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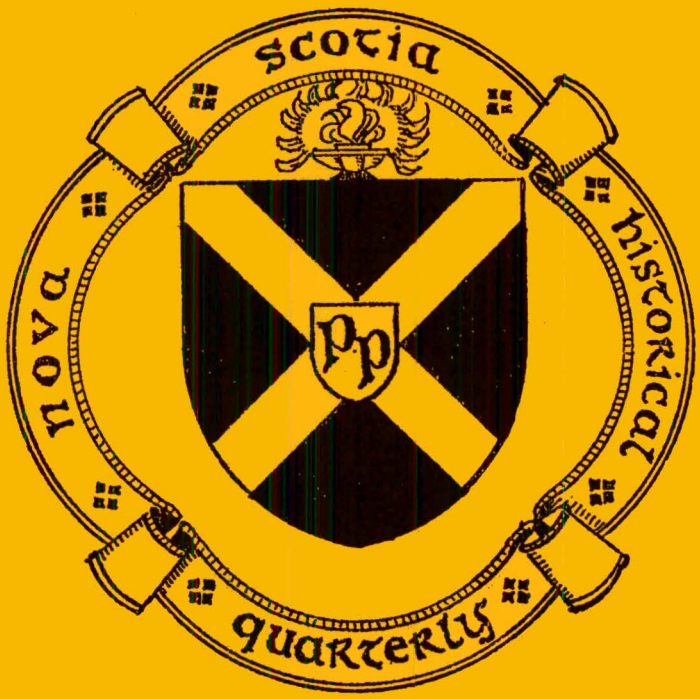

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"Grassy Island" The Forgotten Springboard To Louisbourg

STEPHEN F. BEDWELL, M.D., F.R.C.P. (C)

Prologue

Portuguese maps of 1507 locate Cape Smokey in The Isle of Cape Breton, with its many capes and inlets. Following hard on the heels of the earliest cartographers, came the fishermen—Portuguese, Spanish, French, English, and Dutch—all anxious to reap the bounteous harvest from the Grand Banks. The days of sail were hard. Weeks of arduous voyage were required before fishing could begin, and without some processing the catch could not be returned profitably to the markets of Europe.

It became clear to these early adventurers that unless their ships could be partially refitted, and their catch processed (dried or salted), the bounty from the Grand Banks would be lost.

This lead, in short order, to "fishing camps" in safe harbours along the Cape Breton and Eastern Shores of Nova Scotia—Port Dauphin (Baie St. Anne); Baie des Espagnols (Sydney); Havre d'Anglois (Louisbourg); Port Toulouse (St. Peters); and Canseau (Campseau, Canso).

Each of the sites provided similar basic services:

1. A safe anchorage.
2. A beaching area where ships could be hauled ashore and rolled on their sides (careened) in order to scrape and repair their bottoms.
3. A flat cleared area for drying fish.
4. A small area for temporary shelters for crews, (and in later times semi-permanent, albeit seasonal, quarters for non-fishermen, processing and repair crews.)

Of all the sites Canso was unique—the most protected anchorage was not along the shore, but rather enclosed by islands, (see map-Figure 1) and soon became known as "The Pond." The fishing industry thus grew on the Canso Islands, rather than the mainland, and because of their location at the mouth of the harbour, and indeed forming one side or wall of the harbour, a look-out was soon established on Green Hill (on Grassy Island). This was later fortified by successive generations of fishermen and marines.

Canso from the beginning was important. Early French writings tell of an attempt by Baron deLevy to land cattle as a forerunner to colonization at both Canso and Sable Island in 1518.

Certainly by 1600 Canso was frequented by fishermen of many nations, and the Frenchman Scavalet tells of landing there some forty times prior to 1609.

Settlement

The next 100 years were relatively peaceful for this major fishing site, and it remained under French control with a small

garrison until 1713, when, at the Peace of Utrecht, mainland Nova Scotia came under British colonial control, and Isle Royale (Cape Breton Island) remained French. (In the Treaty documents only three mainland communities are mentioned—Canso, Minas, and Port Royal).

Immediately upon ratification of the Treaty, a base as safe as Canso was needed. Nicolas Denys' writings favored his site at St. Peters (Port Toulouse), the few Acadian farmers favored Baie St. Anne (Port Dauphin), and some fishermen Sydney (Baie des Espagnols).—All of these were ice bound in winter and were thus not acceptable. Finally, in 1717, Louisbourg was begun at Havre d'Anglois. It was planned to be the French fishing center, naval port, the seaward defence for the mouth of the St. Lawrence River and New France, and, unofficially refuge for French privateers.

Meanwhile, Canso flourished. Immediately following the orders for French departure, British colonials from both Nova Scotia and New England moved in to control the fisheries. These included processing crews, merchants, and their families who came to the Canso Islands for the summer to process and sell fish, and to trade with fledgling Louisbourg.

Trade with Nova Scotia was prohibited at Louisbourg, so French, Americans, and ships from the Caribbean all came to the "neutral" Canso Islands for commerce and intrigue. Although still primarily a seasonal "city", some permanent residents did stay, and by the fall of 1724 Lieutenant-Governor Armstrong proposed that the seat of government for Nova Scotia be at Canso, "which was the only (English-speaking) settlement on the coastline of 500 leagues" (1500 miles) with a population of forty-nine families.

England did not agree, and in spite of thousands of pounds sterling added yearly to the home coffers, no official

attempt was made to fortify or protect Canso. This sorry state was prophetically described by Governor Philipps in 1730: "Canso the envy and rival of Cape Breton in the fisheries, will be the first attacked in case of a war with France. It will take no more than six or seven hours to march and possess it. The return of the fish carried to market from Canso brings 30,000 to 40,000 pounds (sterling) yearly to the home duties. One third of one year's income laid out in fortification will put it out of danger. It will cost three times that sum to recover it if lost."

Governor Philipps had, prior to his going to England in the fall of 1723, built a fort at Canso at his own expense because, as he put it in his 1720 report to the British Government, "Canso is the first place we think of to be possessed and defended." While in England, he wrote on 28 November 1723, "Three guns are mounted in the fort, which is garrisoned by four companies." The fort had provision for twelve batteries and the extra armament was "borrowed" from ships while they were in port.

As Louisbourg became more powerful, frequent raids against Canso and its commerce, led to strong American discontent and annoyance. As early as 1720 a band of Indians captured American ships and supplies, carrying them off to Louisbourg in French ships. Mr. Henshaw of Boston went to Louisbourg and protested to the French governor who refused to interefer in a most diplomatic fashion by saying, "I can do nothing as the Indians are not French subjects". Disgruntled, but not appeased, Mr. Henshaw returned to New England.

During the winter of 1723-1724 Lieutenant Colonel Lawrence Armstrong of the Governor's (Philipps) Canso regiment found the men destitute, and clothed the regiment at his own charge. In spite of these expenses he wrote the Lords of Trade in England urging "the building of large fortifications at Canso

to protect settlers and fishermen from the ravages of the French and the Indians." Eight months after his appointment as Lieutenant Governor of Nova Scotia in May 1726 he wrote pressing for Canso's having nine companies of troops. Still England procrastinated.

In 1732 the French claimed the Canso Islands. Lieutenant-Governor Armstrong found his troops posted there without adequate forts, magazines, or provisions. The fishing continued to increase in volume and importance; official protection remained in abeyance; and Armstrong's despondency over the lack of English help for Canso increased until his untimely death in 1739.

The British Colonial office still did nothing! The home office was obviously ignoring all at the colonies except for their extraction of taxes, duties and tithes. Resentment also festered in New England!

The Road to Louisbourg

Relations between England and France continued to deteriorate and in the spring of 1744 France finally broke the armed peace by declaring war on England. She had previously notified Louisbourg of her intentions and in a surprise dawn attack, M. DuVivier, Aide-Major of Louisbourg, commanding 300 militia and 70 soldiers in small vessels, and, joined by 300 Indians, assulted the small fishing community with its one deteriorating blockhouse. (The lookout blockhouse, being wooden, had been damaged by the weather and successive attacks, and although partially rebuilt on many occasions was far from a real fortification). The French, facing only 124 men had little difficulty burning both the town and the blockhouse to the ground.—Thus, on 24 May 1744, Canso's "Day of Infamy", the prophecy was fulfilled! The French stayed some time at Canso celebrating their victory. Following the celebrations

they decided that it was inopportune to push on to Annapolis, and therefore returned jubilantly to Louisbourg with their American prisoners. Canso remained relatively unpopulated by French or English for the remainder of this year.

New England was enraged. Mother England, true to form, did nothing.

Later that year, the Americans were released and returned to Massachusetts, carrying with them impressions of the impregnable Louisbourg "from the inside". They told of incompetance of leadership, impressive, but actually crumbling walls and battlements, and inadequate provisions and ammunition (facts stressed later by "an anonymous resident,"—probably Bigot).

These "inside reports" cast the final die. As early as 1724 the annual New England trade in the cod fishery through Canso amounted to 150,000 pounds, New England currency. This increased as the years passed in spite of attempts to center the fishery more in New England. The New England merchants had borne the brunt of the French attacks at Canso, losing goods valued at thousands of New England pounds in almost every raid.

It was now clear that the colonies must "go it alone", and there was a good chance of success. Governor Shirley of Massachusetts convinced the General Court that the time was ripe to attack and capture Louisbourg. This was not a new idea, but he was now able to convince them success was probable. Together with William Pepperell, a merchant, he raised an "army" of 4,000 frontier volunteers (mainly from Massachusetts, but with smaller, somewhat reluctant, contributions from other states), and found small inadequate vessels for transports.

The flotilla set sail from Nantasket Roads on 24 March 1745, sailing immediately into a terrible North East storm with

snow, ice, and rain. After days of harrowing travel, with most of the troops sick, waterlogged, and hungry, the first of the ships reached Canso—unable to proceed because of ice clogged waters and prostrate men. They had planned to make Canso a rendezvous and supply base, and had brought a prefabricated blockhouse with them. Canso and rest now became the urgent primary objective.

Most ships arrived during the first week of April 1745, but not until the tenth did the Connecticut contingent appear—very much the worse for wear. Ice blocked most of Chappeaurouge Bay, but the ships were able to enter "The Pond" at Canso, anchor, and land the troops on Grassy Island.

From the "Louisbourg Journals" we learn the tactical significance of this move:

> "The General (Pepperrell) had taken possession of the Island for his Majesty by causing a Block House to be erected upon it, near the Place where the Old one stood, and hoisted the British Flag in it; and that he had inclos'd it with a Ditch, Ramparts and Pickets, and fortify'd it with a Battery of eight Cannon, nine Pounders, and posted a Detachment of 80 Men in it, under a Commandant, which was to remain there during the Expedition; that Island being most commodiously situated, not only for a Place of general Rendezvous for our Forces, but also for maintaining the necessary Intilligence between the Camp and Fleet and this Place, and for divers other Services of the Expedition; particularly as that Part, which is called the Pond, affords a secure Station for our Transports against any Surprize from the Enemy, not only by their lying under Cover of the Battery, but as no Vessel of Force can either enter or annoy them there, and is a good Place for lodging any Artillery or heavy Stores, not immediately wanted in the Camp, and for a Place of Resort

or Retreat upon all Emergencies—But we hope, besides the Usefulness of this Island to the Expedition, that more beneficial Consequences may attend our taking Repossessession of it, viz. the recovering from the Enemy that most valuable Fishery, which was before carry'd on by his Majesty's Subjects there; and where, notwithstanding the late Incroachments of the French upon it, from 200 to 250 fishing Scooners and Shallops, were annually employ'd in it, and about forty topsail Vessels for the European Markets; which Fishery is capable of being greatly encreas'd, as Canso is incomparably the best situated of any Harbour in these Seas for carrying on a Fishery with small Vessels, and has many Advantages beyond either Cape-Breton or Newfoundland for that Purpose; not to mention, that our regaining the Possession of this Island (if it is held) will deprive the Enemy of many other Advantages they have reap'd by their breaking up the Garrison and English Settlements there, and particularly as it has given 'em a free Communication with the French of Nova Scotia (thro' the Gut of Canso) from whence they have drawn the chief Part of their Provisions and Live Stock at Louisbourg this last Summer, and will very much contribute to keep the neutral French (as the Nova-Scotians are called) in those Parts, in a proper Awe and Respect of the English . . ."

There had been many French and English lookouts, blockhouses, and "forts" on the Green Hill of Grassy Island, (Figure 1). One of the earliest charts showing the fort on "Fort Island" is that by Thomas Durell in 1732; another one, albeit fanciful to some degree showing the extensive works built by the Americans was drawn by George Follings, Gunner of said "Fourt" in 1745. (Figure 3)

Springboard

For the three or four weeks remaining in April 1745, the American Troops stayed at Canso, recovered their health, re-

built the "Fourt", heard rabid tirades against the "papists", and prepared for the assault against Louisbourg.

When it was certain that the expedition was indeed going to attack Louisbourg, Governor Shirley notified Whitehall of his intent, and requested aid. The Home Office, more concerned with the Scottish Problem and Bonnie Prince Charlie, rather reluctantly notified Commodore Warren then in the Caribbean, of the plans and suggested that he might help ferry the troops and blockade Louisbourg. Warren did not arrive off Canso until late in April, just prior to the assault force leaving. With him came ships, the only English help for this expedition. (Warren had previously suggested an assault on Louisbourg, but his plan had been denied. Shirley, knowing this, had written to Warren directly, hoping to enlist his support and thus lever the English officials into actively supporting the whole venture.)

Early in the morning of 29 April the flotilla left Canso for Louisbourg hoping to land about dark and surprise the French. Meantime, the French had sighted Warren's advance ships, but disregarded them. Ice still slowed progress and it was not until the morning of the 30th that the troops could land at Freshwater Cove (Kennington Cove) and finally attack Louisbourg.

Much to the amazement of both France and England, the colonial "rag-tag ruffians" overpowered the Marine troops and mercenaries and Louisbourg fell after forty-eight days of siege.

Little plunder was available to the victors however, and England three years later traded Louisbourg back to France for the town of Madrass in far off India.

This was a major affront to America. The seeds of separation now sprouted irrevocably strong among the colonials in

the knowledge that they had won the first battle for their Independence, and that their unorthodox methods of fighting could conquer centuries of tradition.

In 1763, negotiations ending the Seven Year's War centered on Canso. France still wanted access to the Grand Banks and her Foreign Minister, M. le Duc d'Choiseul said that he would sooner be stoned in the streets of Paris than surrender the (Canso) Islands. He settled for the islands of St. Pierre et Miquelon.

Epilogue

Grassy Island was never again taken in war. The American fortifications were allowed to deteriorate, particularly after the founding of Wilmot Town (present day Canso) in 1764 on the mainland opposite the Island. Grassy Island became first a public fish drying site, and later (from 1842 until 1972) was looked upon as a public common. Edmund Blunt in his 18th edition of *The American Coast Pilot* (Sept. 1857) describes the site in a manner still apt today

> "Grassy Island . . . is a Hill of Drift-sand, clay and boulders, half a mile long and 66 feet high. It is covered with grass, and displays the only other clay cliff besides that of Petit-pas on this side of the channel. It is no longer insulated, being now united to George Island by a bar of shingle which is never covered. The remains of an extensive redoubt gives the name of Fort Point to the high Western extremity of the steep grassy bank of this island, . . ."

These "Fourt" ramparts are still clearly seen rising three to five feet above Green Hill today, some 230 years later. (Fig. 2)

On 31 May 1972 Grassy Island was again claimed by the Americans when it was sold at a Tax Sale under the name of

Cape Anne Island—a name never really used for Grassy Island, and only used briefly from 1764 to 1800 for Great Canso Island, (or George Island) which adjoins it. (Table I)

We are hopeful that our Current Government will see fit to follow Governor Philipps advice offered 250 years ago, and "(re)possess and defend" Grassy Island for all of Canada—No more neglected historic site exists within our borders!

Acknowledgements

Very special thanks are due Miss Lois Yorke, and Mr. John Grant, research assistants at the Public Archives of Nova Scotia for without their special and very personal help my task of searching out rare documents would have been impossible; and to Misses Anne and Margaret MacDougall of Canso a special thank you for "on the spot" information which could not have been obtained otherwise. Constant encouragement and comradeship from the Research and Interpretation Sections of The Fortress of Louisbourg National Historic Park have made the whole project possible.

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The Yarn Woman

RUTH C. AUWARTER

Mrs. Ringer has stopped peddling yarn. The fact is simple enough, but it saddens me. Mrs. Ringer is entitled to retirement; she has earned it. But her departure from the South Shore scene emphasizes for me the transitory quality of life itself. An era has ended and my own life is emptier because her faded red Volkswagen bug, its back seat crammed with skeins of brightly coloured yarn, will no longer bump gently over the roadside gravel to nudge my front gate-post. No more will its adolescent horn rouse the whole house with the cry, "The yarn woman! The yarn woman is here!"

(How could that large, angular, easy-moving woman fold so completely into the bug's seat?)

She opened the car door and rose, unfolding her spare frame, towering over the car. She brushed the soft-blown gray strands back toward the loose knot that never quite disciplined all her hair. In spite of her weathered complexion and work-roughened hands, she had a gracious manner. Her eyes were a deep blue-gray-green. Had they acquired their colour from living by the sea for more than sixty years?

The first time she came to our home, I ran across the lawn to where she stood smiling, welcoming us to her "store".

"Do you have it?" I asked eagerly.

For answer she leaned deep into the car and drew out a large bundle of blue heather skeins. The colour was exquisite. I took the bundle from her and hugged it to myself. The fragrant scent of lanolin rose—I laid my cheek against the bundle. This was to be the knit suit I had always wanted to make.

Mrs. Ringer smiled quietly, enjoying my delight. The bright blue of the yarn had found an incredibly blue response from her eyes. We each knew that we had struck a happy bargain.

I watched her bump back into the road. As she drove away, she waved a long arm out the window. I remembered how I had heard so much about her before I met her; how the yarn woman raised sheep and peddled yarn. Her husband, somewhat older than she, was now elderly and disabled. His small pension was scarcely enough for them, so Mrs. Ringer was in business herself. Little by little she was increasing a small flock of sheep and peddling the yarn from them. Her flock pastured on a remote almost-island whose access was fenced off from the mainland. Every spring, all alone, or with little help, she rounded up her sheep and sheared them. She bagged the raw wool and shipped it to a mill in Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island. They sent her blankets, yard goods or yarn in exchange. Their most common product and her staple was a natural beige heather "sock yarn", a deliberately under-processed yarn, under-processed to retain the natural lanolin. It was neither bleached nor dyed. Sweaters knit of this oily yarn would shed water, keeping the fisherman warm and dry in almost all kinds of weather.

Shearing sheep does not sound taxing if your concept of sheep is a scenic smattering of ewes and lambs set against a green pastoral background, as you might see from the car if you took a drive through the country-side. But each adult sheep weighs a hundred to a hundred and fifty pounds. Rams may

weigh up to two hundred pounds. Mrs. Ringer would have had to herd the sheep into a pen, to seize each sheep, hobble it with a rope and then secure its legs tightly enough to immobilize the animal during the sheering.

Because no power lines extended to her pastures, she had to use hand shears, a little larger than scissors, a little smaller than small lawn shears. With these she would have to cut carefully upward, close to the skin, clipping the matted wool from below, raising and rolling the heavy wool mat back, turning the sheep from one side to the other until the fleece was finally removed in one large piece. I have watched my Uncle Walter Perry do this in about fifteen minutes with electric shears—a huge version of the barber's clippers. With hand shears it takes two or three times that long.

Mrs. Ringer supplied stores and sold to individuals. She packed each new shipment in the Volkswagen and took her routes in turn. In the course of a year, she visited every community in Shelburne County two or three times.

We first saw Mrs. Ringer at MacKenzie's Canteen. Mort and Lilliam MacKenzie dispense hot dogs, hamburgers, fish-and-chips, good will and pleasant talk from an open air stand at Beaver Dam camping park. We had stopped in for a sandwich and a visit when Mrs. Ringer drove in for her lunch. Everyone knew her, and she was soon surrounded by campers and diners. I approached and peered into the car. My eye fell on a single skein of blue heather yarn. Did she have more? Mrs. Ringer apologized—the colour had sold very quickly. I bought enough of the natural "sock wool" for a sweater.

"Could you order more of the blue?" I asked.

Mrs. Ringer could indeed, and could deliver it in three or four weeks. Would that do?

In four weeks we would have to leave Nova Scotia. My husband and I teach in Illinois, and school would be open then. I explained this to Mrs. Ringer. She promised to order and to try to get the yarn before that time.

I remembered with dismay that I had no pattern with me and I didn't know how much yarn to order. Mrs. Ringer asked me what sort of suit I intended to make. Elbow-length raglan sleeves? A straight skirt? A three-quarter length coat with raglan sleeves to cover those of the suit? She ran a practiced eye over my most vital dimensions and told me that I should order fourteen skeins of the blue heather in a two-ply yarn. Thirteen might do it, but fourteen would insure enough yarn. Then I could always knit a little hat to go with the suit. She predicted that knit hats would be very stylish.

This is the age of the specialist. How could I argue against such expert advice? (Eventually she was confirmed in both her diagnoses.)

The time sped by, but no word came from Mrs. Ringer. The later it got, the more I became discouraged. Three days before we must leave, my husband and I set out to find Mrs. Ringer at her home near Little Harbour. Little Harbour, off the main highway, was a picturesque fishing village. From a crossroads at the top of a hill, the road wound down to a dock lined with carefully stacked lobster traps and drab sheds whose shingles had been scoured silver-gray by salt winds. Brightly coloured boats bobbed in the water. Two or three houses were set back from the road and surrounded by meadow. From one, long lines of brilliant white clothes bounced merrily before a stiff breeze. At the crossroads we drew up beside a store which was the front rooms of a house. A lone gas pump stood in front of the store. An ancient sign modestly proclaimed that this was Swansburg's Store and Post Office.

A vivacious little old lady answered my inquiry. Mrs. Ringer? You go down that dirt road to your right for several miles before you come to any houses. You pass three houses, rather widely separated, on the left. Then you come to a house where there are six children. That's on the right. Yes, six children . . . you'll see them. Mrs. Ringer's house is on the left just beyond the house where the six children live.

The directions were clear, if unusual. Six children?

"Oh, yes," said Mrs. Swansburg. "They are Mrs. Ringer's grandchildren and they are always out playing around the house."

The road hugged the shore at times along stone beaches. The day was very clear and to the left you could almost believe you might see Bermuda. An invisible shelf of rock, away off toward the horizon, was causing a roll of breakers. That, and several small islands were all that interrupted the blue of water and sky. Occasionally the road cut into dense spruce groves and out again to return to the shore. Eventually clearings foreshadowed houses, and we passed three comfortably faded shingled dwellings on the left. They rested in blowing meadow, not lawn, looking as though they had passed their peak and were now entering the long process of being re-woven into the land. Behind the houses ancient apple orchards were quietly dying.

Over the rise we came upon the house with one, two, three, four? . . . five? . . . children who watched us approach from the front meadow of a rambling old house on the right. We began a recount. Before we could be sure enough to feel disappointment, a very small tow-headed boy ran around the corner of the house, his arms and legs pumping wildly. He joined his brothers and sisters and they waved at us as we passed. Delighted, we waved back. Next on the left was Mrs. Ringer's neat, faded cottage.

Her car was not in the driveway, but we left ours and approached the obviously more-used back door where I knocked hopefully. From within, sounds of movement preceded the opening of the door by a stooped, white-haired old man, Mr. Ringer.

To his questioning gaze I asked, "Is Mrs. Ringer at home?"

"No," he replied, "but she should be here right away. Come in." We hesitated. We were complete strangers to this fragile old man. Did he always invite people in so readily? "Come in, come in," he fussed, "she wouldn't like to miss you." he told us with the gracious hospitality typical of that part of the province.

We went in and sat down in the warm kitchen. It became apparent that Mr. Ringer had not been able to distinguish us from his neighbors. He talked at great length about affairs of the village and the neighborhood. We gave careful, non-committal answers, agreeing with him whenever he gave us an opportunity. He talked as he must have talked to the walls themselves in the lonely kitchen whether there was anyone there to hear or not. He required no prompting or questioning as he rambled on about things and people that we could only guess at.

Then, abruptly, he asked a specific question about someone named Rhoda. I had to confess that I didn't know Rhoda. This baffled him. In gentle puzzlement, as if disappointed in me, he said, "You don't know Rhoda? . . . why, she's lived here all her life!"

He had allowed us in the kitchen because he thought we were friends. Now, ill at ease, he sensed our alien disinterest. Seeing his discomfort, we pretended pressure of time.

"We really must go," I said. "Will you tell Mrs. Ringer we were here?" Silently, he pushed a pad of paper and a pencil toward me and I wrote my name and address on it, telling Mrs. Ringer that I had come to ask about the yarn.

We left, disappointed in the mission and unhappy that we had caused Mr. Ringer distress. I was sure that we would leave Nova Scotia without the yarn for my suit.

Soon the six children waved again, cheering us briefly.

I thought of Mrs. Ringer and how hard she worked for her livelihood. And I remembered the frail, lonely man talking away the hours, filled with the gentle distractions that so often plague the elderly. I now wished I had found the yarn, as much for its money value to the Ringers as for my own use.

The next day Mrs. Ringer brought the yarn. It had arrived the day before. In fact, we had missed each other by minutes in Little Harbour when she had gone to the freight office at Allendale to receive her shipment.

I knitted the suit. It took weeks and weeks of labour. After the knitting was finished it required careful blocking and pressing, then tailoring. I tacked one lining directly to the material and added another for finish. Finally I had the suit I had wanted and worked for for so long. I wear it often, but never without being doubly glad that I bought the yarn from Mrs. Ringer before she retired.

I believe in Mrs. Ringer. I love the quiet courage that made her raise her own sheep and peddle her yarn. Before I had finished making the suit, however, I gained a new insight into Mrs. Ringer's courage. I began to compare the long hours of labour my project demanded with the daily toil of Mrs. Ringer's very life. I am grateful that she is now able to qualify for a pension, that she and her husband can comfort each other in the quiet kitchen near Little Harbour.

I believe in Mrs. Ringer. But even more I believe in change —the progressive change that makes Mrs. Ringer's work lighter.

I shall miss the Volkswagen and the sumptuous woollen masses Mrs. Ringer brought. But I am grateful that legislated social change, a little more prosperity along the shore and labour-saving machinery are easing the burdens of the Ringers and their friends. I shall miss the yarn woman, but I am glad that she no longer needs to peddle yarn. I pay more now (and gladly) for enough yarn to busy my needles. It comes directly to the store from Charlottetown and Truro.

There is a blue heather yarn on the shelf at the store right now that is almost as beautiful as fourteen skeins I once bought from the yarn woman.

From Pulpit To Platform: Alexander Forrester

ROBERT HARVEY

> "I know not an office that would please me better than that of schoolteacher . . . For I am convinced that, next to preaching, this is the most useful, and greatly the best labor in all the world . . . "[1]
>
> —Martin Luther

Alexander Forrester was a preacher turned schoolmaster after the spirit of the words of Martin Luther. He was the man upon whose shoulders was placed the task of making the grand educational designs of J. William Dawson operational. Dawson, a Pictou native, had become the colony's first Superintendent of Education in 1850. The noted geologist, disappointed by the slow progress of educational development in Nova Scotia, left to become principal of McGill in 1855.

Fifty of Forrester's sixty-four years of life had been spent when he assumed the dual role of Principal of the Normal School at Truro and Superintendent of Education for Nova Scotia, and thus become the "fountain head" of education in the colony, envisioned by Dawson during the early years of the first superintendency.

Alexander Forrester was born in 1805, either near the village of Bannockburn in Stirlingshire,[2] as the family has it, or as

the records of the Church of Scotland state, in Kirkliston Parish, Linlithgowshire.[3] At any rate, he was born a Scot, and the story seems to be that he was born at Bannockburn but moved while a youth to Kirkliston some miles west of Edinburgh.

At four, he was sent by his parents to a subscription school in the village, and here, his granddaughter tells us, "was opened up to him all the wonders of school life and of books".[4]

His mother hoped from an early time that he would be a minister. At twelve, he developed a keen interest in plant life and undertook to arrange a collection. This was an interest he continued in middle age in Nova Scotia. About 1817, his collection of plant life was exhibited at the Caledonia Horticultural Society. He won first prize.

A Mr. MacNab of the Botanical Gardens took an interest in him, and helped young Alexander continue and improve his collection. From this came a great interest in gardening, and we may deduce, the general interest in agriculture which was to appear during his principalship at Truro nearly four decades later.

His father, John, planned to put Alexander to work in Edinburgh. However, his teacher, a Mr. Young, intervened and managed to keep Alexander in school as a helper for the other children, while at the same time providing a year of free tuition for the young scholar. John Forrester, the father, moved his family to Linlithgowshire at the end of the year, and Alexander, the next year, continued his schooling under a licentiate of the Church of Scotland, a Mr. Baird, at Kirkliston. This teacher lent books to Alexander and extended his education. Next, Mr. Baird appealed to the parents of his promising pupil to send their son to college; however, both parents felt that this was beyond their financial resources. So it was that John Forrester sent his son to Edinburgh to work for a shawl manufatcurer on

the South Bridge by day and to tutor the owner's three young daughters in the evening.

Alexander lived with the family and journeyed to the continent with his employer, a Mr. MacDonald, to act as interpreter as the latter knew no French. One evening at a dinner in the MacDonald home, when several members of the Town Council were being entertained, Alexander happened to hear of a University Scholarship for country boys. At once he wrote to his former teacher at Kirkliston requesting a certificate of his standing, and at the appropriate time, presented himself for the entrance examination. He placed first.

He now announced his success to his parents and was able to tell them he had received a twenty pound scholarship for five years. This was the opportunity he and his teachers had long hoped for. His parents were delighted and agreed to help supplement his income.

According to the Archives of Edinburgh University, Alexander was a student in Arts from 1821 to 1825. Although some sources credit him with an M.A., there is no record of his ever having graduated from the institution. This apparently was not uncommon as those with convictions which would eventually lead to the founding of the Free Church objected to papist associations in the graduation ceremonies of Edinburgh.

He received extra money from tutoring. His minister, Dr. Gordon, and Dr. Andrew Thomson aided him in finding suitable positions. One was, in 1827, with the family of a Colonel Robertson of Kinlochmadert, and later with the family of Sir James Hay at Dunragit. With this latter family, a life long association was formed. It was renewed in Nova Scotia when Rear Admiral Sir John Dalrymple Hay was admiral of the Fleet stationed at Halifax. The Forresters came to the naval dances from Truro, and Alexander's youngest son was named John Charles Dalrymple Hay Forrester.

Alexander continued his studies during this time. In 1831 he was licensed to preach, and in 1835, he was ordained in his first parish. His patron was the Crown in the person of William IV, and he was ordained as assistant and successor on April twenty-third at Sorbie.

Sorbie was, and is, a rural village located in Wigtownshire, which, with Kirkcudbrightshire, a Stewartry, form what is known as the Galloway Peninsula. This is the south west corner of Scotland, from which may be seen the coast of Ireland and the Isle of Man. It is Lowland country, with rich farm land, a remarkably mild climate, busy market towns, but lacking the large industrial centers of other parts of Scotland.

Here Alexander Forrester was to spend eight years. His chief duties were in Sorbie, but connected to the Parish was the little seacoast village of Garlieston on Wigtown Bay. The church and the manse, however, were at Sorbie.

The minister of the parish was the Reverend Elliot William Davidson, born on the ninth of December, 1766. He had been educated at Glasgow and ordained by the Presbytery of Wigtown in September of 1789. In 1798, he married Mary McTaggart and they had ten children, eight of whom grew to maturity. The eighth child born was Margaret on the tenth of July, 1815. In 1841, she became the wife of Alexander Forrester, and the Davidsons and the Forresters lived together in the manse, very near the church. Through her paternal grandmother, Elizabeth Elliot Davidson, Mrs. Forrester was related to the Haliburton family, a branch of which immigrated to Nova Scotia. The Haliburton family Bible descended to the Forresters and it came with them to Nova Scotia. It may now be seen at "Clifton", the Haliburton home in Windsor.

The old church at Sorbie is now a roofless ruin surrounded by a well-kept cemetery. In the wall, on the north side of the

cemetery, is a stone marking the final resting place of the Davidsons and three of their children. The manse has fared better through the years, and is now rented to several families. The location of the church was moved in the mid nineteenth century to a point between the two villages of Sorbie and Garlieston, so, as the story goes, the wife of Lord Galloway could see it from her window. However valuable that may have been for her, the church remains several miles from its congregation in either village.

Alexander never succeeded his father-in-law. In 1843, the Established Church of Scotland was split by the Disruption. "It was at this time that the idea of patronage became repulsive to the independent Scottish mind and the people felt they should be free to choose their own minister."[5] Other concepts were behind the great church upheaval of the year 1843 as well, but, certainly, the underlying belief in freedom for the congregation gives the flavour of the times.

Alexander Forrester was one of those four hundred who marched out of St. Andrew's Church, Edinburgh, on the eighteenth of May, 1843, and proceeded down the hill to Canonmills to found the Free Church of Scotland, under its first Moderator, Thomas Chalmers. He was the only Minister in his Presbytery to sign the Act of Separation and the Deed of Demission, and the Sorbie manse felt the Disruption in its domestic scene. In a few months, the Forresters, Alexander, Margaret, and their daughter, Isabella Margaret Monteith, left the hearth of the aging Dr. Davidson, never to return. Indeed, Margaret's sisters refused to carry on a correspondence, so deep were the wounds.

All over Scotland, Free Churches were being established as the old congregations divided over the Disruption. In Paisley, near Glasgow, the supporters of the Free Church of the Middle aand North Parish Churches joined together as the Free

United Congregation. For the first year and a half they worshipped in the Exchange Rooms or the Gaelic Chapel in Oakshaw Street. Plans for a new church building were soon commenced, and in April of 1844, the congregation took the name Free Middle Church.[6]

The congregation was in the throes of getting a minister in the spring of 1844. The thirteenth to be asked was the Reverend Alexander Forrester of Sorbie. He consented to appear as a candidate, and preached on the seventeenth of March, 1844. On the eighteenth, a meeting of the congregation was held at which the Moderator, Mr. McNaughton, "called upon all male members, who had anything to say, to state fully and fearlessly their opinion as to the fitness of Mr. Forrester".[7]

Initially there were three dissenting votes, but in the end, it was unanimously decided to proceed. The call was signed by seventeen elders, two hundred and seventy-one communicants, and two hundred and thirty-one adherents. The call was agreed to by the Presbyteries of Paisley and Wigtown. On Thursday, the sixth of June, 1844, at one in the afternoon, the Reverend Alexander Forrester was inducted as the first minister of the Free Middle Church.

The church itself was not completed and readied for use until November of that same year. Extensive alterations have been made to the church through the last century. Even its name was changed to St. John's, but on a memorial plaque at the back of the church located on School Wynd, the first Free Church to be built in Paisley, the name of Alexander Forrester leads the list of ministers.

His ministry in Paisley appears not to have been a happy one. Apparently there were divisions in the congregation. From a "Diary and Record of the Congregation" kept by a John Macalaster in 1847, we read that for "some time considerable

dissatisfaction had been felt and expressed with Mr. Forrester's preaching, the complaint being, that while he visited a great deal among the people, he neglected his pulpit preparations".[8]

The situation declined after the first two years. In September, November, and December of 1846, the Session Clerk, four elders, and six deacons resigned. "The Congregation seems to have been in a state of galloping consumption".[9] In 1844, five hundred and nineteen had signed Forrester's call to a church which seated a thousand. The call of his successor, the Reverend William Fraser, in 1849, contained the signatures of the remnant of Forrester's work in Paisley, one hundred and sixty. Indeed the recorder of the church's history pronounces the final indignity when he says, "With the induction of the Reverend William Fraser the real history of the Free Middle Church begins".[10]

The situation that developed between 1844 and 1847 in Paisley illuminates the character of Alexander Forrester and provides crucial background evidence to help explain Forrester's career in his final years in Nova Scotia. Forrester was an opinionated, determined man who held firmly to that which he believed to be right. Certainly his actions at the time of the Disruption, when he stood out alone in his Presbytery and had the strength to take a different opinion from his superior and father-in-law, in whose home he had lived and with whom he had been associated in parish work for eight years, showed the sort of inner strength of conviction which allowed him to follow courses of independent action all of his life.

Such men provoke intense loyalty or dislike in those around them. One feels that it was more than poor "pulpit preparations" that split Free Middle congregation by 1847. Forrester, inspired by Thomas Chalmers, followed an active parish ministry that would allow him to help the people directly with their problems. In this case he tried to help them over-

come the horrors of a nineteenth century industrial center such as were contained in the city of Paisley. One can imagine that the sickness, ignorance, dirt and the poverty lay heavily upon him in his work.

Too great a social conscience, too intense a reforming zeal, and too little ability to compromise no doubt estranged the more conservative elements of his flock from him. Looking for a complaint around which to rally, they focused on his pulpit performance, the test of a minister's scholarship and his ability to fill a church.

Mr. McNaughton, who had been out to Nova Scotia and was aware of the need for a minister at St. John's Church in Halifax and for a man to serve as a nucleus for a Free Church Theological College in the colony, returned to the Free Middle Congregation with a possible solution to their problem.

On the morning of the thirtieth of January, 1848, Alexander Forrester found himself aboard the *Acadia* lying at dockside in Halifax Harbour. It was Sunday and he climbed up Garrish Street Hill to preach the morning service in St. John's Church. He was there in the capacity of a delegate to the Colonial Committee of the Free Church. His duty was to take charge of and to organize Free Church students in Halifax. It was then, an educational matter that had brought him to Halifax and to Nova Scotia.[11]

Such was the man about to enter the religious and educational communities of Nova Scotia, and cause to form around him, particularly in the latter area of interest, the intense feelings which characterized his career in Scotland. No one had more loyal supporters than Alexander Forrester among certain elements of Nova Scotian society: his pupils and fellow-teachers, certain prominent members of the political community like William Young, the Premier who would appoint him to his

Truro post. Yet, he had enemies so powerful that by 1864, Premier Tupper found him more of a liability than an asset in the post of Superintendent of Education. Such enemies, one gathers, were produced by his unswerving Protestantism and his intense zeal to reform education while refusing to compromise one tenet of his beliefs to political expediency or economy.

He returned to Paisley in late June of 1843 after his work at the College and a tour of much of Nova Scotia, Cape Breton, Prince Edward Island, and New Brunswick. An address was delivered before he departed which spoke of a hope that he would remain in Nova Scotia on a more permanent basis. Also, he received a purse of twenty pounds. To this "the Reverend Gentlemen delivered a suitable and impressive reply".[12]

In the early autumn, the *Presbyterian Witness* for October seventh carried an advertisement for the Free Church College for the Lower Provinces of British North America. The college was to open on the first of November 1848. It continued, "the Reverend Alexander Forrester has agreed to give a course of lectures on Natural Science in connection with Natural Theology and the Evidence of Revealed Religion".[13]

On that day, across the Atlantic at Paisley, Alexander Forrester was released from his charge at Free Middle Church. A farewell gathering was held, and the minister and his congregation parted company at this event. He was inducted as minister of St. John's Church, Halifax, on Thursday, the fifteenth of November, 1848.

Two men and their ideas had influenced the minister of St. John's. They were Thomas Chalmers and David Stow. The first was a reforming preacher and the second a reforming, amateur educator. Thomas Chalmers was active in university and church circles during Forrester's student days in Edinburgh,

becoming professor of Divinity there in 1828. David Stow was an elder in Chalmers' Glasgow church where he established a Sabbath Day School which represented Stow's first efforts with the young.

Both were intensely interested in raising the state and condition of society in general. Both regarded education as a vital vehicle of redemption in this regard. So it is not surprising that Alexander Forrester arrived in Nova Scotia with a crusading spirit to advance the common people of the colony to a higher state, and that he saw the value of education, organized in a proper system, as an absolute necessity in this work. Such were the origins of the educational philosophy of Alexander Forrester. It was the philosophy of Chalmers, and more directly, the views of David Stow, adapted to the needs of Nova Scotia.

Gerrish Street was a long way from School Wynd in Paisley. The Superintendency of Education did not yet exist in Nova Scotia, nor did a public Normal School and hence the need for a principal. Alexander Forrester, devotee of David Stow and disciple of Thomas Chalmers, had not yet left the pulpit for the platform of the teacher. However, the need for a system of education and trained teachers was becoming clearer in Nova Scotia, and into this development had come a minister anxious to make a new beginning for himself and his family in a new land. His first task was to begin his pastorage and start the Free Church College in Halifax.

Forrester preached during the first year in the storied wooden church of St. John's on the south side of Gerrish Street, between Brunswick and Maitland Streets. The building still stands between redevelopment and demolition in the city's old North end.[13A] He met with success and his church was crowded. Early in 1848, the college had attracted some four students. Towards the end of the year, two other ministers arrived as teachers from Scotland, and the college carried on with increased enrollments.

In 1849, it was decided a new church was needed closer to the center of town to serve the large numbers of interested parishioners. It was said of the church because of its location in the heart of the business district, "Chalmers attacks the devil where he no doubt has the strongest hold."[14] On the fourteenth of October, 1849, Alexander Forrester led his congregation into Chalmers Church on Barrington Street, on the west side between Duke and Buckingham Streets. Thomas Chalmers had died on the thirtieth of May, 1847. It is said that the prominent of Halifax social circles attended this church, and this is quite likely true. The Communicants Roll for Chalmers for 1851 contains at least one familiar name, "Mrs. Joseph Howe".[15]

Forrester entered actively into the life of the community and travelled extensively on church business. In the spring of 1852, he spent two months labouring for the church in Bermuda. The May twenty-ninth edition of the *Presbyterian Witness* contained a letter from Forrester, describing the English people of the island and the form of agriculture to be found there. This latter interest is not surprising when one recalls his early interest in the subject. He makes the following study of the non-white residents. "The coloured population are, I would say, upon the whole in advance of their fellow descendants in Nova Scotia—they are better looking and more intelligent".[16] He had an eye for all groups in the communities he visited, and this continued to be the case when his touring was in the interest of education.

In a six week tour of New Brunswick, he raised several hundred pounds for the Free Church College. On the twentieth of March, 1853, he addressed the British and Foreign Bible Society of Halifax on the occasion of its Jubilee. He reviewed the history of the Society aand related it to the glory achieved by Britain during the same period. He exhorted his audience: "O Britannia, thou owest much to the Bible, to Bible Societies, to Bible Circulation". The Bible and its circulation, he contin-

ued, had brought something better than "the external regimentals of a Romish uniformity". Moreover, "Need we wonder . . . that Pius IX should be more afraid of the Bible Society than he is of the Republican bayonet . . .". But, great efforts were ahead for the Society, and his staunchly Protestant oration continued for many lines on the front page of the *Witness*.[17]

In October of 1853, we find him participating in the Annual Meeting of the MicMac Missionary Society. On that occasion, he seconded a motion in support of the Society's missionary, the Reverend Silas Rand. "In fact he has ever appeared to me as the very beau ideal of a missionary."[18] In November, he was shipwrecked and in some peril when the *Spray* foundered off Gabarus. He arrived at Sydney in time, nevertheless, for a meeting in the interests of the "Sabbath Alliance" of Halifax.

During this time, he was as well involved in the educational debate on the founding of a Normal School and the introduction of assessment to support the schools of the colony. As proof of this his name appeared on a petition to the Assembly of Nova Scotia from Halifax in favour of both of these measures.[19]

The Forresters had been in Halifax for some six years by 1854. They had become prominent members of the community. Alexander had met with success. He had given impetus to the Free Church College; he had built a new church; he was active in local affairs, having served as a Commissioner for the Halifax Schools.

As early as 1852, the first Superintendent of Education, J. William Dawson, when looking for a graceful exit from the field of education in Nova Scotia as his efforts had been continually frustrated, spoke of Alexander Forrester as the man in whom he had confidence to occupy the dual post of Superinten-

dent of Education and Principal of the Normal School.[20] Forrester held the edge over his rivals, such as Dr. Cramp of Acadia, for in Dawson's view Forrester was "less implicated in sectarianism or party feuds than most men as well as more public spirited".[21]

It was in this year that Forrester wrote and published a pamphlet entitled *Duty of the Legislature of Nova Scotia with Respect to Collegiate Education.* Although the pamphlet dealt with the state of the colleges of the colony and a plan to improve the situation with a common collegiate institution, his philosophy of education as a preventative measure against the evils of society, and his support for a Normal Seminary were clearly evident.

The spirit which Dawson had hoped to awaken and promote in Nova Scotia was captured in this pamphlet. The minister of Chalmers Church observed that far too many schools were under the control of masters who were unable to earn their living in any other way. He saw that generally the good teachers were active but briefly as they soon found a more financially rewarding profession. Although Forrester in 1852 regarded a Normal School as being indispensible in any programme to upgrade the state of general education, he was quick to place paramount importance upon a proper financial basis for education. No reform nor innovation could, in his view, have lasting value without some form of taxation of property for educational purposes.

In good time Alexander Forrester received the call to leave the parish ministry and enter the field of public education. A year later, in March of 1855, the *Presbyterian Witness* made the comment that "the separation of a pastor from his flock is always an event fraught with very solemn reflection whether as regards pastor or people" but, it continued, "all parties must rejoice at the wisdom which has led to the projec-

tion of such a scheme as that of which Mr. Forrester is now the head."[22]

Forrester passed the spring of 1855 in touring the Normal Schools of eastern North America. He had, however, his association with such institutions in Scotland, the Stow school, or as he put it in his first report as Superintendent of Education, with the "original one in the city of Glasgow, the pioneer and model of the whole in Great Britain".[23]

The month of April and part of May was spent at schools in Boston, New York, and other centers in New England. Next, he went on to Canada to see the school at Toronto which, by then, had been in operation for some eight years. He admitted the trip had been valuable but concluded that he had seen nothing to compare with the work of David Stow.

He returned to Nova Scotia towards the end of May and spent the next weeks preparing for publication a pamphlet entitled *The Objects, Benefits, and History of Normal Schools.* It was a comprehensive overview of the general topic of education and the training of teachers, as suggested in the title.

There was a pleasing interest in education and its value, observed the new Superintendent, "whatever be the diversity of opinion respecting the mode." Moreover, the activity among teachers and their friends seemed to be advancing "the elevation of teaching to something like its legitimate position—the rank of a science—the dignity of a profession".[24]

On the ninth of July, Forrester was in Colchester County on the start of his first tour of the colony as its Superintendent of Education. He was, of course, no stranger to the little villages and winding roads of Nova Scotia as his religious duties on behalf of his church and the Free Church College at Halifax had necessitated a good deal of travel. He saw eight schools in

Colchester and all were "miserably taught" though the school houses were in "tolerable condition". He informed the commissioners that they were entitled to send six pupils to the Normal School at Truro, and moved on to the Stirling section of the county for meetings on the sixteenth of July. At this time, a board of commissioners had the right to send to the Truro school a pupil, male or female, for each one hundred pounds it received from the Provincial Treasury. Explaining this part of the system and organizing the first class of the school was one major reason Forrester was travelling the colony in the summer of 1855.

In Stirling, the procedure followed the usual pattern, but the Superintendent received the "general complaint that the books are too scientific". Before this he had been in Cumberland County for meetings on the eleventh; in Parrsboro District, meetings were disorganized due to problems with the mails; and on the twelfth in the Pugwash area, he was forced to conclude, "All here appertaining to school districts and trustees seem in greatest disorder".

Things were more promising in the Pictou area on the twentieth, but at Sydney on the twenty-third of July, "one of the commissioners stated that he verily believed that not more than three teachers could stand the legal examinations for licenses". Next Forrester visited the Guysborough County area on the twenty-fourth and twenty-fifth of July. The clerk of the local board was a J. Campbell of St. Mary's. "All is in a most satisfactory condition owing to the deep interest taken by the clerk in Education." What a delight it must have been for Forrester to find such devotion aand dedication! But, of the teaching, he concluded, "General condition of teachers very low. Coloured population next to Halifax. Little or nothing done for their education."[25] Here was the observer of social conditions recording the generally dismal picture of education in the colony on the eve of the commencement of teacher training at

Truro. His tour continued until October, and the Normal School opened in November. He must have been contemplating how the philosophy and example of Chalmers and Stow could best be applied to Nova Scotia to bring "sweetness and light" to its society through a system of education.

> The pursuit of perfection, then, is the pursuit of sweetness and light . . . He who works for sweetness and light united, works to make reason and the will of God prevail.
>
> Matthew Arnold.

FOOTNOTES

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3. Hew Scott, **Fasti Ecclesiae Scotincanae** (Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd, 1917), II, 377.
4. Van Buskirk, **op. cit.**, p. 181.
5. **Ibid.**, p. 183.
6. B. M. MacAlaster, **A Short History of St. John's Church Paisley** (Paisley: J. & J. Cook, 1943), p. 15.
7. Oliver Russell, "The Story of Our Congregation" in **United Free Middle Church Quarterly Review** (Paisley, March 1919), p. 4.
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9. **Ibid.**, p. 6.
10. MacAlaster, **op. cit.**, p. 16
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12. **Presbyterian Witness**, July 1, 1848.
13. **Ibid.**, Oct. 7, 1848.

13.A The old St. John's Church building was destroyed by fire on the night of July 19, 1972.

14. D. M. Sinclair, **Fort Massey Church, A Century of Witness**, p. 3.
15. Archives of the Maritime Conference of the United Church of Canada, "Minute Book of St. John's Free Church and Chalmers' Church".
16. **Presbyterian Witness**, May 29, 1852.
17. **Ibid.**, March 19, 1853.
18. **Ibid.**, October 8, 1853.
19. Public Archives of Nova Scotia, "Petitions to the Assembly on Education", 1853.
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22. **Presbyterian Witness**, March 31, 1855.
23. Public Archives of Nova Scotia, "Report of the Superintendent of Education for 1855". (Halifax: Government of Nova Scotia, 1856).
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25. Nova Scotia Teachers College, "Visitation on Normal School", 1855.

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.

YOKE MAKING

Recorded history shows that the making of yokes for oxen goes well back into Biblical days. In the province of Nova Scotia, the first recorded team of working oxen is credited to Sieur de Poutrincourt, who brought the ox to our shores in 1610. Over the next two centuries, they were to prove their worth as the chief source of agricultural power.

TYPES OF YOKES

There were several different designs developed for ox-yokes, and they were classified into two main groups: neck or bow yoke and head yokes.

BOW YOKE

The bow yoke was used in the province by settlers who had come from England (or the New England states). This form of yoke consisted of a cross bar, curving at each end, and fitted with band loops of wood at each end. These bows or loops were loosely fitted over the necks of the oxen. This form of yoke passed out of general usage very quickly. (Oak and hickory were two types of wood used in the construction of this form of yoke.)

HEAD YOKE

The head yoke was completely different. It was carved by hand to fit the horns of the individual ox, and was designed so that it could be strapped into place. Each ox had to have the yoke designed especially for him, and as he grew older, it sometimes had to be modified or replaced. Yellow birch was a common material, however, popular was used in some places. Poplar was considerably lighter, but it did wear a little more quickly. Two basic head yokes have been passed down through the years, the "Dutch" and the "French" (they look somewhat the same, but the French is wider).

Notches and pins were provided so that the straps could be secured after wrapping.

MAKING OF YOKES

When oxen were of vast importance, so were yoke makers, for it was imperative that the yoke fit properly. The yoke maker usually served a particular area, although he might well travel many miles to make a yoke. It was easier for him to take his kit of hand tools to the farm, than for the farmer to bring the oxen. For fifty cents or a dollar, and a day's labour, he would fashion and fit the yoke from a piece of wood about nine inches square. In addition to his work, the former would

often "put him up" for the night, including a meal. The modern yoke maker (and there are a few left), will still travel to a farm to create a yoke. However, the price has gone up, to about twenty or thirty dollars, with the piece of wood provided for him, as well as the traditional meal and lodging. With a hand ax, a measure (which he seldom uses), and a drawknife, he creates a piece of art, first by quick slashes, then by careful smoothing. The end result is a yoke that will last as long as the oxen, a masterpiece of hand-crafted design. A design that was in some ways individual to himself.

SAWYER

When we think of a saw, the first thing that comes to mind is a Black and Decker or perhaps a DeWalt, or some other form of power saw that one would find in a modern workshop. But to early Nova Scotia, the saw was a most important instrument, for it was the means of providing the necessary planks used for building barns, houses, ships, and anything else made of wood.

The invention of the saw goes well back into recorded history. The Greeks have laid first claim, but Egyptian monuments give credit in that direction. Antique saws, over the centuries, have been made of many different materials, including notched shells, shark's teeth, flint with wooden handle, and bronze. But whatever the origin of the saw, its importance to North America settlers can not be easily overlooked.

BLADES

The cutting edge of a saw *blade* or *web* was usually thinner than the back edge, and contained the *teeth* that did the actual cutting of the material. The resulting groove that was formed in the material being cut was the saw *kerf*. The older form of blades were made of iron, and were hammer-hardened. This meant that the newer tempered-steel blades, which were ground smooth, were not only brighter and smoother, but also stiffer.

The thickness of the saw-blade, as well as the width of the saw-tooth points, were tested with a *saw-gauge*.

The inclination of the saw tooth face was called *pitch*. If a hollow was cut in front of the tooth, below this face, it was called a *brier-tooth* or *gullet-tooth*. A saw which had wide teeth was a *rack-saw*, while a tooth in the shape of an isosceles triangle was a *fleam-tooth* or *peg-tooth*.

The teeth of a saw were cut and sharpened with a *saw-file* (triangular for hand-saws, flat for mill-saws), while the saw was held in a *saw-clamp* to hold it secure for filing. The depth of the spaces between each tooth was increased with an angular punch called a *saw-doctor* or *saw-gummer.*

CLASSIFICATIONS

Saws were classed as being either *reciprocating* (moving back and forth alternately) or *circular.* There were many different forms, and sizes, depending upon the intended use. The two main divisions were *machine-saws* and *hand-saws.*

One of the most important forms of machine-saws was used in the *saw-mill.* The saw-blade was usually driven by water (or steam), and it could be either a circular or reciprocating blade. In large mills, a circular saw was used to square the logs (*mill-logs*) before they passed to the *gang-saw* (several blades in a frame, set at a specific distance apart) where they were cut into *boards* or *deals* in one operation.

Hand saws came in two basic forms—*open* and *frame.*

The open saw was similar to our modern hand saw, except that the handle was often like a knife handle (either rivited on or secured on a tang) and could be used with either one or two hands.

The frame-saw (also called *web-saw* or *span-saw*) was the most popular form of saw for many years. It consisted of a thin blade which was given rigidity by being strained or stretched in the center of a rectangular wooden frame (*saw-frame*) with two *stretchers* on the outside to keep the blade taut. The chief advantage of the frame-saw was that a very narrow blade could be used, and this was most important in an era when metal was difficult to obtain. One variation of the frame-saw was the *bow-saw.* This had a blade stretched between the

outside end of two arms of the frame, and it was kept taut by a cord twisted with a winding stick or else a rod and tightening-screw. The strength of the bow-saw came from a brace which went between the arms, through the center.

Saws were also classed according to the direction of cut in relationship to the grain of the wood. A saw which cut "with" the grain was called a *rip-saw, ripping-saw,* or *cleaving-saw.* A saw which was used to cut "across" the grain was a *cross-cut* or *drug-saw.*

BUCKS AND HORSES

A *saw-horse, saw-buck, jack* or *buck* was a frame or rack consisting of two ends, each in the shape of a St. Andrew's Cross (X), connected by a longitudinal stay. It was used to hold sticks or cordwood while being cut to length (cross-cut), often with a buck-saw.

The *saw-bench* or *saw-table* had a flat top, and was similar to our modern saw-horse, except that the top was somewhat wider.

SAWYER

A *sawer* or *sawyer* was one whose trade it was to saw squared timber into planks of required thickness. The term also applied, although to a lesser degree, to one who cut fuel wood.

The log was squared first, then placed across a special *saw-pit,* or *trestles.* The workmen on top of the timber was the *top-sawyer or tiller man,* and usually got higher wages than the man in the pit. The lower man was the *box man,* and he usually wore a large, wide-brim hat to protect himself from the sawdust.

The saw that they used was called a *pit-saw, cleaving-saw,* or *long-saw*. It was a rip saw, and could be either an open-saw or a frame-saw. The long blade (up to about 7 feet) had a transverse handle (*tiller*) at the top and another (*box*) at the bottom.

The marks left on a plank from a pit saw were at an angle and quite fine, as compared to the coarse vertical marks of the millsaw.

The frame-saw was used until the mid-1800's when the open saw became popular. Generally speaking, the open pit saw was more common in North America, and was in use until the early 1900's.

KINDS OF HAND SAWS

There have been dozens of different styles of hand saws over the years. It has been almost impossible to place one term to any one saw design, for many kinds of designs overlap each other in both shape and size. Some of the more common styles are briefly listed:

BROKEN-SPACE SAW—a fine hand saw.
BUCK-SAW—a cross-cut frame saw, with one end extended to form a handle, rigid blade, tightened with winding stick, collapsible.
BUHL-SAW—a frame-saw with a thin blade, used for inlaying.
CARCASS-SAW—a form of tenon-saw with a strengthened back.
CLEAVING-SAW—a rip saw.
COMPASS-SAW—hand saw used to cut curves (including key-holes), without any set to the teeth; had a long, slender, flexable blade, about 1 inch wide at the handle and tapering to about 1/4 inch at the other end; 5 teeth to the inch. Also called

FRET-SAW, KEY-HOLE SAW and LOCK-SAW.
DOUBLE-SAW—a handle with two blades, set at a particular spacing, used to cut kerfs (such as in comb cutting).
DOVETAIL-SAW—a 9 inch tenon-saw, with 15 teeth per inch, used to cut dovetails.
DRUM-SAW—cylindrical saw, used to cut staves and other curved material; also called a CYLINDER-SAW or BARREL-SAW.
FELLING-SAW—a cross-cut saw operated with at least one man on each end; blade was long (about 6 to 7 feet), tapering, gullet-teeth.
FUSE-SAW—tenon-saw, used by artillery-men.
GAUGE-SAW—moveable frame for adjustable kerf depth.
GRAFTING-SAW—a tenon-style pruning saw, used in tree grafting.
HACK-SAW—frame saw, close teeth and strong blade for cutting metal.
HALF-RIP SAW—similar to the hand rip-saw, but with a narrower set and a much finer gauge.
HAWK-BILL-TOOTH SAW—a saw with hooked, curved teeth.
ICE-SAW—large slices of pond ice were cut with this very long saw, equiped with a handle on one end and occasionally a weight on the other end (to go under the ice).
JOINT-SAW compass joints and other types of similar items were made with this curved-face saw.
MEAT-SAW—a tenon saw with a stiff steel back.
PANEL-SAW—combination (cross-cut and rip) saw, 6 teeth per inch, used to cut very thin material.
PRUNING-SAW—used in tree pruning; had a buckhorn stock, teeth were double (i.e., sharpened on both sides).
RABBET-SAW—grooves were cut into planks with this especially adapted saw.
ROUTER-SAW—used for cutting grooves in wood, having teeth on both sides of the blade and a router-tooth to remove the chips between the grooves (kerfs).

SASH-SAW—a tenon-saw used to make sashes for windows.
SPLITTING-SAW—used for ripping wood, or for re-sawing material.
STOCKER'S-SAW—a relatively small saw used by the gun-stocker.
SWEEP-SAW (BONE-SAW or TURNING-SAW)—a frame-saw, with a small blade, used for cutting curves.
TENON-SAW—a saw with a thin blade and a strong back, used for such fine work as cutting tenons and dovetail joints.
WHIP-SAW—a frame saw with a narrow, thin blade for cutting curves.

NAILERS

There have been millions of square nails produced in Nova Scotia, nails which have taken dozens of sizes, shapes and forms.

Anyone who made nails, and in particular, made forged nails, was called a *nailer*. A female nail-maker was a *naileress*. These two terms applied, generally, to workers in various commercial nail-making factories, rather than referring to the men who made nails locally for their own use. A nail factory, or any place where nails were produced, was termed a *nailery*.

SQUARE-NAILS

Properly defined, a *nail* was larger than a tack but smaller than a spike. However, all forms of narrow pieces of metal that were used for attaching various objects, regardless of size, are generally included under the heading of *nails*.

TACK

A *tack* was a small (1/8" to 1 1/3") nail with a sharp shank and a flat head. Various types of tacks were manufactured, including broom, brush, carpet, felting, gimp and leathered tacks. The size of a tack was designated by the weight of 1000 tacks, as 1-ounce, 6-ounce 10-ounce, &c.

Tack name	Length (inches)	Number per lb.	Tack name	Length (inches)	Number per lb.
1 oz.	1/8	16,000	10 oz.	11/16	1,000
1 1/2 oz.	3/16	10,666	12 oz.	3/4	1,333
2 oz.	1/4	8,000	14 oz.	13/I6	1,143
2 1/2 oz.	5/16	6,400	16 oz.	7/8	1,600
3 oz.	3/8	5,333	18 oz.	15/16	888
4 oz.	7/16	4,000	20 oz.	1	800
6 oz.	9/16	2,666	22 oz.	1 1/16	727
8 oz.	5/8	2,000	24 oz.	1 1/3	666

BRAD

The older form of square brad was a large (about 3″), thin nail which had a projection on one side rather than a head, and was used to secure floor and ceiling boards. The brad was driven in so that the flat side of the projection was parallel to the grain of the board being secured. The newer form of brad was between 1/2 and 1 1/2 inches in length and was used in packing crates and shoe-making.

SPIKE

The *spike* or *spike-nail* was any long nail, i.e., 3 inches or more in length.

SCREW

The ordinary screw was also termed a *screw-nail.*

MODE OF MANUFACTURE

There were two basic forms of manufactured square nails —wrought and cut.

WROUGHT

Until the late 1800's, almost all nails produced were by hand labour. Each nail was forged from a thin iron *nail rod.* First, the rod was heated, then cut off at the right length on a hardy, which was often fitted into a special *nailer's anvil* (the anvil was an inverted L-shape, and often fitted into a *nailer's bench* or *horse*). The head was formed on the nail by placing it into a tapered hole of a *header* (flat bar about 7 inches long) and then hitting it with a hammer. The wrought nail was often preferred by carpenters over machine-formed nails.

The making of wrought nails was usually done by a farmer during long winter evenings, using the fireplace to heat the

nail-rods. In many areas of the province, it retained the character of a domestic industry. The men of the family were often assisted by the females in the production of the nails.

CUT

Cut or *square-cut nails* tapered on two sides, as opposed to the wrought nail which tapered on all four sides. The cut nail was cut from sheet-iron *nail-plates* on a machine called a *nail-plate shears*. This form of nail was not done as a home industry or by a blacksmith, but was more of a commercial enterprise. One of Nova Scotia's many cut-nail factories was the world-famous Starr Manufacturing Company of Dartmouth.

For centuries, cut nails were made by hand, from the rolling out of the plates to the final forming of the hammered head. In 1786, a machine was patented in the United States which did most of the work previously done by hand. By 1810, another machine was contrived which could cut nails from the iron sheet and form the head at the rate of 6,000 per hour. With time, and more improvements, the machine was refined to the point that it could produce 10,000,000 nails per hour.

WIRE NAILS

The *wire* or *French nail* was cut from steel wire, and was introduced during the latter part of the 1800's. These nails became popular because they were much cheaper to produce than the older square nails. In addition, the wire nails could bend easily without breaking. In spite of these advantages, many people still considered the square nail to be more durable and as having greater holding power than the more modern wire nails.

CHARACTERISTICS OF NAILS

HEADS

There were many different forms of heads used on square nails, including *rose* (the most popular on forgered nails), *clasp, diamond* and *countersunk.*

POINTS

The four main types of points included the *flat,* the *spear* or *spear-shaped,* the forged *sharp* point and the *clinch* point.

SHANKS

The shanks came in three thicknesses. The thinnest one was the *fine* (finishing nail), the medium was the *bastard,* and the coarse was the *strong.*

MATERIALS

Many different metals were used for nails, especially if the nails were for some particular purpose that required a special material. Some of the most common metals included iron, steel, copper, as well as galvanized metals.

NAIL SIZES

The old penny system of sizing nails was by weight, i.e., 1000 nails of any given size would weigh so many pounds. For example, five-penny nails meant that 1000 nails of a certain size would weigh five pounds (when reverted to its original meaning, "penny" was a corruption of "pound").

Penny size	Length	Penny size	Length
2d	1″	8d	2 1/2″
3d	1 1/4″	9d	2 3/4″
4d	1 1/2″	10d	3″
5d	1 3/4″	12d	3 1/4″
6d	2″	16d	3 1/2″
7d	2 1/4″	20d	4″

RETAIL COST OF NAILS

Nails were sold by the pound, or else by kegs (usually 100 pounds). All large nails were usually priced the same as that of the 20-penny size (4″), however, smaller nails increased in price as their sizes decreased.

SPECIAL TYPES OF NAILS

There were dozens of different types of square nails developed for particular purposes, some of which are briefly described below:

BROB—form of spike; prevented butt-jointed timbers from slipping.

BULLEN-NAIL—upholster's nail; short shank, round head, lacquered.

CLAMP-NAIL—stout, large-headed; used on ship's clamps during building.

CLASP-NAIL—wrought nail; sharp point, two pointed spurs on head.

CLOUT or CLOUT-NAIL—1) coarse nail used to secure ironwork to carriage axletrees. 2) large-headed nail used in the sole of boots as studs (clouted shoes).

COUNTERSINK NAIL—conical-headed nail, resembling wood screw head.

DECK-NAIL—diamond-shaped spike, used to nail planks on ship decks.

DIAMOND-NAIL—head formed in the shape of rhombal.

DOG-NAIL—large nail, projecting lug on one side; used by locksmiths.

DOUBLING-NAIL—used to secure additional covering (e.g., sheating, gun-port lining on ships, &c.)

FENCING-NAIL—course, double weight nails; secured boards to fence-posts.

FLAT-NAIL or FLAT-HEAD NAIL—small, forged nail; light, sharp-pointed, round body; round, flat, thin head; a little larger than a tack.

GAD-NAIL—long, stout nail.

GARDEN-NAIL—cast nail with pyramidal head, used to nail plants and vines to brick garden walls.

GARRON-NAIL—form of spike, several different sizes, all large.

GIMP-NAIL—small unholsters nail (tack), forged with round head.

HOB-NAIL—large head; short, thick, pointed tang; used for boot-soles.

HORSE-NAIL (HORSESHOE-NAIL)—strong, thick, countersunk head and a flat-pointed tang, forged, made from soft iron.

LATH-NAIL—small cut nail, secured plaster laths to wall studs.

LEAD-NAIL—copper-allow nail with small, round head, used to secure lead-sheets to roofs of buildings.

MOP-NAIL—flat-headed nails used by sailors to secure rope-ends to a handle to form a crude mop.

PLANCHER (FLOORING)-NAILS—T-shaped head (like clap); secured floor boards in buildings.

RAILWAY-NAIL—short shank, large flat head with date (e.g., 35 for 1935), used to give date sleepers were laid.

RIGGING (RIB-BAND)-NAIL—large round head, used on ships.

ROSE-NAIL—conical head, several (usually 4) facets formed by the hammer; shank was either sharp or tapered.

ROTHER (RUDDER)-NAIL—large, full head, used on ships to secure the rudder-irons ("Rother" corrupted from "Rudder").

SADDLE-NAIL—short shank; flat, smooth head; used in saddle-making.

SCUPPER-NAIL—short shank; large, flat head; used on ships for securing leather over scupper-holes, or tarpaulins.

SHEAHING-NAIL—1) 6d to 8d nails used to secure house sheathing. 2) copper and tin nail with countersunk, flat and

polished head; used to secure metal plates (sheathing) to wooden hulls.

SHINGLE-NAIL—a cut nail for securing roof shingles.

SPRIGS—small shoemaker's nail; sharp, tappered shank with no head.

STUB-NAIL—nail with short, thick shank.

STUD—ornamental nail with large head.

TRUNK-NAIL—trunks and coffins were decorated with these half-sphered, ornamental headed nails.

WEIGHT-NAIL—used in shipbuilding for securing cleats, &c.

SHIPWRIGHT

Ship-building is one of the oldest crafts still in existence today. According to tradition, ship-building was first successful in Egypt, after which Danaus brought the art to Greece in about 1485 B.C.

The Phoenicians are given credit, in historic times, for taking the major lead in the craft of ship-building.

Wooden construction was the first important form used, with England taking the lead in the late 1400's with the building of the first two-decked sailed vessel, the "Royal Harry". For the next four hundred years, wooden sailing vessels were considered the principle means of transportation and communication. By 1812, the first steamship was constructed of wood, being closely followed with two iron steamships being launched to ply the Humber in 1833 and 1834. It was only a matter of time—time for steel to be cheaply produced—before iron was to be replaced with steel.

SHIP-BUILDING

The actual building (and repairing) of ships was done by a high skilled tradesman—the *shipwright* (also called a *ship-builder* or *ship-carpenter*). It is to his keen eye and trained hand that credit for Nova Scotia's fame as a ship-building area belongs.

Ship-building, as a trade, was distinguished from *boat-building*, in that the vessels were constructed for navigation, and were usually equipped with masts. A lesser used term to describe this form of art or occupation was *ship-carpentry*.

A *ship-yard,* or *ship-building yard,* was the whole piece of ground, located near the water, in which the vessels were

constructed. The ship-yard also included the buildings (if any), lumber storage yards, &c. The *building-slip* was the actual area where the ship was constructed.

The basic process of ship-building in Nova Scotia was fairly uniform in the many different yards. The keel was first laid on the level slip, beside the water (often at the water's edge). It was secured in place with blocks. Ribs were then cut, steamed, bent to shape, then secured to the keel. Planking came next, followed by the filling of cracks between the planks with oakum. After checking for leaks, the decks and deck houses were built, the fixtures put into place, the ship painted, the rudder built and hung. After launching and naming, it was then made ready for sailing.

Throughout the complete process of building the vessel, plans were seldom used, for men would work up a design, construct a scale wooden half-model, then build the ship from this.

Nova Scotia's "Golden Age of Sail", was between 1830 and 1880, when the building of wooden ships was the chief industry in the province, in fact, it was the most important industry of all the Maritime provinces. During this "Golden Age", thousands of sailing vessels were built from just about every cove, harbour, river, stream, in fact, anywhere that a ship could be launched from. The most important ports at that time were Pictou, Yarmouth, Maitland and Windsor. (A writer once stated that "At one time, a man standing on the hill at Windsor might see fifteen square-rigged vessels building at once.") Other important centers included New Glasgow, Pugwash, River John, Parrsboro, Dartmouth, Hantsport, Bear River, Weymouth and Digby, just to mention a few.

While New Brunswick, across the Bay, built ships to sell to other parts of the world, Nova Scotia built ships mainly to be sailed by her own people. The major part of sales connected

with ship-building was concerned with selling the tall, white pine masts for the war ships of England's Royal Navy. Cut in the forests of the province, these 100 to 150 foot long masts were taken to Great Britain on specially designed ships, where they were sold for prices of up to $500.

Until about 1840, sailing vessels from the ship-yards of the province were somewhat small. Even Yarmouth, famous already for her ships, didn't have a vessel over 600 tons. However, as knowledge and skills were increased, new and larger designs were being tried. Within twenty-five years, the ships of Nova Scotia were seen in all ports, on all seas, and had built a reputation that lasts even today. The largest wooden ship built in Nova Scotia—also the largest in all of Canada—was the *William D. Lawrence* out of Maitland.

Production of wooden ships reached an all-time high on the eve of Canadian Confederation, when the ship-yards of Nova Scotia turned out in the year 1865, a total of 444 sailing vessels.

On January 1, 1873, Liverpool had on her shipping register, 123 vessels with a total of 16,000 tons. As the "Golden Age" was drawing to a close, the town of Yarmouth reached its year of glory in 1879, when the citizens of that community owned a total of 297 sailing vessels. However, as the 1880's rolled in, wooden ship-building started to decline to the point that production almost stopped completely. It wasn't until the sales of motor boats, dories, draggers and sailing yachts that wooden ships began to appear on the slips of Mahone Bay, Wedgeport, Pictou, Lunenburg, and other ports. But even today, wooden ships are again disappearing as newer materials (aluminum, fiberglass, &c.) are replacing traditional materials and methods. By 1956, there were only 18 boat-and-ship-building establishments in Nova Scotia.

SHIP-BUILDING WOOD

The forests of Nova Scotia provided the main ingredient for the building of wooden ships. Although the basic use of most wood was common throughout the province, some areas adapted local timber to several different purposes. Some of the more common types of timber include: oak for rails and wedges; spruce for ship knees, timbers, booms, yards, and decking; red pine for masts; red pine heartwood for decking; white pine for trim and masts; and, yellow birch for ship knees, trim, planking, and those parts that were to remain under the water.

SHIPWRIGHT'S TOOLS

The shipwright occasionally used some of the basic wood-working tools, such as the spokeshave, the drawknife and the wooden sole plane. In addition, there were several special tools designed or adapted for use in shipbuilding.

ADZE—The *Shipwright's* or *American adze* had a slight curved blade (about 5 inches wide), honed very sharp, and placed at right angles to the "snakelike" wooden handle. The blade was made to be quickly removed for sharpening on the grindstone, as its cutting edge was on the inside. A long peg-poll was provided for driving in broken nails. The man who used it was often termed an *adze-man.*

BOLT-AUGERS—Holes for bolts were sunk by the shipwright with these augers, which varied from 2 to 6 feet in length.

CALKING-IRON (CLINCHING-IRON) — An instrument, made of iron and resembling a chisel (blunter edge), was used by the *calkers* to force the oakum into the ship's seams.

CALKING-MALLET—This instrument was used to drive the oakum into the seams, usually used with the calking-chisel or making-iron.

CLAM—A shipwright's pincers.

HORSE-IRON (also HORSING-IRON and MAKING-IRON)—A large calking-iron, used for the driving of oakum into the ship's seams. Usually used for final driving, it was held with a withy handle, and used with a mallet.

PLANKING-CLAMP—This instrument was used to bend the stakes against the vessel's ribs, and to hold them there until they could be secured with the use of treenails or iron bolts.

RASING-IRON—Before a vessel could be re-calked, the old oakum had to be removed with the rasing-iron (or *rave-hook*).

REAMING-IRON—Before the seams of a vessel were calked, they had to be opened with this blunt, chisel-shaped instrument.

RIPPING-IRON—There were two forms of ripping-irons. One was for removing the old oakum from the seams, while the other was used to remove the sheathing boards and copper from the underside of the hill.

SLICE—This instrument was a bar, with a spear-shaped (sometimes chisel-shaped) end, used for removing either sheathing boards or planking.

DRAWING OF THE OLD CANSO "FOURT" ON GRASSY ISLAND, 1745

drawing shows (1) The Commandant's House (2) Captain Marshall's House
The Gunner's House, George Follings and George Miles (4) The Block House
he middle of the Parade (5) The Magazine for the Powder and Shott (6) The
Gate Faceing the Harbour (7) The North Gate Faceing the Basin (8) The East
Faceing the Entrance of the Harbour (9) The Well upon the Platform (10) The
e Oven (11) The Royall Company of Granadears in Arms (12) The Other Company of
ettear men (13) The Barracks for the Souldiers (14) The Hospetell for the Sick
The Other Barracks for the Granadears (16) A man Hoisting the Flag (17) A
er in the NE Bastion (18) A Flag Staff (19) The Quarter Gunner Hailing....
Captain Rouse Comeing into Canso Harbour (21) One Looking at (20) with a
pective Glass (22), (23), (24),(25) The Sentry boxes on Each Flanker with the
ry (26) The Platform Guns and Morter, N. of Guns 40 and one morter .

"Fourt" was retakein and Rebuilt in the year 1745, the plan of which was take
e, George Follings, Gunner of said "Fourt".

original of this drawing is quite elusive. One copy reproduced here, is a
to-line-drawing" of the original made by the late Dr. J.C. Webster. It is
in the New Brunswick Museum, Saint John. The only clue to the source is a
written on the back "From an original in the hands of a Boston family".
py of this copy is in the Public Archives of Canada, and adds the further note
the original is held in the library of the New England Historical and
alogical Society in Boston; no trace can be found.

ge Follings, the artist and amateur cartographer, was a gunner attached to the
during the New England Army's stay at Canso. In addition to this drawing
anso's "Fourt", he also drew one entitled "Louisbourg City -- 1745" after the
was captured.

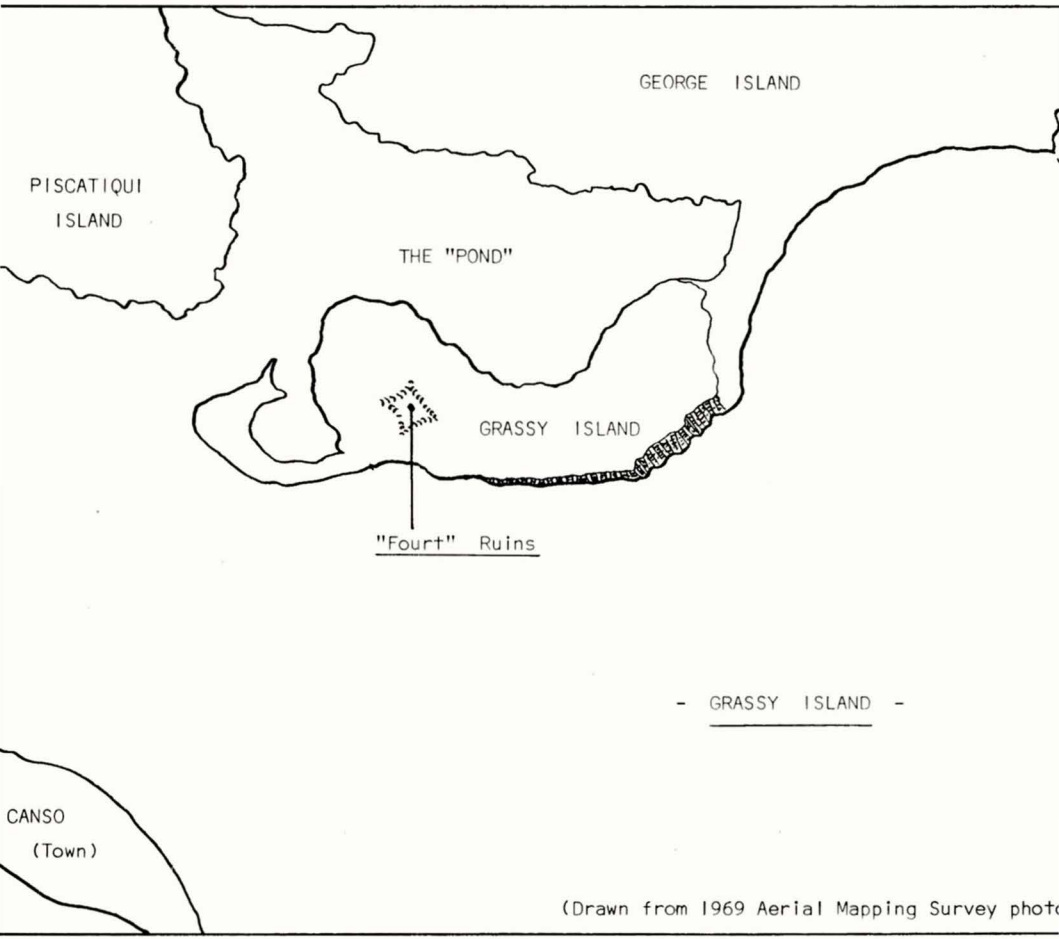
GEORGE ISLAND
PISCATIQUI ISLAND
THE "POND"
GRASSY ISLAND
"Fourt" Ruins
- GRASSY ISLAND -
CANSO (Town)
(Drawn from 1969 Aerial Mapping Survey photo

Figure 1

Aerial photograph of the "Fourt" Ruins — August, 1972

Figure 2

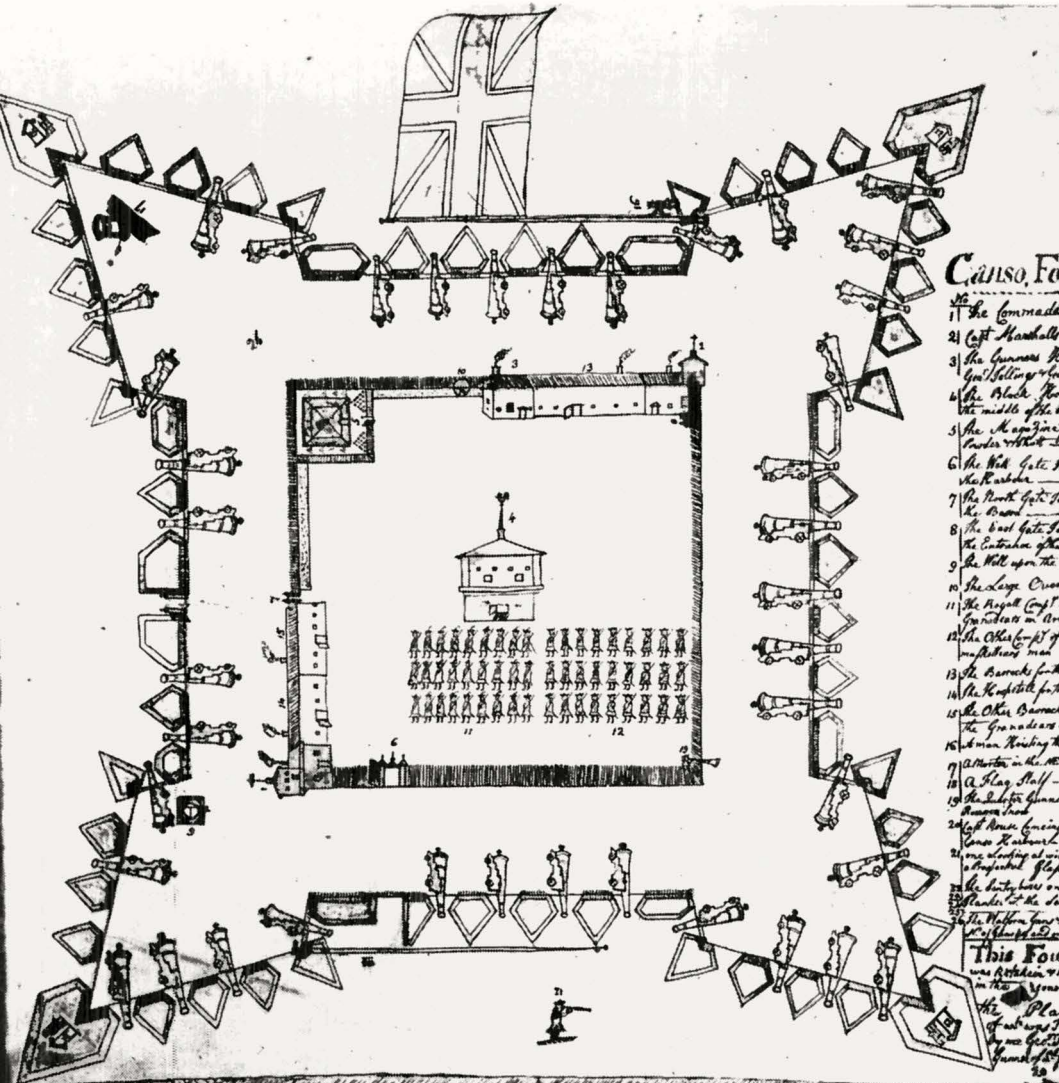

Figure 3

TABLE I

CANSO ISLAND — NAME CHANGES

NOTE: Originally Grassy Island was a separate island, and only a low tide, sub surface bar connected it to George Island. By 1857 a surface bar of shingle connected it to George Island—even at high tide, but then as now, it was awash in storms. Piscatiqui Island originally was part of George Island, joined by a rocky connection several feet above water, and several hundred feet long. In 1779 a channel or gut was cut between the two, joining the cove to seaward with the "Pond" or George's Harbour, making a safe entrance in stormy weather.

YEAR	SURVEYOR	GRASSY ISLAND	GEORGE ISLAND	PISCATIQUI ISLAND	COMMENTS
1720	Capt. S. Southack	Not named	Canso Island	Canso Island	Shows French Buildings on Islands and British anchorages.
1732	Capt. Thomas Durell	Fort Island	Great Canso Island	Little Canso Island	A very accurate chart when compared to those of 1970.
1735	Not named	Canso Island	Not Named (Marble Island in notes)	Not Named	Shows British Fort Wm. Augustus on Grassy Island.
1743	Ensign Phillips	Canso Island	Marble Head Island	Piscatagua Island	Grassy Island labelled "Island of Canso where soldiery are lodged".
1764	Charles Morris	Fort Island	Cape Anne Island	Piscataqua Island	This is the first of 3 Charles Morris' who were high-ranking Govt. Surveyors.
1798	Thomas Barkhouse	Canso Island	Binny Island	Binny Island	Chart most inaccurate —George Island barely recognizable. George & Piscatiqui Islands still Joined.
1804-16	Lanigan Petitions	Fort Island or Green Hill Isl.	Sherlock's Island	Not named	
1814	Charles Morris	Fort Isle/ Green Hill	Cape Anne Island	Piscataqua Island	This Charles Morris is either a son or grandson of the 1764 Charles Morris.
c.1820	Unknoun	Not named	Canso Isle	Binney Isle	Although this chart exists in The Public Archives of Nova Scotia no record of surveyor or date exists and we must record its notations with reservations.
1842	Public Petitions	Green Island	George Island	Not named	
1857	Blunt	Grassy Island	George Island	Piscataqua Island	This was from the East Coast Navigational authority.
c. 1850-1872	Public Usage	Grassy Island	George Island	Piscataqua Island	This is based on interviews with both young and elderly citizens of Canso and on Diaries dating back to the 1850's.
1950	N.S. Dept. Lands & Forests	Cape Anne Island	Not Named	Piscataqua Island	This is the **only** time Grassy Island is called Cape Anne Island — Obviously Mislabelled. The other islands named also do not follow historical precedent.
1953	Nat. Topographical Series Maps	Grassy Island	George Island	Piscatiqui Island	This was based on information recorded 1936, 1947 and 1853 from aerial photographs.
1970	Can. Hydrographic Service Charts	Grassy Island	George Island	Piscatiqui Island	

2000 A.D. To 2020 A.D.

M. V. MARSHALL

Many people now living will see the period 2000 A.D. to 2020 A.D. As one who lived through the two decades, 1900 A.D to 1920, may I tell you about life in the beautiful little Nova Scotian village of Chebogue three miles outside of Yarmouth, during that time.

Although I was born in May, 1898, I cannot remember incidents relating to Queen Victoria's death in 1900. But I was attending the one-room school in Chebogue when Edward VII died in 1910 and we hoisted the flag to half-mast.

I do recall when my brother was born in June 1903. For some inexplicable reason a neighbor's daughter had come to live with us for a few days "to help mother". On the day in question she took me walking up through the mowing fields where we picked some daisies and red clover as a present for mother. When we return mother was in bed and sprawled naked on a pillow alongside the bed was a baby!

There were no hospitals. Babies were born at home. The sick were attended to at home. People died at home. Word was sent to the doctor, three or four miles away, in town, and he

drove in his horse and carriage to see the woman in labour or the sick person. He dispensed his own prescriptions. Some member of the family, or a neighbour, might go to town and ask for some medicine, describing the symptoms to the doctor.

About 1907 a gang of men strung a single wire on poles around Kelly' Cove and past our place up to Steve Cook's. How anyone could stand in Cook's kitchen and talk so quietly to someone in town was certainly a miracle and a mystery. We knew electricity had something to do with it so we climbed trees to touch the wire and so find out what electricty was like. Some said it would kill us, but undeterred, we did and it didn't.

A hospital was initiated while I was in high school. About 1912 a house was purchased in town and one of the first cases was a schoolmate who had his appendix removed by surgery. Many were the dire predictions about the danger of surgery. What had been called inflammation of the bowels was now to be known as appendicitis. In the case before us the victim was confined to the bed for two weeks and forbidden school and other exercise for six months.

When my father felt a need for spectacles he simply went to the drug store, indicated by large glass containers of intriging shapes filled with green or red liquid which were displayed in the windows, and selected from a drawer full the eye glasses that seemed to suit his eyes. They served him well for years.

A doctor in town owned the first automobile that we saw. A cloud of dust coming down the River Road heralded its approach. We children would run for the gate to get a close-up and smell the fumes. Frequently the car broke down or refused to yield to the crank so we had the opportunity to make a detailed examination. All the occupants wore ulsters and the ladies enclosed their hats and heads in big veils. Later Henry Ford's Model T became familiar to us all and we learned to

patch tires, take off the head, and to grind valves. After World War I it was endowed with a starter.

Women wore veils a great deal in those days. At church I remember my mother had to raise her veil to insert the bread or toss back the wine. Women's skirts were very long revealing the toes of the shoes only. As girls made their way through adolescence their skirts gradually crept down to the level that womanly modesty required. At the same time they put their hair up.

Men's fashions changed little but boys graduated during adolescence into long pants. And they began going to the barber for haircuts formerly carried out by mother. Men wore beards frequently and many chewed tobacco.

Illness was frequently treated with home remedies. Salts for physic. Cloves for toothache. Cold thread tea for cankers in the mouth. Sulphur and molasses for the spring lethargy. Minard's liniment for a chest cold. Minard's linament and molasses for a cough, or onions stewed in molasses. Ginger tea for a chill. Many people collected herbs and steeped them. Burdock bitters for bad blood evidenced by boils or even pimples. Tansy tea for a chest cold. Goose grease rubbed on the chest or a mustard plaster to break up a chest cold. In summer my grandmother and I gathered Snakes Head along the brooks for some brew that she fancied.

The mail came regularly. Every Saturday afternoon Walter Weston picked up the mail in town and drove around his route. So the outside world reached us via The Yarmouth Herald, or the Yarmouth Times for grandfather who was a Tory.

A journey to town was a great experience. At our house dad went to town every day to take the milk and I was frequently with him. I had already learned to spend money—a

cent at a time—for Uncle Nat Cook and his wife Aunt Henrietta (most elderly people were called Aunt or Uncle) who lived near the school kept penny candy for sale. I never felt that an "old-fashioned" gave much value for a cent, but a pinky-red, sugar-coated hunkie dory was my choice, chiefly because it was chewey and lasted so long. At town there were so many houses, so many people some of them black, so many stores, the wharves, the harbour, the ships, and—most impressive—the street cars that went up and down Main Street. How important the motor-man looked as he clanged his bell imperiously and swung his bright brass control handle around as he picked up speed.

For big events we always went to town. Yarmouth's Natal Day is June 9th and they always have a parade. Memories of the funny horse with two men inside, people on horseback, the Calithumpians and the Polymorphians, the Ancients and Horribles, still bring me a smile. Then there was the circus with all its wonders: elephants and camels, lions and other animals in cages, beautiful ladies, clowns, bands, a calliope whose strident "River Shannon" was easily heard two miles away. The first circus that I saw terminated its street parade with a "high diver" on the circus grounds. How breathless we were as the little man climbed up and up. The band stopped playing. Someone called out, "Are you ready?" "Yes", the little man replied, from way up there. Then he jumped, turned end over end four times, and landed in a net where he bounced about. We watched every detail: 8 to 10 men with mauls driving a stake, raising the immense tent, the free side shows, the woman with the snakes, the knife thrower, the sword swallower, the fire eater. I don't think I ever got in to see the main show in the three rings until I came back from the War in 1919, probably because of the high cost—a dollar.

A hired man's wages for a month were twenty dollars and "found". The children who picked strawberries were paid a

cent a box. Between three and four o'clock in the afternoon the strawberry grower made a dash for the "Boston boat" that sailed at five, landing the strawberries along with the passengers the next morning.

The Farmers' Picnic came in mid-summer and gave people from town and county an opportunity to meet up with each other. The "attractions" were chiefly an excuse for such socializing: the foot races, broad and high jumps, the baseball game with the old men playing the young men, the horse pulls and ox pulls, the imported comedians, and strong men.

The County Agricultural Exhibition came after school had started in September but school children usually managed to get to the "fair". They watched the judging of cows, heifers, horses, in the ring, gave the once-over to hens, geese, sheep, pigs, then the exhibits in the main building, the sewing, cooking, fruit, vegetables, the exhibits from the schools. One might even see on display his own map drawing, art, handwriting, or woodwork. Mr. Rozee must have made tons of molasses candy; he was renowned for it through the whole town and county. There were glass blowers, exhibits of ship models, and most engrossing of all the imported acrobats and such. Here I saw my first dwarfs with Tom Thumb's widow as a part of the troupe.

Christmas of course called for at least one trip to town. We made many gifts for Christmas ourselves, like a bookcase or a ring-toss game, a knitted scarf or mittens. But in town shop windows were decorated and bright lights were everywhere. It was a challenge to use the fifty cents I had been alloted for presents to provide little gifts for my short list. There were variety store proprietors who were glad to help me out, especially the places who were antecedents to the 5 and 10 stores that came later. At R. H. Davis' the toy department was on the third floor and they had installed an elevator—wonder of wonders! We rode up and down many more times than we

made purchases. In the shop windows there were spruce-laden scenes of snowclad hills with skiers, frozen lakes with skaters, woodland scenes where a hunter followed a black bear across the snowy waste, where deer jumped and bunnies hopped. It was a magic time in town. Sometimes we didn't get back home in the old milk-cart until after midnight, when the dazzling light of the old carbon-arc street lamps had given way to the steely stars as we left the gay, white way behind.

Christmas was a magic time, for school was out and there were skates and sleds to be tried out. The skates were called "Acme" and were attached to one's shoes by pushing a lever that closed the clamps. The sled with flexible steel runners that could be steered by pressing a wooden bar to right or left came later. We steered by doing a belly-flopper and then dragging the right foot or the left to change direction. You could make a double runner by having the person sitting on a second sled catch the feet of the belly-flopper person in the sled rope and clamping the two sleds together by holding the captive toes under his own feet. Maybe a third party would sit or stand behind the second coaster if his sled was big enough. A youngster with sufficient skill could make a bob-sled by placing a plank lengthwise between two sleds and arranging to make the front sled steerable. This could carry four to six persons and the additional weight increased the speed if the surface were hard enough. On an icy slope the speed was tremendous; it made the tears run in your eyes.

A place to skate was no problem for ditches, brooks and ponds were frozen over. Where there was a frozen lake one could skate for miles. A bonfire provided a warm place to put on skates or to rest. All such failing there was the pond that Mr. Cook had made to supply ice for his ice house.

Preparation for Christmas began well before December 25. There was planning: What shall I give so -and -so? There

was the tree to find, cut, bring home and set up. Always it must be a fir of course. How nice it made the house smell! Then cooking. We made our own mince meat so this was planned to take place when an animal was to be butchered, for in those days there was meat in mince meat. The curved chopping knife and the wooden chopping tray were busy: chopping meat, chopping suet, chopping nuts, apples, raisins, and currents. Citron and nutmeg were added. Sometimes we had two or three crocks of mince meat in the pantry and cellar. The women were busy making cookies and cakes. There were no bakeries nor delicatessen stores then and outdoor appetites were gigantic.

As winter came on the cellar grew full of things to eat: potatoes, turnips, carrots, beets, parsnips, onions, squash. pumpkins, and a bin of apples. On shelves were bottles of pickles and preserves that the women folks had made. There were no patented, air-tight Mason jars so the bottles were sealed with layers of paper made air-tight by egg-white and tied up tight with string. In a cold place like the back porch or tool shed stood the pork barrel where the pig had been cut up and salted. The hams and shoulders were smoked or rubbed with salt and essence of smoke from the drug store. There was little need for visits to a food store, but there were no refrigerators, except that some people in town had ice boxes. The latter necessitated the ice man with his big cart with two horses, his ice tongs, and little pieces of ice to give the surrounding kids on a hot day in summer.

Decorations were home-made. Pop corn was strung to decorate the tree. Chains of coloured paper were made. Some people strung cranberries or rose hips. The candles on the tree were actual wax candles attached to the branches, and they had to be watched that the dry fir did not catch fire. The excitement was so intense as the gifts accumulated on and under the tree that the let-down that came on Christmas night was a relief rather than an anti-climax.

The school and church both had special events at Christmas. One Christmas, under the energetic and enterprising leadership of a sea-captain's third wife the church put on a cantata. Two skeptical young men said they didn't believe in Santa Claus and all that. The good fairy waved her wand and they fell into a trance. Then a lot of things began to happen. The part in which I participated was "Santa Claus' Band", a troupe of elves in turtle-necked sweaters and toques who followed in Santa's steps blowing horns, pounding drums, shaking tambourines, in general making a joyous and LOUD noise.

Most of us lived on farms, big and small. And it is fact beyond dispute, or even debate, that a farm is an educational agency more potent than any other. I pulled milk from a cow's teats first when I was five years old. On my seventh birthday I dropped strawberry plants eighteen inches apart for my father, following on his knees, to plant with his trowel. One learns about where baby chicks come from and baby calves, and the place of a rooster or a bull in the process. One helps to gather food from the garden: peas (which then must be shelled), string beans, carrots, beets, potatoes, etc., etc. One sees hens and chickens killed and dressed, and pigs and animals butchered. The pig's urinary bladder became our football after we found a straw to insert and gained enough wind to blow it up. We saw grass cut and made into hay and the hay gathered and put into mows. As we grew older my brother and I competed, one on each side of the hay cart, in heaving up the heavy cocks of hay to where our father struggled to stow it flat enough so he wouldn't be buried under our fork loads. We learned as children to drive cattle, call the hens, yoke the oxen and harness horses.

Watching our elders showed us how but the actual skill required action. Old Frank was about six feet high and I was about four feet. The back-saddle could be thrown up and over if I held the near end. The straps over his rump took another

throw and a couple of tugs. Standing on an upended bucket permitted doubling up his tail and pushing it through the cruper. The heavy work collar could be twisted around his neck to fasten the top strap and then another twist around at the place where his neck was smaller. The hames required another mighty heave. The bridle was the hardest part. I could get the bit in his mouth but he would pull up his head and there was I two or three feet below. I solved that by standing on an upended barrel or on a rung of the vertical ladder up the side of the mow. Finally, with the reins installed, Frank and I were ready for cultivating or for raking hay.

The day when men would mow with a scythe for a ten-hour day for pay of one dollar had given way to machinery: mower, raker, tedder. Dad always ran the mowing machine himself but I wasn't more than half-grown when I spent long, boresome and sometimes chilly hours on the raker, raking "scatterings". Ploughing was a man's job but anyone who could drive a horse or team oxen could do the harrowing, spike tooth, spring tooth, or disc. There were no milking machines but cream separators were common, supplanting the old creamers and the milk pans and skimmer. Our milk was sold chiefly in nine-quart cans to grocery stores. The price was four cents a quart wholesale and five cents retail.

At first we farmed with a team (or yoke) of oxen and one horse. I had a yoke of steers that I trained with a neck yoke to mind "Get Up", "Whoa", "Gee" and "Haw". Then I made a drag and teamed them with a load on that. But they ran away with the cart dad had made and going through a grove of spruce trees they broke the axles made from an old cheese press.

The oxen were yoked by their horns with long straps. It was said they could pull better thus than with a neck yoke. Oxen, ours and the neighbours', always seemed to have names from a very limited list: Star, Bright, Brown.

All our animals were named, even the pig who was fed and talked to all summer, then cruelly murdered, cut up and salted down in the pork barrel for winter use. There was a pecking order among the cows. Old Dimple, though not big and with diminutive horns, was number one and the others recognized it. If a newcomer joined the herd Dimple at once challenged her and attacked with so much ferocity that the other soon yielded. Once the priorities were established there was little violence; an ugly quarrelsome individual would have been eliminated. Dimple's daughter was Fan, and Fan's daughter was Belle. Then there was Moses, purchased from a Mr. Moses, Forks who had been purchased at Tusket Forks. Budd who came from a man named Bud, and many others. Horses were Belle, Harry, Dick, Bruce and Prince.

When a cow calved the calf was allowed to take his mother's milk for three days, then the milk was fit for human consumption. Since we wanted to have the milk to sell as soon as possible the poor little calf was doomed to an early death. We didn't even veal one. The calf's skin was worth money. That is where calfskin leather comes from, so I wasn't very old when I learned how to take the skin off the body.

Kerosene lamps were used for lighting, for electricity had not come to play a large part in life. Production of electricity by water power was just beginning. Rural power lines had not been conceived. So every Saturday the women folks were busy at cleaning the lamps and filling them with kerosene. The parlour lamp was usually very beautiful with roses on its globe. It was a cause for wonder and rejoicing when someone invented an unbreakable chimney.

Heating the house was done by stoves. The pipe from the stove in the sitting room went up through the ceiling into one bedroom before it entered the chimney. At first we burned our own wood. It was cut and hauled home in the winter, on sleds,

when the swamps were frozen and the ground was covered with snow. Then came the sawing, by bucksaw, cross-cut or rotary driven by a gasoline engine. Then the blocks were split, and the wood-pile grew slowly higher as the wood, impregnated with balsam, dried out in the sun and wind. The first home chore that I learned was to carry in the kindling wood and put it in the drying compartment of the cookstove so it would be ready for lighting tomorrow's fire. Matches were the sulphur matches that came in a wooden card of ten and made your nose crinkle with the sulphur dioxide when they were struck into a slow burning blue flame. Later we used soft coal in the kitchen stove, and still later we acquired a base burner, using hard coal, whose fire never went out day or night.

A very vivid memory is of the wall of cold that struck one as one left the cosy living room and opened the hall door to go to the icey bedroom. It was as frosty as outdoors. More than once I sneaked into bed without undressing and was roused by irate parents who found me bathed in sweat. Our kitchen stove was a big six-cover affair with a big hot water tank next to the firebox, a warming closet above, and oven below, and below the oven next to the floor another warming closet for kindling. Once we surreptitiously gave the kitten a bath and put it there to dry.

Winter had its indoor games and parties: blind man's buff, pin the tail on the donkey, muggins, anagrams, conundrums, recitations, etc. And there was singing around the organ as mother played. I remember that dad liked "Sweet Belle Mahone" and mother sang "The Kerry Dancing". "Star of the East" and "Beautiful Isle of Somewhere" were our first favourites. A candy pull was sometimes part of the program and a hymn sing was frequently enjoyed after church on Sunday evening. The radio and television had not yet arrived to make conversation a lost art. We did a great deal of reading too, Horatio Alger, Jr. and Henty being my first fare.

The school stood at the crossroads where the Wyman Road entered the River Road. The one-room schoolhouse could seat about thirty pupils in double desks-and-seats. Its outside porch accommodated the children's outside clothing and the water bucket and cup. At the rear of the building was an attached shed with storage for fuel and two water closets. A pot-bellied stove was near the door and the long stove pipe led to the chimney at the front of the room near the teacher's platform and desk. There were blackboards all around and a ball-frame (abacus) hung on the wall. The seats were graded from small to large, like the pupils. This institution, the one-room school, had brought universal education to Nova Scotians for such an institution was found within walking distance of all children. The young women who conducted school therein were very capable persons for they taught all subjects to all grades and saw that order and industry were maintained. I remember Miss Weston who added to this demanding task attempts to stir out interest and talent in art. Miss Hamilton initiated and achieved a school library. Slates were used for seat work, so pupils were equipped with a rag and water bottle for erasing. Some bad kids would spit on the slate and rub it with their sleeve. The grades lined up for lessons in reading and spelling. The teacher's pointer was occasionally used to draw the erring back into the way of virtue with a quick smack, but generally the atmosphere was friendly and homelike.

The school grounds were divided into two parts by the school building, one for girls and one for boys. The boys' side was larger where vigorous games like Snap the Whip, Bull in the Ring, Fox and Geese, and Tag could be played. The children varied in age from five to seventeen so baseball was out of the question, but a game that we called Three-O-Cat was a substitute. It involved a batter, catcher, and pitcher and the rest were called soakers. "Stinging out" was permitted, throwing the ball at the runner; if hit he was out. In most games someone was "It", so "Not It" spoken hurriedly before others

could say it freed one from being "It". Later, when we moved and baseball was the game who would be first at bat was decided by one captain tossing the bat to the other and then in turn they placed hands on the bat until they reached the end. If one could get three fingers on the bat the other captain lost the choice.

Arbour Day was the celebration of spring. The girls gave the school house a cleaning while the boys tidied up the fence and yard. Sometimes we planted a tree or flowers. In the afternoon there would be visitors from the area and recitations, songs, demonstration lessons, and a spelling match would take place. At the end of the year there was a similar exercise when the Public Examination took place. The coming of the Inspector of Schools was an awesome occasion for all hands, especially the teacher. On Valentine's Day we surreptitiously put the valentines we had made at home in the desk or books of such members of the opposite sex as we fancied. May 24, Queen Victoria's Birthday, was taken as the deadline when boys put away shoes and went barefoot for the summer. A sleigh ride sometimes broke the monotony of winter when the whole school drove in a big bobsled drawn by a pair of horses a couple of miles or so and back, having a warm drink and cookie at the home of some good soul.

The church had a large influence in the community. We went to the Baptist Church since it was closer, but occasionally we went to the Free Baptist Church two miles away. The two denominations united early in my career. About a mile away was a Congregational Church and farthest of all from us was a small Presbyterian Church. There were a few members of the community who were brave enough and/or skeptical enough to avoid church. They were regarded as a lower order; anyway one chewed tobacco and swore and the other reportedly sold bootleg liquor. In general the moral atmosphere was that of the White, Anglo-Saxon, Protestants: keep out of debt, find the

Right and follow it, pay bills promptly, work industriously, cleanliness, frown on sex, liquor, tobacco, dancing, card playing and gambling.

The weekly church service made the people have baths, dress up in their best clothes, observe the Sabbath, and to be led to consider for a little while at least matters above the daily round. The sermons and the Sunday School taught them something of the Bible, the holy book of the Christians. Societies and special events encouraged socializing: the Sunday School picnic, the pie sales, basket socials, corn boils, and bean or strawberry or lobster suppers.

One of my closest chums was Royden who lived in the next house. We spent much time together, in our barn, in his house and barn, at the Pollywog Brook that was halfway between our homes, or roaming the fields and pastures. One of the two times my father spanked me was when I had gone with Royden down near the creek that made in from the river back of his house; I was forbidden to go near the creek. Jim lived further away but he and I began school together and we were pals together much of the time. It was a great treat to be allowed to visit him and stay overnight. I learned to ride a bicycle on Jim's bike, and later to drive a car in his Model T.

His father was a blacksmith and to see him blowing up his fire by leaning on the bellows, pounding the red-hot iron on his anvil, or hoisting up an ox in the sling to shoe him, were familiar sights to us. There was a tannery at Arcadia, three miles away where we took hides. And carpentry was another skilled trade we observed frequently. Indeed, we did much of our own carpentry. I was about ten when, to my parents' dismay, I tore all the shingles off the roof of the water closet and then reshingled it. The moving of a house drawn by a number of teams of oxen got deep attention.

Occasionally pedlers came our way. One Syrian woman carried a large pack on each arm and sold items like hair pins, tape, thread, etc. to the women folk. Some used a hand cart and some drove a horse. I liked to see Mr. Kimball come for he had candy in his van. Once a man came down the road leading a bear who did tricks on command, like kiss me, roll over, shake hands, or dance.

When the dressmaker came to our house she stayed day and night until her work was finished. Women friends would come to our house to "spend the day". And local women frequently came to gossip and participate in the work when a quilt was in the bars or a mat was being hooked.

The creeks and the river were part of every day, but the Atlantic wasn't far away. The town and country were full of sea captains and we heard stories of young men going off to sea that quite often ended with "lost with all hands", or "never heard from again". We heard stories of wrecks: the *Hungarian* and the cloth and cattle that came ashore when she ran on the rocky ledges, and the *Monticello,* a side-wheeler, that was caught in a sudden, savage storm, couldn't turn to get back to port, and foundered. We saw the five graves in Town Point Cemetery where drowned sailors had been buried. Sea-going terms were a part of the language we learned: stern, bow, port, starboard, dead-eye, aft, topsail, etc. Later the "Boston Boat" that ran regularly across the Bay of Fundy was a fixture in our day. And the fleet of tugs, the "Cann Boats", could be heard piping their whistles in the pea-soup fog.

Storms were moving events in the country. Chimneys blew down, brooks flooded the low meadows, roads were blocked by snow, farm work was interferred with. Lightning or high winds, or both, might tear around our wooden premises. Fire was a continual dread, for sparks could land on the wooden-shingled roof, dry as tinder from the sun, or in harvest time

in the loose hay or straw in the yard and the barn, and could easily have started a conflagration. In winter there was the danger of chimney fire. Roads were cared for in summer and cleared after a snowstorm by "Statute Labour", that is according to the law a rate payer could work out his taxes by working on the road.

During the teens of the century we moved nearer to town and I rode a bike the two miles to high school. In winter I walked it and carried a lunch. Each June we wrote the "provincials", the examinations on the high school work that were set uniformly all over the province. Each night there were two hours of home work in grades IX and X but the demand increased to three hours every night in grade XI and to four hours in grade XII. In 1914 the first World War started and adolescent boys were eager to join up. We could hardly wait until we were eighteen to march away to the army to the tune of "Tipperary". So in 1916 I wrote the last provincial for grade XII on Saturday afternoon, in the evening my pal and I signed up, and we left for Ottawa on Monday morning. I had just turned 18. Many of our schoolmates never returned. They died in the slippery, stinking mud and the rat-infested holes in the ground in France and Flanders.

Contributors

STEPHEN F. BEDWELL was born in Toronto, where he attended public school and Collegiate. He graduated, Doctor of Medicine, from the University of Toronto in 1955. He did extensive post-graduate work at Toronto Western, Johns Hopkins University and Hospital, Sunnybrook Hospital, Toronto General Hospital, Best Institute, University of Toronto and Victoria General Hospital, leading to certification and Fellowship in Neurology in the Royal College of Physicians and Surgeons in 1964.

Dr. Bedwell has numerous hobbies and interests, many of an historical nature. He is President of the Scotian Railroad Society and Scotian Railroad Museum. He is also an amateur photographer, phonograph record collector, Nova Scotia book collector, and has done extensive research on Louisbourg and related areas.

He has prepared and presented papers, both medical and non-medical, too numerous to mention, and has had many articles appear in scientific, medical and non-medical publications.

Dr. Bedwell is Assistant Professor of Medicine (Neurology) at Dalhousie University, on the staffs of the Victoria General Hospital and Halifax Infirmary, and consultant Neurologist at several hospitals throughout the province.

RUTH C. L. AUWARTER was born in China. She received her early education in Ontario schools, a Bachelor of Arts degree from McKenfree College, Lebanon, Illinois, and the degree of Master of Science in Education from Southern Illinois University, Edwardsville, Illinois.

She served with the C.W.A.C. during World War II in Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Articles by Mrs. Auwarter have been published in *Sou'wester,* Literary quarterly of Southern Illinois University, and she has written for the Royal Canadian Legion magazine. She is a member of the Cape Sable Historical Society, Shelburne County, Nova Scotia.

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Mr. Harvey persues his interest in historical research as advisor to the Sidney Stephen High School History Club, Bedford. He is a teacher of History and Chairman of the Social Studies Department at Sackville High School, in Lower Sackville, where he resides with his wife and daughter.

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.

MORTIMER VILLIERS MARSHALL was born in Central Chebogue, Yarmouth County, Nova Scotia and received his early education at Yarmouth Academy.

Dr. Marshall served with the Canadian Signal Corps in the First World War in England, France and Germany. On his return from duty, he attended Acadia University where he received the degree of Bachelor of Science in 1921, and Bachelor of Arts the following year. He continued his studies at Harvard University and was granted a Master of Education in 1927 and Doctorate in 1930. He is the recipient of several scholarships and fellowships, as well as a D. Litt. which was conferred upon him at Acadia University in 1966.

He is an experienced writer, especially in the field of education, with five books, over seventy articles, numerous pamphlets, standardized tests and surveys to his credit. He is the author of 'A Short History of Acacia Villa School" as well as a newspaper column "Professor on the Loose" which appeared in The Wolfville Acadian and Yarmouth Vanguard.

He is a member of the Wolfville Historical Association and a Life Member of the Nova Scotia Teachers' Union.

Dr. Marshall is the former Head of the Department of Education at Acadia University. He is presently retired and resides in Wolfville.

Book Reviews

LORNA INNESS

Wood and Stone, Pictou, Nova Scotia, drawings by L. B. Jenson
Paperback, published October, 1972
Petheric Press Ltd. $2.95.

This is the latest book of Commander L. B. Jenson's sketches of historic buildings and views. The book is one of the projects of an historical nature timed to coincide with the town's anniversary observations in 1973, marking 200 years since the arrival of the ship Hector.

The idea of the book was conceived by members of the Pictou Heritage Society who drew up a list of houses and buildings and did the research into their history. The society obtained a Local Initiatives Program grant and engaged L. B. Jenson to make the drawings.

Commander Jenson spent several months earlier this year in Pictou, was enchanted with the town and included in the list of sketches some structures which he felt were of merit, not entirely for historical reasons. The hotel with the liquor ad on the outside wall is a case in point.

Both the Pictou Heritage Society and Commander Jenson hope that the book will do much to help Pictou's residents realize what a heritage they have and encourage them to take steps to preserve it. Although, by the end of 1973, anyone who isn't aware of Pictou's history and heritage will have been living in a vacuum.

The book begins with John Patterson's house, the small wooden building dated 1788 and the oldest standing house in the town, and includes many homes of "merchant princes and sea captains, and some 19th-century commercial establishments."

Commander Jenson was impressed with the quality of the town, architecturally and aesthetically, and suggests that other towns in Nova Scotia, with a block or more of distinctive

historical buildings might act now to save them, and preserve a small area with the unique atmosphere which has become a trademark of the town or village in question. He suggests Chester, Lunenburg, Mahone Bay, some Valley towns; there are others.

All The King's Men, by Mark DeWolf and George Flie
60 pages, paperback, spiral bound, Illus., published November, 1972
The Alumni Association of the University of King's College $2

Surrounded and over-shadowed by its sprawling, ever-expanding neighbor, the University of Kings College occupies a corner of the general Dalhousie University campus area, with the quiet, modest dignity of an institution which knows it is the oldest university in the overseas British Commonwealth.

This book is an account of highlights of the history of the university from its first days at Windsor and following the removal of the institution to Halifax. The book has been prepared to mark the 125th anniversary of the founding of the King's Alumni Association and is intended to be not simply a dry history, but a sampling of the atmosphere which King's Men (and women) have found of special and lingering importance in their lives.

A chapter on The Old College gives some fascinating glimpses of what the life of an undergraduate student must have been like; early hours, cold water, heat from coal fires (when there were adequate coal supplies), discipline and regulation, the stern discipline of manners and tradition. The latter qualities are now not only lacking in most institutions of higher learning, but considered "outdated" yet, that same discipline fostered the development of an inner discipline which moulded character and provided the strength to enable a student to go out into the world, face adversity and build a distinguished career. One has only to run down the list of King's graduates—the notable and the not so famous—to confirm this.

King's remained the prerogative of men until about 1894 and the first woman graduated from the university in 1897.

The book contains some remarkable photographs of both the Windsor and Halifax buildings. There is a picture on page 53, showing the new buildings of King's (built after the fire and not occupied until 1930), which shows that end of the campus looking toward the North West Arm.

The book is a useful addition to the material about the university and will provide any former student with a lot of nostalgic reading.

Klondike, By Pierre Berton
472 pages, hardcover, published October 1972
McClelland & Stewart Ltd.—$10

This is a revised up-dated version of Berton's earlier work of the same name. It contains new material drawn from the additional research Berton has done since writing the first book,

much of it research connected with his two volumes about the building of the CPR, The National Dream and The Last Spike.

There are one or two maps, but no illustrations so don't expect it to contain any of those scenes of rowdy prospectors lounging outside frontier saloons, or half-frozen seekers after gold struggling along some hazardous trail.

Anyone overwhelmed by the profusion of current Berton books about the development of the northwest and west (There'll be at least two more!), might follow the advice Berton himself gave to a reader in a Halifax bookstore recently. Berton was autographing books and a man asked him "Which one should I get?" Berton thought for a few seconds and then said: "Try Klondike. Then, if you like it, read the others."

The Great Railway Illustrated, by Pierre Berton
336 pages, hardcover, boxed edition, published October 1972
McClelland & Stewart Ltd. $17.95

This book, which is profusely and beautifully illustrated, with first-rate layout work, is intended as a pictorial record of the building of the railway from the days when it was "only a dream" to the driving of the last spike, followed by the ceremonial party boarding a train to the conductor's cry: "All aboard for the Pacific!"

Berton, who wrote the text, was directly involved with the layout of the pages and it was his declared intention that the pictures should be married to the text so as to avoid a picture dealing with an incident of page 10 appearing on page eight or 12. In this he has succeeded admirably.

If you want to read about the railway history in detail, the first two volumes will give you a fund of information (both coldly statistical and highly colorful). But if your interest in the railway and the opening of the western frontier is only a casual one, this book will suffice.

Canadian Wild Flowers, by Agnes Fitzgibbon
86 pages, large paperback, published 1972 (facsimile of 1868 edition)
Coles Canadiana Series, $6.95

This is a reproduction of a unique volume of sketches and botanical information about Canadian wild flowers. Mrs. Agnes Fitzgibbon made the sketches, did the lithographing on stone "by her own hand" and colored each separate plate.

That intrepid traveller and writer of journals with a keen interest in botany, Mrs. Catherine Traill (Backwoods of Canada and other texts), supplied the notes concerning the then known knowledge of the plants, their natures and uses.

Mrs. Traill notes that the gathering and recording of this information, "except for the work of Frederick Pursh," had been largely neglected, "the hardy settlers caring little for the forest plants that grew in their paths."

It is indeed tantalizing to imagine a countryside in which such flowers grew in profusion, before acres of concrete and ribbons of asphalt covered much of the land, before bulldozers and dredges had been at work.

Mrs. Traill mentions as an accepted fact that the "primeval forests, swamps and bogs" will be cleared away by the onward march of civilization. One wonders if she thought that a future time might see people banding together in efforts to save some of those "primeval tracts" for posterity.

Some of the plants blooming in the pages are the Sweet Wintergreen, Squirrel Corn, Wood Geranium, Purple Trillium, Rock Columbine, Lady's Slippers of various kinds, Wind-Flower, Wood Anemone and the early wild rose, which may still be found in the country on occasion blooming around an empty, derelict house.

There is a further interesting aspect to the book. Both Mrs. Fitzgibbon and Mrs. Traill were anxious that, if at all possible, the book might be printed and published in Canada, as a matter of "patriotic pride."

Wrote Mrs. Traill: "Our Canadian publishers can hardly be expected to compete with the booksellers and printers of the Old Country, or of the United States, labouring as they must necessarily do in a new country under many mechanical disadvantages."

So much, then, for one of the first wholly Canadian publications.

Thomas Davies in Early Canada, ed. by R. H. Hubbard
64 pages, hardcover, published 1972
Oberon Press, $9.95

Thomas Davies was one of those men who came to British North America on military business but who sketched and painted wherever he went. He has left a remarkable collection, mainly watercolors of fine detail and exquisitely delicate coloring. He had a particular interest in rivers, streams and some of his best paintings show them. There are some views of a Niagara, for example, which one can only imagine today.

Davies was an officer in the Royal Artillery who was sent to what is now Canada and to parts of the United States to record the topography for military purposes.

He made three trips to North America, in the 1750s, the 1760s and 1780s, each time sketching and painting; the old town of Quebec when it was new, the Habitant farms along the St. Lawrence River, Halifax Harbor and the shore of Dartmouth when the main features were Citadel Hill and the unbroken lines of green woods.

The thing of special interest about Davies' work is that it was little known, most of it in a private collection in England, until some of it was sold at Christies in 1953. Some of his paintings are now in the National Gallery and the Royal Ontario Museum.

Newfoundland by Charles P. de Volpi
181 pages, hardcover, published 1972
Longman Canada Ltd. $24.95

"The story of Newfoundland is the sea—ships and fishing; ice and sealing; fogs and wrecks; and a hardy, courageous, genial people . . ." Add the rugged coastline, peaceful bays and inlets, to "give a pictorial record far different than that of any other part of Canada . . ."

Charles de Volpi, in his preface, catalogues the qualities that are peculiarly those of the island. The Vikings, the English, (and those in their service, most notably the Cabots), Portuguese, Spanish, all played a part in the exploration and development of the island and the fisheries for which it has been noted for centuries.

De Volpi points out that the various attempts to lay the trans-Atlantic cable, in 1858 and 1866, made world news and helped to publicize the colony, "the first bastion of the coming British Empire."

De Volpi has collected woodcuts, engravings, and lithographs spanning 350 years. Accompanying each illustration is some part of the text which originally was published with it and which described the particular scene.

There are numerous views of ships standing off the entrance to St. John's harbor and it is interesting to note the development of both vessels and St. John's.

Once again, members of the Royal Navy contributed to what is known by being trained observers who recorded painstakingly what they saw. There was Lt. Edward Chappell, and his Voyage of His Majesty's Ship Rosamund to Newfoundland in 1818, with a description of the operations of the local cod smacks.

There are also sketches and engravings of sections of Labrador—Battle Harbour, St. Francis's Harbour, St. Michael's Bay, Forteau.

The book is a remarkable collection of views and impressions from 1497 to 1887.

There are wrecks, as well. The George Washington left Halifax for St. John's on January 18, 1877, and was wrecked at Gulch Cove near French Mistaken Point. The Canadian Illustrated News of March 31st carried illustrations of the scene and of a sailor being lowered over the edge of the cliff to recover bodies from the shore.

Harpers Weekly, The Graphic, Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper are well represented, as is the Canadian Illustrated News.

History of the Townships of Dartmouth, Preston and Lawrencetown by Mrs. William Lawson
260 pages, hardcover, facsimile reprint of Akins Historical Prize Essay first published by Morton and Company, Provincial Book Store, Halifax, in 1893.
Mika Studios, October 1972, $10.

This is another of the Mika Studios reproductions of coun-

ty histories, but is of particular interest to residents of Dartmouth and Halifax County.

Mrs. Lawson's original manuscript was "corrected" and edited prior to publication of this first edition by Harry Piers. He also added other material during the course of his revision to include sections of local history which he felt had been overlooked.

The book is all the more interesting because so many of the sections and vistas it described have changed irrevocably. It is hard, for example, to imagine wooded parks and gracious homes standing where the refinery at Imperoyal is now.

To the growing list of Mika reproductions can be added:

History of Inverness County, N.S., by J. L. MacDougall
(Originally published in 1922)
700 pages, hardcover, $20. (limited edition of 500 copies)

The History of Kings County, by Arthur W. H. Eaton, 1910
hardcover, $25.

A History of the County of Antigonish, N.S., by the Rev. D. J. Rankin, 1929
hardcover $15.

* * *

The British Monarchy
Six-volume, boxed edition, paperback, various publication dates.
Collins/Fontana, $10.75

This is an excellent series of paperback editions of works by eminent British historians, each dealing with one particular phase of the monarchy.

They begin with Christopher Brooke writing about the Saxon and Norman kings, pointing out that it is impossible to write "biographies" of them in the usual sense, but studying the gradual evolution of the state of kingship, of the role of the king, of the development of the hereditary idea of monarchy.

The major dynasties are treated in separate volumes, the last one dealing with the reign of George V and the development of a different "mystique", fostered in no small way by the changing attitudes of the king and members of the royal family and by the reaction of the press.

The Saxon and Norman Kings, by Christopher Brooke,
224 pages, illustrated, with extensive biographical notes and genealogical tables.

The Plantagents, by John Harvey,
255 pages, illustrated

Some Plantagenet kings, Richard I and John, are household names today, but Harvey notes that with the exception of Edward V, "there were thirteen Plantagenet kings of England . . ."

Of that dazzling, powerful family he writes: "To the Plantagenets their own qualities: their courage, their foresight, their love of art and indeed their personal genius as artists and provokers of genius in others, their tempestuous anger, their justice; above all, their humanity."

The Tudors, by Christopher Morris
191 pages, illustrated

The Stuarts, by J. B. Kenyon
224 pages, illustrated

The First Four Georges, by J. H. Plumb
189 pages, illustrated

Hanover to Windsor, by Roger Fulford
189 pages, illustrated.

The six volumes provide a thoroughly scholarly look at the development of the British monarchy, yet are highly readable and entertaining.

The Canadian Centenary Series:

This series provides a unique approach to the covering of various periods and phases of the development of Canada in that each book is complete in itself, although 18 volumes make up the entire set.

Each book represents the research and special interest in a particular field of a noted historian. The series was edited by W. I. Morton, Vanier Professor of History, Trent University, and Dr. Donald G. Creighton, former chairman of the history department of the University of Toronto.

These three volumes of the series have been reprinted in paperback for the first time since 1968, 1967 in the case of The Union of the Canadas.

The Atlantic Provinces, by W. S. MacNutt
(The Emergence of Colonial Society—1712-1857)
306 pages, paperback, reprinted 1972
McClelland and Stewart Ltd. $3.95

Upper Canada, by Gerald M. Craig
(The Formative Years—1784-1841)
317 pages, paperback, reprinted 1972
McClelland & Stewart Ltd. $3.95

The Union of the Canadas, by J. M. S. Careless
(The growth of Canadian Institutions—1841-1857)
256 pages, paperback, reprinted 1972
McClelland & Stewart Ltd. $3.95

Vancouver Island and British Columbia, by Matthew MacFie 574 pages, paperback, facsimile reprint (1972) of 1865 edition. Coles Canadiana Series, $6.95

This study of Vancouver Island and British Columbia, "their history, resources and prospects," was compiled by a man who lived in Victoria for five years and published his writings in London. It's purpose was to update earlier works dealing with scattered aspects of the territory, "terra incognita" for most English people, and to supply some idea for the prospective emigrant of what he would face in the new land.

MacFie writes that one hindrance to the growth of the colonies is "the want of an emigrant route from Canada to the Rocky Mountains". He notes that the interoceanic railway scheme, "so much talked of, is premature, though certain in future years to be realized." He gives much attention to the possibility of a waggon road via Red River and Saskatchewan.

His comments regarding proposed routes for an emigrant family are interesting, particularly his references to a passage around Cape Horn, which he appears to have considered the best route, "the only one practicable for poor families."

"This involves a voyage of between four and five months—not a much longer period, however, than is spent in going to New Zealand. As there is no room for competition between shipping firms in trade with these distant and partially-developed colonies, the fare is higher than it would otherwise be. The first cabin is £60, intermediate, £40, and the steerage £30. Children under fourteen are charged half-price."

MacFie praises the Hudson's Bay Company ships as being of "the highest degree, comfort, safety and expedition," but, concerning any vessel, urges that though "her owners should possess high commercial reputation and her qualities be grandly paraded in advertisement," the prospective passengers should carefully inspect not only the ship, their quarters, but the stores and take a look at the captain's character, as well.

Mail, in those days, travelled by way of New York to Aspinwall, and from Panama to Victoria, "in foreign bottoms", and the system appeared to leave much to be desired.

Aside from detailed descriptions of the topography, the natural resources and the history, MacFie deals with the mining of gold, with Victoria as a free port, with timber, agriculture, and the development of the political structure.

One wonders how many emigrants carried this remarkably complete guide with them when they sought their fortunes in "that remote, western edge of North America."

Notes on Nova Scotia

In 1621 King James I granted all of Acadia to poet and politician, Sir William Alexander, renamed it Nova Scotia and made it a Royal province. His successor King Charles I completed the transaction and in 1625 created the Baronets of Nova Scotia (a title still held by many families). He presented Nova Scotia with its own coat of arms from which our own flag is derived. Nova Scotia is the first British colony to have a flag of its own.

* * *

In 1759 the Nova Scotia House of Assembly passed Sabbath observance legislation proclaiming fines for non-church attendance and provision of police to prevent "looseness and brawling on the Sabbath."

* * *

Fort Lawrence, Cumberland County, was erected in 1750 for the defense of the Isthmus of Chignecto. The clerk of stores at this fort later became Lord Mayor of London—Sir Brooke Watson.

* * *

The hand-made nails used in the building of St. Mary's Church at Auburn, Kings County, in 1790, were carried in fifteen pound bags by soldiers who walked from Halifax. The plaster for the walls of this church was made from the piles of mussel shells left by the Acadian Refugees escaping the expulsion during the winter of 1756, at Morden, across the North Mountain on the Bay of Fundy shore.

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