"Love Thou Thy Land"

Women's Canadian Historical Society of Ottawa.

Transactions—Vol. IV.

1911.

PRICE, 10 CENTS.

"Love Thou Thy Land."

WOMEN'S CANADIAN HISTORICAL SOCIETY OF OTTAWA

TRANSACTIONS—VOL. IV.

1911

OTTAWA:
THE ESDALE PRESS, LIMITED Cor. KENT AND SPARKS STS.
ENGRAVERS, PRINTERS, ETC.

CONTENTS

History of the County of Carleton

Paper read before the Women's Canadian Historical Society of Ottawa.—December, 1900.

The County of Carleton has the honour of being called after Sir Guy Carleton, the second Governor, a most able statesman and military man, who was made a knight of the Bath in 1776 and created Lord Dorchester in 1786.

Carleton is one of the forty-four counties into which the chief part of Ontario is divided. Bounded on the north by the Ottawa river, north-east by the County of Russell, south-east by the County of Dundas and Rideau river, which divides it from the County of Grenville, and on the south-east by the County of Lanark. There are ten townships which are as follows:—Fitzroy, Gloucester, Goulbourne, Huntley, March, Marlborough, Nepean, North Gower, Osgoode, Torbolton, a list of most aristocratic names. The surface is very level, and is called by scientists the Champagne region. The Laurentian ranges, which surround the county on three sides, contain masses of granite, trap, and porphyry. A bed of iron ore about a mile in extent has been found in the township of Fitzroy, while phosphate is most plentiful in Gloucester, and vast beds of peat cover large areas. There are numerous mineral springs, some sulphur, others salt. The only lake is Lake Constance, in the township of March, the borders of which abound with wild duck. The Rideau is the second river of importance and pours over the Rideau falls like a curtain into the Ottawa, its chief tributary being the Goodwood; there is also the Mississippi and the Carp. The City of Ottawa is the county town and there are numerous villages; the incorporated ones are Richmond, Hintonburg, and Archville, the two latter suburbs of Ottawa.

Richmond, in the township of Goulbourne, on the little river Goodwood, better known by its Indian name, the Jock, was the first settlement in the county, and was settled by the military as early as 1818. Richmond is called after the Duke of Richmond and the first settlers were Captains Lyon, Lewis, Maxwell and their families, and a number of others. Captain Lyon built the first mill in the county on the banks of the Goodwood. Richmond was laid out on a very grand and ambitious scale by Colonel Burke, who expected it would become a great city—"great expectations" which have never been realised. Some of the first buildings erected still stand, and

in the vicinity of the village may be seen an old barn, a sad memorial of departed greatness, for within its walls died Charles Lennox, fourth Duke of Richmond, Governor General of Canada, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland from 1807 to 1813, and a descendant of Royalty, thus dying miserably upon a heap of straw, among strangers and in great agony from hydrophobia, produced by the bite of a pet tame fox. The body of the Duke was placed in a waggon, drawn by a double yoke of oxen and was driven by a man named Martin, who received 200 acres of land for his service, to Richmond Landing, from which place it was conveyed to Quebec, and there, interred with great pomp beneath the English Cathedral (the spot is marked by a brass tablet) on the 4th September, 1819, just a year from the Duke's arrival in Canada.

The river Goodwood received its name from the Duke himself after his beautiful English property, where the celebrated Goodwood races take place every year. Besides this little stream, and village of Richmond, four townships in this county are called after members of the ducal House of Lennox. It was the Duchess of Richmond, wife of this Duke, who gave the famous ball in Brussels on the eve of the battle of Waterloo, which has been immortalized by Byron in "Childe Harold."

> "There was a sound of revelry by night,
> And Belgium's capital had gathered there
> Her beauty and her chivalry."

Before leaving the township of Goulbourn we must not forget that it got its name from Henry Goulbourn, Under-Secretary of State for the Home Department in 1810, for the Colonies in 1812, and Chancellor of the Exchequer from 1828 to 1830. This township contains about 55,000 acres of land.

We now pass on to March, called after the Earl of March, who succeeded his father as Duke of Richmond, and also filled the important position of Postmaster-General for England. The title Earl of March is derived from the Marches in South Wales. The township is divided into what is known as South March and the River Front, the former having by far the best farms and largest population while the latter is lovely in the extreme, farm after farm sloping down to the noble waters of the Ottawa, while the grand Laurentians, with "verdure clad" or glistening in their mantle of snow are plainly visible for many miles. March was settled a few

months after Richmond and was also a military settlement, Captains Monk, Street and Weatherly being among the pioneers, and later on General Loyd, a veteran who had seen service in Egypt.

The adjoining township of Torbolton (or Tarbolton) is the smallest of the ten townships and is called after the Duke of Richmond, one of whose secondary titles was Baron Methuen of Torbolton, and near the village of Torbolton in Ayreshire, Scotland, lived Burns' early love, his "Highland Mary." The Canadian township cannot boast of anything so romantic, though it is a startling fact that Purgatory is situated in Torbolton and partly extends into March; it is a swampy tract of land, and it is said that one day many years ago two priests in riding over it were so tormented by mosquitoes that one cried out "this place should be called purgatory," and so it has been ever since; however the best blueberry patch in the county comes next and may in some measure alleviate the torments of purgatory.

Huntley is named from Lord Huntley, only brother of the Duchess of Richmond, afterwards fifth Duke of Gordon, and Fitzroy in honour of Sir Charles Augustus Fitzroy, K.C.B., Governor-in-Chief of New South Wales, and Lieutenant Governor of the Island of Antigua, who in 1820 married Lady Mary Lennox, eldest daughter of the Duke of Richmond. The village of Fitzroy Harbor is prettily situated in the neighbourhood of the Chats Falls and the French village of Quyon.

Marlborough township originally belonged to Grenville county and it is needless to say is called after the great military hero of Queen Anne's reign. The town of Marlborough in Wiltshire, from which the Duke takes his title, is situated at the foot of a hill of chalk or marl.

In 1798 Gloucester township was a part of Russell county, and received its name from William Frederick, Duke of Gloucester, who was both a nephew and son-in-law of George III. His nickname was "Silly Billy." Grenville says, "Nature must have been in a merry mood when she made this 'Prince'," and Stockman describes him as follows: "Prominent, meaningless eyes; without being exceptionally ugly, a very unpleasant face, with an animal expression, large and stout, but with weak, helpless legs. He wore a neck-cloth thicker than his head."

The township of Osgoode also belonged to the County of Russell before Carleton was organized, and is named after Chief Justice Osgoode who in 1803 gave a decision that slavery was not

in accordance with English laws, and consequently the slaves then in Lower Canada were released; those in Upper Canada had been liberated in 1793. Chief Justice Osgoode received a retiring allowance of £800 a year, which he enjoyed for twenty-three years, and Osgoode Hall in Toronto is also called after this highly respected man.

North Gore or Gower is said by some to have been so called from the peculiarity of the land, which runs in the shape of a gore from the Rideau river, which divides it from South Gore on the other side, and it has also been recorded that the name was taken from the noble family of Gowers, who produced the early poet Gower, and in later times the Dukes of Sutherland. And it is interesting to remember that the mother of the Marquis of Lorne, one of our former Governor Generals, was a daughter of this great house. The village of Manotick,—an Indian name, meaning Long Island, is situated in the corners of four townships,—Osgoode, Gloucester, Nepean and North Gore.

Our own township of Nepean, which was formerly part of Grenville county, is called after Sir Evan Nepean, Secretary for Ireland in 1804, to whom Haldimand sent many entries and reports from Canada in 1728. The family of Nepean came from St. Just in Cornwall, and the name was originally Nanspean.

In 1870 the County was visited by a dreadful calamity in the shape of terrific bush fires, which started in several places after a very dry season, the largest being in Fitzroy, which, fanned by a high wind, tore madly on, joined the other fires, and so devastated parts of the whole county. This conflagration lasted for ten days or a fortnight, and numbers of farm houses with their barns, stables, implements and fences were consumed, besides large tracts of valuable timber. Some people and a great many wild animals perished, and the general suffering was very great. Ottawa itself was in great danger, enveloped in thick clouds of smoke, cinders falling in the streets, and the sun looking like a large crimson ball suspended in the heavens, and looming through a dense fog. Probably the city owed its safety to the cutting of St. Louis dam and the arrival of an engine from Montreal, which came up in six hours, a marvel of rapid travelling in those days. On the 17th of August the fire was at its height and the whole of the thriving little village of Bell's Corners, ten miles from Ottawa, was completely wiped out, only the town hall being left standing, and the inhabitants had to flee for their lives. Many tragedies were enacted during those days, but

time and space forbids our giving more than one, which took place in a lonely spot back from the river. A family having been burnt out of house and home, and the fire close upon them, the man placed his wife and children in a large hole or sort of well which was sunk in the ground, and with the help of his little boy covered them with loose earth and sand and then proceeded to fight off the fire. The poor little boy died before morning from suffocation and exhaustion, and the father only lived to see the fire pass on its way and to liberate the family from their miserable refuge, where the baby had also died during the night. Even now, after the lapse of thirty years, the fires of 1870 are looked back upon with horror. But as in all such cases, there were the humorous incidents as well. For instance, one old lady drove some miles to seek shelter with friends, entirely oblivious of the fact that she had tied on five bonnets over each other, which must have given her a very top-heavy appearance, or a faint resemblance to the leaning tower of Pisa.

Having now given a slight sketch of all the ten townships, we must not forget to mention that the present county of Lanark was originally included in the county of Carleton, and that Carleton yields an abundant crop of spring wheat, oats, barley, peas and rye, and that it is an excellent grass county. And though the extremes of heat and cold are at times rather trying, they are as nothing to those of the North-West, so that we have every reason to congratulate ourselves upon being inhabitants of the county of Carleton.

EVA G. READ.

The Township of Gloucester

Paper read before the Women's Canadian Historical Society of Ottawa.—November, 1900.

The township of Gloucester, named in honor of William Frederick, second Duke of Gloucester—(born 1776, died 1834), and nephew of George III of England, was in 1798, a part of Russell county. Now, except for electoral purposes, it belongs to the county of Carleton, forming a corner of it, and bounded by the Ottawa river on the north, the Rideau river on the west, Russell on the east, and Osgoode on the south. It contains over 83,000 acres of land, exclusive of the "Mer Bleu," a great swamp covered with cranberries, for which the pickers find ready sale, and other land under water through the township, all of which, by some outlay, could be made valuable. In connection with the "Mer Bleu" there is some talk of utilizing its peat, and this may yet be an industry of the township.

By the last census, taken ten years ago, the population of Gloucester was 6,823, of whom 2,360 were Canadians of French descent, 3,497 were Catholics, 1,030 belonged to the Church of England, the Presbyterians numbered 1,327, and the Methodists 633. The remainder of the population was of other denominations.

Gloucester is said to have had, as its first white inhabitant, a Mr. Ferguson; but as there is no proof of his existence there, we may say that its first settler was Mr. Braddish Billings, son of Dr. Billings, an Englishman and a United Empire Loyalist, who had been a surgeon in the British army, and had settled in Brockville in 1792. Braddish, born in 1783, in Goshen, near Boston, Massachusetts, was nine years of age when his father came to Canada, and, as he grew older, became, like most of the settlers, interested in lumber, and, with two other men, procured oak staves for Mr. Wright, lumberman of Hull, oak at that time being very plentiful on the banks of the rivers. The Rideau banks for miles inland, were covered with the finest of timber and as no fees were charged for cutting it, or any other timber in British North America, this part of the country offered such an exceptional field for enterprise that it afterwards became a great lumbering region.

Young Bllings, viewing those slopes inclining to the west and south, and doubtless realizing what they would become in the hands of the skilful and industrious, determined to settle there, and, aided

by his two men, built a "shanty" against a rock, which served as the back of the chimney, thus allowing his fire to burn harmlessly during the long and cold winter nights. The chief part of the supplies required for the pioneer and his assistants must have been brought from the St. Lawrence or from Hull, which was settled ten years before Gloucester.

The Rideau river, at that time, was navigable for floats, scows and canoes, from Burritt's Rapids to Hog's Back. They made good use of these, as there were no roads, either cut or blazed. It is hardly necessary to say the three men endured many privations and hardships. On one occasion their scow was frozen in, above Long Island, and they were forced to carry their provisions from the useless craft, all the way to the shanty.

Billings again displayed his sound judgment when he married Miss Dow, thus bringing to his little house one who changed it to a home. A wife, who though very young, proved from the beginning of her married life, by her high spirit, devotion and good sense, truly a helpmate for her pioneer husband. Her courage and self-control were finely displayed once, in a canoe, where with her infant on her lap, the light bark tossing amid huge rocks, and in the foaming waters of the rapids, into which it had been accidentally driven, she paddled it and bailed out the water, which threatened every moment to drown them, and by her heroic efforts, managed to save both herself and her little one from death. This child was Sabra Billings, the first white girl born in Gloucester,—her brother, the first white boy.

For six or seven years Mr. Billings' neighbours were across the Rideau in Nepean—his brothers, Ira and Elkana built there in 1813—but about the year 1819, Captain Wilson of the navy, and Mr. Otterson settled southward in Gloucester. The McKenna brothers also, and John Holden, with a large family, came into the township—Holden taking contracts for clearing land, from Mr. Billings. These were followed by the O'Connors. Captain Smith came in 1821, and took lands north of the Billings estate. An old Mr. Johnson was directed to where his location ticket pointed, and, afterwards, said he had a "Hard Scrabble" to find the place. So expressive were the words that the Johnson settlement was called "Hard Scrabble," a name which clung to it. About 1822 the Holisters and Carmans, and in 1828 a Mrs. Fenton—a widow—with her children, settled in Gloucester. One of her grandsons

named Siveright—originally Sebright—became a distinguished military man, first in the service of Spain, and, later on, in the British army. He was knighted by Queen Victoria.

Moodies, Blairs, Findlays, Cuddies, Blyths, Dunlops, and then Cunninghams, McFaddens and Telfords, were the names of other early settlers, many of whom lived to be very old, arguing well for the healthfulness of Gloucester. Several of them were drowned while attempting to cross the frozen Rideau, when the ice was in a dangerous condition. Mr. Holden was one of the victims.

The survey of the township was made about 1820, and proved of great service to the settlers, the identification of the lots showing them where to build and improve.

Mr. Thos. McKay, of New Edinburgh, established a small grist mill, and supplied not only the settlers with flour, but did a thriving trade with the lumbermen, who came to buy the spare produce of the farmers. "McKay's Castle," afterwards Rideau Hall or Govrenment House, and the residence of the Governor General, was built on the McKay estate.

The Rideau was not fordable in spring or fall, or at any high flood, and its swift current made the ferrying across in canoes so difficult that the people began to talk of building a bridge, and decided to collect funds by subscription. When each had given according to his means, the bridge was built and named, at first, the Farmers' Bridge—subsequently, Billings' Bridge.

A school was begun in Mr. Billings' house, where Miss Burritt was governess, the children around being taught there until a proper schoolhouse could be erected. When this was done, Mr. Collins, succeeded by Maitland, Colquhoun and others taught in it, but for years the attendance was very limited. A post office was established, and a town hall and little church followed. The Methodists built the first church towards the south of the township, which part was settled by men who had worked on the canal.

The roads in Gloucester were, for many years, in a very poor condition. One near the Rideau, was simply blazed and cleared of brush and trees. This led by Captain Wilson's to Prescott, through Kemptville. From Captain Wilson's the people had to ferry across the stream and go down the Nepean side to Bytown, but the blazed road could be used to Billings' Bridge. From there to New Edinburgh it was stony, muddy, crooked and narrow, and that to Green's Creek little better, even for years after Clement Bradley, Benjamin Rathwell, Robert Skead and others had land on it. The

road to Hawthorne, East Gloucester, and settlements around the "Mer Bleu," was put through and the land on it occupied between 1828 and 1836. For a long time the distance from Billings' Bridge to "Hard Scrabble" had to be travelled up the river side, because of a deep swamp lying east and south of the bridge. South-east and north-east from the Johnson neighbourhood, led to the Fenton and Siveright settlements, leaving Brown's, Gamble's, Duncan's, and many others to the right and southward. After some years this swamp was cut through for a winter road only; in summer it had to be waded. When improved it became a more direct way to Osgoode and the St. Lawrence, or, as it was called, "The Front." A road from New Edinburgh runs past Beechwood cemetery which, as well as Rockcliffe park, lies to the north of Gloucester, and this road forms a junction with the Montreal, or King's road, which, cut before our Queen's reign, leads eastward to Cumberland, Hawkesbury and Montreal. On this latter road lies Notre Dame cemetery.

About the year 1834 Mr. Charles Cummings settled on the Russell road; but, later on, bought the squatter's claim or "good will" from Mr. John Scott, to the island in the Rideau, named Cummings' Island. From this runs the Russell road, through Eastman's Springs, which rise in a large swamp, and take their name from the proprietor, to Russell and Duncanville, and thence to the St. Lawrence. A short time previous to Mr. Cummings' taking possession of the island, Baily or Bailey, Hill, Low, Savage, and others had made homes for themselves along the Russell road. The principal roads are now macadamized, and, with their borderings of farms, gardens, orchards and trees, present a very changed appearance to that of years gone by.

The present substantial bridging of the river, too, differs entirely from that of the early days of Gloucester. It consisted then of abutments with stringers laid on them, and these, for years, uncovered by either log or plank. People usually walked on the stringers—a dangerous proceeding. One man, Peter Kimmond, fell off and was drowned before his wife's eyes.

Sergeant Templeton and George Sparks were two of those who started Janeville. Other villages in the towinship are Clarkestown, Hawthorne, one near Long Island, which is much indebted to the energy and enterprise of M. K. Dickenson, St. Joseph and Cyrville. The site of this village was taken by two brothers named Cyr. Dupuis, a brave Frenchman, lived at Cyrville. He saw service at

Chateauguay, where a handful of French chased, in a fog, several time their number of Americans. New Edinburgh formerly belonged to Gloucester, but is now part of Ottawa.

The township was organized in 1832. Postmaster, town clerk, assessors, pound-keepers, pathmasters, constables and collectors were appointed, or, perhaps, elected. The court had made the appointments up to this time. The first tax, collected the first year, was fifteen dollars. Formerly there was a large number of justices of the peace in Gloucester, of whom, when they met in commission, Mr. Braddish Billings was chairman. Mr. Doxy was clerk of the township until 1855. Since then, to date, Mr. Charles Billings. In the county and township councils, the following have figured as Reeve—McKinnon, Billings, Tomkins, Grant, Brown, Blackburn, Siveright, McGuire, Cummings, Robillard, and Hurdman. Some holders of other offices were Bradleys, Smiths, Browns, Johnsons, and Gambles. But many of those have passed away, as have the old times; and now, as the boats ply along the canal, which men of Gloucester helped to build, the tourist enjoys a view of the township, and sees, as far as the eye can reach, not dense forest or rude clearing, but a well cultivated and prosperous valley, with its fields and wood, orchards and homes smiling at him, the whole forming but another of the charming scenes so common in our country. And this Gloucester of today, with its fine stone quarries, its mineral springs and other valuable natural resources, the steady development of its industries, its proximity to the capital, where its farmers and market gardeners dispose easily of their produce, and the advantage of having railways both through and touching it, should confidently anticipate a prosperous and important future.

MARY KIRWAN.

Fitzroy Township

Paper read before the Women's Canadian Historical Society of Ottawa.—January, 1901.

The most picturesque of Carleton's decemvirate of townships is situated in the northwest angle and is known by the Royal name of Fitzroy. It was named in honor of Sir Charles Augustus Fitzroy, K.C.B., Captain-General and Governor in Chief of New South Wales, son of General Lord Charles Fitzroy, having married Lady Mary Lennox, eldest daughter of the Governor the Duke of Richmond.

The township is quite unique in topography, for along part of the eastern boundary, towards Torbolton, are rugged hills; the valley of the Carp which traverses its whole length is wonderfully level and fertile, while the windings of the Mississippi and the beautiful Chats Falls give us scenery unsurpassed in Ontario. The Sheriffs of Fitzroy Village, Riddells of Galetta, the Hubbels, the Frasers testify to the Scotch ancestry of many of the early settlers, who brought with them industry, thrift, and energy, which could result in nothing but success.

Through the maze of its dense forest must have roamed the herds of deer, and abundance of other game, while its three rivers furnished shoal of fish and wild fowl in their season. Around the Chats Falls the Hurons on their annual visit to Montreal must have made a long portage, and up these same picturesque banks must have climbed, nearly three centuries ago, Champlain the indomnitable explorer, while on his western trip.

The earliest settler of whom we have any account was Mr. Charles Sheriff, who came in 1818 and was a gentleman of wealth and influence, being connected with the Dunbars of Edinburgh and other notables in his native town. He was borne in Leith, near Edinburgh, Scotland. He had bought land near Port Hope, then called Smith's Creek, but the tempting offer of a good thousand acres of land, and the thought of a ship canal being built, no doubt led Mr. Sheriff to change his place of abode, and settled at the Chats Rapids. Through his energy and progressive spirit Fitzroy Harbor became a thriving village, having built extensive mills, bid fair to be a prosperous town, but through the turn of business and the building of railways the tide of commerce turned in other directions and the decadence, though gradual, has been unimpeded until the present time.

The first house erected in the township was built by Mr. Sheriff on Lot 25, 10th Concession, and is now owned by a Mr. Henderson. No other settlers came until five years after. It was he who agitated the building of the Georgian Bay canal, which was actually commenced on the Pontiac shore, three miles from Fitzroy Harbor. In 1854 or 1855 rock excavations were made for a few hundred feet, but work in such refractory substance as rock in the peculiar Laurentian formation, was not so well understood then as now, and explosives of half a century ago cannot be compared in efficiency with those of the present time, and it proved too expensive an undertaking for the Government, and it was finally abandoned.

There stands on a slight eminence, the weather-beaten, unpainted church, whose portals no longer open, and whose altar no sacristan clouds with incense, but whose surroundings are still held sacred by even the stone-throwing boys of the neighborhood, for all the windows remain intact, a condition of things which would not be found in many places which boast of being a town or city. Near by is St. Bridget's Well, a clear cool spring, which slakes the thirst of villagers and many merry crowds of huckle berry pickers, who resort to this neighborhood.

Although Fitzroy is only the fourth in population and extent, it can boast of the most picturesque and charming scenery. The beauties of Chats Falls are not generally known as they deserve to be, considering they are such a short distance from the city of Ottawa. Until four years ago I was in blissful ignorance of them myself, and great was my surprise when I gazed on their wondrous beauty for the first time. There is a succession of fourteen falls, one called the "Horse-shoe" which falls a depth of 70 feet, is the most beautiful, viewed from the elevation behind the village. At any time, and especially as the sun sets, it is a scene of unsurpassing beauty and which gives to the beholder "thoughts that do lie too deep for tears."

After the arrival of the Sheriffs, came the Forbes brothers, Alex. McMillan and Donald Dingwell. The first saw mill was built by them in 1825; they also kept the first store for many years. It was situated on the lower delta of the Mississippi, where Mr. Learmonth now owns a mill. The first grist mill was built on the Carp river at the Landen settlement by Herman Landen in the fall of 1824. Before the settlers had these conveniences so close to them they used to have to go to Perth to mill, and on many occasions they have trudged through forest on foot over a distance of thirty

miles, returning with a supply of stores packed on their back which could not be purchased any nearer. They were very neighbourly in those days, for we learn they used to take turns in going to mill and store and bring the supply for the community. Two daughters of one of the settlers had been at service in Perth. When they returned to their home for a visit they brought a present to their mother, a small package of tea. At that time tea was worth seven dollars a pound, and the old lady, though fond of her tea, refused the gift, as it would put her in mind of tea drinking again, something which she had by a great effort broken off from.

In those times the country was a dense forest, and it was quite a usual thing for settlers to get lost and be away days together. On several occasions Mr. and Mrs. Landen were lost while trying to make their way home from a beaver meadow in the vicinity where they had been saving hay; once they had to spend the night in a tree to avoid being devoured by wolves, which were plentiful in that district. Others shared the same fate, and a certain lady became quite distinguished by having to take refuge in a tree over night, and afterwards was designated the "Swamp Angel."

It was not to be wondered that the settlers hailed with delight the first saw and grist mill built in the neighbourhood, and the great giant trees of the forest were cut and made into lumber. Mr. Landen, who built the first mill, was rather an interesting and unique character. He was the son of a U.E. Loyalist who settled in the township of Augusta after the revolution, and he himself was a Captain of Provincial Dragoons in Ogdensburg and "Chrysler's Farm." At this time there were only four settlers at the "Chats," C. Sheriff, Alex McMillan, Donald Dingwell, and Richard McArthur, besides a few families of men who were in Mr. Sheriff's employ. A son of Mr. Landen lived for many years on the homestead. Mr. Landen sr. was the oldest magistrate in the township, the chairman of the Board of Magistrates comprising the first commission which held the first court of Requests, and one of the leading men in the township during his life. The first marriage in the township was solemnized by him, the groom and bride being John Wilson and Eliza Riddell.

Up to the year 1823, Mr. Sheriff, with those in his employ, appear to have been monarchs of all they surveyed. In the winter of 1822 and 1823 Mr. Sheriff's two sons with two others heard of a military colony that had settled in Lanark. They went on an exploring expedition to find them. They travelled through Fitzroy

and several townships in Lanark without finding a single settler. In August, 1823, Andrew and John Forbes, settled on Lot 18, 6th Concession, and the following winter the family came down from Perth. They were the next settlers in order to the Sheriffs and were followed shortly by Andrew Dickson, who settled on the east half of their lot. The only others who settled up to 1825 have been mentioned. That year Thomas McCormick, Edward Owens, John Grant, T. Fraser, Alex McMillan, and Cornelius Gleeson and Halliday family came, and all settled in the township. Also Harry Wills and John Marshall settled on Chats Lake. James Keating from Brockville settled on the Mississippi. He obtained his plot from Captain Wright for the performance of settlement duties, on other 600 acres adjoining for the said Wright. The Lowerys and Hamiltons came early in 1826 and settled on the Huntley town line, some of both families taking land in that township and some former families had settled in Huntley. After this the settlement improved with great rapidity. Those that settled along Ramsay line were, Henry Moorehouse, and Henry Willis, John Seeley, an ex-soldier of 1812 to 1815, who had lost an arm in Lundy's Lane, Squire McVicar, Squire Ritchie, and the Russells.

The County was early supplied with school accommodation and also with opportunities of enjoying religious worship. A square log building was built, which served the purpose of a school during the week and church on Sunday. This was both the first school-house and the first church in Fitzroy. This church, which was erected by Mr. Sheriff, was common property for all religious denominations, and was for years the only place in the township where regular public services were held, though ministers of all denominations had visited the settlement and preached in the houses of the settlers some years previous to this. The Methodists were the first who held public services there, under the pastorate of Mr. Playfair of Perth. The first Presbyterian minister who came to the Chats was Rev. Alex. Mann, afterwards of Pakenham. The first Episcopal minister was Rev. Hannibal Mulkins an Englishman who afterwards returned to his native land.

I would like to mention an interesting character in connection with the early educational history of this township, that of Robert Rule Wilson, Fitzroy, Scotland, a name not unappropriate for one whose duty it was to train the young. Mr. Wilson had been teaching about ten years in Fitzroy, Scotland, when a request was sent from Montreal to Edinbugh for a competent instructor for their

high school. The competitive examination was held by Prof. Pillans, whose classical geography is well known to all students, and out of one hundred and fourteen competitors Mr. Wilson was chosen. He came to Montreal, and after teaching there successfully for some years he removed to Fitzroy township and taught at Mohr's Corners, now called Galetta. At three different periods, one interval of ten years was spent at Renfrew, where he prepared for college our highly esteemed citizen, Auditor-General of the Dominion, J. Lorne McDougall. Mr. Wilson's training was of a very thorough nature and his method of teaching above the ordinary, and the work he did in those early days remains. His widow is still living, and a resident of New Edinburgh, an old lady of eighty-four years, who was often when a little girl at Melrose, Scotland, petted by that great man and noted author, Sir Walter Scott. He used to run his fingers through her curly locks and talk to her so kindly. She gave, only last week, a very vivid description of his personal appearance, which was very interesting. When I asked her if she had read his works, she said, "Yes, all of them. He and Charles Dickens are my favorite authors." She was married in Melrose, near the famous Abbey.

The first, and for a long time the only post office, was at the "Chats." It was kept by Mr. Sheriff. The mail was carried by stage by Moses Holt of Hull. The present post-master of Fitzroy Harbor is a grand-son of Mr. Sheriff.

At this time the "Chats," now called "Fitzroy Harbor," was a growing and progressive village. That was over thirty years ago, but to look at it now, one can scarcely believe it had been a very hive of industry, for on every hand is noted a general decay, although it still contains several general stores, a mill, machine shops, one hotel, one school, four churches, which if they were all united would make a respectable congregation. There is also a water power saw and grist mill, a short distance up the Mississippi, on the site of the first saw mill built by Messrs. McMillan and Dingwell, now owned by Mr. Learmonth, one of the leading business men of the county. Among other leading men are David MacLaren, son of one of the first settlers of Torbolton and uncle of David MacLaren of Frank street, this city.

Fitzroy is about 35 miles by road to Ottawa, and 12 from Arnprior, and is still the most important place in the township.

Galetta is the next one, a village on the Mississippi River, at the Falls of the stream, and is about four miles from Fitzroy Har-

bor. A mill was built there by a Mr. Stein, which was afterwards owned by our townsman, J. G. Whyte. It was the latter gentleman who gave it the name it now bears, Galetta, which is his own middle name. The village contains a school, four churches, two grist and two saw mills, and several other mills, store, post office and telegraph office. The other villages in the township are Antrim, Kinburn, the former on the fourth line and the latter on the seventh on the Pakenham road. Each was named after the native places of the majority of its respective early settlers.

Kinburn is seven miles from Pakenham and thirty-five from Ottawa. Both Antrim and Kinburn are situated in broad stretches of almost perfectly level country and rich fertile soil, and some of the finest farms, not only in Carleton but in Ontario, are to be found there. Those locating there were the Grants, Frasers, Wm. Croskey, Wm. Anderson, John Donaldson, George and Joseph. Smith. Kinburn is headquarters of No. 6 Company, 42nd Regiment. The medicinal mineral springs, which are plentiful in those parts, are supposed to underlie a great part of the township. Many wells in different sections of the township are saline springs, and one especially is considered the finest in the country. An enterprising citizen named Checkley leased the property for a number of years and built a hotel, stables, bath houses, and ran a stage to trains from Pakenham on the C.C.R.R.

A view from the chain of hills that run through the township, one hundred years ago, would have shown you an unbroken forest as far as the eye could reach, but now as one looks over the country one sees beautiful fields of waving grain and green pastures, teeming with flocks and herds, orchards blooming in their spring loveliness or laden with autumn fruit, and dotted here and there with some of the original forest, and winding streams, churches, schools, and comfortable homes, attesting to the energy and thrift of the present inhabitants, as well as those of the early settlers.

MIRIAM E. JOLIFFE.

Sketch of Philipsburg

Paper read before the Women's Canadian Historical Society of Ottawa.—January, 1902.

Philipsburg cannot be called the "loveliest village of the plain" seeing that it is surrounded on three sides by hills, but it certainly must rank among the prettiest and most picturesque of Canadian villages. It is situated in the Eastern Townships, county of Missisquoi, a commuted seigniory of St. Armand, and is forty-six miles south-east from Montreal. The village is built on an incline and slopes down to the beautiful waters of Missisquoi bay, an arm of Lake Champlain. The bay is four miles wide, a noble expanse of water and grandly beautiful. It affords ample amusement in the way of fishing, boating and fresh water bathing. No line of rail touches Philipsburg nor does any line of steamers cross the bay. It is a veritable "Sleepy Hollow" and though delightful in summer must be dull and dreary in the extreme during the winter months. You take or leave the train at the French village of St. Armand, a mile and a half away, and drive up hills and down hills almost equal to those of Murray Bay, till you reach your destination. A long pier extends from the foot of the main street quite a distance out into the water and is the favourite resort of the summer visitors in the evenings, to watch the unrivalled sunset, for as old King Sol sinks to rest behind a bank of soft, radiant clouds, pink, opal and gold, he leaves a path of crimson glory upon the water of the bay. The water is nearly always dotted with row or sail boats and often a smart little steam yacht with a fishing or tourist party on board and sometimes the stars and stripes floating over them, stay at the pier all night, or perhaps a day or two. Philipsburg is a border hamlet, being only one mile from the State of Vermont; the dividing line is indicated by an iron post, once past which you are in the "land of the brave and the free."

Philipsburg was commenced early in the last century, the first settlers being an intrepid little band of U.E. Loyalists who came to carve out homes for themselves in the wilderness and remain under British rule. The names recorded are Adam Deal, Best, Street, Christjohn, Alexander, Taylor, John Ruiter, John Fax, Philip Luke, John Mock, Gamet Sexby and Peter Miller. Nearly all were of Dutch origin and most of them had been in the service of Great Britain during the American revolution. Philip Ruiter, son of

John Ruiter a dutchman, became the chief landowner, and from him, or out of compliment to him, the place received the name of Philipsburg. It was at first quite a lumber centre; a brisk trade was carried on, and much money changed hands.

In 1813 a body of Americans made an attack upon the little settlement. A small force of Canadian militia were stationed there, but being unarmed were unable to repulse the enemy; they consequently surrendered, and nearly one hundred and fifty were taken prisoners. The next spring the Americans made another raid on the village, but did little damage.

In 1837, the time of the Papineau rebellion, a block-house was built on a hill overlooking the Main street and commanding a wide view of the bay. This block-house of logs was a masterpiece of solidity and strong workmanship, and was supplied on all sides by loop-holes, through which to fire upon the advancing foe, but though still standing it is in a sadly ruinous condition, all the flooring and part of the roof fallen in, and vines and foliage look through the loopholes which once bristled with guns and cannon. It is a disgrace that this old national landmark should be left to crumble and decay, but unfortunately it stands on what is now private property, and though a well known society in Montreal respectfully solicited permission of the proprietor to renovate and keep in order this relic of a by-gone time, the answer was a decided refusal, showing a great want of public spirit and patriotism and an utter disregard for the old order of things. Shortly before or after the building of the block-house Sir John Colborne authorized Colonel Dyer, of Montreal, late of the 31st Regiment, who had seen active service on the continent, to raise a regiment for the protection of the border, to be stationed at Philipsburg. Col. Dyer accordingly raised what was called the 1st Provincial Regiment, of which he took command. After being quartered some time in Philipsburg, the trouble being over, the regiment was disbanded.

The first Anglican Church was built by Dr. (afterwards Bishop) Stewart, at what is now called Solomon's Corners, a mile and a half from Philipsburg. Dr. Stewart himself lived at Frelightsburgh, twelve miles off. The first resident clergyman was the Rev. Mr. Tonstall, who came in 1826, and was succeeded by the Rev. Richard Whitwell, sent out by the S. P. G., who laboured in this parish for over forty years, and was succeeded by his curate, the Rev. Mr. Wetherall. This church was destroyed in a most extraordinary manner. One night in a high wind the spire was torn from

the main building, turned round in the air, and then went crashing through the roof and was found with the point buried in the floor a short distance from the pulpit. Church number two was built partly from the material of the first church and was built in the village proper, in the year 1846; this second church has now been replaced by a very pretty and modern edifice built on the same spot.

The oldest landmark of all is the Methodist Chapel, built in 1819. This is the first Methodist Chapel in the Eastern Townships, and was built by the Wesleyan Society; it is not beautiful, but we look on it with veneration. Over the main entrance is a stone tablet bearing the proud inscription "1819." Last summer a complete renovation was going on; the stone work about the enormous windows had become quite loose and the wood part decayed, and so smaller and more modern windows were taking their places and all the new windows were to be memorial ones.

Before the days of railroads, the regular mail from New York. always passed through Philipsburg by stage, and it was by this route that Lord Elgin and other magnates sometimes entered the country. The place was incorporated in 1846, in 1860 had an extensive carriage manufactory and in 1867 was at the height of its prosperity, with four shops, three hotels, a high school and an elementary school. Today there is one general shop, and one large hotel, closed in winter.

Philipsburg can boast of being the birthplace of both a princess and an artist. Eliza Joy was the daughter of a saddler, and as a young girl went out to domestic service, but finding this monotonous she went to New York and joined a circus. She soon became famous for her fearless and graceful riding, and other equestrian performances. In Washington she met and was married to the German Prince Salm-Salm, an officer in the Mexican army, who took her with him to Mexico, then in a state of insurrection. The unfortunate Emperor Maximilian, being taken prisoner by the insurgents and threatened with death, the Royalists decided to send one of their number to the hostile camp to beg for a pardon. The Princess Salm-Salm, full of courage and perfectly at home in the saddle, offered her services, which were accepted, and then followed her famous ride, beset with dangers on every side. As we know, her mission was unsuccessful, but the heroism of the deed remains. After the execution of the Emperor, the Prince and Princess Salm-Salm accompanied the widowed Empress to Europe and occupied a suite of apartments in her palace until the death of the Prince. The

good people of Philipsburg have frequently been informed by Mrs. Joy, even from the middle of the street, that "Eliza has been recognized by every court in Europe except St. James."

The artist before mentioned was Wyatt Eaton. He studied in Paris, and after his return to Canada lived for a short time in Montreal, and would undoubtedly have made a name for himself by his portrait painting, which was his forte, but his career was cut short by illness and death, when only a little over thirty. His excellent portraits of Sir William Dawson and other eminent men survive him.

To two ladies resident in Philipsburg nearly all their lives, I am indebted for many of the items in this little sketch, particularly for the romantic story of the Princess Salm-Salm, who at one time was a member of their household.

EVA G. READ.

Reminiscences of the First Visit of Lord Monck to Ottawa

Paper read before the Women's Canadian Historical Society of Ottawa.—November, 1901.

His Excellency Lord Monck, Lady Monck and party arrived at Ottawa October 8th, 1852, about 2 p.m., and was presented at the station with the civic address, which was read by R. W. Scott, M.P. His Excellency was then driven to Major's Hill, where a pavilion was erected, but before entering it His Excellency was conducted by Mr. Scott and the members of the reception committee to an opening in the grove on the edge of the bold promontory, where a magnificent scene was presented. At the foot of the almost perpendicular bluff, 240 feet high, on which they stood, lay the entrance of the Rideau canal to the noble Ottawa. Opposite, on another and equally majestic cliff was to be had a partial glimpse of the beautiful Parliament buildings in course of erection, while farther up the river, in the distance, the view of the mighty Chaudiere invited the eye to its foaming torrent, where the turbulent waters leaped over its rocky barrier into the yawning chasm below, with an unceasing roar. After viewing with delight this pleasing scene, the distinguished guests entered the tent, under whose cover a sumptuous luncheon was served.

The Chairman, Mr. Scott, in proposing the toast, "His Excellency the Governor General" said that on the spot where the canopy was, under which they were assembled, Col. By pitched his tent, in the year 1826, before there was a tree cut on the site, where the city of Ottawa now stands. The Governor General, in replying to the toast said, "For the last five or six weeks I have been engaged in visiting a country which I believe to be unsurpassed for natural beauty, but I was unprepared for the magnificent spectacle with which my eyes have just been feasted and which I can say with truth, I have seldom, if ever, seen equalled." Such was the tribute paid by His Excellency to Ottawa's natural beauty.

The guests were then conveyed in carriages from the "Green Wood Banquet Hall" to where a platform was erected covered with crimson cloth, and occupied by the ladies of Ottawa, who had contributed to the prizes of the annual shooting match, the principal prize being a silver bugle. His Excellency took his place on the platform, surrounded by the fair daughters of the valley city,

and was presented with an appropriate address by Lieut.-Col. P. P. Harris, of the 7th Carleton Rifles, President of the Rifle Association, after which His Excellency presented the prizes to the successful competitors in the rifle matches. Having distributed all but the silver bugle, Lieut.-Col. P. P. Harris, who delivered the prizes to His Excellency for presentation then said—"With your Excellency's permission Mrs. Coffin, on behalf of the ladies of Ottawa, will present the silver bugle. This bugle was offered by the ladies of Ottawa to be competed for by the different volunteer corps of this city, and was won by the Ottawa Field Battery, to whom, by your Excellency's leave, it will now be presented."

Mrs. Coffin then came forward and presented the silver bugle to Col. Turner, the commander of the regiment. This interesting ceremony took place in the presence of quite five thousand people, and after the ceremony, the Governor and party drove to the Chaudiere Falls, and other places of interest.

During His Excellency's short visit he occupied a suite of rooms provided for him at the Royal Victoria Hotel, Wellington street.

His Excellency left Ottawa next morning by the steamer Victoria, a large concourse of people, civil and military, witnessing his departure. Cheer after cheer was given by the multitude until the steamer disappeared from view, and thus closed the first visit of Lord Monck to the future capital.

Following is a list of the names of the ladies who solicited subscriptions for the silver bugle:—Mrs. Donaldson, Mrs. Coffin, Mrs. Armstrong, Mrs. G. Perry, Mrs. Noel, Miss Yielding, Mrs. Sewell, Mrs. Slater, Mrs. E. Griffin, Mrs. Friel, Mrs. Gallway, Mrs. Skead, and the total amount collected was $168.65.

MARY A. FRIEL.

A Sketch of Sir James McPherson Lemoine, D.C.L.

Paper read before the Women's Canadian Historical Society of Ottawa.—March, 1903.

When first asked to write a paper for the Women's Historical Society of Ottawa, the subject suggested was, "A sketch of one or two of the prominent men of Ottawa who distinguished themselves in literature and history." Upon considering, at my leisure, the task before me, I came to the conclusion that there were many other members better qualified by their greater familiarity with Ottawa and its people, and with better opportunities for procuring the necessary information, than one who has lived here but a short time. I consequently decided, after consulting some of the members of the executive, to devote my energies to a sketch of one, who, although proudly claimed a son of old Quebec, by right of his famous historical and ornithological works, his ardent love for all the sacredness of old Canadian life—his warm-hearted championship of important landmarks and famous historical spots against the inroads of modern vandalism, is surely also a son of all Canada. His name is James McPherson LeMoine.

There are few present who have not at some time, visited the ancient Capital of Canada—that city of greatest interests, containing in the winding, narrow streets within its crumbling walls, and without in its surrounding country, more real Canadian history than all Canada—and of those who have spent but a day or a few hours there, probably none have come away without visiting the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor—Spencerwood. This glorious old manor, with its beautiful and extensive grounds is therefore quite familiar to you all. Perhaps not quite so familiar, however, is the adjoining estate of Spencer Grange—originally a part of the old Powell Place, the property of Gen. Powell from 1790 to 1796, which subsequently became the residence of Sir James Craig, Governor of Canada and later of the Hon. H. M. Percival, who gave it the name of Spencerwood. The forty acres of Spencer Grange, comprising nearly all the road front, were reserved for an estate by the next owner, Henry Atkinson, at the time when the present estate of Spencerwood became the official residence of the Earl of Elgin.

All that may be said of the situation of Spencerwood is equally true of Spencer Grange. It is not only of unsurpassed natural beauty, but is also replete with historical associations.

The long, shaded avenue, made enchanting by the beauty of the trees, and the coolness lent by their height and spreading branches, leads to a clear sunlit space, in the centre of which stands the house and its vineries. Some old and lofty trees guard the lawns and gardens, and about all is a magnificent belt of forest. The house faces the river St. Lawrence, but at some distance from it, and one of the most charming walks of Spencer Grange is that leading by a wild path through the pines and maples to the look-out built on the brow of the cliff, standing there looking up and down the noble river for twelve or fifteen miles, one is fairly intoxicated with the natural beauty of the space in view, which is terminated by Cap Tourmente on the east, and Cap Rouge on the west. The mind is crowded with memories of the thrilling events of history with which that area is filled, until the very outlook is transformed, trying to realise that every square inch of the shore lying below was at one time traversed by the feet of Jacques Cartier, Champlain, Phipps, Wolfe, Montgomery and many others of fame—that on every hand the scene cries out and thrills with events of the long struggle between two great nations. The temptation to mention forgotten events of this locality is great—but time will not permit. But what more perfect situation could be found in which to foster the love of history? It has been called "a literary man's paradise," and it is in this ideal spot, in the quaint, old house, secluded from the public gaze, that the subject of our sketch has lived for nearly fifty years.

Here in his bow-windowed library, furnished so completely with shelves of rare volumes, first editions and presentation copies—its portfolios of rare sketches and prints and so many other things to make rich the bibliographer of Canada; many hours have been spent reading and studying the old legends and facts of history connected with the surrounding country and people, and from this place have issued many valuable results of the time and thought spent in such research.

James McPherson LeMoine was born in Quebec City on January 24th, 1825. He was the sixth son of Benjamin LeMoine and Julia Ann McPherson.

On his father's side, Sir James is descended from a well known old French family, that of LeMoine, sometimes spelled LeMoyne.

Jean LeMoyne, the pioneer, son of Louis LeMoyne, born at Pitres, near Rouen in Normandy, in 1634, had a high standing in his day. We read of him as the seigneur of three fiefs, viz: LaNoraie, St. Marie and Gatineau, also as possessing lands near Three Rivers, called "Isle des Pins," or the Island of Pines. He was consequently called "LeMoine des Pins," which title distinguished him from his more famous relative Charles LeMoine, Baron de Longeuil, who on two occasions acted as Governor of Canada.

There is an interesting anecdote told by L'Abbe Verreau in his "L'Invasion du Canada 1775"—of one Jean Baptiste Le Moyne des Pins, who fought bravely the enemy, but was taken prisoner by Montgomery, and kept in captivity for a long time, nor would Congress consent to his exchange, giving as a reason the statement, that "he was of far too much importance in his own country." Finally, broken in health by his long captivity, and too proud to demand indemnity from the British Government for his losses of fortune incurred whilst fighting for the flag of his country—this fine example of a gallant gentilhomme, died near Quebec in 1807—"a victim," says *Le Canadien* of January 10th of that year, "of the patriotic ardor which hastened his death."

On his mother's side, Sir James rejoices in an equally interesting ancestry. His maternal grandfather, Daniel McPherson, was a native of Scotland, born at Fort William, near Inverness, but he emigrated to Philadelphia at an early age. During the troublous time of 1783 he left Philadelphia, with many others, and came to live at Sorel, afterwards called Fort William Henry, a well known United Empire Loyalist settlement. Here he married a Miss Kelly and shortly afterwards made another move, to Douglastown, Gaspe, another U.E.L. settlement.

Like most of his fellow countrymen, McPherson became a rich man, and in 1803 he bought the wealthy and beautiful seigniory of Isle aux Grues and Isle aux Oies, P.Q., from the de Beaujeu family. Here he spent twenty-six years of his life.

About the year 1825, owing to reverses of trade, Mr. Benjamin LeMoine, of the firm of Stuart and LeMoine, became involved in business troubles, and at that time, three of his eleven children, including James, who took the name, were adopted by their grandfather McPherson, and brought to Crane Island. In the following year, however, the old Seigneur moved to St. Thomas, Montmagny, 35 miles east of Quebec, on the south shore of the St. Lawrence

river. Here it was that the subject of our sketch spent a happy boyhood, learning lessons of self-reliance and industry from his staunch and venerable grandfather, which seem to have had a lasting influence upon his habit of mind and general view of life throughout the subsequent years.

Sir James has given us some interesting little glimpses of his boy life, in a letter to the Young People's Corner of the *Mail and Empire*, in December 1900, especially of his school life. He speaks of having attended the school in St. Thomas until his thirteenth year having few opportunities to learn English, although that was the language of his home.

He refers to the school teacher, as one of a species of petty tyrant, who was fond of severe punishment, including the frequent use of the birch rod. One incident of his school life I must quote in Sir James' own words. He says:

"It occurred on St. Jean Baptiste day, 1837. The fiery dictator in Parliament, the Hon. Louis Joseph Papineau, accompanied by some of his zealous lieutenants was to harangue the free and independent electors on the misrule the colony was suffering under. The audience was well prepared. Incendiary appeals in the French press; impassioned utterances by village politicians at the church door after high mass on Sundays, had wrought up the native population of St. Thomas and neighbourhood to fever heat. St. Thomas had been styled by a Quebec newspaper a 'focus of sedition.'

"The insurrection of 1837-38 in Lower Canada was indeed a period of unrest and alarm. Our teacher, a fiery 'patriot,' rejoicing in the name of Mercier, with a view of instilling patriotic feelings in the hearts of the young hopefuls under his charge, had prepared a short, but stirring, address, which was to be recited by the biggest boy in the school to Mr. Papineau, on his way to Kamouraska, on his electioneering tour. It so happened I was the 'biggest boy.' I was of course drilled with the rest of the boys for the important functions to come off that afternoon; the scholars to line both sides of the road, the tallest leading each line, right foot extended, right hand ready to doff cap, with three rousing hurrahs! then the patriotic address was delivered, which ran thus:

"Honneur et Gloire au Brave et Généreux Defenseur de nos Droits!" Hurrah! Hurrah!! Hurrah!!!

"Thus it was ordained—thus it was done. It was the first, the only political speech I have ever made; brief and to the point was it not?

"The Canadian Demosthenes stopped his carriage, bowed gracefully, and smilingly; and on rolled the soft cushioned old style carriage—on the highway to sedition."

Here, no doubt, the boy's holidays spent in trout fishing, shooting beach birds, or hunting for squirrels and birds' nests, laid the foundation of that love for birds and nature, which in later life resulted in several valuable ornithological works.

It seems significant too, that the first book our historian can remember reading, was a work on the "Songbirds of England." Later, he ran the usual boyish scale of sea tales, Marryatt and others, emerging from this period to study some of the best French —including "Telemachus," the "Theatre Français," Racine's "Athalie," and Corneille's "Le Cid." Then he seems to have become carried away with admiration for the great author Sir Walter Scott. This feeling has never left Sir James, and he speaks of his visit to Abbotsford in 1881 as being a fulfilled dream of his youth, and on his return from Scotland made it, with York and Rouen, the subject of his opening address as President of the Literary and Historical Society of Quebec—since published in book form.

To return to the boy of 13. He was, at that age, sent to the Petit Seminaire de Quebec, for his collegiate course. He left the Seminary at the age of 20, having taken the arts course under the tuition of Abbe P. Boucher. He then became a law-student in the office of the late Hon. Judge Noël Bossé, and, in 1850, began to practice law, becoming four years later a partner in the firm of Kerr and LeMoine. He has also held the very important position of Inspector of Inland Revenue for the Province of Quebec for a number of years.

In 1856 he married Miss Harriet Atkinson, daughter of Edward Atkinson of York, England, and niece of the former owner of Spencerwood, and some time later purchased the Grange.

Military honour has also fallen to Sir James, he having been rapidly promoted in the sedentary militia, to the rank of Lieut.-Colonel, on account of the keen and active interest he displayed at the time of the "Trent" outrage.

On the 30th of May, 1894, Mr. LeMoine was unanimously chosen for the highest position in literature or science open to a Canadian, viz. President of the Royal Society of Canada. He was one of the original founders of this Society and had already acted as President of the French section. As was said in the Montreal *Star*

at that time, "The Royal Society of Canada could not have selected one more deserving of the honour of that distinguished body than the historian of Quebec."

No doubt many present today were also present on the occasion, a red letter day in the literary career of Sir James, when he delivered his first Presidential address before that Society, in the presence of their Excellencies the Earl and Countess of Aberdeen, whose guest he was at Rideau Hall. The subject of that address, which he treated in a masterly manner, was "Canadian Archives." He has also read some twelve other essays on various subjects before this Society.

Recognition of one's merits is always satisfactory to one's self and to one's friends, and it was on New Year's day, 1897, that the pleasant news reached Spencer Grange, by means of a telegram from Lord Aberdeen stating that "Her Majesty the Queen had been pleased to confer the honor of knighthood for service rendered in Canada, on James McPherson LeMoine, past President of the Royal Society of Canada." The news of this honour was received with unanimous approval by friends and admirers throughout the Province of Quebec, and many united in doing homage to the new Knight of Spencer Grange.

To quote the words of a well known admirer—"In himself, Sir James is a happy blend of the Canadian seigneur, the English gentleman, the Scotch highlander, and the U.E. loyalist. The personality of Sir James McPherson LeMoine touches Canada on every side. In him blood tells, character ennobles, and education has drawn the best essences of the races commingling in him. A well ordered and industrious life, devoted to the enlightenment of his fellow-men, has long endeared him to Canada and especially, where he is best known, to the old Province of Quebec.

To try to convey an idea of the amount of work done by our historian—not only in historical research, but in many other branches of literature—is a task that must be undertaken by a more competent and experienced writer. As I have said before, two subjects have seemed of greatest interest to him—Canadian history and popular ornithology. Partly, perhaps, on account of his double origin, and surely, greatly on account of his exquisite tact, he has been able to deal with Canadian history and its many questions leading to the pitfalls of race and creed, with such admirable impartiality, that his views have seldom been questioned.

In his "Maple Leaves" one is charmed with the easy directness of his style; and one finds very attractive the traces of a humour that sometimes portrays his double origin. To one who loves the ancient Capital and its highly colored past, "Maple Leaves" before mentioned, where we have the folk-lore, tradition and customs of French Canada in most entrancing form; and "Quebec past and present," where the stirring and romantic history of the old city is set forth; "Chronicles of the St. Lawrence," and "Historical Notes of Quebec and its Environs," are all most fascinating, and Sir James has indeed rendered valuable service in verifying and preserving so much of the stirring history of former times.

His love of birds and nature has always been a strong influence in his life, and upon the purchase of Spencer Grange, almost his first work of alteration there, was the building of an aviary.

I regret that I can say little of the French works of Sir James, not having had the opportunity of reading any of them, but it was in French that his first book was written, called "L'Ornithologie du Canada." Others are "Les Pêcheries du Canada," "Chasse et Pêche" and "Monographies et Esquisses"—these being four of his best works.

Besides being the author of so many books, our historian has also been a source of inspiration to many other writers. Perhaps all do not know that William Kirby, author of "Le Chien d'Or," first conceived the idea of the book from some sketches written by Sir James on the old story of the Philibert tragedy. Sir Gilbert Parker also owes as a basis of his "Seats of the Mighty" Sir James' sketch of Major Stobo.

Always nobly generous with his store of learning, and entirely free from literary jealousy, which is foreign to his nature, the honours that have been showered upon him are truly fairly won and modestly borne. Science and literature of Canada and abroad have been eager to recognize him. His name may be found upon the roll of the scientific and historical societies of many great cities, and his last diploma was one naming him President of the Quebec Committee of the Alliance Scientifique of France. At his home, in his native city, his friends have also been eager to show their pride in him.

In 1882, a few of the old Quebec families, whose homes have been so graphically and delightfully described by Sir James, presented him, at a champagne luncheon at the Garrison Club, with a handsome Dominion flag for the new tower of Spencer Grange. Still later, only last August, in fact, about seventy of his admirers

met at the Grange to present Sir James with a portrait of himself done in oils by Mr. R. J. Wickenden. Seldom has a more interesting event taken place, and the occasion was graced, not only by His Honor Sir Louis Jette, Lieut.-Governor of the Province of Quebec, and Lady Jette, but also by their Excellencies the Earl and Countess of Minto.

Before closing I must speak of an interesting custom adhered to by our historian for a number of years—I refer to the Grape Festival held every autumn at Spencer Grange. Its instalment is connected with the first formal steps towards Confederation, and also with the visit to Canada of the famous journalist George Augustus Sala. This gentleman, having met Mr. LeMoine, expressed a desire to meet other Quebec literary men, and the grape season being near, the happy idea of inviting his friends to a grape festival was conceived and carried out most successfully. One has a very pleasing glimpse of the guests assembled in the centre vinery, seated at a table improvised under the hanging clusters of black hamburgs, and decked with the glowing blossoms of scarlet geraniums and the gorgeous plumes of golden-rod. What a feast of soul and flow of wisdom must be induced by such fare as the luscious black hamburg, royal muscadine, sweet-water and frontignan grapes; and amid such surroundings as are offered by Spencer Grange.

Sala is only one of a large number of distinguished men who have shared this hospitality. Some well-known names we may mention—such as Audubon (after whom one of the walks of the Grange is named), Parkman, Sulte, John A. Cooper, Joachim Miller, Kingsley, Hallock, Sanford Fleming, Thos. McIllwrath, Goldwin Smith, Bengough, Cremazie, Frechette, Dean Stanley, Kirby, Gilbert Parker, and many more have enjoyed pleasant hours "amid this fairest of scenes with the kindest of hosts."

The museum of Sir James I must just mention, and then close this sketch, which it has been so great a pleasure to write, by saying with one of Sir James' friends, "We are thankful to see that, unlike King Arthur, 'who perished among the people he had made', our Kinght is well, and living in fair health among us, and amid the history of these his countrymen that he has helped to make famous.

"The works of Sir James are a national property now. His painstaking and laborious research, his snatches of sentiment and song to enliven his valuable and more serious pages, are they not familiar as household words among us, and can they be forgotten?"

EDITH McLEAN.

Impressions of a Visit to Prince Edward Island, With a Brief Summary of Its History.

Paper read before the Women's Canadian Historical Society of Ottawa.—October, 1905.

Though I feel that my subject is not important enough, from an historical point of view, for this meeting, yet, in default of the more valuable and interesting paper planned for this month, I venture to offer you the lighter matter in this paper, prepared by request, in the short time left at my disposal.

When last June, the Local Council asked me to be its representative at the National Council of Canada, which was to convene for a week in Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island, I willingly availed myself of the chance of a pleasant summer trip with my little daughter, to a yet unvisited Province.

So, after a very warm day and night of train journey from Ottawa to Point du Chêne, N.B., the prospect of a change there, to the steamer for Summerside, P.E.I., filled us with most pleasurable anticipations of a roomy deck and cooling sea breezes for the crossing of Northumberland Strait.

But, alas, for those pleasing fancies of an *agreeable* change! At the pier we found that the fine large S.S. "Northumberland," which usually made that trip, had been put in dry dock for renovation, and its place supplied by a much smaller, dingy-looking boat, with very cramped deck and saloon accommodation, the S.S. "Princess." Rain had begun to fall when we embarked, and as we left the shelter of the land, the wind rose to the fury of a gale, driving the rain in blinding sheets across the slippery decks, and forcing the passengers to shelter in the stuffy little cabins, which soon became uncomfortably crowded. The ship plunged and rolled through the rough seas, and soon there arose on all sides, piteous wailings and groans and *other* distressful ejaculations—pallid women stared into space with the fixity of despair, and men made sudden rushes to the ship's side, leaning far over to gaze entranced (?) into the foamy depths with open mouth and eyes. Here a baby shrieked an indignant protest against the seeming indifference of a loving but limp mother, and there a daintily dressed maiden lay prone with utter disregard for a crumpled frock or the pretty hat lying on the floor.

At every lurch of the vessel, bags, baskets, hats, and other impedimenta, would take a slide across the floor, or tumble from the tables, to add to the discomfort of their owners.

Three hours of this, and, though my little girl and myself were spared the actual miseries of mal-de-mer, our enforced proximity to all these unhappy people, and sympathy with our own friends' distress, had rendered that little voyage anything but pleasant, and none were more content than we, to come at last to the land, and leave that ship with glad alacrity for the train which awaited us on the pier.

So therefore my very first impression of P.E.I. was of a haven of rest and refuge from the storm and stress of a comfortless crossing! And a like feeling must have prompted one delegate, Mrs. M——— of Montreal, whose misery was pathetic during the voyage, to conclude her reply to the address of welcome, by earnestly quoting,

> "A little isle of bliss, within the stormy sea,
> Where, tossed about, all hearts of men would be."

which caused a ripple of amusement among those in the audience who had been her fellow-passengers.

Though the passage of Northumberland Strait is not always so rough, and there are other routes to the Island, one can readily understand that the anxiety of the Islanders to have a tunnel made between the mainland and P.E.I. is not *solely* for the *winter* travel, when the channel is often blocked with floating ice, and communication rendered at times impossible.

From the moment of landing on Prince Edward Island we were most happily impressed by the kindness and hospitality of its people, for there on the dock, awaiting our arrival, was a large party of ladies and gentlemen, who had come, despite the rain and storm, from Charlottetown to meet and welcome the delegates, having provided, too, a special car on the train, to make as pleasant as possible, the trip over that tedious Government railway, which makes the utmost number of miles out of the short distance between Summerside and the capital, by winding back and forth, to include every little village and settlement between these points.

It was late and dark, and still raining when we reached Charlottetown that night, and a kind host and hostess (Hon. Benjamin and Mrs. Rogers), utterly refusing to allow us to go to the hotel as we intended, welcomed us, though strangers, to "Fairholm" one of

the most beautiful homes of Charlottetown, and continued to shower us with graceful kindnesses, throughout our stay on the Island, seeming not only to have given my little daughter and self a place at their hearth, but a corner in their hearts as well.

When I looked from my window, next morning, the sky was all blue and sunshiny and my eyes were delighted with the beautiful, rich red color of the roadways in vivid contrast to the exquisite greens of grass and foliage. Once before I had seen the same rich coloring in the roads of a lovely island—the same splendid setting for the cooler greens of growing things, had charmed our eyes when travelling in far Ceylon.

Charlottetown, the capital, is a charming little city, of about 12,000 population, on the Hillsborough river, with a fine harbor, around which curves one of the loveliest natural parks in the world. Steamers and sailing ships are at its docks from American and Canadian ports and the distance from the mainland is greater than at Summerside.

Such wide streets too, has this city, and the provincial and civic buildings are handsome edifices built mostly of the beautiful red sandstone which abounds in the island. The post office, court house, government buildings and a stately new market house, with their grounds, form a noble square in the centre of the city, and twice each week, the last named is thronged inside and out with busy vendors of farm, dairy and garden products, fish and poultry, bargaining with the thrifty housekeepers who come to supply their pantries with the delicious looking stores. It was an interesting opportunity when our hostess took us with her one morning on her semi-weekly tour of the market, to see displayed, the varied and tempting products of this fruitful "Garden of the Gulf."

Prince of Wales College, where the Council was privileged to hold its meetings, the Normal School, and St. Dunstan's College, are splendid educational institutions.

The official residence of the Lieut.-Governor, of this smallest of the Canadian Provinces, has a beautiful location at the entrance to Victoria Park, with a grand view across the harbor. But the old Colonial looking house itself seemed much in need of some paint and renovation, if not a replacing altogether by a more substantial and stately structure, say of that beautiful native sandstone, which so lends itself to fine architectural effects.

At morning service, on Sunday, in the Presbyterian Church, we heard a stirring sermon preached by the pastor, who after service,

doffed his gown, and marched back to camp with the soldiers whom, as their chaplain, he had accompanied to South Africa, just the year before, and who were then encamped in the Park for their yearly drill. A handsome soldiers' monument in the city square bears witness to the bravery and loyalty of the Prince Edward contingent in the Boer war.

Many are the lovely drives through the island—by river and seashore, or through the very English-like scenery of the rural districts, where wild flowers abound, and interlacing trees often shade the well-kept roads. From Charlottetown to Stanhope on the north shore, is but fifteen miles, and there, by the sea, the beautiful red appears again in the cliffs, and on the surf-swept pebbly beach, with, beyond, the blue, shining water of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, dotted with the sails, white and brown, of the many fishing boats. In places great sand dunes follow the beach line, and stretches of white hard sand make the surf bathing a delight indeed, while the heat is always tempered by the sea breezes and the red cliffs are carpeted to the edge, with growing grain or velvety grass. The rich emerald hue of the grass and foliage impresses every visitor to Prince Edward Island. It is not the golden greenness of *our* summer verdure, but a deeper, bluer tint, like that which clothes the fields and hills of Ireland, and gives that island its jewel name. One remarks, too, on these drives, the absence of mountains or even high hills. There are no great rivers or large forests, but gently undulating lands, with beautiful groves of birch, beech, and maple trees; the small rivers are picturesquely beautiful and the roads are bordered by well cultivated farms, with never a dilapidated barn, unpainted house, or untidy fence line. Many green hedges divide the fields and there is an air of prosperous well-being about these homesteads and their owners, as if they sought rather the comforts and leisure of moderate wealth, than the accumulation and cares of large possessions. And indeed this impression of restfulness and comfort seems even to have possessed the first red dwellers of the island, when they gave it the beautiful Indian name "Abegweit," which means "Resting on the wave."

Charlottetown has a history study club, which under the able direction of its President, Mrs. John Gardiner, who addressed one of our meetings last winter, while visiting in the capital, is doing good local work. For the history of this insular province of the Dominion has many interesting and romantic episodes to be studied and recorded.

It is still a matter of dispute among its historians whether John Cabot, Verrazano, Champlain or Jacques Cartier, first discovered and named the Island St. John, but in 1523, it was included by the French in their vast territory of New France.

At one time, indeed, the island was but the feudal estate of a French naval officer, granted for his services, by the King of France.

Charlottetown during the French possession was known as Fort Lajoie, a garrisoned town, and the ruins of an old French fort may yet be seen at the entrance to its harbor. Even then, though sparsely settled, the island was considered a delectable possession, for it was a storehouse of supply, for the garrisons of Louisburg and Quebec, and called by the French the "granary of North America." As part of Acadie it was, for long years, contended for by the soldiers and ships of England and France. Taken by the British in 1745, it was restored to France by the treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle—retaken, and after the fall of Quebec and Louisburg finally ceded, with the rest of Canada, to Great Britain in 1763.

In 1770 the most of the French settlers proving hostile to the British, were subjected to the same proscription as the Acadians of the mainland.

In 1763 the Earl of Egmont, First Lord of the Admiralty, presented to the King, in a remarkable memorial, a request that the whole island be granted to him "and his nine children" to reign over as "Lord paramount" with castles and cannon and a complete feudal establishment, and refused to accept, instead, "any entire parish," on the island.

Some years later the island was surveyed and apportioned in grants by the Home Government by a method which caused infinite trouble and vexation between the landholders and tenants, till finally settled in 1877 by the Federal Government.

Until 1769 the Island of St. John was part of the province of Nova Scotia, when it was granted a separate government, and in the year 1799 was re-named Prince Edward Island, in honor of Edward, Duke of Kent, the father of our late Queen Victoria, and at that time Commander-in-chief of British North America.

In 1780, however, an Act had passed the Assembly to name the island "New Ireland" but had not been ratified.

In 1777, Charlottetown was attacked and plundered by two American privateers, who carried off the Acting Governor and an-

other official, as prisoners to General Washington's headquarters at Cambridge, who however, speedily released them and degraded their captors for the unwarranted outrage.

In 1873 the beautiful little province entered the Confederation, and became a part of the Dominion of Canada, the government being vested in a Lieut.-Governor, appointed for five years by the Federal government, an Executive Council of nine members, appointed by the Lieut.-Governor, and a Legislative Assembly of thirty members, elected by the people.

Concluding our visit by a few delightful days at one of the restful, ozone swept beaches of the north shore, we sailed from Charlottetown, on the splendid S.S. "Campana," for what proved a most enjoyable sea trip through the Gulf to Quebec, and so left Prince Edward Island with sincere reluctance, and carrying with us the most gratifying impressions and memories of that "Garden of the Gulf" and its hospitable people.

MARGARET H. AHEARN.

Some Facts Concerning Trinity Church St. John, N.B., and Struggles of Its Congregation.

Paper read before the Women's Canadian Historical Society of Ottawa.—March, 1906.

The subject of the U. E. Loyalists is always interesting and may be looked at from several points—historical, instructive, and sympathetic; as loyalty and all brave acts must stir the heart strings of the most unemotional. Those early settlers breaking up their homesteads in the rebellious states, where they had broken sods and felled trees to lay foundations for homes in which to spend their lives, and in many cases, expecting their children, or some of them, to live still on there, in fact, to pack up their household goods and start out afresh if only they might be under the old flag.

It comes from the misty ages,
The banner of England's might,
The blood-red cross of the brave St. George,
That burns on a field of white.
It speaks of the deathless heroes,
On fame's bright page inscrolled,
And bids great England ne'er forget
The glorious deeds of old.

O'er many a cloud of battle,
The banner has floated wide,
It shone like a star o'er the valiant hearts,
That dashed the Armada's pride.
Forever amid the thunders,
The sailors could do or die,
While tongues of flame leaped forth below,
And the flag of St. George was high.

O ne'er may the flag beloved,
Unfurl in a strife unblest,
But ever give strength to the righteous arm,
And hope to the hearts oppressed.
It says through the passing ages,
"Be brave if your cause be right,
Like the soldier-saint whose cross of red
Still burns on your banner white."

Great race, whose empire of splendour
Has dazzled a wondering world,
May the flag that floats o'er thy wide domains
Be long to all winds unfurled.
Three crosses in concord blended,
The banner of Britain's might
But the central gem of the ensign fair,
Is the cross of the dauntless knight.

—*Shapcott Wensley.*

Thus it was that on the 18th May, 1783, at the close of the revolutionary war, there landed on the shores of New Brunswick, at the mouth of the river St. John, about 3,000 men, women and children who, to retain their allegiance to the British Crown, sacrificed all their possessions and came to make homes for themselves on the nearest British territory.

The City Saint John was founded by the Loyalists, and was first called Parr Town, in honour of Governor Parr of Nova Scotia, then changed to St. John when it received its charter. The river having received its name from the day on which the French first arrived at its mouth—St. John Baptiste.

On the arrival of the Loyalists,—it must ever be remembered that their lives were full of hardships and toil, to secure for themselves shelter and other necessaries of life,—everywhere they were surrounded with rugged rocks and wooded cliffs. Being, however, possessed of much force of character and energy of will, they set themselves at once to clear the woods and build houses. All this took time, and in the meantime they lived in tents, then temporary sheds, followed by more comfortable quarters. Most of the dwellings were of logs, but the first frame house finished, was used as a place of worship. Dr. Cook was the first Episcopal clergyman, and through his efforts this building was made more comfortable, and

used until "Old Trinity" was opened on Christmas Day, 1791. The dimensions were 36 by 28 feet, and was of course understood to be "only a temporary affair, till some method could be adopted or the people's circumstances permitted them to build a proper church, which would be a credit and ornament to the place." This building stood on the east side of Germain street, between Duke and Queen streets on lot 121; it was subsequently used for many other purposes.

In laying out the city, a lot was reserved for a church and burial ground, in that part of the city adjoining the south side of Union street, which is now known as the "Old Burying Ground." The wood for this church was cut off the ground on which the Court House now stands. But on the 13th June, 1784, a little over a year after the landing of the settlers, the infant town was visited by the first of its many fires, which was almost as disastrous as the "Great Fire" of 1877. It was started in a very simple way. A gentleman who owned a lot in the neighborhood of where the Centenary Church now stands, had a pile of trees and brushwood ready to burn, and thinking the day so calm, put a match to the heap; but it had been a very dry summer and everything was like tinder; the wind rose and when the fire was over, it had swept to where Rockwood Park now is, and two miles beyond it, sparing only one house. The fire, going over the ground reached the church, and burnt up the work of weeks, which had been done in a great measure by the Rev. Mr. Beardsley, Chaplain to the Forces, who frequently was seen with his coat off, and broad axe in hand, hard at work. Thus this ground was abandoned.

The first decided step to obtain a church was taken June, 1788, when two lots on Germain street and two on Charlotte street were granted as a site for it. From this time the work of building went on continuously. The corner stone was laid by the Right Rev. Charles Inglis, D.D., Bishop of Nova Scotia, and first Bishop of British North America, on August 20th, 1788. The church was built of wood, and consisted of a chancel, nave and two side aisles. There is little doubt that it was the first church with a chancel in British North America. At the western end was a cupola, in which a bell was afterwards placed. The building was wide in proportion to its length, to allow for future enlargement, and on two occasions this was done. The first rector of the parish was the Rev. George Bisset, M.A., who died in 1788. The church was completed in 1791, and was first used for divine worship on Christmas day, the sermon preached by the second rector, Rev. Dr. Matthew Byles. The fol-

lowing year the bell was installed, and in April, 1804, stoves were, for the first time, placed in the building; consequently for many years, there was no artificial warmth; nevertheless the congregation continued to increase. Thus after much patient and persevering labour, the Loyalists succeeded in erecting a suitable and commodious church for the honour and glory of God, and hoping to leave a noble inheritance to posterity. But fire again swept over St. John, and in a few hours the work, and metaphorically, the hopes were burned to the ground; but we shall speak of this later—let us return to "Old Trinity."

The Loyalists were loyal to their faith, as well as their flag, and gave liberally to their church. Of all the ornaments, there was one of peculiar interest, and of which I must make mention. On the north wall of the church, over the pew appropriated to the use of His Excellency the Governor, there hung the Royal Arms. The history of this emblem of loyalty to the British Crown is of very great interest, and for which I am indebted to "Royal Memorials" by the Rev. E. F. Shafter, corresponding secretary of the New England Historic Genealogical Society. The Royal Arms, which for many years were displayed in the Council Chamber, in the old State House in Boston, still exist, and are carefully preserved in Trinity Church, St. John, New Brunswick. They came into the possession of Trinity Church more than a hundred years ago. The means whereby they found a resting place there is as follows:—On the evacuation of Boston, 1776, Ward Chipman and Edward Winslow, accompanied the British army to New York. After the close of the war, they settled in New Brunswick. In the winter of 1785, Edward Winslow was at Halifax and in a letter to Mr. Chipman, St. John, he says, "Give my old Custom House seal to Mr. Leonard and tell him I will forward the famous carved coat of arms by the first conveyance from Halifax."

In a subsequent letter to Mr. Chipman, Mr. Winslow refers to the same subject in the following terms:—"In the box with your stationery is a venerable Coat of Arms, which I authorize you to present to the Council Chamber, or any respectable public room, which you think best entitled to it. They (the lion and unicorn) were constant members of the Council at Boston (by mandamus) and ran away when the others did; have suffered, are of course refugees, and have a claim for residenc in New Brunswick."

The Coat of Arms is thought to have hung between the portraits of Chrales II and James II, when in position in the Council

Chamber. The only public room in the struggling town of St. John at that time was the temporary building belonging to the parish of St. John. In this building, all the public business of the town was transacted, and in it the Royal Arms were placed, and by order of Judge Chipman, removed to Trinity Church when this building was offered for sale. At what time these Arms were set up in the Council Chamber in the old State House of Boston, cannot be accurately determined. They belong however to the House of Hanover, and therefore might have been made as early as 1714. The Arms of the House of Hanover were similar from 1714 to 1801, when a change was made by the omission of the French fleur de lis, and a consequent re-arrangement of the insignia. I am told the lion is gilded, the unicorn white with a gilded horn and chain, the ribbons blue, so that in all probability the material is wood.

The bell of "Old Trinity" was in use until 1857, when it was taken down, re-moulded, and again put in position in New Trinity, to replace the one burnt in the Great Fire. In 1837 another disastrous fire occurred, originating on Peters' wharf, and spreading through the city, though Trinity does not seem to have suffered in this conflagration. In 1847 it was resolved to divide the work of Trinity, and St. John's Church arose, as a branch. It was the first church built of stone, and so went by the name of "The Stone Church." In 1857 extensive alterations and improvements were made in "Old Trinity"—the building was lengthened when a new tower was built. The internal arrangements were altered somewhat, by the lowering of the pews in the nave. In 1859 a stained glass window was presented by Mr. John V. Thurgar.

Great rejoicings occurred in St. John September 1st, 1858, in consequence of the successful laying of the Atlantic Cable; flags, illuminations, processions were part of the celebration.

On June 20th, 1877, St. John was again visited by one of the most destructive fires; in the short space of nine hours fully two-fifths of the city was laid in ashes; 1612 houses destroyed. This fire—the Great Fire—was supposed to have started in a mill, near the present railway station, at the harbour. The wind was blowing a perfect gale. The firemen were helpless, new fires starting everywhere. An eye-witness saw the sparks blowing towards "Old Trinity"—the spire caught, and the church was doomed. Fortunately, through the thoughtful kindness of Messrs. F. B. Hazen and F. Thos. Richardson, the Royal Arms were saved, and are again placed in position in New Trinity, the present church, the school

house arising from the ashes of "Old Trinity." The communion service was also saved; it is of solid silver and was presented to the church by George III. The only other furniture saved, were two kneeling stools, used at the Communion table.

Trinity church of this date is a handsome stone structure, of early English architecture. The exterior is rather plain, except the west front, where the main entrance is; there granite steps lead up from Germain street, to a richly moulded archway, with a cross over the doors. Inside, the walls are plastered; the wood in use being oak. On the wall of the west end, over the main entrance, is placed the Royal Coat of Arms, above it is a bust of our late lamented Queen Victoria, placed there at the Jubilee service in 1897, and on either side, a flag, the old colours of the 2nd St. John city militia. The chancel carpet for the new church was worked by some ladies of Trinity, each one doing a square on canvas in wool, and then being sewed together, making the whole.

Possibly the following items may be of interest:—Daniel Keith, a sergeant in the British service, subsequently settled in Queens county. In May, 1816, two of his grandchildren, nine and seven years respectively, were sent to drive off the cows. They did not return and no trace could be found of them; they had fallen into the hands of the Indians. Years after, the elder recognized her father in the streets of St. John, but the restraints of civilization were not for her; she lived and died among the people who had adopted her. The younger, more affectionate, never married, and returned to die in her father's house.

The following will give some idea of the difficulties of pioneers in those days—A. Linkletter went to St. John to purchase provisions; a thaw came on and broke up the ice, preventing his return for weeks. Muskrats were all the food to be obtained; the wife and daughters could not eat these animals, and would have starved, had not an accidental visitor brought them bread enough, until the return of the husband.

But these are only two items of the many incidents in the early pioneers' life. To give the pleasing side of life, this extract is introduced, as there are always compensations. It is a picture of the "Old Coffee House" the site of which is now occupied by the Maritime Bank. A short time previous to its erection the lot was offered to a Mr. Sears for a Spanish doubloon and a gallon of "old Jamaica"—evidently prices were easy. The extract reads—"Here, of an evening, for years and years, the old men of the place used to

sit, gossip, smoke, and sip their toddy. In 1815 they met to learn the news of the war between France and England, and read the story of Waterloo four or five months after it was fought and won. In this sort of Shakespeare tavern, the leading merchants of the day met and chatted over large sales, and compared notes. Here, a verbal commercial agency was established, and here delighted gossipers met and told each other all about every one else's affairs. There was Ben Jonsons, in those days, who wrote dramatic pieces and showed them to his friends over a cup of hot spiced rum. Poets too, full of the tender passion, sighed out hexameters of love in that old Coffee House."

When Paul Revere swung his lanterns in the steeple of the old church, and evidently not fond of tea, assisted in the waste of that feminine beverage in Boston harbor, there was no thought of St. John or Trinity Church, but this act of his helped on a revolution which had far-reaching eddies,—eddies whose circles are still spreading, though connection is lost in uncertainty, and thoughts have run in other channels.

CAROLINA HILL.

Quebec Tercentenary, 1908

Paper read before the Women's Canadian Historical Society of Ottawa.—October, 1908.

It seems almost a work of supererogation and rather presumptuous to write upon a subject and try to describe a scene which has already been so fully and eloquently done by the best journalists in all the leading papers and many of the periodicals and magazines of the day; but at the request of our President and the Programme Committee I have added another sketch to the many which have preceded it.

The pronunciation of the word "tercentenary" has caused much discussion and been pronounced in so many ways that it is quite confusing, but Murray, the best English authority upon the matter, says decidedly "tercentenary" and the classical or long "e" forming "tercente-nary" is used by Oxford and Cambridge men.

The idea of this grand celebration was owing chiefly to His Excellency, Earl Grey, and the purchase and presentation of the battle-fields of the Plains of Abraham also emanated from the same source, thus restoring to the nation the scene of one of the most decisive battles of the world, and the only one upon record in which both commanders lost their lives. The year 1908 will go down to posterity of the annals of Canadian history as the year of the tercentenary or 300th anniversary of the founding of Quebec by Samuel de Champlain. On the 3rd of July, 1608, Champlain, one of the greatest explorers of his age, was born in Brouage, France, and made no less than thirty voyages between France and this country, which he called New France, besides extensive explorations into the heart of the country up the Ottawa and to the Georgian Bay; and died in Quebec on Christmas Day, 1635, one hundred years after the discovery of the country by Jacques Cartier.

What a revelation it would have been to him could he have seen Quebec as she lay sparkling in the sunshine, or blazing with myriads of electric lights on her 300th birthday, adorned with yards and yards of bunting, flags and banners, with the strains of martial music, the clash of arms, the roll of drums, the boom of cannon, and the rush of hundreds of feet resounding throughout all her streets, and eleven battle-ships or cruisers, eight British, two French and one American, at anchor beneath the shadow of the mighty citadel.

The celebration began on July 20th and lasted till the 31st, the festivities of course being at their height during the visit of the Prince of Wales, who sailed from Portsmouth, on the 15th, accompanied by Sir Francis Hophood, representing the Colonial office, and the Earl of Dudley, on his way to take the Governor-Generalship of Australia. The Prince arrived on the afternoon of Wednesday, 22nd, and it is needless to say that the terrace, the battery, the slope from the citadel, and every point from which a view could be obtained, were crowded with eager spectators as the "Indomitable" and her escort the "Minotaur" swept majestically up the St. Lawrence and took up their positions opposite the King's wharf, amid the roar of cannon from the citadel and all the other battleships. His Excellency, with Lord Roberts and other distinguished guests, then went out to greet the Prince, who landed shortly afterwards, and passing through the tastefully decorated arch, erected for the event, took his place in the state carriage drawn by four horses with liveried outriders and footmen, and proceeded to the citadel with a mounted escort, carriages and motors containing his staff and friends. The avenue to the citadel was lined with troops and throngs of people on either side of the picket fence, while one of the most impressing items in the whole of the celebration was the long line of Highlanders in full costume, with their waving plumes, standing in single file along the ramparts and outlined like statues or cameos against the background of blue sky.

Thursday, 23rd, was specially devoted to the honouring of Champlain who was personated by the Sheriff of Quebec, and landed at 3 p.m. at the Finley market wharf, from the facsimile of the "Don de Dieu." A civic address of welcome was presented to His Royal Highness at the foot of Champlain's statue, with other addresses from representatives of the United States and Canada. The historical procession, headed by Jacques Cartier, and including all those taking part in the Pageant who had been waiting for some time in line all the way down Mountain Hill to the wharf, then passed before the Prince and paraded through the principal streets. In the evening a state dinner was given by His Excellency to the Prince, the city was illuminated, as well as a display of fireworks from Levis.

On Friday, 24th, the grand naval and military review was held upon the Plains of Abraham. About 15,000 soldiers and 10,000 sailors passed before the reviewing stand, probably the greatest number ever brought together in the history of Canada, and at the

close of the review the Prince handed the Governor-General the title deeds of the Plains of Abraham and St. Foy. His Worship, the Mayor of Quebec, gave a luncheon in honour of the Prince at the Garrison Club, at which Sir Wilfrid Laurier, Sir Frederick Borden, General Lake, and other dignitaries were present. In the evening the State Ball tendered by the Government of the Province of Quebec to His Royal Highness, took place in the Parliament Buildings.

On Saturday, July 25th, the Prince reviewed the line of assembled ships of Great Britain, France and the United States, Royal salutes being fired from the citadel and all the ships. In the afternoon the Prince and party attended what was called the state performance of the Pageant.

Sunday, July 26th, His Royal Highness attended morning service at Holy Trinity Cathedral, driving to church with Earl Grey. Admission to the cathedral was by ticket. At the same hour mass was celebrated on the Plains of Abraham, which was attended by the Duke of Norfolk.

On Monday, July 27th, the Royal party visited the old French Canadian village of St. Joachim, and were the guests of the priests of Laval Seminary at their summer retreat, Chateau Bellevue, at Petit Cap. The visit was rather informal and much enjoyed by the Prince. In the afternoon the Regatta on the St. Lawrence was witnesesd by the Prince and was most interesting to the public. In the evening a grand naval display, with sham battle and search lights from the ships, fireworks and the usual illuminations of the city took place. Quebec within its walls being so small, and all points of interest so near together, lends tself to such a brilliant spectacle. The Chateau Frontenac, Dufferin Terrace, Government Gardens, Wolfe and Montcalm monument, and Champlain statue formed a perfect sea of radiance, while the glittering ships and twinkling lights in Lower Town and Point Levis lay below. At the other end of the city the picturesque gates stood like fiery sentinels and the Parliament Buildings just outside St. Louis gate glowed with festoons of coloured lights from the centre to all the corner towers.

The Quebec tercentenary illuminations can never be forgotten by those who had the good fortune to behold them.

On Monday afternoon the "Indomitable" was thrown open to the public, and was visited by hundreds, two small steamers, "The Queen" and "The Pilot" conveying passengers over at a cost of

twenty-five cents for the round trip. The voyage to Quebec was the maiden voyage of the "Indomitable." She was not quite completed and is said to be the largest and fastest ship of the kind in the world, with the guns of a man-of-war and the swiftness and coaling capacity of a cruiser. The fine looking sailor who talked to us informed us that the first part of the voyage was very rough, with the waves sweeping over the decks, then they got into fog and lastly into "hice," but if they did not meet with fog or "hice" they would get home in five days. We were allowed to look at, but not enter the Prince's apartments, and were shown the officers' cabins and mess room, which an old woman said, in surprised tones, "was the cleanest part of the ship."

Tuesday, July 28th, His Royal Highness planted a tree in Victoria Park in commemoration of his visit, and attended a garden party at Spencerwood, given by His Honour the Lieut.-Governor and Lady Jette. He went on board the "Indomitable" that evening and sailed with the tide next morning, after a most busy and successful visit. Earl Roberts, the beloved "Bobs," will remain with us a little longer, and to the great joy of the public has promised to visit some of our other cities.

We now turn to the great Pageant which, with the military review and the visit of the Prince and Lord Roberts, form the greatest features of the celebration. Too much praise cannot be accorded to Mr. Frank Lascelles, the talented and energetic designer and master of the Pageants. Mr. Lascelles also managed the Oxford Pageant last summer and came to Canada last winter, spending the intervening time in the preparation and research requisite for such a gigantic undertaking. The Pageant was divided into ten scenes, or, as they are called in England, episodes, and all were beautiful, beginning with the arrival of Jacques Cartier and his reception by the Indians, and ending with Wolfe and Montcalm and their attendant armies. The most beautiful may have been the reception of Jacques Cartier by Francis I and his Queen, in the gardens of Fontainbleau, the King and Queen being mounted on horse-back under a canopy, the queen wearing some rich gold colored material, and all the ladies of the court also mounted and arrayed in all shades of rich velvets. Also scene three, in which we are transported to the Louvre, and Champlain receives his commission from Henry IV to set out for New France. A "Pavane," a stately court dance of the period, is danced before the king and queen, who are

seated on a dais under a canopy. The stately "Pavane" was danced on a royal blue carpet, covered with fleur de lys, to the music of hanboys, cymbals and lutes. It was a most brilliant spectacle, the costumes so rich and perfect, the slow and graceful movements of the dancers and the swords glittering in the sunlight as they were crossed over the ladies' by their partners.

In the fourth scene Champlain brings his young wife to Quebec and is received by the garrison. The friendly Indians dance a calumet in their honour, a striking contrast to the "Pavane" in the preceding scene. It may be added that Champlain was most beloved by the Indians and sincerely mourned by them at his death.

The most touching scene was the arrival of Mère Marie L'Incarnation with the Ursulines, Jesuits and Madame de la Peltrie, who gives her wealth to found the Ursuline Convent, the little Indian children creep cautiously forward and then retreat, but encouraged by the calm sweetness and loving smiles of the Sisters at last gather round them to be taught, while the bells chime a glad welcome.

Scene six is the most exciting, where the heroic Dollard and his sixteen companions in arms at the Long Sault, keep the fort against the Iroquois. The Indians fire off numberless arrows. After a brave defence the palisade falls, the victorious Indians shout "Koay", rush in and lastly carry off their dead in procession, with their trophies elevated upon poles, and thus was the young colony saved from destruction, and it is a reproach to succeeding generations that no suitable memorial marks the spot where Dollard and his little band perished so nobly.

Scene seven is the most impressive. Monseigneur de Laval receives the Lieutenant-General of King Louis XIV, the Marquis de Tracy. Everything is done with the utmost ceremony and dignity; the great Bishop wears his mitre and vestments and carries a great crozier, standing under a canopy. The Marquis advances, kisses the Bishop's ring, and the crucifix held for him by a priest. Twelve Indian chieftains welcome him, making a speech and laying down their bows and arrows at his feet, and the bells ring out a joyous peal.

In the next scene fourteen Indian tribes acknowledge the sway of the King of France before the upraised cross, and in the ninth scene Count Frontenac makes his famous answer to the envoy of Sir William Phips, and says: "I will answer your general only by the mouth of my cannon, that he may learn a man like me is not to

be summoned after this fashion. Tell him to do his best and I will do mine." The Englishman is brought over the barricades and back again, blind-folded.

The last scene was truly magnificent and simply baffles description. It should be seen to be understood. The stately generals on horse-back at the heads of their armies, hundreds of men marching and counter-marching, the moving mass of colour blending into one gorgeous whole, the ladies and courtiers of the other scenes grouped at one side of the green sward, the broad St. Lawrence, with churches and cottages on the opposite shore, and the purple Laurentians melting away into the distance.

The jack-tars must not be forgotten; they brought on and off stage properties, if they might be called so, with the utmost dexterity, running like hares, their faces wreathed with smiles, and causing both admiration and amusement among the immense audiences, for the grand stand was warranted to hold 15,000 people.

Four hundred Indians, men, women and children, took part in the Pageant, belonging to the Huron tribe of Lorette, Ojibways from Garden River, Iroquois from Caughnawaga, and the Mohawks and Onondagas from their respective reservations. The men with the most wonderful feather head-dresses and all, were encamped in their tepees near the Plains of Abraham.

The celebration has called forth much criticism, and weak spots in the management have been found, but when magnitude and duration are considered, the general verdict is that it was remarkably good. Complaints have been made of extortion and ruinous prices, which were undeniably true, but would not any of Quebec's sister cities have behaved in exactly the same manner under the same circumstances?

With the exception of heat, the weather was perfect, not a single function was interfered with or marred, except the second tatoo, which had to be cancelled owing to rain, but the money was honourably refunded.

It is now a hundred and fifty years since the golden lilies of France have floated from the ramparts of that noble fortress which has been so aptly called the "Gibraltar of the West," but, though the lilies have fallen they are unstained save by the blood of their heroes, so many of whom died for them, and "sleep their last sleep" upon the fields of Abraham, while today a gallant descendant fills the foremost political position in the land. Since 1759 the grand

old Union Jack, "the flag that braved a thousand years the battle and the breeze," has waved serenely from the King's Bastion, for God has prospered us and given us the blessing of peace.

It is the finger of God which opens and closes the pages of the book of history, and when one chapter closed upon the Plains of Abraham, another opened, the keynote to which should ever be brotherly love and harmony, and that the descendants of two great nations, called upon to dwell together in this country, should continually strive for the advantage of Canada. "This Canada of ours," "Ma Patrie" which now extends from the tossing Atlantic past old Quebec, the only walled-in city on the continent, away into the golden west, with her spreading prairies and snow-capped Rockies, down to the soft waves of the Pacific, and all are the subjects of the most popular and peace-loving monarch in Europe. "God Save the King."

EVA G. READ.