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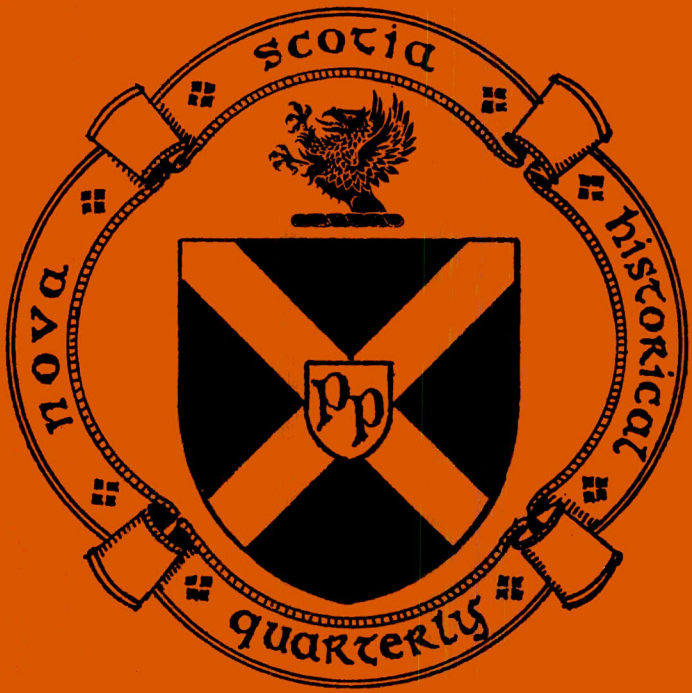

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The Atlantic Privateers — Part II

JOHN LEEFE

BEAT TO QUARTERS

The spring of 1800 found Britain at war with Spain and republican France. In Liverpool, Nova Scotia, Snow Parker had acquired the services of Captain Alexander Godfrey as commander of the newly built brig *Rover,* a 100 ton vessel built especially with privateering in mind. With the *Rover* nearly ready for sea, Alex Godfrey sailed for Halifax in order to apply for a letter-of-marque and take on various pieces of armament at His Majesty's Dockyard including fourteen four-pound cannons.

With a crew of 55 men and boys, the *Rover* cruised southward and on June 17 fell in with a French convoy of six vessels to the westward of Puerto Rico. Despite the fact that one of the enemy vessels carried sixteen guns and another six, the convoy scattered rather than attack. By nightfall the *Rover* had won the American whaler *Rebecca* carrying a valuable cargo of 1100 barrels of spermaceti oil and American brig *Moses Myers,* deeply laden with a cargo of wine. These two vessels had been prizes to a French privateer despite the fact that France and the United States were technically at peace. That was no concern of Alex Godfrey, how-

ever, for he had won them quite legally. On July 4, 1800, exactly a month after leaving Liverpool, Godfrey returned home with these two valuable prizes as well as a third captured on the homeward voyage.

Two weeks later the *Rover* departed on another cruise, this time deep in Carribean waters. Meeting with no luck on the high seas, Godfrey set his sights on the coasting traders of the Spanish Main, that great stretch of coast which today forms the shore of Venezuela. Here the strategy was to send a cutter under command of Lodowick Harrington, the *Rover's* mate, to seize small vessels under cover of darkness. While not a very exciting pastime, it did provide a great quantity of cocoa for the *Rover's* hold. This type of operation proved so successful that Godfrey sent Harrington and the cutter crew on a longer voyage with the intention of meeting a few days later but this was not to be.

The Spanish authorities at Puerto Cabello had not been idle and were busy laying a trap for this testy brig which was disrupting their coastal trade. Carefully they spun their web, using a large trading schooner as bait. Early on the morning of September 10, a light breeze wafted the Spanish schooner out of Puerto Cabello and into the arms of the *Rover.* Godfrey immediately pursued her, chasing her towards the land where she drove herself aground. Too late did the Liverpool captain realize that he had sprung the Spanish trap. To make matters worse the breeze had dropped and the *Rover* lay becalmed.

Out of Puerto Cabello came a large schooner, the *Santa Rita,* armed to the gunwales with ten six pounders, two twelve pound cannonades, one hundred sailors and twenty-five marines. Lack of wind proved no problem to the Spaniards for the schooner was towed by two large galleys each carrying a six pounder in the bow, thirty marines and rowed by a mass of sweating black slaves chained to their oars. In

addition a third galley pulled beside them in an effort to cut the *Rover* off from the open sea. The odds against the Nova Scotian seemed overwhelming. In anticipation of the worst, Alex Godfrey sent his nephew Henry to the powder magazine with orders to fire the ship if taken by the Spaniards.

A light breeze wafted down from the mountains which allowed the *Rover* to at least claw further away from the shore. At the same time the *Santa Rita* dropped her towlines and made for the privateer, intending to board. Godfrey used the one card he held. Ordering twenty-four of his forty-five men to port, they thrust great sweeps into the sea and spun the *Rover* around to bring her broadside to bear on the crowded schooner. Caught unaware, the *Santa Rita* was smashed by the *Rover's* four pounders. Without waiting to assess the damage they had inflicted, the Nova Scotians rushed to starboard, thrust their oars into the Carribean and spun around to face the two closest galleys, firing three guns into the first and four into the second.

Despite the shock of the *Rover's* attack, the *Santa Rita* fought bravely back while the two mauled galleys retreated momentarily to lick their wounds. Dead and seriously wounded alike were cast overboard much to the satisfaction of a growing number of sharks. The two larger vessels traded several broadsides, unaware of the damage they were able to inflict until the wind came up and blew the great hanging clouds of smoke away. Now was the *Rover's* chance to make her escape.

Just as she began to pull up for the open sea, a loud crack was heard from the *Santa Rita* as her foretopmast fell in a great heap across her bow. With rigging, sails and mast dragging in the water she was momentarily out of control. Quickly Godfrey drove the *Rover* to the Spaniard's side and grappling, ordered boarders away. In a few minutes it was all over, the Spanish colours fluttered to the blood strewn deck

and the galleys ran for the protection of Puerto Cabello. Fifty-four Spaniards, including all but one young officer, were dead. Amazingly not one of the *Rover's* crew had been hurt.

On October 16, 1800 the *Rover* sailed into Liverpool Bay accompanied by the *Santa Rita,* her hard won prize. Simeon Perkins recorded the event that evening as he penned the daily entry in his diary.

> Early this morning the brig *Rover,* Alexander Godfrey commander, arrived with an armed Spanish schooner . . . which after a severe engagement the *Rover* took . . . on the Spanish Main . . . Mr. Lodowick Harrington was absent with ten more men, so that the *Rover* had only 38 men on deck in this engagement. We must esteem it a wonderful Interposition of Divine Providence. O! That men would praise the Lord for His Goodness and for His wonderful works to the Children of men.

Five days later Lud Harrington sailed into Liverpool on his prize, the *Nuestra Senora del Carmen.* After near starvation, he had brought her safely home making only one stop at Cape Cod to secure a little food, a voyage of 2,000 miles. On November 22 she was auctioned off at Liverpool for £238 while the *Santa Rita* was sent to Halifax where she was sold for £840. Who purchased them? None other than one Alexander Godfrey.

COURT OF VICE-ADMIRALTY

While many privateers had little success, others found Lady Luck more obliging. On one cruise the *Liverpool Packet* made her first capture on October 17, 1812, and her nineteenth on November 18. In three months, March to May 1813, the brig *Sir John Sherbrooke* captured no less than seventeen prizes. The sloop *Dart* sailing out of Saint John under Captain John Harris captured eleven vessels between

July and September 1, 1813. She seems to have concentrated her efforts along the coast of Maine from Machias to Portland.

Privateering being legal, it was necessary to have laws to govern its practice. In order to ensure that each captured vessel was truly a prize of war, each would have its case heard before the judge of the Court of Vice-Admiralty in Halifax. The decisions did not always favour the captors, for sometimes the vessel would be declared not to have been an enemy. In some cases, the vessel might be declared forfeit while its cargo was released. In order for a vessel or its cargo to be proclaimed a prize of war, it had to be proven beyond a reasonable doubt that it was owned by a citizen of a hostile nation.

Once the Court had established that a capture was legal, the prize could be auctioned to the highest bidder. However, not all the profit from the sale went to the privateer which had captured her. There were court costs, governor's fees, crown fees, marshal's fees, storage, wharfage, and auction costs.

On April 16, 1755, Silvanus Cobb, cruising in the East Passage, detained the schooner *Wolfe*. Finding that the vessel was smuggling, and not on a fishing voyage as her master, William Clark, protested, he brought her into Halifax. The case was brought before the Court of Vice-Admiralty on April 18. Judge Collier declared that the schooner "with all her tackle, apparels, and furniture is to be sold at public auction on Wednesday at 10 of the clock in the Forenoon at Malachi Salter's storehouse." The value of the prize was set at £70.7.10 but Cobb received far less than that amount.

Amount of Sale	£70.7.10	
Marshal's Commission to Prize Court	1.8. 1	68.19.9
Charges to be deducted		
Condemnation Fees	3.10.4	
Poundage	3. 9	
Warrant of Appraisement	.19	
3 Appraisers, 1 day each	1.10	
Malachi Salter for Wharfage Storage	1.15	
Marshall's Bill for Custody of the Vessel landing and measuring	5.13	
Silvanus Cobb for Pilotage	2.	
Advocates Fees	1.10	20. 6.4
		48.13.5
Distribution		
To His Majesty ⅓	16.4.6	
To His Excellency the Commander in Chief ⅓	16.4.6	
To Sylvanus Cobb, the Informer ⅓	16.4.6	

This was not the end of the division for Cobb's share had next to be divided amongst the crew. Privateering does not seem to have been quite so lucrative as popular history suggests.

REASON TO BE THANKFUL

On May 4, 1762, a Connecticut schooner warped over the river bar and made its way into the mouth of the Mersey River. Simeon Perkins stood in the vessel's waist. Leaning thoughtfully on the much worn railing, his enquiring glance fell upon the fish flakes which crowded down to the waters

edge and on to little Knowle's Island which lay above the mouth of Liverpool Harbour. Gliding past Bean's Point and following the channel inside the island, the site of the township's heart came into view. Only two years old, Liverpool stretched from the Mill Brook upstream to Silvanus Cobb's handsome gambrel roofed house. Clinging to the shore with the brooding forest behind, it provided a panorama of straggling wharves, fish sheds and warehouses and behind them, a few streets deep, a growing town of small houses and huts. So this was to be Simeon's new home.

A merchant by trade and a native of Norwich, Connecticut, he and his partners Jabez Perkins and Ebenzer Backus had determined upon testing the industry of this little bit of New England transplanted in the rugged soil of Nova Scotia's South Shore. Within the day of his arrival he rented a store and watched over the unloading of the trade goods he had brought to stock it. Little could he have realized on that early May day that he would spend almost all of the next fifty years in this town and play a major part in its successes and failures as it struggled from infancy towards a vibrant maturity.

A business man always, he maintained his store until his death in November 1812. From this meagre beginning he went on to build vessels in Liverpool, nearby Herring Cove and Port Medway. Frequently his keen eye caught sight of a well found vessel under construction or lying at anchor in the harbour and he purchased a part interest in it. His little empire expanded through the years and he built a sawmill at the Falls to provide lumber to accompany the fish he exported from Liverpool.

His vessels which ranged in size from tiny sloops to full rigged ships, were to be found on the Grand Banks, along the coast of Labrador and on the banks of Nova Scotia eagerly seeking fish. As well, they were to be found plying the coastal trade of New England and sailing to the West Indies as far

south as Venezuela and the fabled Spanish Main. Even the stormy North Atlantic proved no barrier for he also sent cargoes to Europe itself.

As a person he was forthright and honest and not a little bit affected by religion. Like most New Englanders who came to Nova Scotia, including that part which is now New Brunswick, he was a Congregationalist. While he played a prominent role in the Church's affairs, he was later impressed by the evangelical fervour of the New Lights and ended his life as a Methodist. His diary, which spans some forty-five years of his life in Liverpool, shows him to have been a man of deep religious conviction.

Never a person to shirk from public duty, he at one time or other, held every major appointment his community had to offer. He did not always seek these positions and more often than not accepted them because he felt it his duty as a citizen. Generally, these appointments fell into four categories: local government, provincial government, the military and justice. In the first he served as proprietor's clerk for Liverpool Township, town clerk, and county treasurer for Queens. In the second, he served several terms as the Member of the Legislative Assembly, sometimes representing Liverpool, other times representing Queens County. In the third instance, he served as deputy commissary of the troops stationed in Liverpool during the American Revolution and Lieutenant-Colonel of the Queens County Militia. In order to ensure the presence of justice in the community, he acted as Justice of the Peace, Judge of Probates, Deputy Registrar of the Court of Vice-Admiralty, and for forty-six years served as Judge of the Inferior Court of Common Pleas. It seems an understatement to say that he was a very public-spirited man.

That Perkins and the other principal merchants of his time were frequently involved in investing in privateering gives every reason to believe that it was considered an honest,

even honourable pastime. In 1779 Perkins, Joseph Tinkham and William Freeman purchased the sloop *Lucy* and at a cost of £2,000 outfitted her to try to repay some of the damage done Liverpool vessels by American privateers. Despite the fact that this little Nova Scotian privateer captured six vessels including a sloop with a cargo valued at £2,241, he lost £35 in the venture. In addition, he and his partners lost every penny they had invested in a second privateer, the *Delight,* when she was taken from her wharf by the American privateerman Captain Ben Cole. Still, they were more fortunate than the owners of the privateer *Dispatch.* That cruiser captured the brig *Diana,* the owners were sued and lost £7,800 before they got out of court. Investing in three other privateers during the Revolution, he never even made enough to cover his initial investment.

Despite this rather rocky start, Perkins and his fellow merchants eagerly invested in privateers when Britain went to war with revolutionary France in 1798. An even bigger bonus for Nova Scotians was the fact that a state of war also existed with Spain and the Batavian Republic as they had joined France. It was quite clear to them that their knowledge of the Carribean and the numerous enemy territories there could provide rich pickings.

In 1798 Perkins and several associates, including Snow Parker, his next door neighbour, built a 130 ton full rigged ship especially designed as a privateer. Wisely naming her after Governor Wentworth's son, Charles Mary Wentworth, the owners were able to enlist his support in acquiring sixteen guns valued at some £50 each. It was simply a matter of sailing to His Majesty's Dockyard at Halifax to pick them up. In addition, Perkins was able to persuade his friend Richard John Uniacke, the province's attorney-general, to convince Admiral Vandeput to provide shot and powder at government expense.

On August 15, 1798, the *Charles Mary Wentworth* commenced the first of three cruises, leaving Liverpool with a crew of sixty-seven men and boys. By the time she was sold in 1800 she had captured in excess of ten vessels including three in May 1799 which grossed £16,000. Warehouses along the Liverpool waterfront and that of Halifax where much of it was eventually sold were full of cocoa, oil, wine, brandy, dry goods, molasses, sugar and all the other commodities common in the West Indies trade.

One of the *Wentworth's* prizes, the Spanish *Seignora del Carmen* of 194 tons was converted into a privateer by her new owners. Armed to the gunwales with twenty guns, twenty barrels of powder, thirty-eight rounds of grape shot, one hundred cutlasses and a crew of ninety-six men and boys, she too made her way southward. Renamed the *Duke of Kent* in honour of the Commander-in-Chief at Halifax, she met with several successes. On one occasion she towed the prize *Santo Christo del Graz* from Puerto Rico to Liverpool despite the fact that all her masts and spars were sprung. Her cargo valued at £4,000 to £5,000, she herself was sold for a mere £88.

In October 1799, Perkins and his partners outfitted the *Lady Hammond,* a Danish prize to the *Duke of Kent.* Renamed the *Lord Spencer* after the First Lord of the Admiralty, she foundered on a reef off Cape Codero on her first voyage during which she sailed in company with the *Duke of Kent* and *Charles Mary Wentworth.* Had Captain Barss and his crew not happened to come upon the *Wentworth* they would have had to row home in the *Spencer's* tender. Instead they came to Nova Scotia courtesy of the Shelburne privateer *Nelson.*

In addition to these privateers, the Liverpool merchants with whom Perkins allied himself also held shares in the privateers *Fly, Nymph,* and *Rover.* Despite a £1,600 outfit, the

Nymph only returned prizes valuing £1,500. There was little profit in that type of venture and the partners were likely somewhat relieved when word arrived in the fall of 1801 that the Peace of Amiens had ended the war. Almost immediately the *Rover, Duke of Kent,* and *Nymph* were sold and traded their cannons for more peaceful cargoes which, too, were West Indies bound.

Despite the brief period of peace, war broke out again in May 1803. This time Napoleon was leading France and war was to drag on until 1815 and eventually lead to war between Britain and the United States. The *Rover* was purchased by Perkins and his fellow merchants, refitted at a cost of £1,700 and sent out on a cruise. Captain Ben Collins behaved in a most unsatisfactory manner and the owners found themselves losing considerably more than they had spent.

During the war over two dozen Nova Scotia privateers cruised southward in search of glory and prize money. Of these, seven hailed from Liverpool, Six of which had Simeon Perkins as a shareholder. Despite the excitement which such ventures must have created, little money was made. In an entry in his famous diary in 1802 Simeon spoke of his business interests of the time and life in general. It certainly does not suggest that privateering was a very adequate manner to gain quick riches.

> Tuesday, May 4th—This day, forty years ago, I arrived in this Harbour, and Spent the Greatest part of that time here. I opened a Store and Carried on the Fishery directly on my Arrival . . . in which time I have been married, & have Two Sons & Six Daughters. Have gone thro Much fatigue & Anxiety in Business, and have met with many Losses & Misfortunes, and have not added So much to my property as might be expected from the Business I have done. But have in the Main had Tolerable Health, myself & Family, for Which I have abundant reason to be thankful.

SOME FUNDY CAPTAINS

In 1809 the United States of America did something nice for the Loyalist City of Saint John. They passed a law which forbade any American citizen to trade with Great Britain or her colonies. As if that was not good enough news, the countries around the Baltic Sea were forced by the Emperor of France, none other than Napoleon himself, to refuse Great Britain badly needed naval supplies, especially timber for masts and spars. Almost immediately, angry New Englanders began smuggling goods out of the United States to the nearby ports of St. Andrews and Saint John and trading them for British goods which were in turn smuggled back into their own country. At the same time, a booming timber industry sprang up on the St. John River and its tributaries, an industry which was intended to fit the ships of the Royal Navy with New Brunswick masts and spars in place of those from the Baltic.

Saint John became the centre for both these activities, not only for New Brunswick but for the Bay of Fundy shore of Nova Scotia as well. Daily, vessels of all sizes flying both the British and American flags passed Partridge Island and made for the harbour of Saint John. Not only were American and English goods brought into port, so too were the products of the West Indies and Europe.

This well-placed natural harbour, embraced by the hilly city and its suburbs, had become a thriving marketplace. Under the protecting guns of Fort Howe at the harbour's head, wharves, warehouses, docks, timber-ponds, booms and shipyards flourished. The merchants who met daily to discuss their business affairs in the local coffee houses were brimming with satisfaction and faith in the future.

When war with the United States broke out in 1812, things got even better. Not only did the navy need even more timber, New Englanders began to smuggle more than ever

before. As the naval blockade of American ports like Boston began to destroy Yankee business, the situation for Saint John improved even further. Vessels from Maine to Connecticut applied to the British for trading licences to come to British ports under British protection where they could trade their cargoes.

Wartime economic activities were not restricted to trading however. New Brunswickers along the Fundy shore had become experienced seamen and many of them began to look to privateering as a way to fatten their purses as well as protect their trading vessels from attacks by Yankee privateers. The provincial government outfitted the *Brunswicker* in the autumn of 1812 and sent her off to the Fundy mouth and Gulf of Maine where she met with success. She herself was the former American revenue cutter *Commodore Barry* which had been captured by the Royal Navy and brought into Saint John.

Not to be outdone, George Raymond and several of his business associates applied to the government in Fredericton for a letter-of-marque and outfitted the *General Smythe,* appropriately named after the province's lieutenant governor. Beginning her cruises in October 1813, she captured several American vessels including the *Penelope* valued at £7,119 and *Reward* valued at £5,232. Her young master, George Rideout, undoubtedly put his prize money to good use in providing for his recent bride Frances whom he had married in March 1813.

Despite these successes, privateering was not popular with certain powerful figures in New Brunswick and London. In their eagerness to win prizes, the cruisers often captured American vessels which were heading for British ports with their cargoes of goods smuggled out of the United States. The result was that the provincial government ceased issuing letters-of-marque.

New Brunswickers were accustomed to finding loopholes in the law and privateering proved no exception. Many merchants and captains decided that if they could not get a licence from New Brunswick, they would simply get one in Nova Scotia. It was under these circumstances that the firm of Hugh Johnson and Son entered into partnership with Thomas Milledge and outfitted the ship *Herald*. Under Charles Simonds, whose father had come to Saint John in the 1760's, she sallied forth into the Fundy tides. With 10 guns and 25 men she captured five schooners and a sloop in a matter of months. In his later years, Simonds entered politics and became Speaker of the House of Assembly in Fredericton.

A few weeks after the *Herald* acquired her letter-of-marque, Noah Disbrow, John Clark and Hugh Doyle sent the schooner *Hare* after American shipping. James Reid soon gave them a return on their investment for he brought in the sloop *Hero* and brig *Recovery*. A short time later he left the *Hare* to his first lieutenant James Godsoe and took command of the privateer *Snap Dragon*.

Saint John attracted Nova Scotians as well. John Harris came from Annapolis to command the sloop *Dart* which had great successes against the Americans. Capturing several schooners, he fattened his purse with the addition of two full-rigged ships, the *Cuba* and *Union*. Her first cruise in 1813 provided some £500 prize money for each crew member. Like so many privateers, the *Dart* ventured out once too often. Off Point Judith, Maine, she was attacked by an American revenue cutter and captured. Her ship's log is located in the Archives of the New Brunswick Museum.

Undoubtedly the most famous of the Saint John privateersmen was Caleb Seely. Tall and handsome at 26 years of age, he left the West Indies trade and took command of the privateer *Star* in 1813. Despite his youth, he quickly returned to port with three prizes, the sloops *Elizabeth* and *Resolution*

and the pinky *Flower*. Caleb was ambitious, too, a quality which may have been the basis of a friendship which was to change his life considerably.

Sometime before 1813 he had met an equally ambitious Nova Scotian, Enos Collins, who had spent his early life in Liverpool. Enos had been involved in the West Indies trade as well as in privateering exploits in the Caribbean and it may have been there that they first met. Through the years Enos had outgrown the limited commercial life of Liverpool and had moved his growing business to Halifax. When the War of 1812 broke out he had invested wisely in the privateer *Liverpool Packet* and had received a large enough return on his investment that her loss in June 1813 had been little more than a nuisance.

When the *Liverpool Packet* was recaptured off Mount Desert, she was taken into Saint John. It may have been at this time that Caleb decided to move up in the world and seek command of her, for soon after she was purchased by the Halifax firm of Collins and Allison on November 9, 1813, Seeley was named commander. He sold his business interests in Saint John and moved to the heart of the privateering trade, Liverpool.

The *Packet's* new letter of-marque was issued by Sir John Sherbrooke in Halifax on November 25, 1813, and Caleb remained her master for the next eleven months. During that time he ranged the American coast from Maine to the approaches of New York Harbour and brought some fourteen prizes before the Court of Vice-Admiralty for condemnation. In one four-day period he is reputed to have captured prizes valuing more than $100,000.

While Caleb was ambitious, he was not careless. In October 1814 he passed his command on to Benjamin Knaut of Liverpool and devoted his energies to building a successful shipping business of his own. Interestingly enough, he mar-

ried Phoebe Collins, Eno's sister and in 1816 purchased Simeon Perkins' house from Perkins' widow. He must have maintained a fairly close connection with his old home for his third wife, Jane Sancton, was a Saint John girl. Caleb died in Liverpool on Valentine's Day 1869 at the age of eighty-one, having led a successful business life. He did not, however, achieve the heights of his brother-in-law Enos who died a few years later as one of the wealthiest men in North America. It is interesting that a small portion of his wealth came to him through his interest in privateers.

Baltimore — Ship of Doom

CAROL McLEOD

December 5, 1735 dawned cold and grey in the tiny Nova Scotian community of Chebogue. As the people of the village began their round of daily chores, they noticed a strange vessel at anchor in the harbor. Able to distinguish her as the brigintine, *Baltimore,* they eagerly awaited the appearance of a landing party.

Hours dragged by, however, without the slightest hint of activity on board the ship. Piqued by a growing curiosity, the villagers decided to send out a longboat to greet the brigintine.

As the small contingent approached the *Baltimore* an ominous stillness seemed to fill the air. Nothing could be heard but the clapping of waves against the ship's stern. Disquieted by the strange silence, the villagers nevertheless prepared to board.

The sight that met their eyes when they finally climbed to the deck was one they would never forget. From one end to the other, the ship was splattered with human blood. Signs of a ferocious battle were everywhere on the ill-fated vessel, but not a body could be found.

Equally disturbing was the fact that nothing of any size or value remained on board. The ship had been stripped clean. In the ensuing search of the shoreline, the villagers were unable to turn up a single clue as to the fate of the crew and cargo of the *Baltimore.*

With winter upon them, the bewildered people of Chebogue had no choice but to wait until spring to report their discovery to the council at far off Annapolis Royal.

In the meantime, however, the only person who would ever know the true story of the disaster of the *Baltimore,* was being held prisoner by a band of marauding Indians.

Susannah Buckler, as she chose to call herself, was the lone survivor of the calamity. An adventuress by nature, she took advantage of her period of captivity and concocted a credible account of her escapades on board the *Baltimore.*

When spring finally came and communication between the isolated settlements of Nova Scotia resumed, a French gentleman of some importance, Charles D'Entremont heard of the abandoned ship and of a prisoner taken by the Indians. He quickly used his influence with the tribe and secured the woman's release.

Suspicious of her strange version of events aboard the *Baltimore,* D'Entremont presented Mrs. Buckler before Governor Armstrong at Annapolis Royal.

When an official inquiry into the fate of the brigintine was begun on May 14, 1736, Mrs. Buckler testified most willingly. With no one to refute her account, she was free to present the story in a light most favorable to her own interests.

Calm and composed, she told the council that her husband, Andrew Buckler was the sole owner of the Irish

brigintine, *Baltimore*. She went on to state that Richard White had been hired to serve as captain on their disastrous voyage from Dublin to Annapolis, Maryland.

According to her testimony, the ship, with eighteen on board had been blown off course in a fierce gale and had miraculously made Chebogue Harbor on December 5, 1735.

She stated that a small party had immediately set off for shore in search of fresh water. According to her account they had been killed by Indians, who later attacked the *Baltimore* itself.

Mrs. Buckler maintained that everyone on board with the exception of herself and two sailors had perished in the ensuing battle. She testified that she barricaded herself in the captain's cabin during the raid and defended herself with a pair of pistols. She said the bodies of those killed had disappeared with the Indians.

She then claimed that the Indians had returned and taken her prisoner, after robbing her of all her valuables. She declared that when she was taken from the ship, two sailors were left on board, but added she understood the pair had later mysteriously disappeared.

When it was revealed to Mrs. Buckler at the inquiry that the bodies of two passengers on board the *Baltimore,* a woman and a child, had been found in the woods, she was undaunted. According to her account, the pair, a maid and a cabin boy, had also gone ashore to search for water and had been similarly murdered by Indians.

Like Charles D'Entremont, Governor Armstrong was puzzled by Mrs. Buckler's testimony, yet nothing she said could be proved false. According to the ship's register and manifest, which had been found in tact, her accounts of the *Baltimore's* ownership and registry were true.

There was really no reason to disbelieve her, but Armstrong wasn't satisfied. For one thing, he couldn't understand how so bitter a battle could have been fought with the Indians without the knowledge of the people of Chebogue.

He placed Mrs. Buckler under open arrest, which meant she was free to go about her business as long as she did not leave Annapolis Royal. He then ordered Ensign Charles Vane to take an armed party to Chebogue and sail the *Baltimore* back to Annapolis Royal.

Finally, to corroborate parts of Mrs. Buckler's testimony, Governor Armstrong wrote to the *Baltimore's* agent in Dublin, Thomas Corker. He also wrote to Governor St. Ovid of Louisburg and Governor Belcher of Massachusetts to request their assistance in the recovery of valuables stolen from the brigintine.

Armstrong felt that if the Indians had in fact plundered the ship, much of the cargo would eventually be traded to the French, for it was well known that the Indians and the French enjoyed mutually profitable trade relations.

Armstrong also believed that some of the plunder might turn up in Massachuseets, because in testimony given at the inquiry, Charles D'Entremont had indicated that a Jonathan Ridge of Marblehead might well be in possession of the *Baltimore's* sails and guns.

Replies to these letters would be a long while in coming and in the meantime Governor Armstrong had no real grounds on which to hold Mrs. Buckler under open arrest. He was finally forced to release her.

With great haste Mrs. Buckler packed up what belongings she had and sailed for Louisburg, purportedly to visit friends she had made when the *Baltimore* had called there the previous fall. Her visit was of short duration however, for

once free from her inquisitors, she booked passage to Boston. At this point all traces of the mysterious Susannah Buckler vanish.

Fortunately, Governor Armstrong's tenacious effort to learn the full story of the fate of the *Baltimore* brought some most interesting details to light.

As replies to his inquiries filtered in, the pieces of the puzzle began to fall into place. It soon became apparent that Mrs. Buckler had taken great liberties with the truth when she testified at the inquiry.

In actual fact, according to a letter received from the *Baltimore's* agent, Thomas Corker, the brigintine had sailed from Dublin on October 5, 1735 with approximately seventy passengers on board. The majority of these passengers were convicts, released from Irish prisons to establish a settlement under the supervision of Andrew Buckler in Annapolis, Maryland.

Included in this band of thieves and murderers was a lone woman—an attractive and clever creature with a certain air of refinement. This felon, who later called herself Susannah Buckler, was in actual fact, the most treacherous and devious criminal of the lot. But by carefully presenting a helpless and innocent appearance, she had won the sympathy of Andrew Buckler.

During their passage from Ireland, it is surmised that Buckler took a special interest in her, and beguiled by her ready charm, gave her the freedom to roam the ship at will. As their relationship developed, he began to confide much of his personal business to her.

When above deck, "Susannah" learned all she could of Buckler's business affairs and was careful to ascertain such things as who his associates were and what dealings he had with them. She also discovered by carefully worded questions

that in addition to its motely band of convicts, the *Baltimore* was carrying a large quantity of gold and silver.

Determined not to return to her former state of confinement and eager to acquire the gold, Susannah presented a plan to her fellow convicts for overtaking the ship. Her confidence and strength won the support of her cohorts and they readily fell in league with her.

Taking full advantage of the freedom given her by Andrew Buckler, Susannah managed to get the key to the irons which shackled the other prisoners.

Although the convicts by far outnumbered the crew, they were nevertheless unarmed. There was little Susannah could do to rectify this situation. It therefore became necessary to wait for an opportunity favorable to the prisoners for the mutiny to be staged.

The occasion soon presented itself. Late on a bitter night early in December, as the *Baltimore* neared Sable Island, a fierce storm blew up. Taxed to the limit, the crew had no time to keep watch on the prisoners.

It was the opportunity Susannah had waited for and she was quick to capitalize on it. As the sailors fought desparately against the howling winds and icy waters, Susannah stole below deck and freed her fellow convicts.

Lurking in the darkness, unheard above the screeching gale, the convicts easily overpowered the crew, murdering and massacring as they went. Andrew Buckler was not spared to bemoan his folly in trusting Susannah.

As the bodies were thrown overboard, two sailors who had been spared to sail the ship realized the hopelessness of their situation. Exhausted by the storm and the ensuing battle, they were unable to keep the ship on course. With the worsening weather, the convicts decided to seek shelter in a deserted bay.

As the *Baltimore* floundered in the turgid, grey waters, it was driven closer to the Nova Scotian shore line. When dawn finally broke it was resolved to try and make Chebogue, a little used harbor where the loot could be divided.

However, during the voyage to Chebogue, the convicts discovered a quantity of whiskey in the hold. Determined to make the best of a good thing, they fell to the task of guzzling all they could.

Susannah stood by in disgust as quarrels broke out over the division of the spoils. The quarrels soon grew into brawls as the mutineers savagely turned on one another. In a matter of a few days the convicts' ranks were decimated. In their stuporous condition, those that survived decided to bury the gold as soon as the ship reached safety.

Highly annoyed by this twist of events, Susannah was powerless to overrule the decision.

Finally, early in the morning of December 5, 1735 the *Baltimore,* with eight convicts, two sailors, a maid, a cabin boy and Susannah on board, anchored in Chebogue Harbor. Susannah was ordered to remain on ship while the convicts rowed ashore in the dark to bury the money.

Sure she was being cut out of the plan, and furious at the thought of being thwarted in her own scheme, "Mrs. Buckler" decided it was time to act.

Taking full advantage of their taste for whiskey it appears likely that Susannah added a quantity of poison to the convicts' flasks. When the loot was finally buried, one of the felons returned to the ship for more whiskey. Susannah eagerly gave him all she could.

However, in the meantime a band of Indians had become aware that a ship, obviously in some distress, was at anchor in the harbor.

They hurried to the sight where the convicts had buried the ship's cargo and discovered the bodies. Well aware of the value of the treasure, the Indians quickly carried it off.

Later that same night, the two sailors who had survived the massacre went ashore, accompanied by the cabin boy and maid. They were soon attacked by the Indians and murdered.

Sure that the *Baltimore* was then deserted, the Indians rowed out to take whatever remained on board. To their surprise, however they found Susannah, who, after a valiant struggle, was finally taken prisoner. She remained with the Indians until Charles D'Entremont rescued her in April 1736.

It is little wonder that Governor Armstrong was confused by the discrepancies which existed between Susannah Buckler's account of her ordeal and the information he was able to piece together.

For one thing it is hard to imagine that so much could have happened during the early morning of December 5th, especially without the knowledge of the residents of Chebogue.

In a letter to the Lords Commissioners for Trade and Plantations dated June 19, 1736, Governor Armstrong outlined Susannah Buckler's testimony and detailed the steps he had taken to try and corroborate it. He strongly intimated in the letter, however, that her account was not necessarily true.

And so it remains that many aspects of the *Baltimore* story will forever go unexplained. The official ruling of the board of inquiry was that the convicts overpowered the crew and murdered them in a bloody battle. The board also found that the mutineers sought shelter in the little frequented Harbor of Chebogue to divide the ship's cargo. In its final comment, the board stated that all the survivors of the mutiny, with the sole exception of Susannah Buckler died "God knows how."

The findings of Governor Armstrong's board of inquiry were forwarded to the Lords Commissioners in London on November 23, 1736 and the matter was officially closed.

The *Baltimore* itself laid at anchor in Annapolis Royal for the next seven years. All efforts to sell the ship on behalf of the estate of Andrew Buckler failed.

Branded as a death ship, no one was prepared to run the risk of sailing in her. As time passed the ship began to rot and finally, in 1743 the *Baltimore* was towed out to sea and burned.

But the sinking of the ship did not dispel the aura of mystery that surrounded her. For over two hundred years the story of the *Baltimore* has remained one of the most gruesome and bizarre mysteries of Maritime history.

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The Chignecto Ship Railway

DAVID E. STEPHENS

"The transportation of heavy and bulky merchandise over great distances at a cheap cost is of vital importance to consumers everywhere, and this is best done by water. Water carriage has the advantage over railways that railways have over common roads. Ship railway transportation combined with water carriage, by avoiding transshipment of freight, by short cuts over isthmuses, by the saving of distance, and by the saving of distance, and by avoiding the dangers of the sea, has a manifest advantage over common railways. The introduction of ship railways will mark a revolution in means of transport." So said H. G. C. Ketchum before The World's Columbian Water Commerce Congress held in Chicago in 1893.

Nova Scotia is jointed to the rest of Canada by a short isthmus, and it has been the dream of many to increase ship transport by cutting across this neck of land. When the area was under French rule, the Intendant Jacques de Meulles, while on a tour of inspection in 1768, recommended that the building of a canal across the isthmus would shorten the distance from the St. Lawrence by 500 miles or more. While other such suggestions were made over the years, it wasn't until 1822 that the first actual survey was completed. This

was done by a Provincial Government surveyor from New Brunswick, named Robert Minette. However, it wasn't until 1825 that the government retained the services of Francis Hall, a civil engineer, to estimate the cost of constructing a canal along Minette's survey line. On October 22, 1825, Mr. Hall presented his report. He stated that the canal would follow a somewhat straight course for 11 miles, 241 yards. Using artificial navigation, vessels of 109 tons burthen could be carried the total distance from anchorage at low water in the Tantramarr to anchorage in the Bay Verte, being 19½ miles. The largest problem in constructing such a canal would be the great difference in the elevation of tides on either end, the average difference being about 20 feet. The difficulty to overcome was the very great ebb and flow of the tides in the Bay of Fundy. Hall suggested the construction of dams to build up heads of water near the canal, thus providing extra water to maintain the proper level in between the five locks. He suggested also that the cost of construction for an 8 foot deep canal would be £67,728, or about £20,000 less for a 4½ foot channel. Either way, it would take about 3 years to construct. The total estimated cost for the canal, dams, locks, towpaths, &c., ran close to $8 million. No actual work on a canal ever took place.

Henry George Clepper Ketchum was born in Fredericton in 1839. A civil engineer, he had his first railway experience in the 1850's. In 1860, he worked under the famous English engineer, Sir James Brunlee, while working on the construction of the San Paulo Railway in Brazil. It was from Sir James that Ketchum developed the idea for a ship railway.

Ketchum studied the problems related to the Isthmus of Chignecto, and came up with some interesting theories. He felt that the Atlantic coast of Nova Scotia presented many problems to shipping, such as fog, rough coast-line, shifting currents, reefs, not to mention Sable Island. Therefore, not only did vessels have to go around Nova Scotia, but it was

dangerous as well. If a shorter route could be constructed, not only would the distance be cut, but also the dangers. This would mean smaller steamers could go from the St. Lawrence to the United States without the dangers of the open sea around Nova Scotia. This would mean more trips per year for ships, shorter times for vessels with perishable cargoes, reduced marine insurance, a longer shipping period, and increased trade for all of Canada. By 1875, Ketchum had designed his dream of a ship railway, including detailed drawings. Unfortunately the plans were destroyed in the great 1877 fire in Saint John. Within a couple of years, he had personally financed a survey across the isthmus, redrawn his plans, and made application for government aid through the Minister of Railroads and Canals, Sir Charles Tupper. Ketchum wanted a subsidy of $150,000 per year for 25 years. He pointed out that the railway would cost only a third of that for a canal. The Chief Engineer for the government studied the proposed plan, and returned a report to Sir Charles Tupper that the railway would not only be a saving, but it could work. The plan thus received the blessing of the Federal Government, and a subsidy of $170,600 a year for 20 years was conceived, after the completion of the line. The subsidy was repayable to the Canadian government when ever there was a profit in excess of seven per cent. No direct financial support was to be forthcoming from Canada to start the project.

The new company, to be known as the Chignecto Marine Transport Railway Company, was incorporated by an Act of Parliament. The company, receiving a charter from the Canadian government, was to be formed in London, England. By subscription, £650,000 was raised, £300,000 in preferred shares and £350,000 in first mortgage bonds.

As part of its charter, and in order to receive the subsidy, the project had to be completed in seven years. With this in mind, the formation of the company was done quick-

ly, with the first president being Thomas Wood and the vice-president Colonel Pagent Mosley. Four directors were appointed, as well as three joint engineers, including Ketchum. The contract signed by the British representatives on March 4, 1886, was sent to Canada on board the ship *Oregon,* which sank just off New York. Although blurred by water stain, it was brought up by divers in one of the few mail bags they were able to bring to the surface. Even in such condition, when it reached Ottawa, it was signed as received.

The land that the line was to be built upon, as well as the area for docking, was given to the company without cost by the Municipality of Cumberland. The new company signed a contract in 1888 with Meigs and Son, Montreal, as contractors. They in turn sub-contracted for materials. The special steel rails came from England; Harris and Company of Saint John manufactured the wheels for the cradle, Rhodes and Curray of Amherst constructed the machinery building and supplied the pine sleepers (railway ties). The largest subcontract went to an Ontario firm, Dobson, Symes and Ussher, for construction of the Tidnish breakwaters (or moles), ballasting, plate-laying, dredging, earthwork, and masonry.

Ketchum considered the ship railway as the evolution of an ordinary railway, simply a large-scale railway designed to carry heavy freight overland. So even though it was to be built somewhat like an ordinary line, everything had to be increased in proportion. Work began during October of 1888, and from the beginning it went ahead in a constant and efficient manner. As the amount of work increased, so did the number of laborers. They were brought in from Quebec and included many Italian emigrants. Most of the work was done by man-power, using shovels and picks, horses and dump-carts. Steam shovels were used in places, but most of the hard labour was completed by the 4000 men. Many of the local people became fearful of this influx of manpower. Rumshops

sprung up in great numbers, as did labour camps, and Saturday night became a time when local people stayed indoors as these strange men with their strange language "let off steam".

The railway line was to be seventeen miles, with double track, completely straight. Ketchum believed that this would reduce working expenses during operation far below that of an ordinary railway. He felt it "approaches the requirements of a perfect railway. The standard of a perfect railway is to be straight and level, to have a solid, smooth road-bed, and first-class works of art. The promoters have striven to obtain these conditions for the ship railway. The line is absolutely straight. One-half is dead level. Where gradients have been necessary, they have nowhere exceeded 1 in 500. The rails, made of toughened steel, are the heaviest yet rolled for any railway. The ballast is of broken stone. The roadbed is well drained. Where embankments occur, care has been taken to remove all elastic material, and to form good foundations of rock on the hard substrata.". This latter requirement proved quite a feat in one long section. A typical bog was 60 feet in depth, so heavy rock had to be dumped, piled up 20 feet or more, then allowed to settle down. Finally, when the rock filtered down to hard bottom, the ballast was brought up to roadbed level. This operation covered close to a mile.

Near Tidnish Bridge, the roadbed followed that of a river, so a culvert had to be constructed to divert the natural flow into a new channel. The building of this culvert of stone was done by the Scottish stonemasons brought over for just such work, including the key stone which came ready-made from Scotland. So precise was the work of these masons that when the keystone was slid into position, it was a perfect fit. After the culvert was ready, the river bed was altered and fill hauled into the original channel. About two-thirds of the fill had been carted in, when the whole mass, including men,

horses, and work carts, was undermined by a heavy tide and suddenly dropped. Fortunately neither man nor beast were injured in the accident.

Throughout the whole construction of the line, observers constantly arrived to inspect the work, many with the view to build such a railway in other parts of the world.

On the Bay of Fundy end, the Fort Lawrence Dock had a spacious basin, capable to holding six ships, each of a thousand tons. It was excavated to a depth of 40 feet, and was 500 feet long by 300 feet wide. A gate 30 feet in height and 60 feet in width was to open at high tide to allow ships to enter the lifting basin. The walls of this basin were of massive masonry, rising on either side of the gate, thus retaining the water level. The lifting basin was constructed, also of masonry, 230 feet long and 60 feet wide.

On the east end of the line, at Tidnish, the water was shallow. Here, rather than excavating, the dock and basin were constructed out into the Straight. For nearly half a mile, moles ran out to deep water, beyond which the entrance channel was dredged out for about 3,000 feet. With a low tide (about six feet), no gate was provided, and it was intended that the channel between the moles be dredged to a depth of 20 feet. The moles were constructed of cribs filled with rock, decked over, protected by piles and riprap-work, and supplied with mooring posts.

Both terminals were thus provided with both safe and large entrances.

When completed, it was expected that vessels with a displacement of 2000 tons, or 1000 tons registry, could be carried on the line. The maximum length allowed would be 235 feet, with a maximum width of 56 feet and a 14 foot draught. The operation was to be quite simple. At high tide, a ship would enter the lifting dock and it would be floated

over a gridiron, which was a movable part of the track, and which had been sunk prior to the arrival of the ship, with a cradle upon it. Keel blocks located in the center of the cradle, as well as adjustable bilge blocks and springs located under the cradle, were designed to prevent any strain upon the vessel. When the vessel was in place, the ship, gridiron and cradle were to be raised to the level of the tracks. This was to be done using hydraulic rams and presses. Using 10 on either side, each consisting of 2 cylinders with a stroke length of 40 feet, the whole mass could thus be lifted. Once level, the gridiron was then to be locked to the sides of the quay, forming a bridged platform. The vessel, resting safely upon the cradle, would be hauled with the use of hydraulic machinery from the gridiron onto the tracks. Two locomotives were then to be attached to the cradle, which was about 230 feet long, 40 feet wide, rested upon 192 wheels, and was in three connected sections. Moving at a speed of between 5 and 10 miles an hour, the locomotives would haul the ship across the line to the other terminal. Here, the two locomotives would be shunted off the track, the cradle placed on another gridiron, and lowered into the basin. It was estimated that the whole operation could be completed in about two hours.

Vessels in ballast were to be carried across at a very nominal charge, while cargo loaded vessels were to be charged a toll graduated according to the value of its cargo. A figure of fifty cents per ton was proposed as an average. As Ketchum had determined that over 11 million tons of arrivals and departures were available to the railway, and if only 10 per cent was hauled across, that not only could a dividend be paid to the investors, but the company would not have to call upon the government to pay its subsidy.

Work on the line had progressed at a steady pace for three years, up until the end of July 1891. It had become impossible to float the company's remaining bonds of £350,000,

due to the state of the money markets. Except for one mile, the whole line had been graded, most of the ballast was in place, and 13 miles of rails had been laid. A short section near the large culvert at Tidnish was all that remained to be completed of the roadbed. At the Bay of Fundy end, almost all the work was completed on the gate and its surrounding masonry, as well as the masonry enclosing the lifting dock here and at the other end of the line. The machinery buildings had been completed, the moles at Tidnish finished, the basic lifting equipment had been delivered and much installed.

The company had expended about £700,000 and Ketchum believed that with £1½ million and a few more months of fine weather, the whole project could be completed. He also believed that "Like all novel enterprises, this ship railway has encountered its full share of scepticism and hostility, and run the gauntlet of the gibes of the incredulous and the criticism of its opponents; but it has steadily made headway among capitalists, commercial men, and engineers, so that no one to-day doubts that the scheme is feasible and practicable as an engineering work, and the doubters are those who now argue that it will not be commercially a success.".

The seven year time limit set by the government had nearly run out by May, 1895. The managing director of the company, A. D. Provand, went to Ottawa to request a two year extension for the completion date. He told the government that the English shareholders could raise the funds to complete the line, but only if the time limit could be extended. The government refused to allow the extension. So the failure of the line appears not to have been from any lack of operating capital, as the company had secured that, but rather from a lack of interest on the part of the Canadian government. This of course suggests political interference somewhere alone the line. Some of the sea captains were a little fearful that the stress would be too great, but more im-

portant, owners of these ships in Halifax were afraid that if traffic were to be diverted away from their port, they would lose business. It is understood that they maintained a lobby against the project in Ottawa, which resulted in the refusal of the time extension.

It seems that the stress of planning and building the railway, plus the utter shock of not being able to complete his dream, had a fatal effect on Ketchum. At the age of 57, he passed away during September, 1896, while sitting in front of a hotel in Amherst. His remains were interned in Sackville Cemetery, while his widow survived him by many years. In his will, he had left money for the belfry and bell of the Church of the Good Shepherd in Tidnish. His widow had erected a stained glass window there in his memory.

The Canadian government, in June of 1903, decided to offer some compensation to the shareholders of the company. Although they would lose close to half a million dollars, they instructed A. D. Provand to accept the $600,000. They also vested Mr. Provand with the title of the Ship Railway and named him managing trustee. It was understood that the right-of-way was to have been given to the government to be held in a state of trust for Cumberland County. However, the exact details of this are somewhat unclear.

As 1911 drew to a close, the Fort Lawrence dock was carried away and the whole basin filled up with mud, covering the falled masonry. The erosion of the banks lead most to fear that a few heavy tides would result in the powerhouse being undermined.

During 1911, Mr. A. D. Provand again appeared on the scene. He proposed to the Cumberland County Council that a steam railway should be built between Tidnish and Fort Lawrence docks, and then on to Northport. He also proposed that an electric railway should connect the steam railway with

Amherst. Under this idea, and using a fleet of small ships between Tidnish and Prince Edward Island, goods could be carried from PEI to Tidnish, across the railway to Fort Lawrence, and then on to Saint John and Maine. The idea received little support and nothing ever came of it.

One by one, the stone from the docks, covered by sand and mud, were dug up from the water and carried off by many local people. The rails had long since been removed, and the buildings housing the hoisting machinery were knocked down in the 1930's. The abandoned supplies of the railway also disappeared, and only odd shaped pieces of cement blocks remained, where once were wooden kegs of powdered cement. The tall chimney of the power house was also torn down, as it presented a danger to children who loved to climb it from the inside. The stone culvert still stands today at Tidnish, as strong as ever, while the river returned to its natural channel. A few of the foundations also remain as a faint reminder of the project.

Local people used the land as part of their farms, and the ownership seems to be in some doubt. They hope to assert ownership by right of adverse possession, but the case has not come to litigation. Recently, a businessman claimed to have purchased the entire property from some mysterious source, but again, nothing seems to have come of it.

It seems as if it was the one great thing Ketchum wanted to do in his life. He had a dream, for he believed that "The safe transit of a ship in cargo across the Isthmus of Chignecto will be the signal for many other ship railway schemes to begin construction. The Tehuantepac, the Panama, the Cape Cod, the Ontario and Michigan isthmuses will be vanquished by this means; and various obstructions can be overcome and short cuts made in different parts of the world. The money so ill-spent on the Panama Canal would have been more than sufficient to complete a ship railway over that isthmus. Soon-

er or later the world will discover that the only way to solve that problem at Panama, by which the world's water commerce will be so materially extended, is by means of a ship railway."

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Earthquakes in Cape Breton

B. D. TENNYSON

When one thinks of earthquakes, Cape Breton does not generally spring to mind. Rather, one thinks of Turkey, Yugoslavia or Nicaragua—places where such disasters have occurred recently—or California. And yet Cape Breton is an area where minor earthquakes (1 to 3 on the Richter scale) might reasonably be anticipated because of the island's position in what geologists call the former Appalachian geosyncline which extended from Newfoundland through Cape Breton and the eastern United States as far south as Alabama. In fact, at least three earthquakes have been recorded on the island, occurring in 1882, 1909 and 1929. Whether or not there is any significance in the fact, each has been more powerful than its predecessor.

The 1882 earthquake took place on New Year's Eve and was concentrated in the Baddeck-Middle River area.[1] Little is known about it and it appears to have been very minor in scale and did no real damage. Another earthquake on 21 March 1904 was felt throughout much of New England, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. It was concentrated in New England, however, and the most easterly report came from Truro. Sydney's *Daily Post* gave circumstantial accounts of the shock in the district but careful inquiries by a Dalhousie University geologist at Sydney, North Sydney, Sydney Mines and Glace Bay indicated that there was no basis for the story.[2]

On the afternoon of 20 December 1909, however, around three o'clock, an earthquake occurred in Inverness County. The area affected embraced Port Hood, Mabou, Inverness, Lake Ainslie, Margaree, Whycocomagh and Orangedale. The tremor was not noticed elsewhere.

The first news came from Baddeck by telephone. At Orangedale, according to the *Sydney Daily Post,* the noise initially was "thought to be an express train running at high speed, but in a moment the ground began to sway and tremble. Dishes and light articles danced around on the shelves and a store was badly shaken."[3] One Orangedale resident, Mr. A. Stirling McLean, described the earthquake as "not destructive or terrifying in any way" but

> quite pronounced in this locality. One could feel the whole building trembled (sic) in a sort of rapid vibratory motion. Tinware and crockery on shelves danced at a great rate. The shock lasted for about five seconds —long enough for one to realize what was taking place. A loud rumbling noise was distinctly heard before the shock which was thought by some persons to be that of an approaching train, by others that of a flue on fire.[4]

A Mr. Fraser of Munro's Point on St. Ann's Bay described the shock as "quite heavy and accompanied by a deep rumbling sound which he mistook for heavy and distant thunder."[5] In Port Hood and Inverness people understandably thought an explosion had taken place in the mines.[6]

The earthquake produced very little damage. The *Post,* unable to reach Inverness and Port Hood on the evening of the event, thought the telephone lines were down or at least damaged but this was never confirmed.[7] It was claimed that a barn at Whycocomagh had been shaken from its foundations and that the walls of at least one cellar in Inverness were fractured. No damage was reported on the line of the Intercolonial Railway.[8]

According to D. S. McIntosh, a Dalhousie University geologist, the shock did not result from a fault occurring in the igneous rocks which outcrop in a few places in the district. The area affected was too small for this to have been the case and the seat of the disturbance was too close to the surface. Rather, the shock must have been caused by the falling in of the roof of a subterranean cavern formed by the action of percolating water on the limestone and gypsum in the sedimentary strata that overlie the igneous rocks.[9] Given the very limited size of the area affected and the mildness of the tremor, this may well have been a plausible explanation.

The largest and best-known earthquake occurred on 18 November 1929, at 4:34 p.m. With its epicentre in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, its greatest impact was on the Sydney-Glace Bay area, but it was felt throughout New Brunswick and as far away as Quebec City, as well as throughout New England. E. A. Hodgson, the Dominion Seismologist, described it as "a very severe earthquake".[10] The tremors lasted about two minutes.

People in Sydney at first feared their furnaces were about to explode. In Glace Bay people naturally thought there had been a mine explosion. The *Sydney Daily Post* reported that

> Charlotte Street business houses and stores were emptied in almost panic-stricken style, workers fleeing to the streets to escape what appeared to be imminent explosion. When they reached the street, it dawned upon them that similar conditions had been experienced in every other building, and that the city was having its first quake shock.
>
> At the court house, where the trial of Cyril Crier was proceeding at the Supreme Court, the dignity of the court was thrown aside when the shocks began, and the jurors were the first to quit their places and make for the

exits. Lawyers gathered their gowns about them and fled without regard to the decorum of the court. One witness, Mrs. L. Miller, of Glace Bay, fainted in the confusion, but was revived later. The court was not resumed.[11]

Aftershocks occurred at 7:10 p.m. and 10:04 p.m. According to Dr. J. H. L. Johnstone, Professor of Physics at Dalhousie University, neither was strong enough to be perceptible except on a seismograph, although residents of Louisbourg reported feeling the earlier one.[12]

About 9 p.m. an eight-foot tidal wave rushed up Sydney harbour, "leaving in its wake considerable destruction." The Westmount Road, which runs along the shore of the harbour, was completely flooded, as was the North Sydney highway. In Sydney the entire area from the corner of Dodd and Pitt Streets to the intersection of Prince and Pitt Streets was flooded. Portions of the Prince Street bridge were swept away and several small boats in the harbour were badly damaged.

In Glace Bay the Number Six bridge was completely submerged by the tidal wave, as was the Dominion sandbar. The temporary footbridge at the foot of Commercial Street was ripped apart and its remains washed up as far as Caledonia. It was reported that large groups of people "gathered along both sides of the Harbour to witness the spectacle."[14] Some were rewarded for their interest when 27 cases of whiskey were strewn over the beach. They were, needless to say, carted away before the police arrived on the scene.[15] In the Canso area, the tidal wave was accompanied by gale-force winds and driving rain, which drove at least one ship, the coastal schooner *Lena M,* ashore.[16]

The major damage caused by the earthquake was the breakage of several trans-Atlantic submarine cables. Damage in Sydney and Glace Bay was confined to wrecked boats, fallen chimneys and broken dishes. No damage was reported elsewhere in Cape Breton except at River Denys, where two

chimneys collapsed. Surprisingly, there was no damage or injury in the mines.[17] It was estimated that the total cost of damage on the island was $25,000. Newfoundland's Burin Peninsula, however, was much harder hit. There a fifteen-foot tidal wave swept away several houses, boats and fishing stages, killing 27 people and causing damage estimated by one local merchant, George Bartlett, of a million dollars.[18]

Cape Bretoners could be thankful that they had escaped with so little damage and no loss of life. The episode naturally became the inspiration for many tales for years afterwards. The earthquake has been regarded as a curiosity rather than a cause for concern or alarm. The general attitude was perhaps reflected by the advertisement placed in the *Post* on the day following the tremor by the enterprising manager of Sydney's Strand theatre. Promoting his latest film, "Woman Trap", he asserted that "just like the earthquake—this stirring picture will make everyone sit up and take notice!"[19] Whether or not the film achieved this effect is not recorded. Certainly the events of that Monday afternoon in November 1929 did so.

1. **Sydney Daily Post,** 22 November 1929.
2. J. Edmund Woodman, "The earthquake of March 21, 1904, in Nova Scotia", **Nova Scotia Institute of Science Proceedings.** 11:2 (1903-4), 233
3. **Sydney Daily Post,** 21 December 1909
4. Quoted in D. S. McIntosh, "Note on recent earthquake in Cape Breton", **Nova Scotia Institute of Science Proceedings,** 12:4 (1910), 311
5. Quoted in **Sydney Daily Post,** 22 December 1909
6. **Ibid.,** 21 December 1909
7. **Ibid.**
8. **Ibid.,** 21 December 1909, 22 December 1909
9. McIntosh, **op. cit.,** 311-12
10. **Sydney Daily Post,** 19 November 1929
11. **Ibid.**
12. **Ibid.,** 19 November 1929, 20 November 1929
13. **Ibid.,** 19 November 1929
14. **Ibid.**
15. "Cape Breton earthquake", **Cape Breton Post,** 22 July 1960
16. **Sydney Daily Post.** 20 November 1929
17. **Ibid.,** 19 November 1929
18. **Ibid.,** 19 November 1929, 23 November 1929
19. **Ibid.,** 19 November 1929

John George's Hurricane

MARY E. BLACK

Judge John George Marshall, a native of Guysborough County, filled various posts in Cape Breton Island during the early part of the 19th Century.

During his term of office there, under Governor Kemp he made many suggestions for the routing of the roads (*Historical Quarterly,* Cape Breton's Early Roads, Vol. 5 No. 3, September, 1975) so they would better serve the fast growing populace in their various commercial, agricultural and fisheries pursuits.

Among his papers has been found his record of his personal experiences during a hurricane in 1811 which superseded the Saxby Gale by many years, and, apparently was much more severe. His story is the more interesting as it is recorded in his own very fine penmanship, and paper, ink and script are as clear today as when written, which according to our records must have been well over one hundred years ago. It is interesting to note that he did not cross his "t's" and dotted only a few of his "I's". This seems strange for a man of his well ordered and disciplined mind, and in accordance with the schooling of his times.

His record of his adventures during this hurricane reads as follows:

"There is an event of a public and very serious nature, which occurred so many years ago, that there can *now,* be but a few persons, in the province except myself who personally witnessed it, or who have any knowledge, or have even heard of it. The revelation I will now give of some of its chief particulars, and the incidents connected with it will, I am convinced, be interesting to most, if not all of my readers.

In the autumn of the year 1811, the most tremendous gale, or rather *hurricane,* which has occurred since the commencement of this Century, swept over the whole Province, and its coasts, especially in the eastern division of it. I was in the town of Guysborough at the time, which was directly in the line of its greatest fury and destructiveness. It commenced in the afternoon, from a Southern quarter, and soon became of the most furious description.

"I was busily engaged in preparing writings in cases in which I was engaged, depending in the court which was to meet in a few days. Feeling the house shaking rather violently, I raised my eyes to the window in front of my seat, and preceived that the Parish Church, which stood on a hill a short distance off, was totally prostate, and its lighter materials were flying about like so many feathers. I hastily secured some bundles of papers in my pockets and partly for personal safety as well as to witness the immediate effects of the hurricane went out of the house but soon found that I could not keep my feet without some kind of support and therefore got hold of a young willow sapling which though it was constantly bending near the ground was sufficient to prevent my being blown down.

"While in that situation I saw a vessel which was laying anchor in the harbour her sails down and under

the partial shelter of a line of beach suddenly turned over and in about five minutes no part of her could I see but a few feet of the top of the masts. I heard afterwards that while the crew were endeavoring to make their escape in a boat one of them was drowned. A vessel which was coming up the bay must have gone down with all on board as none of them were ever heard of. Some on the land also I heard were killed and others seriously injured in the destruction of their dwellings or otherwise. The flocks of geese were blown from the land into water as their own feathers would have been by any ordinary wind. A large part of a roof of a dwelling house near to the one in which I was lodging was carried into a field several hundred yards off and driven like a plough share into the soil.

"Many severe gales of wind have I been in both on land and at sea during the 54 years since but none of them of scarcely more than half the violence of the one I am describing. The appearance of the water on the harbour I cannot more fully compare than to the drifting of the snow in the most severe winter storm so violently was it raised by the wind and driven along in one sheet of white and sparkling foam and spray.

"When setting out soon after on my journey home of about 100 miles it was useless to think of travelling on horseback for nearly the first half of the distance and therefore I commenced it on foot with a companion a young gentleman who had been on a visit to his friends. On passing along the road through the farms on the first 9 miles to the head of the river I saw that many of the buildings had been entirely blown down others unroofed or otherwise partially destroyed and very few but were more or less severely injured by the gale. From the head of the river where we remained the first night there was a region of heavily wooded land for many miles around

the direction of our journey. There were or rather had been two roads to the village about 25 miles onward and we concluded by advice to take the one of the two routes which on the whole |distance had the lesser portion of the wilderness. The first part however of this route was thickly wooded for about 15 miles and without an inhabitant. Our friends at the county town we had left had kindly provided us with some cakes and other little eatable comforts and each of us carried a bundle containing some absolutely needful articles of apparel.

We took a very early breakfast and a little after sunrise set out on our arduous and as it proved perilious journey. Neither of us had ever been on the route and previous to the gale the road had been but narrow and but very imperfectly opened. Immediately on entering it we found the heavy trees blown down from the roots and entangled in every direction so that we could scarcely get on more than a dozen paces without being obliged either to creep under fallen trees or clamber over and through their heavy branches. We persevered however in the best way we could and hour after hour passed in the same laborious struggle onward. Often when mounted high on the branches of the trees there seemed as far as the eye could reach but little else than one entire mass of fallen and entangled wood in some places scarcely a standing tree within the compass of an acre or more.

At one time I was so much at a loss for the line of the road and fearing to lose it that I descended to the ground from the boughs of the fallen trees and felt for the gravel or small stone by which to ascertain that we had not gone astray. We partook of our cakes as we needed and consumed all towards the latter part of the day still hoping to get out to the settlement whither we were journeying before night arrived. But in this we were grieviously disappointed for darkness came on

while we were yet in the wood. We halted by the side of a small brook that we might have water and having prepared a place for repose with some bushes and other material the most suitable we could find concluded of necessity to abide there for the night. After a short time the moon rose so large and bright that I thought it would give light sufficient to enable us to pursue our course get clear of the wood and reach the desired village. But again were our hopes dissapointed for after struggling on for a short time we lost all trace of the line of the road and became so completely enclosed within a narrow space by the large fallen and entangled wood that we were compelled to remain there the rest of the night.

In the morning the first difficulty was to find the line of the road which I knew ran nearly north and south and as we had no compass I practised the expedient of passing alternately for suitable distances east and west like a vessel beating in windward and thus after some time found a spot which I knew to be a part of the road. We then went forward but with the same difficulties as on the previous day and it was not until nearly 12 o'clock that we reached the first house in the small village called Tracadie chiefly inhabited by the French Acadians.

Before our arrival the lower garment of my companion now called pants but then trowsers had become so tattered and torn that they seemed irreparable and cast them away and supplied the needful with a pair which he had in his bundle. My condition was not quite so ragged and unsightly but on reaching the house after laying in bed for a short time while a girl made some temporary repairs I was enabled to make a tolerably fair or becoming appearance.

While this repair was being accomplished a comfortable meal was provided for us and I can well remember that the large pie composed of water fowl and other good things which was the chief dish was amply partaken of with keenest relish. No further serious difficulty occurred on the remaining 4 or 5 days of the journey home as the storm had not been quite so violent in that section of the country and the inhabitants had turned out and made the needful temporary clearances on the road."

Granny Had The Remedy

MARIANNA DEMPSTER

Would you like to know how to: Cure a headache or the common cold, fill your own teeth, banish severe pain or straighten out an alcoholic? Here, according to Granny's notebook, are the remedies . . . 1875 vintage.

TO CURE A HEADACHE

'A remedy discovered by a Parisian physician in 1870'. Use a mixture of ice and salt, in proportion of one to one half, as a cold mixture, and apply to the head by means of a tiny packet or purse made of silk gauze with a rim of gutta percha when rheumatic headaches are felt. This gives instantaneous relief. Apply for one half to one minute and the skin is rendered white and hard. Granny forgot to mention which half is which . . . one half salt, or one half ice?

* * *

If you can swallow the next remedy without smothering, try it. One whiff of camphor however, should be sufficient to make any cold victim head for the hills.

TO CURE THE COMMON COLD

Before retiring, soak the feet in mustard water as hot as can be endured. The feet should at first be plunged in a pail of luke warm water, adding by degrees, very hot water until

the desired heat is attained (just below the screaming level, I suspect) protecting the body and knees with blankets so as to direct the vapor from the water to induce a good sweat. Next, to two tablespoons of boiling water, add one tablespoon of white sugar and fourteen drops of strong camphor. Drink the whole mixture and cuddle in bed under plenty of bedclothes and sleep it off.

I imagine Granny dispensed with the bucket before crawling into bed!

The cold remedy could be followed by a 'Soothing Syrup' made of the following: Alcohol, oil of peppermint, caster oil . . . . one ounce of each, mix well, add oil of anise, one half dram; magnesia, sixty grains, pulverized ginger, forty grains; white sugar, to form a syrup. Dosage is not mentioned, but a teaspoonful of that remedy should bring about some rather interesting results.

* * *

Here's a dandy toothwash I would hesitate to try on false teeth, but Granny's notebook recommends it for 'black teeth' which, after the application of the remedy, will be perfectly white:

TOOTH WASH TO REMOVE BLACKNESS

'Pure muriatic acid, one ounce; water, one ounce; honey, two ounces; mix together. Take a toothbrush and wet it freely with this preparation and then briskly rub the black teeth, and in no time they will be perfectly white. She added an ominous note of warning . . . 'Immediately upon using, wash out the mouth with plenty of clear water, that the acid may not act upon the enamel of the teeth.'

Not one word about holes in the tongue!

A remedy for filling teeth is listed next to the tooth wash.

DENTISTS COMPOSITION FOR FILLING TEETH

Gold, one part; mercury, eight parts; incorporate by heating together. When mixed pour into cold water. Or, take tinfoil and quicksilver, mix together in a convenient vessel, take a small quantity, knead in the palm of the hand and apply quick! (This is a real goodie!) take gypsum, one part; levigated porcelain, one part; levigated iron filings, one part; make into a paste with equal parts of quick-drying copal and mastic varnish.

That oughta do 'er!

* * *

How about an invigorating remedy for your hair? Granny had one.

TO PREVENT HAIR FROM FALLING OUT

'Take two pints of bay rum, one pint of alcohol, one ounce of castor oil, one-half ounce of carb. amonia, one ounce of tincture of cantharides. Mix them well. This compound will promote the growth of hair and prevent it from falling out.

The Bay Rum? That's easy.

'French proof spirit, one gallon; extract of Bay, six ounces. Mix together and color with caramel . . . needs no filtering.

* * *

Granny had also a sure fire cure for drunkeness.

TO CURE DRUNKENESS

Confine the patient to his room. Furnish him with his favorite liquor of discretion diluted with three quarters of water. Give him as much wine, beer, coffee and tea as he desires, but containing one eight of spirit; all the food, such as bread, meat and vegetables steeped in spirit and water. On the fifth day of this treatment he will have an extreme disgust for spirit, being (according to the notation) continually

drunk. Keep this treatment up until he no longer desires to eat or drink. This is a guaranteed cure.

Granny believed in treating both the external and internal problems of an ailing body. Here is her remedy for skin troubles.

A CURE FOR SKIN TROUBLES

Skin troubles can vex one's soul by appearing on the face.

A greasy skin may arise from various causes, but generally from lack of cleanliness or debility of the skin. Only an astringent has any effect on it. [The following is a simple, entirely harmless remedy for this condition: Take one pint of rosewater, half a pint of white wine vinegar and a few drops of essence of rose. Apply with a piece of soft linen or a very fine sponge.

Unless you happen to suffer from an allergy to roses, in which case you avoid this remedy like the plague!

* * *

So much for Granny's remedies . . . except for one which she had tucked away in a box of odds and ends in the attic. This one is purported to be a pain killer par excellence.

DAVIS PAIN KILLER *** Improved

Take powdered quaiac, twenty pounds; camphor, two pounds; powdered cayenne pepper, six pounds; (Good Heavens), caustic liquor of amonia, one pound; powdered opium, one half pound; (What?), and here's the method:

Digest these ingredients in Thirty-Two Gallons of alcohol for two weeks and filter.

Unfortunately there is no dosage mentioned. Perhaps one just sniffed the air around the barrel. No matter. A remedy such as this gives credence to that old adage . . . feeling no pain.

Granny and her remedies have long since left the scene and whether or not they worked will remain a moot point. Even if they didn't perform as expected, it surely took a strong constitution to swallow some of those weird and wonderful concoctions, not to mention the fun of trying the pain killer, steeped in thirty-two gallons of alcohol!

The Tragic Shipwreck of the Brigantine St. Lawrence

LILAH SMITH BIRD

Stories of shipwrecks were passed down from generation to generation of loss of life and ships which took place off the Cape Breton coast.

One incident the writer remembers is the story of the shipwreck of the Brigantine *St. Lawrence*. This was an early shipwreck recorded in a narrative by Ensign Samuel Walter Prentice of the 84th Royal Highland Regiment.

This narrative describes the wreck of the Brigantine *St. Lawrence* in passage from Quebec to New York in the year 1780. This Brigantine was wrecked at Little Judique near the coast of Port Hood Island, Cape Breton.

In November, 1780 while the Revolutionary War was raging, the Commander of the British forces at Quebec had Despatches of Importance to transmit to Sir Henry Clinton, in command of the British forces at New York.

All roads were closed, so Dispatches had to be sent by sea. Accordingly they were made out in duplicate, and sent by two separate vessels, so that if one vessel failed to get through, the other no doubt would get there. One set of Dis-

patches was entrusted to Ensign Drummond of the 44th Foot, and the other to Ensign Prentice who sailed on the Brigantine *St. Lawrence*. The two vessels set sail in November and went down the St. Lawrence River. Both vessels ran into stormy weather and both schooner and Brigantine became thickly encrusted with ice.

On December 1st, 1780, the wind, which was northwest increased to a heavy gale and this combined with intense frost and snow made their voyage across the Gulf of St. Lawrence most difficult.

On the night of Dec. 3rd, the schooner floundered with all hands on board. The Brigantine *St. Lawrence* became water logged, and coated with ice, but she continued on and on through the Gulf of St. Lawrence, past the Magdelene Islands with the swirling snowstorm so thick the crew could not see the mast head from the deck.

The seas were mountainous high, and broke over the Brigantine's quarter, stove in the lights, started the stern post, flooded the cabins, and washed the Captain out of the bed he occupied ever since the storm began. The Captain and some of the crew were drunk most of the voyage.

The capable mate, and Ensign Prentice took command of the Brigantine. They ordered the sailors to work the pumps, but these were frozen and the vessel was filled to the deck with water. The *St. Lawrence* staggered along, there was the constant danger of being thrown on her beam ends, capsized, or swamped by the huge billows which every now and then made a clean breach over her.

Only one man remained on deck lashed to the helm. All he could do was to keep the vessel directly before the blizzard. Ensign Prentice prepared for death, but his duty was to save his Dispatches. By some miracle he thought he might be saved.

On drove the *St. Lawrence* before the storm, toward the Lower south-west corner of Cape Breton Island, and on the night of December 5th, she passed between Port Hood Island and Henry Island. She did not strike, nor did she capsize in the breakers in the shallow water, but her decks were awash with the breakers that swept across her continually.

The *St. Lawrence* finally struck the shore at Little Judique, two miles from Port Hood Island. The keel and vessel's backbone were broken. The shore combers broke over her, smashing in the fabrics of the stern and driving passengers and crew out of their cabins to take refuge in the rigging.

At the same time every billow lifted the Brigantine nearer and nearer the shore. Then they launched a boat which was carefully secured, and with much difficulty made the shore.

To find shelter, they waded through snow waist high to woods, some two hundred yards away. The problem of Prentice was to keep himself and his companions awake. Sleep meant death; in spite of all his exertions a boy who had fallen into the water when he was trying to get ashore along with two sailors, gave way to drowsiness and flung themselves into the snow, were soon frozen to death.

The first night ashore, in the deep snow and bitter cold of the gale force wind, blowing from the Arctic must have been a very trying experience for the men on shore and those still aboard ship.

The ship's carpenter remained on board drunk along with the Captain who froze to death during the night. The *St. Lawrence* finally gave way under the ceaseless hammering of the breakers, and the afterpart began to break up and wash ashore.

As a result, some of the salt, and fresh beef, with some onions were washed up on the beach. The men agreed on a

daily ration of a quarter of a pound of beef and four onions per man, just sufficient to prevent starvation in the days ahead.

The crew on shore erected a shelter for themselves from the wreckage of their vessel and secured further supplies from the shore.

In the center of this crude shelter, roofless, and open to the weather, a fire was built to allow the smoke to escape through the wide opening overhead.

As the days passed, food supplies were dwindling very fast, but the number of mouths to be fed were also shrinking. They had no way of digging graves for their dead, and so they covered them with snow and branches of the trees.

By Dec. 20, this number had been reduced to fourteen. The survivors of the *St. Lawrence* remained in their hut, and a lingering death by famine seemed their certain fate. Ensign Prentice was a man of resources, and a leader, who made exact division of their provisions into fourteen equal parts. Eight men were to remain in the hut, while six men were sent out in their row boat, which had been repaired.

On January 4th, they set out and landed at Port Hood, one mile from Port Hood Island. There they took refuge for the night, and found empty casks and fish sheds which had been used by Portugese fishermen.

They found some salt codfish in the fish houses, this made them very thirsty and for drinking water they melted snow over the fire.

They also found frozen cranberries on bushes. They collected all they could and started out in their row boat with water, fish and frozen cranberries. Just then the north west wind began to blow in gale force, the wind had shifted to the opposite quarter.

The ice pack then blew out into the Gulf of St. Lawrence allowing them to proceed north in an attempt to find passage out of the Gulf waters, more of their numbers in the row boat perished from the severe winter weather of Cape Breton.

By February 18, they had reached a point somewhere near Ingonish, but were too weak to proceed further. Here they tried to keep themselves alive on boiled kelp, with a portion of candle melted in the brew. Prentice caught two partridges which were boiled and divided into portions.

Now, not expecting to survive, Prenties would carve his name on the bark of the largest trees wherever he landed, so that a trace of him might possibly be found after his death.

While at Cape Linzee he had written on the bark of a large tree a brief account of the wreck of the Brigantine *St. Lawrence* in English and French. With a request that anyone who discovered it would transmit the information to his father in Quebec.

Sometime later, Indians found these men in an exhausted and weakened condition. Ensign Prentice was so ill he could not stand. These Indian friends made rabbit broth and cut holes in the ice in the harbour, to catch fish to nourish their bodies, otherwise they would not have survived.

A year before, a Roman Catholic missionary passed through this part of the country in the dead of winter, and was storm stayed until spring. During his stay with the Indians he learned a great deal of the Indian ways, how to make baskets, canoes, how to fish and hunt. He in turn spread the "Good news of the Christian Gospel" to them, and they tenderly cared for these exhausted men.

Ensign Prentice was greatly impressed with their way of life and leading Christian lives.

They did not leave these men until they could travel again. It took a few weeks for them to regain their strength, finally when they were able to travel on April 20, 1781, they arrived at St. Peters, Cape Breton.

Of the eight men who were left at Little Judique, only three survived the winter. Some Indians found them and took them to Canso, making six men in all that were saved from the ship-wreck of the Brigantine *Saint Lawrence*.

Ensign Prentice with the survivors of the ship-wreck made their way to Isle Madame where they left Canso by a sloop on April 27 for Halifax.

From here, they reached Halifax by canoe May 7, 1781.

Final arrangements were made for a passage on H.M.S. Royal Oak and Ensign Prentice delivered the Dispatches to Sir Henry Clinton in New York, nine months after leaving Quebec.

Later, Officer Ensign Samuel Walter Prentice was decorated by His Majesty, King George III of England, for bravery, integrity, fortitude and strength in doing his duty for King and Country.

Nothing is known of the career of this officer after these events, but one wonders if the memory of the ordeals which he suffered from privation, cold, and famine did not remain with him the rest of his life. The determination and will to live and saving the lives of the men under his care, must have been a great example for many others to follow in his footsteps.

The Burns Family of Wilmot Township— Scotch-Irish Folk in Annapolis County

DR. ALLAN MARBLE

Calnek and Savary in their History of the County of Annapolis, state that the Burns family came to Wilmot Township from the North of Ireland in 1764 along with the Rays, McBrides. and Neilys. Land Grant records indicate that the above is, indeed, true since three Burns men, possibly brothers, named Frances, William, and John, obtained adjacent land grants of 450 acres each in 1774. These lands were located between Middleton and Brickton and the grants state that the three men had been in the Province since 1764. The three lots ran north-south and had their southern boundary on the Annapolis River.

Francis[1] Burns, one of three progenitors of the family, resided in the Wilmot Township on the land granted to him in 1774, and died there about 1798. His Will, which bears the latter date, indicates that he had a wife named Ruth, and at least eight children. The names of the children were:

1 i George b. 14 Dec. 1784, d. 30 Dec, 1874 m. , to Ann MORRISON
2 ii Francis b. 5 July, 1787, d 11 Sep, 1881, m. 8 Dec, 1812 to Love BOLSER
iii Margery b. , , d. , , m. , to Job PINEO
iv Margaret b. , , d. , , m. 14 Oct, 1828 to George HENSHAW
v Elizabeth b. , , d. ca. 1812. never married
3 vi Archibald b. ca. 1796, d. 5 Oct. 1861, m. , to Hannah BROOKS

vii John b. 3 Jan, 1797, d. 25 Jan, 1868, m. , to ———

1. George[2] (Francis[1]) Burns was born in Wilmot Town-

viii Ann b. , , d.

ship on 14 Dec, 1784, son of Francis and Ruth Burns. He remained in Wilmot Township, and farmed his father's grant and later farmed at Stronach Mountain where he was residing in 1864. He married Ann (b. 13 Aug, 1787), daughter of George and Elizabeth Morrison, and they had seven children. Ann died at Wilmot on 5 Nov. 1872, and George died there on 30 Dec, 1874, and they are buried at Melvern Square. In religion they were Baptist. Their children were:

4 i George Morrison b. ca. 1809, 29 Sep. 1888, m. , to Paulina —

5 ii Stephen b. ca. 1813, d. 31 Dec, 1881, m. , to Rosannah FALES

iii Mary Ann b. , 1818, d , 1894, m. 25 Dec, 1856 to Benjamin PHINNEY

6 iv John b. 23 Jun, 1825, d. 15 Apr. 1887, m. , to Margaret BANKS

v Seraph b. ca. 1827, d. , .

vii James A. b. ca. 1828, d. 12 Aug. 1845.

vii Francis b. , , d. , .

4. George Morrison[3] (George[2], Francis[1]) Burns was born in Wilmot Township about the year 1809, son of George and Ann (Morrison) Burns. He was listed as a Merchant in Granville in 1833, and by 1838 had become a resident of Saint John, New Brunswick. He married, before leaving Nova Scotia. Paulina (b. ca. 1814 in Nova Scotia), and had at least seven children. George died at Saint John on 29 Sep. 1888. His children were:

i George F. b. ca. 1832, d. . .

ii Hortense Emma b. ,d. , , m. 25 Dec, 1865 to Amos J. WATSON

iii Helen Jane b. ca. 1840. d. . .

iv Robert N. b. ca. 1842, d. , .

v Maria P. b. ca. 1844, d. , .

vi Henry H. b. ca. 1848, d. , , m. 23 Nov, 1871 to Lydia E. REAGH

vii Gordon D. b. ca. 1854, d. , .

Repeated inquiries to the Burns families presently residing in Saint John has failed to uncover any descendants of this family of George and Paulina Burns.

5. Stephen[3] (George[2], Francis[1]) Burns was born in Wilmot Township about the year 1813. son of George and Ann (Morrison) Burns. He was married to Rosannah (b. ca. 1815), daughter of Daniel and Elizabeth (Larlie) Fales and farmed at Stronach Mountain. Stephen died at Kingston Station on 31 Dec, 1881, and Rosannah died on 13 Jan, 1894. They are buried at the North Kingston cemetery. Their children were:

7 i Amos S. b. 20 Nov. 1841, d. 30 Mar, 1929, m. 18 Aug, 1868 to Charlotte GATES, m. 18 Jun, 1875 to Ruby L. STRONACH

8 ii James Francis b. 16 Jul, 1848, d. 10 Jun, 1895, m. 10 Jan, 1880 to Susan E. STRONACH

iii Elizabeth Anne b. 22 Feb, 1850, d. 30 Dec, 1934, m. 11 May, 1877 to Burpee SAUNDERS. School teacher. Lived at Springfield. One son, three daughters.

7. Amos[4] S. (Stephen[3], George[2], Francis[1]) Burns was born at Stronach Mountain on 20 Nov, 1841, and was the son of Stephen and Rosannah (Fales) Burns. He was married first on 18 Aug, 1868 to Charlotte A. (b. ca. 1847), daughter of Dimock and Eliza Gates. Charlotte died of heart disease at Margaretville on 19 Feb, 1875. Amos was married secondly on 18 Jun, 1875 to Ruby Lavenia (b. 18 Feb, 1842), daughter of Rev. Abraham and Susan (Reagh) Stronach. In his early years. Amos Burns was a Sea Captain and sailed out of Margaretville. He later became a businessman in Kingston, and it is said that he was the first to ship Valley blueberries to markets outside of Nova Scotia. He raised these blueberries on his farm at Tremont. Kings County. He later travelled for DeLong and Seaman of Boston, and lived at Newton, Massachusetts. After his retirement, Amos returned to Nova Scotia and resided at Clementsport where he lived until his death on 30 Mar, 1929. His second wife, Ruby, died at Clementsoprt on 23 May, 1925. Captain Amos Burns had a total of eight children, however only six of these lived beyond infancy. The children were:

i Charlotte Amelia b. 25 Feb, 1876, d. 11 Jun, 1936, m. 7 Nov, 1907 to Moore McCORMICK. Lived at Annapolis Royal and Lequille. One son, two daughters.
ii Edwin R. DeLong b. 1 Oct. 1877, d. 6 Nov, 1917, m. 1 Jan, 1902 to Bertha PELTON. Two sons
iii Arthur Silver b. 29 Mar, 1879, d. 20 Dec, 1950, m. 10 Oct, 1906 to J. Pearl MORTON. One daughter
iv Wylie Norval b. 13 Feb, 1882, d. 24 Jan, 1958, m. 12 Apr, 1905 to Susan McMURACHY. Four sons, five daughters
v Jesse A. b. 3 Feb, 1883, d. 12 Feb, 1883.
vi Bertie Oland b. 16 Sep, 1884, d. 8 Dec, 1884.
vii Grace Kisboro b. 16 Sep, 1884, d. 11 Apr, 1971. Never married
viii Reagh Kenneth b. 6 Jan, 1889, d. 7 Mar, 1957, m. 10 Sep, 1924 to Margaret ROOP. One daughter

8 James[4] Francis (Stephen[3], George[2], Francis[1]) Burns was born in Wilmot Township on 16 Jul, 1848, son of Stephen and Rosannah (Fales) Burns. He became merchant in Kingston about the year 1880, and was in partnership with a man named Reagh. James was married on 10 Jan, 1880 to Susan Elizabeth (b. 20 Jan, 1854), daughter of Rev. Abraham and Susan (Reagh) Stronach and they had four children. He died on 10 Jun, 1893, and left a widow, two daughters, and a son. His wife died on 3 Feb, 1896, and is buried along with James at North Kingston. Their children were:

i Rossie J. b. ca. 1882, d. 16 Jan, 1891.
ii Joseph Hall b. , , d. , . Lived at Newton, Mass.
iii Winnifred Ray b. . , d. , , m. Lived in Mass.
iv Ruby L. b. , , d. . , m. Lived in Mass.

6. John[3] (George[2], Francis[1]) Burns was born at Stronach Mountain on 23 Jun, 1825 son of George and Ann (Morrison) Burns. He settled at Stronach Mountain and was married to Margaret (b. 25 Feb, 1819). fourth daughter of Timothy and Margaret (Bass) Banks.

John Burns died on 15 Apr, 1887. and his wife, Margaret died on 31 Jul, 1905. They are buried at Melvern Square. Their six children were:

9 i Raymond K. b. 26 Aug, 1848, d. 2 Apr, 1932, m. 12 Feb, 1879 to Elizabeth HARRIS

ii Leah Jane b. 4 Feb, 1850, d. 6 Mar, 1930, m. 13 Jun, 1870 to James R. BROWN. Lived at South Farmington. One son, two daughters.

10 iii Dimock Banks b. ca. 1852, d. 3 Dec, 1915, m. 10 Jul, 1872 to Anna E. BROWN

iv Zilpha L. b. 21 Mar, 1854, d. 6 Jul, 1935, m. , to George W. BROWN. Two sons, two daughters

v Joseph S. b. ca. 1856, d. 18 Dec, 1879.

vi Freeman b. 17 Nov, 1857, d. 11 Dec, 1859.

Haddon

9. Raymond[4] K. (John[3], George[2], Francis[1]) Burns was born at Stronach Mountain on 26 Aug, 1848, son of John and Margaret (Banks) Burns. He was a farmer at Stronach Mountain most of his life, except for the period 1906 to 1914 when he lived in Massachusetts. Raymond was married to Elizabeth (b. 1 Nov, 1855), daughter of James and Elizabeth Harris of Stronach Mountain on 12 Feb, 1879. They had a family of six children. Elizabeth died on 8 Apr. 1922, and Raymond died at Stronach Mountain on 2 Apr, 1932, and they are buried at Melvern Square. Their children were:

i Robert Archibald b. 24 Nov, 1879, d. 22 Jun, 1949. Never married. Farmer at Stronach Mountain

ii Lucy Mabel b. 28 Apr, 1881. d. 23 Mar, 1968, m. 30 Mar, 1927 to Sydney BARNES

iii Ruth Harris b. 15 Sep, 1883, d. 28 Jan, 1958, m. 7 Jul. 1906 to Harry WEAVER. Lived at Stronach Mountain

iv Jessie Alberta b. 19 May, 1887, d. 18 Feb, 1972, m. 24 Mar, 1905 to Adelbert WEAVER. Lived at Melvern Square

v Margaret Elizabeth b. 17 Nov, 1889, m. 8 Dec. 1917 to Dr. Archibald CAMERON. Lives in Manitoba

vi Mary Almira b. 11 Aug, 1892. Never married. Lives in Middleton.

10. Dimock[4] Banks (John[3], George[2], Francis[1]) Burns was born at Stronach Mountain about the year 1852, son of John and Margaret (Banks) Burns. He was married on 10 Jul, 1872 to Anna Eliza, (b. ca. 1849), daughter of George and Rachel (Dill) Brown of Hampton. Sometime after 1872 he formed a partnership with a man named Shand in Windsor and opened a business on Water Street in that town. Their firm was destroyed in the Windsor fire which occurred in 1897, and after that date Dimock moved his family to Somerville, Massachusetts. Dimock died there on 3 Dec, 1915, and his wife, Anna, died on 4 Aug, 1924. Their children were:

i Pauline Margaret b. 1 Sep, 1873. d. 22 Feb. 1954. Never married

ii Winnifred b. 30 Nov, 1875 d. , , m. , to Rev. T. LAITE

iii Lavenia Otis b. 24 May, 1878, d. 14 Sep, 1961. Never married

iv Joseph Freeman b. 3 Jan, 1881, d. 15 Sep, 1965, m. 12 Mar, 1913 to Edna BRATTIG. One son
v Amos b. 14 Nov, 1882, d. 23 Feb. 1900.
vi Ethel b. 22 Aug, 1884, d. , . Never married
vii Percy Gladstone b. 6 Oct, 1885, d. 10 Sep, 1957, m. 19 Sep, 1925 to Marguerite ELLIS. Two sons, one daughter
viii Alice Ermina b. 8 Nov, 1888. d. 18 Jul, 1975, m. 2 Jan. 1918 to Rev. C. WILSON. Six children

2. Francis[2] (Francis[1]) Burns was born in Wilmot Township on 5 Jul, 1787, son of Francis and Ruth Burns. He was married on 8 Dec, 1812 to Love (b. 13 Mar, 1788). daughter of Christopher and Lydia (Woodbury) Bolsor. Francis and Love resided at Hanley Mountain until about 1826 when they removed to Harbourville, Kings County. Love Burns died at Harbourville on 4 Nov, 1867, and Francis died there on 11 Sep, 1881. Their children included:

11 i Peter b. 4 Dec, 1813, d. 27 May, 1873, m. , to Mary E.

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ii Mahale b. 27 Sep, 1815, d. ,
iii Horatio Nelson b. 14 Sep, 1817, d. ,
iv Lorana b. 30 Mar. 1821, d. ,

11. Peter[3] (Francis[2], Francis[1]) Burns was born in Wilmot Township on 4 Dec, 1813 son of Francis and Love (Bolsor) Burns. He lived at Harbourville, Kings County, where he carried on farming. Peter was married to Mary E. (b. ca. 1826), and they had at least two children. Peter Burns died on 27 May, 1873, and his wife, Mary, died at Port Lorne, Annapolis County, on 11 Oct, 1881. Their son Francis may be the Francis Burns referred to in the Wilmot Mountain Baptist Church Records as having transferred his Church membership to Brunswick, Georgia in Feb, 1912. The children of Peter and Mary Burns included:

i Love b. ca. 1858, d. 22 May, 1871.
ii Francis b. ca. 1861, d. ,

3. Archibald[2] (Francis[1]) Burns was born in Wilmot Township about the year 1796, son of Francis and Ruth Burns. He was married to Hanna Brooks (b. ca. 1799), daughter of Timothy Brooks. and they farmed at Port Lorne, being in that area at least prior to 1835. Hannah was a member of the Wilmot Mountain Baptist Church in the year 1835. Archibald's Will of 1861 indicates that they had at least five children. Archibald died at Wilmot Mountain on 5 Oct, 1861, and Hannah died at the home of her daughter, Ruth, at Mount Rose, Annapolis County, on 14 Apr, 1881. They are buried at Port Lorne. Their children were:

12 i Abraham b. ca. 1824, d. 17 May, 1864, m. , 1853 to Lucy Ann SAUNDERS
ii Ruth Ann b. Oct, 1826, d. 26 Jan, 1913, m. . to Jacob BANKS. No issue
iii Susan b. ca. 1828. d. 12 Feb, 1911, m. , to James BROOKS. No issue
13 vi Archibald b. ca. 1832, d. 29 May, 1900, m. , to Maria BANKS
v Israel S. b. ca. 1835, d. 10 Jan, 1854.

12. Abraham[3] (Archibald[2], Francis[1]) Burns was born in Wilmot Township about the year 1824, son of Archibald and Hannah (Brooks) Burns. He lived as a farmer at Port Lorne and was married in 1853 to Lucy Ann Saunders (b. ca. 1826). Abraham died at Port Lorne on 17 May, 1864, and after his death, Lucy Ann and her children moved to Sandy Cove, Digby County where she was living as early as 1868. Land records for Digby County indicate that Lucy Burns sold lands at Sandy Cove in 1892, but I have not been able to establish her date of death or the place of residence or demise of her two children.

i Ruth Ann b. ca. 1854, d.
ii Francis b. ca. 1856, d.

13. Archibald[3] (Archibald[2], Francis[1]) Burns was born at Port Lorne about the year 1832, son of Archibald and Hannah (Brooks) Burns. He became a farmer at Port Lorne, and was married to Maria Banks, widow of William H. Roach. She was born on 10 Apr. 1820, and was the second daughter of John and Polly (Farnsworth) Banks of Arlington, Annapolis County. About the year 1890 Archibald and Maria Burns moved to Belleisle with their daughter, Etta McNalla, formerly of Boston. Archibald carried on farming there until he died on 29 May, 1900, and Maria died at Granville at the home of Satira, her daughter, on 28 Nov, 1913. Their children were:

i Susan Helena b. 15 Mar, 1855, d. 26 Jan, 1942, m. 14 Dec, 1881 to Richard MARSHALL. Lived at Hampton. Two daughters, one son. m. , , to Weston HICKS. Lived near Waltham, Massachusetts, and died there.
ii Mary H. b. , 1859, d. 13 Feb, 1890, m. 15 Apr. 1883 to J. Enos SWALLOW. Lived at Springfield, Annapolis County. One son, one daughter.
iii Satira Adelaide b. 12 May, 1860, d. 20 May, 1950, m. 6 Oct, 1883 to Frank HOGAN. Lived at Belleisle. Two sons, one daughter.
iv Jane Lucetta (called Etta) b. ca. 1861, d. ca. 1939, m. 10 Sep, 1876 to Simeon HENSHAW. Lived at Centerlea (at that time called Centreville) m. to ———— McNALLA. Lived in or near Boston. Widowed in 1890. m. 7 May, 1890 to William C. MILLER. Lived in Revere, Mass. in 1895, and Mansfield, Mass in 1913. Supposed to have died in Tampa sometime after August, 1939.
14 v James Edward b. ca. 1863, d. 2 Dec, 1899, m. 24 Dec, 1887 to Emma J. COOK

14. James[4] Edward (Archibald[3], Archibald[2], Francis[1]) Burns was born at Port Lorne about the year 1863, son of Archibald and Maria (Banks) Burns. He resided in Weymouth, Digby County, for a short time before opening a grocery and general merchandise store in Bridgetown about the year 1890. He carried on this business until he died while on a business trip to Saint John, New Brunswick on 2 Dec, 1899. James Burns was married on 24 Dec, 1887 to Emma J. (b. 1865), second daughter of Joseph Cook of Weymouth. Emma died at Bridgetown on 18 Dec, 1947. Their five children were:

i Archibald Joseph b. 5 May. 1889, d. , 1965, m. 12 Jun, 1912 to Jennie STANSBURY. Two sons, four daughters

ii Albert James b. 28 Oct, 1895, m. 30 Aug, 1916 to Nellie RICE. Live in Bridgetown. One son, three daughters.
iii Wyman A. b. 2 Sep, 1894, d. 9 Dec, 1894.
iv Etta b. 18 Aug, 1897, d. 23 Jan, 1934, m. to Ernest BACKMAN. Lived in Everett, Mass. One son, one daughter.
v Edna Marie b. ca. 1899. m. 2 Mar, 1920 to Charles CAHILL. Lives in Aylesford. Two sons.

William Burns, the second of the three Burns men to receive Grants of land at Wilmot in 1774, was born in the North of Ireland about the year 1733 and came to Wilmot Township in 1764. He was married to Tabitha ———, and resided in Wilmot Township until he died. William was buried on 3 May, 1818, and his Will suggests that he and Tabitha had but one child.

15 i William b. 21 Oct, 1796, d. , , m. 8 June. 1815 to Dorothy BROWN

15. William[2] (William[1]) Burns was born in Wilmot Township on 21 Oct, 1796, son of William and Tabitha Burns. He was married on 8 Jun, 1815 to Dorothy (b. ca. 1799), daughter of Ezekial and Mary (Gates) Brown of Wilmot. William and Dorothy sold their lands in Wilmot Township in 1825, and were living in Annapolis Township as early as 1827. Their place of residence was the Broad Cove District of Annapolis County in 1861 and 1871. Dorothy died at Granville on 22 Sep, 1874. Their children included:

16 i John b. 12 May, 1816, d. , , m. , to Lydia ———
17 ii William b. 7 Aug, 1818, d. , , m. 26 Nov, 1845 to Sarah CONNELL
18 iii James Edward b. 21 Jun, 1821, d. 29 Mar, 1911, m. , to Mary ————
19 iv Samuel b. , 1826, d. 20 Jan, 1911, m. 12 Jan, 1858 to Maria McWHINNIE
v Sarah Ann b. ca. 1841, d. , , m. 22 Dec, 1868 to Stephen HUDSON

16. John[3] (William[2], William[1]) Burns was born in Wilmot Township on 12 May, 1816, son of William and Dorothy (Brown) Burns. He was a fisherman on the Granville Bay Shore when his daughter was born in 1851. Sometime prior to that date he was married to Lydia or Louisa ———, and in 1871, the year of their daughter's marriage, they were living in Milford, Annapolis County. Their daughter was:

i Sarah Jane b. , 1851, d. 12 Mar, 1926, m. 22 May, 1871 to Cyrus MAILMAN. Lived at Graywood, Annapolis County. Five sons, one daughter. m. , 1923 to Rufus WENTZELL. Lived at Lake Munro.

17. William[3] (William[2], William[1]) Burns was born in Wilmot Township on 7 Aug, 1818, son of William and Dorothy (Brown) Burns. On 26 Nov, 1845 he was married to Sarah Ann (b. ca. 1830), daughter of Patrick Connell, and they took up residence at Nictaux. In 1871 they were living at Dalhousie, Annapolis County, and William was a farmer. Sarah Ann died at Dalhousie on 10 Jan, 1891, and is buried at Albany. It is not known whether William and Sarah had any children, and I have been told that the two boys living with them as given in the 1871 Census were not their children but were

brought up in their household. Since these two boys went by the surname Burns in later life, I include their names here, but do not follow their descendants forward. The two were:

i William Avard b. , 1851, d. , 1916, m. 28 Mar, 1873 to Annie DURLING

ii Millage W. b. 11 May, 1865, d. Oct, 1947, m. , to Susanna WOODWORTH

18. James Edward[3] (William[2], William[1]) Burns was born in Wilmot Township on 21 Jun, 1821, son of William and Dorothy (Brown) Burns. He resided at Nictaux, and was married to Mary ——— (b. ca. 1813) and had seven children. Mary Burns died at Nictaux on 5 Jun, 1891, and James died there on 29 Mar, 1911. Their children were:

20 i William Henry b. Oct, 1846, d. 5 Sep, 1928, m. 24 Sep, 1868 to Susanna WILLETT

ii Samuel b. , 1850, d. 25 May, 1931. Never married. Farmer at Nictaux West

iii Lenoria b. ca. 1851, d. 26 Feb, 1935, m. , to Stephen ORPIN. Lived at Millville. One daughter.

iv Fred b. ca. 1852, d. , . Lived at Blomidon.

v Jessie Maria b. 16 Aug, 1854, d. 8 Jul, 1950. Never married

vi Cynthia Jane b. , 1857, d. 22 Aug, 1947, m. 28 Dec, 1884 to C. Lawrence FANCY

vii Lucy b. , 1866, d. , 1927. Never married

20. William[4] Henry (James[3], William[2], William[1]) Burns was born at Nictaux in Oct, 1846, son of James Edward and Mary Burns. He was married on 24 Sep, 1868 to Susanna, (b. ca. 1849), daughter of Daniel and Eunice (Ward) Willett and they resided at Cleveland Mountain, near Nictaux. William died at Nictaux on 5 Sep, 1828, and Susan died there on 3 Jul, 1936. Their children were:

i Serephia V. b. . 1866, d. 13 Dec, 1949. m. 29 Aug, 1886 to William McGILL. Lived at Inglisville. Two sons, one daughter.

ii Daniel James b. ca. 1869, d. 2 Dec, 1871.

iii Norman b. . , d. , . Lived in Newton. Mass.

iv John Churchill b. ca. 1877, d. 18 Jul, 1963, m. 16 Jun, 1904 to Laura PARKER. Five sons, three daughters.

v Amelia S. b. ca. 1881, d. , , m. 12 Aug. 1890 to Gilbert HINES

vi Ida L. b. , 1882, d. , 1969, m. 17 Aug, 1904 to Gilbert HINES. Lived at Nictaux South.

19. Samuel[3] (William[2], William[1]) Burns was born at Wilmot Township in 1826, son of William and Dorothy (Brown) Burns. He became a fisherman on the Granville Bay Shore at Port Wade and is listed as a seaman at Granville as late as 1890. About that time he removed with his family to Boston. Samuel was married on 12 Jan, 1858 to Maria E. (b. 1829), daughter of John McWhinnie of Granville. Samuel died in Boston on 20 Jan. 1911, and Maria died in 1912. They are buried at Port Wade. Their children included:

i a dau b. ca. 1859, d. . .

ii John b. , , d. , . Living in Boston in 1911

iii Samuel C. b. , 1870, d. 10 Feb, 1886.

John, the third of the Burns men who came to Wilmot Township in 1764 was married to Ruth Sabean (b. ca. 1785), daughter of Jeremiah and Susanna (LeValley) Sabean. The Sabean Genealogy published in the Bridgetown Monitor of 10 Apr, 1908 states that their descendants live in various parts of Annapolis County, but it appears that their only issue was female since I have not been able to trace any Burns men who were descendant from John and Ruth Burns..

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Contributors

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Mr. Leefe is a member of the Board of Governors of the University of King's College. He is also a member of the Queens County Historical Society and the Nova Scotia Teachers Social Studies Association.

He has held teaching positions in Saint John, New Brunswick, and Halifax, Nova Scotia, and is now residing in Liverpool with his wife and two children and holds the position of Head of the Social Studies Department, Liverpool Regional High School.

CAROL JOAN McLEOD was born in Halifax. She attended Amherst Regional High School where she was awarded the Governor General's Medal and the Lieutenant Governor's Medal. She also received a scholarship to Mount Allison University where she furthered her education.

Mrs. McLeod is a part time bank teller and free lance writer. Her articles have appeared in the Amherst Daily News, The Halifax Mail-Star, Dartmouth Free Press and the Fourth Estate. Several articles have been accepted by the Atlantic Advocate.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

MARY ELLOUISE BLACK was born in Nantucket, Mass., U.S.A. She received her early education in Wolfville, Nova Scotia and is a graduate of Acadia Ladies Seminary there.

Later, as a Registered Occupational Therapist in the field of Psychiatry, she served in that profession in military hospitals following World War I, and organized and directed Occupational Therapy programs in various hospitals in the United States.

Miss Black has studied handcrafts at many well known centres in the United States and overseas, and is a Master Weaver. She organized and directed the Handcrafts Division for the Province of Nova Scotia and it was during her directorship that the Nova Scotia Tartan was developed, and the mural on exhibit at the Barrington Woollen Mills was executed. (see *The Story of The Nova Scotia Tartan* by Marjorie Major.)

MARIANNE E. DEMPSTER was born and educated in Halifax. She attended St. Joseph's Girls' School, St. Patrick's High School and St. Mary's College.

Mrs. Dempster is the author of a juvenile book, The Whale who Needed Glasses and numerous published articles.

Mrs. Dempster is a writer and housewife, with a deep interest in history, especially Nova Scotian.

ALLAN EVERETT MARBLE is a native Nova Scotian. He was born in Truro and attended school there and in Dartmouth. He continued his studies at Dalhousie University and Nova Scotia Technical College where he was awarded four scholarships and an Honours Bachelor's Degree.

He has written numerous scientific abstracts and papers pertaining to medical research and is the author of a book on Genealogy, published in 1966.

Mr. Marble is chairman of the Genealogy committee, Nova Scotia Historical Society and is a member of the Nova Scotia Institute of Science and the Royal Philatelic Society of Canada.

Book Reviews

LORNA INNESS

The Macmillan Book of Canadian Place Names,
By William B. Hamilton
340 pages, hardcover, published 1977
Macmillan of Canada, $16.95

Place names have their own special fascination. "Why is it called that?" is a question heard frequently, especially from tourists. Sometimes the answer is lost far back in time, sometimes there are conflicting explanations.

Often (and this is an aspect which I find of great interest) the name is a simplification or corruption or phoentic rendering of some ancient phrase or name.

Whatever their source, place names are woven into a nation's history, signposts along the way not only of where we are going but of where we have been.

The subject has been one of long-term interest for Dr. William B. Hamilton of the Atlantic Institute of Education and he has compiled, following lengthy and detailed research a directory of some of the place names to be found throughout Canada.

"Some of" is a necessary qualification. It would take several volumes of a format similar to the present railway guides to list all the names. But there is room for a work with limited terms of reference.

Dr. Hamilton notes that some 50 years have gone by since the publication of The Origin and Meaning of Place Names in Canada by George Armstrong and that while some local and provincial works have appeared, "no other general treatment of Canadian toponymy" has been published since 1930.

Obviously, given the amount of change, expansion and development since that time, there was a marked need for a more current work.

Dr. Hamilton adds that while at first he thought that it would be enough to revise Armstrong's work, "it became obvious that more was required." Armstrong's work did not include Newfoundland with its own rich fund of place names. There had been "great pro-

gress" in place-name research since the publication of Armstrong's book and Hamilton felt it was possible to improve on the methods of selection of the earlier work.

Faced with the existence of some 300,000 recorded place-names in this country, Dr. Hamilton worked out a set of guidelines by which to single out names for inclusion in this book. He used three general categories, size—major centres of population and most important physical features; history—places with a most significant bearing on the country's development; human interest—a "broad selection of those places most likely to provoke the question 'What is the meaning of that name?' "

Concerning the study of place-names, Dr. Hamilton writes that they "are investigated because of the valuable insight they provide into history for the evidence they give of linguistic change, and for the clues they provide concerning the cultural and social development of the country."

Dr. Hamilton notes that the choice of a name is not always obvious. He gives some examples of controversial changes, such as in the renaming of Castle Mountain as Mt. Eisenhower and the change from Hamilton Falls to Churchill Falls.

Dr. Hamilton gives a brief account of the history of the Canadian Permanent Committee on Geographical Names and its work and the procedures involved in selecting new names or changing old ones. There is also a set of guidelines covering the selection of suitable names.

The various provinces and territories are dealt with in separate chapters, the place names being listed alphabetically.

The section dealing with Nova Scotia is, of course, of special interest. Place-names in this province reflect the rich and varied heritage of Micmac, French, English, Scots, German.

So great was the similarity of parts of New Scotia to Scotland that homesick settlers gave Old Scotia's names and descriptive terms to many parts of Cape Breton and northeastern Nova Scotia. Arisaig, "Settled in the 1870s by families from Arisaig, Scotland, and named by them for their former home," is a case in point, one of many.

Apple River, Cumberland County is a direct translation of the name, Rivere aux Pommes given to the area by the French. Why, one is left wondering. The answer is probably lost forever.

Bear River, Lescarbot's Riviere Hebert, is listed as "An English corruption of the original French."

But the fascination of the names derived from Indian terms is the strongest. Chezzetcook (Cesetkook or Sesetkook). Cobequid (possibly from Wakobetquitk); Ecum Secum (Ekamsagen and Ekemsikam); Kennetcook (Kunetkook) and the list goes on to Whycocomagh (Wakogumash).

Readers who find some of their favorite place names have been omitted are reminded of the guidelines which of necessity had to restrict selection. Dr. Hamilton, however, welcomes comments from readers, including bits of history concerning names as well as names not included to add to his research materials.

The names are not pinpointed as to location (a point which might be considered for any subsequent revision), and the use of a good map, a current highways map will do, will add to the interest of the book.

The Forest Dwellers, Stella Brewer,
254 pages, hardcover, illustrated, published 1978
Collins Publishers, $14.95

Animals normally found in the wilds and jungles of remote places of the world are fascinating and most of us see them only in pictures or in zoos. Stella Brewer, however, is a young woman who has found a life work in helping young orphaned chimpanzees to survive and preparing them for re-introduction into the wild world in which they would normally have lived out their lives.

Stella Brewer whose father is a forest officer in the Gambia, was no stranger to jungle creatures, but it was the sight of a baby chimp badly treated and ill, offered for sale, which touched her mind and heart. Buying the pathetic bundle of fur, she began a lengthy process of treating its injuries—physical and emotional, and gaining its trust and confidence. At the time of writing her book, she noted that William, the chimp who started it all, was a seven-year-old healthy animal, relaxed and contentedly absorbed in the normal routines of chimpanzee life.

The experiences with William led to similar efforts to help other small apes until it became obvious that the young woman had found an important life work. The next task was to find suitable space in a wild environment. Reserve facilities proved unsuitable and eventually a remote spot seen by her father in his travels turned out to be the desired sanctuary.

From her camp on Mount Asserick, in the Niokolo Koba national park in Senegal Brewer has continued the work which has won her the admiration of Jane Goodall, who has written the preface for this book, and international renown.

Stella Brewer's work in rehabilitating an assortment of apes who came into her care is a magnificent story and reveals the striking qualities of courage, patience and dedication which have enabled her to overcome difficulties which would have thwarted a lesser personality.

Her work with the Chimpanzee Rehabilitation Project, involving these animals so similar to man in so many ways, is an inspiring story.

Build your Own Log Cabin, Paul and Karyn Pfarr
191 pages, hardcover, illustrated, published 1978
General Publishing Co. Ltd., $15.75

For evidence of the great interest in log cabins one has only to look at the ads for many modern "package" homes, using basic log cabin styles—North American and European—adapted for today's urban living.

Moreover, people who build camps in the woods as retreats from the pressures of city living, not only for use in the summer

months but for year-round use, are showing a greater interest in building to the old designs and in doing much of the work themselves.

So it was with Paul and Karyn Pfarr, two students in Ohio who explored "alternate life styles" and built first a log cabin in Kentucky and later the Wisconsin home in which they now reside.

The Pfarrs built their first cabin when they were "desperately poor". The structure, which turned out to be "extremely solid and beautiful", took almost a year and a half to build instead of a more reasonable three months.

The Pfarrs found that the available reference material was not suitable for people starting without some basic knowledge of log cabin construction. Where the old ways had been recorded, too often the writers, under an assumption which them held good that most people consulting the book were aware of basic techniques, made only brief references and did not go into detail.

Concluding that a book was necessary to help other people with similar ambitions, the Pfarrs have produced what amounts to a text book on log cabin construction.

Chapters discuss the psychology of getting started, in itself sometimes a major hurdle to overcome; tools, materials (prices given held during the summer of 1977 and will have changed as wood costs, especially, continued to skyrocket. Nor do they take into account Canadian taxes. Also none of the measurements given are in the metric scale).

Design specifications cover a variety of plans; simple one-room structures for one person and larger two-storey accommodation for up to 10 people.

The construction process is explained step by step and the Pfarrs have added information from their own experience.

Other chapters deal with fireplaces and some simple basic designs for rustic furniture.

Readers contemplating building such structures should of course, check the planning restrictions and building regulations in their area.

The Pfarrs make two major points: One that it needn't cost a fortune to build a suitable, safe cabin and also that building a home "to last for years, and to fuel it with a renewable resources, as the nucleus of a more natural life is no destruction of the ecology, but a fortification of it."

The Joy of Spinning, Marilyn Kluger
187 pages, paperback, illustrated, first published 1971
Musson, $4.95

This book is sub-titled "the first complete book on handspinning for the hobbyist and craftsman—from choosing a wheel to carding, spinning and dyeing the handspun yarns with native plant dyes" which sums it all up pretty well.

An Indiana resident, Mrs. Kluger dates her interest in spinning from a visit to a fall craftsman's Fair of Southern Appalachian Highlands' artisans in Tennessee. Bitten by the urge to find a wheel and discover the delights and satisfaction of spinning yarn and creating

with it, Mrs. Kluger set about learning the necessary skills and this information is passed along in her book.

She discusses the learning process of this ancient form of "women's work" and devotes separate chapters to the wool gathering, preparing wool fleece for spinning, spinning yarn on a wool wheel, spinning wool on a treadle wheel, spinning with a hand spindle. spinning flax and other fibres. plying and skeining and the use of the yarn.

Of particular value to anyone interested in this art is the section dealing with the use of dyes obtained from plants. a technique in which there has been a resurgence of interest in Nova Scotia as well as elsewhere throughout North America.

The illustrations and diagrams will be helpful and there is a list of useful addresses, including some in Canada.

"For What Time I Am in This World" — Stories from Mariposa,
Edited by Bill Usher & Linda Page-Harpa
226 pages, paperback illustrated, published 1977
Peter Martin Associates Ltd., $8.95

This book is about the how and why of the Mariposa Folk Festival, how it got started, the people involved in it, the reasons for its success.

It is, however, more than an account of the festival on stage and behind the scenes. It contains illustrations in story, poem and song —along with the remarkable photographs and art work—designed to capture some of the essence of the festival spirit itself.

The editors, Bill Usher and Linda Page-Harpa, began their task by listening to hours of tape recordings made during the years since the Festival's beginnings (in which a Haligonian, Ruth Major Casey, was a prime factor). The editors were moved by the fact that the voices of the tellers of stories and singers of songs had been stilled and concern for preserving national social history as displayed at the Mariposa Festival gave added impetus to their work.

The excerpts chosen from the hundreds of tapes are grouped under general headings. Represented are artists well-known nationally and people known only in their own small communities who shared the richness of their heritage with others through means of the forum provided by the festivals.

Of special interest is the list of contributors whose work is in the book. There are lists for both further reading and further listening.

In the words of Linda Page-Harpa, "If I were asked why we selected certain stories rather than others, I think it was a sense that these were the ones we needed to hear. That they might contain answers about what is the best way to live 'for what time we are in this world'. "

Vanished Peoples, By Peter Such
94 pages, paperback, illustrated, published 1978
NC Press Ltd., Toronto, $5.95 (paper) $12.95 cloth.

One of the most intriguing of the anthropological mysteries of North America concerns the origins and nature of the Beothuk people of Newfoundland. Much of what is known of these people, and the two other groups who lived out their lives in what is now Newfoundland—the Cape Dorset Eskimos and the Maritime Archaic people—forms the basis of this study.

The reader's imagination is caught at the outset with the description of the burial of a young boy near L'Anse-Armour on the south coast of Labrador across the strait from Newfoundland. The burial site was preserved intact from that day some 7,500 years ago until it was found and excavated by Canadian archaelogists from Memorial University.

The burial site provided tantalizing remains of tools of a little known people and raised even more questions about these early wanderers who, it is believed, found their way to our shores when the glaciers of the last great Ice Age drove them from their northern Asian homeland.

It is generally considered that the Maritime Archaic people moved into Newfoundland some 5,000 years ago and that despite the island's riches of fish and game, it was necessary for the people to "keep moving to survive." Moreover, they had to depend upon a wide range of skills—sometimes using the fishing methods of the Eskimos and sometimes those of other peoples. Their story is a classic one of survival depending upon successful adaptation.

For some 1,000 years the Maritime Archaic people roamed Newfoundland freely along the coasts. About 1,500-,2000 years ago, it is suggested that these people began moving farther inland as Paleo-Eskimos or Dorsets, began moving along the coast from Labrador. What then happened to the Archaic people? Comments Such: "The only thing we can say with surety is that the sites occupied on the coasts by the Maritime Archaic people were taken over by an artistic Eskimo race who themselves vanished from Newfoundland only a short time before the Vikings landed at L'Anse aux Meadows."

Of the Dorset Eskimos, Such writes that they "left their remains over this vast area beginning almost 3,000 years ago and continuing until as late as two hundred years before the Cabots landed in Newfoundland."

Housepits left by the Dorsets provide some clues concerning their life and have been found along the coasts of Labrador and Newfoundland. Dishes, amulets, carvings and tools have been found providing more unanswered questions.

It was at Cape Freels that evidence was found of a group of Indians living as neighbors of the Dorset people and it is suggested that their culture developed from that of the Maritime Achaic people. The language of this Beothuk people has been accepted by scholars as a peculiar and early Algonkian dialect.

Writes Such: "Isolated from contact with the mainland except in very late times, the Beothuk, then, may well have represented the last example of the common Archaic Indian culture . . . "

Caribou were vital to the existence of the Beothuk, as is shown in relics from their time. Their extensive use of red ochre was also unique.

With the coming of explorers and fishermen from Europe there began a long persecution of the Beothuk peoples. Some were carried to slavery in Europe and, concludes Such, "from the middle seventeenth century onwards. the Beothuk were treated as inconveniences to be disposed of and were slaughtered on contact."

The story that follows is a savage one of ruthless killing, of battle and slaughter. By 1820, it appears, the tribe had been reduced to some 27 people confined to one lake area.

What happened to them has been related by Shawnadithit, the last of the Beothuk, and some of her sketches illustrate this book. Shawnadithit ended her days at the age of 29 as a domestic in a household in Twillingate. Even in death there was to be no permannency for this last of the Beothuk people. The Anglican cemetery in which she was buried in St. John's was destroyed to make way for a street project.

The book is profusely illustrated with sketches, maps and photographs of artifacts.

The Stowaway Piper, By Lilla Stirling
128 pages, paperback, illustrated, published 1978
Formac Publishing Co. Ltd., Antigonish $3.95

Here at last is a paperback edition of Lilla Stirling's charming story about a young Scottish lad who stows away on a vessel carrying settlers from Old Scotland to New Scotland. The story was originally published in 1961 by Thomas Nelson & Sons.

This new edition has sketches by Kurt Werth, and large print.

The hero is young Dougal Donald Macdonald from the upper glen in Invernesshire who has been orphaned and lives with his Uncle Willie. The wearing of the kilt and playing of the pipes have been outlawed but Willie leads young Dougal to a cave by the sea at night where they play the old tunes such as Wha'll Be King But Charlie and The Flowers of the Forest.

When Uncle Willie emigrates to New Scotland, Dougal Donald is desolate. The elderly couple who look after him are kind and he has young friends but his heart has gone overseas with Uncle Willie to the new land where men can breath free and play the pipes without fear of the king's soldiers.

When Dougal Donald's young friends and their family leave for New Scotland, the lad stows away on the ship. After many adventures and misadventures, he is reunited with his Uncle Willie and the sound of the pipes floats again on the night air.

Wild Mammals of New England By Alfred J. Godin
304 pages, hardcover illustrated, published 1977
Burns & MacEachern Ltd.. Don Mills, Ont. $30.

This book is intended for use as a text and reference work for students of wildlife biology and is written by a man whose interest in the subject began with a correspondence course taken while he was serving in Korea with the United States Navy.

Godin subsequently won degrees in wildlife management from the University of Missouri and wildlife biology from the University of Massachusetts.

According to Dana P. Snyder, of the department of zoology at the University of Massachusetts. Godin's book is "the first extensive account of mammals found in the New England states and their offshore waters."

As a text and reference work the book is first rate. It's detail is extensive and the observations carefully pinpointed as to sources. There are extensive lists of specimens examined, by state and then by place, and lists of books, reports, articles given as references.

There are maps showing ranges and finely drawn pencil sketches in black and white by Godin of examples of each mammal.

The book is published in the United States by the Johns Hopkins University Press of Baltimore and London and distributed in Canada by Burns and MacEachern Ltd., 62 Railside Road, Suite 3, Don Mills, Ontario, M3A 1A6.

So much for the book's value as a text for the serious student of wildlife biology. The book also has considerable value as a reference work for those households where there is an active interest in the wildlife to be found in Nova Scotian woods. Some of the creatures in this book will not be found here but there are many which are native to our own forests.

One of the frustrations for those who observe wildlife without the specialized knowledge of the biologist is finding guides which give more than rudimentary details about various animals. See a muskrat swimming near the edge of a lake or find a young raccoon and one can find only the minimum information.

While the average hobby wildlife watcher will not be overly awed at learning that the anterior faces of the incisors of our natural emblem are strongly developed and deep orange and that "the cheek teeth are hypsodont, rootless, and high crowned . . .", it is useful to know details of how the beavers build their dams and lodges something about their family behavior, their food, their communal habits and sundry other items of general interest.

This is the kind of book which, left around the house in an atmosphere where there is a reverence for wildlife and an opportunity to observe it from time to time, may well kindle a lifetime interest if not a career.

Working for Wildlife. By Janet Foster
283 pages, hardcover. illustrated, published 1978
University of Toronto Press, $19.95

A major attraction at any one of Canada's national parks is the variety of wildlife to be seen, but it was not always that way.

North American history is filled with accounts of reckless slaughter of animals and birds on the theory that there was an unlimited supply as well as an indifference in many instances to the unique quality of wildlife. Commercial interests accounted for the decimation of some species, as well.

By the 1880's, however there were isolated instances of the beginnings of wildlife conservation in Canada. Limits had been placed on the kills of some animals and birds.

But it was not a concern for wildlife which gave rise to the setting aside of 10 acres at Banff, now one of the country's most spectacular national parks. The area was reserved because of mineral springs and their attraction for tourists which meant business for the new railroad and hotels. While the reasons at first were commercial, one must be grateful today that the land was set aside at all. The Rocky Mountain and two other parks, Yoho and Glacier, which began as small areas in 1886 were later expanded to take in vast tracts.

By 1919 attitudes had begun to change. Arthur Meighen, then minister of the interior, was able to state at a national conference on The Conservation of Game, Furbearing animals and other Wild Life, that "We have only realized very late the importance of great truths—that the conservation of our game is as vital a subject for consideration and attention as is the conservation of any other of our natural resources."

But behind the beauty of the parks themselves and the rich abundance of wildlife which now graces them, behind the speeches of government leaders and the formal ceremonies of dedication and opening lay years of dedicated work behind the scenes on the part of park officials, wardens, civil servants who worked quietly and tirelessly for the protection of wildlife. Their names never became household words and little is known of them.

As Janet Foster writes in the introduction to her book: "The contribution they made to wildlife preservation, and to Canada's conservation history, has never been recognized, for the simple reason that their story has never been told."

Piecing together their story from copies of speeches, reports and correspondence in long forgotten files, Janet Foster details the work of such men as James Harkin, dominion parks commissioner Gordon Hewitt, dominion- entomologist; Maxwell Graham, parks official, who "almost single-handedly undertook the responsibility of preserving pronghorn antelope in the west and wood buffalo in the north.

Working for Wildlife fills a gap in the literature of our natural history and the story has found a teller with a special insight. Janet Green Foster has become a household word through the series of CBC television programs, To The Wild Country, This Land and Wild Canada, in which she has appeared with her husband. Also with her husband she is the author of To The Wild Country, the book which resulted from their travels in connection with the television series of that name.