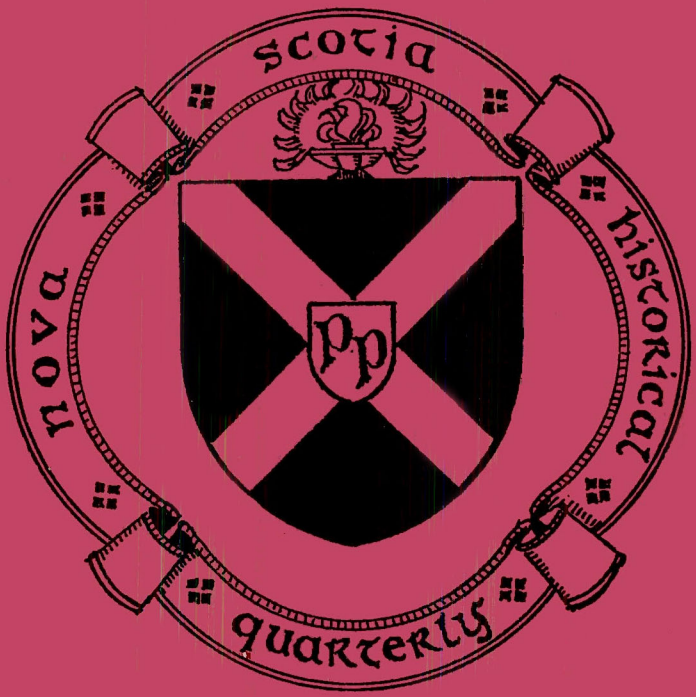
The Nova Scotia Historical Quarterly

Volume 6 Number 1, March 1976



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Subscriptions to the Nova Scotia Historical Quarterly are $10.00 per year, obtained at the office of the Publisher, P.O. Box 1102, Halifax, Nova Scotia. Single copies or back issues $3.00 each.

This quarterly is so designed that the paper cover of each issue may be removed at the end of the volume year and bound by the subscriber into one volume. A cumulative index will be provided with issue No. 4.

Inquiries or information on the Quarterly should be addressed to The Nova Scotia Historical Quarterly, P.O. Box 1102, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Printed at Halifax, Nova Scotia
by
McCurdy Printing Co. Ltd.

PETHERIC PRESS

The Nova Scotia Historical Quarterly

Volume 6 Number 1 March 1976

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ISSN — 0300 — 3728

A Publication of Petheric Press Limited

Second Class Mail Registration No. 2554

The Nova Scotia Historical Quarterly
gratefully acknowledges assistance given
by the Nova Scotia Museum

Nova Scotia Newspapers View The United States, 1827-1840

R. H. McDONALD

One theme that has received considerable attention in Nova Scotian history for the early decades of the nineteenth century has been the dichotomy of interest between Halifax and its outports.[1] This dichotomy tells us much about the nature of the Nova Scotian community during these years. As a result it is important to understand and study this phenomenon as comprehensively as possible.

Prior to 1827 one does not have an outport press to represent the views of these areas.[2] This vacuum was filled, however, with the publication of the *Colonial Patriot* at Pictou in 1827. It was further expanded in 1833 with the appearance of the *Yarmouth Herald.* This essay will attempt to analyse newspaper attitudes toward the United States in the period 1827-1840 and to demonstrate a difference in outlook between the Halifax and outport press. In addition, an effort will be made to explain what these differences tell us about Nova Scotian society in the 1830's.

With the appearance of the *Colonial Patriot* and the *Yarmouth Herald,* press attitudes which had been dominated by the Halifax papers, for the first time received the refreshing addition of out-port perspective. It quickly became apparent that both the Pictou and the Yarmouth papers were to be far more friendly in their attitudes towards the United States than had been the case with the Halifax press.[3] The *Colonial Patriot,* which first appeared in December of 1827 was to go further than any other newspaper in the colony's history in its admiration of American achievement. It is interesting to note that its editor, Jotham Blanchard, was of American background and that one of its chief editorial contributors, Thomas McCulloch, had visited the United States in 1819. Both were to lead the fight for the adoption "of the elective system in Nova Scotia."[4] One of McCulloch's pupils, Alexander Lawson, was responsible for the establishment of the *Yarmouth Herald* in 1833. The influence of the teacher on the pupil's political thinking is readily apparent. "Nova Scotia", Lawson declared in 1836, "must ere long have a Council by and responsible to the people, or their loyalty and confidence in the British Government, we are bold in asserting, will be shaken to their foundation."[5]

The Halifax papers continued to be more critical of the United States than their outport counterparts. They were very skeptical of American achievement on the eve of the inauguration of Andrew Jackson. Ominous signs of instability and disorder within the United States were perceived.[6] Little encouragement could be gathered from either the domestic program or the foreign policy of the new administration. To make the situation even more serious there was a worsening of Anglo-American relations shortly after Jackson's assumption of office. A writer to the *Novascotian* pessimistically predicted "that the peace which now subsists with America, cannot endure much longer."[7]

The Halifax Press was expecting the worst and Jackson's inaugural address apparently confirmed their fears. "Indeed, everything indicates a radical change in the Government of the United States, of both men and measures," commented Joseph Howe.[8] Within a few weeks, however, a more hopeful attitude began to appear. The predicted catastrophe failed to materialize. "Perhaps he may disappoint his violent friends," Anthony Holland suggested.[9] He hoped "that the idol may be deaf to the frenzied vataries (sic) who placed him on the pedestal."[10] His hopes were not to be disappointed. Jackson's actions in the field of foreign relations throughout his first years in office impressed many Nova Scotians. By December it was openly admitted that his message to Congress "certainly breathes a more cordial spirit of reconciliation and friendship toward our government, than we have been of late years accustomed to expect."[11] The *Acadian* spoke for many in describing the change of attitude toward Jackson. "We honestly confess we were among the number, who looked on the election of this gentleman . . . as likely to be inimical to British interests and so offering but a slender chance of a long continuance of friendly intercourse between the two nations —the message has somewhat shaken this opinion."[12] Andrew Jackson had not become the war-monger that many had feared.

Remarkably, a similar change of attitude occurred concerning Jackson's domestic policies. Early in 1829 one finds a newspaper like the *Acadian Recorder* attacking the domestic policy of the Jackson administration. In particular, his policy of appointing political supporters to public office was considered ill-advised. "Great discontent prevails at the alterations and appointments made by General Jackson," Anthony Holland commented; "removing from offices civil and military, those acquainted with public business and fit for it, filling their places with others who are said to be incompetent, but who have proved themselves willing and zealous political

tools are a few among the many charges of corruption made against the Hero of New Orleans."[13] This wholesale dismissal for political reasons was considered to be scandalous.[14] Yet, within a few months a change of attitude had become apparent.[15] The *Acadian Recorder,* in August 1829, felt that "the tenor of the new President's general politics is manly and conciliating."[16] A new outlook toward Jackson had emerged and optimism replaced the former pessimistic attitude. It was now felt that his policies would be "much more pleasing to foreign interests and to domestic ones in the end, than was generally imagined during the struggle between the civil and military interests for power; or when the supreme reins were delivered into the hands of the far-famed Hero of New Orleans, and the supposed implacable enemy of Great Britain."[17] The animosity of the Halifax press had been temporarily dulled.

The reaction of the Pictou press to American developments is another story. Pictou, settled largely by Scottish immigrants, was one of the fastest growing regions of the colony.[18] It differed from many other communities not only because of its population makeup but also because of its economic basis. One finds a much more diversified economy in the region than was the case in most other Nova Scotian communities. Timber and agricultural production were its main industries but coal mining was becoming increasingly important in the 1830's. It is interesting to note that much of Pictou's coal eventually found its way to American markets.[19]

Generally speaking one finds a very pragmatic and flexible attitude being adopted toward the United States by the Pictou press. The *Colonial Patriot* adopted a more objective attitude toward American events than the Halifax press. Its editor, Jotham Blanchard, spelled out the paper's philosophy in its first edition. "In politics we shall side with the most liberal system . . . We reverence the British constitution, and honour the King as its head; but we feel assured, that the

best way of showing true regard to the King, is by advancing the interests of his subjects."[20] It quickly became apparent that the *Colonial Patriot* was quite impressed with the achievements of "Brother Jonathan." "The American Federal Government is a genuine democracy, admirable for the simplicity and harmony of its principles, and producing a greater amount of public good and private happiness than any political institution that ever existed."[21] Certain Pictonians exhibited a more objective and open-minded outlook than other areas of the colony. Free from the restraints of official Halifax they could speak their mind. Often it was American economic growth that impressed them. "The United States are alive with the spirit of improvement beyond every other country in the world . . . From the prodigious strides which industry and enterprise are now taking in the United States, that new country already offers useful lessons in many points to the most ancient and improved states of Europe."[22] As far as the *Colonial Patriot* was concerned Nova Scotia could learn much from the American experience.

Obviously, American economic growth and development had made a tremendous impression on certain inhabitants of the Pictou area. The *Colonial Patriot* in 1829 launched an intensive investigation into the comparative situation of both regions. Jotham Blanchard contended that most Nova Scotians had been frustrated in their ambitions. Progress and prosperity had failed to materialize to the degree expected. Many were puzzled because they felt that Nova Scotia possessed the natural resources and human talent for rapid expansion. The problem, the *Colonial Patriot* concluded, was the Nova Scotia government. Reorganization was necessary if the colony was to prosper and Nova Scotia had to draw upon the experience of others.

> "Though subject to the British Crown and proud of our relation, we do not conceive ourselves bound either to admire every thing British, or to underrate excellence

when we chance to perceive it elsewhere. We will better discharge our editorial duty, by pointing out the defects of our provincial system, British though it be, and by exhibiting, as a pattern for imitation others who may be reaping the benefit of more rational arrangements: And we may here add, that no person can impartially compare Nova Scotia with any of the States, without perceiving in the latter proofs of superiority, which must command his judgment."[23]

Nova Scotians, the *Colonial Patriot* concluded, were intellectually inferior to their American competitors. Since both "rational enterprise and successful management arise out of knowledge" it was understandable why Nova Scotians suffered considerably in comparison to the Americans.[24] The fundamental Nova Scotian weakness was its archaic educational system. In this respect, according to the *Colonial Patriot,* Nova Scotia had much to learn from the United States. The *Patriot* showed that "in proportion to the wealth and population of the States, there is not another nation upon earth which does so much for the education of youth."[25] For progress to occur Nova Scotia had to modernize and improve her educational system. Only then could she meet her American competitors on an equal footing. "While the education of the province is allowed to remain in such a state, we are not very likely to stand very high in the scale of intellectual improvement; and while that is wanting, we are just as unlikely, in our several occupations, to arrive at the advantages which intelligence confers."[26] This plea for educational improvement struck a receptive chord throughout the colony.[27]

The editor of the *Colonial Patriot* felt that this debate was of critical importance for Nova Scotia and therefore kept up in the 1830's a constant barrage of articles on the subject. It was shown that great material advantages would have resulted had the United States controlled Nova Scotia after the Revolution. Nova Scotia had all the natural advantages to

make it one of the most flourishing states of the Union. Instead of prosperity, however, it bore "the stamp of disappointment and poverty."[28] The blame for this state of affairs was placed squarely on the shoulders of the Halifax government. "In the United States the people by their representatives govern themselves," claimed the editor of the *Colonial Patriot* "and those whom they nominate to manage their affairs, attend to the interests of their constituents, plan with wisdom and execute at little expense."[29] Such, however, was not the case in Nova Scotia. "We are controlled by men whose aim is their own aggrandizement," Blanchard lamented, "and their government consists, first in monopolising a large proportion of the public revenue, and secondly in rendering the remainder indirectly subservant to their plans of ambition."[30] Admiration for the American system did not end here. "In the United States, it is the object to qualify every man for his profession and to afford to each a fair chance of success in the business of life," Blanchard added, "but in this province those who control its government regard with hostility the diffusion of intelligence; by every possible means they obstruct its progress."[31]

While the desire for improvement was great in Nova Scotia some felt the *Colonial Patriot* had gone too far in its pro-Americanism. This was especially the case with the Halifax press. A strong reaction set in against what was felt to be an American threat to the British character of the colony. In the words of J. B. Brebner "their defensive response was to persuade themselves that they were more British than they actually were."[32] An artificial tone of superiority came to characterize their reaction to "Brother Jonathan". Even if economically backward some felt themselves normally superior to their republican neighbours.[13] "The English must be callous indeed," Anthony Holland argued, "who does not feel unvoluntarily proud, when he contrasts similiar walks of life in the two countries."[34] Haligonians felt themselves more

liberal and open minded than their American cousins. No stranger had to fear for his life from "narrow bigotted feelings on any subject. May we long keep our Crown; and continue to imitate the better part of our noble parent's character, rather than to follow the less excellent usages and manners of a more notely nation."[35]

The Halifax press also attacked the American experiment on political grounds. It was pointed out that there were serious political defects in the American union that threatened its continued existence.[36] In particular, the controversy over the division of power between state and federal authorities was seen as containing the seeds of destruction. With the re-election of Andrew Jackson in 1832 one notes a more critical attitude towards his administration by the Halifax press. It was felt that he was moving away from his former policy of strengthening the federal power. According to the *Novascotian* this trend could be disastrous.[37] Even the *Colonial Patriot* realized that trouble lay ahead for Andrew Jackson over the South Carolina problem. Nevertheless, the *Patriot* expressed the hope that the United States might solve this predicament. "The United States seems to be on the eve of a grand political experiment" commented Jotham Blanchard, "which we trust will eventuate in good to that great and growing nation."[38]

The "Nullification Controversy" involving South Carolina was seen by many Nova Scotians as the most serious threat the Union had ever faced.[39] Jackson's actions were seen "to have set the whole south in a flame."[40] At first the press seemed pessimistic. "Appearances there indicate civil war," the *Colonial Patriot* reported, "nor do we see any mode by which that awful evil can now be avoided. It would be useless to abolish the tariff, which has caused the irritation, because now the fundamentals of the Federal Constitution are assailed, and the question must be finally disposed of."[41] Within a few weeks, however, the *Colonial Patriot* had adopt-

ed the position that the whole controversy could be settled without bloodshed. Jotham Blanchard claimed the compromise tariff bill would satisfy the southern states and "though thousands will be ruined who are engaged in manufactures, yet the Union may be preserved, which is of more value than all the mills and machinery in America."[42]

Throughout the controversy it was clear that the *Colonial Patriot* was much more sympathetic to the United States than the Halifax press. It carried detailed information on the crisis. Readers were shown how the tariff worked to the advantage of one section of the union. Always hope was expressed for an amicable settlement. "None are more desirous than ourselves for the continuance and stability of the States," commented the *Colonial Patriot;* "it is the great Pharos of Liberty, and we fear that the severing of the Union would be its destruction."[43] The United States was regarded as the leader in democratic reform. "We have always notwithstanding the Tariff bill, looked at that Government with pleasure, because it is the only one that has yet acted upon the Glorious principle that the true end of Government, is the greatest happiness of the greatest number."[44] Clearly the admiration of the *Colonial Patriot* for the American experiment went much further than that of the more conservative Halifax press.

In the realm of foreign policy the United States was constantly attacked by the Halifax press throughout the period 1827-40. The United States was felt to be an aggressive and expansionist power. Her deteriorating relationship with France was perceived to be another example of her incompetence in foreign relations.[45] The Halifax press was completely unsympathetic toward the American case against France.[46] They were even more suspicious of American involvement in Texas. It was felt "that ever since the creation of Mexico into an independent republic, the United States had cast most covetous eyes upon the Province of Texas, and that it was the fixed determination of the United States, by fair or foul

means, to obtain possession of it."[47] The Texan fight for independence was regarded as an American war of conquest and hence was unjustifiable.[48] Opposition to American expansion was to characterize the attitude of the Halifax press throughout the decade.

American foreign policy eventually brought her into conflict with Great Britain in the aftermath of the Rebellions of 1837. In a way the reaction of the Nova Scotia press was predictable. As in the past one finds a rather pragmatic attitude being adopted.[49] While unsympathetic in general terms to the expansionist policy of the American government, many Nova Scotians seemed primarily concerned with its effects upon their colony. In just about every case, rational thinking Nova Scotians concluded that war between Britain and the United States was an unacceptable alternative, one which should be avoided if at all possible. While one cannot be doctrinaire as far as a regional dicotomy on this issue is concerned it can be shown that in general the outport press tended to be more sympathetic towards the United States than the Halifax press. The Pictou *Bee* even went so far as to claim that the American government had "acted in good faith and in the spirit of existing treaties."[50]

A number of border controversies developed between Britain and the United States in the period after 1837. Of most concern to Nova Scotia was the New Brunswick border dispute. This controversy had a long history dating from the settlement of 1783.[51] At that time no one really knew the interior and all attempts to reach definitive agreement failed. By the 1830's, however, the area had assumed a new importance as the lumber industry moved into the disputed territory. It was not long before trouble started and troops were sent in to restore order. When combined with the tension on the Canadian border many felt war was near. The reaction of the Halifax press to this new evidence of American agression was quick and decisive. According to the Halifax *Times,* Ameri-

can tactics offered "enough instances of treachery, when extended territory was the object, to make any country on their borders extremely jealous of its integrity."[52] The *Acadian Recorder,* which had always been unsympathetic towards the United States, even went so far as to announce that "our wish for peace with America is now at an end."[53] A similar pessimistic attitude was taken by the *Novascotian.* "If this dispute merely related to a piece of timber land," it was reported, "it might soon be adjusted. But if war comes, the real cause will be found to be deeper. The desire to possess these colonies—to extend the wings of the Eagle over the whole of North America, is at the root of the matter."[54]

While it is difficult to categorize Nova Scotian attitudes along regional lines it would appear that the Yarmouth area was most desirous of having relations with the United States normalized once again. Yarmouth, of course, had always maintained strong personal and economic ties with the United States.[55] In March of 1839, at the same time that the *Acadian Recorder* was viciously attacking the Americans, the *Yarmouth Herald* was praying for a peaceful solution.[56] A war it was felt would be disastrous for all parties.[57] Herbert Huntington the Assembly member from Yarmouth, expressed similar sentiments:

> "There was no fear of Nova Scotia going to war, and he did not believe that England and America would; they had good sense enough to keep down those who wished for war in order that they might profit from it. The two countries saw that peace was their mutual interest, that they were united by many ties, and that a war between them would be horrible and destructive . . ."[58]

Despite the intense feelings of certain hot-heads on both sides of the border, cooler heads prevailed. The outport press was particularly pleased with the improving situation. The aggressive stance of the Americans had mellowed substantial-

ly by the Spring of 1839. "The calculating part of the community," reported the *Pictou Observer,* "either possessing less ardent temperaments, or feeling less keenly the wrongs accumulated on their country, by Great Britain, or influenced by a foreboding of the probable result of a brush with Ocean's Queen, are using every argument to reduce the high bounding pulse of the War party."[59] The *Yarmouth Herald* was overjoyed. "The temperateness and forebearance of the American general movement," it was reported, "as well as the more softened tone of the authorities in Maine itself, hold out every hope that a satisfactory adjustment will be accomplished, and that peace so desirable will be preserved."[60] The final settlement of this bothersome problem was left to the diplomats of both countries.[61]

What is one able to conclude from a study of Nova Scotian newspapers in the period 1827-40? To begin with one must realize the limitations of such a study. The views of newspaper editors do not necessarily represent the attitudes of an entire community. In addition, one must be careful not to generalize and talk of "outport reaction". The newspapers studied were published only in Halifax, Yarmouth and Pictou. Given all these limitations, nevertheless, the study does provide some interesting insights and suggestive ideas.

By studying Nova Scotian newspapers for this period one becomes aware of a very subtle dichotomy between the Halifax press and the outport papers in their attitudes toward the United States. The outport papers were more open-minded and impressed with American development than were the Halifax papers. The capital's press tended to be rather negative as far as the United States was concerned. Such a dichotomy obviously affected the political and economic attitudes of the outports and Halifax. Is it that surprising that the movement for political reform received such strong support from both Pictou and Yarmouth?

In a way the study reinforces the more general theme of a dichotomy of interest between Halifax and its outports. Given their different economic settings and demographic backgrounds it is really not that surprising. In closing one might conclude by saying that a study of Nova Scotian newspapers in the 1830's clearly illustrates the regional nature of Nova Scotian society. A homogeneous outlook toward the United States is not apparent. Heterogeneity characterized Nova Scotian attitudes in the 1830's.

FOOTNOTES

1. The dichotomy of interest on both political and economic matters is most fully discussed in J. S. Martell, "The Origins of Self-Government in Nova Scotia, 1815-1836" (University of London, Ph.D., 1936); S. D. Clarke, **Movements of Political Protest in Canada, 1640-1840** (Toronto 1954) Chapter IX, and M. Gilroy, "The Imperial Customs Establishment in Nova Scotia, 1825-1855" **(C.H.R.,** 1938, Vol. 19) p. 277-292
2. Scattered newspapers, such as the Loyalist papers in Shelburne during the 1780's, appeared in various outports prior to 1827 but none lasted more than a few years. In reality there was no outport press to speak of prior to 1827 [See G. N. Tratt; "A Survey and Listing of Nova Scotian Newspapers" (Mount Allison University, M.A., 1957)]
3. J. S. Martell, "Origins of Self-Government . . . " p. 364-365. For a more complete analysis of the attitudes of the Halifax press towards the United States prior to 1827 see R. H. McDonald, "Nova Scotia Views the United States, 1784-1854" (Queen's University, Ph.D., 1974) Chapters 1-3
4. J. S. Martell, "Origins of Self-Government . . . " p. 365
5. **Yarmouth Herald,** March 5, 1836
6. See for example the **Novascotian,** January 8, 1829 or the **Acadian Recorder,** January 31, 1829
7. **Novascotian,** March 5, 1829. Further critical comments can be found in the **Novascotian** for February 26, 1829
8. **Novascotian,** March 19, 1829
9. **Acadian Recorder,** March 28, 1829
10. **Ibid**
11. **Novascotian,** December 24, 1829
12. **Acadian and General Advertiser,** December 25, 1829
13. **Acadian Recorder,** May 9, 1829
14. Numerous editorials on this subject appeared: see for instance the **Acadian Recorder,** April 25 and May 9, 1829. The most devasting criticism, however, can be found in the **Novascotian** of May 28, 1829
15. Note the change in attitude by the **Acadian Recorder** on June 13, 1829. Its impression of Jackson began to improve from this date onward.
16. **Acadian Recorder,** August 22, 1829
17. **Ibid**
18. The growth of Pictou during these years was truly remarkable. It is described in detail by G. A. Patterson in **A History of the County of Pictou** (Montreal, 1877). The population grew rapidly between 1827 and 1838 (See **Censuses of Canada, 1665-1871,** Ottawa, 1876). The area grew from 13,699 in 1827 to 21,518 in 1838 becoming the second most populous area in the colony. The most recent and scholarly treatment of Pictou's growth during these years can be found in D. Campbell and R. A. MacLean **Beyond the Atlantic Road: A Study of Nova Scotia Scots** (Toronto, 1974) Chapter II and III

19. As much as 90% of the coal mined in Pictou during a particular year was exported to the United States. [See I. L. MacDougall, "Commercial Relations Between Nova Scotia and the United States, 1830-54" (Dalhousie, M.A., 1961), Appendix 9]
20. **Colonial Patriot,** December 21, 1827
21. **Ibid.,** June 17, 1829 (Reprint from Britannica Encyclopedia)
22. **Ibid.,** November 25, 1829
23. **Ibid.,** May 7, 1831
24. **Ibid.**
25. **Ibid.**
26. **Ibid.**
27. The attempts of Nova Scotia to improve their educational system is most carefully analysed by D. C. Harvey in numerous articles and books. A complete series of articles in the **Journal of Education** for 1934 and 1935 gives a comprehensive picture of reform in the first half of the nineteenth century. Further information can be found in his **Documentary Study of Early Education Policy (P.A.N.S. Bulletin,** Vol. 1, No. 1, 1937) and **An Introduction to the History of Dalhousie University** (Halifax, 1938). The most recent study on educational reform is W. B. Hamilton, "Education, Politics and Reform in Nova Scotia, 1800-1848" (University of Western Ontario, Ph.D., 1970)
28. **Colonial Patriot,** May 28, 1831
29. **Ibid.,** June 18, 1831
30. **Ibid.**
31. **Ibid.**
32. J. B. Brebner, **North Atlantic Triangle** (Toronto, 1966) p. 143
33. See for example the **Acadian Recorder,** July 23, August 20, October 15 and November 5, 1831 or the **Novascotian,** November 11, 1830 and February 3, 1831
34. **Acadian Recorder,** July 23, 1831
35. **Ibid.,** November 5, 1831
36. See for e.g. the **Novascotian,** January 27, 1831 and the **Acadian Recorder,** January 29, 1831. J. S. Martell also discusses this political reaction to American difficulties (See J. S. Martell, "Origins of Self-Government . . . " p. 361)
37. **Novascotian,** December 20, 1832
38. **Colonial Patriot,** December 29, 1832
39. The best treatment of the nullification controversy is W. W. Freehling, **Prelude to Civil War: The Nullification Controversy in South Carolina** (New York, 1966). Also useful are C. M. Wiltse, **John C. Calhoun: Nullifier** (Indianapolis, 1951) and Frederic Bancroft, **Calhoun and the South Carolina Nullification Movement** (Gloucester, 1928).
40. **Novascotian,** January 19, 1833
41. **Colonial Patriot,** January 12, 1833
42. **Ibid.,** January 19, 1833
43. **Ibid.,** February 26, 1833
44. **Ibid.**

45. References to Franco-American relations can be found in all the major biographies of Andrew Jackson. The most detailed study, however, is Richard McLemore, **Franco-American Diplomatic Relations, 1816-1836** (New Orleans, 1941)
46. See the **Times,** January 20, 1835, and the **Acadian Recorder,** February 20 and March 12, 1836
47. **Acadian Recorder,** September 24, 1836
48. **Halifax Journal,** November 7, 1836
49. See R. H. McDonald, "Nova Scotia Views . . . " Chapter 1-3
50. **Bee,** January 22, 1838
51. Much has been written on the Northeast boundary controversy. Some of the most useful is A. B. Corey, **The Crisis of 1830-42 in Canadian-American Relations** (New Haven, 1941), W. S. MacNutt, **New Brunswick** (Toronto, 1963) p. 265-70 and 308-13, Roger Paradis, "John Baker and the Republic of Madawaska" **(Dalhousie Review,** Vol. 52, Spring 1972) p. 78-96, H. S. Burrage, **Maine, in the Northeastern Boundary Question** (Portland, 1919) and R. P. and U.K. Tullman, "The Diplomatic Search for the St. Croix River, 1795-1798," **(Acadiensis,** Vol. 1, No. 2, September 1972) p. 59-72
52. **The Times,** July 10, 1838
53. **Acadian Recorder,** March 2, 1838
54. **Novascotian,** March 20, 1839
55. For more information on Yarmouth, see G. S. Brown, **Yarmouth, Nova Scotia** (Boston, 1888), J. Campbell, **History of the County of Yarmouth** (Saint John, 1876,), J. M. Lawson, **Yarmouth Past and Present** (Yarmouth, 1902). Of particular interest is the description of Yarmouth given by Wm. Moorsom, **Letters From Nova Scotia** (London, 1830) p. 263 ff. where he describes the American nature of the town and its close personal and economic ties with the United States.
56. **Yarmouth Herald,** March 11, 1839
57. **Ibid.**
58. **Debates,** as reported in **Novascotian,** February 27, 1840
59. **Pictou Observer,** April 2, 1839
60. **Yarmouth Herald,** May 24, 1839
61. This Matter was finally settled with the signing of the Webster-Ashburton Treaty in August 1842.

Travel and Travelers on the Eastern Shore

JOHN N. GRANT

Historians have sympathetically recorded the problems of travel and communication on our western and northern frontiers. However these conditions were not confined to the fringes of settlement, but were also found in Nova Scotia, well past the frontier period, and prevailed, virtually unchecked, into the opening decades of the twentieth century. Perhaps the most dramatic local example of travel and communication problems existed on Nova Scotia's Eastern Shore, which runs from Dartmouth to Cape Canso on the provincial mainland.

As late as 1840, approaching Nova Scotia's "golden age", Joseph Howe despairingly commented on the rough paths that meandered along the headlands and inlets of the Eastern Shore, writing

> The lower settlements . . . must depend on the Shore Road and this is almost impassable. Carriages do go over it, at times, driven by adventurous sportsmen, but it must be confessed, that they generally go to pieces. Improvements are in progress on this line, which in a few years will make the communication much better . . . ![1]

Travel then was not easy, and even today no continuous highway runs the full length of the Eastern Shore and "improvements" are still in progress.

Howe went on to say, "The last time we visited . . . Musquodoboit [Harbour], we went by water, which, with a fine day and a fair wind, is by far the most agreeable mode."[2] Because of the scarcity, or non-existence of roads, this "most agreeable mode" of travel was also, by necessity, the most common. Unfortunately, the travelers could not always depend on "a fine day and a fair wind". Storms; ice; a lack of lighthouses, charts, and other navigational aids; and just contrary winds often, at best, held a ship wind-bound, and at the worst left a shattered hull, a battered body and tearful women on the widow's walk.

It was not only the sea that held dangers for the "coasters" of the Eastern Shore. In 1809, after having delivered a load of wood at the King's Fuel Wharf in Halifax, 18 year old Andrew Siteman of Ship Harbour, "was pressed by a press gang from the *Squirrell* and taken on board." His brother immediately petitioned for Andrew's release, cautioning the Lieutenant-Governor of Nova Scotia, Sir George Prevost, that "if he is kept from me it will be a means of putting a Stop to the Coasting Trade."[3] Although the British Navy desperately needed sailors to fight Napoleon's France, Halifax was so dependent on the Eastern Shore for firewood and other supplies that the illegal impressment could pose, at least, an inconvenience to the city.

Ship Harbour was but one of the settlements that dotted the headlands and harbours of the Eastern Shore. The number of communities was almost equalled by the diverse origins of their inhabitants.

> In some of the hamlets, as at the Passage, or Three Fathom Harbour—there are the German countenance, expression, habits, and manners—at Preston one may

> linger around settlements where a white face, if seen at all, forms the exception to the general rule—and at Chezetcook, the dress, manners, looks and speech, of the vast majority of the population, would almost persuade one they were rambling through some village on the Coast of France.[4]

These, plus the Scottish immigrants, disbanded soldiers, Micmac Indians, American Loyalists, and fishermen of all nationalities, contributed their particular accents to the cultural diversity of the Eastern Shore. Most of these settlers kept a garden to supply their own needs or the Halifax Market, and some ranged the woods for marketable stands of timber, but the majority kept their eyes to the sea and their only Capital was the little port in which their ships bobbed at the close of the day.[5] As an 1837 correspondent to the *NOVASCOTIAN* expressed it:

> The natives live chiefly by coasting, by carrying cord wood, by fishing and farming, and some live by their wit's end . . . the shore is not a Paradise for idlers.[6]

These shores were no doubt well known as, at least, summer camps to the Micmac Indians,[7] and as safe havens to the adventurous European fisherman.[8] Later, the descriptions of Nicholas Denys,[9] the charts of DesBarres' "Atlantic Neptune",[10] the accounts of Lockwood,[11] MacGregor[12] and others, made the shore better known. But traveling "up the shore" to Halifax, or elsewhere, remained a slow, as well as a hazardous trip. In 1826, the *Schooner Canso* took seven days to sail from Canso to Halifax, and at that she may have been fortunate as she hailed a ship that had been waiting fourteen days for a favourable wind. And many, like the *Ocean Belle* in 1864, set sail for Halifax never to be heard of again, going down with "all hands".[13]

The uncertainty of sea travel, together with its inherent dangers, and often its impossibility in the winter, led to many,

and repeated pleas for the construction of a road linking the settlements of the Eastern Shore with the capital at Halifax. Numerous arguments were presented in favour of a continuous line of communication along the coast. The most repeated of these arguments concerned the problems of winter travel, of trade, and of rescuing shipwrecked sailors. During the winter months the Eastern Shore was virtually isolated due to the dangers of winter navigation, and Halifax itself complained that the trade of the area was going to Newfoundland[14] instead of that city, while the numerous and often tragically spectacular shipwrecks which occurred along the coast made their own point. These, plus the difficulty of sending and receiving mail from these outposts, made the case for an improved communication system on the Eastern Shore.

However, the desire, and even the necessity for roads far out-stripped their development. In 1801 Titus Smith noted among the "roads and probable trails" in the eastern portion of Nova Scotia, a line to Musquodoboit Harbour which ran back to the Musquodoboit Valley, and another route from the Valley to the headwaters of Sheet Harbour.[15] But no road of any kind connected any of the harbours and coves along the coast, and for many years little or no attempt was made to develop any. It appears that most of the money consumed by "roads and bridges" on the Shore went to maintain the poor tracks that existed, not to the development of new roads.[16]

As time progressed, increased, albeit still limited, attention was paid to the communication problems of the Eastern Shore. The attention of the Assembly was maintained, at least partly, by the reception of more than one hundred petitions on the subject of roads from the Musquodoboits and the Eastern Shore.[17] However, a continuous road from Dartmouth to Sherbrooke took a long time to develop and before completion was virtually "paved with petitions". Portions of the road, notably on the Halifax-Dartmouth end, were opened by the

early 1800's and, not much later, a road of sorts existed as far east as Musquodoboit Harbour. From there eastward no road connected the fishing villages that dotted the harbours and headlands of the Eastern Shore, although some attempts were made to keep trails open to the inland "Great Eastern" route that connected Halifax and Guysborough. The first half of the 19th century saw constant fighting for an adequate road for the area but it was not until the middle of the century that

> incessant demands from fishing villages along the Eastern Shore at last prevailed and in the next decade the Harvey Road was opened, which is largely preserved today as Highway 7. First steps were taken about 1851 and roads were opened . . . Dartmouth to Ship Harbour was declared a "great road" in 1853 and soon a passable highway extended 'all the way to the mouth of the St. Mary's River . . . [18]

This, without doubt, was an improvement, although how long some of this "passable" highway remained "passable" is questionable. But at least it was better than the 1837 complaint that "the paths are nearly in the same state in which they were one hundred years ago."[19]

No doubt a good deal of the hesitation to expand government funds on the development of roads was due to the limited number of people who would be served. In 1818, Tangier, for example, had only four families, while fifteen persons lived in Marie Joseph. Ship Harbour boasted twenty families[20] while Musquodoboit Harbour, which claimed to have had the first circular saws in Nova Scotia, and by 1827 a nail manufacturing business,[21] was likely the largest and most important commercial point on the coast.

Lack of financial support from the provincial government, for whatever reason, and a difficult rocky terrain were not the only impediments to the construction of roads. In

1826 Hugh McDonald of Sherbrooke reported to the provincial authorities that the road from

> Sherbrooke to Ekemsegum [sic] . . . is now looked out and I hope will be chiefly cut out this summer—

McDonald's labours were not, however, without their dangers, as he complained that

> the inhabitants of the western part of this Township, viz. Liscomb Harbor, Marie Joseph and Ekemsegum . . . are under no rule and is [sic] still refractory, and will not submit to pay County Rates, or work their statute Labor and they are so far from us the Magistrates at Saint Marys that they have hitherto let be, as some of them threaten it will be by force of Arms they will ever be made to submit to the rules and Laws of the County . . .

This state of affairs, McDonald contended, created a "world of trouble in this quarter."[22]

The whole issue of road building, and money for it, was complicated by it becoming an issue in the struggle between the Legislative Council and the Legislative Assembly for control of the Government in Nova Scotia. It was also a popular means by which successful politicians could reward their followers and at the same time punish those who had been so unlucky, or so unwise, as to support another candidate. In 1830 W. McKeen of St. Marys wrote of the importance of the road money stating that

> . . . the want of the money on the Roads this Season will be greatly felt as it is the means of affording a little money to a great many, to supply their present necessitys [sic]—I begin to feel rather frustrated in my designs for the want of it. I generally receive from 5 to 7 pounds of it yearly—this may seem a small sum to you compared to hundreds but when the scale is neatly balanced a little will turn it . . .[23]

This combination of rocky terrain, scarcity of funds, and the refusal to do statute labour made it difficult to build or maintain a road. Thus, despite the improvements made on the Eastern Shore, no doubt much of the road, if travelers accounts are to be credited, could be compared to the "new cuts" described by a disgusted voyager in Nova Scotia:

> The forest trees had been cut down, and the trunks piled on each side so as to form an avenue of about thirty feet in width. Stumps and tangled roots were left as nature had given them growth, amid stones, or masses of half decayed matter; to which occasionally a profusion of bushwood, or a treacherous slough, afforded some variety . . . no internal traffic can exist under such disadvantages: a stranger is a complete rara avis, sufficient even under the most humble garb to excite the united speculation of an entire neighbour; and in the course of these rambles I have been highly amused at being addressed alternately as an exciseman, a riding speculator in cattle, an agent for the Albion mines, or a wholesale dealer in liquors.[24]

Such were likely the conditions of even the newly constructed "Harvey Road" along the Eastern Shore. And while the accounts of early travelers reinforced the need for a road, the later stories of adventurers would almost appear to question the very existence of any such road.

The memories of the first travelers along the Eastern Shore are lost in antiquity, shrouded by the mists of time. But the tales told around the camp fires of Nova Scotia's first men likely spoke of dangerous currents, of portage routes, summering grounds, and sites of dependable supplies of salmon and shellfish. Years later the trail of the birch bark canoe was followed by the keels of the fishing boats of European strangers. Some of these visitors, like Nicholas Denys', French adventurer, fur trader, and gentlemen, left accounts of their

observations of the Eastern Shore. In 1671 Denys' wrote of one of the harbours he had visited:

> This bay has nearly four leagues of depth, and there are several rivers which discharge into it. These are small and are only, as it were, large brooks, [though] by them the Indians go and come. The Indians are there in great number because of the hunting, which is good in the interior of the country, where are mountains all abounding in Moose.[25]

By the turn of the nineteenth century permanent centers of population had developed, but little else had changed on the Shore, and travel was still largely confined to the sea, Nova Scotia's natural highway. In November, 1826, young Letitia Whitman of Canso, with ten other passengers and a crew of five, plus "a poor little pig some of the ladies are taking home"[26] (which, unfortunately became "dreadfully sick") set sail for Halifax. Continually beset by contrary winds they were forced to take refuge in one harbour after another along the Eastern Shore. At Jedore they were entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Day, an occurrance which Miss Whitman confided to her diary:

> 7 p.m. We commenced getting tea having as before taken every necessary [sic] with us. The house was all so clean it was a satisfaction to eat here. Mr. and Mrs. Day appear to be a very old couple. Have been acquainted with my father since before his marriage. They have two grand children living in the house with them, also a coloured man whom they brought up, he having married a white wife. They live in the house as servants. My eyes were on them all the evening. It looked so strange to see her cuddling up along side of him when he came in from his work.[27]

After taking seven days to sail from Canso to Halifax, Miss Whitman calmly noted "Travelling was no trifle in these days . . . "[28]

As time passed the sea remained the most convenient avenue of transportation along the Eastern Shore. In 1843, John Inglis, Lord Bishop of Nova Scotia, paid a visitation to his flock along the Shore, preaching and confirming new communicants of the Church of England. In Nekum Tough, he noted, "it required two hours and a half to collect a congregation of seventy persons." The local schoolmaster, in whose school the congregation met, was an Englishman "who professes to be a Congregational minister . . . He officiates also on Sunday, but I think poor people are desirous to have the services of *the Church.*"[29] Following each service the Lord Bishop rejoined the *Fair Rosamond* and sailed on to his next charge. The vessel had been supplied by the Royal Navy, for which the Lord Bishop was grateful, "as without such conveyance many important stations in the diocese would have been inaccessible to me."[30]

During much of the year inaccessible was a suitable adjective to describe the embryo settlements on the Eastern Shore, and without sufficient reason few people visited them. Joseph Howe, editor of the *NOVASCOTIA,* wrote:

> . . . the cabin or deck of a Coaster does not present enough of attractions to the traveller, half spoiled by the multiplied luxuries of modern steamboats, to tempt him to make voyages of discovery, except when impelled by stronger motives than mere curiosity.[31]

Fortunately there were those who did have "stronger motives than mere curiosity" and some of them left accounts of their overland trips to the settlements of the Eastern Shore.

Joseph Alexander, a native of Yorkshire, England, came to the Liscomb-St. Marys district in the 1840's. Sent out by the Colonial and Continental Church Society, he served the area as a Catechist and Priest of the Church of England until his death in 1869. He left behind a Journal, a permanent record of his ministry on the Eastern Shore. In it he recorded

not only the numbers that attended services or were Christened or buried, but also commented on the state of education, of economic conditions, and of communication in the territory he served. Time after time Alexander noted in his Journal the difficulties of travel, not in complaint, but merely as a matter of record.

> Saturday, 23 August. Sailed this morning for Mary Joseph, but the wind coming around from the East, had to return. In the Afternoon I set out on foot . . . After service returned . . . with the intention of boarding a vessel bound eastward . . ., but my feet and ankles being very much swollen, I was not able to walk.[32]

The scattered nature of his charge made the Rev. Alexander's job even more difficult. "There are a number of small huts alias houses in secluded spots of the forest through which I passed", he wrote. "Several of these families, it may be literally said, are almost buried alive out of the reach of day or Sunday School, as well as the means of grace."[33]

The general poverty of the whole district was both a concern and a fact that could not be overlooked in the performance of the ministers' duty. Spring was a most difficult season on any frontier, lying as it does between crops, and early one May Alexander noted in his diary:

> After the meeting of the Educational Board I had intended to . . . visit the . . . Settlement . . . However, my friend said: 'Sir, if ye cou'd defer yer visit a few weeks, ye'd better, for ye'll no fin any thing for yer horse, an very little I'm thinkin, for yer sel!' So I took this as a seasonable hint, and acting accordingly, bent my course towards a farm house . . . where I was informed, a little hay might be had . . . On arriving . . . I was advised not to proceed . . . as the people were short of everything save a little oatmeal, on which they were living.[34]

About 1848, while residents of the Shore were complaining of "being secluded from the world" because of the mail service,[35] the Halifax Temperance Society sent the Rev. G. J. McDonald eastward to report on the state of temperance and education in that locality. The Missionary reported that fishing was the chief employment, that some of the settlements were destitute (no doubt partly due to the "dispencers of Rum") but the people were "hospitable, kind to strangers whatever the denomination, grateful for visits and attention, willing to be instructed, and ready for improvement."[36] The problem of travel was, of course, commented upon.

> . . . the toil of travelling along a coast where roads are scarcely known, is great, . . . a guide is required between the Settlements; and, on the water . . . while cheerful beams enliven the interior, dense fogs prevail, adding to . . . dangers from shoals and rocks.[37]

The lack of an effective communication system, the report appeared to insinuate, contributed to the continuation of the evils of Intemperence and Ignorance.

During the 1850's a weekly mail service was established between Sheet Harbour and the Capital, and additional money was being spent on the Harvey Road, although the Supervisor reported that he would

> require at least One Hundred Pounds to put the Eastern section of this Rd. from Mus. to Ship Har. in good repair as several of the bridges will require new timber . . .[38]

In December 1859 another Temperance Missionary, John S. Thompson was sent by the Grand Division of the Sons of Temperance on a "Temperance and Educational Mission" to the Eastern Shore. He too commented on the state of the roads. He found the "post road" to Musquodoboit Harbour and as fas as Jeddore to be good enough to travel by sled or waggon but further east, "the difficulties of cow-paths

have to be encountered."[39] Thompson further expressed his opinions on the road by writing:

> Indicative of the roads, I may mention, that no horse is kept at either side of Jeddore. The occupation of that useful animal has not commenced there yet. The patient ox, with its wood sled, lumbers along, through rocky ravines, where the steed would founder. A traveler sometime ago, described his attempts at equestrianism, along some of the better of these paths, by remarking that 'sometimes his horse carried him, and sometimes he carried his horse.' A feeling of self-preservation as well as consideration for the stumbling quadruped, induces the adventurer, to dismount, and lead his horse over the rocks and stumps and roots, and across the swampy places of his forlorn path. At many parts of the shore line, however, the idea of any means of locomotion, except that known as 'shank's mare' would be ridiculous.[40]

After such expression of amused irritation it is appropriate that Thompson could conclude that "The roads of this line of coast . . . require some serious attention."[41]

Not long after the publication of Thompson's Report "serious attention" was given to the Harvey Road, not because of the Report, but because of the discovery of gold. By 1862, with the mines operating at Sherbrooke and Tangier, "so great was the rush to the 'diggings' . . . that three small steamers were kept plying between Sherbrooke and Halifax, carrying men and material to the mines."[42] That same year a tri-weekly stage was established on the Eastern Shore carrying the mail to Tangier, while some of the communities farther east were served by the Sherbrooke Post Office.[43] Gold certainly stimulated the construction of roads, and developed postal communications, but did little to further the cause of Temperance. In Sherbrooke petitioners requested strict inforcement of the liquor laws so that "the character of the District for Sobriety and Temperance which we value more

than gold might be preserved."[44] In Tangier, however, certain tavern owners undoubtedly not wishing to contribute to the "inconvenience of the Traveling Public," petitioned that they might be allowed to retain their liquor licences.[45]

Luckily dangers from human preditors were not coupled to the hardships of nature that faced travelers. Tim Archibald, stage driver on the Eastern Shore route for twenty years commented to the *Morning Herald* in 1883, ". . . I've carried a great many bricks of gold to Halifax . . . but . . . the mail was never stopped or robbed, nor any attempt of that kind made in all my experience."[46]

Time marched slowly and change came slower still to the Eastern Shore. The advent of the second decade of the twentieth century saw conditions which had prevailed fifty years before without change. The sea and a tri-weekly mail stage remained the only links with the outside world. A popular writer, Lacey Amy, after an excursion along the Shore, labeled it "The Land of Sleep", which, for the time, was likely suitable. His comments on the road questioned any improvement and generally were as derogatory as those of his predecessors:

> It was a bad road . . . In eight miles I counted twenty culverts gone . . . How the mail driver manages to get along at all hours of the night would puzzle the uninitiated. He claims that the horses do it, but it would seem that Providence must have an extensive hand in the phenomenon.[47]

The road, however, which Amy compared to a dry stream-bed, that everyone complained about but nobody used, was not the tourists' only complaint. Not only were there few convenient hostelries but one of their stage drivers "who had suffered no apparent deprivation from the lack of licensed bars . . . "[48] threatened to shake them asunder demonstrating his driving ability.

The difficult travel conditions were not the only common observations of Alexander, McDonald, Thompson, and Amy, they also commented on the beauty, even the grandeur of the scenery of the Eastern Shore. Today travel on the Eastern Shore is no longer a difficulty, but the beauty is still there, and if, perchance, you stop to view some particularly delightful scence be careful not to disturb the spirit of an earlier traveler from the rigors of his journey.

FOOTNOTES

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26. Grant, "Voyage", p. 35.
27. Grant, "Voyage", p. 37.
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. . . And Death The Journey's End.
—Dryden.

BARBARA GRANTMYRE

Being extracts from Journal of canoe trip on Dartmouth Lakes, Shubenacadie River, Cobequid Bay and Avon River from August 29 to September 10, 1885. Kept by Stanley A. MacKenzie (1865-1938) President of Dalhousie University 1911-1931.

Towards the end of summer, 1885, five young men made a canoe trip along the Dartmouth Lakes, Shubenacadie River, Cobequid Bay and Avon River. They were Robert Cutler, Sandy Morrison, Frederick L. Harvey and two brothers, George and Stanley A. MacKenzie. Stanley MacKenzie, then twenty years old, would later become President of Dalhousie University from 1911 to 1931. It was he who kept a journal of the trip that began August 29, 1885 in high spirits and ended tragically on September 10. Hand-written in a 4 x 6½ in. notebook there is a refreshing charm that is difficult to convey in the following extracts. The descriptions of dawns and sunsets, the views from various campsites, the poetic quotations have been omitted for lack of space and these omissions may have robbed the reader of some of its flavour. I hope not.

Ninety years ago a trip like this entailed far more work than it would today. No sporting goods department to offer light, nylon tents or sleeping bags. *They* bought some canvas duck and

"I did all the long seams on the sewing machine and the finishing touches were made at Bob's house."

Some of their provisions they sent by train to Grand Lake Station to be picked up when they reached that stage of the journey. Their baggage, initially

"consisted chiefly of 3 days provisions, camp utensils, axe, rubber sheets, blankets, extra clothes, guns and sundry small articles." With these loaded into two canoes they set out from First Dartmouth Lake at 8:30 p.m. August 29, 1885. What kind of canoes? The journal doesn't say though ninety years ago it was still possible to have a genuine birch-bark canoe. Or they may have had some type of canvas covered craft. Whatever kind they needed constant watching and repair.

"Fred, Sandy and I go in one and Bob and George in the other canoe."

At midnight they reached the log cabin on Third Lake where they spent the night.

A similar group today would wear jeans and T-shirts. MacKenzie describes their garb thus; "The costumes though plain were fantastic and varied. Each had a flannel overshirt, and pants or knickerbockers, and a belt around the waist from which hung a bowie knife; and to complete the picture the headgear was still more peculiar; each of us had a tennis hat, red, grey, blue or white."

On that first Sunday morning the journal says:

"At 4 I wake up and find myself (not dead) but half frozen and get back into my blankets and hook those of

somebody else but when I wake up in the morning I find that more than me have been at that game. All up early. Morning is cool and misty and it gives one a delightful sensation to get up this early far from civilization, and smell the pure fragrance of Nature's purity. Soon the sun clears off the mist and promises a gloriously fine, if hot day. Beefsteak and potatoes for breakfast."

Swimming, reading, smoking, chatting and an expedition to "McIntosh's to engage a team to take us up to 4th Lake tomorrow and also get 4 qts. milk. Stan Romans and Harry Strong came up in a canoe and stayed for dinner," passed the first day of their trip. At this time they were undecided as to whether they would go as far as Shubenacadie, or even stay all the time at Grand Lake.

On Monday, August 31st at 8:15 a.m. they were at 'McIntosh's where we unloaded the canoes and pack canoes and all on his express wagon to be taken to 4th Lake. The distance from 3rd to 4th Lake . . . about 1¼ miles . . . is the only part of our whole journey where we have to get our traps hauled for us. The reason is that the run that connects the two has become choked up sooner than the rest, and is now nothing but a marsh. At Portobello are to be seen immense stone pillars and remains of massive masonry, built by the Canal Co. and now falling to ruin.'

They made the run of this 4th or Waverley lake . . . now Lake William . . . in thirty minutes while the other canoe took forty.

'This lake is shaped like a long oval; the banks on the right high with the coach road running along the shore; on the left not quite so high and the trees fewer and smaller and the soil intensely rocky. We wade through a short run of about 50 yards at Waverley . . . and emerge into 5th lake or Lake Thomas . . .

. . . it is longer and narrower than 4th lake and the road still keeps along the right shore. At the lower end is an old

hotel—Lake Thomas Hotel—which has survived the decline of coaching.

. . . sailing up this lake we enter a run which soon widens out into a deep, sedgy pond called Eel Pond or King's Lake . . .

We reach Fletcher's lock at 12 noon and after unloading the canoes we pay attention to the calls of the inner man, who thinks it is a long time since breakfast . . .

. . . we set off up Fletcher's Lake. It is a long, irregularly shaped lake with no sign of civilization near except the remains of an old wharf on our left which was used for loading the granite used in the construction of the locks. Towards the upper end of the lake is Fletcher's Island . . . We go past without landing and soon enter the run. This is the worst run of the voyage, being about one mile long and filled with all possible obstructions . . .

. . . and then we shoot a rapid and away we go into Grand Lake. The two canoes sail along together for awhile for we have a fair breeze. (N.B. they carried sails as well as paddles) but when halfway to the Island we separate, Fred and I going to Nichols' and the other canoe to the Camp."

This island in Grand Lake was familiar ground to the MacKenzie brothers for they had camped there the previous summer. It was 'directly opposite Grand Lake Station and on the West side of the lake . . . but although we are thus away from all civilization we are only two miles from a railway station by which we can get home in an hour or so.'

By the time they had set up the tent and had tea it was raining so they went to bed early. Next day, Tuesday September 1st the weather had cleared. Sandy and Fred 'set off in one canoe to explore the upper end of the Lake where none of us had ever been; and Bob, George and I start over to Nichols and get a stock of bread, butter and milk, and when the train came in there were our remaining provisions on it in 4 boxes . . .'

In several places in the journal are small, precise pencil drawings to illustrate locations and in one case the shape and dimensions of the tent. MacKenzie's handwriting in the earlier pages is clear, flowing and elegant; and, if one puts any faith in graphology, the writing of a generous, optimistic and imaginative person.

Wednesday, Sept. 2 was spent in preparing for the trip down the Shubenacadie river. They picked huckleberries that they stewed to take with them, wrote letters, collected mail and milk from Grand Lake Station, read . . . MacKenzie's book was TENANT OF WILDFELL HALL, Fred Harvey had Burnaby's RIDE TO KHIVA while SAM SLICK was also part of their travelling library.

'I got out my pocket map of Nova Scotia and we studied that for awhile and talked over plans for the trip. We determined to make a start down the river to Maitland; and if we got there safely we would find out from the people our chances of getting through to Truro or Windsor, and proceed accordingly.'

Early on Thursday morning they set off down the Shubenacadie river. The journal describes in detail the runs and shallows, the difference between the rocky terrain of Halifax county and the farmlands they were now passing. It mentions Enfield and 'the Potteries which are on the banks of the river' and Elmsdale where 'the special beauty consists in those tall graceful elms which give the place its name.'

At Milford they passed the sawmill and the raft of floating logs and camped on the right bank farther down stream. That evening they had a visit from the owner of the property and 'extracted from him all the information we could about the river from here on, and especially what he knew about the *barn door*—I mean the *darn bore* of which we had heard so much. But he knew very little, he said it was exaggerated and thought it not more than a foot or two. We turned in early.'

Friday, September 4th. After breakfast they go for 'a stroll and a mash (i.e. girl-watching) up the village. We go along the bank and then across a new Iron bridge and so right into town. It is a small straggling station with good farming country around and the only thing that seemed to be going on was the sawmill, from which, I suppose comes the name of the place. It is more important to us as the highest point that the tide comes to . . .

. . . Our mashing didn't succeed very well for want of material, as we saw only the back of one girl's head at a distance. We bought the village completely out of goods—one pipe, 2¾ lbs. resin (this would be for canoe maintenance) and a dozen eggs. Then we went back and told Sandy what fine fun we had mashing; how many pretty girls we saw etc. and if it had not been time to start off he would have gone to have a share of the fun.'

They left Milford and soon came to 'where Gays River runs into the Shubenacadie on our right. It is the dividing line between Halifax and Colchester counties (N.B. The Shubenacadie river divides Halifax and Hants counties) and we went from shore to shore . . . so that in the course of 2 or 3 minutes we had stood on the land of 3 counties.'

In Shubenacadie village they purchased some eggs and biscuit 'but could get no bread which we sorely needed . . . Shubenacadie is the largest village we have come to yet; having 2 or 3 factories, as many churches and some very nice dwelling houses and is situated very pleasantly on the river's left bank. The river is spanned by two bridges; the wooden bridge and the railway iron bridge . . .'

'Towards 5 o'clock we went ashore (at least I did) and tried to get bread and milk to buy. I got some at last but found it hard to make them accept pay. At one place they would have me sit down to tea with them, almost before they told me whether they had milk or not . . ."

They passed the confluence of the Stewiacke and Shubenacadie rivers and after experiencing a 'tide-rip' that scared them a bit they 'landed at a steep cliff sloping abruptly to the shore . . . It was a rough place and a tough job dragging everything up but it was clear of mud which we appreciated keenly. George and I made for a house where we saw a light to buy milk, eggs, bread etc. but as there was nobody in the house we tried the barn; and when we got to the door we could hear great commotion going on in the dark and we asked if we could buy milk? At last a high, uncanny sounding voice said 'Dinna think, young man, we're a fetchin' 'and soon appeared an old farmer and his wife, whose face was as uncanny as her voice but relieved by a pleasant expression. We were made welcome in good Scots style, and got our provisions and more, too. We were told our friends were Mr. and Mrs. James Maxwell, and he said his brother was once a Presbyterian meenister in Halifax.'

It rained again that night MacKenzie continues 'By the time we got back the tide was coming in and at last we saw "the bore". As I watched the still ebbing water suddenly the stream grew troubled, then foamy and ripply, and soon a wave to the height of 6 inches moved past and there was "the bore". Soon the whole river was a mass of foam and the water began to move up, pressed by the mighty Atlantic. It runs at the rate of 8 miles an hour here and soon instead of immense mud-flats with a stream between them of 100 yards in breadth we have a rapid, boiling, red, muddy river of half a mile broad. The tide comes in with a rush and a roar quicker than a race-horse.'

It rained in the night and when they started Saturday morning, September 5th the weather was still misty. When they had gone a few miles it began to rain again.

'We passed a schooner building on the left among some bushes, then a large barque, and again a little distance on a

large ship of 1800 or 2000 tons. (Could this barque have been the SALMON? an 1163 ton vessel built by Adams McDougall that according to the superstitious had bad luck at its launching in 1885 because it had been named after a fish. As it slid down the ways it smashed bilge shores, tore down uprights and sent timbers hurling among the bystanders. Nobody was killed but there were some injuries. After this incident no shipbuilder in the Maitland area broke the taboo against naming a ship after fish or even amphibious animals.)

Continuing the journal; 'At this point is the most dangerous part of the River. A bold bluff across on the right bank is called 'Anthony's Head' and the place on the river is the 'Eagle's Nest.'

They got to Maitland and camped on the opposite shore at Black Rock.

'Sandy and I knew a fellow—Graham Putnam—from here who went to Dalhousie College. So Fred and I went up town to inquire for him. We saw a sign Putnam Bros. who, supposed might be some relations of his. So we went in and inquired for him; but he was not with them. Went to another shop and having purchased eggs and biscuits we repaired to the canoes.'

After a meal at camp "we had intended going across to see Graham Putnam but we felt too lazy to stem the current again, so we put it off until tomorrow. Then we took our books and pipes—of course—and went up on the point to spend the evening.'

Sunday, September 6th 1885. 'We had a lot of visitors in the morning who gaped and grinned at the canoes and speculated at their usefulness . . . George, Fred and I paddled over to town against a strong wind and tide and I got pretty well soaked in the bow. We landed and with Mr. Drillis as our cicerone 'did' the city. It was once an immense shipbuilding centre but is now almost idle . . .

We called at Putnam's house but he was not in, however we met him down town and had a chat with him. Our particular reason for our coming across was to try to get some bread. There was no bakery, and the people here seemed too religious to sell us bread on Sunday, and too mean to give us a loaf. However our friend Drillis proved a 'friend indeed' and gave us a couple of loaves, for which we all heartily blessed him and went on our way rejoicing.'

Something is wrong with this incident at Maitland. This was the one place where a welcome could be expected and, since they knew Graham Putnam, traditional hospitality a matter of course. Yet they seem to have been rebuffed and snubbed. Perhaps I read too much between the lines. Certainly MacKenzie refrains from comment on the treatment nor shows resentment. And after all the cool reception was understandable for Graham Putnam was the son of one of the 'aristocratic' families of Maitland during the shipbuilding era. His father, Alfred Putnam, (1836-1904) was a shipbuilder. In 1874 he was elected to the legislative assembly; in 1887 he ran for the federal parliament and was elected; so he was a man of substance in the community. Graham's mother, Margaret, was a daughter of Capt. James Flemming, of Great Village. Graham was one of eleven children born to this couple. Later in life he became a medical doctor and practised in Yarmouth, N.S. The advent of five young males with their Bowie knives and tennis hats, their strange craft and, above all, their disregard for the Sabbath would mark them as less than respectable. Anyone with aspirations towards gentility would find such acquaintances an embarrassment. My sympathy lies with Graham, torn between the disapproval at home and loyalty to his classmates.

Back at camp after tea 'arose the great question *Quo nunc?* which had been puzzling each individually but had never been broached before. All along there was a sort of tacit idea that we would go to Windsor or Truro according to cir-

cumstances, and now we had to decide whether to go on or go back . . . and at last after a lot of discussion decided to go on to Windsor, making 3 stages, 1st Noel, 2nd Walton, 3rd Windsor. There is this to be mentioned here that we had not intended to go to Windsor when we started our excursion; it grew out of our success so far.'

A fatal decision!

They left Maitland at 11:30 a.m. Monday, September 7th and paddled out into Cobequid Bay. They rounded Salter's Head, landed and lunched, then made another start about 2 p.m.

'We passed a succession of high bluffs and bays, and then had to strike away out to pass an immense sand-bank many feet high and miles long. At least it looked like *one* to us, but I suppose it was really only a succession of them. They completely fill up Selma Bay at low tide so we had to pass about four miles off shore. In one way they proved a blessing for they kept the wind off us. The land around Selma Bay is all cultivated and thickly settled, there being two villages there—Upper and Lower Selma's. When we had passed them and had got in nearer shore we struck a very nasty tide-rip and our canoe took in so much water that we had to stop and bale it out. The water now shoaled very suddenly when we were off some very high land, and the tide seemed to have turned. So we went ashore and George started off over the sands to see what the land was like beyond the point. He had a nasty road to travel, for every now and then he tramped on the treacherous quicksands, but he got over them safely and soon came back with the tidings that the shore beyond seemed all the same and that the cliffs were equally high. From the map we made out that this was Densmore Head but for reasons you will see from reading further we re-christened it "Damnation Point."

We at once unloaded the canoes and began carrying things up the shore. We were fully ½ a mile from the cliff and the tide was rushing in behind us like a wild bull, so that we had to carry the baggage a short distance over rocks and through puddles, and then rush frantically back for the canoes, which the tide was already floating. Then repeat the performance again and again. No time to rest. Oh my what a carry! And what curses thickened the cool air! for it was now past 6 o'clock. When at last we had stolen a march on the tide and reached the cliff we found our difficulties not over, but only begun. The tide would soon be on us, and if we would sleep on land we must get up that cliff, but how? There was no time for idle talking, we *must* go up. I suppose it was 50 feet sheer perpendicular almost. By digging foot holds in the clay, holding on by roots and dragging ourselves along by bushes we at last managed to reach the top. We passed the baggage and provisions from hand to hand; then a more difficult undertaking was to get the canoes up, but by herculanean endeavours we did it and suspended them over the face of the cliff. And now our labours over? By no means. We are up; but we find no clearing—nothing but a dense growth of small spruces about one foot apart. At last we find a bog hole a few feet across. What matters it to us that it is wet, and that the earth beneath is all hollowed out by waves, and that a slight strain may hurl it away? It is all we can find and we must make the best of it; so after cutting away some spruces we make a place big enough to set up the tent. Now you know why we named it Damnation Point.

. . . we built a small fire to cook our tea but though we would have liked to we did not build one large enough to dry the camp for fear of setting the whole place afire; so close were the trees. A new hardship befell us, no water could be found and all the liquid we had was a pint of milk and some mixed lime juice. We boiled some beans and eggs, and were

allowed 4 spoonsfull of milk each with which to choke them down. Oh the horrors of that camp!

They passed a dismal night and next morning, Tuesday, September 8, after a breakfast of 'potatoes boiled in salt water, corned beef, eggs, bread and lime juice' they set off on a calm sea, a fine day. 'We bowled along merrily . . . We had now reached a little village on the end of the Bay and some of us went to buy milk. But first we found a pump and made such inroads on its contents as almost dried it. Hardly had we reached the canoes with the milk than it was all drunk and we had to go for more. The inhabitants here struck me as being particularly kind hospitable people. They always gave us more than we asked for and could hardly be prevailed upon to take our money.

. . . we reached Burnt Coat, on top of which is a light-house. It is a dangerous looking place too . . .

By one o'clock we are off Tenny Cape . . . we took lunch in the canoes without going ashore . . . Soon we found the tide was against us and that we would soon be ashore so we retreated. We were in the Cambridge Shoals off Walton . . . We determined to make camp on the cliffs.' The ascent of the cliffs was even more difficult than yesterday's but was achieved at last. MacKenzie writes

'You can more easily imagine how glad and surprised we were when setting down the last burden our eyes fell on the jovial features of two visitors from home, Mr. Lewis Parker and his adopted daughter Bessie.

. . . After tea we procured a supply of drift wood and lighted a huge bonfire before our tent which we set up in a field. Several visitors from the country round came to see us in the evening with whom we gaily chatted and laughed until long after dark. Every little while someone struck up a song and such a burst of sound—if not melody—as came from one and all made the hills ring again. It was a happy evening for us all.'

Wednesday, Sept. 9th.

The weather next morning was overcast or, according to the journal ' . . . a showery mist. When breakfast was finished we held a council of war to decide whether or no we should proceed . . . we determined to proceed close in shore; and if it got stormy to land . . . As yet we had only come from Maitland 25 miles. This place was called Whale Creek . . .

We were off by ten o'clock . . . It now began to rain harder and the wind rose higher but we kept right along.'

However the canoes began to leak so they went ashore.

'Not being able to find a good camping place we espied a house a short distance along the shore . . . '

The owners, Mr. and Mrs. William Lake and their family gave the wanderers a hearty welcome.

'What an unexpected change it was for us! In the morning wet to the skin, with the prospect before us of a wet camp. In the afternoon sitting around a cosy fire, laughing at wind and weather, and smoking a pipe with the family—for the old woman smoked too.'

Wm. Lake was of Loyalist extraction and three generations of the family had lived on the same spot. He had been a seafaring man for 15 years in his younger days and now at 75 was 'settled here at Brookville to spend the rest of his life . . . He spun us many a yarn . . . stories of local folklore . . . Burnt Coat was so called from the effects of a practical joke, played on their companion by two of the first settlers who were living in a camp on that Point. The shore we landed on was called "Mutton Cove". This arose from the number of wild sheep seen about by Loyalist emigrants.'

It was an extremely wild night with torrential rains, lightening and high winds. The campers were grateful for the haven they had found and the generous hospitality shown them by the Lake family.

'. . . their daughter went and spent the night at a friend's, so that we might have beds to sleep in. And much against our will, nothing would do but the old couple must give up their own bed to us, the only feather bed, too. But they would do it . . .' Three sad words end this entry. 'Fred's last night.'

The rest of the journal is almost unreadable. Gone is the flowing script, the confident penmanship, and the words trail off to erratic scrawls and scratches. The emotional stress shown in the final pages evokes as much pity today as ninety years ago so rather than intrude on this long-gone grief I'll close with these items from the press.

MORNING CHRONICLE, SEPT. 11, 1885
DROWNED IN THE AVON

WINDSOR, Sept. 10. Fred Harvey, brother of Mr. Charles Harvey, commission merchant of Halifax, and of Mr. H. Harvey, shipping editor of the Herald, was drowned this afternoon in the Avon River by the upsetting of a canoe. There were in the canoe with him two young men, sons of Capt. McKenzie, of the Dartmouth Steamboat Company. There was a stiff breeze blowing and the canoe capsized as they were within a few yards of the shore. The McKenzie brothers succeeded in holding on to the canoe but Harvey could not hold out and went down. They were on a pleasure tour and in company with another canoe made the round trip from Dartmouth to Windsor via the Shubenacadie canal. They had come up the Avon River today and were just to their journey's end when the accident occurred. The body was recovered when the tide ebbed this evening. The unfortunate young man was 23 years of age.

MORNING CHRONICLE, Saturday, Sept 12, 1885
DEATHS

Suddenly at Windsor on Thursday, the 10th last, Frederick Lee Harvey, aged 23 years, youngest son of the late Henry E. Harvey. Funeral from his late residence, Mrs.

George Wilson's, Dartmouth, today (Saturday) at 3 p.m. proceeding to Halifax by the 4 o'clock boat. Friends and acquaintances will please accept this intimation.

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The Tragedy of Catherine Thompson

DOROTHY METIE GRANT

One hundred and twenty-nine years ago a sensational scandal occupied the interest of nearly every adult in Dartmouth, Nova Scotia. Full of intrigue, deceit, cruelty and even suspected murder, it makes fascinating reading that deserves exposure to modern mystery story fans.

It began, as many stories do with a death. In this case, it was the death of a middle-aged woman described by her relatives as having been mentally ill for many years. On September 22, 1846 Father Kennedy performed the final rites for the woman he had never seen. All he knew was that she had been a Roman Catholic and the aunt of a Mary Thompson who was the wife of a retired English army officer.

It was a depressing, rainy day and the salt-laced wind off Halifax Harbour mounded soggy piles of leaves around the open grave. As the priest murmured the last words of prayer he turned to the two mourners that stood with him in the small cemetery and placed a comforting hand on the shoulder of the dead woman's niece.

What Father Kennedy did not know was that the couple had good reason to be greatly relieved by the woman's death. But any sense of relief they may have enjoyed must have been very brief for within a week of her funeral, a coroner's inquest opened to investigate charges that Mary Thompson's "aunt" had been murdered.

To set the stage for the inquest let me introduce you to the main characters of the plot. First, the Colonel, George Thompson. He had come to Nova Scotia in 1845 intending to settle in Aylesford, King's County but instead choose to purchase a large estate surrounding Dartmouth's Lake Loon. Local people were quite impressed by the Colonel's charm and affluence. But, his beautiful red-headed wife Mary didn't leave such a favourable impression. Much younger than her husband, she spoke in a rough Irish brogue and her habit of screaming and cursing indicated she wasn't exactly a lady of high breeding! Visitors to the Thompsons' elaborately furnished home were left with the feeling that it would be difficult to find two people less suited for each other.

To add to the gossip soon circulating about the couple, came stories of the appalling circumstances under which Mary Thompson's unmarried aunt was forced to live. Servants reported that the pathetic woman was kept locked in a small, unheated room and that no one was allowed near her unless accompanied by one of the Thompsons. Even at a time when insanity was generally considered to be a shameful disease, the servants were shocked by the meagre diet they were ordered to prepare for the seemingly harmless woman.

One day, while the Thompsons were away visiting Halifax, a group of small children happened to wander into their garden. Playing near the house, they were suddenly frightened by a shrill voice calling out to them. Looking up, they saw a thin, unkempt woman standing at a second floor window.

Speaking with a strange accent she had repeated the same two sentences, "I'm the real Mrs. Thompson," she kept saying, "Mary is an imposter!"

The story of what the children had heard was enough to arouse greater speculation about the Thompsons. After all, why was a harmless woman being kept a virtual prisoner? Perhaps her story was true and the Colonel and Mary had plans to get rid of her! But, before anyone could investigate the woman's claims, Colonel Thompson announced her death. According to him, she had died peacefully in his arms, during the early evening hours of September 20th, 1846. Then Thompson did something that disturbed a great many people. Although both Mary and he had always attended the Anglican church, he surprised everyone by making arrangements for his wife's aunt to be buried in the Roman Catholic cemetery. Catholics now joined in the condemnation of the couple. If the woman was a Catholic why hadn't she been allowed to receive the last rites of her church?

Local authorities soon found themselves beseiged by people who demanded they investigate the woman's death and on September 29th, 1846, a coroner's inquest opened in Hoyne's Hotel, Queen Street, Dartmouth. Someone had learned that there were many officers in Halifax who had once served with Thompson and who would probably be able to identify his wife. With this in mind, the dead woman's body was ordered exhumed and two local doctors were asked to perform an autopsy.

The two doctors reported their findings to a packed hearing. Both men testified there was no evidence that the dead woman had met a violent death. They did admit that they had never seen such a bad case of malnutrition and that there was little doubt that the deceased woman had suffered from an advanced case of tuberculosis.

Lieutenant Colonel Caldrone and Lieutenant Lawrence now took the stand. Yes, they both had known the Colonel's wife when they had all been stationed in Barbados. But neither of them could identify the emaciated body they had been asked to view as being the attractive woman whom the Colonel had lived with in the West Indies.

Several days of confused and varied testimony by the Thompsons' servants did little to help the jury come to a decision. Mary Thompson was never one to pamper her staff and more than one former housemaid was delighted to publicly disclose the more distasteful aspects of her personality.

The solemn, be-whiskered men on the jury now faced the task of making the final verdict. And here a researcher encounters one of the mysteries of the story. (The Public Archives of Nova Scotia still retains the official coroner's report on the Thompson case.) First, the faded document gives a verdict that the dead woman was Colonel Thompson's legal wife, Catherine Anne and whose death is attributed to "lack of adequate care." But Catherine Anne has been scratched out and in the space above these words someone has written" a woman whose name is to the jurors unknown." Why was this change made and was it done with the consent of the jury?

George Thompson and Mary left the court freed of charges, but they had become convicted criminals in the eyes of the general public. There were too many questions left unanswered by the inquest. For example why had Thompson tried to prevent exhumation of the woman's body if she was in fact his wife's aunt? And why did he refuse to allow any of his old army friends to visit his Dartmouth home? How did he explain the couple's frequent arguments during which servants had heard Mary demand he marry her? Witnesses had testified that the Colonel's first wife had been of Spanish origin. Could this explain the servant's testimonies that the imprison-

ed woman had spoken in what they described as "a foreign accent" and had the strange habit of asking for wine to drink? Colonel Thompson had repeatedly testified that his wife's aunt had never married, yet the two doctors who examined her corpse were both convinced that she had given birth to several children. Perhaps, what was the most important flaw in the Colonel's story was his statement that his first wife had died in 1835. Army officers who knew him felt he must be getting absent-minded as they had met both him and his wife several years after this date. As far as the public was concerned the woman buried in the Roman Catholic cemetery was Thompson's legal wife.

A few weeks after the inquest closed, the Colonel sold his home and with Mary, returned to England. Their departure did not end speculation about the case. Slowly, like an intricate cobweb, the dead woman's story was constructed. Local writers aided by amateur detectives, searched and questioned until the main strands of a tragic life were at last in place.

Catherine Thompson had once been called the most beautiful girl on the island of Gibraltar. The daughter of a wealthy Spanish merchant and his Scottish wife, she could have had her pick of any of the eligible young officers in the Spanish and English garrisons. Unfortunately, she made the mistake of falling in love with George Thompson, a young, arrogant English ensign. Thompson was addicted to gambling and the Spanish girl's sizeable dowry was impressive enough to convince him to give up his bachelorhood. But once her dowry was spent, he neglected his wife and took no interest in the children born to them in the next few years.

Several years after their marriage, Thompson's regiment was posted to Barbados. The posting came at a very bad time as the family arrived on the island during a period of widespread native unrest. One night while Thompson was away at

his garrison, a new riot broke out. Hundreds of Barbadians rushed into the English section of Bridgetown, burning houses and attacking men, women and children. Catherine was able to hide two of her children in closets but before she could find a hiding place for herself and her baby son, the mob broke into her home. Rushing up the stairs, they kicked down the door to her bedroom and pulling the infant from her arms, threw him out the window to the pavement below. When Thompson returned in the morning he found his wife mumbling incoherently, still rocking the dead child in her arms.

The Thompsons returned to England a shattered family. Catherine was placed in a mental institution and the children were sent to private schools.

It might have ended like this except for the fact that George Thompson met a very lovely eighteen year old girl named Mary Taylor. The widow of a sergeant who had served in his regiment, she was only too eager to set up housekeeping with the well to-do colonel. When Thompson went to Ceylon she went with him giving birth to a son during their stay in that country. But the child's birth started Mary thinking. As long as Catherine was alive, she knew her son would have no legal claims on his father's estate. She decided that somehow, she must marry the Colonel.

When Thompson retired from the army and considered moving to Nova Scotia, Mary eagerly endorsed the idea. She also suggested they take Catherine with them, using the excuse that if she cared for her, he would be able to save a great deal of money. To prevent gossip or so she hoped, she decided they should tell people Catherine was her aunt.

Why did Thompson agree to her plan? Probably because he knew there was no way he could legally rid himself of Catherine's burden and he was tired of Mary's demands that "he do right by her." In Nova Scotia he did nothing to pre-

vent Catherine's death and allowed Mary to submit his wife to callous neglect. Was Catherine murdered? A 19th century jury said no. Today, a jury might not be so forgiving.

But what about the aging Thompson and his vindictive Mary? According to the reports of the day, they did marry but did not "live happily ever after." Mary was a woman hard to please and she continued to nag her husband until his death many years before her own.

As for Catherine Thompson—she was soon forgotten even by the people who had once deplored her unnecessary death. Across the ocean, her first cousin was busy with the excitement of a royal court. That cousin became the Empress Eugenie, wife of Napoleon the third. The daughters of two Scottish sisters, their lives could hardly have been more different. One woman knew the brief glory of a French monarchy that earned her an eloquent place in history. The other, Catherine Thompson knew only tragedy and an unmarked grave in a small cemetery far across the Atlantic.

Great Grandmother Isabel
A Story of the Turn of the Century

VERA G. MARSHALL

I had been attacked by a ruthless virus; I had contracted the mumps. When I looked in the mirror, which I did frequently, the distorted apparition which I beheld did not tend to improve my disgruntled state of mind. I was bored. I hadn't been allowed to go to school, or even allowed to go out to play in the sunshine. My sole occupation was to walk back and forth between the windows, watching the road, hoping perhaps in my childish fancy, that a golden coach would go by pulled by six white horses. But all that I saw was Uncle Joe, seated in a battered old wagon, drawn by his decrepit old horse plodding slowly up the road on his way to carry a bag of potatoes to a neighbour.

When I had finally given up in despair of seeing anything or anybody of interest, I heard the click of our gate. I rushed to the window and there to my surprised gaze appeared Grannie Belle! She closed the gate and came up the walk toward the door. She was a tall, stately, rather severe looking old lady, and in her Sunday best her looks reached their height of severity. She was wearing her best black bonnet,

perched precariously on top of her head, and held in place by two long black ribbons tied in a bow under her chin. Her black skirt was almost sweeping the ground. Her black unbuttoned jacket revealed a white shirt waist buttoned high at the neck. She was carrying a small traveling bag.

I called excitedly, "Mamma! Mamma! Come!"

She came hurriedly from some other part of the house, probably thinking some terrible catostrophe had happened. "Come, look out the window!" I cried. When mother looked out the window she was as surprised as I was. How in the world had Great Grandmother gotten here? She lived ten miles away, and always before when she had visited us she had telephoned to say, "Tell John to get out that contraption of his and come and fetch me." The "contraption" was our treasured Model T. Today she had arrived at the gate, and I knew my father hadn't gone to fetch her. Mother helped her into the house and welcomed her warmly. Hours later we learned that on this day she had wanted no part of the "contraption," so she had boarded the Halifax and South Western for the journey.

The railway station was a mile from our home. There was no one at the station who could help an eighty-year-old, but undaunted, she had walked the distance and appeared none the worse for it.

As soon as she got into the house she began getting rid of her outer apparel. She removed the bonnet, wound the ribbons up and carefully tucked them into the crown. Next came the jacket, and as she passed them to mother she cautioned, "Put them away carefully." From her travel case she took out a big white apron and her knitting. She handed the case to mother.

We had a big bay window in our kitchen and in it stood a Boston rocker. From this vantage point one could watch both up and down the road. Here Grannie Belle, as we called

her, established herself. I knew that for the duration of her visit nobody else would get the chance to occupy that chair.

My great grandmother Isabel was the daughter of an Englishman named Joseph Lane Johnstone who had come to Nova Scotia in pre-Loyalist days. He had been a school teacher. So, after finding himself a wife and getting settled down, he became a school teacher in Nova Scotia. He had built his house on what was then a path between two villages about fifteen miles apart. On one day he would teach in one village, the next day in the other, carrying his lunch in a little pail.

Grannie Belle was the little daughter born to that home. Pay was poor for a schoolmaster in those days but Grandfather Joe was ambitious and hard working. He found time to plant a big garden which was carefully cultivated by his good wife, Abigail (Grannie Nabby). In her spare time she picked berries in the nearby woods. The diet she provided must have been adequate for her little daughter (Grannie Belle) lived to age ninety-nine.

When I was a child we used to say to one another on the first fine spring morning, "Let's go in to Joe Lane's place." (Joe Lane was a familiar way of referring to great great grandfather). Just the foundations of the house remained, but to us it was a very romantic place to visit. As far as I know that foundation still exists, but the path that great great grandfather travelled is now a public road.

The little girl, Isabel, grew up and found a husband whose name was Freeman. He built their house on the top of a high hill surrounded by tall spruce trees which afforded a good wind break from the northerly and westerly gales.

Some forty years before this story begins great grandfather Freeman died. Grannie Belle gave her house to her daugher Hepsibah who was "Aunt Hippy" to us, while she

settled back to end her days in a rocking chair. This is the family tradition; I only know that whenever a rocking chair was to be found Grannie Belle established herself in it.

On the day of this particular visit, after being comfortably seated, she spread her white apron across her lap and demanded of mother, "Where's that baby?" Mother fetched Baby Jeff. Grandmother received him, settled him fair and square on the white apron and began to sing. Grannie Bell sang only in a monotone, and her song ran, "Bye low, Bye low, Bye low" in time with her rocking. Poor little Jeff endured it patiently until he could take no more, then by increased squirming and kicking he made his escape. He was by far her favourite grandchild, but occasionally Polly and I were treated to a story. On such occasions, with the baby resting on her lap, and Polly and I each perched precariously on an arm of the Boston rocker, she would begin her tale. Maybe it would be a Bible story. Maybe it would be a tale of her own childhood.

We lived on the rocky coast of Nova Scotia where headlands and big boulders jut out into the sea and where reefs and shoals menace shipping. Lighthouses and buoys mark the danger spots today, but none of these aids to navigation existed in the long ago. Many was the shipwreck and many were the lives that were lost. So some of Grannie Belle's stories were about shipwrecks.

One wreck had been laden with a cargo of oranges. No salvage laws were enforced so people along the shore looked on materials from wrecks as their property. On this occasion every home had a box or so of oranges, but when the fruit was peeled the pulp of every one was streaked with red. Never having seen a "blood orange" before, the fruit was thought to be spoiled and every crate and orange was thrown back into the sea. It wasn't until years afterward that these people heard of "blood oranges."

Another ship was a complete wreck and all hands were drowned except one baby girl who was rescued and cared for by a warm-hearted couple. Probably the captain's wife and baby daughter had accompanied him on the trip. The ship had sailed from England but attempts to discover the family connections of the baby were fruitless so the couple adopted her as their own. When she grew to womanhood and maried she was destined to become my paternal great grandmother.

Sometimes it was safe to board the wrecks. On one such occasion, great grandfather Freeman put his mittened hand down in the icy water to reach some plates in the galley or pantry. These turned out to be handmade Wedgewood. I still have one of these in my possession. His last attempts brought up a gold piece that adhered to his mitten. For many years my father wore this gold piece on his watch chain.

Another wreck was loaded with tents made of fine mesh. Whatever use could people along the cold windy shore make of mesh tents? They dragged them out of the sea, carried them home, and dried them. Finally one woman had an inspiration. She ripped them apart and fashioned curtains for her front room windows. Soon every house along the shore was resplendent with white net curtains in their parlor windows.

One ship that smashed on the rocks was loaded with bags of flour. They became water logged of course and the flour unfit for human consumption. But every home had at least one pig. So that summer all the pigs fared well on salty flour and skimmed milk. When killing time came in the fall the pork which went into the pickle barrel was more fat than lean.

Her stories that intrigued us most and sent the chills running up and down our spines concerned the Indians round about. Indians in Grannie Belle's time, according to her tales,

were inhuman creatures, living in the forest and bent on torture and thieving. It wasn't until some time later that I discovered that Indians were human. Evidently Grannie Belle had never heard of the injustices that white men had wrought on the Indians. She claimed they could smell freshly baked bread for miles. On many a day when Grandfather Joe was off to his school and Grannie Bell and her mother were at home Indians would unexpectedly appear in the doorway. One of them would grunt, "Bread and molasses." So Grandmother Nabby would cut slices from a fresh loaf, smear it with molasses, and before they knew it several loaves would have been devoured. Then the Indians would help themselves to the remaining loaves and disappear noiselessly. There would be no fresh bread for Grandfather Joe's supper that night.

Stories over, bedtime followed. Polly and I both had the same thought: which of us would be the victim elected to sleep with the old lady that night? For some unknown reason she always had to have "one of those children" to sleep with her. She claimed she liked the feeling of a warm child against her back. On this particular visit I knew that I would be excused for Grannie Belle would have no desire to have her sleep disturbed by a squirming little girl with mumps. So Polly was elected. When bedtime came she went off sulkily.

Next morning when she appeared for breakfast she was in what I had heard called "a tearing rage." When mother asked her what seemed to be the trouble, she wailed, "It wasn't bad enough to have to sleep with her, but she forgot to take off her corsets, and they scratched me all night."

Once a year, on one of Grannie Belle's numerous visits, three of her old friends came to spend the day with her. When I say, "Spend the day," I mean it literally. We were lucky if we had the breakfast dishes washed when they appeared. They, too, spread their big white aprons and got out their knitting. The four old ladies talked all day; they stopped talk-

ing only long enough to eat. Mother never had to wonder what she would give them for dinner for she knew they had chosen this particular time, the lobster season, expecting a lobster dinner. This is just what they got. I can still see that table, loaded down with a big tureen of creamed lobster ("South Shore style") served up with creamy mashed potatoes, whatever vegetable was in season, and hot baking powder biscuits. Dessert was always lemon pie, and cups and cups of steaming hot tea. A lobster dinner is only a memory to me now.

One of the trio was Aunt Betsy whose dentures were not very firmly established in her mouth. She had a habit of constantly chewing on them, presumably to push them back in place. Our baby brother was fascinated by this performance and after watching her attentively for a while would demand, "Gum, Aunt Betsy." Her reply was invariably, "Child, I haven't got any gum." As far as I know, Aunt Betsy never suspected why he made this request.

Then there was Aunt Lib. She had very rosy cheeks which somehow fascinated me and once when I asked my father why she had such red cheeks, he said, "Oh, maybe she rubs them with beet juice when she goes visiting." I thought that was a bright idea and spread it among all the girls. There was some explaining to be done when the rumor got back to our family.

Lastly there was Aunt Tildy. She was so thin and tiny that she couldn't have weighed more than seventy-five pounds. She talked incessantly. She had been left a widow with one son many years before, but her boy had gone away to Boston and she had not heard from him again. She had no other means of support so I suspect that she survived on gifts from the neighbours. She told this story. One day she was sitting in her chair on the back porch, resting after returning from berry picking. She had fallen asleep and suddenly awoke to see, standing in front of her, three little angels. One of

them said, "You are our Grannie." She replied, "No, child, I haven't any grandchildren." Just then a man stepped around the corner of the house—her long-absent son—and these were his children.

Supper was early because the old ladies had to be home before sundown. I suspect they went straight to bed when they got there. It had been a long, busy day.

Occasionally I was allowed to visit Grannie Bell's old house on the hill. It was an old, old house. There were latches, not knobs, on the doors of all the rooms which I liked to explore. In the living room a whatnot stood in one corner. Great Grandfather Freeman had sailed before the mast and had brought back many souvenirs of faraway places. They were displayed on the whatnot. On the bottom shelf was a big pink conch shell; when held to your ear, you could hear the roaring of the sea. The black horse hair covering on the Victorian furniture was slippery, and more useful for sliding than sitting. On a table in the centre of the room stood a tall kerosene lamp with a big, round flowered globe. Beside it was the old family Bible with a brass clasp. On a small table near the window a brightly coloured bird on a branch was protected by a glass dome. Also on this table was an album of family tintypes. The old square mahogany clock, with a scene painted on the inside of the glass door, below the face, ticked away the time on the mantle over the fireplace. On either side of it stood a China dog. The Brussels carpeting which covered the entire floor was bright with flowers of many colours. At house cleaning time the carpet tacks were removed, and the carpet hung over the clothes line to be vigorously beaten.

When bedtime came I found myself alone, almost lost in a big four-poster bed, snuggled warmly in the deep feather bed. The coverings were beautiful hand-made quilts. I woke early with the sun, and before jumping out of bed I assessed the rest of the furniture in the room. There was one little

rocker. The huge bureau stood against the wall. Covered built-in trinket boxes on either side of the mirror formed the two sides of the bureau top. Against another wall stood the commode with wash basin and water pitcher. These, with the soap dish and tooth brush mug, were of blue-flowered white porcelain. Under the bed was the usual, essential pot with a handle. At the foot of the bed was a sea-chest filled with blankets.

The wide floor boards were painted, and strewn with hand-made rugs showing exotic flowers. There were two rooms in the house no longer in use. These rooms were very dear to Grannie Belle for they held many memories for her. She and I visited them together and she talked of the days gone by.

First, there was the old kitchen with its huge fireplace and bake oven. All the fireplace equipment, crane with its black iron pots still hanging on it, tongs, shovel, and bellows, were all in place. There were a few rush bottomed chairs and a big drop-leaf table made of only three wide boards for top and leaves. The dish cabinet, against the wall, still contained a few ironstone plates, cups and saucers. Through a low door we stepped into the buttery. Here on shelves were wooden utensils that she had used. There was the round butter bowl with its wooden spatula. Beside it stood the butter print in which butter, after it had been churned and worked in the bowl, was packed to come out in a round, half-pound cake with the imprint of a thistle. There was an oblong wooden chopping bowl used mainly for things like mincemeat. Here Grannie Belle reminisced over all the goodies that were compounded into mince-meat in her day: venison which her husband had shot in the woods, suet, apples, raisins, currants, vinegar, sugar, citron, and spices. Beside the chopping bowl stood the chopping knife, a sharp-edged crescent of steel with a wooden handle. The mince-meat would be packed into earthenware crocks and stored in the cellar against the long

winter to come. Some of these crocks, now empty, were standing on the shelves. The old churn stood in the corner, a small wooden barrel. The churning was done by working a handle up and down which made the piston-like dasher in the churn "bring" the butter from the sour cream. The cream had been skimmed from the top of milk that had set in pans for twenty-four hours on the buttery shelves. Butter and the cheese she also made were packed away in round firkins. The buttermilk went to feed the pig.

Since I have become a home-maker myself, I have often wondered what became of all the treasures in that house. Probably Aunt Hippy sold them for a song to some traveling antique dealer from Ontario or the States, and with the money bought some atrocious modern furnishings.

Finally the day to go home would arrive and it was part of the ritual that Grannie Belle and I should visit her "flower garden." She probably had had a beautiful garden at one time, now it was neglected and all that was left was a tangle of weeds. Amongst the weeds we could always find a few of her treasured Moss Roses, those tiny pink blossoms with the moss-like substance covering the stems and giving the rose its name. We could also find some sweet smelling Spirea. In those days I knew nothing about floral arrangements, but I lovingly clutched her floral gift as we drove home, anxious to put them in water before they wilted.

Such are memories of a childhood in the first decade of this century. One night, in her ninety-ninth year Grannie Belle went to sleep and never wakened. So she would never visit us again except in happy memories.

ERRATA

With reference to Vol 5 No. 4 in the article, *The Loss of HMS Tribune off Herring Cove, 23 November, 1797* by H. F. Pullen.

The last paragraph on page 354, the last sentence which starts "After 35 minutes the *la Tribune* was seen to have dropped astern onto the gauge" should read "After 35 minutes the *la Tribune* was seen to have dropped astern onto the *Unicorn's* quarter and was trying to pass astern and gain the weather gauge."

On page 355, line 8 for Lod read Lord

On page 361, line 23 Appeal read Appal

The Wests of Halifax and Lunenburg

TERRENCE M. PUNCH, F.R.S.A.I.

Hesse-Darmstadt was one of the numerous old German states. Its capital was a middle-sized town about 25 miles southeast of Mainz, on the east side of the Rhine. It was a sovereign state for three hundred years. The founder, George I, was youngest son of Philip 'the Magnanimous' of Hesse. Philip had attracted wide notoriety during the Reformation by taking unto himself a second wife . . . without giving up the first! At Philip's death in 1567, the sons of his first marriage shared their patrimony among them: Cassel, Rhinefels, Marburg, and Darmstadt. Hesse-Darmstadt was incorporated into Prussia in 1866, sharing the fate of several of the smaller states unlucky enough to have backed Austria against Prussia in the war of 1866.

During the War of the Austrian Succession (1740-1748), Hesse had been in the path of the various armies. Friend and foe alike, European armies were not self-sufficient; troops remedied their deficiencies in the field by the time-honoured requisition method. Between the exactions of zealous commissariats and the depredations of freebooting soldiery, Hesse-Darmstadt suffered quite severely from that war.

It can come as no surprise, then, to find a number of Hesse-Darmstadters among the 'foreign Protestants' of Nova Scotia. A proportion of the people of the Rhine territories found that the best means of overcoming the devastation of the war was to seek a home elsewhere. At least eight Nova Scotian families originate in Darmstadt: Barkhouse, Boliver, Clattenburg, Gerhardt, Pieler, Wamboldt, Wentzel, and West. This genealogy treats of the progeny of the last family on the list, that founded by Johann Wendel Wuest, or Wiest.

Wuest, by trade a blacksmith, was born in Hesse-Darmstadt about 1724. At the age of twenty-seven he emigrated to Nova Scotia aboard the **Murdoch,** one of the vessels engaged by John Dick to convey the 'foreign Protestants' to Halifax. They arrived in September, 1751. During 1752 Wuest served in His Majesty's Works on George's Island in Halifax Harbour. 'Foreign Protestants' commonly worked on public projects as a means of repaying their indebtedness for their passage to Nova Scotia. Wuest owed 212 florins.

In 1753 he was among the settlers who founded Lunenburg, but he got into trouble towards the end of the year. Some of the Lunenburg settlers felt badly treated, and a few among them suspected that dishonest officials had cheated them of part of their entitlement. Rumours went about the new townsite that Jean Peterquin had had a letter from London in which was set forth what each settler was really supposed to receive. Since the letter did not exist, Peterquin could not produce it. A mob seized and imprisoned him. Several days of disorder and confusion came to end when Col. Sutherland arrested John William Hoffman as 'instigator and cause of the whole mischief.' Further investigation, and consideration in the calm atmosphere of Halifax led to the grand jury presenting fifteen names as those of 'the principal Actors and Abettors in the late riotous disorders at Lunenburg, contrary to the Peace of Our Sovereign Lord the King.' Four of these men, including Wendel Wuest, were found at Halifax. Wuest was pardoned and thereafter his career was a peaceful one.

Johann Wendel Wuest died in Lunenburg, and was buried by the Lutheran minister there, 12 Nov 1811. He had been married twice. The first wife, Apollonia, died late in 1759, aged about thirty. By her there were seven children. He married secondly, 10 June 1760, Maria Elisabeth Wittesham (bur. 3 Sep 1807, aged 79), widow of Johann Adam Pieler (See Appendix "A") from Auerbach, in Hesse-Darmstadt. There were five more children by her. The twelve children of Johann Wendel Wuest were:

1. Anna Catharina Wuest, b. Darmstadt, Oct 1747, d. 27 June 1829, aged 81 years 8 months; m. (1st) 3 Dec 1765, Henrich **KISHNER** (or Keisner) and had one child. She m. (2nd) 26 July 1794, Jacob **MOSER,** Jr., J.P., widower, native of Switzerland, b. 13 Mar 1740, d. 26 Sep 1824, aged 84 years 6 months 13 days. His children were all by his first wife, Regina Harnisch.
2. Sophia Wuest. Her father's indebtedness suggests he brought two young girls with him, but her name is not recorded until 1755. She was born in 1749, most likely in Darmstadt. She m. 18 Jan 1769, David, younger son of Jacob **HILCHIE** (or Uelsche) from Switzerland. They had issue, many of whom lived in the Pope's Harbour area of eastern Halifax County.
3. John Valentine Wuest, d. 25 Aug 1791. As 'Falentin Wuest', aged 40 years 3 weeks, he was buried by the 'Dutch Church' at Halifax. As the **Murdoch** was at sea in July-August 1751, and his father's debt increased by one-half berth in value

during the voyage, it seems clear he had been born at sea en route to Nova Scotia. He m. 19 Jan 1777, Maria Elisabeth (b. ca. 1759), dau. of Conrad and Regina (Rudolf) Foseler from Wurttemberg, and sister of Hannah Foseler, wife of his brother, John Wendel. They had but one child:

1) John Wendel Wuest, b. 21 Mar 1778, bur. 14 Apr. 1779 at Lunenburg.

4. George Wuest, bapt. 26 Dec 1754, d. in infancy.
5. John Jacob Wuest, blacksmith, bapt. 23 Dec 1755, d. 27 Sep 1836, aged 80 years 9 months 10 days; m. 8 July 1784, Elisabeth Maria Magdalena (bapt. 1 Jan 1760, d. 7 May 1834), dau. of Johan Michael Morasch, farmer from Klein Heubach, in the principality of Lowenstein-Wertheim, and widow of Jacob Born. According to his burial record, they had twelve children, of whom only the oldest survived him. The names of two of these children are not known. The other ten offspring were:

1) John Wendel West, b. 7 Oct 1785, d. 21 Nov 1843; m. 10 Nov. 1816, Catharina Elisabeth (b. 14 July 1794), dau. of Isaac and Barbara Ann (Herman) Gray. They had eight children:
   1a) Louisa Lamonta West, b. 24 July 1817.
   2a) Sophia Elisabeth West, b. 21 Oct 1820.
   3a) Sarah Catharine West, b. 26 Feb 1823, d. 13 Dec. 1830.
   4a) Sarah Anna West, bapt. in Nov 1825; m. 27 Jan 1845, Caspar, b. 12 Oct 1819, son of John Caspar **SCHWARTZ** of Lunenburg. They had issue.
   5a) Elise West, b. 30 Mar 1828.
   6a) Elisabeth Rebecca West, b. 6 Feb 1830.
   7a) John Henry West, b. 18 Sep 1832, d. 16 Nov 1833.
   8a) Margaret West, b. 28 Aug 1834, d. 6 Sep 1834.
2) John Frederick West, twin, b. 17 Jan 1788, bur. 3 June 1810, unm.
3) John George West, a twin, b. 17 Jan 1788, bur. 14 June 1810, unm.
4) John William West, b. 16 Jan 1790, bur. soon after 4 Nov. 1831; m. 19 Mar 1816, Elisabeth (14 Dec 1795-19 Feb 1841), dau. of John George and Charlotte (Herman) Boehner. She m. (2nd) 22 June 1834, John **JEFFREY** and had further issue. The six West children were:
   1a) Sarah Augusta West, b. 17 July 1816.
   2a) Maria Caroline West, b. 7 Jan 1819; m. 28 Nov 1841, John **BURN.**
   3a) Sophia Elisabeth West, b. 13 June 1821.
   4a) Maria Catharina West, b. 12 Sep 1822.
   5a) Elisabeth Charlotte West, b. 30 Aug 1825, bur. 6 Mar. 1827.
   6a) George Henry West, teacher at Newcombville, b. 3 Sep 1827, d. 1900, m. (1st) Frederica —— (d. 5 Feb 1859) and had issue. He m. (2nd) Nov 1861, Sarah Abigail (b. 1836, living 1914), dau. of Christian Charles and Maria Elisabeth (Simon) Kerber. They had issue.
      1b) Siridia Ann Dorothea West, b. 2 Mar 1852, d. young.

2b) Helena E. West, aged 16 in 1871 (Census).
3b) William A. West, b. c. 1858, farmer at Newcombville 1914.
4b) Olivia A. West, b. c. 1860, living 1871.
5b) Charles Henry West, b. c. 1863, living at Newcombville 1914.
6b) George Bamford West, b. c. 1868, living at Newcombville 1914.

5) John Caspar West, b. 2 Aug 1791, bur. 11 May 1829, unm.
6) John West, b. 27 May 1793, d. young.
7) Regina Elisabeth West, a twin, b. 12 Aug 1796, d. v. p.
8) Maria Salome West, twin, b. 12 Aug 1796, bur. 19 Jan 1826; m. 18 Apr. 1815, William **WEAVER**, (1788-10 Apr 1864), and had issue.
9) Sophia Elisabeth West, b. 16 July 1800, bur. 17 Aug 1825, unm.
10) Maria Catharina West, b. 28 Nov 1802, d. 1 May 1806.

6. Martin Wuest, bapt. 4 Dec 1757, bur. 8 Dec 1778, aged 21 years 10 days, unm.
10 days, unm.
7. Anna Catharina Elisabeth Wuest, bapt. 18 Nov 1759, youngest child of the first marriage, living 1810; m. 25 Feb 1777, Francis Cornelius **GLAWSON** (bapt. 7 Apr. 1755) and had issue (See Appendix "B").
8. Johan Wendel Wuest, bapt. 27 Sep 1761, of whom presently as the founding ancestor of the Halifax branch of the West family.
9. John William Wuest, bapt. 9 Feb 1764, d. ca. 1815/16; m. 23 Nov 1790, Maria Dorothea (b. 5 Feb 1769, living 1847), dau. of John Henry and Anna Dorothea (Meisner) Ernst. They had six children:
   1) Henry West, b. 27 Mar 1791, bur. 17 Sep 1791.
   2) John Henry West, b. 14 Nov 1792, bur. 10 Apr 1825; m. 28 Jan 1819, Maria Catharina (12 Aug 1797-22 Jan 1883), dau. of John Philip and Rebecca Elisabeth (Jung) Morash. She m. (2nd) 16 July 1829, Daniel **SHAFFER** (1795-1871, a baker) and had further issue. The three West children were:
      1a) John Henry West, b. 9 Oct 1819.
      2a) William West, b. 2 Sep 1821.
      3a) Alfred Henry West, mariner at Lunenburg, b. 3 June 1823; m. 26 May 1843, Sarah (b. 1819), dau. of John Daniel and Sarah (Knock) Risser, and had issue:
         1b) Henry Alfred West, b. 31 Oct 1843.
         2b) Charles Albert West, operator of the Halifax Printing Co. in 1916, b. 16 Jan 1850 at Lunenburg,, entered the Catholic Church at Halifax, 21 Jan 1880, d. 25 Mar 1917, unm.
   3) John William West, b. 11 July 1795.
   4) Maria Eva West, b. 16 Mar 1799; m. 24 Aug 1817, John **FREDERICK**, Cooper.
   5) Sophia West, b. 27 May 1803; m. 20 Sep 1827, Francis **BIGGS**, master mariner, and had issue.

6) Catharine Elisabeth West, b. 7 Mar 1807, bur. 19 Sep 1829; m. 28 Jan 1827, Stephen **WILKINS,** carpenter, and had issue.

10. Maria Eva Wuest, bapt. 16 Feb 1767, bur. 16 July 1824; m. (1st) 9 Nov 1788, Emmanuel **CONCILIUS.** This man appears identical with Manuel Gonzalez whose estate is mentioned in the **Royal Gazette,** 14 Dec 1790. He was a Portuguese mariner. They had one child, Elisabeth Gonzalez. Maria Eva Wuest m. (2nd) 23 Mar 1794, John Jacob **DOLF,** a sailor, who is listed in the assessment of Lunenburg township in 1795 (P.A.N.S., R.G. 1, Vol. 444½, doc. 1).
11. Leonhard Wuest, mariner, b. 21 May 1769, d. 25 Jan 1844. Perkins' **Diary,** 17 July 1805, tells that Leonhard broke his arm and injured his shoulder when he fell to the deck of the **Parker** from the spring stay. The vessel was returning from the West Indies at the time. Leonhard Wuest was not married.
12. Maria Elisabeth Wuest, b. 22 Apr. 1773, bur. 13 Jan 1810, aged 37 years 9 months 11 days. The recording clerk's arithmetic was not at its best that day, it seems! Maria Elisabeth was not married.

THE FAMILY AT HALIFAX

Johan Wendel Wuest got on well at Lunenburg despite his rather inauspicious start. He had a farm lot, a 390-acre lot and a township grant of 1025 acres. Wuest profited from mortgage transactions, as well as from his trade of blacksmith and iron-worker. When a Lutheran church was organized at Lunenburg in 1770 he was among those chosen as elders. Halifax was to be the scene of his family's great success.

The coasting business and a wartime increase in naval activities ashore brought the second generation of the family to Halifax. Two of Johan Wendel's sons-in-law (David Hilchie and Francis Glawson) were masters of vessels in the coastal trade to Halifax. The eldest son, Valentine, worked for the Naval Yard at Halifax during the American Revolutionary War. Jacob, the next surviving son, was a blacksmith at Lunenburg with his father. The third son, the father's namesake, learned the smith's trade from his father and then went to Halifax to work in the Naval Yard sometime about 1781. This young man, John Wendel West, Jr., founded the Halifax branch of the family.

John Wendel West, Jr., b. at Lunenburg 21 Sep 1761, eldest child of his parents' second marriage; ensign in Lunenburg militia in 1783. In 1823 he lived on Upper Water St., Halifax, but was dead by 1830. He m. at Halifax, 16 Jan 1785, Hannah Rachel (3 Apr 1762-8 Jan 1848), dau. of Conrad and Regina (Rudolf) Foseler, and sister of Maria Elizabeth, wife of his eldest brother, Valentine. J. W. and Rachel had nine children:

1) John Conrade West, sailmaker at the Naval Yard, later a merchant in Halifax, b. 8 Apr 1786, d. 15 Apr 1858; m. (lic. dated 26 May 1807), Elizabeth Brechin (23 Feb 1791-22 Sep 1863), dau. of James (or Joseph) Brechin from Aberdeen,

Scotland, by his wife, Susannah, dau. of Gershom Tufts, and widow of Nathan Levy (d. 18 May 1787) of Chester, N.S. They had thirteen children:

1a) Nathaniel Levy West, West Indies merchant at Halifax, b. 23 Dec 1807, d. 2 Feb 1877. He lived in the southern part of the Wests' double house on Brunswick St. He was one of the founders of the Universalist church in Halifax, and by his will established a foundation for that church. Nathaniel West m. 24 Nov 1833, Rachel Margaret (1817-30 Oct 1880), dau. of George Turner, a prominent citizen of Dartmouth, N.S. Capt. and Mrs. N. L. West had no issue.

2a) Elizabeth Hannah West, b. 20 Aug 1809, d. 5 May 1885; m. 19 Aug 1832, Thomas Mahan **MORRIS** (27 Nov 1803-18 Aug 1879) of Wallace, N.S., great-grandson of the first Hon. Charles Morris, Surveyor General of Nova Scotia. They had twelve children.

3a) Sabina West, b. 12 Sep 1811, Will dated 4 Feb 1895, d. by 1897; m. 3 May 1847, Rev. Daniel Mason **KNAPEN**, resident of Castletown, Vermont. They left no surviving issue.

4a) James Thomas West, merchant at Halifax, b. 17 Feb 1814, d. 25 Apr 1876; m. 12 Oct 1838, Sophia Elizabeth (1816-16 Mar 1880), the second dau. of Captain John Grant. They had eleven children:

1b) Emma Elizabeth West, b. 1841; m. 23 Nov 1864, George Whitfield (1 May 1842, d. California, 9 Apr 1906), farmer, son of Henry and Sarah **BORDEN** of Town Plot, Cornwallis, Kings County, N.S.

2b) Charles E. West, of Beaumont, California, d. by 1926.

3b) Capt. James Thomas West, b. 1846, d. 3 June 1899 at Milton, Queens County, N.S.; m. 8 July 1869, Cecilia Brown (1845-2 Dec 1888), dau. of Samuel and Mary Trenaman of England. Issue:

1c) Samuel West.

2c) Arthur Trenaman West, b. Nov 1871, d 15 Feb 1872.

3c) Walter West.

4c) Ella West.

5c) Clarence H. West

6c) Charles E. West.

4b) Susan West, b. 1848; m. John **LePINE,** resident of Brooklyn, N.Y.

5b) William A. West, living 1926 in California.

6b) Laura Sophia West, b. 1851, d. July 1929 at Wolfville; m. James Edward **HALES,** Wolfville (d. 1943) and had issue, two daughters.

7b) John C. West, b. 1852, d. 8 Feb 1926; m. Jane C. —— (living 1932 at Halifax) and had issue:

1c) Sophia West; m. George W. **HARRIS,** printer, and had issue.

2c) Estella West; m. William S. **MOSER,** carpenter.

3c) Ethel Maude West; m. (1st) George **DRYS-**

DALE (d. by 1927). (2nd) J. Coleman **RICKER.**

4c) Alice M. West, unmarried.

5c) Reginald S. West, unmarried.

8b) Alice M. West, b. 1754; m. 25 Nov 1875, Rupert (b. 1848), son of Elisha and Mary **BEST** of Horton. They moved to Santa Anna, California.

9b) Joheph Nathanial West, b. 1855, d. ca. 1880, unm.

10b) Harriet West, b. 1817; m. F. B. **McCARTHY,** California.

11b) Samuel West, b. 1859, d. 1948 at Wolfville; m. Katherine —— (d. 1931).

5a) Mary St. Johns West, b. 27 Dec 1815, d. young.

6a) John Conrad West, sea captain, b. 15 Apr 1817, d. 18 Dec 1878; m. 8 Feb 1842, Ann Eliza (b. 20 Aug 1819, d. in Devonshire, England, ca. 1913), dau. of John and Marcella (Wesley) Metzler of Halifax. They had six children:

1b) Edmund Henry West, d. 15 Apr 1848, aged 15 months.

2b) Frederick Augustus West, b. 1849, d. 2 Oct 1858.

3b) Alfred Henry West, b. 1850, d. 12 Nov 1858.

4b) Annie Murray West, b. 1852; m. 13 Nov 1873, Dr. George Bedford **SANDERS,** M.D., and had issue.

5b) Clara Helen West, b. 1854, d. 9 Aug 1932 at Slights, Yorkshire, England, unm.

6b) Florence Bertha West, b. 1859, living 1930; m. 1883, Edward John Bentley **BUCKLE.**

7a) Susanna West, b. 1 June 1819, d. 4 Mar 1906; m. 3 Nov 1845, Eddy **TUPPER** (13 Oct 1816-3 Apr 1857) and had five children.

8a) William Pryor West, West Indies merchant at Halifax, b. 15 Oct 1821, d. 17 Sep 1881. He lived in the northern half of the Wests' double house on Brunswick Street. W. P. West m. 9 Oct 1848, Louisa Phoebe (1815-15 Sep 1887), dau. of Jonathan Elliott of Dartmouth, N.S. No issue.

9a) a child, b. and d. 1823.

10a) Samuel Cunard West, barrister-at-law, b. 4 Oct 1824, died of a throat infection, 10 Nov 1858, unm.

11a) Augustus Frederick Welsford West, West Indies merchant at Halifax; b. 23 Aug 1827, d. 11 June 1894; m. 8 Jan 1850, Sarah Ann (d. 28 Feb 1920, aged 87), only dau. of late James Walker. They had nine children:

1b) Welsford Frederick West, b. 1850, living 1920 at Riverside, California; m. Sarah Elizabeth "Sadie" Coleman, and had issue:

1c) Ina Mabel West, b. 27 Dec 1877, raised by her grandmother, d. at Wolfville, 12 Feb 1948, unm.

2c) Ernest Augustus West, b. 15 May 1880, d. in California. No issue.

3c) Marguerite Theodora Rachel West, b. 7 Nov 1882, d. in California.

2b) Lilla Blanche West, b. 1853, d. 15 May 1860.

3b) Franklin Seymour West of Halifax aand Saint John, N.B., b. 1857, d. Mar 1921; m. 9 Jan 1890, Mary Gordon (d. 1913, aged 48), eldest dau. of Rev. T. John Abbott, Rector of St. Luke's Cathedral, Halifax. They had five children:

1c) Wendel Gordon West, b. 27 May 1891, d. 1935; m. Kathleen Moore, and had issue:

1d) Robert Wilson West, Toronto, b. 13 Mar 1921, d. Jan 1959; m. Evelyn Lowther, and had a son and a daughter:

1e) Robert West.

2e) Terry West.

2d) Ruth Gordon West, b. 21 July 1922; m. (1st) Robert **HORNIDGE**, and had two daughters, Kathleen Kim and Robin Beth. She m. (2nd) John T. **BROWN.**

2c) Cecil Franklin West, b. 7 Jan 1893, d. 11 May 1961 at Saint John, N.B.; m. 6 June 1923, Lesley Elizabeth Hope, dau. of Charles William Hope Grant of Saint John. They had two children:

1d) Elizabeth Gordon West, b. 11 Jan 1925; who was of great help in compiling this genealogv; lives Bedford, N.S.

2d) John Gordon West, Bedford, N.S., b. 2 July 1927; m. 12 Oct 1953, Joan Pringle, dau. of Thomas P. Guy of Halifax. They have issue:

1e) David Guy West, b. 18 June 1956.

2e) Carol Elizabeth West, b. 6 Feb 1958.

3c) Herbert Augustus West, b. 9 Mar 1894, d. Aug 1961 in Brighton, England; m. Violet —— and had a daughter,

1d) Mary Gordon West, b. Mar 1921 in England; m. John **CRUICKSHANKS** and has one son. They have also two adopted daughters.

4c) Lily Gordon West, b. 20 Nov 1895, d. 3 Apr 1974; m. Walter Chubb **MacLOON**, Chatham, N.B., and had one son, Franklyn C., and a dau., Jean Gordon MacLoon, of Mont Royal, P.Q., who helped with information.

5c) Claude Percival West, b. 22 July 1901 at Halifax, d. 17 Feb 1971 at Niagara Falls, Ont.; m. 1925, Anna Alexandra Chilcott, and had issue:

1d) Thomas Wendel West, b. 23 Dec 1936; m. Sharon Kathleen Griffin, and has issue, three daughters:
1e) Kathleen Anne West, b. 9 Apr 1962.
2e) Laura Lynn West, b. 30 Aug 1963.
3e) Robin Lee West, b. 14 Apr 1967.

4b) Claudine M. West, b. 1859, living 1910; m. (1st) —— **DALZIEL;** and (2nd) Percy J. **MILLER,** of England.

5b) Minnie West, b. Oct 1861, d. 8 Feb 1862.

6b) Robie West, b. 1863, died 1894-1920.

7b) Blanche Hildred West, b. 1863, d. 25 June 1943; m. Walter Goldsbury **JONES** (10 Aug 1862-3 Dec 1925, d. Malden, Mass.), son of Hon. Alfred Gilpin Jones, sometime Lt.-Gov. of Nova Scotia. They had four children.

8b) Adele Jean West, b. 1864, living 1938; m. Charles **WILKINSON,** of the British Army, at various postings around the world. They d.s.p.

9b) Lorette Mina West, b. June 1867, d. 24 Aug 1867.

12a) Charlotte West, b. 11 Oct. 1830, d. 5 Nov 1830.

13a) Margaret Anderson West, b. 1 May 1833, d. Wolfville, 15 Nov 1895; m. 22 Oct 1859, Charles Cuthbert (11 Feb 1830-16 Dec 1898), estate agent and sometime alderman in Halifax, and son of Capt, Ralph and Jane (Blackadar) **VAUX** of Halifax. They had two daughters.

2) Elizabeth West, b. 7 Oct 1787, d. 30 Sep 1881 at Halifax; m. James Pugh **BARNES** of H.M. Naval Yard, Halifax (d. by 1838) and had two daughters.

3) Benjamin John West, b. 5 Nov 1789, d. 5 Dec 1789.

4) Mary West, b. 5 Dec 1790, d.v.m.; m. 14 Aug 1814, Thomas **WEBSTER,** and had issue, a daughter, and a son, Thomas, a gunner in the services, Plymouth, Devonshire, who had died by 1848 leaving a widow, Jane Webster of Devonport.

5) John Wendel West, sailmaker, b. 11 June 1793, d. 11 Sep 1834; m. 10 May 1817, Ann Saddler (living 1848), and had six children:

1a) James William West, sailmaker, b. 31 Jan 1818, d. 16 Mar 1906; m. 26 Feb 1842, Margaret Jean (bapt. 8 June 1822, aged 4 years, d. 25 Oct 1901), dau. of John and Jean (Kelly) Lanigan of Halifax. They had seven children:

1b) John West, Naval Yard, Halifax, bapt. 16 Dec 1842, d. 22 Apr 1915.

2b) Edward West, bapt. 25 May 1846, aged 2 months, d. young.

3b) James West, bapt. 27 Oct 1847, living in B.C. in 1906; m. Mary Ann (d. 29 July 1888, aged 26), eldest dau. of Elizabeth and late John Fry. They had two children:

1c) Maggie Elizabeth West, b. 20 Sep 1885.

2c) John James West, b. 10 Mar 1887, d. 27 Feb 1890.

4b) Harriet Anne West, bapt. 24 Oct 1850, aged 6 months, d. 26 Feb 1853.

5b) Alexander West, bapt. 3 Dec 1870, aged 19 years, d. 21 July 1894; m. 15 Sep 1874, Mary Anne (16 July 1858-13 Jan 1929), daughter of Cornelius and Mary (Dillon) Moloney of Halifax. They had issue:

1c) Margaret West, b. 21 Sep 1874, d. 22 Mar 1879.

2c) William West, b. 25 Oct 1875, d. 1 June 1876.

3c) Mary West, bapt. 6 Dec 1876, aged 6 weeks, d. 20 Nov 1880.

4c) James Alexander West, b. 1 Oct 1877, d. 8 Jan 1878.

5c) John Edward West, b. ca. 1879, served in World War One; m. 18 Apr 1904, Sarah, dau. of William and Mary (O'Brien) Martin. They had two or three daughters, who lived in western Canada.

6c) Elizabeth West, b. 5 July 1880, d. 20 July 1882.

7c) William Cornelius West, b. 1 June 1882, d. 16 Jan 1960; m. 1903, Ella Maud Pace (31 Aug 1886-29 Dec 1940) and had issue:

1d) Charles Edward West, b. 28 Feb 1904, d. 17 Dec 1907.

2d) Helen Elizabeth West, b. 20 Nov 1908, d. 8 Jan 1970; m. Donald Hibbert **FRASER,** and had issue: 6 daughters, 1 son.

3d) Norah May West, operator of Windsor Stationery, b. 1 Nov 1910.

4d) Howard William West, b. 12 June 1915; m. Anne Francis, and has:

1e) Howard James West, b. 24 Dec 1953.

5d) Marion Lillian West, b. 1 Aug 1921; m. Albert E. **PELLOW.** Two daus.

6d) Hazel Frances West, b. 16 Sep 1925; m. Norman **MITTS.** Four children.

7d) Gordon Russell West, b. 21 Feb 1927; m. Beulah Legge, and has issue:

1e) William Thomas West, b. 13 Aug 1959.

2e) Timothy Gordon West, b. 27 Sep 1960.

3e) Joanna Nora West, b. 25 Jan 1965.

8c) Patrick Alexander West, b. 12 Mar 1884, d. 2 Mar 1942, unm.

9c) James Richardson West, b. 3 May 1885, d. ca. 1949; m. ca. 1908, Elizabeth Mae (2 May 1889-1960), dau. of John Edward and Mary Doyle. They had:

1d) Edward James West, b. 18 July 1909; m. 1949, Alice Mary LeBlanc. Issue:

1e) Joan Marie West, b. 17 July 1950.

2e) Edward James West, b. 29 Sep 1951.

2d) Reginald Joseph West, b. Nov 1910.

3d) Marguerite Mary "Dolly" West, b. 6 Jan 1912; m. 3 Nov 1933, William E. (baker, b. 28 July 1910), only son of Peter and Florence **LESBIREL**, and has issue; three daughters, two sons.

4d) John Albert West, b. 11 Jan 1913; m. Marie C., dau. of William T. Kilroy, and has issue:
- 1e) Paul S. West; m. Joan ——.
- 2e) John David West.
- 3e) Barbara M. West.
- 4e) Jean West.
- 5e) Elizabeth West.
- 6e) Peter West.

5d) Dorothy Elizabeth West, b. 1914, d. 17 Dec 1973; m. Walter T. **BROOKS.** Issue.

6d) Gerald Vincent West, H.F.D., b. 9 Aug 1915; m. 31 Aug 1936, Jean Evelyn Publicover. They have issue:
- 1e) Robert Vincent West, H.P.D., b. 7 May 1937; m. 27 Feb 1958, Joan K. Ebbett of New Brunswick. They have issue:
  - 1f) Gerard West, b. Montreal, 1959.
  - 2f) Donald Roy West, b. 30 Sep 1960.
  - 3f) Ruth Kathryn West, b. 24 Oct 1961.
  - 4f) Michael Robert West, b. 7 May 1963.
- 2e) Frederick Warren West, b. 30 Aug 1938; m. Ann Beatrice, dau. of John Anthony and Anne Marie (MacDougall) MacIsaac of Port Hood, and has issue:
  - 1f) Maria Therese West, b. 4 Oct 1962.
  - 2f) Gerald Vincent West, b. 23 Feb 1964.
- 3e) Mary Jean West, b. 3 Oct 1943; m. 20 July 1963, Joseph-Luc-Raymond **DESCHENES** from Grand Falls, N.B. They have a son and a daughter.
- 4e) Margaret Elizabeth West, b. July 1946; m. Robert **WOURNELL.** Issue.
- 5e) James Richardson West, b. 6 May 1953.
- 6e) Janet Clare West, a twin, b. 20 Aug 1955.
- 7e) Joyce Catherine West, twin, b. 20 Aug 1955.

7d Agatha Ellen West, b. 29 Sep 1916; m. 26 Sep 1939, John Edward **DIXON.** Issue.

8d) George Francis Richardson West, Halifax Commissioner of Works, b. 8 Mar 1918; m. 17 May 1968, Dorothy Patricia Reardon widow.

9d) William Alexander West, b. 20 Oct 1919, d 4 Sep 1920.

10d) Kenneth Carmel West, b. 26 Mar 1921; m. Eunice O'Rourke, and has issue:
1e) Stephen West.
2e) Anne West.

11d) Joan Frances West, b. 1 Jan 1924, d. 18 June 1926.

12d) Mary Margery West, b. 23 Feb 1925; m. 1 July 1946, Allen Birch **STEWART,** Winnipeg. They have two sons and two daughters.

13d) Mary Clare West, b. 8 Dec 1926; m. 26 June 1947, John Levison- Gower **FRASER** of Windsor, Ontario. They have two sons and two daughters.

14d) Elizabeth Mary West, b. 27 Mar 1928; m. ca. 1951, John C., son of Frank J. and Agatha **KEOHAN** of Dartmouth. They have six children.

15d) Charles Keith West, of Moncton, b. 13 Dec 1929; m. 16 Apr 1955, Catherine Jean, dau. of Frank J. Keohan of Dartmouth. They have issue:
1e) Christopher Alan West, b. 21 June 1957.
2e) Catherine West.
3e) Gregory West.
4e) Elizabeth West.

16d) Pauleen Frances West, b. 19 June 1931; m. 20 July 1957, John Leo **O'TOOLE,** electrical engineer at Ottawa. They have six children.

10c) Joseph West, b. 15 Aug 1889, d. 12 Oct. 1889.

11c) Sarah Helena 'Sadie' West, b. 5 Jan 1891, living 1943; m. John Edward **PHALEN** and lived at Winnipeg. They had five sons.

12c) Mary Frances West, b. 26 May 1892, d. Aug 1958; m. 9 Oct 1916, Ernest Almon (b. 1890), son of Henry and Selma **PETERS,** Halifax. They had a daughter, Grace.

13c) Ellen Cecilia 'Nellie' West. b. 3 Mar 1894, d. in Winnipeg; m. James E., son of John T. **McMANUS,** Halifax. They had one son, Edward J. McManus.

6b) William James West, b. 20 Sep 1858, d. 18 Feb 1860.

7b) William P. West, notable mile runner and athlete, b. 12 Sep 1861, living 1944 at Blandford, N.S.; m. —— ——, and had at least one daughter,
1c) ——; m. Ainsley **GATES** of Blandford, Lunenburg County.

2a) Charlotte Anne West, b. 31 Dec 1819, d. 19 Jan 1820.

3a) John Conrad West, baker, b. 7 Apr 1821, d. 15 Sep 1896; m. 2 Sep 1852, Sarah Cooper (Oct 1833-2 Sep 1898, d. Norwood, Mass.) and had six children:
1b) Maria Ann West, bapt. 4 July 1853; m. 15 Sep 1875, Thomas W. (b. 1854, carpenter), son of Joseph and Margaret **REILY,** of Horton, N.S.

2b) Henry Harold West, baker, bapt. 9 Dec 1855, living 1896.
3b) Charles West, bapt. 6 June 1858, living 1871.
4b) Florence Rachel Turner West, b. 19 Apr 1862, living 1871.
5b) Arthur Leopold West, baker, b. 15 Sep 1864, living 1896.
6b) Amelia Fenwick West, b. 26 Feb 1868, living 18771.

4a) Alexander Jacob West, printer, b. 13 Apr 1824, d. 3 Dec 1914; m. Henrietta (b. ca. 1836), eldest dau. of Charles Frederick, Dockyard cooper, and his wife, Abigail Eisenhaur. They had six children:
1b) Arabella West, bapt. 29 Mar 1854, d. 10 Feb 1859.
2b) Martin Frederick West, bapt. 17 Nov 1856, d. 14 Feb 1859.
3b) Charles Welsford West, architect and builder, designer of the old Mount Saint Vincent at Rockingham, N.S., b. 15 July 1858, living 1914 at Wakefield, Mass.; m. 25 Sep 1882 (div. ca. 1907), Julia, dau. of Capt. George and Julia (Donohoe) Publicover of Blandford, N.S., and Saint John, N.B. They had five children. By a second marriage (details unknown), contracted in the U.S., there were two other daughters. The issue of the first marriage were:
1c) Blanche West, b. ca. 1884, d. ca. 1970 in Massachusetts, unm.
2c) Welsford Alexander West, architectural engineer, designer of Keltic Lodge at Ingonish, b. 8 June 1888, d. 28 Nov 1967; m. 27 July 1911, Mary Frances (28 Sep 1886-5 Aug 1974), dau. of William J. and Bridget (Kehoe) Grant, Halifax. They had issue:
1d) Doris Mary West, b. 4 July 1912; m. 12 Oct 1944, James **McDONNELL** (d. near Allantown, Pa., Sep 1972). No issue.
2d) William Welsford West, architect at Hopewell, Pictou County, designer of various high schools in that area, b. 26 Feb 1916; m. July 1942, Joyce Patterson of Westville, N.S. No issue.
3d) John Edward West, b. 10 Oct 1917, pilot in R.C.A.F., killed in action in France, 12 June 1944, unm.
4d) Joan Hilda West, b. 20 Feb 1919; m. 18 Oct 1943, Alexander Burton (d. 20 Aug 1973), son of Karney **FRASER** of Hopewell. They had issue, of whom a dau., Patricia **SHERWOOD**, survives.
5d) Marie Patricia West, b. 28 May 1921; m. Aug 1949, George Eugene **HAYUNGA**, III, M.D., of New York. They live at Baulkham Hills, N.S.W., Australia, and have issue, four daughters.

6d) Frank Joseph Grant West, b. 6 Aug 1922, of Ottawa; m. Molly P ——, and has issue:
1e) Kathy West, b. 15 Sep 1958.
7d) Richard Patrick West, electrician at Halifax, b. 14 July 1923, unm.
8d) Mabel Julia West, b. 1 Oct 1924; m. ca. 1945, Ormal Simpson **MacNEIL** (b. 30 Dec 1911), New Glasgow. They have one son, John R.
9d) Kathleen Theresa West, b. 10 July 1927; m. 26 Dec 1967, Donald D. **HORNE** of New Glasgow. They have no issue.

3c) Franklyn William Stanley West, b. 30 Oct 1890, d. 1891.
4c) Mary Hilda West, b. 15 Apr 1893, d. May 1968 at Boston; m. William **CHENEY**, but had no family.
5c) Earl Percy West, served in World War One, b. 19 July 1895, lived in Boston until his retirement to Truro, N.S., where he resides, unm.

4b) Georgina Maud West, b. 17 Mar 1860, living 1935; m. ca. 1880, Henry W. **WELLS** of Halifax, and had issue.

5b) Reginald West, b. 1862, d. 1950 at Windsor Junction, Halifax County; m. Sarah Boutilier (d. 1924), and had issue:
1c) Florence West, b. ca. 1889, living 1976; m. George Thomas **BARRETT** of Beaverbank, N.S. and had issue: one son, two daughters.
2c) Henry Frank West, b. ca. 1891, living 1976; m. (1st) Annie MacPhee, who was buried 23 Dec 1932, aged 46, having had three children. He m. (2nd) 12 Oct 1939, Mabel Maude (b. 1895), dau. of William and Jane (Matheson) Stone, of Bedford, N.S. His three children are:
1d) William Russell West, b. 29 June 1913, bur. 2 Sep 1927.
2d) Margery Doris West, b. 25 July 1914, deceased; m. Cecil **SMITH.**
3d) Arthur Douglas West, b. 5 July 1918, of Rockingham; m. Edith ——.
3c) Clara West, of Florida, b. 1893; m. Wm. S. **SIMPSON**, and has one son.
4c) Aberdeen Charles "Deen" West, Windsor Junction, b. 29 July 1894 at Lakeview, Halifax County, living 1976; m. 22 Aug 1928, Beatrice Alvria, dau. of Alfred Keddy, dairyman, Burnside, near Dartmouth. Issue:
1d) Joan Elizabeth West, b. 18 Sep 1930; m. 16 July 1952, Charles Millett (b. 1929), son of Lee Herbert and Mabel (Millett) **DOUGLAS**, of Caledonia, Queens County, N.S. They live in Dartmouth, N.S.
2d) Ruth Margaret West, b. 2 Apr 1934; m. 23

June 1954, David Edward Taylor (b. 1930), son of Carleton and Marcella (MacLeod) **MASON** of North Sydney, N.S. They live at Bible Hill, Colchester County.

3d) Claire Isabel West, b. 27 Mar 1938; m. 8 July 1961, Lawrence Wilfred (b. 1935), son of John and Annie Mae (Burgess) **METHAM** of Fall River, N.S. They live at Powell, River, B.C.

5c) Harold West, b. 1897, d. Dec 1975 at Winnipeg; m. May Gordon of Oxford, N.S. and left three sons and two daughters.

6b) Anne Fordyce Cunningham Black West, b. 13 Dec 1864, living 1914 at Holbrook, Mass.; m. —— **STAPLES.**

5a) Rebecca Jane West, bapt. 9 Mar 1827; m. 8 May 1854, Edward **WESTLAKE**, Plymouth, England; ropemaker at Dartmouth, N.S. They had issue.

6a) Samuel Cupples West, farmer at Dutch Village, bapt. 21 Feb 1830, living 1906; m. 20 Oct 1858, Elizabeth (b. 6 Feb 1824), dau. of John Adam and Mary Anne Fredericks of Dutch Village. They had issue:

1b) Frederick William West, farmer, b. 16 June 1861, d. 1950; m. 20 Oct 1896, Eva (1871-1925), dau. of Conrad and Mary Jane Deal of Dutch Village. They had issue:

1c) Villa Theresa West, b. 24 Dec 1897, d. 1957, unm.

2b) Rufus Samuel West, b. 7 Oct 1863.

3b) Annie Louisa West, b. 19 Dec 1865.

6) Jacob Bailey West, carpenter, Naval Yard, b. 29 Dec 1797, d. 12 May 1872; m. 25 Feb 1826, Susanna Maria (1805-15 Dec 1882), dau. of his cousin, Caspar Glawson. They had eight children:

1a) John Glawson West, mariner, b. 1827, d. at Jamaica, 9 June 1853, unm.

2a) James Edward West, b. 27 Dec 1828, d. by 1888; m. Maria Mallaville —— (living 1888 at Los Angeles with her children), and had issue:

1b) John Edward West, carpenter.

2b) Isabella Alice West; m. Shailor Culver **DODGE**, sashmaker.

3b) Franklyn Whiteway West.

3a) William Kellard West, clerk, b. 26 Nov 1830, d. 17 May 1889, unm.

4a) Edward Jacob West, b. 30 Nov 1831, d. 1832.

5a) Edward Jacob West, b. 3 Dec 1833, d. young.

6a) Jacob Conrad West, printer at Cambridgeport, Mass. 1889; b. 20 Feb 1835; m. 1 Nov 1860, Ann Williamson, third dau. of Capt. F. Athol of Stranraer, Scotland.

7a) Louisa Ann West, b. 10 July 1838; m. 5 Feb 1863 at Cambridgeport, Charles A. **RICHARDSON.**

8a) Charlotte Tucker West, bapt. 8 Nov 1840, living 1900 at Halifax, unm.

7) Sophia West, b. 7 Feb 1799, living 1848 at Plymouth, Devonshire, England; m. William **KELLARD** (or Killiard), a shipwright.
8) Charlotte Amelia West, b. 8 Mar 1800, d. 15 Sep 1894; m. 17 Dec 1822, Capt. John (1799-17 Jan 1826; d. at sea), son of her cousin, Caspar **GLAWSON.** They had two daughters.
9) Hannah Catharine West, b. 1 Jan 1804, living 1881; m. 30 Dec 1824, Peter (bapt. 22 Apr 1798) son of John Lovet and Margaret Mary (Kohl) **THOROUGHGOOD** (or Terrogood) of Halifax. They had issue, most of whom lived in the Cambridgeport area of Massachusetts.

Apendix "A" **PIELER**

Maria Elisabeth Wittesham who married Johann Wendel WUEST in 1760 had been married previously to Johann Adam **PIELER** of Auerbach, Hesse-Darmstadt (d. 1759/60), by whom she had four children:

1. John Adam Pieler, bapt. 3 Aug 1753; m. 25 Apr 1775, Anna Magdalena, dau. of Philip Treffian. They had issue:
   1) John Adam Pieler, b. 26 Apr 1777.
   2) Anna Barbara Pieler, b. 26 Nov 1778.
   3) John George Pieler, b. 29 Mar 1780.
   4) John Pieler, b. 4 Dec 1782, d. young.
   5) John Pieler, b. 6 July 1784.
   6) John Wendel Pieler, b. 30 Apr. 1786, d. young.
   7. Sophia Pieler, b. 20 May 1787.
   8) Maria Magdalena Pieler, b. 15 Apr 1790, d. young.
   9) Maria Magdalena Pieler, b. 6 Sep 1792.
2. Anna Barbara Pieler, bapt. 16 Feb 1755.
3. Sophia Pieler, bapt. 6 Mar 1757; m. 5 July 1783, Johann Gottlieb **SCHMEISSER,** Lutheran minister at Lunenburg from 1782; b. 22 Mar 1751 at Sorau, Saxony, d. 23 Dec 1806 at Lunenburg, leaving issue.
4. George Pieler, bapt. 9 Dec 1759, bur. 26 Nov 1824.

Appendix "B" **GLAWSON**

Anna Catharina Elisabeth Wuest, bapt. 18 Nov 1759, living 1810; m. 25 Feb 1777, Francis Cornelius (bapt. 7 Apr 1755), third child of Hendrik Clausen or **GLAWSON,** of Groeningen, Holland. They had twelve children:

1. Catharina Glawson, a twin, b. 18 Feb 1778, bur. 7 July 1778.
2. Maria Elisabeth Glawson, twin, b. 18 Feb 1778, bur. 9 Apr 1779.
3. Caspar Glawson, b. 21 Feb 1779; m. 19 Nov 1798, Nancy Gerrard, widow of Capt. Hawes. They had five children:
   1) John Glawson, master mariner, b. 1799, d. 17 Jan 1826 at sea, between Jamaica and Halifax; m. 17 Dec 1822, his cousin, Charlotte (1800-1894), dau. of John Wendel West, Jr. They had two daughters:
      1a) Mary Ann Glawson, b. 26 Feb 1824, d. 1 Aug 1889; m. George **CRAWFORD.**
      2a) Maria Sophia Glawson, bapt. 29 Sep 1825, living 1887; m. Thomas **ADAMS.**

2) Caspar Glawson, bapt. 21 Nov 1802, d. 21 Dec 1827 at Pope's Harbour; m. 4 Dec 1824, Mary, dau. of John Werling (1753-1817) and his wife, Elisabeth Fousler, dau. of Conrad and Regina (Rudolf) Fousler. It is just possible this Elisabeth Fousler was the widow of John Valentine Wuest, who d. 1791, and that she had married (2nd) John Werling.
3) Susanna Maria Glawson, bapt 19 Nov 1805, d. 15 Dec 1882; m. 25 Feb 1826, her cousin, Jacob Bailey **WEST**, carpenter at the Naval Yard. Issue.
4) Edward Glawson, bapt. 8 June 1811, d. young.
5) Caspar Glawson, b. 22 Mar 1815, d. young.

4. Francis Glawson, b. 14 June 1780, bur. 7 Aug 1783.
5. John Wendel Glawson, b. 22 Mar 1781, bur. 27 Aug 1783
6. Henry Glawson, b. 12 May 1783.
7. John Martin Glawson, b. 19 June 1784; m. 18 Dec 1809, Elizabeth Shellnut, and had at least 8 children. This family lived on the eastern shore.
8. Mary Eva Glawson, b. 17 Jan 1786, living 1838; m. 21 Nov 1802, John **GERRARD** (1777-11 Sep 1864), son of William Gerrard of Ince, Lancashire, England. They lived at Gerrard's Is., Spry Bay, Halifax Co., and had issue, one daughter and ten sons. The fifth son, Caspar Thomas Gerrard (1817-1892), was the great-greatgrandfather of the author.
9. Mary Elizabeth Glawson, b. 20 May 1789.
10. Catherine Glawson, bapt. 25 Feb 1792.
11. Maria Dorothea Glawson, b. 6 Nov 1793.
12. Francis Glawson, bapt. 9 Oct 1796.

NOTES ON SOURCES

1. **Cemeteries** (Halifax): Camp Hill, Holy Cross, Mount Olivet, St. John's.
2. **Census Records** (P.A.N.S., R.G. 1):
   1838 (gives name of head of family, occupation and a rough age-sex breakdown of the household.)
   1871 (the first nominal census: gives name, age, religion, birthplace, occupation, etc., of **all** persons.)
3. **Church Registers:**
   Halifax: Brunswick Street United (microfilm at P.A.N.S.)
   St. George's Anglican (microfilm at P.A.N.S.)
   St. Joseph's Catholic (courtesy of the parish priest)
   St. Luke's Anglican (microfilm at P.A.N.S.)
   St. Mary's Catholic (courtesy of the Chancery Office)
   St. Patrick's Catholic (courtesy of the Chancery Office)
   St. Paul's Anglican (microfilm at P.A.N.S.)
   Lunenburg: Dutch Reformed (P.A.N.S., M.G. 4, 90)
   St. John's Anglican (P.A.N.S., M.G. 4, No. 91)
   Zion Lutheran (P.A.N.S., M.G. 4, Nos. 88-89).

4. Heritage Trust of N.S., **The West House Brunswick Street Halifax.**
5. **Newspapers** (microfilm at P.A.N.S.): **Acadian Recorder, Morning Chronicle, Novascotian,** and the **Nova Scotia Royal Gazette.**
6. **Notes on Families:** The searcher into Lunenburg genealogy has at his disposal two excellent sources of data. In P.A.N.S., M.G. 4, are the notes of the late Canon Harris from church records. These frequently suggest the early generations of a family tree. This source is not infallible, but the searcher would be negligent if he did not at least check what Harris offers (M.G. 4, Nos. 94-105). Also available is M.G. 1, Nos. 109-111, notes made by Dr. Winthrop Bell on Lunenburg 'Foreign Protestants'. The origin of many German, Swiss and Huguenot families in this province may be found herein. The searcher should be aware that names are put under their original spelling and not in their modern, and generally anglicised, versions.
7. **Personal**: I cannot thank enough the following persons. Such generous help in compiling a genealogy is rare indeed. Sincerest thanks go to Mr. and Mrs. Donald D. Horne, Halifax; Mrs. Burton Fraser, Clayton Park; Mrs. William Lesbirel, Dartmouth; Miss Jean G. MacLoon, Mont Royal, P.Q.; Mr. Furber Marshall, Halifax; Mr. Gorry Shutlak, P.A.N.S.; Mr. Aberdeen West, Windsor Junction; Miss Betty West, Bedford; Mrs. Fred W. West, Halifax; Miss Norah West, Halifax; and to Paula, the secretary at St. Joseph's Church, Halifax.
8. **Probate Records** (microfilm at P.A.N.S.):
   Halifax County, 1780-1926
   Kings County, 1809-1920
   Lunenburg County, 1762-1900.
9. **Vital Statistics** (P.A.N.S., R.G. 32):
   Halifax County—deaths and marriages, 1864-1875 (Vol. 34-43; 105-109)
   Lunenburg County—deaths & marriages, 1864-1875 (Vol. 61-64; 118-119).

Contributors

RONALD HAROLD MacDONALD was born and received his education in Halifax. He graduated from St. Patrick's High School and attended St. Mary's University on scholarship where he was granted the degree of Bachelor of Arts with Honours in History. He attended Dalhousie University also on scholarship and was granted a Master of Arts degree followed by a Doctorate from Queens University.

He is a member of the Canadian Historical Association. His work has appeared in the Dalhousie Review.

Dr. MacDonald is Assistant Professor at the University of Western Ontario.

JOHN NORMAN GRANT is a native of Guysborough, Nova Scotia. He was granted the degree of Bachelor of Arts from Saint Francis Xaxier University and Master of Arts from the University of New Brunswick. He also has a Bachelor of Education from Dalhousie University, where he is currently enrolled in a Masters of Arts (Education) program.

Articles by Mr. Grant have appeared in the Journal of Negro History, the Humanities Bulletin, the Atlantic Advocate, the National Geneological Quarterly. He is also a former contributor to the Nova Scotia Historical Quarterly.

He is a member of the Nova Scotia Historical Society and the Guysborough Historical Society. He lives in Enfield, Nova Scotia and is on the teaching staff at Sackville High School, in Lower Sackville, Nova Scotia.

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

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

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

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

DOROTHY M. GRANT was born and educated in Halifax, Nova Scotia. She graduated from the Halifax Infirmary School of Nursing in 1956 and pursued her nursing career in several hospitals both here and abroad. She is presently a housewife, mother and free-lance writer.

Since 1966 she has written numerous scripts of historical interest for the C.B.C. Radio Productions "Maritime Magazine", and "A.M. Chronicle". In addition to book reviews, her work has been used on such radio programs as "Music Column", "Tempo", "Radio Information", "Assignment" and "Matinee", several of which were also of an historical nature.

Articles written by Mrs. Grant have appeared in such publications as *The Canadian Nurse, L'Infirmiere Canadienne, The Nova Scotia Magazine* (a government publication), *The Halifax Mail-Star, and The Maritime Farmer.*

Mrs. Grant is a past secretary of the Nova Scotia branch of the Canadian Author's Association.

VERA GOREHAM MARSHALL was born in Woods Harbor, Nova Scotia. She graduated from Yarmouth Academy and completed Nurses' training at Newton Hospital School of Nursing in Massachusetts, and attended Columbia University on scholarship.

During World War II Mrs. Marshall taught classes in Home Nursing for both American and Canadian Red Cross Societies.

She is a member of the Wolfville Historical Society and has written historical articles as well as articles on travel and nursing which have appeared in the Globe and Mail, Halifax Chronicle-Herald, Kentville Advertiser and the Family Herald.

Mrs. Marshall resides in Wolfville with her husband and persues hobbies of gardening, writing and brass rubbings.

TERRENCE MICHAEL PUNCH was born in Halifax and received his early education in Halifax public schools. He received degrees in Arts and Journalism from St. Mary's University in 1964, and the degrees of Bachelor of Education and Master of Arts since that time. At present he is on educational leave from the Halifax school system, and is studying at Dalhousie University.

He is a member of the Canadian Historical Association, the Irish Genealogical Research Society, the Historical Association, the Nova Scotia Historical Society, the Charitable Irish Society, and was elected a life Fellow of the Royal Society of Antiquarians of Ireland in 1963. Mr. Punch was a member of the Centennial Committee of the N.S. Teachers' Union in 1966-67, and was winner of the first prize in the historical article section of the literary contest held in 1975 by the Nova Scotia branch of the Canadian Authors' Association and the Department of Recreation.

He contributed a genealogy of the Tobin family to the *Nova Scotia Historical Quarterly* in March, 1975. He lives in Armdale with his wife, Pam, and three young children.

Book Reviews

LORNA INNESS

In Halifax Town, By Louis W. Collins
118 pages, paperback, illustrated, published November 1975
Privately printed, $4.95

Louis Collins is Halifax's civic historian. He is also a native Haligonian with a strong love for his city and a deep sense of its unique history. The interest in history is shared not only with his wife, Pamela, but with the Collins' children, as well.

This book is actually a family venture, although Louis and Pamela did the bulk of the work. They walked miles about the city, they took photographs, they spent hours researching details of various historic sites and buildings. The book is a labor of love.

Collins, principal of Westmount School, has been a keen advocate of historic preservation in Halifax and has helped to win others to the cause.

The book is, basically, an historic walking tour of downtown Halifax, within the area of the original town site, with some 74 points of interest marked on the route.

The area in question can be covered by the athletic walker in a day, but might more profitably be divided into sections and used as the basis for several excursions, thereby allowing time to study some of the more interesting places at greater leisure.

The area is bounded by the lower slope of Citadel Hill, crossing Sackville to Spring Garden Road, down that street to Barrington, south to Bishop, dodging back to Salter, down Salter to Lower Water Street, running north to Cogswell Street, but allowing a detour along George to Brunswick Street.

The book covers the heart of the old city and includes some of the new development that is taking place on sites which once played an important role in early Halifax. New towering office and store complexes are now rising on George Street overlooking the site of the original green market near the ferry wharf where farmers from outside the town's limits brought their produce each week for sale.

Moreover, this is a highly personal guidebook, Collins setting out in it his own efforts at preservation, particularly in the Privateer's Wharf area.

The book is filled with personal vignettes—Collins' boyhood impressions of the great ships, such as the "Lady" boats and the Aquitania, gracing the harbor, and family anecdotes. Collins' maternal grandmother, while on a visit to Halifax to obtain material for her wedding gown, was attending Divine service in St. Paul's when a fire broke out in the church.

In Halifax Town is intended as a guidebook which can be carried on leisurely walks about the old town. It will add considerably to the interest and enjoyment of the tourist seeing the city for the first time and unaware of the extent of its historical associations. The resident, who may be unaware of many of the little historical sidelights about familiar places taken for granted, will take another look at his city.

Collins has added to the services he has already rendered Halifax by preparing this book.

Light on Evelyn Richardson, By Helen Pauline Johnston
123 pages, paperback, illustrated, published November 1975
Lancelot Press $3.50

Evelyn Richardson, the wife of a lighthouse keeper tending a light on a tiny island off the southwestern coast of Nova Scotia, came to national prominence when she wrote a book about her experiences and it won a governer-general's award in 1946.

The book, We Keep A Light, told of her family's life on Bon Portage Island, and was followed by subsequent books, Desired Haven, No Small Tempest, My Other Islands, Living Island and The Wreckwood Chair.

Light on Evelyn Richardson is an account of Mrs. Richardson's development as an author. The manuscript was originally prepared as a research project submitted as the thesis for Mrs. Johnston's MA degree at Acadia University.

Mrs. Johnston was later appointed a lecturer in English at Acadia, holding that position until her death in 1973. The book has been published, both because of its interest as a thorough study of Mrs. Richardson's life and work and as a memorial to Mrs. Johnston.

Of Mrs. Richardson's work, Mrs. Johnston has observed: "The family is the frame of reference. Her subjects are marriage and family life . . . (She) writes with a deep understanding of the problems in marriage and family life. She does not probe her characters' minds to find out why they act as they do. That is left for the reader . . .

"Others have written of isolation, but not of the isolation of lighthouse islands of the east Atlantic coast . . . She writes of down-to-earth people who are not afflicted with the neurotic tendencies, perversions, and pessimism of so many characters in modern writing. Her books are as refreshing as the sea breezes which blow across her Island."

It is good that Mrs. Johnston's illuminative study has been published that others might share her interpretation of the work of a woman whose books will remain classics of Nova Scotiana.

The Phantom Ship. By Roland H. Sherwood
45 pages, paperback, published 1975
Lancelot Press, $1.50

Roland H. Sherwood, the Pictou County historian and writer, has been observing the general interest in phantom ships for years. He claims to have seen such burning vessels lighting up the night on the waters of the Northumberland Strait, and he has researched accounts of such sightings and similar manifestations, and interviewed others who have their own personal experiences with such ships.

Legends of phantom ships are found in other parts of the world than the Northumberland Strait, but the stories of the local sightings, like the stories of the Teazer, continue to fascinate.

Sherwood writes that "there is no known record of when the sightings of the phantom ship came to the attention of white men, but it is known that such sightings occurred early in the history of the fishermen along the coast . . . "

Nor are the sightings limited to Nova Scotia alone; Sherwood observes that "In Richibucto, Buctouche, Shediac, Baie Verte and Tormentine in New Brunswick; in Tignish, Summerside, Charlottetown and Murray Harbor on Prince Edward Island; and from Wallace to Pugwash, to Pictou and on to Mulgrave and beyond, here are stories told of the Fire Ship."

Readers will find Sherwood's account of interest and will probably form their own conclusions. And, as Sherwood concludes, "Whether the Fire-Ship is something supernatural or a mirage, or a manifestation of phosphorescent marine life, or gas arising from the submarine coal beds, doesn't really matter." It's the interest and curiosity still unsatisfied over the years, and for anyone traveling in the vicinity of the shore there is always the possibility of seeing such an apparition at first hand.

As Sherwood, a believer himself, points out: "Those who have seen the Phantom Ship do not doubt what they have seen. The doubters and scoffers notwithstanding."

At The Foot of Dragon Hill, By Florence J. Murray, M.D.
240 pages, hardcover, published 1975
Clarke, Irwin Ltd.—$9.50

In her estimable book, The Indomitable Lady Doctors, written by Carlotta Hacker for the golden jubilee project for the Federation of Medical Women of Canada, Mrs. Hacker gives brief biographical sketches of some of the early women graduates of medical colleges in Canada.

In a section devoted to medical missionaries, there is this brief note concerning Dr. Florence Murray (Dalhousie, 1919):

"Dr. Murray was a missionary in Manchuria and then in Korea from 1921 to 1969. She set up and ran hospitals, acted as surgeon, as public health officer, taught in the medical school, trained nurses and interns, and also worked among the lepers. A prolific writer, with a deep affection for Korea, Dr. Murray has written many articles about her medical work and about her experiences during the Second World War."

Immediately below this entry reference is also made to New Brunswick, who received her medical training in the another Maritimer, Dr. Kate MacMillan from Jacquet River, United States "and began her work in Korea in a two-room mud house."

It was in this two-room mud house in Korea, that Dr. Murray began her career, as well, and it was there, under the guidance and tutelage of Dr. MacMillan, that Dr. Murray learned about the practice of medicine in a land whose people were still guided by the worship of spirits and whose standards of hygiene were almost non-existent.

Dr. Murray, after a long and full working life in the Far East, and an active "retirement" in Canada, passed away in April 1975, at the age of 81 years. Fortunately, she had completed the manuscript of "At The Foot of Dragon Hill", although she did not live to see its publication.

Florence Murray was born in Pictou Landing, in 1894. Her father was at that time a theological student at Pine Hill Divinity Hall, her mother had been a schoolteacher. As a child, Florence Murray moved with her parents to a series of villages where her father was the local minister.

When the question of education beyond the country one-room school level was raised, Dr. Murray recalls in her book, it was at a time when the only careers open to girls were "teaching, nursing and stenography, none of which appealed to me."

Her first thought was the ministry, "but the Presbyterian Church wasn't yet ready to accept women ministers." Medicine became a second choice, but the religious fervor was not forgotten.

The young girl was enthralled by stories of the work of the Canadian Presbyterian Mission in Korea, and the work of Dr. Kate MacMillan, and it is certain that this enthusiasm helped to shape Florence Murray's final decision to enter medical school.

After attending Prince of Wales College in Charlottetown, the young Florence Murray gained acceptance at the Dalhousie University Medical College, at a time when McGill and other universities were still refusing to accept women as medical students.

Dr. Murray's days as a medical student included emergency treatment giving during the Halifax Explosion and, a few years later, in an outbreak of influenza in Shelburne County.

Anxious to gain hospital experience and needing to earn money as well, on graduation, Dr. Murray applied for and got a post as an intern at the Long Island Hospital in Boston.

She began repaying "the family coffer" some of the money expended on her education. When she felt that she had repaid a "worthwhile amount", she applied to the Mission Board of the Canadian Presbyterian Church for an overseas job. Her application coincided with a request for assistance from Dr. MacMillan in Korea, and Dr. Murray's response was enthusiastic and affirmative.

In answer to the question, asked then and many times later, Dr. Murray writes that: "I went because Korea then had few trained doctors and more diseases than we in the West. Many people were without medical care, victims of ignorance, superstition, and fear of evil spirits alleged to cause disease. Dr. MacMillan had worked alone for years and needed help, and I was young, strong, well-trained, and no longer needed in Canada now that the war was over and the medical people in the forces had returned. Why shouldn't I go? It would be a great adventure."

But more than simply an adventure in a strange land, Dr. Murray "wanted to use my life where it would count most. I wanted to serve others and share my knowledge of God as our loving heavenly Father with people living in fear of evil spirits."

There then began for Dr. Murray two decades of service in the two-room hospital at the foot of Dragon Hill. The balance of her book is devoted largely to the story of her experiences, of her adjustment to the conditions for which no amount of description by eye-witnesses could have prepared her.

But if there was strangeness, there was also fellowship; if there were shock and revulsion at conditions she found, there was satisfaction in facing and overcoming them. In time, Dr. Murray took over the running of the hospital, enlarged from its original two-rooms and with a small staff.

Dr. Murray has written amusingly of some of the humorous incidents in her days in Korea, especially in her accounts of adjusting to strange local customs and in learning to drive with the help of a Korean taxi driver when the Church Mission Board in Canada sent her a car.

The outbreak of World War II saw Dr. Murray and others of the missionary-hospital community placed under house arrest by the Japanese until exchanged for Japanese in America in 1942.

Dr. Murray remained an active worker for the church during her time in Canada. In 1947, Canadian missionaries were permitted to return to South Korea, but not to North Korea which was then under the control of the Communists.

Dr. Murray returned to the Far East and served the remainder of her time until retirement in 1969 in the southern part of Korea.

She was honored by the president of Korea, she was honored by the king of Denmark for her work on a Danish Red Cross hospital ship during the Korean War. She was honored by her own people in the church community in Nova Scotia.

The first book about Dr. Murray's life's work was lost and, after an interval of many years, re-written again. Now that it is in print, the proceeds from its sale will be directed to the work for which she gave so much of her life.

There is a second volume, covering the later years of her work in the East, and it is to be hoped that it, too, will find its way into print. Judging from the first book, the second will have much of value to give to its readers.

The Rockies, By Andy Russell
160 pages, hardcover, illustrated, published November 1975
Hurtig Publishers, $20.

Mountains mean different things depending on where you happen to stand at the moment. Climbing the wooded slopes at Wentworth one is apt to marvel at the heights and the views and to forget that such mountains as the Rockies exist, dwarfing everything else in Canada.

Andy Russell, a naturalist, filmmaker and author of books about British Columbia's woods and wildlife, is an authority on the Rockies. In this new book, he has written a text to weave together the photographic impressions of 24 wildlife and outdoor photographers.

The range of the photographs—all in color—runs from the sweeping grandeur of a two-page photo of an aerial view of a range of snow-topped peaks to the intricate beauty of dew drops on wild violet petals.

Not only the land, but the wild creatures, large and small, which adorn it are found in this book. Russell's love of the mountains is clear in his text, as is his sense of awe: "Again we were confronted by the inconsequence of time as measured by the life span of man. When the ice retreated, leaving the Rockies freshly scoured and sterile, this was a spot where nature's gentle caress first brushed the face of the mountains to restore life among the peaks."

Russell's narrative moves swiftly, linking the photographs with historical notes and with personal adventures along the mountain trails.

Thoroughly under their spell, he writes of the Rockies: "One can stand and watch the ever changing light subtly rearrange the features of great peaks, the draperies of mist parting to reveal scenes of indescribable beauty. If it could be my privilege to pick a heaven where the spirits of mountain men could roam and wander, free and happy forever, it would be the timberline country of the Canadian Rockies in summer and fall."

Skyview Canada, By Don W. Thomson
270 pages, hardcover, illustrated, published 1975
Department of Energy, Mines and Resources, $10.

When J. A. D. McCurdy took off from the frozen surface of Lake Bras d'Or on a cold February day in 1909, probably he did not realize that the lake, a popular summer resort spot, and countless then unknown lakes in Canada's north one day would be charted from the skies by small planes carrying aerial survey equipment.

Skyview Canada is the story of a young science and how it grew rapidly and the role it has played and is playing in the development of Canada.

In the 1929-1930 annual report of the Department of the Interior, it was stated that "It is here (in Canada) that the new science of mapping is fitting so well into Canada's necessities. It is a science of which Canadians may well be proud. For in Canada this science has received its greatest impetus and its greatest application toward the solution of national (mapping and inventory) problems."

Discussing the "technical explosion" of photogrammetry in the western nations between the years 1920 and 1970, Don Thomson states that nowhere has the impact of that science been more dramatic than in Canada.

In those years, notes Thomson, " . . . aerial photography has advanced from elementary uncalibrated cameras mounted insecurely in the open cockpits of planes primitively made of wood, fabric and wire, to trimetrogon cameras housed in enclosed cabins, to today's high-speed cameras fitted with special lenses and using improved chemically-treated film, carried in jet planes of strong construction to very high altitudes at supersonic speed." Not to mention photography from satellites.

The science was in its infancy when World War I broke out and its military significance was obvious. Pilots and observers were instructed how to handle cameras in their tiny—to us, primitive—craft as they flew over enemy territory. Back home on the ground, the interpretation of those photographs was coming into its own as a vital source of information for military commanders and strategists.

A school to give instruction in aerial photography was set up at Farnborough, in England, and if the results were not always perfect, the good outweighed the bad and the importance of the science was clear.

In Canada, during the war, J. A. D. McCurdy was in charge of training activities at the Curtiss school in Toronto. Nearby Hartlan's Point was the first seaplane base in the country. References to any work done at Baker Point and Eastern Passage are missing, but they were deeply involved in Nova Scotia's early introduction into the military aspects of flying. Thomson cites briefly some of Canada's better known World War I aces such as Leckie, (who did some scouting missions involving aerial photography), Collishaw, Bishop and Barker.

For a time after the war, the military and civilian interests in flying were intertwined, but gradually the importance of aerial surveying in other fields was being recognized by the

government. Howard F. Lambart, a dominion land surveyor, addressed the annual meeting of the dominion land surveyors in Ottawa in 1920 and discussed "the practical use of aerial photography in land and forest surveying" with special reference to the north.

Later that year, experimental flights were held under the auspices of the Air Board and "the production of a photo mosaic for survey purposes proved to be the real highlight."

The two basic photo techniques still in use were developed—the vertical and the oblique. In the latter instance, photos are taken "with a camera that is free to move in any direction and the photograph is taken with the axis of the camera pointing about 20 degrees below the horizon . . . "

Haligonians may have noticed a window display, during January 1976, at the Information Canada Bookstore on Barrington Street. It showed mounted enlargements of obliques taken of various locations in the Maritimes as part of the inventory and surveying work being done for the Maritime Council of Premiers.

Much of Thomson's book is devoted to the development of techniques, of planes and camera equipment and of the men who played major roles in the progress of the young science.

But in separate chapters, Thomson details the use of this science in such fields as forestry (to chart the progress of spruce budworm, as one example), and agriculture (infrared films can show the progress of crops treated to resist disease), and in conservation where aerial photography is used to help biologists count wildlife in otherwise inaccessible places.

With the mapping techniques have grown equally sophisticated techniques for interpretation. In its uses for meteorology, for highway planning, for urban planning, in so many ways, the aerial survey is involved in life today.

Thomson devotes space, as well, to the work of Canadians in aerial survey development in other parts of the world, in industry, and the establishment and role of the National Air Photo Library.

Thomson, born in Edmonton, trained in the law and a member of the Alberta Bar, served with various cabinet ministers in Ottawa, eventually becoming private secretary to the minister of mines and technical surveys, a post he held from 1950 to 1957.

In 1958 he became editor with the department's surveys until retirement. Writing has been a secondary interest and he is the author of the three-volume set, Men and Meridians, a history of surveying and mapping in Canada. In 1973-1975 he was president of the Canadian Writers Foundation.

Canadian Historic Sites Series:

Under the general heading of Canadian Historic Sites, the National Historic Parks and Sites Branch of the Department of Indian and Northern Affairs produces occasional papers in archaeology and history. Three volumes produced in 1975 are outlined below:

No. 9 — 169 pages, paperback, illustrated and containing charts $7.75

The main article in Volume 9 of this series deals with The Canadian Lighthouse and is by Edward F. Bush.

The purpose of the study, which deals with lighthouses from the east coast to the west, points in between and in sub-Arctic waters, is "to trace the evolution of the Canadian lighthouse from its inception in the 18th century to the present time." Although architectural reports have been quoted as they apply to some of the lighthouses discussed, "the work is not to be considered an architectural treatment."

The book contains 96 illustrations of lighthouses and related items. An appendix deals with regional agencies and their pre-1880 lighthouses. There are other notes as well as a bibliography.

There is a brief history of the development of lighthouses in the 17th and 18th centuries and of the boards and governing bodies responsible for them. There follows a more detailed look at individual lights, with information about their construction, their function in their particular area, and, occasionally, such items as the eccentricities of some of their keepers.

Along the Atlantic coast, Bush notes that until the construction of a lighthouse on Little Brewster Island in Boston harbor in 1716, ships had been guided by beacon fires on headlands at the mouths of rivers or entrances to harbors . . . "

The claim to a place in history as the first lighthouse site in Canada is shared by Placentia, with an unsubstantiated early reference to a light being established there in 1727, and Louisbourg, where records show that although plans were begun in 1727, the lantern was first lit at the fortress promontory on April 1st, 1744. "A retired sergeant was appointed as lightkeeper. This simple sperm-oil light consisted of a circlet of oil-fed wicks set in a copper ring mounted on cork floats, initially without reflectors. The range of the light was said to be six leagues (roughly 18 miles) in clear weather."

The lighthouse at Sambro Island, bearing the curious historical distinction of being the only lighthouse in Canada to have been financed by a lottery, was built in 1758 and is "the oldest lighthouse extant on Canadian shores" although it has undergone modifications over the years.

The Gibraltar Point lighthouse, "the oldest extant in the Great Lakes region and second only to Sambro island in the whole of Canada," is reported to be haunted. The first keeper died mysteriously in 1815, and a skeleton was later found near the light.

At Brockton Point light in Vancouver Harbor, the first keeper, a Captain W. D. Jones, received as a perquisite of

his office a parcel of land in Stanley Park which he farmed, raising horses, cattle and goats, other livestock, and flowers and fruit. Proceeds from this enterprise boosted his income considerably.

When the government sought to take away the land, the captain's protests were so effective that he was allowed to retain it.

His successor is reported to have observed sadly: "Capt. Jones was an oldtimer, a very good sort, and he was able to take a great many liberties which would not be tolerated in my case."

This historical paper provides an interesting adjunct to Dudley Witney's excellent volume, Lighthouse, also published in 1975, by McClelland & Stewart Ltd.

Two shorter papers complete volume 9; One dealing with Table Glass Excavated at Fort Amherst, Prince Edward Island, written by Paul McNally, with a map and illustrations, and Halifax Waterfront Buildings: An Historical Report, by Susan Buggey.

This latter paper is of especial interest in the light of the restoration work being carried on at the Historic Properties development. The paper gives historical and architectural background to the site generally, with special emphasis on the Pickford and Black Building, the carpenter's shop, Collins' bank and warehouse, the Red Store, Simon's Building, Privateer's Warehouse, and other buildings in the area.

The paper is augmented with some superb old photographs of the area, especially of working conditions on the Pickford and Black wharf, showing both ships and offices; and aerial views of the waterfront section of Halifax spanning the years from 1929 to 1965.

A separate pocket at the end of the book contains 21 copies of charts showing details of the area, from old deed lines, to street layouts, insurance detail maps and various other surveys.

No. 12 — 131 pages, paperback, illustrated, $5.

This volume is the second devoted to articles concerning work done at the Federal Louisbourg restoration project.

The three articles are: Lime Preparation at 18th-century Louisbourg, by Charles S. Lindsay; Louisbourg Guardhouses, also by Charles S. Lindsay, and A Survey of Louisbourg Gunflints, by T. M. Hamilton and Bruce W. Fry.

The first article discusses methods of preparation of lime and its uses, and there are details of the building of the kilns, accompanied by photographs and sketches.

The study of guardhouses draws upon models in use in France and their adaptation to Louisbourg. There are officers' and soldiers' guardrooms, and gatehouses, with sketches of the original structures and photographs of some of the restoration work.

The article dealing with gunflints is decidedly technical, dealing with classification of gunflints, with illustrations, with discoveries of various caches, with Dutch and French gunflints, and tables giving dimensions and comparisons.

No. 13 — 156 pages, paperback, illustrated, $6.50

You could hardly ask for a more colorful variety than that contained in this volume. The three articles cover such subjects as the glitter of the stage, Nova Scotia glassware and Sir Sam Hughes.

Hilary Russell takes an exhaustive look at All That Glitters: A Memorial to Ottawa's Capitol Theatre and its Predecessors, from humble tent theatres to the Versailles-type foyer's such as the one in the Michigan Theatre, Detroit. The days when movie palaces were palaces literally as well as palaces of the imagination are vividly recalled in both black and white photographs and in dazzling color.

Nostalgically, for Haligonians, there are two photographs of the foyer and the auditorium of the Capitol Theatre which was once the city's gala setting for both stage and film presentations.

Author Hilary Russell comments that the theatre, "a fascinating exotic movie theatre whose decoration also broke the Adam-Empire mould, was opened in Halifax in 1929. In a 'medieval' atmosphere of turrets, drawbridges, beamed 'Tudor' ceilings and heraldic insignia and banners appeared murals of Champlain's Order of Good Cheer and Wolfe and his loyal forces beseiging Louisbourg."

In addition to the development of theatre and movie house construction (and in some instances, destruction), the author traces the progress of the various kinds of theatrical performances—from vaudeville to legitimate to film—in Canada.

Special attention is paid, as well, to theatre organs and their role in setting the atmosphere for productions.

Jane E. Harris has contributed an article on Table Glass Excavated at Beaubassin, Nova Scotia, covering such items as bottles, wine bottles, snuff bottles and other vessels and lead glass tableware. The article is illustrated, as well.

Carol Whitfield has produced a biography of Sir Sam Hughes, Canada's controversial military man who is credited with much of the development of the "modern Canadian army" and of whom it is noted that "His often abrasive personality led to frequent clashes with colleagues, superiors and subordinates . . . "

Nova Scotia Sports Personalities, By Burton Russell and Stan Cameron
197 pages, paperback, illustrated, published 1957
Privately printed by Burton Russell, 197 Oakdene Ave., Kentville, N.S.

In this book, the authors have produced brief biographical accounts of 20 well-known Nova Scotia sports personalities whose local, national or international achievements have given them a claim to fame.

The athletes included in the book cover most fields of sport: Lyle Carter ("the only Nova Scotian ever to tend goal in the NHL"), Johnny Clark (the Westville Flash"), Dr. William A. "Buddy" Condy (the "home run king"), Vince Ferguson (who played with the 1935 Wolverines hockey team and brought the Allan Cup to Nova Scotia for the first and only time); Ace Foley (sports editor emeritus for The Halifax Herald Ltd., and Maritime sports authority); Eddie Gillis, Jimmy Gray, Bert Hirschfeld, Hummet "Hum" Joseph, Ritchie MacCoy, Angus "Sonny" MacDonald, Lowell Wilson MacDonald, Allister Wences MacNeil ("The only Nova Scotian ever to coach a Stanley Cup winner"); Stan "Chook" Maxwell, Carroll Morgan, Johnny Myketyn, Liverpool's contribution to baseball—the Seaman Brothers; Carl "Chook" Smith, Wayne Smith ("Halifax's contribution to the CFL") and Nelson Wilson ("a 309-goal scorer in hockey".)

Canada At the Olympics, By Henry Roxborough
200 pages, hardcover, illustrated, published February 1976
McGraw Hill-Ryerson Ltd., $8.95

Certainly interest in the Olympic Games is running high in Canada, with increasingly more television time being given to athletic events and programs dealing with the history of the games, the development of Canadian athletes and Canadian participation in the Olympics.

Henry Roxborough, a former executive member of the Canadian Olympic Association, a coach and referee, and chief Canadian observer at the Olympic Games in Berlin, is well-qualified to write such a history of Canadian participation at the various Olympiads.

Roxborough briefly reviews the history of the ancient Olympic Games and then each Olympaid from the first revival in Athens in 1896 to Munich in 1972.

Appendices deal with Olympic literature, stamps and symbols, Olympic trends, and Canadian summer and winter Olympic medalists.

Jackrabbit, His First Hundred Years, compiled by Brian Powell
205 pages, hardcover, illustrated, published 1975
Collier-MacMillan Canada, Ltd., $10.

Cross-country skiing has grown in popularity in the last few years, partly as more Canadians become aware of the attractions of the sport, partly with the continuing interest and publicity given to it in the Olympics.

If the sport can be said to have one single outstanding leader in this country, it is Herman Smith-Johannsen, known far and wide as Jackrabbit.

This book contains tributes from some 50 of Jackrabbit's friends and was compiled in honor of his 100th birthday, June 15th, 1975.

Jackrabbit was born in Norway and tried on his first pair of skis when he was two years old.

Following his graduation as an engineer, Smith-Johannsen went to the United States and, in 1902, was sent to Canada. His work for a railroad took him into the bush country where travel was by horse and sleigh, by dog sled or by skis and snowshoes.

After more travels here and abroad, Smith-Johannsen returned to Canada and finally settled in the Laurentians.

In an interview shortly before the publication of this book, Smith-Johannsen, who had been presented with the Order of Canada by the then governor-general, Roland Michener, recalled skiing with Michener, "It was the last stretch of the Marathon before you get into Ottawa and I fell and broke my back. He beat me. When a governor general beats you, it's time to quit skiing."

But shrugging off his honors, including a medal from King Olav, he concludes modestly: "The only thing I've done is try to get young people into the right way of living by using the sport of skiing in such a way that they, all people, no matter how poor, get health and happiness out of it without spending too much money."

At the time of publication of the book, Jackrabbit was still taking daily workouts on a two-mile ski run at the back of his house and still skiing to the post office each day to pick up his mail.

In his tribute, Roland Michener writes: "Thinking of Herman Smith-Johannsen, it is easy to believe that those who live in harmony with nature become her favorites . . . and it is fitting that nature herself should reward him by giving him long life to enjoy her blessings, and the strength and health to do so."

Brian Powell, who compiled the book and wrote the introduction, is a teacher, author and sportsman, with a particular interest in long-distance running, golf and skiing.

Nostalgia, A Guide to collecting in Canada, By John Hearn
192 pages, paperback, illustrated, published November 1975
Greey de Pencier Publications Ltd., $3.95

Every time I am tempted to throw out those old copies of the Star Weekly or The Family Herald and Weekly Star, dating from the mid-50s, I hesitate and usually wind up piling them back in a corner of the basement. So far they have survived annual spring cleanings and rainy day "let's burn that old trash" impulses.

The thing that keeps them piled up in bundles is the appearance from time to time of articles or books about collecting and the "new" items that are being added to the range of collectible Canadiana each year.

Once upon a time, the field was dominated by old silver, pewter, china and pottery and furniture, old farming implement and tools. But with the growing scarcity of such items, and their increasing cost on the one hand and the passage of time on the other, truly yesterday's junk is today's golden egg.

Nostalgia, subtitled "a guide to collecting in Canada", is a pocket-size paperback containing a wealth of information about some of the items recently added to the field of collectibles. It is, notes Hearn, "a record of my own voyage of discovery" around the world of collecting.

Recalling some of the surprises and near misses of his early days as an auction and sale fan, Hearn states that "I would go to one sale after another, never knowing if I was witnessing a steal or a gouging." However, he learned, and now is sufficiently competent to set down in book form some guidelines for others entering the field. He hastens to add that "there is no royal road to instant expertise" and also that the field is growing.

In this book, Hearn pays special attention to autographs, bells, books (briefly), Canadian fruit jars, cars, clocks, Coca-Cola, comic books (Oh, for those piles of Superman and Captain Marvel comics of my school days!), commemoratives (those special pieces, usually china, bearing decorations in honor of some momentous occasion, usually with royal associations such as a coronation or a royal wedding or visit), dolls, Eskimo sculpture (a field where some study is of paramount importance for the beginning collector), historical prints, insulators, lamps, limited editions, medalta, precious stones and metals, National Geographics, paper Canadiana (the old copies of the Star Weekly, for example), stoneware pottery and tools.

Each section contains an outline of the subject, some advice about possible pitfalls for the unwary, and some suggested prices. In the section on cars, it is interesting to note some recent prices, for cars and parts:

"1956 Packard 400 2 dr. hrtop, completely rebuilt—$4,000";
"1911 Cadillac Gentleman's roadster, Beautiful—$25,000";
"1932 Ford Model B headlights in gd cond w bar—$40";
"1918 Chalmers eng. comp from fan to U-joint—$500."

Auctions, as Hearn notes briefly, are full of pitfalls. From my travels about Nova Scotia this past summer, I can vouch for his observation that no matter how remote a rural auction may be, prospective bargain hunters will still "find half a mile of cars lined up along the ditch". And, ever in search of bargains, people "shiver in an icy barn and bid $30 for a copper boiler they could have bought for $20 at a hardware store."

Hearn lists some obvious omissions—guns, genealogy, toys, maps, beer cans (yes, beer cans), and Avon bottles—hinting that these items are likely to be discussed in a later book.

Hearn also has some words about future collecting trends, suggesting that manuals and manufacturer's handbooks, record album jackets, cartoons, headlines, and other items generally belonging to the paper Canadiana category, are good bets for the future.

Nostalgia won't help you if you are trying to clean out the attic, but it may save you money at a sale or auction and it may open the door to a whole new collecting interest.

The Book of English Antiques 1790—1830, By Donald Wintersgill
256 pages, hardcover, illustrated, published 1975
Collins Ltd.

John Hearn's Nostalgia deals with collectible items which might turn up in anybody's attic, whereas this volume provides a look at articles which are within the range of the wealthy collector or the museum curator. And, yet, the book is of interest here because pieces from this period found their way to the New World into the houses of the people who brought wealth with them and those who, having made fortunes in the new land, sought to establish themselves with the visible trappings of wealth in the nature of fine furniture, silver and jewelery.

Wintersgill's book is "largely based upon articles which have appeared in The Guardian . . . " The sales involved here are not backroads barn auctions but the glittering crowded sales at Sotheby's and Christie's.

The items described in this book include examples of the work of such trend-setters in furniture, for example, as Hepplewhite, Sheraton, Chippendale, Adam, and, in fine china, Wedgewood and Spode.

For those of us who are not likely to buy but who have a keen interest in the world's treasures which find their way to the auction block, Wintersgill provides some interesting background on the great auction houses.

He includes the American Parke-Bernet Galleries, the firm which in 1961 sold Rembrandt's Aristotle Contemplating the Bust of Homer to the Metropolitan Museum of Art for a record $2,300,000. The firm was later taken over by Sotheby's of London.

Of the two great international houses, each with its system of agents placed strategically throughout the world, Wintersgill writes: "Rivalry between them is strong. A standing joke is the way in which the staffs sometimes avoid naming the other firm. People at Christie's in London talk about the organization 'up the hill' . . . ; people at Sotheby's talk about the organization 'down the hill'. The publicity machinery of both houses is complex; Sotheby's for example, send hundreds of thousands of their catalogues every year to collectors, dealers, and museums. The auctioneers advise their clients on a minimum price at which an item should be sold—the reserve price. If bidding does not reach this level the item is withdrawn and stays in the owner's possession—it is 'bought in'."

The book contains photographs of some exquisite items, in black and white and in color, including a double-page spread in color of examples of gilded silver of the 1820s—claret jugs, wine coolers, sideboard dishes and a dessert service.

There are background notes on individual craftsment and some interesting sections on such smaller pieces as snuff-boxes, samplers, and miniatures.

Of antiques and their general fascination, Wintersgill writes that: "The boom in art and antiques has been stimulated by talk of investment, by the publicity machines of the big salesrooms and the trade in general, by some tax advantages to be gained, and by flights from devalued money into tangibles. But all this could not have happened without people's love of old and beautiful objects, and their desire to have them in their homes. Important, too, are nostalgia for the past and a wider appreciation of what is worthwhile."

This book will provide the reader with a greater appreciation of "what is worthwhile" at the "upper end of the auction trade."

Helen Gougeon's Original Canadian Cookbook,
By Helen Gougeon
256 pages, paperback, illustrated, published December 1975
Tundra Books of Montreal, $3.95

This is a revised edition of the Good Food cookbook first published in 1958. It contained at that time recipes which Helen Gougeon, then food editor of Weekend Magazine, had gathered during her travels across Canada.

In the foreword to this new edition, the author writes that "Since then, I've had three children, am still married to the same husband (Joseph Schull) and have moved to a large old house up the street from the one where I'd tested all these recipes." In addition, she now writes a column on cooking for The Canadian magazine, runs a weekly television show dealing with cooking and helps to run a specialty kitchen shop in Montreal.

Helen Gougeon has added some new recipes, changed some and rewritten the chapter headings somewhat to take into account changes in foods and Canadian eating habits in the intervening years.

The author was "brought up in Ottawa in a French-Irish home," which found the family observing the French Canadian holidays and feasts, such as Reveillon following Christmas Eve Midnight Mass, while still specializing in some time-honored Irish dishes.

But this collection is not restricted to French-English tastes. As the author points out, "Other ethnic groups have brought their distinctive recipes from Europe and Asia and adapted them to Canadian ingredients. We have learned to like all these dishes and they seem to be on our table for good."

The book is a useful addition to any collection of "kitchen Canadiana", and readers will find interesting comparisons with other cook books specializing in Canadian recipes. As

every cook knows, rarely will there be full agreement on the "proper" way to make, say, fish chowder.

But personal preferences aside, recipes such as these, which have been tried and tested over the years, are the backbone of any good cook's collection and help, in their own way, to perpetuate a very special part of our Canadian heritage.

As an interesting sidenote, the illustrations for this book are by Carlo Italiano, who illustrated the first edition, Good Food. Since that time, however, Italiano has won wide recognition for his illustrations, in particular for those delightful watercolors in the award-winning book, Sleighs of My Childhood.

Additional recent Nova Scotia books mentioned here, subject to later review:

North Along the Shore, By Edith Mosher

A paperback capsule history of communities along the North Shore of Hants County from Windsor to Maitland. Illustrated. Lancelot Press, $3.50

A Life in Folklore, By Helen Creighton

The autobiography of the Nova Scotian folksong and folklore collector. Illustrated. McGraw- Hill Ryerson, $8.95

Shipwrecks of Nova Scotia, By Jack Zinck

A 226-page paperback concerned with underwater exploration in the waters off Nova Scotia's coasts, with historical information about known wrecks from 1710 to 1875. Illustrated. Lancelot Press, $5.95