The Nova Scotia Historical Quarterly

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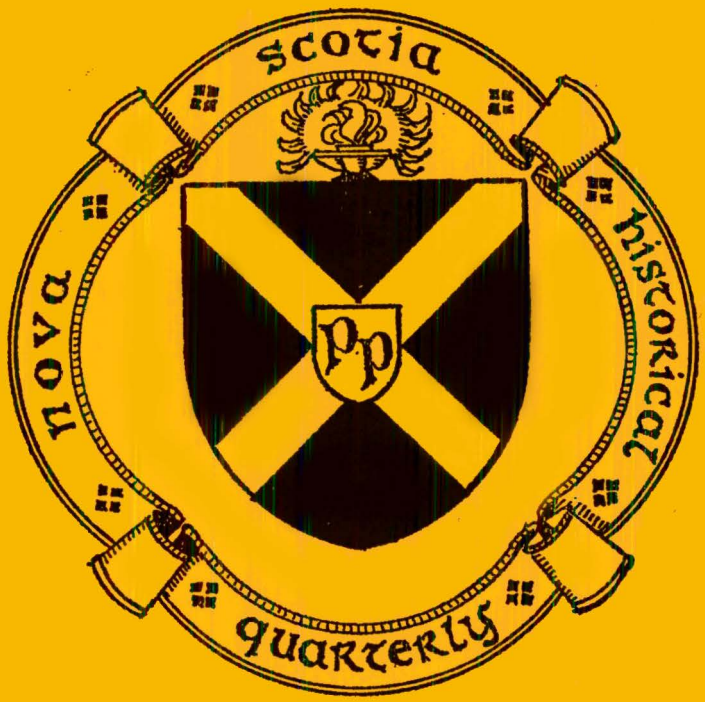

Papers for publication are solicited on any topic relating to the history of Nova Scotia. Manuscripts of approximately 2500 words, or approximately 5000 words, should be submitted to The Nova Scotia Historical Quarterly, P.O. Box 1102, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

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Elmsdale 1785 - 1914

BARBARA GRANTMYRE

The centre of Elmsdale, the Square, lies at the cross-roads of the old # 2 Highway between Halifax and Truro and # 14 leading to Windsor. Actually it is not square but a grassy triangle at the apex of which a miniature Cleopatra's Needle stands to the memory of Elmsdale sons killed in World War One. The C.N. parallels # 2 Highway and across the tracks, to the left are the reaches of intervale bordering the Nine Mile River. This small river, the Wokomeak of the Micmacs and the Salmon River of the village pioneers meets the historic Shubenacadie river three-quarters of a mile from # 2. Elmsdale is a village of trees; elms on the intervale and roadside, poplars, oaks and maples shading the lawns and two stands of pines, one on the grounds of the Presbyterian manse, the other cresting a small hill overlooking the village. These are old trees. Twenty years ago when one was felled I counted 175 outer rings and a rotted space about 10 in. across on the stump so these pines were young when William Read came to take up his grant at the confluence of Elmsdale's two rivers.

The date, September 19, 1785 is a clue to Read's probable origin for in that year immigrants from Northern Ireland came to the Cobequid region of Nova Scotia. A copy of Read's grant

is in the Provincial Archives, Halifax, N.S. as it was set down by Charles Morris, Surveyor General.

"In obedience to the within Warrant I have caused to be Surveyed and Laid out unto William Read a Plantation containing Two Hundred Acres, situate, lying and being within the county of Halifax and is Abutted and Bounded as follows:

Beginning at the Verge of the Shubennaccadie River at the distance of Twenty Eight Rods measuring on a Course Fifty degrees West from a Tall dry Elm, said Tree standing near a Gully on the North Eastern side of Salmon River and a little below said Tree being the Beginning Bound of Land Granted Richard Gibbons and John Marshall, Esquires, thence to run North Forty degrees West One Hundred Chains, thence South fifty degrees East until it comes to the Shubennaccadie River aforesaid, thence by the several courses of the said river down stream to the Bound first mentioned, containing Two Hundred Acres, Some Intervale Land, will produce Hemp when Cultivated.

Charles Morris

Surveyor Gen'l Office
19 September 1785

A hint of how William Read spent the next thirteen years can be gathered from the following memorial he sent to Governor Sir John Wentworth.

To His Excellency
Sir John Wentworth, Bart.
Governor and Commander in Chief over His Majesty's Province of Nova Scotia and its Dependencies.

The Memorial of William Read most Humbly Showeth That Your Excellency's Memorialist has with his Family been

settled upon the Shebaneckatee River leading towards Cobequid, for these many years past upon a small Tract of Land which is situated so near that Water that he has frequently lost a great part of his Crop by the freshets arising therein and not many years since he has had his Barn with the whole of his Grain and Hay Crop entirely carried away your Memorialist therefor made an application to His Exellency Governor Parr for a tract of High Lands adjoining the small tract already granted him, which was readily granted him and Mr. Morris surveyed the same in your Memorialist's name. But at that time the late 84th. Reg. was not settled upon their lands and through the interference of Colonel Small he could not obtain a Grant until such time as all the Regiment was provided with their location of Lands, which was done several years ago and none of them is settled near to that place which still remains vacant.

Your Excellency's Memorialist therefor Humbly Prays that you will be pleased to take his case into Your Consideration and grant him the 500 acres of Lands formerly laid out for him by the Surveyor General to enable him and his Family to live and Your Excellency's Memorialist as in Duty Bound will ever Pray.

his
Wm x Read
mark

Halifax, 24th January 1798

There is a note below this memorial

The Petitioner was promised Land prayed for by his Excellency Governor Parr, who gave me orders in presence of Commissioner Duncan and Colonel Small at Reid's House at Shubennaccadie to make a review of it for him . . . but subsequently to that period the pressing importunities of Col. Small prevailed with the Governor to Grant this with other Vacant Land to the

84th Regiment . . . and the Memorialist cannot be accommodated until an escheatment of the Grant is Effected.
Halifax January 1798 C. Morris

Then in bold heavy writing

to be further considered when the premises are escheated

WENTWORTH

Lieutenant Colonel Small had received in trust 105,000 arces in Hants County for the members of the 2nd. Batt. of the 84th Regiment, Royal Highland Emigrants. Whether this included the 300 acres granted to Read by Governor Parr seems to have made no difference to the forceful Colonel. Indeed his handling of the settlement of soldiers was on other occasions cause for discontent as this document among the papers of the Legislative Council, Province of Nova Scotia, would indicate.

Douglas, 1st January, 1815

To the Honourable Speaker and the
Honourable House of Assembly

Gentlemen:-

The Memorial of William Haliburton and certain Persons, his associates, Humbly sheweth that your Petitioner having read the Journals of proceedings of the House of Assembly in their sessions of March, 1796, wherein appeared a Petition of Hector McLeane, Esquire, for himself and the freeholders of Douglas respecting lands therein said to be granted to John Small, Esquire in trust for the 84th Regiment Intimating some regular proceedings relative to these lands and certain defects of Title therein, and praying the Interposition of the Legislature to Quiet their Possessions and it appearing that the House thereupon appointed a Committee to examine into the merits of said Petition and to report thereon to the House at Their now Sitting and having also seen Advertisements by the Honourable S. S. Blow-

ers and the Honourable Charles Morris, Esquires, requiring those persons who have claims for Lands in Douglas (N.B. Douglas was one of the ten townships of Hants county. The others were Windsor, Falmouth, Shubenacadie, Maitland, Kempt, Uniacke, Newport, Rawdon and Walton) by whatever titles to bring them unto said Gentlemen for examination.

And your Petitioner and his Associates hereinafter named having important claims for lands in Douglas which are materially affected by the Views and Petition of the said Hector McLeane, Esquire;

Your Petitioner considering the above proceeding as a Public call upon him Deems it his duty with all humility to Inform and shew unto the Honourable Assembly that the Patent alleged to be made to the said John Small, Esq., bearing the date the 3rd. September, 1784 Imparts a grant of Land in Douglas unto Lieu. Col. John Small in Trust for Settlement of the officers and soldiers of the late 84th. Regiment of foot named in a Schedule thereto annexed; the said Tract to be divided into 411 rights or shares and aparted unto the said regiment by May, 1785, the trust determinable 1st. May, 1787. The said Colonel executed the above trust about or before December, 1785 and soon after sailed for (England) Europe. (England is crossed out in the document.)

And your Petitioner begs leave to inform the honourable Assembly that the Grant aforesaid to the said Lieu. Col. John Small wrongfully included thirty thousand acres of land upon the river Kenetcook within said township of Douglas which long before 22 April 1783 had been voted and ordered by Governor Parr and the Honourable His Majesty's Council unto your Petitioner for the settlement of your Petitioner and 30 families to be associated with him upon a plan of evident Public Utility. That the said 30,000 acres were located by order of the Surveyor General and thereof given to your Petitioner on the 5th day of May, 1783."

As mentioned in the memorial Colonel Small was no longer on this side of the Atlantic. His house and property at Kennetcook, including all records of the settlement of the 84th. soldiers were left in charge of a caretaker. Fire destroyed the house and records so we have no list of the late members of the 2nd. Batt. 84th. Reg. Royal Highland Emigrants who may or may not have settled on the 300 acres Charles Morris had surveyed and which William Read had coveted. Read's memorial to Governor Wentworth is the last time we hear of him.

Meanwhile soldiers from other regiments, veterans of the Revolutionary War, awaited lands in Nova Scotia. In 1784 Lieutenant Henkelman, of the Hessian Regiment of Colonel de Seitz, obtained land grants in Hants County for eighty odd Hessians. Four of them, Phillip Fisher, George Stengel, Ludwig Gammerdinger and Henry Shenk came to the land on the Shubenacadie river that is now Elmsdale. For proof we have this memorial.

To His Excellency John Parr
Captain General and Governor in Chief of His Majesty's Province of Nova Scotia and its dependencies and the Admiral of the same etc.,

The Memorial of the underwritten German most humbly herewith.

That about two years ago by the order of Lieutenant Henkelman, Mr. Hail laid out four lots (viz. 1, 2, 3, and 4) but Shoesty, Shrenk and Funk left their lands and Mr. Henkelman gave to one of your Memorialists, Ludwig Gammerdinger, the lot No. 4 on which he worked and cleared until Dr. Gladwin forbid him to work, saying that his name nor any of these lots were mentioned in the Grant. Your Memorialist therefor prays your Excellency to be pleased to order a separate Grant to be

made for your Memorialists or their names to be inserted into the Grant of the above mentioned, Henry Shenk and Phillip Fisher wishing to have lots No. 1 and 2. Your Memorialists as in Duty Bound will for ever pray,

George Stengel,	H. Shenk
Ludwig Gammerdinger	P. Fisher

On the reverse side of this memorial in different handwriting;

We do certify that George Stengel, Ludwig Gammerdinger have worked on the road towards Nine Mile River and have cleared lands as mentioned in the written Memorial. Henry Shenk and Phillip Fisher have (like Ludwig) worked on the roads towards Nine Mile River, and Daniel Hail has surveyed lots for the within mentioned previous.

Anthony Henry
Daniel Hail

Halifax, May 20, 1786.

Of this quartet of Hessians only Phillip Fisher remained. Whether the others joined their compatriots in Lunenburg or returned to the Fatherland is unknown. Phillip Fisher and his descendents were part of the village for over a hundred years; until a few years ago old residents would still call #2 highway from Elmsdale to Enfield 'the Fisher road' so to him goes the distinction of being Elmsdale's first settler.

In the following years more families came and settled near the rivers and intervales, Logans, Frasers and MacDonalds among them. They cleared the land and worked on the roads. A hard pioneer life especially for the women. They made butter, cheese, candles, soap, bread and maple sugar. They dried and gathered the leaves of Labrador tea to infuse instead of Bohea.

They spun, wove and quilted. They knitted, sewed, preserved and salted. They saved goose grease against winter colds and chilblains, gathered barks, roots and berries for simples, poultices and draughts as remedies for illness. Much of this lore they got from the Micmacs clustered across the Shubenacadie river. They bore children whom they raised or buried without medical assistance. Creativity was expressed only in their quilt designs or the patterns of their hooked mats. They were too busy to be frustrated or rebellious, accepting male domination as a fact of life endorsed by Holy Writ.

Elmsdale was not yet a village. The few scattered farms had no focal point to foster community spirit until three factors brought importance to 'the square'; The Shubenacadie canal, the building of the railway and the coming of the Rev. John Cameron.

The canal, an inspiration of Governor Wentworth in 1795 only began to take shape in 1826 when the first sod was turned at Dartmouth. For over thirty years this waterway, a chain of lakes and the Shubenacadie river gave employment to stonemasons, labourers, teamsters and casual workers in the area. It was designed to furnish transportation and link Halifax with the farming districts on the other side of the province but in the end it was rendered obsolete by the railway. In spite of the timeworn tradition that 'only one boat' was ever on the canal there is ample evidence that there was some traffic along its course. Halfway to Enfield, opposite the site of a large pottery and brickworks established in the mid-1800's, vestiges of a wharf can be found by the bank and Mrs. Lawson's History of Dartmouth in the chapter devoted to the Shubenacadie canal states 'No boats were provided by this company (i.e. The Lake and River Navigation Company) but private individuals placed on the canal three steam-boats and twelve scows together with one eighty-ton barge.'

Elmsdale had always had access to the outside. By river at first, then roads, the canal and the railway. Charles Tremaine, who lived in a large brick house on the William Read grant, spanned the Shubenacadie in 1816 so the road from Nine Mile River extended another fifty yards, met the one linking Halifax and Truro. In 1840 when Hiram Hyde began his coach service between Halifax and Pictou this was called the Post Road.

The roadwork was assisted by money from the provincial treasury. In April, 1831 Peter Tulloch was appointed a Commissioner to 'repair the road from McPhee's bridge, (Nine Mile River) to Tremaine's, and the road from Tremaine's to Hall's (Enfield) by Fisher's.'

The pay of the Labourers' must never exceed four shillings, a Day, each, but you are bound to hire them at the lowest rate of wage for which they can be obtained. No Labourer shall be paid for a days work unless he shall have diligently labourered at least ten hours each day'. For this work Peter Tulloch was granted the sum of twenty-two pounds, four pounds of which was to be spent on the Fisher road.

A Hants county lady, long since dead, told me a story about this period and the men who worked on the road. It shows how proud and fiercely independent was that generation.

Times were hard that year and Daniel X was glad to get a few days' road work. A middle-aged couple, he and his wife were childless, so the care she might lavish on a family was directed at Daniel. Unlike the others who brought their lunch tied in a 'hankitcher' Daniel's was carried in a tin kettle, wrapped in a spotless white napkin. Each day when they stopped to eat Daniel withdrew from the group to eat in privacy. This annoyed the others. To be stuck-up was a cardinal sin so intending to play a trick some of the younger men secretly opened Daniel's

lunch pail. Under the linen, instead of hearty sandwiches, were some slices of raw, peeled turnip. His only nourishment for ten hours work.

"What did they do?" I asked, expecting to hear how each had contributed something from his own lunch.

"Do? Nothing," she said and added with a touch of impatience at my denseness. "All he had left was his pride. You couldn't rob him of that."

A railway station, boarding house for the workmen, a hotel, store, saloon now ringed the square, outward signs of growth and prosperity and as it grew there arose a kind of mystique, a feeling that Elmsdale was a special sort of place. Some of this lingered into the twentieth century. Outsiders fostered it. The villagers went about their business without giving it a thought but others, even if their homes were five or ten miles away said 'Elmsdale' if asked where they lived. *Civis Romanus sum.* Prestige. The man who formed the character of the village, whose zeal and personality stamped Elmsdale with this peculiar quality was the Reverend John Cameron.

To some he was 'an interfering, irascible, stubborn, trouble-maker'; to others he was a true man of the cloth with a God-given right to scourge evil-doers and prod the back-sliders, a man with no faults and many virtues. He probably was somewhere in between. Certainly he must have been a human dynamo. He was born on September 21, 1817 at Riverton, Pictou County, three miles from Stellarton. His father, Donald Cameron, had a mill, a good farm and a family of four sons and five daughters. John was educated at New Glasgow and Pictou. He taught school in Nova Scotia and Newfoundland and, deciding to enter the ministry, studied under Dr. McCulloch at the Theological Seminary in Halifax.

Licensed to preach by presbytery he was ordained and inducted at Nine Mile River on the 17th. September, 1844. The ministers present and taking part in the ceremony were Rev. Messers: Murdock, Crowe, Christie, Bayne, McGregor, Baxter, Smith, McCulloch, Reid, Blackwood and Somerville. The congregation to which he was called included Nine Mile River, Kennetcook, Rawdon, Gore and Elmsdale.

When he came to the congregation in East Hants there was but one church, a very poor building, at Nine Mile River. In the other places services were held in private homes. In that first year the Reverend John Cameron covered over thirty-five hundred miles, on horseback or by foot, preaching, catechizing, performing marriages and baptisms, conducting funerals and visiting the sick. Religion was at a low ebb when he began his ministry with much lawlessness and little observance of the Sabbath. In some of his congregations there were no elders and barely enough members to elect them. Mr. Cameron battled these conditions alone, that first year, for his brethern in the cloth, Mr. McLean at Shubenacadie and Mr. McCulloch at Truro had similar problems and were miles away. That first year took its toll, his health became impaired and he spent the winter, 1845-46, in Boston and Philadelphia, returning to his charge in March, 1846.

At that time medical aid was almost nil, for in the early years Halifax was the nearest place to get a doctor, so while in Philadelphia Mr. Cameron attended some medical lectures and gained a store of medical knowledge that was to prove most valuable later on.

Years ago I heard a true anecdote about a minister and a bean crock. Only lately have I realized 'the minister' must have been the Rev. John Cameron. It was when the art of cooking beans was introduced into the district, according to my informant. All the womenfolk had the recipe but there was one drawback, no one had a real bean crock. Then Viantha's daughter, who worked in the States, brought one home to her mother. Viantha bragged unceasingly about her 'genuwine bean crock'.

"Make you sick to hear her," said my story-teller. "It was our turn to have the minister. He'd come Saturday before supper stay overnight and preach in church on Sunday.

"What are you going to feed him?" Viantha asked Ma. A terrible nosy woman, Viantha.

"Baked beans," Ma said.

"A pity you don't have a real bean crock. Beans ain't near as good 'less they're baked in a crock. *I've* got a genuwine crock from the Boston states."

Ma was riled. "Her and her bean crock!" she stormed when we got home. "I'll show her."

She took our old brown ten-cup teapot and knocked a piece off the spout. "There", she said, "I'll put a potato over the spout and I've got a bean crock as good as anyone's."

'Twas, too. When Ma set it on the table that Saturday night and took off the lid you never smelt anything as delicious as those beans. She'd pinned a cloth around the pot, covering the spout, and it looked like a regular crock.

Pa spoiled it. "What in time is this rag for?" he said and pulled it off. There was the broken spout with the potato holding in the steam. You could tell Ma was mortified but she didn't let on since the minister was there. He pretended not to notice.

Next morning after church Viantha sidled up to the minister, "I hear they give you beans for supper last night," she told him. "You'll have to come and taste mine sometime. I've got a genuwine bean crock from the Boston states and it makes a big difference in the taste."

The minister gave her a sharp look. "Indeed?" he said, "My hostess is not given to vainglory or unseemly boasting but I assure you her beans were baked in a brown earthen-ware pot with a handle and a lid. Whether it came from Boston or not I can't say. I can say I never tasted better baked beans in my life!"

Mr. Cameron's total salary from all localities in those early days was only $480. a year. When he married Miss Mary McGregor, a daughter of the Rev. James McGregor, D.D. of Pictou in 1848 the congregation was too poor to assist in building them a manse at Nine Mile River. Mr. Cameron borrowed the money from a friend in Halifax and built the manse at Nine Mile River. It took him until 1863 to pay off this debt.

Ten years after their marriage, with five young children in the family, diphtheria struck Nova Scotia. Today this is a conquered disease but in 1858 it ravaged at will, the only known remedy being to swab the throat with caustic soda. At Shubenacadie there were 150 cases in this epidemic, with 80 deaths. When the first case appeared in Mr. Cameron's congregation he prepared to attack. He had no caustic soda on hand so a messenger was sent to the doctor at Shubenacadie asking for the loan of some until a supply could be obtained from Halifax. The messenger came back with a blunt refusal and the threat that Mr. Cameron would be prosecuted if he treated any cases of diphtheria.

Threat or no threat, Mr. Cameron set off on horseback next morning and reached Halifax by noon. There his friend Dr. Parker gave him the necessary medical supplies and after a short rest the minister started home. Today the journey would take less than two hours, a hundred years ago it was a long, saddle-sore trip.

For the next two months he spent day and night among his sick parishoners. His elders told him, 'Forget the sermons, they

can wait. Look after the sick." Now what he had learned at Philadelphia, the importance of sanitation, the methods of treating the disease coupled with his own forceful disposition kept the patients alive. John Cameron attended nearly two hundred cases of diphtheria in the district and it is said not one of them died. When the crisis was over his grateful parishoners gave him ten pounds cash and a fine young horse.

During the first twenty years of his ministry five new churches were built in the Rev. John Cameron's congregations. Some were small but all were comfortable and free of debt. The Elmsdale Presbyterian church, finished in 1862, was one of these. It is a gem of a country church with perfect proportions and the dignity and simplicity that is the hallmark of colonial architecture. The Gothic windows banded by red, yellow, blue and green stained glass, the pine pews with the eagle-head side pieces, the arched beams blend in a serene beauty mellowed by a century's snows.

Up to this time Mr. Cameron and his family had lived at Nine Mile River. They now moved to Elmsdale which was nearer the center of his work and had better facilities for the education of his five children. The home he built is still in Elmsdale though alterations have made the interior a far cry from the 'gentleman's residence' it was then. Large double parlours, fireplaces, high ceilings and a handsome staircase have disappeared into apartments and the white exterior, familiar for over a hundred years, is now a harsh green. Time for a change, no doubt. It is on a slight rise and in those years must have dominated the scene much as the 'Hall' dominated many English villages. From his study Mr. Cameron could see all that went on, the diligent round of steady workers, the unsteady progress of travellers from saloon and hotel to the railway station and all the incidents thereto.

Respect for the Lord's Day and a hatred of strong drink were the mainsprings of the Reverend Cameron's ministry. No

woman dared hang out so much as a dishcloth on the Sabbath without reproof from the cleric and his long battle against the liquor traffic in East Hants resulted in its almost total suppression there before the end of the century. Gold had been discovered in the province in 1861 and mining camps at Oldham and Renfrew with their often lawless, lusty crews were added problems for the minister. By the same methods he had used to bring order to other work camps in East Hants the Reverend Cameron forced the men to be sober and good in spite of themselves.

The tracks of the Nova Scotia railway had now been laid as far as Truro Crossing (Lantz) and trains ran at regular intervals. Since there was no roundhouse to turn the engine the train had an engine at each end, these engines were nicknamed 'Joe Howe' and 'Grasshopper'. The farmers drove their loaded wagon onto flatcars for the journey to the city, anticipating the modern 'piggyback' system by more than a century.

A chance for better education for his children was one of the reasons why the Reverend Cameron moved to Elmsdale. It was a valid one. Elmsdale had had a school since 1830. The first schoolhouse, according to tradition, was built on what became the railway right-of-way so it was moved across the track towards the Shubenacadie river. We have no record of the schoolteachers of that time though some had a high degree of penmanship and composition since someone of good education must have written the various memorials to persons in high places. An example is this one to the Hon. Joseph Howe, written on behalf of Charles Richard who as purveyor of strong drink would be a target for Mr. Cameron's disapproval. No doubt it was he who enlisted the Hon. Mr. McCully, himself a champion of Temperance, in the efforts to put Charles Richards out of business.

Elmsdale, Jan. 28, 1861

Hon'd Sir;

The Hon'ble Mr. McCully has notified me to remove the refreshment saloon that I have Kept at Elmsdale for the last two years mainly on account of representation made to you by parties stating that the place is not orderly Kept, etc.,

The place I have always endeavoured to Keep in a decent and orderly manner and I trust I have given satisfaction to the travelling public whom I am confident will bear me out.

My dwelling is about two miles from the station consequently I am scarcely ever more than two or three hours in the day there at train times—and since the Coaches have been Superceded by the cars—when I was employed by Mr. Hyde at his stables, the station has been the chief support of my large and helpless family.

I recollect that about a month ago a quarrel took place between Squire McPhee of Gay's River and one Akerley, a painter, in which as far as I know one was as much to blame as the other, and which I could not avoid; for you will be pleased to bear in mind that this painter boarded at the time in Mr. McLean's hotel where he is licensed to sell intoxicating liquors and Keeps a saloon besides. But if any disorderly conduct appears about the station the blame is laid on me. But I think I have as much of the sympathy of the public as those who are so loud in their complaints and perhaps a little more. I may here mention that not only myself but all my connections have invariably been supporters of your party, conscienciously so, and I sincerely trust that you will be pleased to use your influence with Mr. McCully and allow my saloon to remain at least until the term of my lease expires.

I remain, Hon. Sir
Your obedient Servant
Charles Richards.

This appeal must have been effective for ten years later C. Richards, saloon keeper, is listed in the Elmsdale directory.

Richard's saloon was in a boarding house built around 1856 for the workers on the railroad. This building moved fifty yards from its old location near the station to the site on the Nine Mile River road is now the property of Mrs. M. Thomas. Both the boarding house and the hotel were similar in style, a plain two storey-and a half with an ample attic under the sloping roof, small paned windows, two on either side of the front door a row of four above. The hotel was built at right angles to the track. Its first owner was the Mr. McLean mentioned in the memorial, a Mr. Fraser had it next and in 1871 it was owned by William Scott, formerly of Gore, N.S.

1871. The Nova Scotia Directory for that year has this entry;

ELMSDALE—A beautiful village on the Shubenacadie river, township of Douglas, county of Hants. It has an extensive carriage factory. The Nine Mile River has its confluence close by. Fine fish abound in this region. Western Union Telegraph Co. has an office here. It is a station of the Nova Scotia railway. Distant from Windsor 49 miles, from Halifax 30 miles, from Pictou 83 miles. Mail daily. Population about 200.

Cameron, Rev. John, Presbyterian
Carson, Thomas, section foreman
Cormick, John, labourer Nova Scotia railway
DUNBAR, ALEXANDER, postmaster, trunk and harness maker
Dowell, Benjamin, farmer
Fisher, John Cameron, of Fisher & Son
Fisher, John, of Fisher & Son
Fisher & Son, carriage makers
Fraser, Alexander, farmer

Fraser, Hugh, farmer
Fraser, James, farmer
Gilbert, Alexander, harnessmaker
Kenty, John, tanner
Kenty, Terance, farmer
Logan, Norman, trader
Logan, Thomas, farmer
McDONALD BROTHERS, tanners
McDonald, Daniel, of McDonald Brothers
McDonald, John, of McDonald Brothers
McIntosh, H. station master and Western Union Telegraph operator
McKenzie, Daniel Duncan, harness maker
NOVA SCOTIA RAILWAY, H. McIntosh, agent
Rae, James, harness maker
Richard, Charles, saloon keeper
Scott, William John, merchant, hotel keeper
Stirling, James, shoemaker
WESTERN UNION TELEGRAPH CO. H. McIntosh, operator
Wickwire, David, carriage maker.

Church's map of Hants County, 1871 also carries a directory of Elmsdale. Since it was aimed at advertising the list is less complete though other names are added.

ELMSDALE DIRECTORY: CHURCH'S MAP OF HANTS COUNTY. 1871

Rev. J. Cameron; Presbyterian minister
SCOTT & HAMILTON; general dealers in lumber, shingles, country produce, fancy articles, hats, caps, boots, shoes, ready made clothes etc. . "Quick sale and small profits" for cash or trade.
A. DUNBAR; trunk, saddle and harness maker and carriage trimmer.
C. Richards, saloon keeper.

J. & D. McDONALD, tanners, curriers, wholesale and retail leather dealers.

O. (Oswald) HORNSBY; manufacturer of garden vases, flower pots, bordering, etc. (He made some ornamental garden vases for the Halifax Public Gardens)

J. Braudis; potter

S. Poole; potter

J. FISHER: carriage and sleigh maker; orders will be promptly attended to.

These maps by the enterprising Mr. Church also contain an insert showing roads, buildings and location of homes in each village. Though probably incomplete they are invaluable to a historian.

According to Church's map Scott and Hamilton's store was on the left hand side of the road immediately after crossing the track towards the Shubenacadie river. Next to this lived Thomas Carson. Alexander Fraser's harness shop, Blacksmith and Carriage shop, then the A. Fraser home. Beginning at the track on the opposite side of the road is A. Dunbar. Since he was listed as trunk, saddle and harness maker and carriage trimmer and Mr. Fraser as a farmer it is probable some error in location has been made. The next house, J. Fraser on the map, was built in 1852. It is said to be 'the first house built in the village' i.e.; the first house built in the vicinity of the Square. It is now the property of Vernon MacPhee. A MacDonald lived on the site of the Read property by the river.

From the track, towards Nine Mile River, was the hotel operated by William Scott. Next was the home of Norman Logan. Then came the Presbyterian church. No other homes are marked until we come to Terance Kenty's house on the crest of the slope a quarter mile from the Square. (This is just behind the present Terris and Copp homes). James Kenty's house on the river bank . . . now owned by Mr. and Mrs. Cedric Mason . . . came next.

Back to the Square again and with no identifying location except the aforementioned John Cameron house were the homes of J. Bowers, C. Richard, W. Parker, G. Hamilton, J. Stirling and a blacksmith shop. Today newcomers to Elmsdale wonder why the small pond on the west side of the road is called the Tannery Pond. In 1871 a large tannery, with the buildings between the road and the railway, used the pond and the small stream in the curing and manufacture of leather. This tannery was then owned and operated by Daniel and John MacDonald.

The carriage factory of Fisher and Son was situated about a mile nearer Enfield, and here were the homes of John Fisher Sr. and John Fisher Jr. To borrow a modern phrase the road between Fisher's Carriage Factory and the small steep hill halfway to Enfield could be termed an industrial mile. Two brickyards, one operated by Jacob Miller and Sons, the other by Aubrey Smith in partnership with Johnston; Miller's store and boarding house; the pottery where James and Henry Prescot turned out kiln after kiln of teapots, flowerpots, plaques, ornamental door-stops from the four kinds of clay on the pottery land . . . the common red, yellow ochre, gray-blue and a creamy white . . . gave employment to those who preferred a daily wage to farming.

This period was undoubtedly Elmsdale's Golden Age. No longer a pioneer community that supplied its own needs for food, shelter, clothing and warmth independent of the outside world Elmsdale now made goods outsiders were eager to buy. While there is no connection between the slogan used in later automobile manufacture 'Body by Fisher' and the sleighs and carriages made by John Fisher and Son on the Fisher Road the quality of the product was as highly esteemed. The School for the Blind in Halifax was built of bricks made from Elmsdale clay as were many other buildings in that city. And though it is harder to gain a reputation for tanning good leather many a Nova Scotian foot trod in larrigans or boots from the McDonald

Brothers' leather, and Nova Scotian horses pranced or plodded in harness that was fashioned by Alex Dunbar and his workers.

With these goods so much in demand the Elmsdale railway station was a busy place and no doubt Mr. McIntosh, the agent, was glad that the Enfield station was more convenient for the Oldham and Renfrew gold mines or his work would have been doubled.

In 1873 Rev. John Cameron and his family left Elmsdale and went to the United States. For a time he 'supplied' a congregation in Fall River, Massachusetts, in other words acted as temporary minister whilst the regular pastor was absent. The Fall River people were quick to appreciate his gifts and offered him the pastorate. However his love for the region where he had lived and worked for twenty nine years proved stronger than this new challenge and when a call came to return to Elmsdale he accepted. In 1874, thirty years after the initial ceremony he was inducted there for the second time. He stayed in Elmsdale until 1879 when he moved to Bridgetown and ministered to the Presbyterians in that district.

A tablet to the Reverend John Cameron can be seen in the church at Elmsdale. It reads

In Loving Memory

of

Reverend John Cameron
For over thirty-three years the faithful pastor of
Elmsdale, Nine Mile River, Gore and Rawdon.
He left Elmsdale in 1879 and passed to his reward
from his home in Bridgetown on March 1, 1907 in the
ninetieth year of his age and the sixty-third of his ministry
God Blessed His Labours Abundantly

Mr. Cameron is buried in the Elmsdale Cemetery, that was opened in 1874. Up to that time the dead were buried at Nine Mile River or Gays River, though a very early graveyard was located on the Fisher Road, near a small stream in a grove of pines. Today it has been almost obliterated by the Elmsdale Lumber Company and its lumber piles, sawdust burner and bunkhouses. Behind these evidences of industry one straggly old pine marked where most of Phillip Fisher's descendents lie buried. In 1963 I visited this Fisher graveyard and copied the inscriptions of the few, remaining stones.

WILLIAM FISHER
Oct. 13, 18.....(Possibly 1854. Hard to decipher.)
Aged 66 years and 7 mos.

Also

ELIZABETH FISHER
Died
June 14, 1865
Aged 77 yrs. and 4 mos.

SAMUEL FISHER
April 12, 1844
Aged 46 years.

Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord and they may rest from their labours.

ISAAC FISHER
Who Died
April 18, 1864

In Memory of
ALEXANDER LOGAN
Died June 12, 1862
Aged 58

These were the only stones reasonably intact. Others broken, the inscriptions lost, could be found among the underbrush and thickets. Somewhere in the tangled growth, no doubt, are the bones of that lone Hessian soldier, Phillip Fisher who started it all.

In 1875 a combination hall and school was built next to the Presbyterian church. School was held on the ground floor whilst the local branch of the Sons of Temperance, Kellogg Division, No. 92 owned the upper part. The acoustics of this little hall, due to the curved ceiling above the stage, are excellent and the building itself is in good repair. No doubt the villagers of that day would deplore the use made of it now . . . the schoolroom holds a barber shop and pool tables while used furniture is sold upstairs.

Dissension darkened the last year Mr. Cameron spent in Elmsdale and after selling his house to Jacob Miller he went to Bridgetown, N.S. in 1879. The Rev. Jacob Layton succeeded him.

The Presbyterian manse (opposite the Elmsdale post office) was built for Mr. Layton in 1880. Mrs. Layton is credited with saving the stand of old pines that add beauty to the grounds. In misguided attempts to 'tidy up' the property the workmen were about to cut down the trees when Mrs. Layton, in the absence of her husband, persuaded them to wait for his return. She knew he shared her admiration for these majestic trees and would not permit their loss.

With the building of a two-room school in 1892 (near the present home of Laurie Thompson) the hall committee of the S.O.T. Kellogg Division purchased the ground floor of the hall for $75.00. '$25.00 down; $25.00 in 5 months; balance of $25.00 in 10 months.' The Division members raised the money by concerts, suppers and strawberry festivals. This was a long

process for money was scarce and the proceeds from such community efforts very small. For instance a supper in February 1893 netted $9.30 while the concert held on the same night brought in $9.40. This concert repeated at Oldham added $12.00 to the revenue plus an additional 25c, rebate on the rent of the Oldham hall.

Amusements were simple then. Winter sleigh rides, summer picnics at Pretty Point, a small natural park formed by a bend in the Nine Mile River—later destroyed when #2 highway was built and the river diverted under the present bridge. Traces of the original river bed can be seen circling the Legion Hall site, across the road and thence to the railway bridge—under the auspices of the Temperance Division, the weekly meetings of the same at which members gave recitations, readings and musical selections. Sometimes they had debates on such subjects as "Which is the greater evil, gambling or drunkenness?" A monthly paper, the Kellogg Enterprise, was produced in 1894-95, by members of the Division for their sole perusal. It gave the editors some problems.

On May 2, 1895, for instance "Only three papers had been read when the Deputy in his kindliest manner informed the Division that if the rest of the contributions were as personal and insulting as the last that he would have to use his authority and prohibit the reading of them. And that he was surprised that any member of the Order would read or write them. And then we had a general discussion on the advisability of continuing the paper but no action was taken."

That this division of the Sons of Temperance was started early in the Rev. John Cameron's ministry, possibly as early as 1854, may be deduced from the following entry in the minutes for Dec. 1891.

"It was decided to have a turkey supper on New Year's Eve and to invite all the "Charter Members' now living viz; Rev. John Cameron, Mr. Roderick McKenzie and Mr. James Fisher."

While another entry states that 'Mr. Hugh Fraser declared he had been a member of Division for forty-one years.'

In 1894 the fiftieth anniversary of Mr. Cameron's induction into the pastorate of this congregation took place at Nine Mile River with about five hundred people gathered to greet him, some few had been his first parishoners and others were their children and grandchildren. An address from Kellogg Division, composed by Rev. J. Layton, J. G. McDonald and Mrs. A. Fisher, was given on this occasion. Congratulatory addresses were also made by Rev. Drs. Gordon, Patterson, Whittier Simpson and McLean, and by General Laurie.

We are not told what response was made by the Rev. John. IS ELECTION A DOCTRINE OF THE BIBLE? was the title of a discourse he gave earlier at Nine Mile River and printed in pamphlet form by James Barnes, Halifax, 1862, but it is unlikely he chose such a weighty topic in reply to the felicitations.

Mr. Cameron's first wife died in 1874. Shortly after he moved to Bridgetown he married Miss Mary Isobel Hebb, a daughter of John Hebb and a grand-daughter of Edward James, an officer on the British side in the Revolutionary War. In 1944, when the centenary of the Rev. John Cameron's induction was celebrated in Elmsdale Presbyterian church only two survivors of his six children, Miss Minnie Cameron from his first marriage and Mrs. F. L. Milner, daughter of the second marriage remained.

Gradually the pattern of industry changed and by the turn of the century there were no brickworks on the Fisher Road, nor trunk and harness makers in the village. Following the death of Daniel McDonald the tannery was operated by Mr. Newton Wilbur and his son Walter. Mr. Jacob Miller at this time began making pressed bricks on the place between the railroad and river now occupied by a planing mill. On his retirement Mr.

Miller permitted the young people of the village to use the former brick-drying area as a tennis court, and with a club house and well-rolled clay courts it afforded healthful recreation for nearly thirty summers.

On the site of the Scott and Hamilton store the brothers Evan and Charles Thompson now ran 'The Big Store'. Three stories high, it offered a large selection of merchandise including the services of a milliner who made an annual visit to Elmsdale and, during her two weeks stay, fashioned *chapeaux* as stylish as any seen in Halifax or Boston. The 'People's Store' farther along the Nine Mile River road was operated by Stuart McPhee. The Rev. Hugh MacMillan, who came from Lake Ainslie in the mid-seventies, now lived on Fisher land. His farm included what is now the location of the Elmsdale Lumber Company and for many years the small stream running from woods, across the road to a railway culvert and the river, was called MacMillan's Brook.

Many farmers now found milk to be a 'cash crop' and Elmsdale station each weekday morning saw an array of tall milk cans waiting to be loaded on the Milk train to Halifax, while at 2:15 in the afternoon the 'Accommodation' from Halifax brought back the empty cans. This early train to Halifax sometimes carried students for the Halifax County Academy, usually those who wished to obtain their 'A' or Grade 12 standing with more guidance than they could get in the village classroom. A teacher with all the grades from 6 up expected the senior students to work on their own. Even with the advantage of city schooling the boys and girls who travelled daily to Halifax got their education the hard way. Until the Halifax Explosion in 1917 the railway terminus was at North Street so the youngsters had to scurry along Barrington Street to Sackville Street, a good mile and a half I'd say, then up the hill to the Academy at the corner of Brunswick and Sackville. Few, if any, could afford the five cent fare on the street car. Anyway parents

then would consider it pampering to spend money rather than shoe leather on their children's education. The homeward journey, with the train leaving North Street Station at 5:20 p.m. was a repitition of the morning one and since many of the children lived some distance from the village they faced another walk when the train arrived at Elmsdale.

Elmsdale has contributed to the brain-drain so often bemoaned in the public press. On July 12, 1902, Carl Kenty was born on his grandfather's, James Kenty's farm, about a mile from the Square. When he was nine the family moved to the centre of the village to what is now the United Church Manse and Carl received his early education in Elmsdale school. Dalhousie University, Halifax, N.S. conferred bachelor of science and master of science degrees on him in 1923 and 1925 respectively while in 1929 he got the Ph.D. degree from Princeton. In that same year he joined the General Electric Company and was with it until his death, June 10, 1967.

During his career as a research physicist he published 68 papers and obtained over 15 patents. He was primarily concerned with research in gaseous electronics and he, more than any other, contributed to a quantative analysis of physical processes in the fluorescent lamp in its early days. (I quote from remarks made at a meeting of the Cleveland Physics Society and Sigma XI). He was a Fellow of the American Physical Society, past president of the Cleveland Physics Society and member of the Ohio Academy of Sciences. His interests included active nitrogen; recombination of ions and electrons; photo and secondary electron emission; ionizing collision processes; photoelectric efficiency in the extreme ultraviolet; and diffusion of resonance radiation. He died of cancer at the age of 65.

Another Elmsdale grandson, this one Jacob Miller's, also earned a reputation in the outside world. Leigh Miller, like Dr. Kenty, was educated at Elmsdale and Dalhousie but his laurels

were gained by fleetness of foot. For a number of years he was one of the world's fastest humans, equalling the world record time of 9 and 3/5 seconds for the hundred yard dash. He did this in 1928. In 1930 he was the recipient of the Canadian Athletic Union's outstanding athlete award. Undefeated in Canada and the United States in 1929 and 1930 Leigh helped Canada win the British Empire Games in the 1930 meet. He was chosen for the Nova Scotia Sports Hall of Fame and a large portrait of him in running togs, the Dalhousie wings and D across his chest, is in a special section of the 'hall'.

A prominent Nova Scotia jurist, Hanson Taylor Dowell, is a descendant of Benjamin Dowell mentioned in the Directory for 1871. He was born and educated in Elmsdale, completing his studies at the Halifax County Academy and Dalhousie Law School. Following some years of legal practice at Middleton, N.S. he was elevated to the Bench and now serves in the County Court. It is to Judge Dowell that I am indebted for much of the information on the Rev. John Cameron.

Elmsdale can also claim an association with Norman A. M. MacKenzie, the former President of the University of British Columbia and now Senator, in Ottawa. 'Larry's father, the Rev. J. MacKenzie came as pastor to the Elmsdale Presbyterian Church following the retirement of Rev. J. Layton and he and his family are still remembered with respect and affection.

In 1910 fire destroyed the premises of the Fisher Carriage factory on the Enfield road. The owner, Albert Fisher, decided to locate in the village proper rather than re-build on the original site so a few months later the Fisher Carriage factory was again in business, this time in the building that is now Smith's General Store.

Another disastrous fire occurred in September, 1912 when the Big Store was burned to the ground. It was never re-built

and today lawns and a willow tree grace the location of Elmsdale's one and only emporium.

In the summer of 1913 Albert Fisher died, the last of that family that began with Phillip Fisher in 1785. He is buried in the Elmsdale cemetery.

When the Baron de Seitz, commander of the Hessian regiment to which Phillip Fisher belonged, died of the plague in Halifax he was buried under St. Paul's "in full uniform and decorations, sword at his side, spurs on his boots and an orange in his hand, following an ancient German custom at the burial of the last of a noble house."* Albert Fisher's dead hand held no orange. To those who buried him it would have seemed a heathenish rite, had they known of it, and would have been justly spurned. Besides, the Fishers had no blue blood, they were simple, honest, industrious craftsmen whose integrity and spirit helped make Elmsdale what it is . . . a very good place to live.

* Halifax, Warden of the North — T. H. Raddall Pg. 105

A Visit To Nova Scotia And To Louisburg In 1860

P. B. WAITE

The arrival of Edward, the Prince of Wales, at Halifax on Monday, July 30, 1860, was the occasion for a vast concatenation of parties, balls, parades. Halifax was fastooned with decorations and in a delirium of patriotic sentiment. For three days it almost seemed as if work in the city had stopped altogether. One Toronto visitor complained there were no newspapers to be had and a dearth of business activity seemed to have left shops deserted. For the arrival of the Prince of Wales, all the ordinary routine of life had for the time being been suspended.

The visitor from Toronto was a Special Correspondent of a Toronto newspaper, the *Leader,* then the most powerful Conservative paper in Canada West. The Special Correspondent was probably one of the more experienced editors, sent down to report the arrival of the Prince of Wales at Halifax. He did that, but he also used the occasion to make a tour of the Atlantic provinces and report it all in a series of articles for the delectation of the many readers of the Toronto *Leader* in Canada West. His description of Louisburg is one of the few that exist in the latter 19th century. Louisburg had almost dropped out of the range of people's travels. The story of his tour is also of some

interest, and his impressions tell us not only something about Nova Scotia at the time, but how others saw it.

The usual way to come to the Maritime colonies from the Province of Canada was to take the Grand Trunk Railway to its terminus at Portland, Maine, and then take steamer to Saint John. This our correspondent did, arriving in Saint John on Saturday, July 18, 1860. His first report is dated there, July 23rd, and which, by a miracle of transportation, perhaps aided by the telegraph, appeared in the Toronto *Leader,* Friday, July 27, 1860. He went upriver to Fredericton—by boat, of course, as everyone did—and was much impressed:

> Few who have [not] seen the river St. John can have any adequate conception of its beauty. Between St. John city and Fredericton, the banks of the river have everywhere the appearance of an old-settled country. There is not, I believe, a single lot in the entire section which is not under cultivation; there are no stumps of trees, and scarcely any primeval trees to be seen. The appearance is that of an old country.

He was also struck by the kindness and gentleness of contemporary manners in New Brunswick. He noted how ladies, both in Fredericton and Saint John, walked out alone after dark, as if to do otherwise had never occurred to them. One surmises that in Toronto or perhaps the Province of Canada generally, life after dark was not quite so secure.

He then went on to Halifax, again in the usual way, by steamboat from Saint John to Windsor, arriving in Halifax by train on July 28th. He was impressed with the site of Halifax; he was not impressed with the city. He complained of a dearth of hotels, and more:

> All existing hotels are of wood. Indeed Halifax is a very wooden city—of some thirty thousand inhabitants—and

> unpainted at that. The richest men are content to live in habitations that are totally destitute of external attractions, to say the least of them . . . they have not contracted the habit of spending their money upon the adornment of their residences. Halifax cannot compare with St. John, New Brunswick, as a city; and it is eminently calculated to make an unfavourable impression upon strangers.

Our correspondent also noted with surprise that Halifax was the only municipal corporation in Nova Scotia. This was—and to some extent still is—a general problem in the Maritime provinces: the lack of municipal government, not only in the cities and towns but in the counties as well. Much of the excellence of Ontario's rural roads stems from a long history of municipal organizations in the Ontario counties, and their careful attention to a host of local problems. The Municipal Corporations Act of the Province of Canada dated from 1849; in 1860 in the whole of the four Atlantic colonies there were only eight municipalities: 6 in New Brunswick, in Sunbury, York and Carleton Counties, and in Saint John, Fredericton and Moncton; one in Prince Edward Island, in Charlottetown; none in Newfoundland at all, not even in St. John's; one in Nova Scotia, *i.e.* Halifax, Yarmouth County having experimented with the idea and given it up. This in turn had well-known effects on the provincial Assemblies in these colonies, and helps to account for their perennial preoccupations with parochial concerns, like roads and bridges, which, in the Province of Canada, were handled at the municipal level. The concomitant of these habits of mind was an absence of large concerns for the Provinces as a whole, and further, a vast amount of log-rolling on the part of MPP's in the misguided legislatures of the four colonies to get their share of what was going for their own constituencies. Our correspondent encountered the results of all this at Plaster Cove, near the Gut of Canso when the stage coach from Truro to Sydney had to go off the road to avoid

a broken bridge, as it called—consisting of eight or ten poles laid on sleepers—the entire reconstruction of which would not exceed $10 in cost; and yet it has been suffered to remain in that condition, on the great mail route, since last spring. I mention this to show that municipalities, if they existed, might find something to do.

He had left Halifax, Tuesday, August 4th by rail for Truro. Truro had grown rapidly in the past two years owing to the newly completed railway from Halifax. Truro was then the terminus, and it was to remain so until the railway was built eastward to Pictou just before Confederation. Truro looked prosperous, and the Truro people were not "such alarming economists of paint as are found in Halifax."

By Thursday, August 6, 1860, he was in Sydney. He went down to Louisburg shortly after, probably before the weekend. His next dispatch to Toronto, recounting his dreary, rainy night ride, is dated from Sydney, Tuesday, August 11th. He was impressed with Sydney coal mining, but no one could forget, he reminded his readers, the countryside, with "the eternal spruce and the everlasting Gaelic."

That day or the next he left for St. John's, Newfoundland by the fortnightly steamer, reported Newfoundland and its characteristics, and was back in Windsor, N.S. by August 25th. There he met Joseph Howe and T. C. Haliburton (Haliburton being on his way to Canada from England), and was again in Fredericton on September 2nd. By now he was on his way back to the Province of Canada, probably via the mail stage that went three times a week between Fredericton and Rivière du Loup, the terminus on the Lower St. Lawrence, of the Grand Trunk.

The trip to Louisburg that here follows was done in thoroughly bad weather; the rain helped to enhance the loneliness and desolation of Louisburg a century after its demolition by British engineers in 1762.

Toronto *Leader,* Friday, August 31, 1860, report of Special Correspondent, dated from Sydney, N.S., Tuesday, August 11, 1860.

This report, and others, were copied by the *Halifax Reporter,* a newspaper newly started by John Bourinot. This particular account appears in the *Halifax Reporter,* Tuesday, September 18, 1860.

There are slight variations between the two versions. I have used here the original, Toronto one.

"I was inspired by such lofty or sublime enthusiasm in starting, for the third night's travelling, at half-past eight o'clock, on a journey of 24 miles, on a bad road, with an indifferent horse and a worse driver; a boy who, as it turned out, did not know the road; who missed his [way] and lost four miles; who fell asleep and whom all my vigilance could not keep awake; who dropped his whip, and was unable to make the horse go beyond a walk the last twelve miles, when it came on to rain and continued to increase its space [sic] in an inverse ration with the motion of the seedy horse. When we had driven two miles out of our course on the Mainadieu road, the boy went to a solitary house to inquire the way, and in spite of the barking of the dog, succeeded in awakening the inmates. It was now half-past one [in the morning]. Our being informed of the mistake, we found we had two miles to go back; and the rest of the road was dreary in the extreme, being performed at a walk, through solitary woods, in the rain. When we first arrived in sight of Louisburg harbor, it must have been about three o'clock in the morning. A few scattered houses were visible on the flat ground at the upper end of the bay; and beyond this all was desolation.

In the deep grey of the [early] morning, and under a pattering rain, the view represented was on the most uninviting character. It must [be] known that the ruined capital of that

New France, on which the hopes of a great nation once hung, now furnished nothing in the shape of a hotel. The French Consul in Cape Breton (J. Bourinot, Esq.) had kindly given me a letter to the only person at whose house it was possible to stop; but [and] the question was now to find it. I dispatched the driver, who by this time had particularly [i.e. partially] recovered from his torpidity, to make the necessary inquiries. Whether he was not sufficiently awake to be able to wake others; whether he went to tenantless houses, or whether the inmates slept so soundly that they could not be aroused must for ever remain a mystery: certain it is that he came back from three houses with the answer that he could not obtain any response to his knocking. A light was now seen in another house; and here we learned that we had to go to the other end of the harbour, a distance of some miles. A supplementary inquiry put us, as we thought, on the right track. The driver pulled down the bars [of the gate] and drove up to the house, in the midst of the pelting rain. A knock at the door brought up a man, considerably less than half dressed. He had picked himself up from a miserable arrangement on the floor, in the corner of as uninviting a room as could be found in forty days' march. We told our story; and asked for the person to whom I was to deliver my letter. In a little while another man bounded out of a place in the side of the room; then followed a woman, and from above, by means of a narrow ladder, came [come] a second. I gave the Consul's letter to the person to whom I supposed it to be addressed. He spelt it through; and then we learned that we were at the wrong place; the surname was the same, but everything else was all [—] wrong. The rain poured down. We had still more than a mile to go. Some one of the four said something about our not going that day, if it continued to rain. Not exactly relishing that sort of inferential invitation, I said, "Stay! I would not stay here a day for a thousand dollars;" and told the driver to put the horse into the carriage [harness] again. Already drenched with rain, he was in no hurry and appeared stupid, making no sign. After a while one of the men offered to help him; and the horse being

harnessed we started again. The horse could only be induced to walk, and very gently at that; so that we must have been nearly another hour before we reached our destination. We had not been there [here] five minutes till some lounging thief of a fisherman, in all probability, carried off from the carriage a bottle of brandy which the French Consul had insisted on my taking. Here we were allright; and for the first time for three nights I went to bed and slept three hours. At nine o'clock, it still continued to rain; and looked as if we were going to have a day of it. But rain or shine I must go back [to Sydney]: the steamer for Newfoundland, which only runs fortnightly, was to call at Sydney that night or the next morning.

In the meantime, the ruins must be seen. Of two and a half miles [miles and a half] of fortifications there remain nothing but piles of ruins; stones and earth mingled together and thrown into such shapes as chance might give to works blown into the air by gunpowder, when the demolition took place. Seven bomb-proof arches escaped the common destruction, after the place fell into the hands of the English in 1768 [sic; should be 1758]; and they have been able to resist in part, the annual assaults of the frost, of frequent rains, and constant exposure to the changes of temperature. But the signs of decay and ultimate destruction are easily traceable even here. The effect of the rain upon the mortar used in the grouting has been to crystallize it; and in this state it has spread itself over the irregular surface of the roof, formed by rough stones, presenting a surface like that of Parian marble. The white, smooth delicate appearance of this contrasts strongly with the stones and rubbish and dirt around. Pendant from the ceilings hang conical tubes, tapering towards a point, and formed of the same material by the same process. Each of these pendants glistened with a big drop of water that hung half-below the point; the diamond setting of the ruin-haunters gem. Here the remains of walls mark the barracks of former days, and the rooms into which they were divided, there the rooms of the former military hospital, of which the

ruined walls several feet high are almost entirely unmixed with earth, are crowded with wild gooseberry bushes weighed down with fruit, and look like monster flower-pots in which the plants had not been able to climb quite to the top. The yard of the ruined hospital annually produces its ton of hay; and at a few yards distance snipe spring at our feet as we pass over the old dykes from one half of the runs [ruins] [sic] to another. The dykes that surrounded the walls are covered with grass; and the the three points [of the defence system] still retain some of the essential features of their original character. In one of them are still seen some of the "spiles" [i.e., piles] on which a bridge formerly stood. Perpetual clover luxuriates in vacancies between different portions of the ruin. Grass grows here and refuses to grow there. The floor of the Government House has been turned into a kitchen garden, by the present occupant. The [roar of the] sea and the shriek[s] of birds harmonize with the melancholy desolation. Even the sea threatens to imitate the destruction of men [a]; for it is encroaching on the eastern point of the site of the demolished town. The situation is not so [as] elevated most people have probably pictured it in their imagination; and it is barely [hardly] possible to suppress a feeling of wonder that so large a sum of money was ever expended in such a place. Louisburg is not at the mouth of a great river; it did not command one of the great gates of New France. But it is a good harbor and was a convenient point from which to prosecute the rich fisheries of the vicinage. If the fortifications had not been destroyed, they would have been of some importance now; but after the place was first taken by [the] Provincial troops, in 1745, it was once restored to the French—in 1749—and after it was recaptured by the British, in 1768 [should be 1758], a policy was pursued that prevented Louisburg ever afterwards becoming an object of terror or of jealousy. Hence it is today little else than a confused mass of rubbish.

Another Look At Confederation

B. D. TENNYSON

Confederation is generally looked upon as a coming together, by mutual consent, of the British North American colonies of Canada, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. It is generally believed that majority opinion in all provinces, albeit rather gradually in the Maritimes, endorsed the scheme because of the benefits which they believed would accrue to them.

Historians who have examined the union movement more closely tend to acknowledge the strength of Maritime opposition. P. B. Waite, for example, observes that Confederation "was successfully imposed upon British North America by the collective power of Canada and the Colonial Office."[1] But surely the point is not that "Confederation was a Canadian solution for Canadian problems"[2] but that it was a Canadian solution, imposed by Ontario, for Ontario's problems—and ambitions. As G. R. Parkin observed many years ago, "nowhere, save parhaps in Ontario, was there any strong wave of popular enthusiasm for the new measure; it was promoted by thinkers and farseeing statesmen, amid the apathy, and in some sections even the sullenness of the electorate."

Examination of the Confederation debates and the political manipulations which brought about the union indicates that Quebec entered the union reluctantly and fearfully, the Maritimes were pressured into it against their will, and that only Ontario enthusiastically supported Confederation. It is also suggested that even the most cursory examination of post-Confederation politics reveals the extent of Ontario domination of the federal government, a domination which was predictable and which is reflected in the adoption and adherence to "national polities" which in fact favour Ontario.

Support for Confederation in Ontario was almost unanimous. George Brown, who dominated the province politically by the 1860's, was the major advocate of constitutional change. His biographer, J. M. S. Careless, concludes that he was "the active force that drove the question of union to the point of decision . . . the real initiator of Confederation."[4] The Oshawa *Vindicator* estimated in July 1864 that nine-tenths of Ontario's newspapers, both Liberal and Conservative, supported the coalition and Confederation.[5] It is true that some Conservative newspapers opposed the proposed union, but as Waite notes, "none were very powerful or significant."[6] The Hamilton *Spectator* and Toronto *Leader* initially were critical, but eventually supported it. Similarly, there was very little Liberal opposition, because obviously the Liberals had achieved in 1864 their primary goal of the past decade, namely general agreement on the need for constitutional change. The two most prominent critics of Confederation in Ontario were Malcolm Cameron and J. S. Macdonald, neither of whom was a major political force in the province. When the Canadian Legislature voted on Confederation, only eight of Ontario's 65 members opposed the resolution.

Why was Ontario so favourable? The political situation was important, the deadlock which had developed during the 1850s and 1860, combined with the growing population of Ontario and the growing support for Brown's demand for repre-

sentation by population. With a population of 1.5 million compared to Quebec's 1.1 million, Ontario was increasingly unwilling to accept the equal representation provided for in the Act of Union. Ontario knew, of course, that not only would Confederation give it control of its own vital affairs, but that Ontario would dominate the federal authority as well. Its population was already almost as great as that of all the other provinces combined, and could reasonably be expected to continue growing at a rapid pace. It is not irrelevant to note Brown's speech to the June 1867 Liberal convention in Toronto, in which he confidently predicted that if Ontario's population continued to grow at its present rate, by 1881 it would have a majority in Parliament over all the other provinces combined.[7] Thus, Ontario's spokesmen could be relatively complacent about the division of powers between federal and provincial governments. After all, what did it matter when Ontario would control the federal government anyway?

But there was another factor, which was equally important, because the sectional problem could more easily have been resolved by a federal union of the two Canadas than by Confederation. Ontario wished to expand economically, and this was almost impossible to do under the existing constitution. The Liberal party adopted acquisition of the Northwest Territorities as a plank in its platform in 1857, and the Canadian government publicly staked a claim on the area in the same year, when making representations to a Parliamentary Select Subcommittee in London. Ontario wanted to annex the Northwest Territories, in order to obtain more agricultural lands, but also to ensure future commercial expansion to the Pacific. This could not be done, for obvious political and financial reasons, in the existing political structure. As Waite says, "although union of the British North American colonies was to be a solution of Canadian political difficulties, it was not less an opportunity for Canadians to reach westward for arable land."[8] But again, the point is not that Canadians wanted to move westward, but that Ontarians did,

for French Canadians displayed singularly little interest in westward migration, then or later. *The Globe* spoke for many Ontarians when it argued on 6 January 1863:

> Before entering into new alliances, it should be the effort of Upper Canadians to regulate the affairs of their own province, to obtain representation by population, to open the North West territory so that when federation of all the British American provinces does come, it may be formed *with Upper Canada as the central figure of the group of states with western adjuncts as well as eastern.*[9]

Similarly, business interests sought both western and eastern expansion. Businessmen sought enlarged markets, new territories to exploit, and ice-free ports which would be under Canadian control. The construction of an intercolonial railway was of paramount importance. As Toronto financier D. L. Macpherson told Macdonald, "without it there can be no federation. It is the keystone, the very foundation arch. The early carrying out of this enterprise seems at last probable. It must now be placed on a broad and safe basis."[10] It is not coincidental, therefore, that it was prominent businessmen in both political parties, men like George Brown and Alexander Galt, who led the agitators for constitutional change and expansion. As F. H. Underhill once put it, "to Galt, what was being brought about was a highly profitable business merger."[11] The influential Galt made adoption of Confederation the major condition of his entry into the Cartier-Macdonald government in 1858. At the same time, Brown was demanding constitutional change and acquisition of the Northwest, and his newspaper, *The Globe,* was the largest most influential journal in British North America.

Quebec, on the other hand, sought no constitutional change. This was shown by the vote in the Canadian Legislature in March 1864 on Brown's proposal to establish a committee to study federation as a solution to the constitutional problem.

The motion carried by 59 to 48; but 51 of the majority represented Ontario and 44 of the minority represented Quebec. The fact was that the Act of Union, by establishing equal representation for the two sections in the Legislature, guaranteed French Canada a potent voice in government. By electing a fairly solid delegation, French Canada assured itself of major representation in all governments. Thus, the religious, linguistic and cultural interests of the minority were effectively safeguarded. However, it was clear by 1864 that some form of constitutional change was necessary. The existing system simply did not work, and Ontario would no longer tolerate what it regarded as French Catholic minority domination of the government. And if there was to be constitutional change, Cartier much preferred a union of all the British North American colonies to a federal union of the two Canadas, because he believed that the Maritime provinces would help Quebec to offset Ontario's domination of the central government. Cartier also played upon the fears of French Canadians and the Church that the only alternative to Confederation was not independence but annexation by the United States. He stated in the Confederation debates, on 7 February 1865, that "the matter resolved itself into this, either we must obtain British North American Confederation or be absorbed in an American Confederation."[12] But A. A. Dorion questioned this assumption. He also questioned whether Quebec would be strengthened by adding the Maritime provinces. As he indicated in his manifesto to the voters of Hochelaga County, issued on 7 November 1864, the entry of the Maritime provinces would only create a financial drain on Canada without any compensating commercial advantages. As for the defence issue, it surely was obvious that Canadian defence would be made much more difficult and expensive by the addition of responsibility for New Brunswick and its extensive frontier with the United States.[13]

Quebec's problem was to seek to safeguard its rights as much as possible in the new arrangements. Cartier believed that

he had done this in the Quebec Resolutions, but Dorion and others disagreed. They realized the strong preference in the Maritimes for legislative union, and the sympathy for this view which the Quebec Resolutions represented. Dorion noted in his manifesto that the federal structure was essentially meaningless in view of the provision for federal powers of reservation and veto of provincial legislation—powers which he assumed, quite correctly, that confederate leaders like Macdonald meant to be used to make the system virtually a legislative union.

The extent to which French Canadians suspected that Dorion was correct in questioning their safety in the new scheme is suggested by the vote in the Legislature, when only 37 of Quebec's 65 members voted in favour of Confederation.[14] J. W. Dawson, principal of McGill University, estimated in November 1866 that nearly half the French population opposed Confederation.[15] Thus, French Canadians accepted the scheme, reluctantly and fearfully, trusting in Cartier's assurance. As L'Ordre said, "nous n'avons absolument rien à y gagner et nous tout à perdre!"[16] But French Canada really had little choice in the matter. As J. C. Bonenfant says:

> Confederation was achieved because the English Canadians needed to have the French Canadians in it, and the French could not then become independent. The great majority of nations have been formed, not by people who desired intensely to live together, but rather by people who could not live separately.[17]

Of course, there was support for union in Quebec—among the English-speaking business community in Montreal. With a population of 100,000, Montreal was by far the largest city in British North America and was also the commercial and financial capital of Canada. "It was a city of merchant princes as it had been for decades past beginning with the McGills, the MacTavishes, and the MacGillivrays, who came there after 1760 to

take over the fur trade from the French."[18] This group supported political expansion because it implied economic expansion as well. As Galt told his Sherbrooke constituents on 23 November 1864:

> It would be found that the effect of the combination of all the Provinces would be to benefit Lower Canada . . . by giving it the position of being the commercial heart of the country . . . He thought our material interests would have to govern us in this respect . . . When we extended the boundaries of our Empire to the Rocky Mountains, the whole wealth of that great country must pour down the St. Lawrence and stimulate the industry of the cities of Lower Canada.[19]

The most dramatic example of the Montreal business community's interest in political and economic expansion was the Grand Trunk Railway. Dorion described Confederation as a Grand Trunk project, meaning that it was being advocated by the company in the hope that political expansion would enable the railway to expand and so solve its chronic financial problems.[20] Certainly it is true that the Grand Trunk actively supported the union movement, and that its general manager, Edward Watkin, was one of the most prominent confederates in Canada. Watkin makes it clear in his memoirs that he saw Canadian political expansion combined with expansion of the Grand Trunk as the only long-range solution of the company's financial problems. As early as 1860 he wrote:

> To work the Grand Trunk as a gradually improving property would . . . be easy; but to work it so as to produce *a great success* in a few years can only, in my opinion, be done in one way. That way . . . lies through the extension of railway communication to the Pacific . . . the doing of it would make the fortune of the Grand Trunk.[21]

The Canadian delegation which went to London in 1858 to urge Confederation comprised John Ross, who was president of the Grand Trunk; George Cartier, who was its solicitor, and Galt. In 1867, Cartier thanked Watkin for "all the *political services* you have rendered to 'Canada' in having so efficiently helped the carrying of the *great confederation* measure", and in the following year the British government knighted Watkin for those same services.[22]

Thus, business interests in Montreal combined in an essentially common cause with similar interests in Ontario. Significantly, they opposed federalism and favoured legislative union a fact which reflected their reluctance to be isolated in a predominantly French Catholic province. It also reflected the fact that economically, as well as psychologically, their ties were with the West—Ontario and the Northwest—and they opposed any form of separatism.

Having adopted Confederation, the Canadian government descended on the Maritime governments which, rather conveniently, were meeting at Charlottetown to discuss the idea of Maritime union. They took with them a virtually completed scheme of union. As Waite says, "if Confederation was not cut and dried before it was brought to Charlottetown, it was as close to being so as the Canadians could make it."[23] However, they had a major task in salesmanship on their hands, because in the Maritime provinces, Confederation was "a glittering ideal that few cared to transform into the dross of everyday reality . . . Confederation in the Maritimes was the remedy for no particular evils, the solution of no particular difficulties."[24] Thus, the issue in the Maritimes was primarily a financial and economic one, and was fought over the question of whether the Atlantic provinces would benefit or suffer materially from joining Canada.

In New Brunswick, there was some interest in the idea of union, because of the hope of participating in the more dynamic

Canadian economy. However, there was strong opposition as well. There was no political crisis here, and no pressing economic problem. New Brunswick was concerned about the future, to some extent, and was not necessarily opposed to a union with Canada, but it inclined more to expansion of economic ties with the United States than with Canada. This was because the Quebec Resolutions did not appear to favour New Brunswick. As A. G. Bailey once noted, New Brunswickers had always had a sharp eye on "the crucial problem of hard cash"[25] so it was not surprising that the Confederation debate concentrated on questions of finance and economic development. Tilley's speeches were "heavily freighted with the profit and prosperity that would come to New Brunswick with union."[26] The *New Brunswick Courier* observed on 10 December 1864 that "the financial part of the project has received the most attention."[27]

The opposition was led by St. John merchants, who argued, not unreasonably, that New Brunswick would suffer by joining Canada. The tariff would rise to the Canadian level, Canadian business would tend to swamp the local markets, thus hurting the local economy, and New Brunswick would have to share the burden of the high Canadian debt. New Brunswickers shared the general Maritime fear of increased taxation, which Confederation seemed to threaten. All of these criticisms were valid, as subsequent events have proven. When it was remembered that the province would have only a small voice in the federal government because of its small population, and therefore representation, it was difficult to see the benefits of union.

Thus, it was not surprising that New Brunswick repudiated the Tilley government and rejected Confederation in the March 1865 elections. However, growing fear of the United States because of the Fenian raids in the spring of 1866, astute political manipulation by Lieutenant Governor Arthur Gordon, and pressure applied upon the Loyalist province by the British government, all combined with the acknowledged failure of A. J.

Smith's anti-Confederate government to prove the validity of any immediate alternatives, to take New Brunswick into Confederation. The crucial factor here probably was the Fenian raids; in other words, the genuine fear of American attack and even possibly annexation, the knowledge that Britain could offer little effective military help, that New Brunswick was too weak to resist attack, but that union with Canada would lend relatively powerful assistance.

Nova Scotia flatly rejected Confederation. Premier Tupper dared not risk a vote in the Legislature until April 1866, when the Smith government in New Brunswick had fallen and the Fenian scare had assumed serious proportions, even in Nova Scotia. The resolution carried, but the *Acadian Recorder* suggested that the only reason was the Fenian scare. And Waite admits that "that, one is tempted to think, was the truth of the matter."[28] Even then, Tupper realized that the Legislature was not representative of public opinion. He frankly admitted to Macdonald in June 1866 that

> We must obtain action during the present session of the Imperial Parliament, or all may be lost. Our House expires by law in May next, when a general election must be held, and for reasons which it is not necessary to enter into here, the result would be most disastrous to Confederation, and probably defeat it altogether.[29]

How true this assessment was is shown by the 1867 elections. Provincially, Joseph Howe's anti-confederates carried 36 of the 38 seats in the Legislature; federally, they won 18 of the province's 19 seats. Nova Scotia's opposition was eminently logical and, indeed, reasonable. The province was enjoying great prosperity as a ship-building, shipping and fishing economy. Its ties were with the Atlantic world, not with Canada. Union would produce no apparent economic benefits except the theoretical access to the Canadian market. But it would turn control

of the province over to a distant government in which, by virtue of its small population, Nova Scotia would have only a small voice. Nova Scotia's rejection of Confederation is no more surprising than Ontario's enthusiasm for it; the only problem is to explain Tupper's strong support.

There was a willingness to consider the idea of union in Nova Scotia. There was a growing feeling of restriction, an increasing awareness of the pettiness of Nova Scotian politics, probably encouraged by the prosperity of the period. Nova Scotians, too, then, were expansionist-minded in the 1860s. But they did not like the Quebec Resolutions and they certainly questioned Canadian motivations. As in the other Maritime provinces, however, the issue revolved around the financial terms and economic prospects. And as the Halifax *Evening Reporter* noted 10 December 1864, "many of our merchants are strenuous opponents of union because union in their estimation means more businessmen, greater competition, less profits, more trouble."[30] And the Yarmouth *Herald* asked, "we have the trade of the world now open to us on nearly equal terms, and why should we allow Canada to hamper us?"[31]

Prince Edward Island had nothing apparent to gain from union. It had no political crisis, no economic problem, and no very great interest in affairs off the Island. It was not even worried about the Fenians. In view of Canada's refusal to resolve the alien landlord problem, and the ludicrously small representation the Island would have at Ottawa, Prince Edward Island's rejection of union is logical. Then too, there was great fear of increased taxation in Confederation. Waite goes so far as to describe this as "probably the major reason for opposition."[32] As Edward Whelan told Galt, the Island was "dead set against Union in all shapes and forms."[33] Only when the province had accumulated an overwhelming public debt which the Canadian government was prepared to assume, and when the Canadians offered to help solve the land problem, did Confederation become moderately attractive.

Much the same situation prevailed in Newfoundland. Isolated from the mainland, its interests were with the sea and the Empire. Newfoundlanders, who had practically no contact with Canada, wondered what had suddenly brought on this radical policy, and suspected that it was a scheme designed really to bail Canada out of its own domestic difficulties at the expense of the other colonies. The only attraction of Confederation was the financial relief which might come from joining a union, as Newfoundland was enduring a terrible economic depression in the 1860s.[34] As the *Newfoundlander* said:

> If any one of the Provinces more than another should seek a change, it is this. We do not mean to assert that we should adopt a change blindly, but unlike our Sister Colonies, our circumstances—the condition of our Trade—the depressed state of our people, demand a change, even if Confederation had never been proposed . . . A state of things so injurious, so anomalous, and so baneful to the well-being of an integral part of a powerful state would command decisive measures, and the power and authority of the General Government would not be fruitless, though our local means have failed.[35]

However, the thought of alien control, combined with the fear of the St. John's merchant community of damaging Canadian commercial competition, seemed to offset the possible financial benefits. Indeed, the financial benefits were debatable as well. All of Newfoundland's provincial revenue came from customs, which would be taken over by the federal government. There was no municipal structure on the island on which to base taxation, and there was considerable fear that direct taxation would result to provide provincial revenue. Thus, Newfoundland rejected union as well.

In short, then, I am suggesting that the union movement must be examined in the light of fundamental economic and pol-

itical interests. The Maritime provinces had little or nothing apparent to gain from Confederation. They realized this and opposed the scheme. In New Brunswick and Nova Scotia, however, external pressures from the United States and the British government combined with internal pressures from ambitious politicians, expansionist businessmen, and the Roman Catholic Church which feared annexation, to push these provinces into a union which they really did not want. Quebec was similarly dragged reluctantly into Confederation, because it was obviously essential for geographical and economic reasons and because there seemed to be no acceptable alternative.

In the final analysis, only Ontario showed strong public support for Confederation. Only of Ontario can it be said confidently that if a referendum had been held on union, it would have carried successfully. Only Ontario had solid economic and political reasons to favor Confederation. In other words, it can be suggested that Confederation was not a coming together for mutual benefit of the British American provinces; rather, it was an exercise in nineteenth century imperialism. Ontario expanded, to absorb the Maritime provinces and the Northwest territories; it was already tied, albeit uncomfortably, to Quebec.

The validity of this interpretation is suggested by the political events of the 1860s. It is suggested by the fact that New Brunswick and Nova Scotia were heavily pressured by the Canadian and British governments, whereas Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland were allowed to remain outside the union. The latter two provinces, as relatively isolated islands, were not essential to the scheme. The validity of this interpretation is also suggested by an examination of the way in which Confederation has functioned in the one hundred years since 1867. As predicted, Ontario has dominated the federal government, and the main thrust of Canada's "national policies" has been in the interests of Ontario, largely at the expense of the Maritime provinces and the west.

J. H. Dales once complained that "none of the authors I have read has flatly challenged the national stereotype of the beneficence of the national policy."[35] What I am suggesting is that the National Policy was the logical extension or completion of Confederation. Thus, it should not be surprising that it favoured Ontario, because just as Ontario initiated that policy, so it had initiated Confederation and created the political framework through which the National Policy functioned.

It seems, then, that one can conclude that Canada since 1867 has been, to a considerable extent, Ontario's empire. That this was what Macdonald intended is certainly suggested by his emphasis on legislative union and very weak provincial governments concerned only with local affairs. As Bruce Hodgins wrote in 1967, Ontario's representatives had the greatest influence in determining the constitutional framework of the country, and the relationship arrived at was more an imperial than a federal one.[37] The separatist and regional protest movements which have been a major feature of Canadian history since Confederation, and which have occurred everywhere but in Ontario, attest to this fact.

FOOTNOTES

1. P. B. Waite, **The Life and Times of Confederation** (Toronto, 1962), 4.
2. **Ibid.**, 49.
3. G. R. Parkin, **Sir John A. Macdonald** (Toronto, 1908), 115.
4. J. M. S. Careless, **Brown of The Globe** (Toronto, 1963), II, 146.
5. cited in Waite, **op. cit.**, 46.
6. Waite, **op. cit.**, 122.
7. F. H. Underhill, "Edward Blake and Canadian liberal nationalism", in R. Flenley (ed.), **Essays in Canadian History** (Toronto, 1939,), 134.
8. Waite, **op. cit.**, 16.
9. quoted in Careless, **op. cit.**, 111. My italics.
10. Macpherson to Macdonald, 23 June 1864, Private and Confidential; quoted in Sir Joseph Pope, **Correspondence of Sir John A. Macdonald** (Toronto, 1921), 12. On the importance which Galt placed on the Intercolonial, see his letter to Sir Edward Lytton of 17 November 1858, quoted in O. D. Skelton, **The Life and Times of Sir Alexander Tilloch Galt** (Toronto, 1920), 245-246.
11. F. H. Underhill, **The Image of Confederation** (Toronto, 1964), 8.
12. **Confederation Debates** (Quebec, 1865), 55.
13. cited in J. C. Bonenfant, **The French Canadians and the Birth of Confederation** (Ottawa, 1966), 5.
14. Of the 25 Quebec members who voted against the resolution, 22 were French Canadians. In the Legislative Council, the vote was 45 to 15 in favour of Confederation, but the 15 negatives included eight from Quebec, seven of whom were elected members and could therefore "claim to express the sentiments of a fairly large group of public opinion"; **ibid.**, 8.
15. cited in Waite, **op. cit.**, 135.
16. quoted in **ibid.**, 140.
17. Bonenfant, **op. cit.**, 19.
18. Waite, **op. cit.**, 134.
19. quoted in Underhill, **The Image of Confederation**, 8. The speech was reported in the third person.
20. See Dorion's speech in **Confederation Debates**, 251.
21. Letter of 13 November 1860, quoted in E. W. Watkin, **Canada and the States; Recollections, 1851 to 1886** (London, 1887), 15.
22. Cartier to Watkin, 30 April 1867, quoted in **ibid.**, 458. Cartier's italics.
23. Waite, **op. cit.**, 49. Indeed, the scheme was not very much different from that drawn up tentatively in 1858; **cf.** the letter from Cartier, Ross and Galt to Sir Edward Lytton, 25 October 1858, quoted in Skelton, **op. cit.**, 242-244.
24. Waite, **op. cit.**, 50
25. A. G. Bailey, "The basis and persistence of opposition to Confederation in New Brunswick", **Canadian Historical Review** (1942), 377.
26. Waite, **op. cit.**, 234.

27. quoted in **ibid.**, 240.
28. **Ibid.**, 273.
29. Tupper to Macdonald, 17 June 1866, quoted in Sir Charles Tupper, **Recollections of Sixty Years in Canada** (London, 1914), 69.
30. quoted in Waite, **op. cit.**, 208.
31. 15 December 1864, quoted in **ibid.**, 202.
32. **Ibid.**, 185.
33. Whelan to Galt, 17 December 1864, quoted in **ibid.**
34. Newfoundland was "almost destitute" in the 1860s, with the population of St. John's declining and one third of the provincial revenue going into direct public relief; **ibid.**, 162.
35. 5 January 1865, quoted in **ibid.**, 163.
36. J. H. Dales, "Some historical and theoretical comment on Canada's national policies", **Queen's Quarterly** (Autumn 1964), 301.
37. Bruce W. Hodgins, "Democracy and the Ontario Fathers of Confederation", in **Profiles of a Province: Studies in the History of Ontario** (Toronto, 1967), 87, 90.

A Daughter of Maitland

FRANCIS W. GRANT

Aboard their ships they took their brides,
And round the world away,
Saw the paddy fields of China
And the temples of Bombay;
Played the little cabin organ
As the ship beat two and fro,
Or stitched at tiny garments
When head-reaching in a blow.

That was the way of it with many a young bride back in the days of sail, when the Maritime Provinces ranked fourth among the ship-owning countries of the world. That was the way of it with Mrs. Helen Grant. And few indeed were the women who equalled her career at sea, where her honeymoon voyage developed into thirteen continuous years of sailing, and the ship was her chosen home.

Helen Mary Smith was born in Maitland, Nova Scotia, on March 25, 1853. She was the daughter of George Oxley Smith, a shipbuilder and owner, and a great-great-granddaughter of Col. William Smith, who was for many years a member of the Nova Scotia Legislative Council and the highest ranking officer

in Halifax during the war of 1812. Judge Jonathan McCully, one of the Fathers of Confederation, was an uncle. The brilliant but very eccentric William Alexander Smith, who had his name changed to Amor de Cosmos (Friend of the World), and who became Premier of British Columbia, was a cousin of her father. Perhaps her ability, determination and courage were derived from her outstanding family background.

As the daughter of a shipbuilder Helen had a great love for ships, and through her heredity and environment acquired a general knowledge of their operation. This quality was to stand her in good stead through the difficult and dangerous predicaments of emergency, storm and disaster. All three of these situations lay ahead, and when they confronted her she was equal to their challenge.

In the year 1873, when Helen Smith was twenty years of age and teaching school, a fine, new barque was being built in Maitland, birthplace of many famous ships. And to take this new barque to sea, when rigged and ready, came a dashing young sailing Master, Captain William Grant.

When the Barque "George" sailed Helen Smith was Captain Grant's bride. Her honeymoon took her first to Montreal, where the ship loaded cargo for Montevideo; then around Cape Horn to Valparaiso; back around the Horn to Antwerp; then, here and there around the globe for the next thirteen years. And during that thirteen years she came ashore only for the birth of her two children. Two boys, who knew no other home but the ship throughout their childhood. It was also their playground and their schoolroom.

It would be amiss not to comment on the type of man Helen Smith had married. William Grant was born at Grantville, Cape Breton, and at sixteen went to sea against his father's wishes. As he was leaving he said to his father, "I won't come

back till I have three skys'l yards over my head." Six years later at the age of 22 he was Captain of the full-rigged ship "Oliver Jordan", and returned to Cape Breton in keeping with his vow, proving that he was indeed in command of the "three skys'l yards" over his head.

During the Civil War in the United States, Captain Grant was Master of a Northern ship, the "Louisa Hatch". He was attacked by the Confederate raider, "Alabama", his cargo of coal was seized, his ship was burned and he and his crew were marooned on an island off the coast. They were finally able to escape in a fishing boat and made their way back north. But he considered as his most harrowing experience one during his earlier years at sea, when the ship in which he was second mate was wrecked on the rocky cast of Patagonia. Only five of the crew managed to swim to shore when the vessel went down, and he was one of the five. It was a desolate, uninhabited coast and they were starving when a wandering party of Indians came upon them. The Indians did everything they possibly could to help the shipwrecked sailors, sharing their food with them, nursing the sick back to health, and finally guiding them to a port where they were able to get a ship bound to the north. Nothing daunted William Grant returned to sea at once, and soon afterward was made a Captain.

Helen Smith and William Grant were well matched. Both loved the sea, the sailing craft and the adventures, in spite of the dangers and hardships. Born in an era when Nova Scotia's greatest assets were her ships and the men who manned them they fitted perfectly into the pattern of the time.

In school Helen Smith's favorite subject had been mathematics, and during the long months at sea she learned navigation from her husband. She learned how to take observations and work them out. She studied the charts, the barometer, the constellations, the ocean currents, the trade winds. She learned

everything she could about charters, contracts and freights. She also studied keenly the working of the ship—the sails, the rigging, the steering. She could not then forsee how well this knowledge was to serve her before the end of her seafaring career.

It was a difficult and an anxious job caring for children at sea. Especially so when sickness developed. On one voyage when Mrs. Grant's first boy was only a year old he became very ill with croup—that terrifying infant malady. The attack was so severe she almost abandoned all hope of saving the child. To make matters more difficult, as she used the limited means she had in the medicine chest for easing the attack, the weather developed into a terrific storm. For several days it blew such a tremendous gale Captain Grant was compelled to stay on deck continually, and the mother and the little one had to be left to fight it out as best they could. Holding the gasping boy in her arms constantly, applying such remedies as were available, Mrs. Grant was at last rewarded by the child's easier breathing.

But it was during the winter of 1879 the young woman from Maitland faced the most terrifying experience of her life. While crossing the Atlantic from New York to London in the full rigged ship "Thomas E. Kenney", laden with bulk grain, they ran into a number of furious gales. These gales shifting from north to north west built up extermely heavy seas. For six days and nights the storm raged with terrible intensity and the cargo began to shift. On the seventh day the wind reached a height of fury even greater than that already experienced and tragedy struck. The second mate and a sailor were washed overboard and drowned. Another sailor had a leg broken and the first mate was very seriously injured. Mountainous seas carried two boats away and badly damaged two others. The cargo shifted further and the ship listed heavily to port. The galley and the store-room were swept clean of all their contents, though fortunately there was a further supply of food in the cabin storeroom. The seas were sweeping over the ship so heavily it was impossible to use the pumps.

The following day, January 18, there was a slight abatement of the storm. It was only for a few hours but efforts were made during the lull to trim the cargo and lay the ship to. It was also possible to man the pumps. The respite was brief. Before the day was over a gale of hurricane force struck from the south west. It carried all the sails away, damaged the boats still further and heeled the ship over until the pumps, lee rail and houses were under water. Another terrible night wore away and in the morning, in an effort to save the ship, the main and mizzen masts were cut away. There was a depth of five feet of water in the well.

The next day the gale continued to blow in hurricane force, but the disabled and wallowing "Thomas E. Kenney" had now been sighted by the Portugese brig "Brunette". Captain Grant did not give up at once in spite of the hopeless situation and the pleas of his exhausted crew. For still another day he hung on while the "Brunette" stood by, unwilling to leave a brother mariner in such a desperate situation. Finally, on January 20th., when all efforts had failed and the ship beyond saving, Captain Grant made the decision to abandon her.

Before jumping into a fishing dory from the Portugese brig, a dory that was pitching wildly alongside, Mrs. Grant managed to make the mathematical calculations with which to establish the position of the doomed vessel. Her knowledge of navigation made it possible for her to do this quickly and accurately for the Board of Inquiry she knew would require this record.

Helen Grant's memories of those terrible days ending in the loss of the "Thomas E. Kenney", and the deaths of the crewmen in the fury of the storm, recalled an outstanding fear even greater than that of death. She said she could not free her mind from the dread that all on deck might be washed overboard leaving herself and her two little sons alone and helpless down below.

The rescue is best described in Mrs. Grant's own words: "A heavy sea was running so it was impossible to bring the boat alongside. They waited for a chance to back up, and when they did so I jumped. I was dressed in a heavy cashmere frock with a train and pleated frills, soaked to the knees and clinging like a leaden weight. But fortunately I was young and quick on my feet so I landed safely in the dory. The older boy came next—he was only four. I heard his father calling for a loose rope, the end of which was tied around the child, who after a few moments of suspense was tossed into the outstretched arms of a sailor in the boat. Then came the baby, and we were all taken aboard the "Brunette". After many trips of the dory, my husband, the last to leave our beautiful ship, came on board the brig and we bade goodbye to our wrecked home." And home indeed it had been because when the "Thomas E. Kenney" was being built the Captain's quarters had been specially fitted to make them as near as was possible to those of a normal home. The "Brunette" made the shipwrecked and exhausted passengers as comfortable as the limited space would permit, and eventually landed them at Lisbon.

Helen Grant's distressing experiences when the "Thomas E. Kenney" was lost were not to be her last. In 1883, while on a voyage to the Orient in the Barque "George", she was confronted with another situation few women would have been capable of mastering. Captain Grant became very ill and in Shanghai his trouble was diagnosed as appendicitis and peritonitis. For weeks he lay in the hospital there in a critical condition. When finally he began in improve, though not fully recovered, he decided he must take his ship on the return voyage to Montreal. At first he seemed equal to the task but as the days went by his strength began to fail and he suffered a complete relapse.

For five months Captain Grant lay almost helpless, hovering between life and death. It was the ultimate test of his wife's bravery, ability and endurance. She nursed the sick man, who

was many times delirious; attended to her two small boys; stood her share of the watches; managed a crew of seventeen seamen, in which, fortunately, she had a competent first mate; took the sights and navigated the ship around the Cape of Good Hope and safely to Montreal. During the entire five months the responsibility was hers as her husband was unable to give any help whatever, and no one else in the ship understood navigation. Captain Grant recovered finally, but only an iron constitution and his wife's devoted nursing pulled him through. Upon being complimented on her unusual achievement—and a glance at the map will explain that much better than words, she said her husband really deserved the credit for having thoroughly taught her navigation. That was her way throughout her lifetime, doing those things she believed should be done, doing them capably and willingly, and seeking no praise.

In 1882 a Pacific voyage had taken Captain and Mrs. Grant to Victoria, B.C. So impressed were they with the beauty of the locality and the climate they decided at once that would be their home. They selected the site, purchased the land and four years later returned and built a beautiful home. For many years the house stood, a landmark at Point Ellice on Bay Street. It was a vantage point from which they could watch the ships come and go, with a "widow's walk" on the roof to give added elevation for viewing the scene. The furnishings for the home were brought from many different parts of the world. Handsome teakwood furniture, lovely Oriental ware and china, souvenirs in abundance acquired here and there in their global wanderings.

But they were of the sea and to the sea they turned to continue their way of life. Captain Grant invested in the sealing industry, becoming a stockholder of the Victoria Sealing Company on its formation. He went on to become one of the largest sealing vessel owners in British Columbia, was appointed managing director of the Victoria Sealing Company and remain-

ed in that position until his death in 1916. Helen Grant continued to be her husband's able assistant, kept all the accounts and made up the payrolls. She owned the sealing schooner "Beatrice" herself, and when asked if it had many any money for her the smiling reply was, "it never lost me a dollar."

Distressing experiences had not ended with those Mrs. Grant had encountered at sea. On May 26, 1896, together with a sister and two visiting friends, she was standing looking out the window of her home as heavily laden street cars carrying holiday merrymakers were crossing the Point Ellice Bridge. Suddenly, to their horror, they saw the bridge collapse, taking with it a street car filled with people, several horse drawn vehicles and many pedestrians into the water below. Captain Grant was at his wharf nearby overseeing the moving of a sealing schooner at the time, and his men were in the boats. He immediately sent the boats to the rescue, and the witnesses at the window rushed out and were able to get two additional boats off. The quick action saved many lives, and willing helpers were soon at hand to assist. Meanwhile, the ever alert and quick thinking veteran of emergencies, Mrs. Grant, was hastily preparing the house for the survivors. Fires were built, every blanket in the house was laid out, flat-irons were heated to speed the task of reviving those who still showed any signs of life. Every unconscious form was carefully examined by the doctors who had hurried to the scene. Those already dead and beyond all help were laid in rows on the lawn of the Grant home. Forty eight men, women and children perished in the disaster, and every drape in the house was used to make shrouds for the victims.

When the Klondike gold rush was at its height the most heart-rending experience of their lives came to the Grants. Their son, William, who had been tossed into the dory at the side of the sinking "Thomas E. Kenney", now a young man of 23, joined the thousands heading north to the gold fields. He never

reached the Klondike. While packing his supplies over one of the dread passes he became over-heated and developed pneumonia. Without medical help or proper shelter little could be done for him. When his body finally reached home, without any knowledge of their son's death until the coffin was brought to their door, the parents were stunned. He had gone away in the bloom of perfect health, fired with the prospect of finding a fortune. To Helen Grant who had borne him, nursed him through childhood's diseases at sea, saw him survive shipwreck and the many dangers of life on shipboard it was a crushing blow.

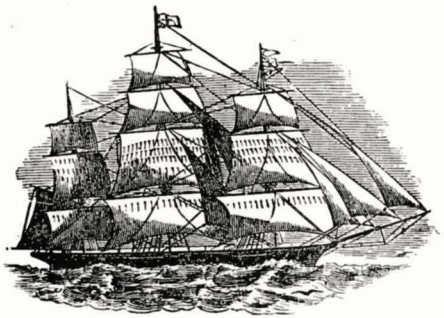
But life must go on in spite of the heartaches. Mrs. Grant, encouraged by her husband, gave freely of her time and her talent to community affairs. Having been a schoolteacher in young womanhood she was particularly interested in helping to better the lot of the teachers of her city, who were then being paid notoriously low salaries. She was elected to the Victoria School Board and served thereon for six years. Largely through her efforts a much better rate of pay was secured for the teachers. When in 1901 the Duke of York (later King George V) visited Victoria Mrs. Grant was presented to him as the first, and only woman school trustee in Canada at the time.

The Home for Aged and Infirm Women, the Women's Christian Temperance Union Home, the Local Council of Women, the Friendly Help Society and the Protestant Orphanage all came into being through the pioneer efforts of Mrs. Grant and a number of devoted friends. As fate was to have it she lived to be the last surviving charter member of all these organizations. She was a life long member of the Baptist Church.

In all of Mrs. Grant's community activities she followed the rule of "pay as you go" and the result was that every organization she helped to form was debt free. A few years before she died she was presented with an "Appreciation" gold medal honoring her as one of Victoria's best citizens. A fine tribute to

her never failing consideration of the aged, the unfortunate, the sick, reflected so clearly in the organizations she was associated with. But perhaps her greatest reward was the satisfaction of seeing equal suffrage for women become a reality—a cause she had campaigned for unceasingly for many years.

Mrs. Helen Grant lived to the great age of 91 years. Hers had been a full life. A life of romance, of adventure, joy and sorrow, shipwreck and disaster, services to the less fortunate. Truly she was an outstanding daughter of Maitland—of Nova Scotia—one of that daring Bluenose breed who answered the siren call of the sea.



An Adventure With A Privateer

PHYLLIS R. BLAKELEY

One November morning in the year 1778 the inhabitants of Lockport in Nova Scotia were anxiously watching a schooner sailing into the harbour. Was she friend or foe? During the American Revolution many privateers were little more than pirates, who robbed poor fishermen and stole from villages along the coast, looting and plundering.

A week before, Paul d'Entrement, whose house stood on the shores of Pubnico Harbour, had seen a vessel on the horizon. He was expecting his brother Benoni who had gone on a trading voyage to St. Pierre in his schooner, the *Bonaventure,* but he soon realized that this was a foreign ship, possibly a pirating privateer coming in to rob them of their possessions—as had happened a number of times along the coast of Nova Scotia recently.

Yoking his oxen to a stone boat, Paul rolled onto it a puncheon of molasses and some other supplies needed to feed his family through the winter, and drove his oxen far into the woods, for the privateersmen would be delighted to butcher them for fresh meat. In the meantime the women of his household,

and of his absent brother Benoni, had hidden all their precious relics and valuables, and concealed their money in the partitions of the house.

Paul, Benoni and Joseph d'Entremont had been children in 1755 when the Acadians had been expelled from Nova Scotia. However, after the great conflict of the Seven Year's War between France and Great Britain had ended and the French authorities had withdrawn from North America, the three d'Entrement brothers were among the Acadians who sailed from Boston to return to Nova Scotia—this time to settle at Pubnico in Yarmouh County.

Now in 1778 the families of Paul and Benoni d'Entrement lived near the mouth of the harbour on the west side, and about three miles farther up Pubnico Harbour resided their brother Joseph, and Abel and Paul Duon. On the east side were the Amirault, Isidore, Belliveau, Larkin, Goodwin, Brown and Seeley families.

But Paul was the only man left home at the mouth of the harbour to resist the greed of the marauders approaching in the strange ship. Taking down his musket, he told the women that he would be hiding in the woods where he could see what was happening, and he would come if they called, but he thought that they would be better off alone than with one man to fight off a dozen.

The New England vessel anchored in the harbour. Soon a boatload of privateersmen rowed ashore. They walked boldly into the d'Entrement homes and looked around, but they did not tear the houses apart searching for valuables, or insult the terrified women. After what seemed a long time to the women and children, the Yankees rowed back to their ship and sailed out the harbour. This was not the last the d'Entrement family were to hear of the privateer, which continued to lie in wait off the

south coast of Nova Scotia in the hope of taking a rich prize. Privateering was legal in those days of small navies as a way of crippling your enemy's trade, but fishing vessels and small coastal schooners were left unharmed by all—but the meanest privateering captains.

About five days later the fishing schooner *Bonaventure,* with Benoni d'Entrement in command, was off Lockeport on her return voyage from St. Pierre when a sail was sighted to the west. Thinking that this vessel was a friendly fisherman, Captain Benoni decided to hail her for news of home, and ordered the man at the wheel to bring the schooner about. So, the *Bonaventure* was laid to and awaited the arrival of the strange craft. When she came near enough to be recognized as an American privateer it was too late to escape. What else could Captain Benoni do but stay there and take the "consequences of his stupidity"?

After the privateer had been fastened by grapling irons to the *Bonaventure,* the Yankee commander and some of his armed men jumped on board, and told Captain Benoni that his vessel was seized because it was a British ship carrying contraband goods. The Acadian explained that he was a fisherman, and that most of his supplies were desperately needed to feed the families in his village during the long winter. He pleaded with the American to let him go. After hearing Benoni's name and the place he hailed from the Yankee captain laughed heartily:

"Why, I was to your house just a few days ago and found the folks all well, but the house was pretty damned bare of valuables. We didn't have time to stop long, being anxious to catch you" and he put his head back and hawed-hawed loudly at his own joke.

Benoni's face showed that this was no laughing matter for him, and the American captain said: "Never mind acting like a

polite Frenchman, Captain d'Entrement. I am sure you are glad you met us to repay us for our empty visit to your house!" Then turning towards his own ship he ordered about a dozen of his crew to come aboard the *Bonaventure* and added: "It's not worth taking these men home with us as prisoners. Keep their pilot and put the rest overboard and let them get ashore as best they can." Then the privateer sailed away to the east to look for more prizes.

The new owners of the *Bonaventure* drove the Acadian crew into the bow where several men stood guard over them with loaded muskets, while the others sailed the vessel closer to shore. Then the Yankees on the *Bonaventure* pushed their prisoners overboard, keeping one man named Kinney as pilot.

Captain Benoni d'Entrement and his men managed to struggle through the icy November water although sailors are notoriously poor swimmers, and they scrambled over the rocks to dry land. It was a fine afternoon—the kind of St. Martin's Day as the Acadians call Indian summer, and the bright sun warmed the shivering sailors as they wrung the water out of their jerseys and trousers, and started to walk towards the village of Lockeport. As he walked towards the village the tall Acadian sea captain cursed himself for his stupidity, and he turned around many times to look at his beloved schooner being sailed out to sea by strangers. His men were discussing in low voices how they could get food for their wives and children during the long winter months ahead, while the mate was bemoaning loudly about the loss of the casks of brandy they were bringing from St. Pierre.

The sun was sinking, and the wind had died to a calm, as the wet bedraggled Acadian fishermen reached Lockeport. This town had been settled by families of hardy New Englanders, many of whom had relatives back home in the Thirteen Colonies who were fighting for their independence against King

George III. Indeed, some of the citizens of Lockeport had helped two or three hundred American privateersmen captured by the British navy to escape along the coast of Nova Scotia and had even taken some of them home in their fishing vessels to New England when they went to trade fish for flour, sugar, molasses, rum and other supplies which were scarce in Halifax. But the people of Lockeport had no sympathy for American privateersmen who robbed honest fishermen instead of attacking rich merchant ships. The Kinneys were deeply alarmed because one of their relatives was still a prisoner of the Yankees on the *Bonaventure.*

The *Bonaventure* was lying becalmed two miles offshore. The pilot's brother quickly volunteered to go with Captain Benoni d'Entrement on his desperate scheme to get his schooner back. John Locke also came forward to swear, with his hands clasped in Benoni's, to follow him to success or death. Every boat in Lockeport was at their service, but they chose a light dory, and muffled the oars and thole pins. Each man had a loaded gun within easy reach. Locke and Kinney rowed, while Captain Benoni sat in the stern, commanding by gestures as he dared not speak a word.

The black hull of the *Bonaventure,* silhouetted above the water with the horizon as a background, grew larger and larger as they cautiously rowed nearer. The new crew was heavily armed, but the three were prepared to shoot the first man they saw. Kinney was afraid that his brother might have been left alone on deck, but fortunately there was not a soul to be seen on the schooner.

Quietly the Nova Scotians rowed under the stern and listened. Not a sound reached their ears. Coming alongside the *Bonaventure,* they jumped aboard at once, trying to make as much noise as if thirty men instead of three had boarded the schooner. Benoni jumped to the companionway with a loaded

musket in his hands and shouted for all below to surrender. Locke and Kinney were moving heavily on deck, talking loudly and firing off their guns, pretending that a score of men instead of two had gained possession of the ship.

The Acadian skipper looked down the companionway. Instead of brave men rushing up to attack their enemies, by the dim light of a hanging lantern he saw men lying on the floor and sprawled over the table in drunken stupor. The prize crew had sampled too much of the choice liquors the Acadians had been bringing home from St. Pierre, which had made them gloriously drunk. Only the pilot had no victory to celebrate and was still sober. As the commotion that Locke and Kinney were making penetrated their consciousness, a few of the Yankees stirred and awakened from their drunken sleep. The noise from the deck sounded as if a whole regiment had arrived! Hearing Benoni shouting for them to surrender or be killed, the prize crew begged for mercy.

"Plenty of time to holler for mercy when you have a rope around your neck" gruffly answered Benoni. Then he said to the pilot Kinney "Pass up all their arms and if any of those pirates move I will fill him full of lead." The pilot hastened to obey, quickly passing up their guns, sheath-knives and everything that he could find that the Yankees might fight with.

When this was done, the Acadian skipper called down: "Come up here on deck, Kinney, and bring some hammer and nails aloft for Tom and Jacques. If anyone else shows his head I will blow it off". When the pilot appeared on deck, Benoni called out: "Come over here, you, Bill and Jonathan, and you, Jean. Help Tom and Jacques nail down the hatch and barrel these herrings to take into the harbour to salt down."

At daybreak a light breeze sprang up, and the four men trimmed the sails. Slowly the *Bonaventure* made her way to-

wards the harbour, the dory riding astern. As they approached the village they saw little knots of armed men standing by the fish stores and the wharves. Those on shore were wondering which side had won and who was sailing the vessel into the harbour—was it friend or foe? Had d'Entrement, Locke and Kinney succeeded in seizing the fishing schooner? Had the privateersmen killed them, and were coming in to wreck vengence on the people of Lockeport?

As soon as the *Bonaventure* was close enough for only four figures to be seen on deck, the men, women and children on shore began to shout with joy. Dories were speedily manned to row out to meet the heroes, and to bring the prisoners ashore.

A dozen sullen, disheartened men, suffering from hangovers, were escorted along the street that bracing November morning in 1778 by the three who had captured them. The prisoners were brought before the local magistrate for trial. Some of the jeering crowd, who had suffered many losses from American privateers, wanted the prisoners hanged. Others wished them sent to jail at Halifax. Now that he had recovered his ship and cargo, Captain Benoni d'Entrement said to let the captives go free to find their way back to their native land as best they could.

This sentence was carried out, the prisoners being given an hour to take themselves off to the woods. "If any of you are ever found around here again he will be hanged" declared the magistrate.

The next August other privateersmen descended upon Lockeport with more success. A group of men, who claimed that they were Tories exiled from Penobscot for their loyalty to the British, landed on their way to Halifax. They were given food and shelter by the kindly Lockeport people. Later the pretended "Tories" returned, seized a boat worth fifty pounds Hali-

fax currency, and "went a Robing". Among other things they stole nineteen quintals of codfish and four barrels of salt, three salmon nets, sixty pounds of butter, five dressed skins, "one Green Hyde", and some cheese from William Porterfield, John Matthews, Thomas Hayden and Jonathan Locke. These gentlemen complained bitterly to the State of Massachusetts about this treatment because the people of Lockeport had "helped three or four hundred Prisoners up along to America and Given part of our Living to them, and, have Concealed Privateers & prizes too from the British Cruisers, in this Harbour."

Incidents like these changed the natural sympathy of Nova Scotians for their relatives in New England to a violent dislike of Americans and of the cause of American Independence, and helped to keep Nova Scotia a loyal part of the British Commonwealth.

Towards the end of November 1778 Paul d'Entrement saw a sail at the mouth of Pubnico Harbour, but this time it was his brother Benoni coming home to his family in the schooner *Bonventure*, after one of the most exciting adventures of his life—an adventure with a privateer.

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Forgotten Trades Of Nova Scotia

DAVID E. STEPHENS

Editor's Note:

When the Nova Scotia Historical Quarterly began publication it was hoped that we would present an Anthology of Nova Scotia books in serial form, and this may still be possible sometime in the future.

Meanwhile, we are happy to announce that we have found a suitable and very interesting alternative in the work *Forgotten Trades of Nova Scotia* by David Stephens. This will appear in a series, rather than serial form, with a group of trades in each issue. On completion, this series will be published in book form with illustrations.

THE FARRIER

In 1847, the Rev. James Barclay, in his "Universal English Dictionary" defined *Farriery* (the work of the *Ferrier*) as . . .

> the art of curing, palliating, or preventing
> the diseases of horses, called of later years,
> and since the subject has employed the attention
> of scientific persons, the *Veterinary Art.*

Up until that time period (mid-1800's), the local Farrier was anyone who both shod horses and "professed" veterinary

surgery. It was at this turning point in time that the Veterinary started to become a separate form of medical science, while the Farrier became solely involved with the shoeing of horses. If he delt only with the shoeing of horses (and oxen), then he was indeed a Farrier, however, in many cases, a Farrier was also the local blacksmith, who did shoeing along with many other jobs. In fact, there were many more part-time Farriers than full-time Farriers in early Nova Scotia.

Another term, other than Farrier, came into common usage to describe anyone who both made and put on horseshoes (also ox shoes), and that was *shoer*.

The building in which horses were shod was refered to as a *farriery*.

HORSESHOES

In old England, both horseshoes and horseshoe nails were used as money for paying of taxes. Horseshoes were, over the years, considered to be a sign of good fortune. Lucky indeed was the one who found a horseshoe. To make his luck well established, he had to throw the shoe over his left shoulder with his right hand. Horseshoes were often nailed over doorways, and arguments have existed for years (and still exist) as to the proper method of putting the shoe over the doorway. Some feel that by having the open end up, you hold in the luck, while others have the theory that by pointing the open end down, you will spill the luck over those passing beneath. A shoe with four nail holes on one side and three on the other was a charm of extreme good fortune.

The main reason for applying shoes to the feet of a horse was to protect the hoofs. A wild horse did not require protection, for he rarely travelled on the hard-packed dirt roads or cobbled streets of the city, nor did he have a heavy load to pull

behind him. But the domestic horse, harnessed for work, had problems. His hoofs wore down quickly, became cracked and often infected, and thus needed protection.

The idea of a horseshoe goes back over the last 2000 years, and the basic idea of both the shoe and the shoe-nail have not really changed in all that time. Simply described, the horseshoe was a piece of iron bent to fit the outline of the horse's hoof, then nailed up into the hoof. The operation was, of course, quite painless as the hoof is similar to a human's fingernail. It has no nerves and continues to grow. This growing means that the shoes have to be changed every few months.

Around the turn of the century, ready-made horseshoes were being produced. Up until that time, the Farrier had to form and bend the shoes from a piece of grooved iron especially designed for the purpose.

The U-shaped shoe consisted of the open *quarter* or *heel* portion, the *sponge* or pointed end, and the *branches* or sides of the shoe. To form a hand-made shoe, the Farrier would cut off a piece of stock, and heat it in the forge. Then he would bend it to shape on the *horseshoe-anvil,* which was a little different than the ordinary blacksmith's anvil in that it corresponded in shape and size to the horse's hoof. The whole heating and bending operation had to be repeated several times until the final shape was completed. Some forms of anvils had shanks which allowed for adjustment in the socket-hole of the anvil, so that it could be in the natural or the reversed position.

Horseshoe nails or *horse-nails* were made from rather soft material, had a tapering shank, and a thick, strong head.

When the horse lost a shoe, he was said to *cast* it. When shoes were changed from one foot to another, it was termed *removing.*

(Present day horseshoes come in three basic styles: *common, draft* and *driving*. The shoes are usually made of drop-forged steel, although some light—8¾ ounces—aluminum shoes are produced. The heavest modern shoe is a 40 ounce steel model.)

SHOEING METHODS

Many horses didn't like to be shod, especially when it came to shoeing their hind hoofs. They were often a little nervous, and it took gentle strokes and kind words from the Farrier to keep him calm throughout the whole experience. However, there were some horses that no words or gentle pats could soothe, and for that particular animal, there were several devices that could be used. The *twitch* was a loop applied over the horse's upper jaw and nostrils, that only required a tug to pratically cut off his air passages. Another device was the *barnacle,* which was put over his nose. The barnacle was usually made of iron, and was constructed of two branches, hinged at one end. Another device involved fastening the horse's tail to one of his legs, with both attached to a post, so that the harder he kicked, the harder he tugged at his own tail. The *stocks* was a type of frame in which an unyielding animal could be restrained, as was the canvas *sling.*

Some of the older horses were quite clever, in that instead of readjusting their weight to three legs when one was lifted, they would keep the same amount of pressure on all four. This meant that the Farrier had to hold quite a load, so the *foot-rest* was occasionally used. This was a simple stage which was used to support the horse's leg while being shod.

If the horse had been shod before, the old shoes had to be carefully removed, being sure not to damage the walls of the hoof. All the accumulated mud and small stones were then extracted from the hoof with a *horse-pick* (a smaller version of which once formed a part of any good pocket-knife).

The paring down of the hoof came next. This was just like cutting over-grown finger nails. It required great care to be sure the depth of cut would be just right, so that it would not hinder the proper use of the hoof. One mistake in judgment could mean waiting several months for the hoof to grow out enough to correct the error. The most common tool for this operation was the *paring-knife* (also called a *hoof-paring knife* and a *hooked-tool*). The knife had a recurved blade, the long sharp section of which was used to pare the hoof, while the sharply-curved end was used as a scorper (between the frog and sole of the hoof). A unique form of this paring knife was one designed with the usual blade, and other pointed rod (horse-pick) coming out of the same handle at about 30° from the blade. The *butteris* was also used to pare horse's hoofs, and was a long chisel-blade knife, with a bent shank, that was operated by resting the handle against the Farrier's shoulder and pushing the blade against the roof. *Pincers* were like enlarged finger nail clippers, and used in much the same manner to trim down the hoof to the proper size and shape.

Once the hoof had been pared down evenly, at the correct angle, and to the proper depth, then the partly formed shoe was forged into proper shape by the shoer. Four nail holes were then punched into each side, making a total of eight holes (although some smaller shoes only had six holes). The holes were punched (or enlarged) with the *pritchel.* A projecting flange, called a *clip,* was usually applied to the upper side of the shoe. The clip partly entered the wall of the horse's hoof, for protection.

The properly formed shoe was then heated and placed on the hoof, while hot, so that it would "burn on", i.e., it would make perfect contact at all points with a hoof. The nails were then carefully driven in with the *shoeing-hammer,* which resembled an ordinary claw hammer, except that it was lighter and had a smaller, more tapered face. The nails were made to project out through the walls of the hoof, where the sharp ends

were snipped off, before being clinched against the hoof with the aid of the nail-clincher. If the shoer miscalculated and drove a nail into the quick of the hoof, the resulting wound was termed *accloy* or *cloy*. This practice was not usually advisable, especially when the safety of the shoer was at stake.

CALKING

Most shoes were *calked,* that is, provided with blunt projections (*calks*) on the lower surface of the heel. Occasionally, a toe calk would also be provided. The main reason for calks was to prevent slipping. This was even more important when winter-time came, when horses were used for hauling heavy loads on icy streets, working in logging camps, or clearing the ice fields for the annual ice harvest on a local lake. There were two types of winter calks, one was a screw-on style and the other was welded on. Another term used to describe the projections was *roughing.* A corruption of the term *calk* was *cork,* which was usually used to mean that a calking, or else a number of nails, had been used on a horse's shoe to prevent his falling on slippery ground.

Horseshoe calks were formed with a *calk-swage,* and the Farrier usually adapted a blacksmith's anvil to a *calking-anvil* for both forming and sharpening of the calks. The actual sharpening was done with *calking-tongs,* also known as *calk-sharpeners.*

OX SHOEING

It was not an easy job to shoe an ox, for the ox was not very graceful, and had great difficulty in standing on three legs in order to be shod. For this reason, a special sling had to be used in order to properly support his weight and allow the shoer to finish his work as quickly as possible. The sling was called an ox-brake, and was fitted to a wooden frame. It basically consisted of a form of stall, which was used to hold the neck of the ox,

and a sling into which the ox was supported (the sling prevented the animal from moving around and held the ox secure so that he could not lie down). The sling was controlled by several chains and pullies. To hold the foot secure while being shod, a foot-rest made of a post or bar was provided for each foot to be lashed to.

The ox shoe had to be made in two parts (*split shoe*), due to the fact that an ox had a split hoof. The shoes were made from fairly thin metal (as compared to horseshoes), shaped like a lower case "h", and had many small nail holes (the ox hoof was thinner than that of a horse and thus required smaller nails, and a greater number of nails).

TYPES OF HORSESHOES

BAR-SHOE—This type had a bar across the heel to protect the frog (tender spongy section in the center of the hoof) from injury.

BEAK—A little shoe, at the toe approximately one inch long, which was turned up and secured into the forepart of the horse's hoof.

CUTTING-SHOE—A shoe that only had nails on one side. It was used for a horse that "interfered" or "cut". Another term used to describe it was FEATHER-EDGE SHOE.

HALF-SHOE—If a horse was not completely shod, then he often wore a half-shoe (which was only on one side of his hoof), just as a protective (or corrective) measure.

LOAD-PULLING SHOE—A sturdy, heavy shoe.

"MILK WAGON" SHOE—A special shoe made of rubber and cork, fitted to some horses pulling milk wagons, so that their hoofs would not make too much noise, on the cobblestones, during the early morning hours.

PLATE—A plate was a horseshoe fitted upon a race-horse.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

Under a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands.

When one thinks of a blacksmith and his shop, these lines from Longfellow's *The Village Blasksmith* are often recalled from our school days. It is through this poem that the blacksmith has become a living memory to many, a tradition of strength and mightiness.

PORT ROYAL'S BLACKSMITH SHOP

The original Habitation at Port Royal, built in 1604, was well equipped with a blacksmith shop. Although the iron used for the hardware throughout the Habitation was probably brought over from the Old World, it still had to be hand-forged. In fact, all items of metal had to come from the skilled hand of the smith, although some work was done in the blacksmith shop by the armourer or gunsmith.

BLACKSMITHS IN NOVA SCOTIA

One hundred and ten years ago, there were 1518 blacksmiths in the province of Nova Scotia. The blacksmith was one of the most important members of any community, for he was the local handyman of a by-gone era, a man who could make or fix *anything*. His work included making and repairing all forms of tools, equipment, farm implements, hardware, wagon-wheel tires, sled runners, nails, and any other items that could be fashioned from iron by forging. The local blacksmith was so important, that there were very few communities without one, and when the population of a rural area could not support a professional smith, some local farmers would set up some basic equipment in a barn or shed, and do their own blacksmithing.

Although the job required a great deal of knowledge and skill, the amateur blacksmith could often do simple, basic repairs.

With the advent of the Industrial Age, the role of the blacksmith disappeared almost into extinction. Only a few decades into this century saw only a hand-full of smiths left, and by the time the 1970's rolled around, it was another forgotten trade. Forgotten, that is, except for a few rural men who still have an anvil and some tools that they can use for general repairs. These very tools and equipment, as used by the blacksmiths of yesterday, have only been saved by collectors and the restoring of blacksmith shops at such places as ROSS FARM or Grand Pre National Historic Park.

THE BLACKSMITH

The term *blacksmith* comes from England, and is usually considered to be named because of his occupation (called *black-work*), which had a tendency to begrime him. Another theory is that he is named after the metal he worked with, which was black, as compared to a silversmith or goldsmith who worked with polished metals, and were referred to as *whitesmiths.* Another term used to describe his occupation, art, or trade was *ironsmith.* The term *smith,* used independently, was generally applied to the blacksmith.

A blacksmith's helper was called a *striker* or *hammer-man,* and it was his job to prepare the work for the smith, as well as wield the heavy sledge-hammer.

The business of the blacksmith was described as *smithing, smithery,* or by the little-used term, *smithcraft.*

There were many specialized industries that required the services of a blacksmith, for doing special types of jobs. These industries included shipyards, mining operations, lumbering firms, printing trades, gun-making companies, as well as one of

the largest employers of blacksmiths, the railway companies. If a smith worked at a particular job, then the name used to describe him often reflected his work, e.g., a *coachsmith* worked the iron for coach-builders, an *anchor-smith* forged ship anchors, and *tire-smith* made the tires for carriage and wagon wheels. But no matter what term was used to describe the smith and his work, two things were considered as facts—his work was both an *art* and it was functionally *beautiful.*

SMITHERY

A blacksmith's shop was not the most beautiful building in a village. In fact, it more often than not had a "run-down" appearance, and usually had a "rambling" effect, as it was enlarged and added to as needed, according to the amount and type of work the smith did. The building itself was called a *forge,* a *smithy,* a *stithy,* or more commonly, a *smithery.*

A blacksmith's shop didn't usually require a sign to identify itself as such. The shoemaker might have a large boot carved of wood, hanging over his doorway, or the pawnbroker might have the three metal balls in front of his shop, but you could tell a blacksmith shop by just looking at it, and usually by just listening. In the "Boston States", the favorite sign for a smithery was a carved eagle, which was holding in its claws an iron arrow. Most Nova Scotian shops, if they had a sign at all, simply used a hand painted board that gave the smith's name and perhaps the title, "BLACKSMITH".

About 100 years ago, the blacksmith took over the job of horseshoeing from the Farrier. Up until then, a Farrier did shoeing plus acted as a form of Veterinary. After the mid 1800's, the Farrier became a Veterinary completely, and lost the job of shoeing. The blacksmith and the Farrier became basically one and the same. In fact, the blacksmith's shop gained another name about this time, that of *Farriery.*

BLACKSMITH'S EQUIPMENT

FORGE

The *forge* was one of the most important pieces of equipment in the smithery, for it was in this open furnace that the iron had to be heated by the aid of a blast of air from the hugh bellows. Not only did almost all of his work require heating before being worked upon, but in many cases the item would have to be heated several times before the required operations were completed.

BELLOWS

The large, stationary bellows was used for "blowing the fire". It was so constructed that by raising one side, the center bladder-like section would expand, causing the air to enter the chest, while a downward motion on the bellows caused the air to be forced through a pipe to the area of the fire desired. It was by using the bellows that the smith could keep the bed of charcoal at the required stage for the work he was doing. The usual form of expanding and contracting the bellows was with an overhead lever that had only to be pumped once or twice for most heating requirements. Another form of bellows, also with a collapsible chest or bag like that just described, was fitted with a treadle, and was termed a *foot-bellows.*

ANVIL

The *anvil* (also called a *stith* or *stithy*) was made of cast iron (although some were wrought iron) with a coat of hard steel (to form the working surface), smooth on top, and used to hammer the preheated metal upon. This steel surface on the top was termed the *face,* or *head,* and was the main working surface. On one end of the anvil was a rounded projection called a *beak* or *horn,* projecting out from the body of the anvil at the *web,* which was the portion that was of reduced size, just below the face. The horn was used for shaping any circular parts, such as

hooks or rings. An anvil could weigh from 100 to 500 pounds (the most common was 250 pounds), and had to be set securely upon a heavy block of wood, or on top of a sturdy post fitted into the ground that formed the shop's floor.

The face or working surface of the anvil was often made with a slight concave top. One edge of the face was often rounded, slightly, so that it could be used for rounding and bending the metal. Between the horn and the face was a section that was slightly lower than the face, called the *chipping* (or *cutting*) *block,* and was used with a cutting chisel to shear off thin metal stock.

On the square end (called the *heel*), opposite to that of the horn, were two holes. A round one, called a *pritchel hole,* was used for such things as punching nails out of horseshoes or bending rods (provided they were of a small diameter). A square *hardy hole* was used to fit the square tangs of several special tools. By placing these tools into the hardy hole, it allowed the smith to work the hot iron alone, which was not usually the case when other types of equipment required holding. When a special tool had to be held, both the smith and his assistance were needed to hold and hammer the material.

ANVIL TOOLS

In order to cut off stock, especially round and square stock, a *cutter* or *hack-iron* was used. This tool was basically an upright chisel, upon which the stock was laid and struck once or twice to cut it off. Two forms of *hardies* were also used, straight ones for cutting square or rectangular holes in metal, and half-round hardies for cutting circular-shaped holes. For best effect, both of these tools were used in the hardy holes, and had their cutting edges set at 60°.

A *swage,* the round version of which was called a *rounding-tool,* usually consisted of a bottom and a top swage. The bottom

part was fitted into the hardy hole, the stock of hot metal was placed in the groove (usually semi-cylindrical), and then after the top swage was placed over the stock, it was struck with the hammer. This process was used for forming such items as bolt stems. Shapes, other than round, could be formed by using swages with different shaped grooves.

Two forms of small anvils used in the hardy holes of the large anvil were the *stake* (which took various forms) and the *bickiron* (which was corrupted to *bickern*) or *bicker iron,* which was a long, tapering piece of equipment. The bickiron was often used for making and repairing such small sheet-metal jobs as kitchen utensils.

GRINDSTONE

The many tools used by the smith often required sharpening, and the best instrument for the job was the *grindstone.* Mounted in a wooden frame, it often was fitted with a foot-treadle rather than just a crank, for turning the stone. Some types were also fitted with a water-trough at the bottom so that the stone could be kept cool. The advantage of the grindstone, was that its speed could be perfectly regulated. Occasionally, a small bench-mounted hand-grinder was used for small tools.

POST DRILL

A little more modern piece of equipment used in the smithery was the post drill, which was the fore-runner of the drill-press of today. Because it was turned by hand, it could be fed slowly into the work. The post drill received its name from the fact that it was usually mounted upon a post in the smithery, with top and bottom bolts going through its back.

HAND TOOLS

A blacksmith shop usually was outfitted with one or two work benches. One was used with woodworking tools, for the

blacksmith often had to work with wooden wheels, carriages, wagons, sleds, &c. But scattered upon another bench, laying on the floor, or hanging from the walls and rafters were a multitude of other tools of many shapes, sizes, and uses. Many tools were especially designed by the smith himself for a particular job—a job he may not have to repeat for another month, another year, or even longer. But it was there for when he did need it. Besides, a good blacksmith never threw out any tools just because he may not need it again, or even if it had become broken or worn out. He knew that someday, sometime, he would be able to make a new instrument from two or three old ones, or somehow find a way to utilize it for some purpose.

Many of the original designs were never to be seen again, as they often represented one-of-a-kind tools. Even some standard tools were not mass produced when industry started to manufacture equipment for the blacksmith shop. Besides, many smiths did not like to buy ready-made tools, prefering instead to make their own. That way they had that certain "feel" that was uniquely their own. If a smith wanted a tool to be a little more or of a slightly different design, then he could change it as he pleased.

If a piece of square iron had to be twisted, a *hand-hook* could be used, while the *hooked-tool* (a three-sided bent bar) was used to take the twist out of a bar.

Heads could be put on the ends of bolts with a *heading-tool,* by running the rod into a hole of the required size and forming the knob by hammering down on the end of the bolt stem. A collar or flange was formed on a rod by using a rounding instrument called a *collar-tool.*

Many forms of punches and chisels were used. (Another term for chisels was *cold cutters*). The *drift* was a narrow

punch, often held by a long handle. The *splitting-chisel* was equipped with a very sharp cutting edge, and could be used for cutting metal in a longitudinal direction. The *cold chisel* as used by early blacksmiths was much wider and stouter than those of today. It was held by a *withe,* which was a tough, flexible branch or twig used as a handle. The withe was commonly made from hazel-rod or willow-rod, then soaked in water. The blade of the cold chisel was quite thick as compared to the blade of the *hot chisel* (also called *hot cutter* or *hot set*). As the names implied, the cold chisel was used to cut cold metal, while the hot chisel was used only on heated stock.

A tool formed of two parts, joined by a pivot, and which was used for grasping heated objects, was the tongs. Tongs came in many different sizes and styles (depending upon the operation to be performed). The jaw of the tongs was called the *bit* (such as flat-bit tongs), and a small ring which was used to hold the handles closed was termed a *coupler,* or *link,* or *reins.* The coupler released the strain from the smith's hand while he was working. Some of the more common types of tongs included flat-bit, crook-bit, link, hollow-bit, horseshoe, hoop, pick-up, round-bit and square-bit.

HAMMERS

Perhaps the most important form of hand tool was the wide array of hammers that the smith required.

Light forge work was done with the hand-hammer (or *bench-hammer*), which usually had a large, slightly rounded face and a cross peen on the opposite end. Other smaller hammers included the *straight, cross* and *ball peen.*

The *sledge* or *sledge-hammer* was the largest, weighing from 7 or 8 pounds up to about 20 pounds. Its use required two hands, and was usually operated by the blacksmith's assistant. A

fore-hammer was a sledge that was used alternately with the bench-hammer. In this case the smith usually used the bench-hammer and the striker used the sledge. Another term used to describe the large sledge was *about-hammer* (or *about-sledge*), and was basically British in origin, whereas the term *sledge-hammer* was North America.

The *set hammer* had a tapering head, and a square, flat face (usually no more than 1¼"). It was used by striking the end opposite the face with the hand—or sledge-hammer. If the surface of the work had to be smoothed or flat-faced, a hammer similar to the set was used, this being the *flatter*. It was used in the same manner as the set hammer, except that it had a much broader face.

The hammer used to strike the metal which was laid over the bottom fuller was the *top fuller* or *fuller-hammer,* and was designed to make grooves in the metal.

TRAVELLING BLACKSMITHS

It was not always convenient for people to take items to the blacksmith shop for repairs. Such was the case when the military was on the move, or when the distance was too great (such as for repairs necessary at logging camps). The military often had a travelling *field-forge,* which followed the field battery, so that the blacksmith would be available to do all forms of repairs to equipment. The forge was equipped with a small blast apparatus, called a *fire-fan,* and the tools were carried in a *limber-chest* on the forge wagon.

Blacksmiths at lumber camps often could not get charcoal for their forge, and were known to use alders or hemlock, due to the fact that both provided the right kind of fire for heating metal.

THE BLACKSMITH'S WORK

There is no possible way in which the work of the village blacksmith could ever be completely listed, for there was absolutely no end to the variety of work he performed. But in an effort to show the diversity of his activity, a list of a few of the items which he made and/or repaired is given:

adze
augers
axes
barrow hoops
bolts
boring instruments
buckets
chains
chisels
fireplace equipment
forks and sickles
froes
furniture hardware
garden tools
hammers
harness
harrows
hewing dogs
hindges
hooks
horseshoes
ice tongs
kitchen utensils
knives
latches
locks and bolts
measuring instruments
nails
peavey
plane parts
plow shares
punches
rakes and hoes
sadirons
saws
scrapers
skates
tie rods
trowels
turnbuckles
wagon hardware
wedges
wheel tires
wrenches

Errata Vol. II No. 1 pg. 47 paragraph 1 line 3 with apologies from the author the quotation should read, "if these proposals be finally approved, I think the very character and name of Dalhousie College should be at once lost in that of the other, so that the style of Kings College should alone be known and looked up to."

History Of The Nova Scotia Tartan

MARJORIE MAJOR

The Nova Scotian tartan, by Order-in-Council in April 1963, became part of the Heraldry of the Province of Nova Scotia, and thus protected for all time from falling into the public domain, as inevitably it would have done when the original copyright ran out.

This colorful tartan with its predominately bright blue sett, its woodsy greens, (handwrought silver is its natural accompaniment)—has been accepted enthusiastically by tourists and, with only a slight modification of that enthusiasm, by Nova Scotians too, many of whom have clan tartans in their own right and no intention whatever of giving them second place to any 'johnny-come-lately' tartan.

Even the Lord Lyon, King of Arms, who presides over the Court of the Lord Lyon, Her Majesty's Register House, in Edinburgh, Scotland, was of a similar opinion.

When the then Premier of Nova Scotia, Angus L. Macdonald, personally applied to have the tartan registered, and thereby made officially accepted everywhere as such, the Lord Lyon wrote: "The position of a tartan for a whole province is rather an unusual one. It requires to be made clear that it is not—even

in official use—to take the place of, or prevent the use of, clan and family tartans in the normal manner associated with the use of Scottish tartans."

When the Province of Nova Scotia arranged to have the tartan made part of the Armorial Bearings of the province just before the copyright expired in 1964, the tartan belonged exclusively to the Province of Nova Scotia from that date. It can be made only under license. Manufacturers and any individual wishing to manufacture the tartan in any form must now apply to the provincial government for permission to do so and must pay a small annual fee for the privilege.

It is singularly appropriate that Nova Scotia, of all Canada's ten provinces, should have such a tartan; not only has it a name meaning "New Scotland", but it is also the only province to establish and foster a Gaelic College and to recognize Gaelic as a language study of St. Francis Xavier, Antigonish under Major Callum MacLeod.

As far as its inhabitants are concerned Nova Scotia is only partly Scottish. During the period of the early settlers there were the French Acadians, the English Loyalists, the Germans and the Irish, as well as the Scots and a scattering of other nationalities.

But here, as everywhere they go, the Scottish folk make deep imprints on the local culture. Perhaps it is because of their highly audible bagpipes and colorful, swinging kilts; their dancing or the accents in their speech. No matter, they make their presence felt.

But with all that, it was not a Scot who originated the province's tartan, but an Englishwoman. And this is how it came about:

In the Spring of 1953, the Nova Scotia Sheep Breeders' Association looked for some means to show the women in the rural areas how they could use native wool to their advantage. The first settlers brought not only their sheep but also their carding combs, their spinning wheels and looms. It was essential then for them to be self-sufficient in the matter of warm clothing, blankets, rugs and household furnishings. But later, when commercial materials became readily available the women were no longer dependent on their own skills and only those who enjoyed exercising their talents in weaving bothered to continue.

Farm and Fisheries Exhibitions have long been popular in the province and have been exceedingly useful in demonstrating various kinds of developments in the primary industries so important to Nova Scotia. So in the preparations for the 1953 Exhibition, in Truro, the Sheep Breeders brought their problem to the department of Trade and Industry (as it was then) and for the first time in their history invited the Director of the Handcrafts Division, then Miss Mary Black, to make up a special display for their segment of the Exhibition in the province's hub town.

Miss Black, whose own talents in both organizational and creative aspects of her department, was enthusiastic; she believed rural community women could find a worthwhile creative form of relaxation in handcrafts and not infrequently the possibility of welcome additions to farm incomes.

Craftsmen all over the province were notified and the excitement in the appeal was contagious and brought a response in the form of a colorful collection of all sorts of woolen articles and woven materials, many revealing a good deal of originality and artistry. With this bountiful assortment all that was needed was something with drama that would serve as a focal point, to gain the immediate attention of spectators and others involved with the Exhibition.

At the Handcraft Center at the time, with other members of the staff was a talented Englishwoman—Bessie Bailey Murray (Mrs. Douglas Murray)—a native of Crewe, England, already a recognized artist in the crafts and the president of the Halifax Weaver's Guild. Miss Black asked her if she could design a small panel depicting the history of sheep raising in Nova Scotia. Yes, she thought she could, but during the designing it became evident a 'small' panel had to be expanded. The dramatic attention-getter at the Exhibition that year was eight feet high and fourteen feet long, a scenic wool mural to serve as a backdrop for the Exhibition. And nobody even guessed that a tiny figure in it was to add to the Heraldry of Nova Scotia!

The mural was begun about the middle of June, 1953 for the Exhibition to be held in the fall of that year. It was to achieve a kind of telescoped impression of Nova Scotia as a whole, highlighting the main characteristics of its topography but not to attempt the portrayal of any one segment of the province, for sheep raising, after all, had been carried on in almost all parts of the province in the early days.

The mural must also illustrate the march of the seasons from Spring to Autumn, proceeding from left to right across the design. Bessie Murray had drawn the design on unbleached sheeting and members of the Handcrafts staff wove materials under her direction. They used special weaving techniques in order to create the various pieces of homespun which would suggest the colors and textures of sky, water, trees, hills, ploughed fields, on which would be appliqued a number of tiny figures.

The first step was to transfer the original design, the creation of which was a project in itself, to a full-scale paper design. Then over this was placed a cotton backing to give durability and strength to the paper. But this had to be sufficiently transparent to reveal the details of the paper design under it.

While this was going on, work was being continued on the materials to be used, textures and colors experimented with, created and discarded and improved upon.

What came next resembled the completion of a giant jig-saw puzzle. The various woven materials had to be cut into the irregular shapes that would fit the particular little section of the mural for which each had been designed. These were first pinned to the cotton back, then appliqued in place with wool stitches. The same methods were used to fasten in place the tiny figures of the sheep, a farm dog and cat, the Scottish sheiling and—would you believe it?—a butterfly among the flowers in the foreground!

A French-Acadian girl, in traditional dress, holding a spray of flowers in her hand, was the main theme for the Spring setting. To emphasize the purpose of the mural, several white, woolly lambs gamboled about nearby.

Centering the panel was a United Empire Loyalist, while around him were his wife and child, a hen and a pet cat. The sheep in the foreground, and the flock behind, again underlined the mural's purpose, and the maturity of the flock further indicated the season. Purple hills rose in the distance behind the family in the open field. And there was a hint of a tiny village, nestling by the sea, partly hidden by a rolling hillside.

This pleasant Summer scene gave way to the beginning of Autumn coloring at the foot of steep hills topped by evergreens, symbolizing the tree-clad Cape Breton Hills. Here, in this "New Scotland" setting, high on a hill at the far right of the mural, was a Scottish shepherd tending his flock, with his sheepdog at his feet and the lone sheiling which was his shelter visible in the distance.

Then as a finishing touch, embroidered flowers, typical of the passing of the seasons and indigenous to Nova Scotia, were given a place all along the base of the panel. Evelyn Longard and Helen Macdonald, among others working on the project, spent many hours on the embroidery stitches which completed the design.

The panel was a triumph of design, of weaving techniques, embroidery skills, and a richly-colored story-telling mural. And because of the appliqued figure of a hardy wee Scott in the highlands, the panel was also to inspire the province's official tartan!

One day, when Miss Black paused to watch the progress of the mural she put a challenging question to Bessie Murray: "What tartan are you going to use?" she asked, "so you don't offend anyone?"

That was a bit of a problem for when the Scottish people who first came to the province arrived they were not the wealthy land-owners but the crofters themselves, each wearing his own clan tartan, and not the shepherd's check of black and white which each would have worn had they been shepherds. Such a check, then, would not be strictly appropriate on the mural. But if there was to be a tartan what one should be shown?

Realizing the difficulty, Miss Black suggested, "Just make something up". Yes, but what? Bessie Murray had had some vague ideas about something of the kind for some time—Nova Scotia—New Scotland—so now she said, "why not a *Nova Scotia* tartan? and forthwith gave it serious thought. The basic colors would be blue and green, certainly, but there would have to be others. Then she remembered the tiny, deep-blue lake set in a circle of bleached white granite, surrounded by dark green trees, on the road to Terrance Bay, a picturesque village beyond the entrance to Halifax Harbor.

Ah! Now things began to fall into place for her. The blue of that water was the blue of the sea and the sky, with the autumal softness about it to suggest the name "October blue" and the beautiful clear blue of the cross on the Nova Scotia flag. And there were also the dark and light greens, for the evergreen and deciduous trees characteristic of this province by the sea. The white of the rocks was in the flag too, as background, and in the surf that pounds the Nova Scotia coastline on all its sides except for a narrow band of land that binds it to the rest of Canada. It remained only to add the gold to represent Nova Scotia's Royal charter and the red to symbolize the lion rampant on the Nova Scotia crest on the flag.

At this point Mrs. Murray stopped to study many books on the basic designing of tartans. Knowing definite principles must be followed she didn't want to make disastrous mistakes, although, at this time, there was no intention of proceeding further with the design than to have it serve its purpose in the panel. When she had completed the basic idea she showed it to Miss Black who thought it would be quite suitable for the small Scottish figure. When the finished material was appliqued in place the result was a unique and colorful 'tartan'—a scrap of originality for the wee Scot in the mural, his own 'Nova Scotia tartan'.

And that was that, thought Miss Black and Mrs. Murray and the whole team of handcraft people who'd had anything to do with the mural. And everybody looked at it with considerable satisfaction, confident the panel would be an effective attention-getter at the Sheep Breeders' Association section of the Truro Exhibition. And it certainly was!

Somehow that bit of blue magic in the upper right of the mural caught everyone's eye. People admired the panel then asked about the Scottish kilt fabric. Who had the material? Was it obtainable? What did the colors signify? Whose tartan *was* it?

But at this point it wasn't anybody's *tartan* and it belonged only to that symbolic little figure in the mural.

Among those who took an interest in the scrap of blue fabric, at the Exhibition in Truro, was Mrs. A. W. MacKenzie, the wife of the then Minister of Agriculture. She brought the Minister to see it and decided forthwith she'd like to have a length for a skirt woven of it to use for curling. The then Prime Minister of Canada, the Hon. Louis St. Laurent, paused to admire the design on his brief visit to the Exhibition, and chatted a bit with its designer.

Director of Handcrafts, Mary Black, and designer Bessie Murray were pleasantly excited over the success of the panel, but as more and more people were attracted not only by the panel but particularly by that small scrap of tartan, they became concerned about something else. Had they unwittingly violated any legal or ethical precept by using the name Nova Scotia without first asking permission to do so?

As soon as they returned to Halifax they sought and obtained an appointment with the Premier of that time, the Hon. Angus L. Macdonald. He showed his interest by a number of suggestions and by asking Mrs. Murray to weave several variations of the original design for his scrutiny and, says Bessie, "This I did, and after careful consideration, chose the one he liked best and submitted it to the Cabinet, who also approved of the idea and of the design. I then wove, personally, a few scarves, the first of which was graciously accepted by the Premier. Only a short time ago", she said (as of 1972) Mrs. Macdonald told me she still has this scarf."

Mrs. Murray said "I was called to the Premier's Office on several occasions to discuss various details of registration." It had become clear that the status of the new tartan-to-be had to be established before the public could be invited to participate in any way in acquiring or promoting it.

"Mr. Macdonald, as a personal friend of the Lord Lyon, King of Arms, in Scotland, undertook to contact him concerning the registration of the design as an official tartan," she explained, "and I was requested to obtain the Canadian Copyright in my own name, so I could protect the design and prevent its misuse. Innes MacLeod of the Attorney General's Department, was asked to assist me with this procedure. I was most grateful to Mr. MacLeod for the assistance then and later when other problems arose."

The Premier's continuing interest was demonstrated by the various clippings he sent her he thought might be useful. "One I remember", Mrs. Murray recalls, "was a pattern for a pair of Highland dancing slippers. He also said he would like to have a kilt, and would I make it. I'd never made a kilt, but Mrs. Alex MacAulay had demonstrated the art at a meeting of the Halifax Weaver's Guild. So one day when I was going to Province House with a piece of the material I stopped in at the Children's Shop she then owned, and she very kindly showed me how the pleats should be placed so the design looked the same when pleated as in the flat piece of material. "However", Mrs. Murray said, "the kilt was never made."

Between the initial design of the tartan and its availability to the public a great deal was to transpire. Many letters went back and forth between Premier Macdonald and the Lord Lyon and it is understood that during a visit to Britain Mr. Macdonald took the opportunity to see and speak personally with the Lord Lyon about the design.

It is a pity the Lord Lyon's comments are not available in their entirety, for this delightful but somewhat crusty Scot was vigilant to a degree in protecting the honor and dignity of proper Scottish tartans, and expressed his sentiments in a somewhat blunt but wryly amusing style.

A letter to Bessie Murray from the premier, dated March 20, 1954, quoted the Lord Lyon:

". . . It is necessary to be very careful that such a broad area and Governmentally sponsored tartan should not come into conflict with the clan system and sentiment."

"For example, there would be instant consternation if any school, or corps of a school, getting a Government grant, were told it must drop a Macdonald, Graham or Douglas, etc., tartan, and use now the Nova Scotia tartan."

In reply Mr. Macdonald wrote: "I have written to the Lord Lyon, however, to say that we are not trying to compel everybody to wear this tartan, or insist that those who presently have tartans throw them away. I shall probably have a reply from him shortly."

When the letter arrived at Province House saying that the design had been accepted it was only a few days before Mr. Macdonald died. "If he knew this letter had come," said Mrs. Murray, "I do not know, but I have always hoped he did. It was an honor and a pleasure to have worked, if only briefly, with Mr. Macdonald and his secretary, Miss MacKinnon."

The Hon. Harold Connolly, who succeeded the Hon. Angus L. Macdonald as Premier, notified Mrs. Murray the design was duly registered as the official Nova Scotia Tartan and requested her to put it into production.

This was easier said than done. Everyone was eager to see the piper at the picturesque, flower-bedecked Nova Scotia-New Brunswick border in a Nova Scotia tartan kilt, as well as to have supplied the fast-growing numbers of would-be customers for a variety of tartan articles. What to do? Mrs. Murray could not weave great quantities of the tartan herself and did not wish to.

Moreover she lacked the financial means to do so. Interested friends came to the rescue and one of them loaned her a bond to use as security for a bank loan. This was used to purchase the first wholesale order of yarn!

Terence Bay, that quaint little fishing community with the blue-jewelled lake, came into the picture once more when Sister Eucharia at the "Star-of-the-Sea Handcrafts" there, arranged to have her girls do the weaving of this first yarn and to make up a consignment of men's tartan ties. The Halifax branch of the T. Eaton Company wanted to acquire this first production and helped to transport the yarn to Terence Bay.

By this time it was under copyright, as of April 26, 1954. A piece of cloth, such as the tartan, can be copyrighted for five years, then renewed for another five, before becoming public domain. Already, too, demands for the new fabric were piling up; they had begun well before the necessary steps were taken to establish its official status.

A limited company—Nova Scotia Tartan Limited—was formed August 6, 1954 with Bessie R. Murray as president and Mrs. Isobel MacAulay as its secretary-treasurer.

Gerald Martin of Lee and Martin, Chartered Accountant, had advised Mrs. Murray she should form a limited company, so he set the wheels moving for her. The original bank loan had been repaid and the total assets available at that time were Mrs. Murray's registered design, some stock and a minuscule profit. "I had had no business experience," Mrs. Murray admitted, "so it was decided, after much discussion, to approach Mrs. Alex MacAulay who was known to have sold her Children's Shop. Although Isobel MacAulay had other plans, which she later put into effect, the new project intrigued her and she agreed to join the company. The assets still remained: the design—which its designer had signed over for the grand sum of $1 (one dollar!),

and the original stock. The shares were divided, giving Mrs. MacAulay her shares in return for the business experience she would bring to the infant enterprise, and Mrs. Murray held controlling interest with one share more than Isobel MacAulay. One was presented to Miss Mary Black as a token of her assistance, and to Gerald Martin, who had helped with the company's organization, went the balance, in Trust, for the hours he had donated.

But with all these thoughtful arrangements the financial rewards to the participants were not exactly sensational. There was never enough profit while the retail and manufacturing business was in existence to declare a dividend.

Eventually those shares in trust were returned to Mrs. Murray and ultimately Mrs. Murray bought Mrs. MacAulay's shares.

The first official wearing of the new Nova Scotia tartan was by the Scottish piper at the border, in the summer of 1954. Pipe Major Wallace Roy was a distinguished figure with his six-foot-four height. Isobel MacAulay had been obliged to stand on a chair in order to do the fitting for his jacket!

He wrote later to Mrs. MacAulay: ". . . I'll wear it with pride and joy . . ." After his death in a car accident he was succeeded by Pipe Major Allan Cameron whose kilt was also made by Mrs. MacAulay.

The impressive figure of the border piper, Pipe Major Wallace Roy, dramatically dressed in the new official Nova Scotia tartan, attracted more than average attention. Many visitors who crossed the border that summer, as well as Nova Scotians eager to see the tartan that already had made a name for itself, recorded the scene on hundreds of feet of camera film. Its popularity grew by leaps and bounds with sales at one point reaching 38,000 yards in one year. At another point, in the early days

great difficulties arose in finding a manufacturer who could, and would, follow the sett with accuracy and precision and maintain the standards set by the two partners—and produce enough yardage to keep pace with demand.

Special equipment was required to produce the 6-color design correctly in commercial weaving. The possibilities in Nova Scotia and elsewhere were thoroughly investigated and strange as it may seem, the only looms capable of doing this to the firm's satisfaction were in British Columbia. So the commercially woven material was shipped from Vancouver from then on. Such a firm was found—at the opposite end of the country!

A news item in a British Columbia newspaper commented: "A tartan developed in one of Canada's east coast provinces is now being made in her west coast province, . . . The manager of West Coast Woolen Mills has announced."

February 1, 1955, the new company leased a floor in a Halifax business house and installed weavers. About this time a weaver from Holland joined the group, bringing experience in commercial weaving but none in handweaving. He soon learned, however, and when the demand for locally produced items grew far beyond expectations and additional space had to be leased, this weaver, Evert Nowée, took charge of the seventeen hand looms and used his innovative talents to improve and speed production. The Nova Scotia Tartan Ltd. comprised about forty-five people at that point, in manufacturing, supervising, selling and bookkeeping, in addition to the founding partners, both of whom found demands on their time and energy grew steadily with the business. The Halifax building was lated slated for demolition and as Nova Scotia Tartan Ltd. was already renting a large building in Yarmouth it was decided to move the manufacturing to Yarmouth. Many of the workers went along too including Evert Nowée. A few years later Bonda Textiles in Yarmouth approached Nova Scotia Tartan Ltd. with

the suggestion that they could manufacture the tartan under license in conjunction with the fine quality knitwear they were already producing. Bonda thus acquired all the looms and equipment and employed all the Yarmouth staff. This firm still produces a large percentage of the Nova Scotia Tartan, under license from the Province of Nova Scotia.

The author had the privilege of wearing a Nova Scotia tartan skirt to a Canadian Women's Press Club (Media Club of Canada) convention in Toronto in 1954.

In 1954 a 'Craftsmen at Work' Exhibition was to be held in Antigonish and Miss Black felt this would be an opportunity to present the new tartan to the people of Nova Scotia, in as graphic a manner as could be arranged. So it was to this end the Handcraft Department obtained a couple or display manikins and then invited Isobel MacAulay to make a kilt and velvet doublet for the male figure. (The tartan for this particular purpose was woven by Mrs. Polly Forsythe Buchanan Goodwood, who subsequently wove all the heavy kilt material used by Nova Scotia Tartan Ltd.) The male figure was made resplendent with silver buttons designed by the late Miss Elizabeth Smith and handwrought by Norman Anderson. The handsome belt buckle was handwrought by Alex MacAulay and the shoe buckles by Capt. W. J. Robertson. Mrs. Jean Mosher wrought the agate and silver kilt pin.

The female figure was gowned in an evening dress of gold and white brocade woven by Vera Cummings of the Handcraft Centre staff and adorned with a silk sash in the Nova Scotia tartan, woven in Scotland. This sash was held in place by a beautiful handwrought silver thistle pin made by Earl Parker, Canning, Nova Scotia. Figures of children were obtained too and these were dressed in the authentic highland dancing dress: pleated skirt, blue velvet vest with silver buttons, over a full short-sleeved blouse.

These figures were set against a background of lengths of Scottish tartans which had been handwoven under the direction of Mrs. A. W. R. MacKenzie, of the Gaelic Foundation, St. Anns, Cape Breton.

This was a 'first' for the distinguished new tartan—its first official presentation. Mostly the comments were favorable. But, as with anything new, there were criticisms too. But the combination generated even more interest and curiosity to see it and perhaps, to acquire something made of the new design.

One afternoon, during the Exhibition, there was a great roar of motor cycles, heralding the highly audible but unexpected visit of the Premier, The Hon. Harold Connolly, who showed a lively interest in the Nova Scotia tartan and expressed great pleasure when Mary Black presented him with a large Nova Scotia tartan stole as a gift for Mrs. Connolly. It had been woven by the tartan's designer, Mrs. Bessie Murray. She had made three of a warp of three, one of which is still in her possession and the other became the property of the late Abbie Lane who wore it proudly on her travels abroad.

That year there was another 'first' when the first official color print was used on the cover of "Handcrafts" July 1954 issue. The plates were made for the Handcraft Division of the Department of Trade and Industry from a slide taken at the Handcraft Centre by Dr. L. R. Hirtle and consisted of a fold of Nova Scotia tartan held by a thistle pin which had been designed and made by ~~Norma~~ Mona MacLellan Anderson. The head of the thistle is an uncut Nova Scotia amethyst and the leaves and stems of hand wrought silver.

Subsequently these plates were used many times, by many organizations for a variety of publications; The Halifax Board of Trade, The Halifax Herald, many convention programs, for the cover of a book "The Story of the Nova Scotia Tartan" by Mar-

jorie Major and in a history text book written by Phyllis Blakeley.

George Bates, historian and artist, wore the Nova Scotia tartan to a national conference of the Canadian Institute of Surveyors, in Ottawa, when the Nova Scotian delegation put on a sensational 'show' in a bid to have the next meeting in Halifax. With his Nova Scotia kilt and a few other well-chosen items, such as the bell from H.M.S. Baffin, he was known as "Mr. Nova Scotia".

When George Hees was federal Minister of Transport and as such attended the formal opening of Halifax International Airport, he also wore kilt and jacket made by Mrs. MacAulay.

The program for the 74th High Court Convention of the Canadian Order of Foresters, in Halifax in 1957, featured the new tartan as the front color cover of the booklet.

The Mayflower Curling Club used this particular cut on the cover of their program celebrating their 50th anniversary in 1955.

When the Municipal Chapter of the Imperial Order Daughters of the Empire presented a new flag to Queen Elizabeth High School, the school's Cadet Pipe Band participated in the ceremony, wearing for the first time in full Nova Scotia tartan dress—the first band in the Royal Canadian Army to be authorized to wear this tartan.

Tartan ties were presented to Canada's victorious Penticton Vs, during a stopover in Sydney in March, 1955.

The tartan appeared in color in a variety of ways, on road maps, in jackets for the Tourist Bureau staff to tartan-dressed dolls (made by Leona Bromage) to tartan cuff-links.

The Mapping Division of the Department of Mines put out a complete set of new contour maps, in 1954 using the Nova Scotia tartan on the covers.

There was even a touch of wry humor in the Legislature in March, 1955 when in the midst of Members sporting green ties and shamrocks honoring St. Patrick, stepped Stewart W. Proudfoot (L-Pictou West), garbed in a complete Scottish costume, featuring a kilt of Nova Scotia tartan. After the first startled gasp from 'the Irish', he received loud applause. He had chosen this dramatic means to plead with the government to set up an authentic Scottish, or Hebridean village somewhere along the province's Sunrise Trail—preferably in Pictou County—where else??

The June 1955 Journal of Education for Nova Scotia, displayed the tartan and pin design in color for its cover. And on and on it went. This particular design became as famous as the tartan itself and over the years it appeared on the covers of any number of publications, including "The story of The Nova Scotia Tartan" published soon after it became an official tartan for the province.

By 1955, and after, national companies in many parts of the country expressed interest in producing something that would feature the popular new tartan. Licenses were granted to several companies known for their quality control policies. Items included women's wear, bath robes, sweaters, china, paper goods, such as table napkins and playing cards, as well as gift wrap, matches, and for a brief time a greeting card. Children's wear was produced by the firm.

Nor was it all that profitable a venture! Growth, in terms of demand for the product, implies expansion—of space, staff and general operating procedures. And that's where the money went—at least a good part of it. The young firm appreciated the

free publicity, the advertising of the tartan by the Province, which, by the way, naturally had the right to use it freely and did so as a tourist attraction, from map covers and display dolls to cuff-links.

A directors' meeting in 1961 recognized that when the copyright of the Nova Scotia Tartan expired in 1963 there would be no more license fees coming in to the firm to form its capital. Thus, the high rentals and other operating expenses couldn't be met so it was agreed the time had come to close "The Tartan Shop" in Halifax. The stock remaining in it was moved to a location where it could be sold, after which Isobel MacAulay opened her own shop under the name of "The Tartan House" and the partnership came to an end.

The problem then to be faced was the almost certain exploitation of the design, once the coypright had run out, for this had been attempted even under its protection. Mrs. Murray again went to Innes MacLeod to ask if the Province could do anything to protect the design in the future. It certainly could! It could make the Nova Scotia tartan part of the Armorial Bearings of the Province of Nova Scotia! And this was done, forthwith, giving the Province full control for all time.

The desolution of the partnership enabled Bessie Murray to return wholeheartedly to her first love—design—while Isobel MacAulay continued to manage a store, "The Tartan House" in Halifax and one in the Travel Bureau at Yarmouth, until acquiring space in the greatly expanded Grand Hotel in Yarmouth, where she conducts a Gift Shop.

After the formal acceptance and registration of the Nova Scotia tartan and since it found such favor with the public, there was a rash of tartan and psuedo-tartan development practically across the country. Some were successful in gaining the approval of the Lord Lyon and some were not, but all, it appears, profit-

ed in one way or another by the success of the Nova Scotia tartan. At the height of what amounted to a "tartan tizzy" across the country, the author wrote to the court of the Lord Lyon to clarify the standings of so-called tartans with this result, dated March 17, 1959:

"Dear Madam: You will find a list of the registered tartans on page 614 of "Clans, Spets and Regiments of the Scottish Highlands" (publishers W. & W. K. Johnston Ltd., Edinburgh). The Nova Scotia tartan is the only registered Canadian tartan. Those to which you refer are mere trade checks invented by and marketed for companies or committees. They are not tartans in the Scottish sense. Yours faithfully, (signed) Innis of Learney."

A true Dress version of the Nova Scotia Tartan, a previous design which had been allowed to lie dormant after the success of the original tartan was assured, was updated by Mrs. Murray in 1964. It was made by placing a white block between each sett of the original. This white block is crossed with a blue line, so when viewed diagonally it gives the illusion of the Nova Scotia flag. It has been accepted by the Design Council of Canada as a Canadian design and so described in their 1967 design catalogue. It is protected by copyright. This design has not as yet been accepted officially by the Province.

The eye-catching panel, which served not only as a backdrop for a Sheep Breeders' Association segment of a provincial Exhibition, but also as a backdrop for the unexpected drama resulting in an official Nova Scotia Tartan and addition to the province's Amorial Bearings, has not been forgotten. It was donated by the Handcrafts Instruction, Department of Education for Nova Scotia, to the Cape Sable Historical Society for their Woolen Mill Museum in Barrington, Shelburne County, and is included among their treasures for display.

BESSIE ROSEMARY MURRAY

Born in Crewe, England, she was educated at the College of Art, Lancaster. She received her certificate in Embroidery from the London City and Guild and her Art Masters from the National Society of Art. She came to Canada in 1938, after spending several years in Brazil. She has consistently been engaged in outstanding design work and in handcraft activities generally. At the time the Nova Scotia tartan was created she was the president of the Halifax Weavers' Guild.

Many local churches proudly display some of her work in their vestments. She has designed vestments for Catholic and Anglican bishops and priests. She designs them and does the embroidery and the fabrics are woven by Mrs. John Longard. These two artistic women have the only business of its kind in Canada, the creation of custom-made, handworked chasubles and other ecclesiastic furnishings.

St. Mary's University Art gallery featured their work in May, 1969, in an unusual exhibition of church apparel and ornaments, the rich materials further enhanced by exquisite embroidery. Mrs. Murray designs the Vestment for the church in which it is to be used and it therefore may vary all the way from the strictly traditional to contempory. Her designs have been seen in an exhibit in the National Gallery, Ottawa and they can be recognized in many Nova Scotia churches from Sydney in Cape Breton, to Weymouth in Digby County; the Cathedral Church of All Saints in Halifax and a personal vestment used by the Most Rev. James Hayes, Archbishop of the Diocese of Nova Scotia.

A particularly large undertaking was the designing by Mrs. Murray and weaving by Mrs. Longard of 50 yards of drapery for the chapel at St. John's Memorial University, Newfoundland, with an accompanying wall hanging, commissioned by Keith

Graham and Associates. Designs for needlepoint were commissioned by the Womens' Institute of Canada for their 1967 project—to provide chair seats for the Confederation Building in Charlottetown. The City of Halifax commissioned a large City Crest. Other embroideries have been accepted for exhibition in New York at the Embroiderer's Guild of America and the Gallery of the Union Carbide Building.

Bessie R. Murray is also registered in the Design Index of the Canadian Designers, Ottawa.

ISOBEL MACAULAY

Born in Yarmouth, Nova Scotia, she has ancestors of Irish, Welsh and Scottish background. She learned to make her first kilt (with a great deal of frustration and difficulty) when she was unable to obtain one for her young piper son during wartime. Her instructor was a kilt which she painstakingly ripped apart, observing as she progressed, precisely how the fabric was treated. This kilt, incidentally, was the loaned property of a local pipe major. So after taking it all apart it was necessary to put it back together again, after the manner of a small boy with a clock's insides, and not have anything left over! She has since made hundreds of kilts—a distinguished list indeed.

Mrs. MacAulay took courses in leather craft for the express purpose of being able to supply leather items for authentic Scottish costumes. Her husband, Alex, became a skilled craftsman with hand wrought silver. They profitably operated a retail store specializing in children's wear for several years before she became involved in the promotion of the Nova Scotia tartan and the scores of articles craftsmen were able to make with it. She has always taken an interest in the conduct of business on all levels, from government to her own enterprises.

Her involvement with things Scottish resulted in intensive study so she has been recognized as one of few persons in Can-

ada able to speak with authority on the background and correct use of tartans.

MRS. MACAULAY TELLS ABOUT TARTANS

Sir Thomas Innis of Learney, Lord Lyon King of Arms, is considered, in Great Britain, as the authority on all things Highland. He is the only great Officer of State who can trace his office back to the days of the Celtic Kings. It is his duty to preside over the Court with its public register of all Arms and Bearings; in short, he administers what is often called the purest Heraldry in Europe. The Lord Lyon's jurisdiction includes all Badges and Signs of Recognition whatsoever borne or used by the Clans.

If a Tartan is to be used as such, it must be approved by the Lord Lyon, that is, if a district or family wish to have a new tartan, they must send the sketch, in colour, to the Lord Lyon for approval, and, if approval is not granted, the sett remains a *plaid* and must not be called a tartan.

In the past fifty years the Lord Lyon has done a great deal of research to be able to preserve for all time the History of the District and Clan Tartans.

I have done a great deal of research in the past ten years on Tartans and their use in correct Highland Dress. It has proved to be a very interesting and rewarding study, to which there appears to be no limit.

In presenting these facts, I have used such authorities as:

1. Sir Thomas Innis of Learney—The Tartans of the Clans and Families of Scotland.

2. Frank Adam & Innis of Learney—The Clans, Septs and Regiments of the Scottish Highlands.
3. Donald Stewart—The Setts of the Scottish Tartans.
4. George F. Collie—Highland Dress.
5. W. & A. J. Johnson—The Scottish Clans and Their Families
6. McIan—Clans of the Scottish Highlands.

Here, briefly, are a few facts taken from the aforementioned sources:

The first mention of the tartan (breacan) goes back to 1242, when the Episcopal See of Aberdeen and the General Assembly of Edinburgh reproved their Clergy for wearing garments of light and varient hues, such as red, blue and yellow, striped or chequered. Their wives also were admonished—"quite the full list of embellishments to be avoided would furnish a fancy dress ball"—but whether the fancy dress and use of tartan were held to be a sign of light mindedness is not clear, but the inference is there. The "chequered" garments were said to have had as many as eight colours.

The Lord Lyon says the word "clanna" simply means children; that is, the descendants of the actual ancestor from whom the community claims descent, so far as these remain within a tribal group. Both the group and the Clan territory were called after the Chief who, in theory, was the owner of the whole group, with absolute power over each member.

The Chief, or Laird, was the father of the group, and all tenants commonly have his name. Every duty, moral or political was absorbed in affection and adherence to the chief.

In the early days the tartans were purely district—such as Culloden, Strathearn, Rothesay, Lennox, Huntly, Mar and

Clergy—shepherd denotes occupation. Each clan had its own weavers, who were only allowed to weave their own Tartan, and all followers of the clan wore that district tartan.

Some of the weavers, tiring of the same sett, decided to weave a fancier one for the women. (Or perhaps it was the women themselves who put the idea in their heads!) They called this new version "arisaid", and between each sett they put in a white block. Then, as the clans became so large that they were difficult to rule by one head, they broke up into smaller groups, and the Clan Tartans came into existence. Usually Clans from one district kept to the sett of their district, but changed the colors. For example, the Island of Lewis, with MacLeods, Morrisons and MacAulays, has practically the same sett, but different colors.

To be correct, all Tartans must be woven in a twill weave.

Each clan had a Hunting Tartan, which was of darker colors, to enable them to travel through enemy territory without being seen. During the day, they wrapped themselves in their tartan and lay in the gorse and heather, with which their colors blended so well they could not be detected. After resting and hiding thus, they then travelled by night.

(Mrs. Alex MacAulay)

Contributors

BARBARA GRANTMYRE was born in England and came to Nova Scotia as a child. She was educated at Elmsdale and Halifax County Academy. She studied at the Victoria School of Art and Design and taught school in various parts of Nova Scotia. She married Thomas C. Grantmyre of Elmsdale, Nova Scotia and has four children and thirteen grandchildren.

Mrs. Grantmyre is a versatile writer of long experience. Her published works include mystery novelettes, numerous short stories published in Canadian, American and United Kingdom periodicals; a novel *Lunar Rogue,* and several collections of short stories, some of which appear in Ontario school readers. Over forty of her short stories have been broadcast on CBC radio. Fourteen of her radio plays have been produced by the CBC. These have also been translated and broadcast in Europe.

She is the Nova Scotia representative on the National Executive of the Canadian Authors Association; a member of ACTRA; and of the East Hants Historical Society.

One of her stories was cited in Best American Stories, 1956, and she was the sole Canadian writer to win an award in the Cosmopolitan Magazine short story contest in the early fifties.

PETER BUSBY WAITE was born in Toronto in 1922 and received his early education in Belleville, Ontario and Saint John, New Brunswick public schools. He was employed by the Toronto Dominion Bank at the age of fifteen and served with the Royal Canadian Navy throughout World War II.

His academic accomplishments include the degree of Bachelor of Arts, 1948, Master of Arts, 1950, from the University of British Columbia and PhD in 1954 from the University of Toronto.

Since 1951 Dr. Waite has accepted numerous appointments as lecturer and professor of history at universities in Canada and the United States, President of the Canadian Historical Association and Chairman of the Humanities Research Council of Canada.

Dr. Waite is an accomplished writer with an extensive list of published works to his credit. He is the author of six books, a booklet and thirteen articles, several of them published in both French and English. He is also editor of three works published by the Canadian Government.

Dr. Waite is Professor of History at Dalhousie University, and resides in Halifax.

BRIAN DOUGLAS TENNYSON was born in Toronto in 1939. He received the degree of Bachelor of Arts and the Canadian Literature Prize in 1962 from the University of Toronto and the degree of Master of Arts in 1963 from the same University. He is also the recipient of a St. Francis Xavier University Research Grant for 1971.

Mr. Tennyson is the author of seven articles which have appeared in the publications *Ontario History* and *The Journal of Canadian Studies.*

He is a member of the Canadian Historical Association, the Ontario Historical Society, the Nova Scotia Historical Society, the Old Sydney Society, and holds the office of Secretary of the Atlantic Association of Historians.

Mr. Tennyson is the Assistant Professor of History at St. Francis Xavier University, Sydney campus and resides in Sydney.

PHYLLIS RUTH BLAKELEY was born in Halifax, Nova Scotia. She was educated in the public schools of Halifax and graduated from the Halifax County Academy in 1939 with the Governor-General's medal and the St. George's Society Prize for literature. She attended Dalhousie University, where she graduated in 1942 with a Bachelor of Arts Degree with distinction in English and History, and, after obtaining a Diploma of Education the following year, she began a teaching career.

After receiving a Master of Arts degree in Nova Scotian History from Dalhousie University in 1945 she was appointed to the staff of the Public Archives of Nova Scotia as a research assistant. In 1959 she became Assistant-Archivist, a position she still holds.

Miss Blakeley is the author of *The Story of Nova Scotia,* a junior high school studies textbook. This was revised as a history text for Grade 6 and is used in the schools under the title *Nova Scotia—A Brief History.* Among many other published works by Miss Blakeley are *The Story of P.E.I., and Nova Scotia's Two Remarkable Giants.*

In 1969 she received a certificate from the Canadian government "on behalf of the Canadian people to record our thanks for a generous contribution to the preservation and enrichment of Canada's historical heritage".

Miss Blakeley is a member of the Canadian Historical Association, the Heritage Trust of Nova Scotia, the Nova Scotia Branch of the Canadian Author's Association, and the Editorial Board of the Nova Scotia Historical Quarterly.

DAVID ERNEST STEPHENS was born in Truro in 1946 and received his education there at the Colchester County Academy. He studied Industrial Arts Education at the Nova Scotia Teachers College and received two scholarships during that time. Following graduation he received three scholarships for further study from the State University of New York.

Mr. Stephens collects Nova Scotia relics and publications as a hobby and does extensive historical research and writing.

He has written numerous educational and historical articles for several Canadian and American publications, is a regular contributor on local history to the *Dartmouth Free Press,* and has previously contributed to the Nova Scotia Historical Quarterly.

Mr. Stephens is presently instructor in Graphic Communications at Eastern Shore District High School. He is married with two daughters and resides in Musquodoboit Harbour.

FRANCIS W. GRANT was born in Wallace, Cumberland County, Nova Scotia in 1904 and received his education there. He became a Railway Telegrapher and during World War II he served in the Aircraft Instrument Section of the Royal Canadian Air Force. He was later engaged in a retail merchandise business. He is the author of three small volumes of poetry.

Mr. Grant is a member of the North Cumberland Historical Society, and his hobby is researching the local history.

Mr. Grant is now retired and lives in Wallace, Nova Scotia.

MARJORIE V. MAJOR was born and received her early education in New Hampshire. She attended university in Maine and furthered her education in Halifax, Nova Scotia, at the Maritime Business College and with university extension courses in Newspaper Advertising.

She has held office as President of the Canadian Women's Press Club, Nova Scotia Branch; Canadian Author's Association, Nova Scotia Branch, is a founding member of the Business and Professional Women's Club, and is a member of the Landmarks Commission for the City of Halifax.

Mrs. Major resides in Halifax and is a freelance writer of long experience. She has been associated with the Halifax Mail-Star for over twenty-five years. Editor of The Commercial News, edited The Halifax Gazette, and written many feature articles for such magazines as Chatelaine, Saturday Night, Atlantic Advocate, and others. She has also done extensive work in public relations, radio and television.

Book Reviews

LORNA INNESS

Angel Cove, by Will R. Bird
236 pages, hard cover, $6.95, published 1972
The Macmillan Company of Canada

Twenty-six books to one's credit is a formidable record and when the author is a Nova Scotian it is indeed noteworthy. Such is Will R. Bird's record which begins with the publication of A Century At Chignecto in 1928, and includes Private Timothy Fergus Clancy (1930), Maid of the Marshes (1936), Here Stays Good Yorkshire (1945—a co-winner of the Ryerson fiction award), Sunrise for Peter (1946), Judgment Glen (1947—another co-winner of the Ryerson award), The Passionate Pilgrim (1949), Done at Grande Pre (1955), Atlantic Anthology (1959), Ghosts Have Warm Hands (1968).

Bird is also the author of three books which have served for almost two decades as "the" travel books about this province: This Is Nova Scotia (1950). Off Trail in Nova Scotia (1956) and These Are the Maritimes (1959). For some years they reigned alone in this field (the earlier travel books by Dr. Clara Dennis, being out of print and, of course, dated.)

Dr. Bird's latest book is about Newfoundland rather than Nova Scotia. Every writer keeps a few stories, outlines or notes about plot ideas in a filing cabinet or bottom desk drawer against a rainy day, planning "to do that some time when I have a minute."

In Dr. Bird's case, the bottom drawer turned up notes of stories which he first heard during World War I when the men in his patrol, men from the outports on the west side of Newfoundland, used to swap stories at night while lying out in No Man's Land guarding wire laying parties. Bird encouraged the men to talk about "life back home" and he remembered the stories about the hardy fishing communities where the rugged-

ness of the people matched the ruggedness of their surroundings.

Nineteen of these stories, rewritten and amplified somewhat, are included in the book, Angel Cove. While there is an Angel's Cove in Newfoundland, Dr. Bird maintains that the village is a "typical" one, rather than any specific place, with "names being changed . . ." and all that.

Many of the outports have closed, hard times have replaced times when the fishing brought prosperity, or if not prosperity, at least self-sufficiency. But the stories capture the mood of that way of life in the 20s, (indeed, are labelled stories of that period) and are not unlike the stories one can hear in some Nova Scotian coastal villages where there are people who "came over" from Newfoundland in the 20s and 30s and many remember childhood days on the Island.

Cape Breton Harbour, by Edna Staebler
176 pages, hard cover, $8.95 and paperback, $5.95
McClelland and Stewart Limited, published April 1972

Technically this is a Nova Scotian book in the sense that it sets out to describe life in a Nova Scotian coastal village — Neil's Harbour — in the mid-forties. Edna Staebler visited the Maritimes in 1945 and, on a tour of the Cabot Trail, found herself in the tiny village where she stayed for three weeks. This book is an account of her experiences "discovering" the people and their quaint way of life at that time. I am told that she has been back to Neil's Harbour on occasion since then and that she has written magazine articles about the village and its people.

The book is a rather gushing, "how I spent my summer vacation" account of life in a most isolated community indeed. Unfortunately the book is not labelled as a story of life in the mid-forties in its publicity, but is being advertised as "an intimate look" at what "many people mean when they think of 'The Maritimes' " and there is the suggestion that the next bend in the road might bring one to the same type of community. This is the kind of thing which perpetuates that view that time has stood still in the Maritimes and that Nova Scotia is Rip Van Winkle country.

One other major criticism; dialect and peculiar speech patterns are extremely difficult to render successfully in print and to sustain throughout a book, play, or what have you. Whatever they were speaking in Neil's Harbour seems to have been a curious blend of Cockney, Newfoundland ("housses"), Brooklynese and 14th Street New York pawnbroker. There are occasional lapses into Margaret Mitchell's Deep South: "De trouble wit dis place is de people don't care enough."

Nova Scotia's tiny fishing communities have produced some fine people who have gone elsewhere and been successful in whatever endeavours they pursued. In these same communities there have been—and are—fine people; hard-working, probably lacking much in the way of education, but steady, honest, and in their own ways perhaps more worldly wise than some of their sophisticated fellow Canadians in Ontario.

Mr. Minister of Finance, By Bruce Fergusson
288 pages, paperback, $3.93, published 1971
Lancelot Press

This is the second in a two-volume biography of the Rt. Hon. William S. Fielding, a Nova Scotian who rose to become not only premier of his own province, but a minister with considerable influence in the cabinets of Sir Wilfred Laurier and Mackenzie King.

The first volume, The Mantle of Howe, tells the story of Fielding's early life in Nova Scotia, his years with the Halifax Morning Chronicle, of which he became managing editor, and his entry into provincial, and later, federal politics. It ends with the Colonial Conference of 1902 with Fielding firmly established on the federal scene. The first volume is rather vital to an understanding of the second, which plunges immediately into the development of additional Canadian railway facilities.

It was a time of optimism and expansion for the young country. The settlers pouring into the west and opening up farmlands and towns clamoured for better transportation and the struggle for power and profits on the part of railway advocates was in full swing. In the capacity of acting minister of railways, Fielding negotiated the agreement to run a line to serve eastern Canada with a Maritime terminus at Moncton. " 'It is the glory of this scheme,' Fielding afterwards declared, 'That it is a transcontinental scheme from ocean to ocean on British territory . . .' "

Tariffs were another concern of Fielding's and he played a large part in the shaping of the perferential tariff agreements with Britain, which he held to be "our best customer".

As minister of finance, Fielding "was ever alert to the signs of change and always anxious to reach the end of each financial year with 'a good financial statement'. " He did not hesitate, apparently to urge his colleagues "to apply the brakes on expenditures but also to invite the Prime Minister to supplement his efforts to that end." The example may since have been ignored at will, but at least it was there.

Fielding worked for the eventual union of Newfoundland, then a British colony, with Canada. In 1907, when Laurier was absent from Canada, Fielding served as Leader of the House and acting prime minister. He was concerned about the establishment of naval facilities for this country at a time when world leaders viewed the size of a battleship's guns as the ultimate in weaponry.

Success smiled, more or less, upon Fielding for about 30 years and then he suffered his first defeat, losing in his own riding of Shelburne-Queens by 149 votes in the election fought on the reciprocity issue in 1911.

Fielding went back to newspaper work, this time as editor-in-chief of the Montreal Journal of Commerce, but was back in federal politics in 1917 as an independent Liberal. Defeated in the contest for party leadership in 1919, he served in the Mac-

kenzie King cabinet as minister of finance from 1921 until his retirement in 1925.

Dr. Fergusson took over the work of editing the Fielding papers, which had been presented to the Nova Scotia Archives in the time of the late Dr. D. C. Harvey and has spent some 10 years, when time was available, putting together the story of this quiet, dedicated, skilled political craftsman whose influence on so many facets of Canadian life was profound.

This is not the type of subject matter which makes a best seller, but its importance as part of the record of achievement by Nova Scotians cannot be overlooked. Dr. Fergusson has performed a valuable service in what must at times have seemed a Herculean task. It is a pity that the books were not produced in something other than a paperback edition, in hard cover at the least.

Just as a matter of interest, Parsons on the Plains, an edited version of three journals by the Rev. John McDougall about life in the Canadian west and northwest in the 1840s-1860s (See Vol. I, No. 4, of the NSHQ), has been chosen one of the two best-designed and best-produced Canadian books published during 1971.
Longman Canada Limited, 193 pages, hard cover, $8.95

"5-PACK" series is an array of literary TV dinners from McClelland and Stewart Ltd., who have been reproducing Canadian books in paperback under their New Canadian Library scheme.

The books are mixed in any assortment to suit any taste and sold in groups of five. The titles cover well-known works in such fields as fiction, poetry, humor, history, French-Canadian writings. You can make up an assortment of your favorite authors or light or heavy reading, depending on your mood. They are one answer to the vacation reading problem.

The history 5-PACK, for example, contains such titles as The Backwoods of Canada, Catharine Parr Traill; Winter Studies and Summer Rambles in Canada, Anna Brownell Jameson; Wacousta, John Richardson; Roughing It in the Bush, Susanna Moodie and Roger Sudden by T. H. Raddall.

Raddall is also represented in the collection by At The Tide's turn and Other Stories, and The Nymph and the Lamp. Other Nova Scotians whose works are available in 5-PACK style are Hugh MacLennan with Barometer Rising and Each Man's Son; Ernest Buckler with The Mountain and the Valley and that great Nova Scotian classic Thomas Chandler Haliburton's The Clockmaker.

Dr. Malcolm Ross, professor of English at Dalhousie University, is general editor for the New Canadian Library series.

The idea started as an experiment and publisher Jack McClelland says that the aim of the series was to bring to public attention some Canadian works that were either "out of print or available only in expensive, original editions." Besides, as the publishers point out in their advertising, "They last longer, and you can keep the empties."

One Man's Gold Rush, by Murray Morgan,
photographs by E. A. Hegg
213 pages, large paperback, first published in cloth in 1967, paperback, 1972
University of Washington Press

This book is included here for the benefit of those people who are interested in the gold rush era and the development of the north. It is published by the University of Washington Press and there are no Canadian rights, which means that it is not likely to be stocked by local book stores. There is, in other words, no Canadian distributor for the book. It would have to be obtained directly from the publishers, from an American book store or perhaps on inter-library loan. This is a pity because not only is the book a remarkable story of the hardships men will endure for some purpose but it also touches on one of the facets of the history of Canada's north.

The great interest in development of the north as the last untapped land storehouse of mineral wealth has led to the publication of a number of books about the north, either reprints of the journals of early explorers, surveyors and prospectors, or else new books about the opening of the area and wilderness and the problems of development.

One Man's Gold Rush is a Klondike album, with text, of some of the exceptional photographs of the gold rush taken by E. G. Hegg, an artist with a camera who has left a record of a remarkable period in history.

In 1868, when Hegg was three years old, his family left Sweden for America and settled in Wisconsin. There Hegg went to grade school, became interested in photography and set up shop with a studio of his own. He was 29 when the 1897 Klondike fever swept the country and thousands packed up their belongings, left home and hearth and rushed off to the north in search of fabulous riches they believed could be had for the taking. Hegg packed up his plates and chemicals and went along.

By dog team and in winter by boat through the rapids of the Yukon, Hegg took his camera and stopped at the gold centres of Bonanza, Eldorado and Dawson. He followed the prospectors to Nome and he recorded "the industrialization of gold mining as huge dredges were brought in to sluice out pay dirt from the treeless hills." (A warning for our own time?)

The major dramatic story he recorded, however, was the rush through the Chilcoot Pass in the winter of 1897-1898, when men swarmed to the hastily thrown together town of Dyea, with its tidal flats, and its wooden buildings and its seas of

mud. Hegg's photographs, obtained under unbelieveable working conditions, speak eloquently of the hardships of life and travel in what one prospector described as "a country of magnificent distances."

At Dyea, the men bought supplies and headed toward the Chilcoot Pass. Once across the pass they were under the jurisdiction of the Canadian authorities who had insisted that each prospector should carry enough supplies for at least a year. This amounted to about a ton per man and the men found themselves making countless trips back and forth with as much as they could carry at one time.

At Sheep Camp they prepared for the trip through the pass itself; "it was back packing all the way. The grade for the first three miles was between 12 and 18 degrees; it steepened to 25 degrees the rest of the way to the little valley known as The Scales; and from there to the summit the grade was 33 degrees. The ascent was 1,950 feet in three miles, then 1,250 feet in the last mile."

Many who reached the camp looked at what was ahead of them and gave up, trying to sell their goods "at a dime to the dollar." Hegg's photographs show the long black column of men slowly making their way up the 1,200 steps cut into the ice.

Blizzards and avalanches took their toll, as well. However, Canadian customs officials, who kept a check at the summit of the pass, reported that 40,000 people crossed through the Chilcoot during the stampede.

In these days of snap-in film cartridges and "instant" processing, it's hard to imagine the difficulties under which a frontier photographer—in the north had to work. The nearest chemical shop was 600 miles to the south, he had to improvise with herbs, he worked with a bulky camera and wet glass plates which had to be developed in a makeshift tent darkroom. For heat, Hegg had to haul wood up the mountainside. Yet, it is stated, "Hegg achieved photographs that, better than any other individual record, reflect the folly and glory of the stampede to the Klondike."

The book is a fascinating story of hardship and courage, of the rough, brawling life of the frontier towns, of how some made fortunes and some lost all they had. Some never saw the gold for which they suffered so much. For some, it was a quick way to fortune, for others, "God left on the last boat."

Diving For Sunken Treasure, by Jacques-Yves Cousteau and Philippe Diole,
302 pages, hard cover, black and white illustrations and 112 color photographs, $10.25, published in 1971
Doubleday Canada Limited

If there's anything that makes a Maritimer's eyes light up it's a story of sunken ships with treasure to boot. Le Chameau and its treasure and the conflict over ownership caught the public imagination. Oak Island is a perpetual source of speculation about whatever treasure it may hold. Sable Island, aside from

its possible oil reserves and its fabled ponies, is noted for its wrecks. A local scuba club plans a rally underwater to look at wrecks in the Bay of Fundy this spring.

Therefore, it is hardly surprising that books, films and TV programs about the undersea research of Jacques-Yves Cousteau and his Calypso should enjoy considerable popularity in Nova Scotia.

This latest book is a story of a busman's holiday in that Cousteau and the crew of the Calypso took a month off to assist a friend in the search for a wrecked Spanish ship lost centuries ago off a coral reef in the Caribbean. With high hopes they set out, but the search proved fruitless, or nearly so. They found and explored a wrecked ship but items brought to the surface subsequently proved it to be of a later date than the vessel they sought. Ah, well, another time.

Interwoven with the story of the undersea search is a history of the early exploration of the Caribbean by venturers from the Old World, and of the traffic in plunder, the riches gathered to be taken home to Spain, for example, and lost en route to pirates or storms.

Cousteau has provided a fascinating reconstruction of the travel and commerce on the seas of the New World and how a dying soldier's tale of the fabled city and wealth of the Incas inspired the search for El Dorado which was to motivate expedition after expedition in the centuries which followed.

Early Days on the Great Lakes, the Art of William Armstrong, by Henry G. Campbell
128 pages, hardcover, $14.95, published October, 1971
McClelland and Stewart Ltd.

Canada has been singularly fortunate in that a number of the explorers, surveyors, army and navy men who travelled throughout the land when it was virtually unknown were artists of some skill, as well. They recorded what they saw—the land, the Indians and early settlers and their ways of life. The wildlife, the shipping, railroad building, all provided subjects for pen and ink, water color and oils.

William Armstrong was primarily an engineer. Born in Dublin in 1822, he was apprenticed at 16 to the chief engineer of the British Midland Counties Railroad. He became a designer of bridges and railway sections and in company with this work, developed an interest in how transportation affected the lives of people, how it altered the face of the land.

In 1851, with his wife, he emigrated to Canada and went to work with the Northern Railway Company in Toronto. In time, he became a friend of Sandford Fleming and travelled with him in connection with the transcontinentail railway.

His first notable venture into art came when he painted a picture of Toronto as seen from Toronto Island and entered the painting in a contest. It didn't win, but was subsequently bought for £130 by the Toronto city council. He sent drawings

to the Paris Universal Exposition in 1855, and won prizes for water colors in later exhibitions here and overseas.

His engineering duties took him to little known parts of the Great Lakes and he painted and photographed as he went. He painted land views seen from the water of wilderness scenes where today cities stand. He painted Indian life and scenes of canoe travel and portages. Above all, he painted the lakes and early shipping on them, with a graphic, draftsman's passion for line and detail.

When he was asked in 1912 to write for the National Gallery of Canada an account of his work, he wrote: "I was laughed at when I said that Sault Ste. Marie, Fort William and Port Arthur would be great cities. What changes I have seen in 61 years."

He has left Canadians a faithful record of the Great Lakes district of Canada in the 1856-1880 period.

He was a man of many talents; During the American civil war, he pioneered the business of using micro film in espionage. When a group of Confederate army officers in Toronto wanted to send a vital message home, Armstrong recalled later that he "suggested the reducing of the message by photography onto mica, . . . I printed in large letters on a flat paper the message and reduced it to the size of five buttons. The negatives were then placed under the usual coverings of buttons" on a coat which a messenger wore safely across the border to its destination.

Notes on Nova Scotia

North America's first grist mill was built on Dugway Road near Port Royal in 1607 by the men of Sieur de Poutrincourt, French explorer.

* * *

The first ship railway in Canada was built in Nova Scotia across the Isthmus of Chignecto. It was almost ready for use when the money gave out and the project ended in failure in 1890.

* * *

The town of Guysborough was first located on the present site of Port Mouton, Queens County in 1784. After a fire destroyed the town, the settlers moved to the present site of Guysborough.

* * *

The first "baker's bread" in Canada was baked in Port Royal in 1606.

* * *

Table Head is the site of the first transoceanic wireless station in America, established by Marconi in 1902. The first message was transmitted from this station on December 15, 1902.