forest, the five families passed the winter. Wind and wolves howled about the brave little cabins, but the

stout hearts within heeded not. Logs for the rough fire-places were plentiful; if food was scarce, they shared what they had. Sunday morning saw them crossing the ice in one direction or another to hold service in one of the homes. Weekdays were all too short for the work to be done.

1801 brought David Gingerich with his family and 1802 seven families. This large party came from beyond the Alleghany Mountains. They had covered wagons in which they slept at night, nine teams, cows, seed, and furniture. They had difficulty in passing the mountains, their wagons being so heavily loaded that the horses could not draw them up the steep slopes. They had to unload and pay for having their goods carried over. They crossed the Niagara River at "the Flats" and halted at "Hornung's," a well-known "stopping place," while the men cut a road through the Beverley swamp, making it possible to drive the horses through. When the road was ready, they set out. George Clemens, the unmarried man of the party, drove the first team. After some days of dangerous travelling, they reached their friends on the grand river. They were ten weeks making the whole journey, and during all that time no one was sick and not a single accident happened.



ON SAMUEL BETZNER'S FARM

Twenty-five miles of swamp lay between the new settlement and Dundas, the nearest village. Twenty-five miles they had to travel to mill and store, while public or legal business could not be done nearer than York (Toronto). The pioneers could do without a store but

not without a mill. A very small one was presently built which served the settlement for some years.

A school they felt to be quite as necessary as a mill. The first one was opened in 1802; Rittenhouse was the name of the master. He was a man of scholarly family who, no doubt, required the boys and girls to attend strictly to what he taught them, determined that though they grew up in the wilderness, they should not grow up in ignorance.

TWENTY THOUSAND SILVER DOLLARS

Samuel Bricker took up a farm across the river above Freeport. On one occasion he had made a long trip through the bush to York to see about a cow. His business over, he went to the tavern for supper. As he sat eating, he overheard a stranger inquiring about "the Waterloo tract." Bricker spoke to the man, telling him that he had settled in the Waterloo tract, that the settlers had bought it from Richard Beaseley of Niagara. The stranger said that he was sorry to hear this as Beaseley did not own the land and therefore could not sell it.

This statement alarmed Bricker very much. Instead of returning home at once, as he had intended, he began making inquiries. With some trouble, he got a copy of the original deed of the land. This paper was signed by Joseph Brant himself and ceded 94,012 acres to Beaseley, James Wilson, and John Rousseau. In paying for the land, these men, it appeared, had given a joint mortgage against it for twenty thousand dollars.

With this somewhat alarming news Bricker returned to Waterloo. The matter worried the settlers very

much. They were working too hard upon their land to feel easy under the shadow of any possibility of its being taken away from them. They called a meeting and, at it, chose John Betchel and Samuel Betzner to go to Niagara to see Beaseley and arrange matters. They agreed to pay the two messengers one dollar a day for their time and trouble.

Betchel and Betzner met Richard Beaseley at Niagara and told him what they had heard and how worried the settlers were. Beaseley acknowledged frankly the mortgage against the land, but begged them not to worry, assuring them that the land was worth a great deal more than the mortgage and that he was quite prepared to pay off the mortgage when it fell due.

Seeing that the men were still dissatisfied at this prospect, Beaseley offered to sell them the whole tract for twenty thousand dollars, the amount of the mortgage against it. This was a fair offer and the two settlers returned with it to their comrades.

Great was the excitement in the riverside community when the news became known. If only they could buy the whole tract then they would be safe indeed, with prospects of fortune as the land increased in value. But where were they to get the twenty thousand dollars? They were few and poor; they had not a thousand dollars among them, no, nor the half of it.

In this dilemma their thoughts turned to their relatives and fellow-churchmen in Pennsylvania, many of whom were well-to-do. A second meeting was held in Waterloo and Samuel Bricker and Joseph Sherk were appointed to go back to the old home to ask for money to pay off the mortgage.

The two ambassadors made the journey in good time. They canvassed in Cumberland and in Franklin counties, Pennsylvania, but unsuccessfully. It happened

that at that time the Pennsylvanian Germans were considering buying a large tract of land in Virginia; most of them favoured the southern rather than the northern investment.

Discouraged, Sherk returned home, but Bricker, loath to give up the project, went on to lay the matter before the people of Lancaster. A great meeting of Mennonites was held at the home of old Hannes Eby. The same arguments as before were brought out: Virginia was warm and fertile, Canada distant and unknown.

The meeting was on the point of voting against Waterloo when Samuel Bricker stood up. He was a young man of parts and despair fired his blood. He made a great speech. He reproached the church people with regarding this affair only from the business point of view. It was not alone, he said, a matter of investing their money safely; should they allow their poor friends, toiling in a remote district, to be dispossessed of the lands for which they had worked so hard and which they had bought in good faith?—this was the question.

Bricker's speech completely changed the feeling of the meeting. Elder Hannes Eby replied warmly saying that they would think no more of profit, but would come to the aid of their friends. "The German Company" was formed. Daniel Erb was appointed to assist Bricker in collecting the money. They offered to pay him, but he would accept no salary. Everyone in Lancaster County who could afford it bought stock in the new company. In a short time the funds were in hand.

The German Company handed the money over to Bricker and Erb all in silver—twenty thousand silver dollars. It was packed in a strong box which was placed under the seat of a "light pleasure buggy." They drove back through the forests and swamps, all the way to

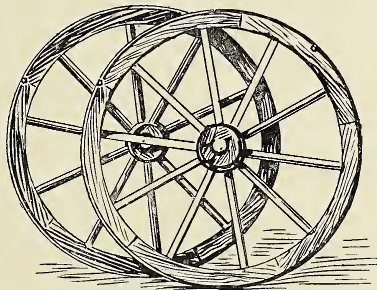
Waterloo, with twenty thousand silver dollars under the seat of their buggy, no one offering to molest them.

There was still some little difficulty about the mortgage, but in the end all was arranged and 60,000 acres of the township of Waterloo were deeded over to Daniel and Jacob Erb as trustees for the German Company The township was then surveyed and the map sent to the shareholders in Pennsylvania.

The company divided the land into farms, which were assigned by lot to the shareholders. After that, each family when it came over knew just where to go and no time was wasted.

Numbers of the Pennsylvanian people now moved to Waterloo; they came over in large parties. One party devised a new scheme for crossing the Niagara River. They took the wheels off their wagons and put them inside the box with their families, their goods and chattels. Then they stuffed up the cracks of the wagons with moss and, hoisting a small sail, floated gaily over to the Canadian shore. Was not that clever?

Founded by such brave determined hearts, it is not surprising that Waterloo has become the rich and beautiful county that we know.



WHEELS OF THE BUGGY IN WHICH SAMUEL BRICKER BROUGHT THE MONEY FROM PENNSYLVANIA

JOHN TALBOT

JOHN TALBOT, a gay young lieutenant, came out to Canada in 1790. In Quebec Governor Simcoe took a fancy to him and attached him to his staff. With the Governor's party he travelled up the St. Lawrence to Kingston and from there to Niagara.

From the first, young Talbot was enthralled by the strange beauty of the wilderness, its pathless woods, its wide blue lakes, its unknown rivers. In 1800 he went home to England and sold his lieutenancy. The next year, leaving city and court, friends and future, he came back to Canada determined to settle here and help to open up the country.

He found the new Executive Council at Niagara very busy making large grants of land to itself. Talbot asked for a grant at Port Stanley, but the Council seems to have been too much engaged with its own affairs to bother with his and he did not get it. He spent 1802 in England giving to his Majesty's Government valuable information about the soil, climate, and resources of Canada.

Presently Governor Simcoe got Talbot a grant of 5000 acres in Yarmouth Township, but this having been already granted to the Baby family, Talbot was given Dunwich instead. The agreement was that for every settler he placed upon a 50-acre farm Talbot himself was to receive 200 acres. There were no lands in his township reserved for the clergy, so that the whole could be opened up at once.

On May 21, 1803, Talbot with four helpers landed

at the mouth of a little stream which flowed through Dunwich Township into Lake Erie. That very day he chose a site for his house; and as soon as might be he built a comfortable home where he spent the best part of the remainder of his life.

Talbot had made up his mind upon two points. He would build roads through his township before he brought settlers in; and he would not give any settler a certificate to get the patent for his land until the said settler had lived on his farm five years, had cleared a strip a hundred feet wide along the road across the front of his place, and had built a house at least fifteen feet by twenty feet. The open road brought settlers to Talbot, and the restriction about the patent drove away lazy men, so that the township was speedily settled with thrifty hard-working people. His methods were so successful that the Government placed the south-western part of the province under Talbot's direction.

By 1826 Talbot had placed twenty thousand people on the land and had spent all the money he had in building roads for them. He had acquired for himself 65,000 acres but had, so far, made little or nothing out of it. He appealed to the Government for help and they granted him a salary of £400 a year.

Talbot was now growing old. As he had no sons of his own, he wished his nephews to come out to Canada, to live with him and inherit his land. One came and then another, but the young men did not like the wilderness life and went home. Talbot then tried to live in England with his friends, but he was lonely for his Canadian home. He came back again, died here, and sleeps his long sleep under the great trees he loved.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION

WHILE the United Empire Loyalists were settling themselves in Canada and Governor Simcoe was busy opening up the new province, Ontario, terrible things were happening in Europe. The common people of France, who had for hundreds of years been trodden underfoot by their kings and nobles, rose in rebellion. They had been bitterly abused and, now having the power in their own hands, they were merciless. They beheaded their king and all the nobles they could take. They resolved to have no more kings and, like the Americans, set up a republic.

When they had put away their own king the French advised all other nations to do the same. They thought it would be better for the world if all nations were republics. Many of the other countries did not agree with them; Britain did not agree with them. Armies were gathered on both sides and, presently, France and the other nations began to fight.

It was a sad war; it began in 1793 when Upper Canada was only two years old and it lasted more than twenty years. Napoleon was the leader of the French armies. He was a great soldier and won many splendid victories; but in the end he was taken prisoner and the French had to return to their own country, having gained little by all their fighting.

THE GREAT IMMIGRATION

As France had helped the United States against Great Britain in the American Revolution, it was only fair that the United States should help France with her revolution. In 1812, the United States declared war against Britain in aid of France. The Americans were too far from Britain to do her much damage at home, so they attacked Canada, meaning to take it away from the Empire.

By this time, however, Canada had a growing population of Loyalists in the Maritime Provinces and in Ontario. These people were still angry with the Americans who had so lately driven them out of the United States. The French of Quebec rallied bravely to defend our country. The Americans crossed the lakes and raided the tiny settlements along the Canadian shores; their armies invaded Canada east, west, and centre. Britain sent men, money, and ships to help us, but for the most part Canadians fought the battle themselves. Many a stirring tale is told of those days. The war went on for three years and in the end the Americans, like the French, had to go home without having gained anything.

In 1815 was fought the famous battle of Waterloo which ended the war in Europe. British soldiers who had been fighting for ten, fifteen, or twenty years came pouring home. Few of them were fitted to go back to their old trades; fewer found a place open for them. During the war there had been work and good wages for everyone in England. But now that there was no

longer any need to make swords, guns, balls and powder, food and clothing for the soldiers, thousands of people were thrown out of work.

It happened just about this time that machines for spinning and weaving were invented. Before this all the thread was spun and all the cloth woven by hand. This was a slow method; clothing the nation kept thousands of people busy every day in the year. With the new machines cloth was made very quickly and by fewer hands. Using the machine one man could make as much cloth as six had done formerly. The poor hand-loom weavers, who had all their lives earned good wages, suddenly found themselves without work. Their savings were soon spent and they were in danger of starving. The distress was terrible in England and Scotland; it was worse still in Ireland.

This was Canada's opportunity. Here lay our wide country, its rich acres only waiting for men to till them. Here was work, hard work to be sure, but such as brought in food, comforts, prosperity. "The Great Immigration" began. Many of the immigrants were quite without money, but the Government helped some, kindly landlords provided for others, and two-thirds of all were brought over by friends. The family at home would put everything together to make up the £2 10s. which would buy a ticket to Canada for one son or daughter. John or Mary arrived, got work, saved carefully, and was soon able to send home the money to bring the family out.

Some settled in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, others found work in Quebec, others still pressed on westward to the new province, Ontario. It is said that in the four years beginning with 1829, 160,000 settlers came to Canada. Many of our finest districts and most prosperous towns were begun in those days.

LAURA SECORD

THE Ingersolls were United Empire Loyalists who left their comfortable home in the United States and came to Upper Canada with the first "immigration." Laura was then only a little girl. She grew up in the settlement, enduring the hardships and enjoying the gaieties of pioneer life. She married James Secord who, you remember, had a mill and a store at Queenston near Niagara. Mr. and Mrs. Secord had four girls and one little boy.

In 1812 the Americans attacked Canada; at once the Canadians gathered to defend the country. James Secord had left the army but returned as a volunteer. There was a battle at Queenston Heights where the Americans had crossed the river. The fighting was hot; our leader, General Brock, was killed; but, in the end, the Americans were forced to retire. James Secord was severely wounded in the arm and in the leg. He lay, with many others, near death upon the field. As he did not return, Laura went out and searched until she found him. He was carried home and nursed back to health.

The Americans came back in 1813 and again occupied Queenston. They posted a line of sentries ten miles back from the river. The Secord house was within this line and the American soldiers came in demanding a meal whenever they felt like it. One morning they came to search the house for money. Laura had some Spanish doubloons but she was determined that the Americans should not have them. While the men sought in another room she threw them into a pot of water boiling on the fire and so saved them.

The Americans captured Fort York (Toronto) and

Fort George (Niagara), but were defeated at Stony Creek (Hamilton). They next planned to take Beaver Dams (Thorold) which was held by Lieutenant Fitzgibbon with two hundred men. The plan was that on June 24 five hundred Americans should march out from Niagara and surprise Beaver Dams.

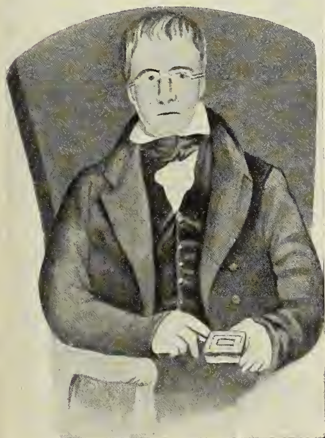
On the evening of June 22 a gay party of American soldiers came in to supper at Laura Secord's. As she waited on them she caught a hint of the plan. Alert at once she listened and found out what they meant to do. Fitzgibbon must be warned, but Beaver Dams was twenty miles away through the forest; it would be difficult to get a message to him. James Secord was still lame from his wound, the children were too small; there was no one to go but Laura.

On the morning of June 23, Laura rose long before dawn. She set the table so that passing soldiers should not suspect her absence, took a milk-pail on her arm, and driving her cow before her, set off through the woods. The June day was hot and heavy; the swampy ground, the fallen trees, the thick underbrush, made the going wearisome in the extreme; the black flies and mosquitoes swarmed among the trees; but Laura plodded on. At sunset she reached Twelve Mile Creek; a mossy log overhung the stream; crawling on her hands and knees she crossed by it. With wolves howling mournfully about her, she climbed the steep "Beech-ridge," and at moonrise came upon Fitzgibbon's Indian outpost.

They received her with a war-whoop which awed but did not daunt her. At first they suspected her, but she persuaded one of the chiefs to take her to Fitzgibbon, to whom she explained the danger. She was conducted to the house of a friend where she said she "slept right off," and no wonder.

Having been warned, Fitzgibbon placed his men in ambush, and by strategy made the Americans think they were surrounded by a large force. After a little fighting they surrendered, 542 men, two guns, and a flag falling into the hands of the Canadians.

A PIONEER VILLAGE


HON. WILLIAM DICKSON

William Dickson was a young Scotchman, who came to Niagara in 1792 and opened a law office. He was a high-spirited young man. He had fought in the war of 1812 and had been taken prisoner to New York. When released, he returned to Niagara fully determined to spend his life in the new settlement.

Some years before this, one Philip Stedman had bought from the Mohawks a township on the Grand River. Mr. Stedman made no attempt to improve his land and, presently, died leaving it to his sister, who lived near Niagara. When Mr. Dickson returned from his imprisonment he heard of the Stedman land, and, having a sum of money to invest, he bought it. The block included 94,000 acres and Mr. Dickson paid a little more than a dollar per acre for it.

Mr. Dickson was far too energetic and public-spirited a citizen to let his land lie idle, as did many of the speculators of those days. He meant to open up his township and to do everything possible to attract settlers to it. He had his business in Niagara to carry on; he began, therefore, to look about for a young man to manage his Indian lands for him.

About this time there came to Niagara a young American, a carpenter, called Absalom Shade. He was tall, straight, and strong, his sharp blue eyes looked shrewdly at the world. He was just such a young man as Mr. Dickson needed to be his agent upon the Grand River. He talked to Shade about it, explaining that he meant to build a saw- and grist-mill at some central point upon the river. These, he hoped, would attract settlers and become the centre of a village. It was agreed between the two men that they should visit the new township together and seek out a suitable site for the mills.

They set out in July, 1816, and travelled west along Governor Simcoe's new road until they reached the Grand River, near the place where the town of Paris now stands. Here they hired an Indian, who guided them northward by the footpath which ran along the eastern side of the river. In the afternoon they reached a spot which looked promising.

The pleasant hills drew back a little from the wide shallow river which ran sparkling and murmuring through a little, oval valley. About them in proud groups waited elms and pines; close to the water's edge crouched fragrant cedars. Just opposite them a self-satisfied little creek chattered into the river. Over them bent the pale blue sky; around them rose the thousand scents of midsummer.

The two gentlemen spent some hours examining the

position. Then, riding three miles farther up stream, they crossed over and spent the night with "Old Dodge," a trapper who had a hut there. They went back to their valley the next morning and decided finally to build their mills at this point. Mr. Dickson now returned to Niagara, while Shade explored the township to which Mr. Dickson gave the name "Dumfries."

Mr. Shade's task was not an easy one. There were no roads, yet everything must be brought in by wagons. The nearest settlement was in Waterloo, where the Sherks, Betzners and their friends were already harvesting wheat from their clearings. Dundas, the nearest village, was twenty miles away on the other side of the Beverley swamp. This desolate morass lay between the fertile lands of Dumfries and those of Dundas and Hamilton, on Lake Ontario. It was many miles across and believed to be bottomless; many a tale of loss and terror was told of it. A temporary corduroy road had been pushed through it when the Waterloo settlers went to their lands, but the logs rose in some places, sank in others, and quickly decayed. For weeks at a time the great swamp was impassable.

Undaunted, Mr. Shade began his work. Mr. Dickson sent up from Dundas a surveyor who spent the autumn of 1816 laying out the lands in the neighbourhood of the village-to-be. Mr. Shade put up a log house—a very superior log house. It had two storeys, a kitchen at the back and a fence of logs in front. In one end Mr. Shade and his wife lived; in the other Mr. Shade opened a store.

A grist-mill was the first necessity. Finding near the mouth of the creek an abandoned cabin, Mr. Shade at once put it in order, and sending for millstones had, within a few months, a mill which did the work for three years. Imagine the satisfaction of the Waterloo

men! They felt, no doubt, that every convenience would soon be at their doors.

In spite of the mill and the agent's energy very few settlers came to Shade's Mill, as the village was then called, for several years. In 1818 there were no more than sixty-three persons in the whole township. Mr. Dickson wrote articles for the Scottish papers, letters to his Scottish friends, and in every way busied himself to secure settlers. An agent was then sent to Scotland to seek out intending immigrants and invite them to Dumfries. Slowly but surely the village and township grew.

The settlers were Scots, educated and devout; church and school were dear to them. Travelling missionaries served them for a time, but a movement soon began towards calling a "placed man." A Bee was held and a tiny log school built, where Miss Dobbyn taught for some years.

When the village was sixteen years old the Reverend William Stewart came to be its settled minister, and three years later the proud congregation assembled to worship in their own church, a log one built largely by the hands of the members. By this time the village contained a rough-cast school-house, a post-office, a tavern, two mills, and a store, besides a number of comfortable houses. In 1827, John Galt, a school friend of Mr. Dickson's, and now a famous man, came to visit the new village. In his honour Mr. Dickson renamed it Galt.

By the spring of 1834 the township was filling rapidly. Crops had been good, new settlers were coming in steadily, new buildings were going up, everything seemed to be progressing. One July day, in that year, there was a great bustle of excitement in the village. It was reported that a menagerie of wild beasts would be exhibited there on the 28th. Entertainments were very rare, and the people poured in from all over the township.

The day was hot, the dens of the beasts filthy, the odour disgusting. Still the curious people thronged about them, the town was full, the tavern crowded all day long.

Towards evening it was rumoured that one of the showmen was ill. The doctor came and pronounced it Asiatic cholera. That dreadful name sent a shiver of fear through the township. Parents looked in dismay at the little ones they had taken to the show as to a treat. Fears were but too well-founded. The exhibition was held on Monday and by Wednesday night the plague was raging. Young and old were seized, they lived but a few hours. By Friday night one-fifth of the inhabitants of the village had died.

For weeks the survivors were in despair, but time turned their mourning to memories, and Fortune, having dealt the village so terrible a blow, has never since ceased to smile upon it.

LETTERS OF THE SHARP FAMILY

THESE letters were written by members of the Sharp family and tell why and how they came to Canada.

SAINTFIELD, IRELAND, *May* 14, 1818.

DEAR UNCLE,

I arrived in Leith the day I left you about six o'clock, after being as completely drenched with rain and covered with mire as ever I have been. It rained without intermission the whole day, and the roads were in a terrible state. I dined in Pathhead and pushed on to the Jetty, but as I was going down the brae the three o'clock boat was just pushed off, so I had to wait till five, when I crossed to Newhaven in a pinnace. The sea was very rough. After stopping one day in Leith, I pursued my journey and arrived in Glasgow the next night about

Thomas Sharp

THE NEW HOUSE

The original log house built by James Sharp and his sons can be seen at the back of the picture behind the new kitchen.

ten o'clock. I took the steamboat the next morning and was in Greenock in time for breakfast. Here I had an interview with Wm. Sharp; he is well and likes his situation. Well, the reason he gave for not writing to you was that he expected an opportunity of sending a packet of letters free of postage, and he was not very anxious to write until he could let you know how he was doing. I embarked in the afternoon for Ireland and had a most disagreeable passage of three days, the wind being nearly ahead of us the whole time, with frequent heavy showers. As I took a steerage passage, I was on deck nearly the whole time; there being such a parcel of riff-raff in the steerage, a great part of them beggars which the magistrates of Greenock were sending home to Ireland, I could not think of going down among them; it being full and everyone of them being seasick caused such an unwholesome smell that I rather chose to stay on deck, and when I slept I lay down in the shelter of the windward bulwark; I think I

never suffered half as much from cold. However, I arrived here safe and sound on Tuesday evening. I have great reason to thank God I am not the worse for it, as I feel myself as well with regard to health as I could desire. So much for my journey, now for the state of affairs.

I may begin with telling you that the man came home in my father's place on the first of May, and since that time you may well judge how the passions of hope and fear have wrought upon him—hope that God out of His great goodness would alter the aspect of things, and fear lest He should prolong the frownings of His providence. Through the influence of Mr. Price the creditors were kept from making sale of the things until my return, and when they found there was nothing to satisfy their demands every article was exposed to sale. The money I got from you with other three pounds served to purchase part of the bedding and wearing clothes and about 20 bushels of potatoes, which, with a few more eatables, is all that is between my father's family and want. A woeful condition for such a family to be in, in a strange country and no sign of employment. As it is a young man that has come in my father's place and he stays at the Big House, Mr. Price told my father that he was welcome to stay in the house he has had from him until he hears of something better—this is so far good, but the bare walls of a house are but a cold consolation when there is nothing coming into it. My father and I have made all the necessary inquiry about America, and we find that the passage is so high to the United States that we have given up thoughts of it, eight and ten guineas being the lowest for a steerage passage; and we have conformed our thoughts to the British Settlements, if it is possible for us even to get there. There are good prospects held

out in Upper Canada and the passage is five pounds. Upon calculation even this comes to a great deal of money for such a family—the bare passage coming to thirty pounds, and as it is required to lay in nine weeks' provision, less than ten pounds would not do that, besides what it would require to meet other exigencies, we being all very bare of clothes. My father and I offered to come under any obligation to redeem the money with good interest on the other side, but they would hear of no such proposal, as they can get plenty of passengers with ready-money in their hands. We have got no person who is willing to buy the Bill in the way you proposed. They all say, if your credit is good, why not get some person in the place you live and where you are known to Cast your Bill? Therefore I am afraid it will be impossible to do the business any other way than by sending a draft on the Bank of London, or some other respectable Bank or public credit.

And now, my Dear Uncle, I hope, nay I am almost sure, that, from the way you expressed yourself when I was at Balmonth, you will use every exertion to relieve the family of your unfortunate Brother from such a serious predicament; and be assured that it shall ever be remembered with gratitude [part of sheet torn away] and I promise for myself that if ever it be in my power [part of sheet torn away] shall be paid, whatever you advance, to the uttermost farthing. I have explained everything to you to the best of my power, and I beg that you will lose no time in returning an answer. Your knowledge of human nature will suggest to you how anxiously it will be looked for. Offer my respects to my Grandfather, Aunt and Cousin, and believe me,

Your ever Affectionate Nephew,

John Sharp.

Saintfield, *June* 1, 1818.

Dear Brother,

Yours of 27th ult. I received by this day's post, the contents of which has damp'd my spirits very much, as my hopes of getting across the Atlantic by your help were high, but now very low, and what to do is beyond my conjecture, as the last penny I have will be gone before Saturday night and I have no means to make more, and were it not for Mr. Price's kindness I know not what I would have done till now, but he is now in Dublin. But I hope you will succeed in borrowing, as in the present situation you are in, I think it might be for both our advantage for us to be away, that if you were obliged to leave the Farm, *which I hope will not be the case*, I think we might be of use to be in America before you, for I see nothing you could do better than go there if it is what it is represented, and perhaps Providence has determined that we shall spend the latter end of our days there together in a more comfortable way than we have spent our youth, or at least leave our children in a home of their own and in a free country. For my part, I consider that Providence points it out to me as the only way I can succeed in the world, and if I fail in the attempt I know not what to do. Should you not succeed in your friendly design in serving me, I must still look to you, as my nearest friend, to look out for some little house near you where I may linger out another winter, when I may perhaps get out with my Brother-in-law, as he generally sails out there once a year—the ship that I thought to go with is taking her passengers aboard to-day and is to sail to-morrow. There is another that sails in 9 or 10 days; if I could get away with her it might answer as well, as I suppose the freight is cheaper here than in Leith; and at all

events I hope you will send me as much as will bring us over out of this miserable country.

Dear Andrew, it is with the deepest regret that I have thus to trouble you, by laying a load above the burden you have already to bear, but imperious necessity has no law, and me or mine may yet have it in our power, with pleasure, to oblige you. Your answer as speedy as possible will very much relieve the distressed situation of

Your affectionate brother,

JAMES SHARP.

SAINTFIELD HOUSE,
June 10, 1818.

DEAR BROTHER,

After parting with you I went to Foulingsby's office and engaged our passage in the *Sarah* of Belfast for Quebec, at thirty guineas, in the second cabin. I believe I could have got it in the hold at twenty-four or twenty-five, but Mr. F., after hearing the family described, remonstrated against me taking the hold, and after he understood who I was, he said he had admitted none but people of a respectable appearance and that he knew something about, and had refused six guineas from some people of a different description who have now taken theirs in the hold at £4 10s. He threw off three guineas to induce me to take it, and has promised that none but such as have a good character and decent appearance shall be admitted there.

The ship sails, you know, about the 22nd or 25th or at farthest if, or although, not full, on the 1st of July.

I have been with Mr. Price to-day and requested he would give me some directions about the sale of the things, and that he would investigate my affairs, that

he might have it in his power to judge what sort of a discharge to give me, and in the way things stood at present I could not see how he could give me such a one as I would receive. But from the kindly manner he treated me, saying he considered himself bound to give me the most ample discharge and to see that I was at no loss for anything for my house, or for a horse to ride while I was near him, so that you see he has put it past my power to push him. Unless Robt. Dorman's business with the bailiff brings it on, you will hear at least once more before we sail,

From your much obliged and affectionate brother,

JAMES SHARP.

SAINTFIELD, *June* 23, 1818.

DEAR UNCLE,

Believing that there would be no disappointment with regard to receiving a remittance from you, my Father has taken all the necessary steps in preparing for our intended journey. I believe he wrote you mentioning that he had engaged a passage in the *Sarah* of Belfast for Quebec and paid two guineas of a deposit, having no doubt that he would be enabled to pay the remainder by the time the vessel was appointed to sail. The passengers were advertised to be on board yesterday and the vessel to sail to-morrow if weather permit. As far as circumstances would admit, provision had been laid in that we might be ready to go on board to-morrow, if the money came. Every article had been auctioned to-day but just what is necessary to take with us. They did not raise near enough to pay Mr. Price what he advanced for my Father. You may see from what I have said how we are fixed this evening in the bare walls of a house and ready to begin to use what was laid in for

sea-store, myself out of my situation, having come down here to-day expecting to go on board to-morrow, and, to crown all, the two guineas that was given likely to be lost money. It is an afflicting dilemma to be in. The expected relief having hitherto failed, we may justly pray in the language of the Church Litany, "Good Lord, deliver us." If to-morrow's post does not bring some good news from you, I cannot think it is owing to any neglect in you that we have not received word before now, but am rather inclined to believe that it is owing to some disappointment. If you have not written before this reaches you, direct to my Father, care of Harvey and Harrel, Seedsmen, Belfast. I hope you, my Grandfather, Aunt and Cousin, may enjoy good health. We have good reason to be thankful that, notwithstanding our other misfortunes, we still enjoy this blessing. I am, Dear Uncle,

Your affectionate nephew,

JOHN SHARP.

ON BOARD THE BRIG "SARAH" LAYING IN BELFAST LOUGH,

June 30, 1818.

DEAR UNCLE,

We have been so very busy that my Father has not had time to acknowledge the receipt of the thirty pounds you sent, and the pilot's boat is just going ashore, so that I have not time to give you an account of everything, but you shall hear from us as soon as possible again. After paying the steerage passage and laying in everything as cheap as possible, we have just three guineas to land in Quebec with. Remember us to all friends.

Dear Uncle, your affectionate nephew,

JOHN SHARP.

FORTY MILE CREEK,
UPPER CANADA, *June* 2, 1821.

MY DEAR BROTHER,

It is now about two years since I wrote to my Father giving an account of our voyage to this place, and also gave some description of the country as something resembling East Lothian, and exceedingly fruitful. I now embrace an opportunity (to send to you) by a Mr. James Currie, a miller, who has been with Mr. Crooks at Grimsby Mills these two years and is now about to return to Edinburgh; his wife keeps furnished lodgings on Leith Terrace.

I have been anxiously looking every post for a letter from my Father or you these fifteen months past, but have hitherto looked in vain. Think, dear Brother, what a feast of satisfaction it would be to us in this very distant country, to receive a letter from Father or you, or indeed from any of our relations. I have had two letters from Brother Monro, but not a word from my side of the connection.

I wrote formerly that John had gone to Virginia; he is returned about eighteen months ago and is working at home at my trade. He works principally at wagon-making. Horace has turned out a smart fellow, as tall as Charles Bruce and nearly as thin, and an excellent workman. He works at cabinet and joiner's work. Andrew is with Mr. James Crooks as clerk and gives satisfaction. James grows pretty stout and takes care of the cattle and sometimes ploughs.

You must know that a year ago, not finding myself able to go upon land of my own, which is a great loss to me, I have taken a hundred acres for seven years at sixty-five bushels of wheat yearly. So I may gather strength and breed stock to go upon land of

my own. Sixty acres of this is what is called clear, but there are still a great many stumps and dead trees upon it: but every inch of it will bear wheat without fertilising.

I find myself at a great loss here for want of rye-grass seed and good oats and barley. If you would take the trouble to send me a small bag of the best rye-grass seed, with about a pint of oats and as much English barley, I would esteem it a great favour, besides the good it would do the country. It might be directed thus: "Seeds, to be forwarded with despatch, James Sharp, care of Messrs. Maitland, Garden and Algo, Montreal, and to William Crooks, Grimsby Mills, Upper Canada." A bag that would hold a bushel or two might hold the whole. There are several other seeds that might be useful, such as one or two of the tarter potatoes, the long-pod bean, early York cabbage and cauliflower. If the above favour is not too much trouble, I would esteem it greatly, and I think Captain Munro would assist in procuring a quick conveyance. I forgot to say a small grain of yellow bullock turnip—if they were sent off by the first spring ship and would reach us by June, and could be sown here then with good success.

Merchant goods here are very low: wheat half a dollar a bushel, Indian corn a quarter dollar, oats a quarter dollar—oats are the poorest trash you ever saw—very handsome cows, weighing from three and a half to four hundredweight (sell at) from 15 to 20 dollars, a yoke of oxen from 60 to 80 dollars, a good horse is about the value of a yoke of oxen—there are few heavy horses here. Land is also very low. Woodland can be had at as low as half a dollar an acre, which is the same as the fees for Government land. Cleared land is from 4 to 20 dollars per acre, according to the situation, clearance, buildings, orchards.

There has been little or no money astir here these two years past, and nearly all business is done by barter. A man coming with 500 guineas in his pocket might make a famous grab in land. A guinea goes here for four and three-quarter dollars and sometimes for five dollars—a dollar is eight shillings York currency or five shillings Halifax or Irish.

We still like the country, it being rich and fruitful, but miss Edinburgh when any little knick-knack is a-wanting. We have enjoyed good health since we came here, only Jamie has had the fever ague, and Betty has the rheumatism in her head, and I in my left leg and arm. We begin to fail, but the young fellows get pretty stout. This is all I have room to say. I remain, dear Brother, with love to Father, your wife, little John and all friends—

Your affectionate brother,
JAMES SHARP.

GRIMSBY, *April* 28, 1826.

DEAR BROTHER,

After a too long silence I sit down to write a few lines to you, an opportunity having offered of sending by a friend to New York. But how to apologise I know not. All I can say is that, besides negligence, I have been long in suspense about a lot of land, which lot I have not got, but have bought another by a bonnie burn-side called the Grand River. It is about a hundred yards broad, resembling the Tweed above Kelso. The land is in the township of Dumfries. A Mr. William Dickson from Dumfries, in Scotland, being the proprietor, gave it that name. It is a very pretty lot of half-plain and half-timbered land at one pound per acre.

The boys are going next week to put up a shelter and put in some spring crops, and we move to it in about

Thomas Sharp

THE BONNIE BURNSIDE

three weeks; but you may direct as formerly and my friend here will forward it to me, as it is forty miles from this. It is about twenty miles above the head of Lake Ontario, and a fine dry loamy land abounding in streams of pure water.

We were glad to hear that Father is so stout and wish he would take a jaunt to Canada. I think it would put us in a terrible flutter. I am of your opinion about Tom Shepherd's enterprise. I had rather be where I am, for I think this will be a great country very soon. It settles up so fast, and canals are cutting in all directions, and people are flocking in from all quarters: from the States, Scotland, England, Ireland, Germany.

I wish you could send your letters to George, and he could send them by New York, which would bring them to me in half the time, at half the postage. By Halifax they cost six shillings and twopence, by New York one and nine and come by a regular mail-coach. By New York it is only 500 miles, but by Halifax it is

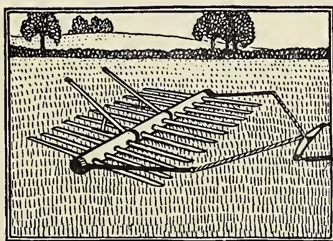
1200. In summer the mail is carried on a man's back 500 miles through the woods, and in winter in a sleigh drawn by dogs.

I almost forgot to tell you that Dumfries is settled mostly by Scotch people. A good steady sober smith would have an excellent business here, and many an honest, industrious farmer might buy a farm and put up buildings for one year's rent he pays in Scotland. I have the offer of 1200 acres now at 3 dollars an acre, and five years without interest and five years with interest to pay. It is within a few miles of where the Establishment is fixed to be, at the head of a canal now cutting and in great forwardness. Down the river, about twenty or thirty miles from here, it is said to be a very fine land.

I would not have you advise any man to come out here for other than telling him the truths I write you. I have never had a wish, nor have any of my acquaintances expressed a wish, to return home for any other reason than to see the friends that are dear to our hearts. 'Tis true there are some little difficulties at the first, as has been the case with

Your affectionate brother,

JAMES SHARP.



The Massey-Harris Company

A REVOLVING RAKE

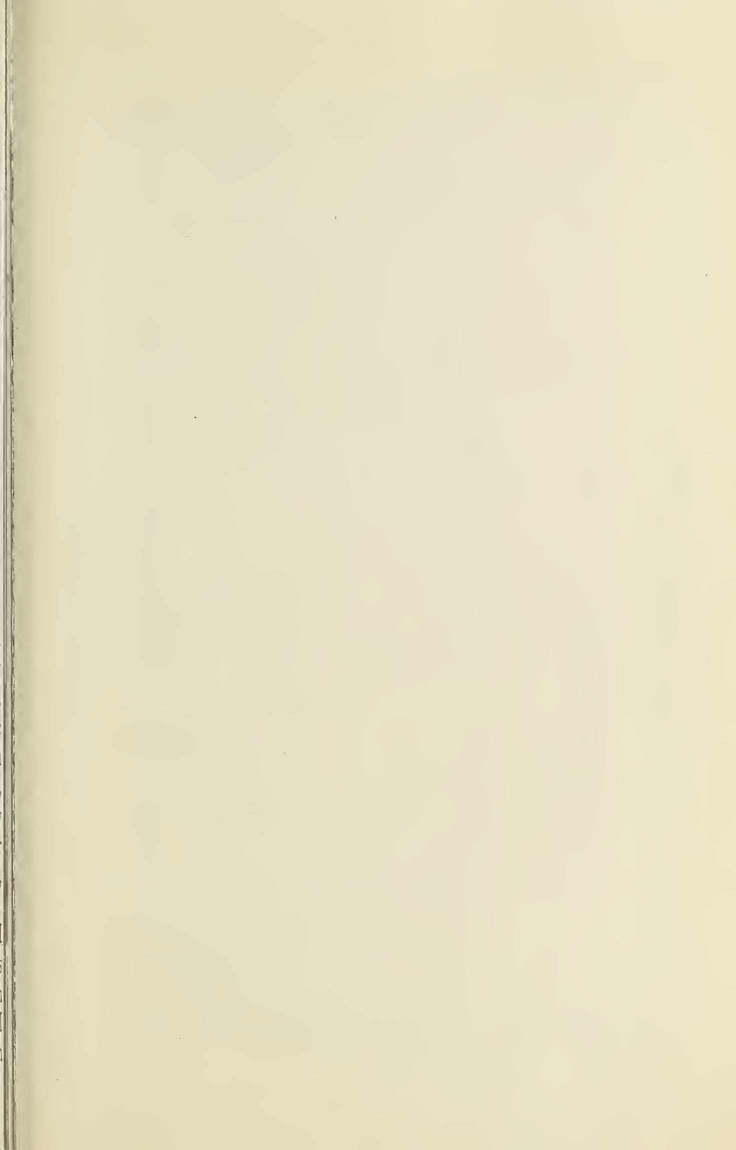
Dumfries, *Decr*. 18, 1826.

My Dear Brother,

I have at length prevailed with myself, indolent as I am, to answer yours of the 30th Janry.; but recollect I wrote to you about New Year, and again on the 1st May last, both of which I hope you have received safe; this I intend to send by a minister chap, Mr. Shead, who has been here several years and is coming home to be ordained for Ancaster, a place about twenty miles from this; if he calls upon you he can give you a good description of this country. In answer to yours, we have no states here, but provinces, counties, townships; our present situation is about twenty miles due west of the head of Lake Ontario, on the banks of the Grand River, having about a mile of that river, and have been this day taking the level of the water with a view to building a saw-mill next summer, which, if we can accomplish, will be the means to enable us to put up more machinery; but it will be hard scratching to make it out. We are 13 or 14 miles up the river from the Mohawk village and 60 miles south-west of York, and John is about 130 miles west from us and 50 below Moravin town on the Thames, in Chatham township.

You say you hope we are still going on well. We dare not complain, everything considered, but I am afraid the figure we make, either temporal or spiritual, is hardly worth imitation; although, for aught I know to the contrary, we are as much respected as any of our neighbours, who are mostly Scotch, and in our station, though living in a hut of logs.

The seeds you sent me have not done so well as I expected, but I hope they will do much better in this warm, dry, rich land. I believe the Lord hath chosen out for me the lot of mine inheritance. The more I see of it the better I like it. I have only 160 acres, but am



By courtesy of the Ross Robertson Collection, Toronto Public Library.

DUNDAS STREET, LONDON, ONTARIO.

promised what will make out 200 acres. It was the end of June before we got here, and have got eight acres of wheat in only.

Horace and James are still at home and Andrew is still a merchant's clerk and has 180 dollars a year, but we are but one family, have but one purse and one interest, each doing his best.

We have also had two very dry summers, and spring crops have suffered much except in this neighbourhood, where the land is a rich loam lying on sand about 3 feet down. Wheat was generally good and is now as low as 3s. sterling per bushel, but is expected to rise to nearly 4s. perhaps. Beef and pork are low also, 2½d. to 3d.

I see by the British and Canadian papers which I sometimes see that business is doing better with you; now I hope it will continue. I wrote to Simpson along with yours of May, and also to Wallace. Have they received them and have you heard anything of Shepherd? I have been looking for a letter from some of you this long time. I wish Father would speak a word or two to some of you and not be always scolding me for laziness. Horace will give him a sail in his new skiff when he comes to Dumfries. I send this to Andrew, who speaks of writing himself. We all enjoy the blessing of as good health as ever we did at home, but would be the better for one or two of your godly ministers in this quarter, even although they were not quite as fashionable as our reverend friend, if they only had the life and power of religion.

I must now present our joint love to you all and subscribe myself

Your affectionate brother,

James Sharp.

VERY OLD HOUSE IN GUELPH

THE CANADA COMPANY

JOHN GALT, the friend of William Dickson, was a well-known Scottish writer. He travelled abroad, wrote novels popular in their day, and was at the same time a man of affairs. He had, for the Government, investigated the resources of Ontario, and Lord Goderich now consulted him as to the best means of placing the settlers for which Upper Canada was clamouring; Bishop Macdonell was also invited to advise the Government.

As a result of the conference the "Canada Company" was formed. It had a capital of one million pounds and presently bought some three million acres of Canadian land to sell to intending settlers. Galt, who fathered the scheme, became secretary and manager. The directors held him responsible for making the Company a success, though they often hindered him sadly in his work.

The Company was chartered in 1826 and Galt reached Toronto in 1827. He was six feet and four

inches tall, a very handsome man, clever, enthusiastic, and intensely interested in the success of his scheme. He delighted in the Canadian climate and scenery, and revelled in the healthy outdoor life of the woods. His fertile brain teemed with ideas for the improvement of the country, but the settlers themselves were his first care. He worked unceasingly to bring in industrious people, and to help them in their long task of home-building.

In April, Galt, with "Tiger" Dunlop (Warden of the Forests to the Canada Company), Mr. Campbell and Mr. Pryor, set out through the woods towards the "Company's unknown lands beyond Waterloo." The party visited Galt[1] and found the village bubbling with excitement over the news that the Canada Company was about to open a road between Galt and the Speed. Mr. Shade secured from Mr. Galt a contract for making part of the road, and at once began cutting out timber for it. Many of the Waterloo and Dumfries settlers made a tidy little sum of ready money that summer by working with their ox teams on the new road.

Meantime Galt and his party had pushed on to that point upon the Speed where the city of Guelph now stands. Carefully they selected the site of the new town. At its centre Dunlop pointed out a huge maple and handed an axe to Galt, who gave the first stroke to its trunk. Dunlop made the second cut, and each of the others chopped in turn. Men were brought in and the town site was soon cleared. A neat log house with a porch and a lean-to was built for Mr. and Mrs. Galt. An office for the Company was built of stone and, a little later, a school, used on Sundays as a church, and a market-house. While in New York the previous winter, Galt had engaged carpenters, blacksmiths, bakers, and wheelwrights; some forty farms were taken up during

[1] At this time named for John Galt.

that summer. The new town was called Guelph in honour of the Royal Family.

The next year (1828) a large number of Scotch settlers came into the Guelph district. York, fifty miles away, was the nearest source of supplies and Galt, seeing the advantage of having a depôt at the head of the lake, obtained a grant of land there. At the same time he sent Pryor and Strickland to survey the "Huron Tract," the Company's land on Lake Huron.

"Tiger" Dunlop, huge, red-haired, genial and determined, had already pushed through the forest from Lake Ontario to Lake Huron. The first road was only a narrow track where travellers frequently had to stop and cut away a tree which the wind had blown across the path. Fallen trees bridged the rivers; along the roadside strawberries grew in their season.

Dunlop chose a site at the mouth of the River Maitland for the Company's new town on Lake Huron. It was called Goderich. On the top of the cliff overlooking the lake Dunlop built his log house—"The Castle." Galt came hurrying round by water from York to see the new town. His boat was met by a canoe which seemed to be full of Indians, plaid trousers, and red hair. The latter belonged to Dunlop, who had not shaved for days. That day ended with a feast.

As settlers poured into the "Huron Tract" the road was improved. Van Egmond and his men took it in hand. Three went first as axemen, two carried food and supplies, another the instruments. The axemen cut a line through the underbrush and a flying level was taken. As night came on, two axemen went ahead to prepare camp. When the men came up they found a huge fire blazing; fish, partridge, and pork sizzling, and in the background thick piles of springy hemlock boughs lying ready for beds.

Galt and Dunlop did their work well. Between 1829 and 1833 came the Great Immigration. Many of the newcomers were sent out by the Canada Company and were received and placed by John Galt and his tireless "Warden." In spite of his success Galt was bitterly criticised. People said he was extravagant and unwise; the Company did not trust him, and many slights were put upon him. At last, being able to bear it no longer, he resigned and the management of the Canada Company passed into other hands.

CLEARING THE LAND

Clearing away the age-old forest was back-breaking heart-breaking work, yet our fathers attacked it cheerfully. There were different ways of doing it.

Some farmers cut down all the trees on a given lot, piled them in great heaps, and burned all together. Others grubbed out the smaller trees, and killed the larger ones by girdling their bark early in the summer. The first was the best, the second the quickest way, though the men often had great difficulty in removing the big trees after they had died.

June and July were the best months for clearing, because then the leaves are full grown, the stumps decay quickly, and are less likely to throw out suckers. A good axeman cleared an acre in eight days. He first grubbed out the brush and gathered it into piles. Then he cut down the trees and sawed them into ten-foot lengths. These were rolled together and piled with the brush. The leaves and brush dried and helped to make a "good burn" when the piles were fired the following May.

It was slow and heavy work for one pair of hands, though many a pioneer cleared every foot of his own land. Even when the axe-work was done, it still took a long time to burn the great piles of green logs. They had to be fired, and re-fired, and fired again, sometimes through a whole summer.

When a bit of clearing had been made, the farmer ploughed among the stumps with a short one-handled plough, the share and coulter strongly locked together. He did not try to make his furrow straight, but contented himself with thoroughly stirring up the soil. Sometimes after a good burn, the soil was so mellow that he scattered the seed and covered it by dragging a wooden-toothed harrow over it.

Potatoes were planted as the first crop. The settlers put the seed in holes, three inches deep and two feet apart. The children of the family covered them when planted, hoed them throughout the summer, and helped to dig and store them in the autumn. Boys and girls earned their board in pioneer days.

THE NEW HOME

The first thing the settler had to do was to build his house. Till it was ready the family lived under a tree where, as it was usually early summer when they arrived, they did very well.

If there were any neighbours in the place they gathered to help the newcomer and a "bee" was held. First they cut down a great many straight round trees, from which they cut logs fifteen and twenty feet long. The logs were trimmed and notched at the ends. As

soon as they had a pile of logs ready, some of the men began laying them, while the others continued to cut and trim.

The builders piled the notched logs one on top of the other, making a rectangular enclosure as you do when you build a house of sticks. Usually they built the back wall higher than the front so that the roof might have a good slant. A door and small window were cut out with the saw. As the walls rose, they filled the spaces between the logs with small branches and chinked the holes with mud, which soon dried hard. The roof was covered with strips of bark from the black oak laid so as to overlap one another. Nails cost twenty-five cents a dozen, so most of the settlers fastened the bark to the rafters with green withes.

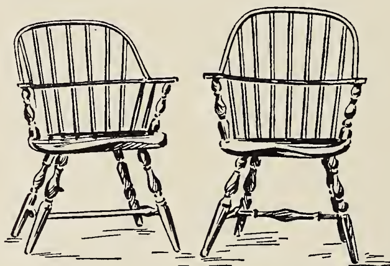
The fire-place was made of flat stones, which the children helped to gather. They laid them one upon the other, using mud for mortar. The chimney was made of hard wood plastered with mud; this was dangerous and it often took fire.

The bed was built with the house. Two long poles stretching across the end of the house were set into the walls. Between these poles long strips of green bark were woven back and forth. Upon these the housewife laid sacks filled with hay, covering them with what blankets she had.

The carpenter, if there was one in the settlement, came to make and fit the window-sash with its four small panes. The whip-saw was used to cut boards for a door, table, some benches, and perhaps a cupboard. If the carpenter could spare the time, he made the furniture, and the settler paid him by helping him to clear his land. If there was no carpenter, the family did the best they could by themselves.

As a rule the new house was ready in about two

weeks. The settler cut logs from dawn till dark for several days; the "bee" put the walls up: the family, with what help the carpenter gave them, did the rest. When they had carried in the grandfather clock, or the two Windsor chairs, the carved sewing-table or book-case—treasures they had brought from their far-off homes—they moved in and rejoiced to find themselves once more a family.



CHAIRS BROUGHT TO ST. JOHN IN 1783 BY STEWART, UNITED EMPIRE LOYALIST

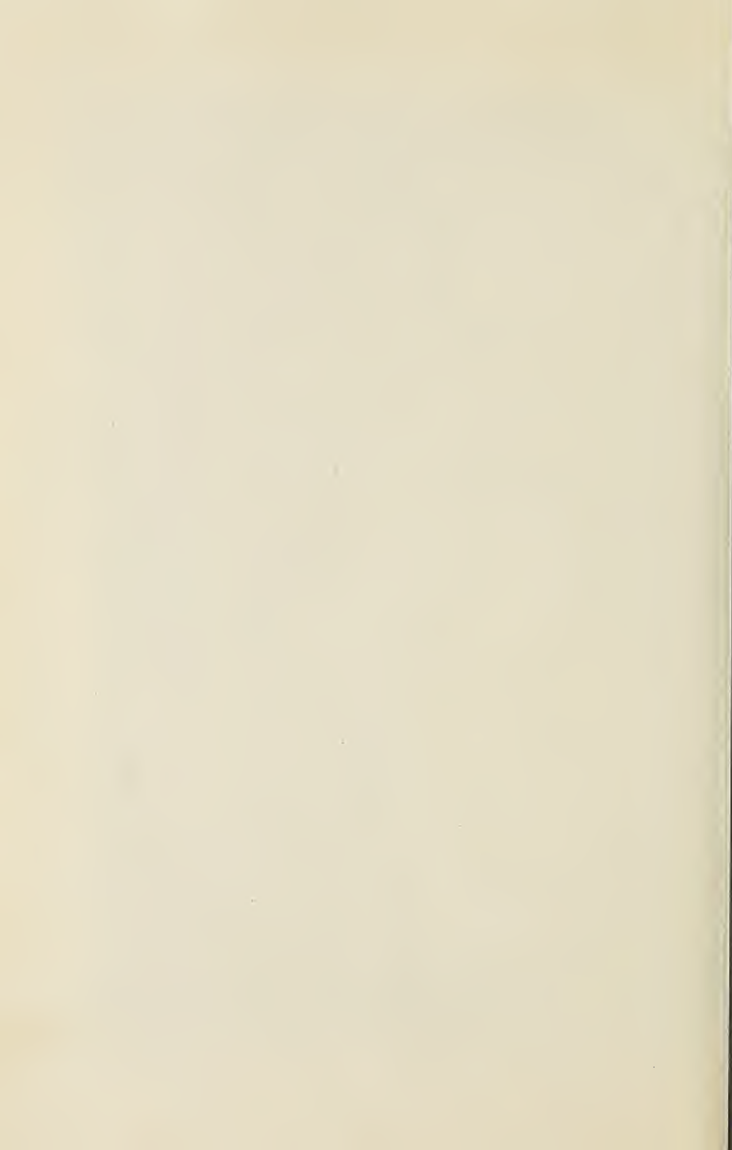
THE LOGGING BEE

The house built, the next step was to make a clearing in which to grow food for the family. The pioneers had few and poor tools, and the toil was severe, but they stood shoulder to shoulder fighting as gallantly with the forest as ever kings fought against an army with banners.

The pioneer with the help of his wife and children cleared the underbrush from a chosen acre or two, then he prepared to attack the trees. Together, husband and wife discussed which would, perhaps, give trouble, which should go first, which should be saved. One

By courtesy of the Ross Robertson Collection, Toronto Public Library.

PETER BELL'S HOUSE, NIAGARA.



by one, the tall maples, the graceful elms, the huge white pines, fell beneath the axe. It became the children's evening pleasure to count the trees "that father cut to-day."

Laid low, the great trunks had still to be cut into lengths which could be hauled away. How father's back ached! By some lack of foresight the Government provided the settlers in Upper Canada with short-handled axes of inferior quality. Governor Simcoe protested hotly against them, but it was some years before good axes were sent. The short-handled ones forced the axemen to stoop and decreased the weight of their blows; they doubled the labour and halved the result.

When the trees had been felled and the ground lay thick with logs, the farmer invited the neighbours to a "logging bee." From far and near they came, each man, his women-folk beside him, driving up in his ox-sled. The women, in the house, tied on their aprons and helped the mistress to prepare dinner; the men, leaving their sleds in the yard, took their oxen to the clearing.

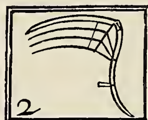
Here the noise of battle rolled. Oxen, being slow and steady, are better fitted for logging than horses, but they require to be shouted at continually. The master pointed out certain spots where piles were to be made, and each man, hitching his chains to a log, roared away at his team till they had dragged the log to the pile. Whenever a great butt was to be dealt with, several teams were made fast to it, and the din of order and counter-order was deafening. On such occasions word was passed to the women, who flocked out and, perched upon convenient log piles, watched their men with admiring eyes.

Lunch was eaten in haste and the men hurried back

to their work, but evening brought relaxation. They looked about cheerfully upon the now tidy clearing; they had not done all they had counted upon, but it had been a good day's work. They were as proud of their neighbour's new land as if it had been their own.

Supper was a leisurely, sociable meal at which their war with the giants was fought over again. When it was finished, the furniture was carried out, the fiddler tuned up, and aching muscles were forgotten in quadrilles, reels, jigs, and the dignified windings of Sir Roger de Coverley.

Next morning the farmer faced the stumps. The great piles of logs, fired and re-fired, would presently be consumed; but the stumps remained. Hardwood stumps could not be fully removed under six or eight years; pine stumps, being pitchy, lasted longer still. For many a year these persistent enemies made seeding and harvest tedious and wasteful.



The Massey-Harris Company

SICKLE — CRADLE

FARMING A HUNDRED YEARS AGO

The earliest settlers often prepared the soil for the seed with the hoe. After stumping and burning, the new earth was so loose and friable that, for the first year, this was not difficult. Soon a plough was needed, however, and the handy pioneer made one of a piece of bent oak. When he had shaped and smoothed it, he

took it to the blacksmith who shod it with iron. Made fast to a single tree, the ox dragged it through the stumpy field.

After the plough, a V-shaped harrow was used to break up the soil; such a harrow moved easily among the stumps without catching upon them. The wooden frame and cross-pieces were fitted, at first, with teeth whittled out of hardwood; but the farmers were soon able to get iron teeth for their harrows.

The soil being ready, one sunny spring morning the farmer went proudly forth to sow the grain. He carried it in a sack tied round his body, or in a box fastened in front of him by straps passed over his shoulder. He passed up and down the field with long even strides, casting the seed forth with a sweep, first of his right and then of his left arm. The field was then gone over with the harrow which covered the seed.

How eagerly they watched the wheat in the little clearing sprout and grow, worrying lest it should not rain, anxious lest it should rain too much, dreading hot winds, fearful of hail or mildew. At last July arrived and the grain was ripe.

All hands banded behind him, the farmer went out to cut his wheat. Luckily his field was small, for he had only a sickle with which to harvest. With his left hand he grasped a handful of straw, with a swing of his right he brought down the curved reaping-hook and severed the grain from its roots. He laid down his handfuls in a neat row ready for those who came behind him raking and binding. In later years the farmer used a cradle to harvest his crop. The cradle is a wooden framework which gathers the grain together. It is fastened to a scythe, and the whole is swung as a scythe is swung in cutting grass. The cradle cut a swath from four to six feet wide and enabled the farmer to cut his

field in a quarter of the time. Expert cradlers could cut three or four acres a day if the grain was standing well.

Following the farmer with his reaping-hook came men and women, boys and girls, each with a large wooden rake in hand. Each raked together enough grain for a good-sized sheaf. Then, catching up a small handful of stalks, he twisted them into a band. Gathering up an armful of the loose grain he thrust it into the curve of his band, and pressing his knee against the bundle, with a twist of his wrist he fastened the band around the sheaf. Those "raking and binding" followed one another across the field in a long line. Behind them came the "stookers," who set the sheaves up, two and two, in stooks or shocks.

When the grain had dried in the sun for a few days, the sheaves were loaded upon the jumper, a home-made sleigh, and drawn to the threshing-floor. The threshing-floor was sometimes a large flat stone, sometimes a floor of boards, but often, in early days, a space of bare ground tramped hard and swept clean by the housewife. Here the sheaves were unbound and the grain laid out loosely on the floor. The farmer now brought his flail, two long pieces of hardwood fastened together by a leather thong. With the shorter end of the flail in his hand, he swung the long stick, loose on its leather thong, about his head and brought it down across the heads of wheat.

Pounding it in this fashion he threshed the grain from the straw. The straw was then raked off the floor and the grain and chaff gathered carefully up. The pioneer cleaned his wheat by standing in the wind and pouring it from one vessel into another. The wind blew the chaff away and the farmer emptied the precious kernels into a sack.

With that sack on his shoulders he trudged patiently

ten, twenty, even thirty miles to the mill. Here he had to wait his turn to have his grist ground, and so was often kept several days from his home. Some of the United Empire Loyalists had hand-mills given them by the Government. Others burned a hole in the top of a white oak stump, scraped it out carefully, and put their wheat in it. Then, with a hardwood pestle, they ground it into coarse meal.

So many anxious hours, so many aching backs, went to the making of that flour; but what sweet bread it made at last!

ABOUT THE PLACE

PIONEER farmers surrounded their clearings first with brush fences. They felled the trees at the edge of the field in such a way that they lay in long lines. Over these they raised great piles of brush which protected the crop well enough for the first few years. Brush fences took up a wide strip of land, however, and the farmer, when he had cleaned up his field, usually burned them and replaced them with a fence made of huge stumps set on edge and side by side. The great roots held a hundred little pockets of earth where seeds fell, flowers bloomed, vines trailed, and birds nested. The stump fence was often a thing of beauty.

Stump fences, too, covered valuable land and soon decayed. As the pioneers grew richer or had more time, they built rail fences. The rails were eleven or twelve feet long and were cut from cedar, oak, ash, hickory or elm logs. The rail-splitter used an axe, a maul, a beetle, and wedges of different sizes. Many of the

Beatrice White, Galt

PIONEER FARM

The house is as when built.

pioneers became very expert at the work; men have been known to split a thousand rails in a day.

Inside the farmyard fence a little group of buildings soon grew up about the house and barn of the pioneer. As they had to make almost everything they used, our grandfathers needed a great many tools and sheds that no modern farmer uses. As soon as possible after his house was built, the pioneer sunk a well. Water was often found near the surface, and the well needed to be no more than ten feet deep. It was lined with stones, a box was put over the top to prevent the children from falling in, a pole with a crook at one end stood near to lower the pail to the water.

The next thing needed was an oven where the mother could bake the large batches of bread required to feed her family of ten or fifteen children. In very early days she used a bake-kettle. This was a kind of iron box set upon legs. The dough was placed inside and the lid closed. Red coals were then drawn over the bake-kettle and renewed when they cooled, until the bread was

baked. The bake-oven, when built, stood in a small shed near the house. It was of brick and would hold twenty or thirty loaves of bread. While the dough was rising, a fire was kindled on the floor of the oven. When it was hot enough, the glowing coals were swept out and the loaves laid upon the hot floor until they were baked.

Next the bake-oven stood the smoke-house. It, too, was of brick if the farmer could afford it. When butchering was over, the hams and pieces of beef were put down in brine. In April, the housewife took the best pieces of meat out of the brine, washed them carefully and hung them in the smoke-house. A smudge of beech or maple sticks was then built upon the floor beneath them, the door was tightly closed, and the meat left to smoke. Once or twice a day the door was opened to renew the smudge. The smoked meat kept well and so could be used through the heat of summer.

Near the barn stood the corn-crib. It was made of slats placed three or four inches apart so that the air might circulate freely through it and prevent the corn from heating. The whole was raised on posts a few feet from the ground. The posts had an old pail turned upside down over them to keep rats from climbing into the crib. When the corn had been husked, the ears were placed in the crib and left till they were needed for the stock.

A workshop with a bench and a few carpenter's tools stood at the end of the barn. Here on rainy days the farmer made his axe-handles, his whiffle-trees, his wheel-barrow, his ox-yoke, and the hundred other small implements he needed about the place. Tidy housewives often kept their spinning-wheels and looms in the workshop, and here stood the grindstone, that enemy of the small boy who had to turn the wheel when there was any sharpening to be done.

A long wood-shed to shelter the great wood-pile, a driving-shed for the wagon and tools, a pig-pen, a sheep-pen, an enclosure for the calves—the farmsteading of the prosperous pioneer was a tidy village in itself.

GREAT-GRANDMOTHER'S DAY

PIONEERS

Great-Grandmother's day began early. She rose at four and soon had her household at work. John, the oldest son, drew the ashes from the coals on the hearth, laid kindling upon them, and blowing the coals with the small hand-bellows, soon had a fire blazing. Then he with Great-Grandfather and the other grown boys went to the barn to do the chores.

Peter, the twelve-year-old, was shaken awake, drew himself shivering from under the patch-work quilts, upon which, perhaps, a little snow had drifted through the cracks in the log wall, and raced off for the cows, whistling to Rover as he went. Nancy and Mary bustled about cooking breakfast; Annie made the beds and tidied the rooms; Sarah washed and dressed the younger

children; Great-Grandmother inspected her soap-kettle, scalded her churn, supervised and directed everyone.

By five o'clock Peter was back with the cows, and Great-Grandmother and the two younger girls pinned up their skirts, tied on their sun-bonnets and went down to the barn to milk. The older girls washed and scalded the milk-pans, while Peter and the youngsters filled the corner by the chimney with wood, carried in water, fed chickens and geese, and ran errands for everyone. The children were always barefoot except when snow lay upon the ground; on frosty autumn mornings they jumped from one chip to another as they hurried about the place attending to their chores.

By six o'clock the milkers returned, each carrying two pails of milk, which was strained into the shining pans and set away on the swing-shelves in the cellar. The men came up from the barn. There was a great washing of hands and faces in the basin on the bench outside the kitchen door, a good deal of scuffling for a place before the nine-inch mirror which hung by the window, but, at last, all were tidy and seated round the long table.

When everyone was in his seat and silence had fallen, Great-Grandfather took up the Bible which lay beside his plate and, clearing his throat, read a chapter in a loud solemn voice. Then each knelt before his stool while prayer was offered. That prayer made everyone feel ready for the day. When it was done, there was a cheerful bustle of rising and drawing-in to the table, a cheerful babble of voices. Great-Grandmother began to pour the tea, made from sage; Sarah filled the pewter bowls with porridge. As there were not enough bowls to go round, the younger children ate in pairs, two from a bowl. They drew lines with their horn spoons,

dividing the bowl in half, and each was in honour bound to eat from his own side. Mary dished the ham from the long-handled frying-pan, upon the second-best, blue-edged platter; Annie cut the hot Johnny cake; the wooden plates piled high with bread went round. There was a small plate of butter, but only the elders were allowed to use it; the children dipped their bread in the ham gravy. By seven o'clock the men were off to the field, the children to school, and Great-Grandmother ready to begin her day's work.

Mrs. King, Calgary

PEWTER DISHES MORE THAN A HUNDRED YEARS OLD

Breakfast over, Nancy cleared the table and washed the dishes, all but the blue-edged platter. Great-Grandmother herself did that; she never allowed the girls to wash or dry the few precious pieces of porcelain or china. As this was cleaning-day she laid the platter on the table and, stepping upon a stool, took down from the three-cornered cupboard the china cream-pitcher, sugar-bowl and tea-pot, the four china cups and saucers, the two porcelain bowls, and the best platter. Nancy then began to wash the cupboard, to polish its walnut doors and tiny panes of glass. The four-poster bed, the drop-leaved side-table, the great walnut bureau, and the case of the tall clock, were also polished till they shone. All the pewter bowls and

mugs must be made to gleam like silver, and Nancy must be able to see her rosy face in the brass warming-pan, which they filled with coals and moved under the clothes to warm their beds. Nancy had no cleaning liquid; by noon even her strong arms must have ached.

Mary was the family spinner. She got out her great wheel, fastened a length of carded wool to the spindle and, twirling the wheel with her right hand, walked back and forth as she drew the wool out into yarn. She sang as she stepped lightly to and fro. When the spindle was full of yarn, she wound it upon the reel. Fourteen "knots" or joins on the reel made a skein, which she tied together and hung up till Great-Grandmother should have the dye-tub in operation. When the yarn had been dyed it had to be woven. Sometimes the women of the family did this also; but more often it was sent to a professional weaver in the village.

SMALL SPINNING-WHEEL FOR WOOL

Meantime Sarah set out the dash-churn and, superintended by her mother, poured into it the thick cream which had been souring for several days in the great cream-crock. The cream in, Sarah slid the lid over the dash, tucked a clean cloth round the hole through which the dash moved and began to churn vigorously. She lifted the dash briskly, giving frequently a peculiar little twist with her right wrist, which kept the cream from clotting on the dash. She, too, broke

into little bursts of song, and there was plenty of gossip and chaffing among the three sisters.

Annie, who was only fourteen, bundled down from the loft the straw ticks upon which the boys slept. She dragged the light but awkward things up to the stack by the barn, and filled them with fresh straw.

Great-Grandmother, having seen her girls at work, prepared to pluck the geese. She had ten, and she plucked them four times a year. She drove her little flock into a corner of the yard and caught one. Carrying it into the wood-shed, she drew a stocking over its head to keep it from biting. She then thrust the long neck under her left arm and, with the plump body in her lap, drew out its feathers and removed the down, needed to make feather ticks and pillows. Nowadays this is thought to be cruel and is never done, but a hundred years ago every farmer kept a flock of geese for this purpose. They say that kind-hearted women sometimes made woollen jackets to cover the poor plucked fowl.

Sarah and Annie prepared dinner, to which they called the men-folk by blowing a long horn which hung inside the door. The afternoon was as busy as the forenoon. Mary and Sarah baked pans of biscuit, Johnny cake, gingerbread, crocks of cookies, a dozen pies, all of which lasted only a day or two in a family of seventeen. Nancy, who was a beautiful sewer, spent the afternoon tucking with the finest of tucks and the daintiest of stitches the bosom of a shirt for John. Annie went with Great-Grandmother to doctor a sick calf, and to hunt for the nest of a stray turkey. Great-Grandmother got out her dye-tub, for Mary had nearly forty skeins of wool ready for her. She examined the hams while Annie attended to the smudge, and then considered her soap-kettle, for the supply of soap was low.

Five o'clock brought the children from school,

bursting in with calls of "Where's mother?" and "Mary, can I have two slices?" and "I didn't have near enough to-day," and "Doesn't Tom have to go for the cows?" and "*Where's mother?*" Six o'clock brought the men for supper, and after that there was milking again and chores.

Half-past seven found the family gathered round the fire which had been made up, for the nights were already closing in. Great-Grandfather, sitting close by the candle, was making a splint broom. He had a thick stick of green hickory from which the bark had been removed. With a sharp knife he splintered the stick upward for about ten inches. When he had enough splints to make the centre of the broom, he cut off the core. Then he splintered the broom from the top downward, leaving just enough "stick" to form a handle. The splintering done he bent the splints down from the top over those at the bottom and bound all together in a bundle.

John, too, drew up to the candle for he had a shoe on the last, mending it to be ready for winter. Nancy not being able to work at her fine stitching by candlelight was plaiting straw for hats. Great-Grandmother and the others sat back in the shadow, the older ones knitting, for which they needed no light, and the youngsters sewing carpet rugs, for which they needed very little.

At nine o'clock all work was put away. The Bible was laid before Great-Grandfather; Peter stood by his side and following his finger read the chapter. Then Great-Grandfather commended all to the safe-keeping of our Father in Heaven. The three youngest children were already asleep in the trundle-bed beneath the four-poster in the bedroom; the older boys and girls climbed to their curtain-divided attic; Great-Grandfather fastened the door, Great-Grandmother wound the clock; in five minutes the house slept.

MR. MILES'S JOURNEY

IN pioneer days, people seldom travelled for pleasure; getting from one place to another was often a very difficult matter. The Indians travelled by canoe or on foot and, for a hundred years, the white hunters did the same. The French had the advantage of the English in this matter; access to the western tribes was easy by way of the St. Lawrence, but the English traders had to cross the mountains to meet the Indians.

The Canadian Indians and hunters followed several well-marked routes to the west. Some went up the Ottawa and west by Lake Nipissing and Georgian Bay; this was the oldest way, the one Champlain had followed. Others went up the St. Lawrence, crossed Lake Ontario to the Bay of Quinte and followed the Trent River west. Others still crossed from Lake Ontario to Georgian Bay by way of Lake Simcoe.

The *Griffin* which La Salle built in 1678 was the first sailing vessel on the Great Lakes. They built her above the Falls, you remember; she could not come down into Lake Ontario. A hundred years later, the *Charity* was launched at Niagara. By 1780 the bateaux of the Hudson's Bay Company were making yearly trips to the west to collect the furs gathered by their agents.

In the days of the North-West Company furs were still brought down from the west in long canoes called bateaux. These bateaux were thirty feet long, six feet wide, and sharply pointed in front. The frames were made of strong light wood and they were covered with sheets of birch bark one-eighth of an inch thick sewed together with the fibres of roots. The joints were made

GATEWAY OF FORT ST., KINGSTON

water-tight by gum which becomes perfectly hard. Such canoes weighed, commonly, little more than fifty pounds and were easily portaged.

The goods to be transported were done up in packages weighing seventy-five pounds each. Each canoe carried eight men and two tons of goods, including the food. The bateaux travelled in brigades, each under a conductor. In good years fifty or more would go up the Ottawa in a summer.

The earliest United Empire Loyalists travelled in the old ways. When the American Revolution was over and thousands waited to enter Upper Canada, better ways of travelling and of carrying goods became imperative. The British Government built some boats to transport the new settlers up the river.

The business was profitable, and very soon private companies began to build also. Many built "Durham boats." A Durham boat was a long, shallow boat nearly flat-bottomed. It was pushed along by means of poles, ten feet long and shod with iron. These poles were crossed at intervals by small bars of wood like the rungs of a ladder. The men, grasping the lowest rung, stood at the bow of the boat, two on each side, and thrust their poles into the channel. As they pushed they seized

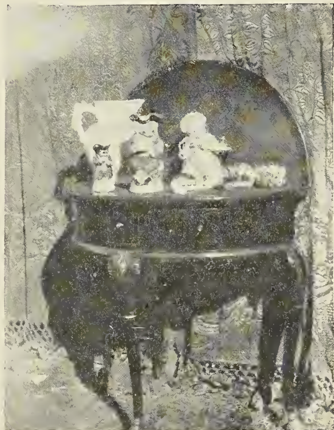
one rung after another, working up to the top rung and toward the stern of the boat at the same time. This made the boat advance slowly. Durham boats came in about 1809 to take care of the rapidly increasing trade between Montreal and Kingston.

The Reverend Mr. Miles made the journey in April, 1811. As the boats did not run regularly, he had to wait for a chance to go. It took him nine days to make the trip. Like other passengers he worked out part of his passage by giving a hand with the oars. In addition the journey cost him $9.75. This is how he described the journey:

April 6, 1811. I left Kingston. Durham boats were scarce on the Canada side at that time, but it was thought that if I could get to the American shore I should find one on its way to Montreal. Well, I found a man in Kingston, just from Grindstone Island, who had brought up some shingles and tar to sell. He told me that if I could get to Briton's Point, to which point he promised to take me, that he thought I should find a Durham boat there.

Grindstone Island, April 7. Left Kingston yesterday at 3 P.M. in an open skiff, with R. Watson, a clerk in Dr. Jonas Abbot's store, and two hands belonging to the skiff . . . head wind . . . rowed hard till about eight in the evening, when having blistered both hands and being very much fatigued, we drew our skiff on shore, and camped on the shore of Long Island, about five miles from Grindstone Island . . . wind strong from the north . . . very cold and without victuals or fire . . . feet wet . . . slept some . . . walked some . . . and by daybreak was somewhat chilled. Strong head wind. . . . Stuck close to our lodgings till about eight when the wind abated . . . stuck to our oars till about eleven o'clock when we made Grindstone Island,

weary and very hungry. Ate a hearty dish of "sapon" and milk . . . rested about an hour and set off for Briton's tavern on the American shore. Arrived about 4 P.M., the water being entirely calm. Had not been on shore ten minutes, as good luck would have it, when we engaged a passage from Cornwall in a Durham boat; and a breeze coming up from the south directly, our American boats hoisted sail and we proceeded about thirty miles. Then the wind changed and we put into a bay in Grenadier Island, about nine in the evening. We ate some supper at a house owned by Mr. Baxter and, spreading a sail upon the floor, seven boatmen and four passengers camped down before the fire. In the morning I felt my bones as though they had been lying on the soft side of a hard, rough floor.



ARTICLES USED BY PIONEERS

1. Pitcher.
2. Three "Toby" Jugs.

April 8. Head wind still . . . wished myself either at Kingston or Montreal.

April 9. Still a head wind. . . . Must take it as it comes. Reading and writing are the order of the day. At 7 P.M. we hoisted sail. At one in the morning arrived at a house on the Canada shore and slept on the floor till daylight.

April 10. Left for Ogdenburg where we arrived at 3 P.M. Found an old acquaintance and passed the afternoon quite pleasantly.

April 11. Had a good night's rest. Still a head wind. . . . Found the printing office and compared types the greater part of the day.

April 12. Still a head wind.

April 13. Left Ogdenburg and arrived at Cornwall.

April 14. Left Cornwall and arrived at McGee's, Lake St. Francis.

April 15. Left McGee's and arrived at Montreal about 8 P.M. Travelling expenses from Kingston to Montreal, $9.75.

THE WEDDING AT SHAW'S

THE Acadians had obtained their richest farms by building dykes to keep back the sea from the wide flats of red mud which fringe the Fundy shore. Their dykes were long ridges of sod high enough to keep out the tide. After two or three years of dyking, the salt was worked out of the land, and it grew, year after year, splendid crops of hay.

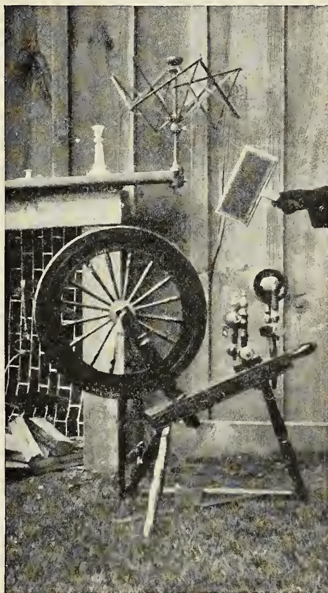
Some of the United Empire Loyalists settled on the deserted Acadian lands. They improved upon the old method of dyking by building sluiceways with gates, which swung outward, at the bottom of the channels.

In some counties all the men joined in building the dykes, and the dyked lands, though really belonging to individual farmers, were used in common by everyone in the settlement. Hard work and careful farming soon gave the newcomers comfortable homes.

Squire Nathaniel Shaw was a man of consequence in King's County. His home was one of the finest in the district. It sat back, at a little distance from the road,

behind a pretty garden of flowers, and had a vegetable garden with a row of trees beyond at one side. The house was a storey and a half high with a steep roof. It had a handsome door in the centre with two windows on each side of it. The windows were of good size, but the panes were very small, and the glass was not so clear as ours is nowadays. Squire Shaw had moved the log shack, in which he had lived at first, up to the back of the house where it made a comfortable kitchen.

Inside, the house was divided by a hall which ran through the middle from the front door to the back. On each side of the passage there were two large rooms with fire-places. Wood was plentiful and most people still used fire-places, though box-stoves and "Franklins" had already been invented.



Mrs. Stewart, Glen Morris

SPINNING-WHEEL FOR FLAX

(Above) "Swifts" for winding the thread.
(At right) "Carder" for carding wool.

The room at the back on the right was the dining-room. Mistress Shaw had a drop-leaf table to accommodate her growing family; the chairs were black rush-bottomed ones. In one corner stood a three-cornered cupboard with a glass door through which the best china gleamed.

In front of the dining-room was the family sitting-

room. A grandfather clock stood in one corner, a home-made couch in another, while the spinning-wheels for wool and flax took up the space by the fire-place.

Across the hall was the best parlour; it was used only when company came. The oval table and six chairs of mahogany were polished until they shone; the brass andirons, shovel and tongs in the fireplace gleamed in the dusk behind the close-drawn blinds. The best parlour fairly glittered. It was no place for boys and girls.

Behind the best parlour was the best bedroom. There was a huge four-poster bed with a feather tick which rounded up so high in the middle that you could scarcely climb into it. The bed was covered with a spread, hand-knit of white cotton in an elaborate pattern; the bed-clothes were kept folded in the bottom drawer of the handsome chest of drawers by the bedside. They did not keep them on the bed because they seldom had fires in that part of the house, and the clothes had to be aired before they could be used.

On the night of June 12, 1769, the Shaws' house was running over with bustle and laughter; the Squire's son was marrying Miss Grace Coit. They were married at the Shaws' because the Coits' house was not large enough to hold the ninety-two ladies and gentlemen invited. It was a very grand affair.

The ceremony was performed early to leave plenty of time for the feasting and dancing to follow. The groom was a tall young man in light yellow trousers and a dark blue coat. His trousers were tight and strapped down over his boots as a spat is fastened. His coat was double-breasted, cut very short in front and having long tails behind. He wore a soft stand-up collar, and his shirt had a frilly ruffle above his crimson velvet

waistcoat. Whenever she looked at him, Miss Grace thought herself a very fortunate woman indeed.

The bride was in white muslin and looked, when between dances she stepped out into the moonlit garden, like an enormous lily floating about. Her lace trimmed skirt was draped over a hoop very large at the sides but flat in front and behind. Her pretty shoulders stood out, plump and white, from the round neck of her gown; her sleeves were short puffs of lace and muslin. She wore a silver ribbon as a girdle, white lace gloves without fingers, and a flat gipsy hat of white straw with a broad velvet ribbon under her little square chin, a rose-coloured scarf hung off her shoulders and over her arms. The story does not tell what the groom thought when he looked at Miss Grace, but I expect it was something very polite.

Women in those days were ashamed unless they had prepared large stores of linen and clothes for their weddings. Grace's mother and sisters had helped her. For months they had been busy spinning, weaving, cutting out, sewing up, embroidering, marking with Grace's initials, hem-stitching, tucking and ruffling. The bride brought to her new home a great chest full of blankets, linen sheets and tablecloths, pillow-slips, towels, and underlinen, all of it made in her own family, much of it prepared by her own hands.

Besides the house-linen, the bride brought with her more than one box of clothes. The families were well-to-do; the bride was young and loved pretty things. She had a dozen each of petticoats, under-bodices, shifts, nightgowns, white handkerchiefs and flowered handkerchiefs; she had a dozen pairs of white stockings and a dozen pairs of dark. She had a cloth dress, a plaid dress and a black silk dress; she had a blue cloak and a scarlet cloak, besides shawls, bonnets, hoods for winter,

caps to wear in the house, and aprons of calico, muslin, and silk.

After the wedding the guests sat down to supper. The great dining-table was stretched to its greatest length, and they set it afresh three times before all were served. That night the guests danced ninety-two jigs, fifty-two contra dances, forty-five minuets, and seventeen hornpipes. At twelve o'clock Mistress Shaw served cake and apple cider and, soon afterward, all the guests took their leave. So splendid an affair had never taken place in King's County; it was remembered and talked of for years afterwards.

BEFORE THE DAYS OF MATCHES

It was a cheerless morning early in November. The grey sky lowered sulkily over the dead brown earth. Tiny snowdrifts lurked in the edges of the clearing and along the path; the bare-limbed trees shivered.

Charlie Stewart shivered too as he stood a moment in his underclothes to glance out of the window. Charlie was only twelve, but his father had gone to Hamilton to get flour, and Charlie had been left in charge of the farm and the family. Mr. Stewart had left early the morning before, carrying the sack of wheat upon his back. He would walk the forty miles to the town and back in two days, but they could not expect him until late in the evening.

Charlie was worried about the fire. At the very moment of leaving his father had cautioned him about letting it out, and the lad had tried to be careful. At bedtime the night before he had chosen a partly

burned stick and, drawing all the rest of the fire aside, had covered it carefully with ashes. He had seen his father do it a hundred times and had done it, as he thought, in exactly the same way. To be sure he had not been certain that the chosen stick was hemlock; he knew his father always used a hemlock brand to hold the fire; but as it was cold outside and he was sleepy, he had let it go.

In the morning when his mother called him, Charlie sprang out of bed and hurried to the fire-place. Very cautiously he raked the ashes from the firebrand; it showed not a sign of life. He laid upon it some bits of paper and light wood, but no smoke rose. The fire was out. Charlie stood first upon one bare foot and then upon the other and looked at it in dismay. His mother, who had been ill, called to him from the bedroom, where she had the three younger children with her in bed.

"Is the fire burning, Charlie?"

"Not yet, mother," answered the boy, hoping to gain a little time.

"Stir it up, son. It is getting late, and I must get up."

"Now if I only had Nate Fleming's burning-glass I could set fire to a bit of paper," thought Charlie. He shivered and glanced from the window. "No I couldn't," his thoughts ran on. "You can't start a fire with a burning-glass unless the sun shines." His eye fell upon his father's flint-lock musket hanging on the wall. He had seen the men get a spark by striking the flint from the gun against the blade of a knife. If there was a bit of paper near, the spark would fire the paper. But Mr. Stewart had forbidden Charlie to use the flint of his gun. He did wish he had remembered to see to it that the firebrand was a hemlock knot; then this would not have happened.

"Charlie, isn't that fire going yet?" called Mrs. Stewart impatiently.

"No, mother, I'm afraid—I'm afraid it's out."

"You've been careless, son. What did you do to it? Or what didn't you do?"

"I don't believe the brand was hemlock, mother; I banked it carefully enough."

"Well, don't stand shivering, child. If it's out, it's out. I ought to have seen to it myself. Put on your clothes and run over to Mr. Robson's and borrow some fire. Be as quick as you can; it's late already."

Charlie pulled on his long, homespun trousers, his thick, clumsy jacket and cap, thrust his bare feet into his cow-hide shoes, and rushed out of the house. The narrow little clearing stretched lengthwise in front of the house. It had been a potato-field the first summer and a wheat-field for the past two; it was still uneven, broken by stones and stumps. The path wound among the stumps along the edge of it and presently dived into the forest.

Charlie sped along, his feet aching, his fingers blue with cold. In ten minutes he came out into another narrow clearing. It looked exactly like their own except that it was a little larger. Mr. Robson had taken up the land a year before Mr. Stewart. The door of the log house stood open and a cheerful column of smoke rose from the chimney. Charlie sniffed. He thought he smelt pancakes frying.

As he bounded up, Mrs. Robson came to the door. She was a tall stout woman with a red, good-natured face.

"How is your mother this morning, Charles?" she called in a loud hearty voice.

"She's pretty well, thank you, Mrs. Robson, but the fire's out; it was my fault."

"Well, well! Not quite ready for a house and a wife

yet, are you, Charles? Mustn't let the fire out, you know. No girl will have you if you do that." Mrs. Robson boomed out her big laugh and turned into the kitchen. "Come in; we've plenty of fire to lend."

As she spoke, she lifted from the hearth with the tongs a fine large coal. Charlie received it between two bits of chip which he had picked up in the yard. Gripping the chips firmly, he thanked Mrs. Robson and raced across the clearing.

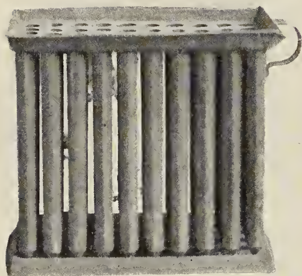
As he wound in and out along the wood path, he gave a sharp cry and jerked his hand backward. One of the chips had burned through and the coal had touched the boy's finger. It fell and rolled perilously near to a fairy snow-bank which would have put it out. In an instant Charlie snatched up other chips, and with the coal again firmly held ran toward home. The breeze caused by his speed made the coal glow and flare. In five minutes the Stewarts had a fire and the porridge was cooking.

A CANADIAN HOME

Fairer than marble halls it ever stands
The Guardian of our broad Canadian lands—
The Home—beneath whose roof the fire gleams
Upon a little world of social ease:
The sentimental maiden rocks and dreams,
While little ones with books upon their knees
Con o'er the morrow's tasks by slow degrees:
The drowsy father reads by starts and fits,
Whom watching half amused the good wife sees
The struggle fail and smiles from where she sits,
While click her needles round and round the sock
she knits.

By Dr. W. A. Creelman.

HOW TO MAKE CANDLES



Imperial Oil Company

A CANDLE-MOULD

They had neither electric light nor gas; they had not even lamps in Colonial days. Everyone used candles, and a soft pretty light they made. Rich people bought wax candles; ordinary folk made their own of tallow.

After a sheep had been killed, the housewife set aside a day for candle-making. The tallow was melted in a large pot of boiling water, one-third tallow and two-thirds water. The tallow rose to the top, and the pot was placed on the floor between two kitchen chairs.

Two long poles were placed on the backs of the chairs about eighteen inches apart. The mistress then got out her candle rods, sticks twenty inches long and three-eighths of an inch in diameter. Over each of these she doubled a piece of cotton wicking nine or ten inches long. Six of these wicks were placed on each rod so that they hung about an inch and a half apart. Sixty or more rods were placed across the poles between the two chairs. The mistress thus provided one candle for each day in the year.

When all was ready and the tallow hot, the dipping began. Beginning at one end of the line, the dipper

lifted each rod with its six wicks in turn and plunged the wicks into the liquid tallow. Taking it out quickly, she placed the rod again across the poles, leaving the grease to thicken on the wicks as she worked down the line of rods. When she had dipped all the wicks once, she began again, and repeated the process time after time until the candles, which grew like snowballs, though not so quickly, were the right size.

It was a delicate business, if one wished to have evenly-burning candles. The grease must be at exactly the right temperature; the wicks must be dipped neither too quickly nor too slowly; just the right time for cooling and thickening had to be allowed between each dipping. Women had to have steady hands and level heads as well as brave hearts in those days.

THE FULLING FROLIC

OUR grandparents, when they were young, had several kinds of parties that we know nothing about nowadays. One of these was the Fulling Frolic. When the wool from Great-Grandfather's sheep had been washed, teased, carded, spun, and woven into a long web, Great-Grandmother and the girls invited the neighbours in to a "Fulling" or "Thickening" bee.

Picnic tables, long boards laid upon saw-horses, were set up around the four sides of the kitchen. When the guests arrived, they took their seats on bags stuffed with straw. They sat on both sides of the table and about two feet apart, leaving room that each might use his arms.

When all the boys and girls were seated, the long web, well soaked in warm water and soaped, its ends

sewed together, was brought in dripping and laid along the tables. Then each person seized the piece of web immediately in front of him and fell to pulling and pushing it athwart the table. They pulled, twisted, turned, rubbed, wrung, lifted, pounded, and squeezed the cloth, made soft by much soaking. As they worked, each person kept taking hold of the cloth a little farther to the right and letting go toward the left. In this way the whole web was kept moving along the tables and around the room.

When the "Fulling" was well begun, a clear high voice in the corner would start a song and, in a moment, all the young folks were making the log walls ring with some ballad of the day. Rollicking songs they sang, for then all worked the faster. Half a dozen songs and the singing gave place to larking. They jogged one another's elbows; they splashed the sopping cloth in one another's faces; they flung jokes across the room at this one and at that; and all the time their fingers were as busy as their tongues.

By and by the singing would break out again. The rhythm of the song marked the movement of the web; to and fro across the table, round and round the room it went like an endless chain. For two or three hours the company kept the web going. It was hard work but they were strong and merry. By supper-time the cloth was "fulled" and, when dried, would wear for years.

When Great-Grandmother pronounced the web "thick enough," it was laid flat on the long table and "smoothed" by the patting and pressing of many palms, it was then laid aside to be dried next day. The boys now hurried out to attend to their horses, while the girls helped to set out the supper-tables. Great-Grandmother had been cooking and baking for days before, you may be sure, and there was hardly room on the

boards for the cold meats, hot potatoes, pickles, preserves, pies, cakes and cookies which she had ready.

Having worked hard all the afternoon, everyone was hungry, and the good things disappeared like snow in a thaw. The girls washed up; the boys carried out the tables. The dishes were not yet put away when a commotion outside announced the arrival of "Peg-leg Sandy." He came stumping in with his violin under his arm. In a moment he was seized and hoisted upon the table or the stove. With his chair tilted back perilously and his "peg-leg" cocked over his sound knee, he tuned his fiddle. The figures formed; Sandy played the opening bars of a reel and the dance began.

THE OLD LOG SCHOOL

The school-house to which Great-Grandmother's children went was a little building beside the road which ran down the hill into the village. It had no neatly fenced play-ground with trees and flower-beds, but, across the road, the bush descended steeply to the river, and the bush was a wonderful place in which to play.

In the spring, the children wandered far away gathering violets, hypaticas, blood-root, and trillium. So far they went, the master's bell came only faintly to their ears; they ran all the way back, but were often late and sometimes punished. In summer, they played hide-and-seek among the great trees and ate their lunch sitting beneath them. The boys played all together, but the girls had feuds and rivalries among them; they sat in groups, which looked haughtily at one another and called each other names. In winter, everyone came provided with a bit of board, an old tin pan, or, best of all,

FIRST SCHOOL IN WATERLOO COUNTY, ONTARIO

a section of a broken butter-bowl. Upon these queer sleighs they shot in and out among the trees, coasting down the steep hill and far out upon the ice of the river; it was dangerous, breath-taking, but glorious.

School was not nearly so pleasant a place inside. The fireplace was at one side and near it the master had his desk upon a platform; behind him hung a small square of blackboard. The desks were high and so long that each one stretched right across the room; there were no seats, the children sat upon benches. The legs of the little folks ached with hanging down; those of the older girls and boys, with cramping up; and everyone's back ached because there was nothing to lean against.

Nearly all the teachers in those days were men; the children called their teacher "the master." Many of the "masters" were learned and good men; but many, on the other hand, were old soldiers or men who were too weak or too lazy to work in the fields. Some teachers dozed in their chairs all day; others drank; nearly all of them whipped the children unmercifully, and none of

them had been trained to teach. When they had poor masters, the children idled and fought; when a good one came, they respected him and worked hard at their lessons.

They had no maps, or pictures, or models, or specimens to help them study in pioneer days; they had very few books even. Great-Granny, and many another, learned to read out of the Bible because there was no other book to be had. In most schools they had a "spelling book," out of which they studied reading, spelling, and grammar. The older boys and girls had a reader which contained selections from the English classics. It was difficult reading, but the selections were really beautiful and worth studying.

In the earliest and poorest days the children practised making their letters on bits of birch bark. Presently they got slates; not fine square ones with wooden frames, but broken bits of any shape. Upon these they learned to write and figure. The cleverest boys studied Latin; the girls went to sewing-school on Saturday afternoon, and every day everyone studied the Catechism and recited verses from the Bible.

Funny little schools they were, but in them the children learned, just as you do to-day, to be honest men and brave women.

WARMING PAN
Filled with red coals and used in early days to warm beds.

GRANDMA'S BEAR

When Grandma was a girl of sixteen, she lived with her father and mother in a little clearing ringed with bush. The house was small, the family large, and Grandma had not much free time.

One summer afternoon, however, the dishes were washed and the house tidy, so Grandma put on her pink and white sun-bonnet, and went into the woods to gather strawberries for supper. She wandered from one good patch to another, and had almost filled her white-birch basket when she saw an enormous bear waddling slowly towards her.

With a shriek of terror, Grandma turned and ran towards home, the bear making after her. She ran wildly along the path with her basket carefully level in her hand. The bear gained upon her rapidly. Then her sun-bonnet fell off and the bear stopped to smell it. Deciding that it was not good to eat, the animal left it and again came lumbering after Grandma.

The sun-bonnet had given her an idea. She dropped her basket of strawberries. The bear stopped to eat these and Grandma got safely into the house.

Her father, who had just come in, snatched down his gun, went out and shot the bear. Its skin was used to cover Grandma's babies in their cradle.

OLD TIME LACROSSE

THE FIELD WHERE THEY PLAYED

In 1794, the Mohawks challenged the Senecas to a game of lacrosse. During the game a young Mohawk struck a Seneca. At once the Senecas flung down their sticks, seized the prizes they had brought and went home. Three weeks later a messenger arrived in the Mohawk village demanding satisfaction for the insult. If it were not given he was instructed to declare war.

The Mohawks had meant no harm and were anxious for peace. Joseph Brant invited the Seneca chiefs to a meeting. At the council Red Jacket made an angry speech, but the older Seneca chiefs proved more reasonable and peace was made.

To celebrate the occasion, the Senecas challenged the Mohawks to a game to be played at Mohawk village. The field was a beautiful green by the riverside. A hundred acres in extent, it was perfectly level, without tree or shrub, and as smooth as a carpet. On one side of the green the Senecas gathered, men, women, and children, more than a thousand of them; on the other, the Mohawks, in still greater numbers, bustled about.

In heaps on the green between the tribes lay the stakes offered by each: hatchets, swords, belts, blankets, knives, wampum, watches, beads, and furs. Near the heaps of prizes sat a group of silver-haired chiefs.

There were about sixty players on a side, young and middle-aged men, lithe and muscular. All were naked except for a short kilt girded round the waist. They took their places in two long lines, facing each other about ten rods apart. In the centre of one side, a group of elderly chiefs sat with knives and tally-sticks, ready to score.

The rules of the game were not the same as those of modern lacrosse, the greatest difference being in the method of counting. In those days, the tally-chiefs were allowed to count goals or not as they saw fit. If the score of one side rose far above that of the other, the tally-men might count for the leading side only one point for every two goals made by them. They counted this way until the other side began to catch up; it was done to lengthen the game, which the Indians liked to last three or four days.

When all was ready, the sixty players advanced from each side to meet each other. About twenty of each party stationed themselves at the end to guard the goal, the others mingled together in the centre. At this moment, into the arena bounded a beautiful maiden richly dressed and adorned with many ornaments of silver. She placed the ball on the ground in the centre of the field and danced back to the side. Both parties cheered wildly as two young men advanced toward the ball. They caught it between their sticks and raised it until one of them got a stroke at it, when it flew through the air like a bullet.

The game was played so rapidly that the players were relieved by fresh men every fifteen or twenty

minutes. The onlookers followed the play closely and soon became excited, cheering and shouting wildly.

The game lasted three days. At the end of that time, to the great mortification of the proud-spirited Mohawks, the Senecas were declared the winners. They gathered up the rich prizes and returned in triumph to their own villages.

THE SQUAWS' COUNCIL

Liquor maddens the Indians; from the first coming of the white men among them they have been degraded by it. Yet they are fond of "fire-water" as they call it, and will go to any lengths to obtain it. Under its influence they lose all control over themselves. Instead of being made silly and disgusting as white men are, they become crazed—fighting and killing even their best friends.

Joseph Brant, who tried in every way to improve the Indians, did his best to prevent liquor from being brought into the Mohawk settlement on the Grand River. Yet often enough some daring brave or greedy white man came in with a supply. Then, for days, the fields were neglected, the homes made sad.

The Squaws, who suffered much from the cruelty of their drunken lords, decided to move in the matter. They called a meeting of chiefs and thus addressed them:

Uncles! Some time ago the women of this place spoke to you; but you did not answer them, as you considered their meeting not sufficient. Now a considerable number having met and consulted together,

join in this sentiment and lament, as it were, with tears in our eyes, the many mischiefs caused by the use of spirituous liquor. We, therefore, mutually request that you will use your endeavours to have it removed from our midst, that there may be none sold nigher to us than the Mountain. We flatter ourselves that this is in your power and that you will have compassion on our uneasiness, and will exert yourselves to have it done.

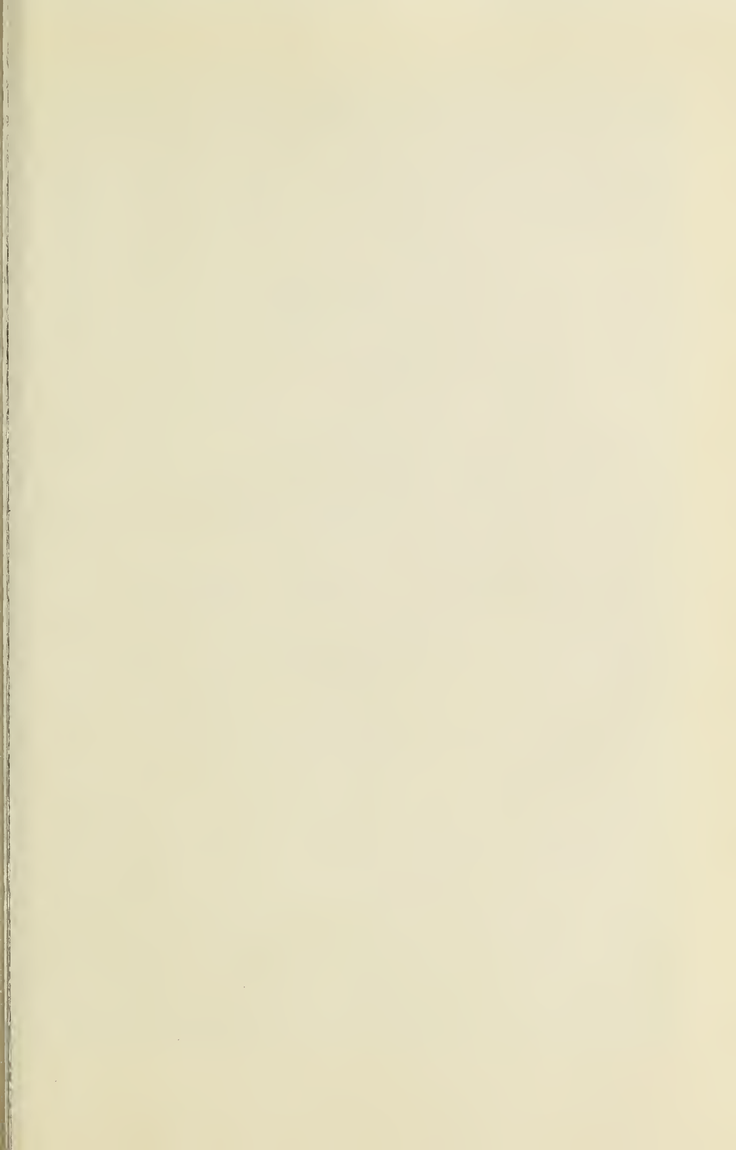
To which the Uncles replied:

Nieces! We are fully convinced of the wisdom of your request; drinking has caused many mischiefs in this place, and has been besides a great cause of division by the effect it has upon people's speech. We assure you that we will use our endeavours to effect what you desire. However, it depends in a great measure upon the Government, as the district you propose is within their jurisdiction. We cannot, therefore, absolutely promise that your request will be complied with.—*Strings of Wampum.*

THE TOWN MEETING

The British are an independent people. During hundreds of years our fathers struggled and studied to free themselves from the tyranny of their kings. For centuries now each community of British men and women has managed its own affairs.

The United Empire Loyalists were British. They brought with them to Canada their custom of holding a town meeting to discuss what should be done among them. Such a thing had never before been seen in Canada, for the French left all their community business in the hands of their governors.



By courtesy of the Ross Robertson Collection, Toronto Public Library

At a town meeting all the ratepayers attended. The Justice of the Peace was the chairman; the Clerk of the Peace, the secretary. When the meeting had been called to order by the chairman rapping smartly upon the table, the secretary read the Minutes of the last meeting. The Minutes were then approved or corrected, and the meeting began to discuss the town business. Every man had a right to express his own opinion and nearly every man did. The meetings were even more heated than council meetings are nowadays, for all the men of the town were there.

At the town meeting the people appointed the constable, the pound-keeper, the fence-viewer, and the trustees of school lands. They discussed the laying-out of new streets and the allotments made to new groups of settlers coming in. They decided what should be done about the school; where it should be held, who should be the teacher, and how much each child should pay; for, in those days, schools were not free and the teacher made up his salary by charging so much for each pupil. The children brought their money to the teacher at the beginning of each quarter. If they did not, the teacher might refuse to teach them.

The town meeting arranged about the poor people also. On April 1, 1771, Cornwallis town meeting voted £20 for the relief of the poor families in the district. Men were appointed to go through the town and collect from each householder until this sum was made up. It was not till 1858 that a Poor House was built.

THE PLAGUE OF MICE

In the woods of Isle St. John, in early days, lived many mice. They were a little larger than ordinary field-mice, and had short legs and flat feet. They multiplied very rapidly in the forest; when food gave out there they attacked the settlers' crops.

They swarmed out of the woods, formed in long narrow lines and, spreading out in battle array, swept across the fields into the sea. In 1738 every field of grain from Georgetown to Malpeque was eaten bare.

The settlers faced starvation. Word was sent to Louisburg, and, for once, the officers at the fort acted quickly. Eighty-seven quintals of flour were sent; pease and pork, powder and shot were given generously. Later on, the officials bought seed-wheat, oats, and pease in Louisburg, and sent them over to the ravaged settlements on the island.

The pioneers tried many schemes for getting rid of the mice, but none of them succeeded. The vermin multiplied till the woods would no longer support them; then they rushed blindly down to the sea. In a few years the same thing happened again. Between 1720 and 1738 there were three great plagues of mice. Only gradually, as the woods were cut down, were they exterminated.

WHAT HAPPENED TO POLLY SPRAGUE'S BEST DRESS

Many of the Loyalists who settled in New Brunswick were wealthy and accustomed to fine clothing. The men wore light knee-breeches of black or yellow or dark blue satin, white silk or satin waistcoats, and red, purple, blue, or green frock-coats with wide collars. Their stockings were black silk; their shoes of soft leather with large silver buckles; their hats of velvet with plumes. The ladies wore spreading skirts of flowered silk or satin, rich laces, fine linen, and dainty shoes.

Such clothes did not last long in the bush. Usually they were packed away, and the settlers made for themselves garments that would stand rough wear. A few people had sheep, but it was difficult to keep them; the wolves were sure to get them sooner or later. Most people planted flax as soon as they could. The women took charge of this little plot. They weeded it, pulled it, threshed out the seeds, then spread it under water to ret. When retted they dressed it, dividing it into coarse threads, which they spun at last into heavy linen. Of this, clothes were made for both men and women.

During the first two years, before a supply of linen could be made ready, many families dressed in deerskin. When properly tanned it makes a soft and quite pretty dress or suit. Many a Loyalist had no other clothing.

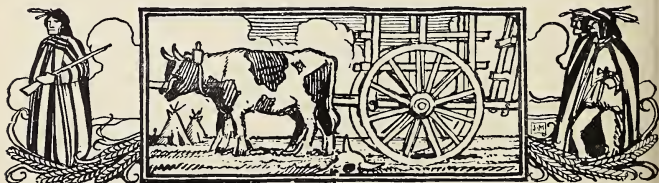
Polly Sprague was one of these; she had only one dress, a buckskin slip. She went one day to visit

Mrs. Harris whom she found washing. Mrs. Harris put the clothes on to boil with soap. Polly had never seen this done before, but she felt sure it would be a good way to clean her dress.

The next time she was left alone in the house, Polly fastened the door and put her buckskin dress in a pot to boil with some lye. You can imagine what happened to the leather. Poor Polly! When she took it out it hung in a pulpy mass.

At that moment she heard her parents returning and fled into the potato-hole. The father and mother were at first alarmed, calling and searching anxiously. After a time Polly answered, but she would not come out of the potato-hole. What was to be done?

At last the mother thought of something. Mr. Sprague loaded a barrel upon the ox-sled and drew it up to the door. Polly slipped into it and was driven down to Mrs. Harris, who lent her some clothes till the Spragues could get another piece of buckskin to make their daughter a new slip.



The Massey-Harris Company

THE OX-CART

THE SCHOOL-MISTRESS

Miss Rachel Martin kept a school for girls in Kentville. She was a dainty little lady with a pleasant voice. In school she wore neat grey or black dresses with pretty collars and cuffs of lace or linen. When she went out, she put on a long cape of dark blue and a large beaver bonnet with a pink satin lining and a long handsome plume. On windy days, to keep the plume from blowing, Miss Martin threw over it a net veil with sprigs in it. It was the handsomest bonnet in Kentville.

Miss Martin kept school at first in a room of Bragg's inn, and later in the cottage where she lived. All the girls of the village went to her, and a number came in from the country round about to study with her. She had taught Latin before coming to Kentville and, soon after she was settled in the village, she began a small class for boys. The parents were very glad of this because there were no public schools in those days and it was often very difficult for them to get their children educated.

Miss Martin was of good family and had been carefully brought up; she saw to it that her pupils learned to behave politely. She drew chalk lines on the floor and required them, when they stood up in class, to toe the mark. She opened school in the morning with prayers and the hymn, "Awake, my soul, and with the sun," and closed it in the evening singing, "Glory to Thee, my God, this night."

In Colonial days, girls and boys did not study in the

same classes nor take up the same subjects. Girls learned to read and write, to sew and sing, and to do very simple problems in arithmetic. Boys did more arithmetic, read some geography and history, and, if they were clever, studied Latin. Both boys and girls had to memorise and recite from the Bible and Catechism.

Miss Martin, you may be sure, taught her pupils all that it was proper for them to know. She was so gentle and polite herself, so careful to do just what was right, and so good a teacher, that her pupils loved her and could not fail to remember her teachings all their lives.

After she had been some years at Kentville, Miss Martin moved to Fredericton, where she taught Latin and singing. She sang in the church choir; she chaperoned the young people at their picnics and sleigh-rides; she knitted and sewed for the poor; and, in short, soon made herself as much admired and beloved in her new home as she had been in Nova Scotia.

Arriving early at school one morning, Miss Martin found that the fire had not been laid. She stepped across the street to Colonel Dennison's to borrow some kindling. The door was opened for her by a stranger, the handsome Miss Maria Haliburton. Miss Martin was so struck with the young lady's beauty that, when she went back to her desk, she wrote some verses about her. These verses were published with a number of her other poems. The little school-mistress became known throughout the province as a poet.

When quite an old lady, Miss Martin went to England, where she was received by Queen Victoria and commended for her useful work in Canada. The Queen ordered a pension to be paid her, so that Miss Martin passed her old age in comfort.

Canadian Pacific Railway

THE NEW BRUNSWICK VALLEY AS IT IS NOW

TWO YEARS IN THE WILDERNESS

Arranged from "Seventy Years of New Brunswick Life," by John Baird

In the month of March, 1823, my father having purchased a horse, sleigh, and harness for the journey, with my mother, self, four-year-old and younger sisters, set out to explore the wilderness and endure for a time the hardships of pioneer life.

The only roadway was on the river, and marked out by fir bushes planted in the ice. I have yet a recollection of some of the incidents of this journey, the cutting wind, the heavy snow-drifts, and breaking up of a fine fishing-rod in urging the horse through them, the dangers of ice travel—often treacherously giving way and engulfing man and beast. We at length reached

the hospitable home of Mr. George Morehouse, now Muniac Station, from which we could see at a distance of a few rods across the river, the long-looked-for land. Two teams loaded with furniture and necessaries, one of them driven by the owner, John Rierdon, arrived shortly after without serious mishap.

The summer was spent in clearing land and making preparation for building on the new farm. A few miles farther up on the eastern side of the river, the country being more thickly settled, we occupied a house there, and my father taught school during the winter. Occasional visits with my father and mother to Mr. Morehouse's barn, where our furniture was stored for a long time, and from some mysterious parts of which they would bring out raisins and nuts, must have been events deeply interesting, as they still linger in memory.

One of the most remarkable events and providential escapes of my life occurred while we occupied the hut on the front of the Glebe lot. A pathway led from thence through the forest to a creek on our place, over which we passed on a large tree, or windfall, flattened for the purpose. While one of the settlers, a Mr. Grant, and my father, were engaged in building the log house, it was my duty to pass through the woods, a distance of one-fourth of a mile, and call them to dinner. I was then about six years of age.

One day, following the pathway for this purpose, when about half-way, I saw at my feet a small living black object, its hair coarse and straight, and as I stooped to examine it, it turned its head to one side with a whining noise. Its mouth being open, its tongue resembled a piece of scarlet flannel. While fondling it as a puppy dog, a peculiar rumbling noise caused me to rise up, when I saw a large, black object bounding towards me through the underbrush. I had heard many

stories of bears, and an intuitive fear prompted me to run instantly and with all possible speed in the direction of the men. I had almost reached the creek where it was necessary to turn to the left to cross on the tree already named, when, looking over my shoulder, I saw the huge monster close upon me. Throwing myself into the stream to avoid instant seizure, I was carried down with the current amongst some brush, and had probably, in the meantime, made good use of my lungs, for the men came in haste to my rescue. A brace of dogs were soon on the scent, followed by the men with guns in pursuit. The bear with her cub got safely away, but Basto, a spaniel dog, brought back a severe mark from her paw.

My father having purchased for me a small narrow axe, I essayed to fell a tree. The one chosen by myself was a tall, dry cedar, the hardest kind to cut, about eight inches in diameter, and quite near to our hut. I spent some time mangling this tree, and, after many days, there was evidently a decrease in the circumference, which resembled the work of a beaver. After many repeated efforts, and blistering my hands, at length I heard a creaking noise, and looking up, saw the tree had actually commenced to fall. Dropping my axe, I ran at full speed for the house, which was just in the direction it had taken, and narrowly escaped injury, as the topmost branches were broken at my heels.

The River St. John was navigated by tow-boats, drawn by horses. All the lumber—square timber and logs—cut upon its banks or tributaries was floated to St. John. It was first made into joints or rafts, on which one or more men, according to the quantity of lumber, were put to pilot and run as far as Fredericton, where a number of rafts were put together and with a larger crew sent on to St. John. The scull-oar in the hands of

a raftsman is a powerful lever; many large rafts are handled with this implement alone, but a sweep or rudder is often placed at the tail of the raft as a double security. At certain pitches of water the swift currents and eddies demand skilled pilots, add to which an occasional gale of wind and the best and most successful pilot often comes to grief. At the highest spring freshet the current is over eight miles an hour, and rafts are run in the light of one day from Tobique to Fredericton. Reverting to tow-boats as the only means of transporting freight in former times, the mouths of the rivers entering the St. John were crossed by the horses, bearing their riders gallantly through the deep or rapid water. I have seen them thus swimming, surrounded by running ice, the rider standing upon the saddle. To the horses was attached a long rope, united with two others connected with the centre and bottom of the mast in the boat, all of which were occasionally raised by means of a pulley on the mast, to escape in their progress objects of a higher level. The boats had a carrying power of from 100 to 200 barrels, and were the only means of transport for supplying lumber operations on the St. John and its tributaries. The ordinary mode of transport from Fredericton, where all supplies were obtained by the settlers, was the canoe; and many a weary man has lain down with a stone for his pillow, and slept soundly, after shoving his load through the tide and rapid with a spruce pole from early dawn.

The largest lumbering establishment of those early times was known as the "Concern Place," a few miles below the Tobique River and near the "Tobique Rocks." The pine tree grew to an enormous size, and was found in great abundance along the St. John and its tributaries, while white pine timber was for many years the staple of the Province—its chief article of export.

A BRAVE MOTHER

THE afternoon was still and hot. In the little clearing which the Dempseys had made in the Ontario bush, the air was stifling. Swarms of flies buzzed about the little blobs of sweet gum oozing from the fir trees; no other creature moved.

Mr. Dempsey had gone to the settlement some miles away; Mrs. Dempsey was at home alone with her child. A presentiment of trouble weighed upon the mother. Again and again she went to the cabin door to see that the child still played just outside. Each time, having seen that the baby was safe, she peered anxiously into the steamy shadows of the bush.

The Indians were, usually, very friendly with the settlers, but when they had liquor one never knew what they might do. Twice already Mrs. Dempsey had been frightened by them. Once an Indian had come to the house and, while drinking the cup of water which Mrs. Dempsey gave him, had hinted that the Indians were about to fall upon the Whites. That time the brave little woman had put her child into the canoe and alone crossed the bay to the settlement.

On another occasion, an Indian had come to the house. Finding Mrs. Dempsey sitting trembling, alone with her child, he had drawn his knife and cut a slice from his own hand. "Indian no 'fraid," he said. At that moment Mr. Dempsey drove up and the boaster was driven away.

On this hot afternoon there was nothing to alarm

her, the woods seemed empty of life; yet Mrs. Dempsey watched the sun cross the blue circle of sky and counted the hours till her husband should return.

The sun was well towards the western tree-tops, and Mrs. Dempsey had just decided that in another hour she might begin to look for her husband, when a "whoop" split the heavy air. For one moment the lonely mother stood transfixed with terror; then, a single bound carried her to the door, a second enabled her to catch up her child.

A yelling crowd of drunken Indians burst out of the woods and ran towards the cabin. Inside, the mother looked desperately about her. No use to bar the door! what could she do? With the child screaming on her arm, she snatched a butcher's knife from the table and climbed the ladder to the low-eaved garret. Setting the baby on the floor, she drew the ladder up. Another moment and the room below was full of painted redskins.

They turned the neat little kitchen upside down. They tore open the cupboards and drawers; upset table and chairs, and scattered ashes and coals across the floor. Some sought for valuables, others snatched and ate all the food they could find; still others tried to swarm up into the garret.

Mrs. Dempsey set the screaming baby in a safe corner and, knife in hand, knelt by the square trap, determined to do battle as long as she could. As each drunken brave jumped up and caught with his hands the edge of the trap, she hacked at his knuckles with her knife. She struck to wound, and one after another the Indians who tried it dropped back to nurse their bleeding fingers. In this way the brave woman kept them at bay till her husband returned.

THE HAND-MILL

Peter McKellar made it. Peter was a Scotch shepherd who brought his wife and young family to settle in Elgin. In 1816 Elgin was the western frontier of Canada, and the Highlanders who settled there had to carry twenty miles upon their backs the grain and potatoes which they needed for food and seed.

There was no mill in Elgin then, so Peter thought he would make one. He found a large granite boulder and out of it made two mill-stones, one a little smaller than the other. These he fitted into two wooden frames. The smaller stone was placed on top, and a large bolt was passed through the hole in the centre of both, fastening the two together.

The bolt which passed through the central hole of the hand-mill had a large eye at the top. Through this a hand-spike could be passed and the mill carried from one farm to another, if desired.

The people usually brought their grist to Peter's, however. When the day's work was done and the shadows fell gently on the woody paths, the big Highlanders appeared each with a little sack of grain in his hand. Each in turn ground his grist, had his "gossip," and went home with the flour for a week's bread.

SEALS AND EELS

The pioneers who settled in the Maritime Provinces had, usually, two sources of income, fishing and farming. During the hard first years before crops could be harvested, the fish seemed providentially plentiful. Many a family would have gone hungry for months had it not been for the fishing.

The settlers on Prince Edward Island were especially fortunate. They had not only excellent fishing-grounds but, during the early years of settlement, seals and eels were both extremely plentiful in the mouths of the rivers and harbours about the island. Needy settlers made money out of the skins and oil of the seals, and put by barrels of eels which are very nourishing food.

In those years seals swarmed in the island rivers. When winter came and the streams froze, the seals could be seen in great numbers crossing to those parts of the coast where the water remained open longest. Often they would leave the water and slide clumsily over the ice.

In the winter of 1797 vast numbers of seals were gathered in Hillsborough Bay where the tide kept open water. Hundreds of them lay about on the shore ice sunning themselves between dips and swims. Suddenly one night it froze hard; within a few hours the opening to the sea closed up. In the morning, finding no passage seaward, the seals became bewildered. Instead of making toward the gulf over the ice, they turned inland. Seals are too awkward upon land to travel far, but a few of the poor things got two miles into the woods before becoming exhausted. The settlers, hearing of their plight, gathered and killed great numbers of them.

Everyone in the island might have had a seal-skin coat that winter.

Eels were also plentiful in Prince Edward Island and were nowhere finer. They were most easily caught upon the north shore where they burrowed many feet into the mud and, in winter, bedded themselves in the muddy flats, or under the salt marshes.

The settlers often planned to catch them in winter. They used a spear with fine prongs, the ends of which were turned up inward in sharp points. Holes were cut in the ice and the spear thrust deep into the mud below. As the spear pushed into the mud, the prongs spread open a little and the eel was caught between them; as the spear was drawn up, the sucking mud forced the prongs together again, pressing the eel firmly against the points of the spear.

In summer, eels were taken by torchlight; the calm nights of June and July were best. The torches were made of white birch-twigs, which the fishermen tied together in small bundles. White birch burns very brightly and lasts a long time. They fastened a torch in the bow of the boat, and each took a cleft stick in his hand. As the boat was pulled slowly over the water, the eels, fascinated by the light, came swimming up alongside. The fisherman slipped his cleft stick over the eel's back and pressed down until he held the fish so firmly that he could lift it into the boat. Skate, flounders, trout, and lobsters were taken in the same way.

Eel-fishing was hard work, but the pioneers thought little of that. In winter, when farm-work was less pressing, they fished industriously. The housewives put the eels down in brine. Their pantries were often bare enough, and the fine flesh of the eel was welcome fare. A barrel of eels was reckoned equal to a barrel of salted pork as food for a labouring man.

AN OLD CARDING-MILL WHERE "SINGING SCHOOL" WAS HELD IN PIONEER DAYS

THE SINGING SCHOOL

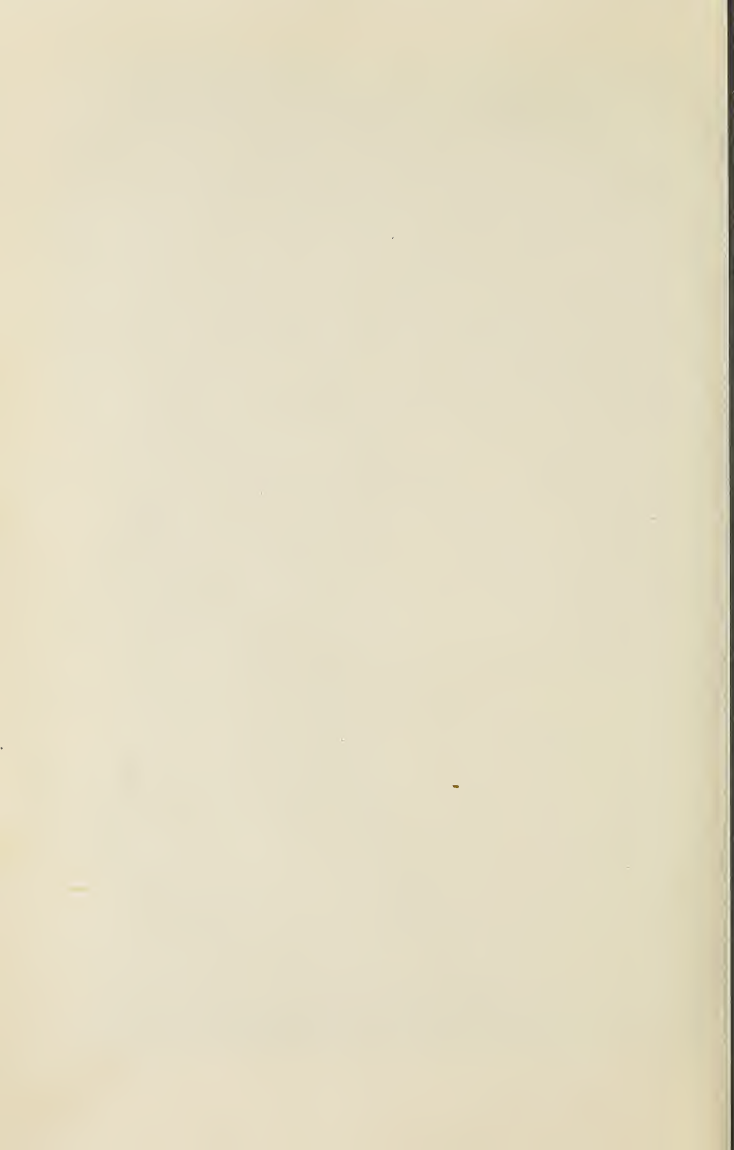
ONCE a week, during the winter months, the young folks of the pioneer neighbourhood drove down to the village singing school. It was usually held in the schoolhouse or the church, and the girls brought candles with them to light the room for the evening.

The singing teacher was, as a rule, a young man from the towns. Having had some training in music, he arranged to hold a singing school in several different settlements, holding his class in each on a different evening of the week. As he did not work in the fields, the singing master was not tanned as were the other young men; he had white hands, curled hair, and wore fine clothes. Many a country maiden lost her heart to the singing master.

The master took his place on the platform, gave the note with his pitch-pipe, raised his baton, and the school sang. There was often more good-will than

By courtesy of the Ross Robertson Collection, Toronto Public Library.

A PIONEER VILLAGE.



music in the song, but the young folks cared little for that. They joked and laughed, blew out candles, pushed one another off the end of the bench, pricked an unpopular mate with a pin, whispered, giggled, shuffled, just as young folk do to-day. The master had a difficult time of it. The pupils, perhaps, learned little music, but they had a good time.

The spelling school was a much more serious affair. Whole settlements took part in the spelling matches. Test matches were spelled out in the home district, then other school districts were challenged to a trial. At a great match between two rival districts everyone within a dozen miles was present.

A captain was chosen for each side, and the two chose their supporters alternately, each one manœuvring to secure the best spellers for his own side. Young and old spelled. After a winter or two, many became expert spellers. Interest grew, they studied their spelling-books diligently, dictionaries were ransacked for strange and obsolete words with which to confound their opponents. Excitement ran as high as it does to-day when the school basket-ball or hockey team contends against a neighbour.

THE PARING BEE

The Paring Bee took place in the autumn after the apples were harvested and stored. Everyone was invited, and all who possibly could came, on foot or in the rumbling lumber wagons.

They found the kitchen cleared and the benches and stools drawn up about the long table. The young folk seated themselves alternately, first a girl and then a

boy. The young men peeled, often by hand but sometimes with a rude machine. The paring-machine, which in olden days was home-made, consisted of two pulleys, a large one and a small one, with a belt passing from one to the other. To the smaller pulley was fastened the fork upon which the apple was stuck. The young man held the paring-knife in his right hand and turned the large pulley with his left. Turning the large pulley made the small one, with the apple on the fork, revolve very rapidly. The young man held his knife in position, and the apple was peeled in a twinkling.

In front of each girl lay a heap of pared fruit, which she quartered and cored almost as quickly as the young men peeled. The daughters of the house were kept busy bringing up fresh supplies of apples from the barrels in the cellar and passing the quarters to the youngsters who sat by the fire-place with darning-needles threaded with lengths of stout linen thread in their hands. With these they quickly "strung" the quarters, handing them over to the mistress who hung them to dry upon poles placed near the kitchen ceiling.

From fifteen to twenty bushels of apples were often pared in an evening; these when dried made a year's supply for the family. The work done, the girls washed their hands in the fragrant juicy mass of cores and skins. This, they thought, would keep them white.

The hostess now served the lunch, bread and cheese, pumpkin pies, and cakes, with sweet cider. After lunch the party often divided into two groups, one of which spent the evening dancing. The other, made up of young people whose parents did not approve of dancing, played forfeits, post-office, and many another merry house-game. As a rule the party broke up before midnight, for young people who rise at four must be in bed betimes.

MAKING SOAP

Great-Grandmother made her own soap as well as so many other things needed by the family. Dripping, pork rinds, every scrap of fat and grease, she saved, collecting them in the soap-box. When she had enough grease to make a batch of soap, Great-Grandmother chose a day when the moon was new for her task. She never made soap when the moon was full, lest the soap, drying as the moon waned, should shrink.

Behind the wood-shed stood the ash-leach. It was a hollow bass-wood log set on end upon a board raised two or three feet above the ground. The board was grooved and the log tilted slightly. At the bottom of the leach they put a layer of straw; then a layer of lime, covering that with hardwood ashes. Water was then poured several times a day into the leach. As it soaked through the layers it dissolved the alkali in the ashes and, as lye, ran down the groove into the crock set below the board to catch it.

On soap-making day Great-Grandmother had out the great iron soap-kettle. The boys drove crotched sticks into the ground a few feet apart and laid a stout pole across them. A chain was thrown over the pole, and attached to the handle of the kettle, and the latter was raised a foot or more from the ground. The boys built a fire beneath the kettle, piled plenty of wood near, and then Great-Grandmother took charge.

She put the collected grease and lye in the kettle and boiled them together. There were two kinds of soap:

hard and soft. Soft soap was used for scrubbing, cleaning, and sometimes for washing; the hard for personal use. When the grease and lye had boiled together till the mixture was a clear slimy mass, Great-Grandmother dipped from the kettle enough to fill her "soft soap crocks." To the rest she added a little salt and resin, boiling it for some time longer. It was then dipped out into shallow pans, where it was left to harden. Before it was quite hard, Great-Grandmother cut it into cakes of suitable size. Soap-making was a long hard day's work.

Many of the pioneers earned a little money by making potash. After the great heaps of hardwood logs in the clearing had been burned, the farmer gathered the ashes together and put them in large wooden leaches. The lye which resulted was boiled. Part of it evaporated in the boiling, leaving behind crude potash. Potash is used in many ways. The pioneers shipped theirs to Montreal where it brought a good price.

THE CAMP MEETING

For a long time churches were few and far between in the new settlements. Most of the towns had either an Anglican or a Presbyterian minister, and many had both, but the country districts had few services.

To them came the wandering Methodist preacher on horseback, one saddlebag filled with oats, the other carrying a Bible and a change of clothes; these good men followed the bridle-paths through the woods from settlement to settlement. They were not, as a rule, learned; many of them were not ordained ministers, but

they were sincere, and wherever they stopped, the people heard them gladly.

Reaching some remote settlement on Thursday or Friday, the preacher put up at a farm-house or at a cross-road tavern. Word flew through the district that he had come. Young couples rode up to be married; parents hastened to bring their children to be baptised; older people came for counsel in their difficulties. On Sunday, service was held, and everyone who could possibly do so attended. People walked eight, twelve, even fifteen miles to be present, the boys and girls carrying their shoes and stockings to keep them clean. When they drew near the house where the Church service was to be held, they sat down by a creek, washed their feet, and put on the clean shoes and stockings, arriving decently clad before the servant of God.

The first camp meeting in Canada was held in the summer of 1805 on the south shore of Hay Bay. The men cleared the underbrush from a beautiful grove along the bay shore. In the centre of the grove a space large enough to seat the crowds of people was partly levelled. A platform was built for the minister, and smaller ones covered with earth were raised, upon which pine knots might be burned to light the evening meetings.

The people came in crowds, whole families together, on foot, on horseback, in ox-carts, in canoes, in bateaux. They put up tents or built shelters of boughs for themselves, stored their provisions, and prepared to picnic for the week.

There were six ministers. They preached and prayed in turn, at different hours of the day and evening. They spoke simply and plainly of God who befriends the lonely and comforts the sorrowful, of man's duty to Him and to his neighbour. Many confessions of sin and

prayers for forgiveness were offered. There was much singing together of pleasant old tunes. Light-minded people became more thoughtful; good men and women were confirmed in right-doing; nearly all returned to their homes refreshed in spirit.

WRITING A LETTER

WRITING a letter was not nearly so simple a matter in pioneer days as it is now. Many people did not know how to write, and those who did could afford to send only a few letters during the year.

The paper used was, commonly, a double sheet about the size of a sheet of foolscap, thick and unlined. Ink was made at home by boiling the inner bark of the soft maple and adding a little copperas to the solution. This made good ink; the letters written in it a hundred years ago are still legible. Everyone used goose quills as pens. People gathered up the feathers about the poultry-yard and kept a bundle on hand to use in making pens. The quills were boiled to remove the oil, the feathers were stripped from the quill for an inch or two back, and the maker sharpened and split the point with his "penknife." Blotting-paper was then unknown; people who had much writing to do kept upon their tables a sand-box, a box like a pepper-shaker but filled with fine sand. This they sprinkled over the wet page to dry up the ink quickly.

When the letter writer had moistened his ink, made his pen, set out his sand-box, and arranged his paper, he wrote slowly and thoughtfully. He had but one double

sheet of paper—three pages, for one must be left blank—and upon it he must write all his news and business. He would not, perhaps for a twelvemonth, have another opportunity of sending a letter; it behoved him, therefore, to think his letter out carefully before he wrote it.

There were no envelopes in those days. The letter, when written, was folded in two, then across twice, the blank side being folded outward. The letter was now much the shape of an envelope. It was sealed with wax and the address written upon one face.

Stamps were not then invented. The writer sent his letter by a friend if he could. If no one he knew was making the journey, he sent it by the stage-coach. Passed from hand to hand, from coach to canoe, it, at last, reached its destination; the person who received it paid for its carriage. It cost seven to ten cents to send letters in Canada, and from twelve to twenty cents to send one to England.

People were, quite often, unable to take their letters, because they could not afford to pay the postage upon them. Passing along the street one morning, Rowland Hill saw a servant-girl take a letter from the postman, look it over carefully, and then return it, saying she had no money to pay for it. Hill paid for the letter and gave it to the maid. She begged him not to trouble because, she said, she and her brother had arranged certain signs which they put on the outside of the letter to tell one another that they were well. The girl looked at the letter, saw that her brother was well and, as that was all she really cared to know, gave it back, saving herself the postage. The incident gave Hill an idea, he invented the postage stamp. The present system of sending letters was introduced in England in 1840. In 1851 stamps were first used in Canada.

A BOY'S LETTER

CORNWALL, *January* 10, 1807.

MY DEAR PARENTS,

I am afraid you may be angry with us for not writing for so long a time, but there have been no opportunities. I come on middling well and am going into book-keeping on Monday. I got a quire of paper to-day from Mr. Strachan, to make my book. Mr. Strachan has not struck me yet, nor has he been angry. We have finished our grammar and are learning it by heart every morning. It is very cold weather here and excellent sleighing, and very fine skating for the boys who have skates. It is snowing very fast now. We had about a week's play at Christmas and now and then half-days, but very seldom. The boys say that Mr. Strachan is going down to Quebec to see the Bishop in June and that the vacation will be then. The boys had a frolic on the ice yesterday with three pecks of apples which Stanton bought, and after his apples were gone they were as bad as ever, teasing him. We stay up every night till about twelve or one o'clock, and we have got so used to it that we don't mind it. We repeat four problems a week, and I am two from head. The day after New Year's Judge Anderson invited sixteen of the boys down there, and George and I were of them. He threw about a bushel of apples to scramble for now and then, and I got as many as I could carry, and half a bushel of hickory nuts; and they had a dance, and all the boys danced except Robert Anderson, his grandson, and I. George danced very well.

I am, my dear parents,

Your affectionate son,

THOMAS G. RIDOUT.

IN THE EASTERN TOWNSHIPS

The Province of Quebec had her share of British Pioneers and United Empire Loyalists also. The men of Wolfe's army, many of whom settled in Quebec, were the first British residents in Canada. The soldiers were soon followed by the traders, Alexander Henry being among the earliest. Scotch merchants caught up the fur trade laid down by the French; the North-West Company was formed, and a strong Scotch settlement grew up in and around Montreal.

After the American Revolution, hundreds of Loyalists found their way to Quebec. The Constitutional Act of 1791 made it legal for men to hold land in Quebec by British freehold tenure if they wished to do so; this made it possible for British men and women to settle in that rich triangle of land south of the St. Lawrence and east of the Richelieu, now called "The Eastern Townships." The land was surveyed by Surveyor-General Holland. Speculators secured large tracts and hindered the progress of the country here as elsewhere; but there were enough stout-hearted pioneers to open it up.

One of the earliest of these was Isaac Lawrence, a man who brought his family from Vermont to Shefford in 1794. "In November they ran out of salt, and the eldest son, Henry, a young boy, had to travel the forty odd miles on foot through the pathless woods and carry back some fifty pounds on his back. That winter their oxen and a cow died of hunger, and, running out of provisions and seed, the father sent Henry for aid to friends in Vermont, where he bought

four new axes, making with provisions, some silver money he had collected, and seeds, a pack of over forty pounds. Arriving again at Conroy's Mills, young Lawrence sharpened an axe and, later in the day, came to the south branch of the Yamaska River, which was so high with the spring freshet that it was impossible to cross without a raft.

"It had been stormy though not very cold; a damp snow had fallen and Henry was hungry, weary, and chilly, being too thinly clad for the season; so that when this new obstacle presented itself he was, at first, almost staggered. Then he commenced his work of felling trees, clearing the branches, and binding them together with withes. When this was done he thought the water would be more passable in the morning, so he kindled a fire and slept. But the morning broke clear and cold and he found to his dismay that ice two inches thick had formed some distance from either bank. Nevertheless he broke the nearer ice with his setting pole and launched the raft and embarked with sack and axe.

"'On approaching the other shore,' says Henry, 'I found it impossible to break the ice so as to effect a landing, for such was the strength and rapidity of the current that both setting pole and my utmost strength were needed to keep the raft from being carried down stream. After repeated and vain attempts to gain the shore, I found myself going down the deep, open channel. When passing at the mercy of the current around a bend in the river, I found the water less deep and rapid than in any place I had seen. Dropping the pole, I threw the axe ashore, and, grasping the sack, leaped into the river, which at that point was nearly up to my chin. So strong was the current that a struggle was necessary to gain a footing; but life and death were before me; and, with strength born of desperation,

I seized the sack with both hands and commenced breaking the ice with it.'

"The lad reached the shore, found his axe, and set off down the road. He was wet to the skin and his clothes were frozen stiff. After regaining the road he slipped and fell with his knee against a corner of the axe. The cut bled fast and he had no means of staunching it. He realised that his only chance of life lay in rapid motion, so he pressed on. A ten-mile walk brought him to West Shefford and safety."

Driven out of Scotland by cruel landlords who wished to use the fields for sheep pastures, large numbers of Highlanders settled in the ancient woods of Chateauguay across the St. Lawrence from their countrymen in Stormont and Glengarry. Chateauguay became the largest old-country settlement in Quebec, prosperous, well-cultivated, a centre for Clydesdale horses and Ayrshire cattle. Other groups of Scottish settlers took up lands along the Ottawa, where they were joined, after the potato famine of 1834 in Ireland, by large numbers of Irish. On the Ottawa the settlers could always make money by working in the woods and saw-mills, so that from the beginning they were sure of comfort.

Canadian Pacific Railway

PLOUGHING WITH OXEN

THE SPRING THAT DAVID THOMSON FOUND

A PIONEER LIBRARY[1]

As Canadians we are proud that our ancestors were, in general, educated and religious people. Every little settlement in the Maritime Provinces and in Ontario had, as speedily as might be, a church for the adults and a school for the children. A church and then a school: these were the ambitions of the new settlement; the same building served for both, as a rule. Most rural settlements were satisfied when they had achieved church and school, but Scarboro had still another dream.

David Thomson came to Scarboro in 1796. He had been a year in Canada, working at his trade of stone-mason on the new Parliament buildings which Governor Simcoe was erecting in York. Scarboro, east of York, had just been surveyed and thrown open to settlement. Thomson, following the Indian trail some twelve miles through the woods, came to a clear, running spring.

[1] The Niagara Library was the first in Upper Canada. It was founded in 1800.

The woods about were full of beautiful pines, the land rich and well-drained. David Thomson's shrewd Scotch eyes gleamed; he had found his farm. He took out his axe and sank it deep into the trunk of a soft maple.

Soon afterwards Thomson returned with a friend. The first day the men chopped the trees and raised the walls of the tiny log cabin. The wolves were so thick that they had to build a fire to keep them off; even then they had to watch in turn. A few days' work enabled them to make all safe; they returned to York and Thomson brought his wife and their four children to the new home. Seven months Mrs. Thomson and her children lived alone in the woods all the week, while the father worked in the village, returning each Saturday evening, his bag of provisions on his back. Seven months the mother passed without seeing another woman; the first who came was a squaw.

David Thomson had chosen wisely; the land was rich indeed and lay happily toward the sun; the settlement grew rapidly. In 1817 they built a little school on a lot near the Thomsons' house, now enlarged and improved. In 1819 the church—St. Andrew's—was built on a lot given by David Thomson. It was of wood with a stair going up on the outside to let people into the gallery. "A long narrow table extended from before the pulpit nearly to the door, a long pew on each side of it; a shorter table and pews were placed across the end of the church on each side of the pulpit. These were the communion-tables and pews. The pulpit, a high enclosed place, was reached by a stair. The precentor's desk, directly in front of and lower than the pulpit, was also enclosed." There were three Elders and, it is said, above forty members.

Church and school being well established, Scarboro began to plan a library. The thought was born, per-

haps, in the brilliant mind of Dr. George, the second minister. The people took it up eagerly. A meeting was held in the church on April 7, 1834. Officers were elected and forty-six members, nearly all of whom were farmers living on distant, partly cleared lands, enrolled. The fee was five shillings entrance and five shillings annual subscription; this double fee was continued until quite recent times. A committee of twelve was appointed to manage the affairs of the library, and the members had a general meeting twice a year to choose "managers," examine the books, and arrange for the purchase of new ones.

The books were very carefully chosen. "No book of a seditious, Deistical, or licentious character was to be allowed on the shelves, on any pretence whatever." Our ancestors were warmly loyal to God and King; they did not intend that any of their hard-earned money should be used to buy doubtful literature or trashy fiction. In 1878, the library contained 1108 books; it now owns more than 4000.

Twelve years after that first meeting the members united to build a library to house their treasures. Under the great trees close to the road where it bends around church and manse the little library stands. Before it the beautiful clear fields stretch away to the sky; behind it a tiny wood, happily saved, descends to David Thomson's spring; beyond the church our great-grandparents lie, lulled in their sleep by the low song of the trees their axes spared.

No librarian with pencil, card and rule guards the old library. The key is kept at the manse. In the old days men and women, boys and girls, walked the rough miles from their homesteads each with his two or three precious volumes wrapped in a cloth. Borrowing the key, he let himself into the library, put his books on the

shelf, chose others, and recorded the change in the book kept for the purpose. Nowadays the members arrive in handsome cars; there is no other difference.

And there, on a summer morning, you may go, for Scarboro is infinitely hospitable, and even a stranger—let him mention a member's name—may "borrow the key." Turn it reverently, and reverently step inside the little musty room, heavy with the indescribable odour of old books, most delicious of perfumes in the nostrils of the book-lover, headiest of wines to his brain. The walls are lined with books; the tables covered; yes, and the floor paved with them. There you may touch with your hands the grave tomes and small stout volumes that out great-grandfathers loved. There you may read till the light fails, with never a sound but the whisper of leaves against the roof to break in upon your day-long dream.

THE LIBRARY

Tender is the golden gloom,
Filled with dreams, the library;
Voices whisper in the room,
Faces glimmer through the gloom,
Laughter stirs the old perfume,
Filled with dreams, the library;
Rich with age the sweet perfume,
Filled with dreams, the library.

CANADA

SHE slept among the great white seas,
 A Princess fair;
A sailor 'twas who found her there,
 Taking her ease.

He kissed her rosy smiling mouth,
 She oped her eyes,
Blue as the depth of morning skies
 In summer south.

She rose, and stretching forth her hands
 To east and west,
Beckoned the homeless and opprest
 To share her lands.

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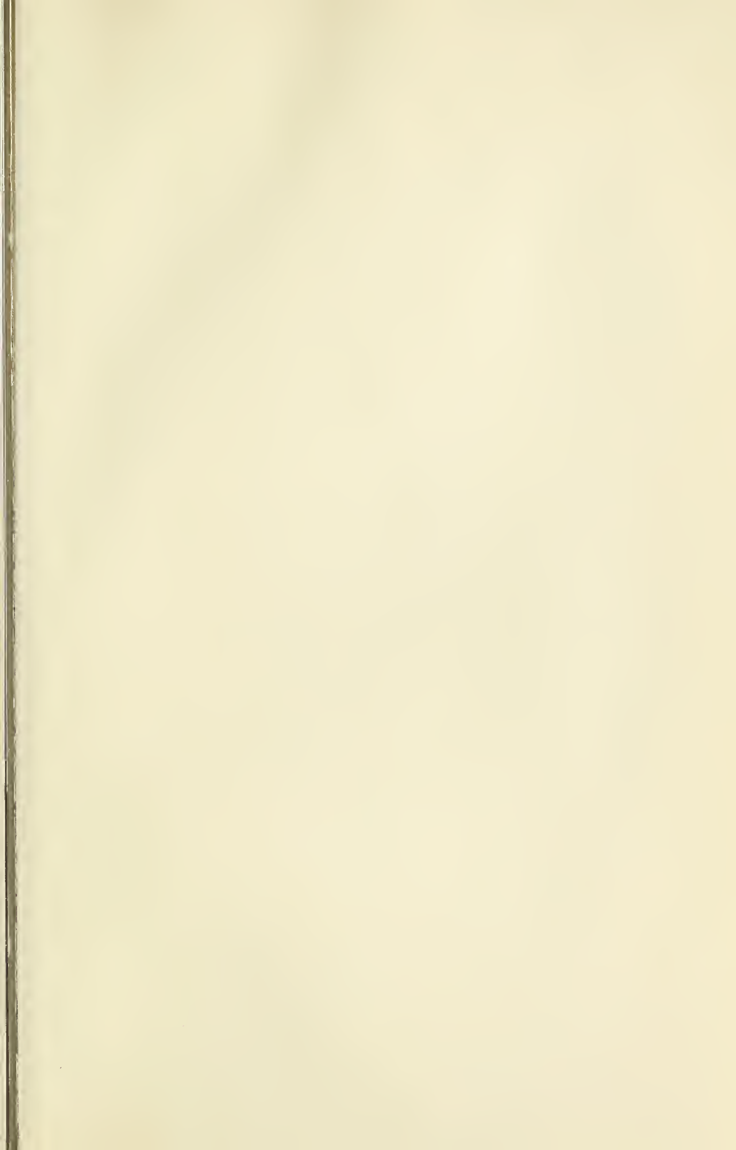

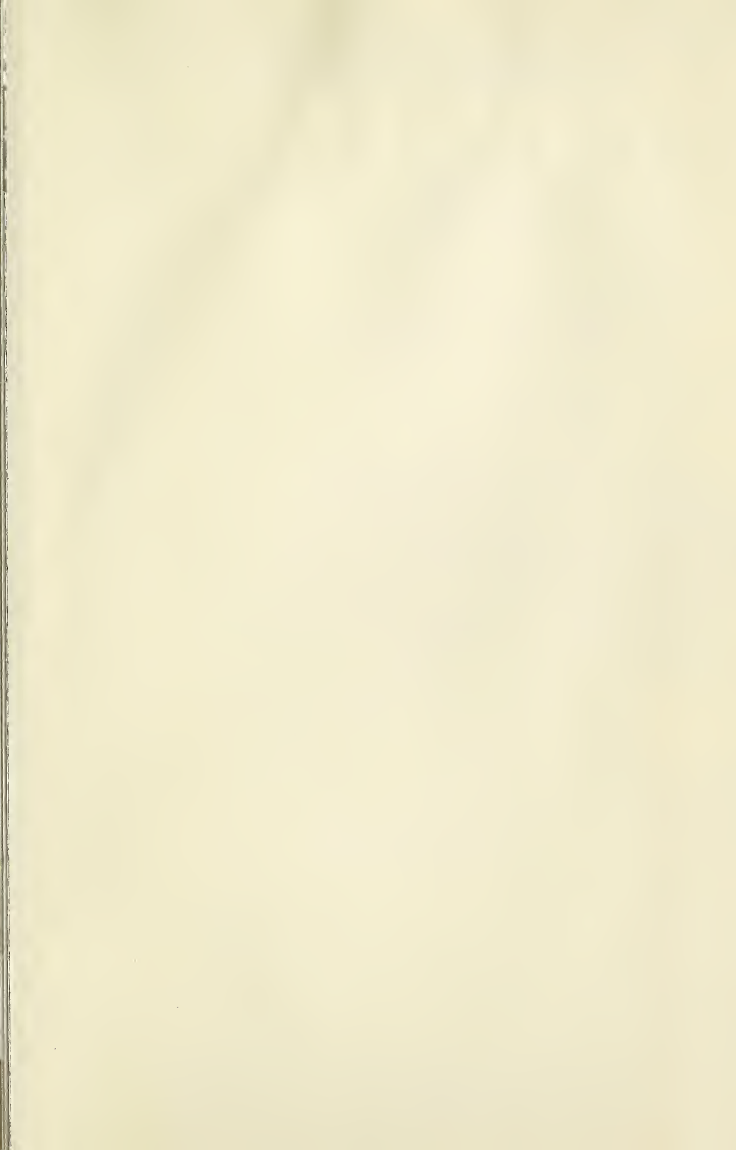

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