

THE OLDEST DIARY ON PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

ADA MACLEOD

WRITTEN in fair, clerkly script it is, with ink and quill, upon the pages of a big parchment-bound volume now deeply brown with age—for *Benjamin Chappell's Book* was penned over a century and a half ago, at the very beginnings of British rule upon St. John's Island. It is, in reality, an account book or Journal, where a skilled and upright artisan kept a strict account of the daily task; but, because of the prominent part borne by this man in the civil and religious life of his time, and because of the little footnotes of human interest that creep in beside the bare record of days of toil, this document is a veritable window opening upon a scene that is well-nigh forgotten. This venerable book is now the property of his great-grandson, Mr. C. B. Chappell, of Charlottetown. There were more in the series, but all the others have disappeared—given to the flames, probably, by some bygone woman afflicted with the virus of house-cleaning.

Benjamin Chappell was born in London on the 5th of March, 1740, and was the eldest son of Richard and Rachel Chappell, both worthy members of the Church of England. The young lad received a thorough training in his father's trade of wheelwright and machinist, and was led to attend services held by John Wesley in the foundry, through the reading of a tract handed to him by a sailor. He finally joined the new Society, and often accompanied Wesley on his ministerial tours. The following entry occurs in *Wesley's Journal* at the time of his first visit to Inverness in 1770:—

Benjamin and William Chappell, who had been here three months, were waiting for a vessel to return to London. They had met a few people every night, to sing and pray together; and their behaviour, suitable to their profession, had removed much prejudice.

At this time, owing to the recent introduction of machinery, which threw many hand-workers out of employment, a large emigration was taking place from the Old Land. In the autumn of 1774 a ship named the "Snow Elizabeth" landed on the north shore of St. John's Island with a large number of settlers on board,

including Benjamin Chappell and his wife Elizabeth, who had been married in the previous February. They gave the name "New London" to the surrounding country, and built on the west side of the harbour entrance the village of Elizabethtown, which proved to be for some years an important business centre. Not a vestige of Elizabethtown remains, except the old burial-ground in Sims's field; but half a century ago there were people living who remembered a long row of houses, all in ruins, extending from "Yankee Hill" to the cemetery. Elizabethtown is marked on maps published in London as late as 1830.

Benjamin Chappell brought with him much of Wesley's fire and fervor, and he was the founder of Methodism on Prince Edward Island. A projecting rock in a sheltered cove under the headland at New London harbour is the spot where he used to conduct religious service for the pioneers, and it is still known as "Chappell's Chair." Once in his diary he refers to it as his "Elysian seat."

The man who brought this adventurous band of settlers across the ocean was Robert Clark, a London Quaker of some means, proprietor at this time of Lot 49 and half of Lot 21 (where Elizabethtown was built). Another Londoner, Robert Campbell, owner of the other half of the Lot, was associated with him in the large lumbering establishment they set up at New London, but he died soon after arrival. The conduct of Clark was so far above that of the other proprietors, most of whom proved delinquent to their trust, that his record shines as a light in a dark place. And afterwards, when evil days befell, his friend John Cambridge presented a petition to the House of Assembly partly in these words:—

Your petitioner need only remind the House, for he is persuaded they want no proof, that Robert Clark has been one of the greatest benefactors—if not the greatest benefactor—to this Island. One of the members of the present Assembly who came out as agent for Clark and Campbell in 1774 and supercargo of the "Snow Elizabeth", a vessel of 200 tons freighted with goods from London to this Island, can inform the House that Clark and Campbell were then to his knowledge £14,000 to £15,000 in advance to their concern on this Island. It is well known that the inhabitants from all parts were generously credited from his large magazine of universal stores, and the Island was greatly benefitted by the large number of artificers he brought out from England as indented labourers. In 1774 he imported from Quebec at a large expense a cargo of cows, sheep, and horses, with which he generously supplied the poor, indigent settlers; and the inhabitants of Prince County are ready to testify that their numerous stock arose from this large and timely importation.

Within the terse pages of his journal, Benjamin Chappell has no room for philosophizing. Upon the fly-leaf only, beneath his name, he has penned this couplet:—

Wise men conceal their private miseries,
Xerxes survey'd a mighty host in tears.

and beneath, a kind of working principle for his life:—

As it is common for disapointments to happen to all men in this life, it is no wonder if by Providence we here are shown what the world and men are. Doubtfull at best. How many even of good men have labour'd to Mingle and unite this world with that of ye Happy world. What labour, what sorrow, what lives wasted, what souls lost, when ye good things of this world are said to poyson and kill. Nay, ye kingdoms with their glory are as Refugees deliver'd unto Satan ye enemy, the Prince of our Rarify'd Eliment, and god of this world.

For my own part, we hope to labour working with our hands the thing that is Right. For heatherto hath the Lord help'd us. And to Read our Bible to good purpose till we rest from our labours.

From the Island
call'd St. Johns,
Gulf of St. Lawrence.

On the other fly-leaf he gives a list of heads of families and the number of persons dependent on the new establishment—one hundred and twenty-nine in all. Names of present-day New London families are there—Adams, Anderson, Cole, Coffin and Warren. Geddes is his special working-mate. In his home, beside himself and his young wife, are “three gentlemen.” In the cookroom “we have six of our own people and eleaven (*sic*) strangers.”

The journal opens on the 19th of January, 1775. These dismayed London folk are experiencing the full rigor of a northern winter, as the icy blasts from off the Gulf blow through the chinks of their unfinished log houses. Famine itself looms before them, for in this infant colony not enough had been raised in any year to feed its people, and no supplies could enter until spring, and not even then if the vessels fell into the hands of American privateers lurking in the gulf. It was an unlucky year for Robert Clark to have launched his venture.

January 19th—Myself in woods with Geddes squaring timber for ye counting-house. Foster, Parratt, and Cooper order'd to go to Great Rusticoe to fetch our own lower cargo. Coming over our own bay, they broke in and drown'd Two horses. Mens lives saved, bless God

- January 20th—No logs at sawpit fit for boards, nor can we get any for want of horses.
- January 23rd—Philip called Jersey very sick. Geddes and myself with ye French in woods and launched out all our timber. Parratt got two horses & brought to ye sawpit 4 pieces of fir.
- January 30th—Foster took our horse to slay his firewood home.
- January 31st—Five men cutting firewood doing three mens work. Atkison making hoops in Churchwards house. Two quarts of porter that the men drank at Churchwards by the men having been hard at work as must be placed to Mr. Clark's accompt. 1/6
- February 4th—Watching for Foster with ye team from Rusticoe with provisions. Sunday at 11 Clock arriv'd ye slay with $\frac{1}{3}$ of a barrel of coarse sugar, half a barrel of flower, one barrel of pork. No rum, no molasses.
- February 11th—Philip called Jersey continues very lame. Myself not well but making of pins in my little shop $\frac{1}{2}$ the day ye other half squaring board logs at ye sawpit.
- February 18th—Very short of provisions. No rum, no bread, no meat, no beer, no sugar in ye stores. Mr. Allan set out for Lawsons at Stanhope.
- February 20th—The people murmur and threaten to break open ye stores & plunder for food. We killed our little hog.
- February 25th—Received from ye mill some sugar and half an ox.
- March 1st—The people in general through the want of bread seem to decline their work, not being able.
- March 2nd—Myself making a capital large level for to level ye ground withal.
- March 3rd—Arriv'd Mr. Allan from Stanhope with half a barrel of rum, 3 of flower one of pork and no more.
- March 14th—I observe that Billinghamst and Adams has been drawing of green poles for ye fishermen for four days past.
- March 15th—Billinghamst was abus'd and beat shamefully. And went to Justice Stewart at Malpeck.
- March 16th—Thos. Anvil cork'd ye great whale boat in order for sea.
- March 18th—Myself at makeing a large snatch block for a capson
 And made a ruder and tiller for ye great whale boat.
- March 22nd—Myself at shop makeing a compass standard for Mr. Allan and a scuttle for ye house. Stormy coarse wheather. Very little or no work done.
- March 24th—Myself made a box for our tobacco & our macheen for binding books. Some of our people continue to work but some utterly refuse to work through the want of provisions and grow very violent.
- March 25th—Myself sick of ye ague through the cold and doing but little work.
- March 27th—By order of Mr. Allan, Geddes and myself attempt to make a pair of stocks by way of prison.
- March 29th—Myself very ill through cold, and the people through want of provisions are outrageous. They form a plan and party to supperize Charlottetown. About noon they march off in the following order.

Sunday, April 2nd—Mr. Mellish buried the remains of Jane Duport who died yesterday for want of common necessaries of life, aged 12 years.

April 5th—Building a boat with Geddes and Jersey, but hinder'd for a day by the great fire that began at Joseph Rooks and Cover'd many hundred acres.

May 12th—People A-gardening.

May 16th—Being short of provisions we went to Winters Cove for oysters. Ye storm such we could not get back.

May 17th—Brought home boat loaded with oysters. Set to work to make Mrs. McDonald's coffin.

May 23rd—Geddes and myself went up a river by Winters for fowl, but found little.

William Winter was an army officer who was granted Lot 23 by Governor Patterson. He had served in Germany under the command of Prince Ferdinand of Brunswick, and fought at the battle of Minden. Coming to the Island in 1772 with his family, a few servants and tradespeople, he settled on the north shore of his Lot, and it was he who gave the place the now widely-familiar name of Cavendish, after his patron Field-Marshal Lord Frederick Cavendish, Colonel of the 34th Foot, of which regiment Winter was the London agent. At the time that Chappell visited his place in search of fowl, he had just returned to England to re-enter the army, and was gazetted Captain of the Jamaica Regiment of Foot in 1782. After the peace of 1783 he was appointed provost-marshal of Prince Edward Island, but in 1805 he returned to England, where he died.

In the meantime Clark was heading for financial ruin. Although he had paid his quit-rents up to the beginning of the war, and had contributed so much to the welfare of the Colony, the Governor in Council instituted arbitrary proceedings against his lands during the war, when there was no specie on the Island and no means of remitting the quit-rent. In this way his land was sold for a fraction of its value, and was bought by the Governor himself. Clark appears no more at Elizabethtown, and Philips Callback, Acting Governor in Patterson's absence, takes his place as overseer. Chappell faces a crisis.

May 7th—Finding no master a-coming nor no provisions, nor no regular business but sawing, and my mate Geddes leaving ye Island I concluded to leave it likewise.

May 8th—Thursday. My wife and self in great consternation about leaving the place.

May 9th—Friday. Concluded not to remove, but trust to God for food. Setting up ye garden pales and making boxes for cabbages.

A happy combination, surely, of faith and works!

May 10th—Making Atkissons house door and altering our chamber window.

Sunday Mr. Callbeck came & Jno. Billingham sailed for Halifax.

July 22nd—Set out to Charlottetown to go on with governors mill.

Nov. 10th—Having finished as much of ye mill as I well could I was by Mr. Callbeck engaged for winter season and set out for New London.

Nov. 11th—I reach home though weather was bad. Receiv'd of Mr. Callbeck three dollars for my journey. Paid at the Scotch Houses at Little Rusticoe four Shillings.

Friday 17th—Collecting firewood, then finishing Mr. Allen's bed, sharpening my handsaw & began a Winsor chair for Mrs. Chappell . . . Charlottetown taken.

This last refers to the descent of two American privateers who, after chasing vessels in the Gulf all summer, decided to end the season in dramatic fashion by attacking the defenceless capital. They carried off Callbeck the Acting Governor and Thomas Wright, surveyor-general and all their belongings, stripped the house of the absent Governor Patterson, including church furniture which had been stored there, and also the provincial seal. After leaving Charlottetown, they took a vessel from London with two other members of the government on board—Spence and Higgins, and also Mr. Desbrisay the chaplain. These last were released with the loss of all their effects. A passage of fourteen days brought the prisoners Callbeck and Wright to Winter Harbour, near Cambridge, and they at once appealed to Washington, who was indignant at the treatment accorded them. "The plague, trouble and vexation," he wrote, "I have had with the crews of all the armed vessels, are inexpressible. I do not believe there is on earth a more disorderly set."

In a lengthy report sent to Lord Dartmouth by Callbeck after his release, a single paragraph will serve to show the ruffled state of his feelings:—"Not satisfied with their flagitious depredations on the whole of his property and the common rights of mankind, these bloodthirsty monsters sought out Mrs. Callbeck for the purpose (to use their own words) of cutting her throat, because her father, a Mr. Coffin of Boston, is remarkable for his attachment to the government. She was fortunately out at the farm four miles distant and escaped, but these brutal violators of domestic felicity have left her without a single glass of wine, without a candle to burn, or a sufficiency of provisions of the bread kind, most of the furniture of her house taken away and,

for what I know, all her clothes. They have certainly taken her best things, together with her rings, bracelets, etc., none of which have been restored, although some of them have been seen worn by the connections of these villains."

A fine grandfather clock brought by Callbeck from the Old Land is now in the possession of a descendant, Mr. Walter Callbeck of Summerside. Thomas Wright was Captain Holland's right hand man on the survey, and many of his descendants are still on the Island. His son was the young lieutenant who carried Wellington's message to Blücher at Waterloo.

In Chappell's record, private cares are added to public anxieties:—

Saturday 18th—At making of my poor wife a Winsor chair, and she began her labour.

Nov. 19th—Being Sunday & $\frac{1}{4}$ past 7 in the evening my poor wife was safely deliver'd bless God of a daughter.

Nov. 21st—In the evening we baptized our daughter Elizabeth.

Nov. 27th—At finishing of great chair.

Nov. 29th—At doing labouring work during the time of my wife's sickness. About 10 o'clock in ye forenoon our poor babby dyed.

Nov. 29th—At labouring on many things and got a iron plate for my gun. No gentleman come yet from Mallpeck to consult about ye fate of the Island.

Nov. 30th—I finish'd my gun.

Buried our poor babby Elizabeth aged eight days and a half. He begins the new year 1776

"By fixing ye great Copper for brewing".

January 9th—Could not brew abroad because of coarse weather but brewed at night within doors.

Upon the margin he records purchases from the store, and his are very utilitarian:—

3 yds, corse osenburg for Trowsers.

Green baize for my breeches.

Bed ticken for trowsers.

Out of ye store a green cap for me.

But it is cheering to find that for Mrs. Chappell, or "Betty" as he called her, there were sometimes little extras, as, "2 yds. ribbond for wife" along with "7 yards black-ground cotton," and on one occasion there was a "necklass." Betty in the wilderness was still quite young. And observe that when Mr. Berry brought from Quebec three pairs of women's shoes, two pairs fell to her, and only one pair to Mrs. Rook.

Once in the year, usually the month of March, Betty Chappell took in hand her husband's quill pen, and in her high, angular

hand-writing interpolated in his journal an entry such as this:—“Wild gees first heard today.” And never to Eastern maiden did the voice of the beloved, calling through the lattice that the rain was over and gone and the time of singing of birds had come, bring such a thrill of joy as the “high, canorous note” of these wedged battalions as they clove their way above the head of this woman in her little, storm-beleaguered home, out over the sand hills and away to the mysterious north. Benjamin might record that he “heard ye first fish-hawk & catch’d first flatfish,” but that meant a dinner; or “observe maple trees begin to run in juice”, which meant renewed sugar supply; or “observe that the Death Watch has seiz’d the houses with their knocking,” where we catch the note of fear. But it is Betty who rejoices in the lovely colours of “the first great humming-fly,” and sets down in big letters as in a very paeon of triumph “*Frogs! Frogs!*”. There is just one entry of hers of a practical kind:—“Gees eggs set this day.” One hopes that the old mother goose attended well to her duties that year.

Little Richard arrived the same year, 1777. His cradle was “cut out”, and no doubt the father’s best joiner work went into the making of it. Next year a “go-cart” was made, so that life for small boys even in these early days was not without amenities.

Chappell falls ill this autumn, and is under the care of Dr. Cullshaw, whose name appears nowhere else save in this diary. But in November he is “gathering ground-moss to calk our house withal.”

January 1778—Bought 1 yd. of grey fearnought for mittons, and Mrs. Smith made the mittons.

Mrs. Smith lived on Yankee Hill, and was the handy woman of the settlement. She also made a greatcoat for him out of fearnought.

February 12th—Was forced to sacrifice my Sabbath in setting out to Charlottetown court.

| | |
|---|----|
| Bought 3 little picturs for Jude..... | 3d |
| To 5 maps of the Holy Scripture..... | 5/ |
| To Map of Europe..... | 2/ |
| The Trakida (Tracadie) man that was burnt out I sub- scrib’d one dollar to out of store..... | 5/ |

He concludes four years service in this establishment, and decides to remove to Charlottetown:

May 29th, 1778—Finish’d the bellpost, putting up the flagstaff & clearing off our parade. In which things we finish’d our four years servitude.

Blessed be God for all his kind mercies.

Sat. 30th—I dig'd a little of bell field & concluded the rest of the day in keeping a feast amongst ye servants.

June 6th—Two privateers off the bar, plundering Mallpeck.

Monday 8th—Privateers chase a vessel & seem to stand for us. Afternoon privateers disappear at west. A vessel stands for us. Watching and warding.

August 12th—Debrozee married.

Rev. Theophilus Desbrisay, garrison chaplain and son of the Lieutenant-Governor, had arrived the same year as Chappell and was a warm friend, having presented him with a Bible which he carried for many years. His wife was a daughter of Chief Justice Stewart of Malpeque, mentioned before in this dairy, who was one of the large proprietors and had brought out the Malpeque settlers. On his way to the Island, Stewart with his wife and ten children was wrecked and lost almost everything. He had been appointed to succeed the first Chief Justice, Duport, by George III on the recommendation of the Earl of Warwick.

Chappell settles his affairs. He buys Dr. Cullshaw's chest of drawers for 40 shillings, giving him an order on Callbeck. On the 11th of September his father dies. John Rook helps to make the coffin, and he is buried beside the baby Elizabeth. Chappell's last act before leaving is to place an oak frame over his little daughter's grave. Having left his wife and son with Mr. Higgins at Rustico, he sails out of New London Harbour:

Oct. 3rd, 1778—Reached Lawsons Sunday 4th. Reached St. Peters Monday the 5th. Reached East Point 6 A. M. blowing atnorthwest...lay to till 5 a. m. Ran before wind to Gut of Canso reached 10.30 p. m. Slept there three nights. Left Canso Friday, 9th. Reached Pictou Island Saturday night anchored off Point Prim 10 p. m. Sunday night made the Fort and got ashore in the Kings boat. Bless God for His mercy.

His first care after reaching Charlottetown is to get his faithful henchman, John Barefoot, out of prison. He is mentioned often in the diary, and the surname Barefoot survived in New London for many years. A copy of the "Miscellany" for this year states that "Jno. Barefoot and Richard Morefield were indicted at the Trinity term for breaking into a store at New London and stealing therefrom some rum and pled guilty, and were sentenced to receive 180 lashes on their bare backs, 60 of which were inflicted, the rest being remitted."

Chappell buys a lot on Water Street from the Governor, and he and Barefoot set to work squaring logs for the building which

was Charlottetown's first post-office. He spent the first night in the new home, July 26th, 1780. His activities are many. He builds ships and gun-carriages. He has charge of the town pump. He puts up "the governor's stand for the lye leach" at 4 shillings. He puts up the town bell with "2 sockets for ye gudgeons," 8/6.

August 12th—Sail'd from Fort. Camp'd in woods near Wood Islands. Survey'd all Higgins mills and Three Rivers. Receiv'd of Callbeck Eight paper dollars to pay ye baker withal, as the clipt gold would not pass but wife kept the clipt gold still in hand.

He was present at the stormy session of the Assembly held in 1780 on Governor Patterson's arrival after an absence of five years, and heard the bill passed changing the name of St. John's Island to "New Ireland." He had also heard sentence of death passed on a woman who had committed theft, and watched the unavailing efforts of the sheriff to get anyone, on the Island or on the "continent", to do the hanging.

To Gov-n Patterson the survey of Mr. Wright's plans for selling to Gov-n half the Lot of Bedeque, Lot 17, the half, and half the Fort Lot.

My charge 5 shillings.

This Fort Lot, or as it is now called, Warren farm, is one of the most historic spots on Prince Edward Island. It was where De Gotteville in 1720 founded Port la Joie, where the Church of St. John the Evangelist stood, and the home of the French governors, and the great black cross looking out over the waters. When the Island was divided into Lots by the English, this block was reserved by the Crown and it still remains so. Governor Patterson, as mentioned above, had it conveyed to himself, and expended over £8,000 on a fine residence, where he lived during his term of office. This conveyance being illegal, the Duke of Kent, when Commander-in-Chief in America, ordered legal proceedings to set it aside, which was done in 1796, and possession was resumed by the Crown. In 1801, under orders from the Duke of Portland, Secretary of State for the Colonies, this land was leased to Joseph Frederick de Calonne, Finance Minister under Louis XVI, who was then an exile in England. Certain conditions were involved, including a yearly rent of £25, which was to be appropriated towards a free school in Charlottetown for teaching English, writing and arithmetic. Calonne planned at that time to bring a number of his compatriots and found a Royalist settlement, but he soon abandoned the farm and returned to France. But his brother, the Abbé de

Calonne, remained in possession for some years. Then it passed into the hands of Gov. Fanning and his son-in-law Capt. Cumberland. It was Lady Cumberland who endowed Malpeque school.

In his spare hours Chappell was always making spinning-wheels and so methodical was he that he numbered them, and the number entered in his book is over 600, which speaks much for the industry of the women of that time. At his funeral the text was the verse ending, "For their works do follow them." A wag remarked that if this were literally true in Chappell's case, the road to heaven would be blocked with spinning-wheels.

An entry of special interest is the following: "Making Dr. Gordon's Carryall. £2. 2. 6". For this is the very sleigh in which Blumine, Carlyle's "Rose-Maiden", used to drive in her childhood about the streets of Charlottetown, or to visit her grandfather, the Governor, in his mansion on the Fort Lot. Her playmate at this time, and the companion of her widowhood in England as Lady Bannerman, was the granddaughter of John Cambridge, one of the proprietors who took an interest in the welfare of the people. Chappell built him a house in Charlottetown.

In the day-book we read of the making of the "great chamber", and the "lesser parlour", and the other rooms of Governor Fanning's new establishment that filled the entire block opposite the present Trinity Church. He built "Parson Desbrisay's house at Covehead," where the reverend gentleman dwelt among his beloved books, and reared his family away from the wickedness of a garrison city. The only road on the Island was that between Covehead and the capital. In going his rounds, Desbrisay always wore knee breeches, silk stockings, shoes with silver buckles, laced coat and three cornered clerical hat. Chappell built Capt. Mainwaring's new home ("Married by Rev. T. Desbrisay, Captain Edward Mainwaring, of the King's Rangers, to the most amiable Miss Juliet Elizabeth Reeve." *Miscellany*, 1791). Also Major Holland's. He was the eldest son of Captain Holland, and the first child of British parentage born on P. E. Island. He was extremely bow-legged, and this is explained by the fact that he had an Indian nurse and it was the custom of the tribe to train children's limbs in this fashion so as to give them greater ease and speed in the use of the racket or Indian snowshoe.

The following entry about the first episcopal visitation to the Island is of historical interest, because it is not found elsewhere:—

1787. May 17th—Being Sunday, H. M. S. *Dido*, Captain Charles Sandys, arrived at Ch'town four days out from Halifax, having

on board the Right Rev. Charles Inglis, D. D., Bishop of Nova Scotia.

Chappell saw three notable immigrations to the province—the Loyalists, the Selkirk settlers, and the Guernsey settlers. Among the Loyalists who came to Charlottetown were a number of Methodists, and a class meeting was formed which met first in Chappell's house and then in Richardson's Coffee House. This last was a sort of community centre. Anglican services were held here, also meetings of the Legislature, and before the door was a bell-post from which public proclamations were made. Richardson was the first schoolmaster in the city. Chappell's best helper in a religious way was Thomas Dawson, a local preacher who was born at Coote Hill, Ireland, in 1762. At the age of sixteen he joined the army and served under Cornwallis. Through his loyalty to the King he refused a tempting offer from the American authorities, and purchased from Lieutenant Burns an estate of 600 acres at the Head of Hillsborough which is still called "Dawson's Grove."

1803. April 24th—Mr. Dawson at Mrs. Smiths. A sharp sermon on "The woman of Samaria".

June 5th—Mr. Dawson on "Jabez, his prayer". Also Capt. Inkel, Mr. Grant, and Inkel, the best bass and counter I have heard since I was at home.

1806. May 16th—Arrived this afternoon the ship from Guernsey.

June 3rd—The Guernsey people go for Murray Harbour—eight families of them.

Their descendants are still in this place—Brehaut's, Clement's, Sencebaugh's and Lelacheur's.

Rev. James Bulpitt, a native of London was the Island's first Methodist minister:

1807. Aug. 1st—Mr. Bulpitt was in town last night; the first night.

Aug. 5th—Mr. Bulpitt preached for the first time on John 14.6

He received permission to preach, after the Governor had first enquired whether Methodists would fight for the King. His wife, "Marm Bulpitt", taught the first infant school, and a vivid impression yet survives of her white mob-cap, big spectacles and heavy ruler. Near the little one-storey house where she taught, between Queen and Pownal street, was another tiny house, eight by ten, where lived an old soldier, Benny Bray. He was reprobate, and never went to class-meeting, but in his tiny room the children used to crowd, to hear him tell old fairy tales.

In 1803 Lord Selkirk brought 800 Highland settlers in three vessels, and for one's ancestors to have come on the "Polly" is equivalent to have had them come on the "Mayflower." Chappell's entries in this connection are valuable. "Offe" is his second son Theophilus, now 20 years of age, and a skilled workman like his father:

- August 7th—Sunday. Arrived off the harbour the Lilley Sloop of War, also ye first ship of Lord Selkirk.
 August 8th—Offe done with ye woode leg of Mrs. Baker. The Lilley goes for Pictou, she could not get in here.
 Aug. 9th—Tuesday. Lord Selkirk with Mr. Cambridge's brig comes at night into the harbour.
 Aug. 10th—Last night in the night Lord Selkirk came to an anchor opposite the wharf being the second ship of these people.
 Aug. 13th—In the evening arrived the Lilley sloop of war and overhauls ye men in ye other vessels.
 Aug. 21st—Many letters from Selkirk, bound out.
 Aug. 27th—Great talk of ships in ye offen, but none appears.
 Aug. 28—Sunday. Arrived ye third ship of Lord Selkirk's people in pretty good health, bless God.
 Sept. 9th—Offe finishes with Mr. Cambridge and agrees to go to Lord Selkirk Bay. The squad Geo. Hops (Hobbs), Geo. Bagnall, Jas. McDonald and himself. They are to have £45, the building 18 by —.
 Sept. 12th—Offe goes for Belfast.
 Sept. 17th—Lord Selkirk goes for Halifax.
 Oct. 15th—Saturday. Offe comes home.
 Oct. 17th—Offe settles and is paid by the agent Williams all amicably, bless God.

On a tombstone beside the beautiful old church at Belfast is recorded the fact that there sleeps Mary Douglas, only daughter of John, Lord Selkirk.

The reference in the above to "Many letters bound out" arises from the fact that Chappell was postmaster, the first in the province. He was appointed in 1803, and kept the office in his own house until his death in 1825. Above the roof of the log building arose a vane in the shape of a huge wooden fish mounted on a pole, which creaked horribly in the wind. Chappell had a special knife for opening the mail-bag, and no other would do, but it was used also for household purposes; and frequently the waiting crowd at the door would hear him roaring, "Betty, where is the black-handled knife?" and, clamour as they might, no bag was opened until the black knife was found. With the rasping cares of the years the old man's temper got a bit frayed, and sometimes Betty had to bear the brunt. On an occasion when she had

a grievance against her liege lord, like a wise woman she refrained from nagging, but she used to carry out this little ceremony:—

She would lay the table formally with her best linen and china, cook a specially appetizing repast, and then pile high her own plate, but leaving her husband's absolutely bare. Benjamin would enter and take his place as usual, but sweeping a comprehensive eye over the board, he would slowly ask the blessing, "O Lord, We thank Thee for this little, and it is very, very little"—then, rapidly, "and I'll away to Dickey's to get some soup," and without a word he was gone. (Dickey was their son Richard, married, and living in another part of the town). Betty would begin her solitary meal; but appetite, somehow, seemed lacking, and old memories would come thronging, perhaps the "necklass" bought for her in the lean years—and by the time Benjamin returned, all would be serene again.

Right well did they fulfil the life-plan set down in the first page of the parchment book. They "wrought with their hands the thing that was right", and after eighty-five years they came to "rest from their labours" in the old English cemetery on Elm Avenue. And by the lovely shore of New London harbour, just adjoining the "Green Gables" country, rest also baby Elizabeth, with the oak frame above her grave long ago turned to dust, and grandfather Richard, and little Jane Duport, who died for lack of food.