

SOME LOYALISTS OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND

ADA MACLEOD

SIR Andrew Macphail in one of his historical articles has intimated that all the "gentlemen" among the Loyalists went to Ontario. It is probably true; but as for St. John's Island, covered as it then was with dense virgin forest, this was possibly no great disadvantage, because gentlemen have not always the makings of good axemen. It is recorded of the first of the Walker family, coming to this Island from the lush meadows of Annan, that when he viewed the giant maples and pines which had to be levelled before his home could be built in what is now known as New Annan, he "sat doon and grat". But there was scant time for weeping in those days, and bitter tears had already been shed by the Loyalists. Much is still heard and read about the woes of the exiled Acadians, but Longfellow did not need to go so far afield for his Evangeline. She might easily have been found among the bands of persecuted exiles from his own land.

Dr. Clarence Webster writes:

After the close of the war in 1782 the Government of the United States extended no amnesty to those who had been loyal to Britain, but treated them with marked vindictiveness—very different from the spirit which the North evinced towards the South after the great civil war in the nineteenth century. The unfortunate Loyalists were proscribed, despoiled and forced into exile. As New York had been in British hands throughout the war, it naturally became a place of refuge for all who were under the ban of the Government. Massachusetts and New York were the most severe of all the States. The latter passed an Act by which fifty-nine individuals were proscribed and banished, and their property forfeited. Among these were the Rev. Charles Inglis, Rector of Trinity, Col. Roger Morris, Beverley Robinson, and their wives. These women were the only ones of their sex attainted in the States. They were declared to be for ever banished, and in case of return to be declared guilty of felony and to be put to death. Their crime was that they adhered to the enemies of the State, or, in other words, stuck to their husbands. The chief motive on the part of the authorities seems to have been a desire to secure their property, for they were very rich women. As a result of this policy, New York obtained through confiscation about \$3,000,000. All legal rights were denied a Loyalist.

He might be assaulted, blackmailed or slandered, without having any recourse in law. Washington himself approved of the harsh treatment which was meted out. Many unfortunates were imprisoned on the slightest provocation. The story of the Simsbury mine in Connecticut is far more terrible than the Black Hole of Calcutta, for many people were placed there under the most revolting conditions, which caused a frightful mortality. When it was realized that only punishment and misery would be the lot of the persecuted Loyalists if they dared to remain in their own country, the British Government offered them an asylum in Canada, and under the organizing genius of Sir Guy Carleton and others arrangements were made for the removal of some seventy thousand people.

Almost half of these were transported to Nova Scotia, which then included New Brunswick, and about ten thousand settled in the valley of the St. John river. After all the available land in this locality had been taken up, the late-comers came over to St. John's Island in the year 1784, in response to a pressing invitation issued to them by Governor Patterson through the columns of *The Royal Gazette and Intelligencer*, the first paper published on Prince Edward Island. They were promised one-quarter of the lands set opposite the proprietors' names, abatement of quit-rent, and to enter into possession free of expense. But there proved to be so much uncertainty as to title and other troubles with the proprietors that many of the Loyalists chose rather to purchase their land.

A large number of them settled around Bedeque Bay, which on the map bears the official name given by Surveyor Holland—"Halifax Bay"; but the old Micmac name, "Bedeq", "the sultry place", has always persisted. One of the very early settlers was the founder of the Small family, with his name appearing in illuminated letters in his German Bible dated 1741 as Johannes Willelmus von Der Schmall. The following are a few entries chosen from his diary kept through the Revolutionary war:

Entered in Bridgemasters Dept. under Robt. Fenwick Captain of Artillery, 15th day June, 1778.

Destroyed Schulykil bridge on 17th at 12 o'clock at night. Building pontoon bridges.

Nov. 28th. We hove anchor and sailed for Kingsferry. When we came within $\frac{1}{2}$ mile we saw cannon planted on both sides of the river, and saw the rebels crossing with their cannon and baggage. We fired 7 shot at them with a 24 pr. loaded with round and grape shot. We had like for to have sunk 1 of theare boats. Witch made them leave off crossen for that day. That night dropped down within $\frac{3}{4}$ mile of Dobles Ferry and sent some men ashore to see what they could get at. Witch they soon returned

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with 11 negroes, witch was 1 man and 2 women 2 boys and 6 girls. Then they went ashore again and fetcht on board 2 oxen and 2 cows and a great number of cloths.

Steve Gordon departed this life on board of a privateer brig with the Black Fever the 20th day of May, 1779.

April 1 The rebels began to fire on us and continued firing until the 12th sometimes 300 shot and shels per day.

April 7 The rebels had a reinforcement of men witch caused them to ring thear bells & Be in great spirits.

April 8 We had 10 sail of Shippin come by Fort Muterre & come to Anchor below Charleston.

April 12 We began to fire on the Rebels works.

April 13 At night a Party of our men crost Cooper River.

April 21 The rebels sent two flags to us & the contents was that they wanted to march out with Colors flying & 4 loaded wagons and three of thear best ships. 2 schooners & 1 ship with 45 women & a great number of children.

May 7 We took Fort Muterry.

May 8 Morn. We sent in a flag & demanded the town. Then they desired to have two hours & after that two hours more and so they went on until the 9 day at night then they said that they wd. not give heed to our percedings then we fell to cannonading again.

May 11 Set fire to the town in the morn. In the afternoon they sent in a flag & gave up the town.

May 12 We marched into the town and took possession of the magasenes & stores.

Things I have bought for myself:—

For a pair of pumps.....	18/
“ a pair shuses.....	18/8
“ almanac.....	3/
“ a pair velvet britches.....	2/12/10
“ Greatcoat.....	3/0/0
“ pair of buttons.....	6/6
“ razor.....	4/
“ blue coat.....	3/6/0
“ red jacket.....	2/0/0
“ pair of knee buckels.....	16/
“ broach.....	16/
“ prayer book.....	8/

Things I have bought for my mother:—

For a silk handkerchief.....	16/
“ 1 lb. of tea.....	6/
“ crockerywear.....	9/8
“ wight sugar.....	16/
“ muslin.....	1/17/6

July 10th, 1782 I was made a brother in the most right and Honorable Saint Johns Lodge in New York.

A beautiful Masonic jewel and apron from this Lodge, and also his sword, are in the possession of his descendants. After settling on the Island, he built no more pontoon bridges, but there are still smooth and shapely dishes fashioned by his hand from the wood of the yellow birch.

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Another Loyalist of German descent was William Schurman from New Rochelle, N. Y., ancestor of the numerous P. E. Island clan of this name, of whom the most distinguished member is Jacob Gould Schurman, late U. S. Ambassador to Germany. In the year 1649 the name of Hermann Schuerman, a native of Westphalia, appears on the Rolls as a landowner of Manhattan Island. The family prospered in wealth and numbers; and when the Revolutionary war broke out, part of them remained Royalist and sacrificed their large estates. William, after spending months in prison, set out for St. John, accompanied by his wife, Elizabeth Hyatt, their ten children, and two faithful slaves. It is a family tradition that on this journey an incident befell similar to what happened in the case of Robert the Bruce. They were being pursued by rebel soldiers and took refuge for the night in a cave, during which time a spider wove his web across the entrance, and the searching rebels, seeing this in the early morning light, deemed the cave to be empty and passed on. Ever after, Mrs. Schurman would not allow any of her progeny to kill a spider.

From St. John they made their way to Tryon, and their first winter there was one of great hardship. The father and boys hauled pine-boards on handsleds to Charlottetown over the shore ice to purchase supplies. In the autumn of that year, 1784, they removed to Bedeque, where the well and cellar of the original log house are still visible. In 1865 Frank Clark, plowing at this spot, turned up part of a silver spoon with the letters J. B. engraved thereon. These were the initials of Willian Schurman's first wife—Jane Bonnet, a French lady, and a descendant of the famous Huguenot, Antoine L' Esperance. This bit of silver was made into a scarf-pin, and is still treasured.

It was not long until Schurman, with characteristic enterprise, had purchased in Bedeque 11,000 acres for the price of £500 from "Rutland" Macdonald, one of the Glenadale pioneers, and within a few years he had sold enough pine to wipe off the debt. He built two mills, one on the "Dunk", famous trout-stream; and part of a dam near Summerside is the actual structure made by him, for "whatever he did was done well". He made the first

road between Bedeque and Charlottetown, built small vessels for trading to New Brunswick, and was also the first merchant of Bedeque. An old account book, with edges charred in the fire that destroyed his first log house, bears witness to the fact that rum was included in almost every list of purchases. He was a member of the Island Assembly, and along with the other members utilized some of his surplus energy during the session by helping Governor Patterson to build his barn.

Schurman's two negro slaves—Bellinger and Susanna, but known as "Bill" and "Sook"—always caused a sensation among the young villagers when they came over the bay to "Green's Shore", as Summerside then was called. Bill at one time wished to marry Sook, and diplomatically obtained first the consent of the family. On being asked afterwards when the wedding was to take place, he answered, "Nevah." "Why, is Mr. Schurman not willing?" "Oh, yes," he answered sadly, "evrybody willin' but Sook." This has passed into a proverb in Bedeque. Bill's education consisted of a knowledge of the alphabet, and of this he was inordinately vain. When the first road to the Burns settlement had been opened, the letters "B. R". were blazed large upon a tree at the end of the highway. A passer-by asked what they meant, and Bill darted eagerly forward. "Me can tell. B stands for 'Road' and R stands for Mr. Burns's folks." Sook had the beautiful voice of her race, and for many years led the singing in Bedeque Presbyterian church. She was generously remembered by William Schurman in his will, and died when very old at the home of some of the family in River Philip, Nova Scotia. In 1800 Bill went to the United States, and he ended his days in Charlottetown.

Schurman's neighbour on adjacent land was Thomas Hooper, a man embittered, because the Revolution had not only robbed him of his possessions but had also brought about the death of his wife. They had their home near Princeton, New Jersey, and the soldiers, searching the house and barn for the absent Loyalist, drove their bayonets into beds, hay-mows or any likely hiding-place. Exasperated at not finding him, they took the bed from under his wife who had just given birth to a son, and subjected her to such cruel indignities that she died in a few days. Hooper and his two grown sons removed first to Shelburne, leaving the daughters and the motherless baby with relatives, and on the 21st of September, 1784, they reached the Island. The following year he writes:

Bedeque Harbor, Island St. John,
Sept. 19th, 1785.

Dear brother:—

I take this opportunity to let you know that we have arrived safe to this place. We came by the way of St. John where we remained three days for a passage to Cumberland, and from thence we got teams to cross to the Bay of Verte, and there stayed six days waiting for a passage to the Island where we found everything agreeable to our expectations. I have drawn five hundred acres in two divisions, two hundred and fifty on the above harbor, where I can take every kind of shellfish within one quarter of a mile from my door, and oysters in particular, a great abundance. The land appears to be good, and has eight or ten acres cleared, formerly a French settlement. We have begun to build. Major and myself are at Charlottetown in order to get the articles allowed us by the Government. The Governor pays us great attention, and serves us in every respect. Major is applying for three hundred acres of land to which he is entitled.

Major not only got his three hundred acres, but made such good use of his time while in the city that he brought home with him the Governor's daughter on horseback as his bride. The Governor's other daughter married Dr. Gordon of the Black Watch, and was the mother of Margaret Gordon. Mrs. Major Hooper therefore, was the aunt of "Blumine". The Hooper family claim descent from Bishop Hooper, the English martyr burnt in a fire of green wood at Smithfield.

Along with Hooper came his friend, Richard Robins, and the story of this family was set down by an old schoolmaster, at the dictation of Robins's daughter, Isabel, when she was nearing the close of a long life:

I was born in the state of New Jersey in 1768; my ancestors were English, and had come to America one hundred years previous to this date. My father owned a farm near the town of Amboy, kept a number of slaves, and was in comfortable circumstances. I was eight years of age when the Revolutionary war started, and my earliest recollection is of violent discussions about the Stamp Act, taxation, and other matters beyond my comprehension.

Father remained loyal to Britain, was in the army, and so we were by the rebels considered not fit to live; but it would be useless to attempt giving an idea of the miseries occasioned by that war. Often a crowd of wild, unruly fellows would walk into our house, and with the greatest assurance order us to prepare dinner in double-quick time, and after eating, they would carry away whatever they liked best on the premises. I remember one day when five or six rebels came into a field where my brother Ben was ploughing with a pair of magnificent horses which he prized very much; they at once ordered him to unhitch and give up the animals. Ben (a big resolute fellow) straightened himself to his

largest proportions, looked at the rebels defiantly, and said that the horses would only be taken over his dead body; so, after exchanging complimentary names, the party drove off.

Mother died while the war was in progress; Ben went off to Kentucky, then a wilderness inhabited only by beasts; we had to quit our dear home and give up all we possessed. My father, hearing that Loyalists got free land in the Isle of St. John, set out in the spring of 1783, but we heard nothing till late in the fall, when a letter came advising John to take me with him and start early in the spring. In April 1784 we took passage in a vessel from New York. The passage was slow, and we were detained for two weeks at Passamaquoddy, a delay that seemed like years. . . . At length the vessel entered Bedeque Harbor for which we were bound. After sailing up an estuary for two or three miles, we noticed a small clearing ahead of the vessel; father in his letter described the place so minutely that we knew it at once. My feelings were worked up at that moment in a manner I cannot describe. Our family was scattered. Mother was no more. I was far from the home of my childhood. Father I had not seen for a year, and my whole being yearned to throw myself in his arms. How slowly the craft moved! John and I stood eagerly watching, and now we saw a boat with two men putting out from the land. After scanning it carefully, John turned suddenly round and in a voice full of confidence said "I believe one of those men must be father—the one to the right." After looking carefully I, too, thought the same, my judgment doubtless influenced by the wish. The rowers were in their shirt sleeves, and their backs toward us; when they were pretty near, John said with confidence "Yes Bell, that's father sure." How violently my heart beat at that moment, and how eagerly I watched! When the boat was within hailing distance, John shouted "Do you know one Richard Robins in this part of the world?" (This was said as a pleasantry, being certain that father was one of the men). The rowers appeared startled. Turning partly around and exchanging significant looks, one of them replied in mournful tones "Yes, we do—but-alas-he-is-dead." I was stunned and fell to the deck as if struck by a maul. I remember nothing about getting ashore; my first clear impression is that of finding myself in a log cabin, and of John telling me that it had been put up by my father and that he had lived in it. There was a fireplace, a rude bed, and a trunk; this I opened, seized a coat which I knew to have been father's, threw myself on the bed, buried my face in the garment, and like a child cried myself to sleep. . . . Father was buried in a lovely spot under a wide-spreading tree at the shore, and during these sad days I often covered the grave with wild flowers and passed long afternoons there sewing or knitting.

The much-loved father had, along with two neighbours, set out the previous February for Charlottetown, walking over the shore ice, the distance being about fifty miles. On the return journey a heavy snowstorm came up, which changed to icy sleet so that

their feet plunged through the hard crust at every step, and their foot-covering was soon in tatters. More dead than alive, they finally reached Seacow Head, only a few miles from their dwelling, but the bank was twelve feet high, and Robins, a large, heavy man, was utterly unable to climb, and crawled into a cave until help should arrive. But his comrades were long in reaching home, and the only horse in the settlement was several miles off, and by the time the rescuing party arrived, Robins was dead.

From the same county as Schurman came William Wright, who, although belonging to the Society of Friends, felt it his duty to shoulder arms for his King, and in consequence spent a year in prison, refusing all offers to "recant." On his release he found his wife and five children ill with yellow fever, and everything taken by the rebels except a single bed. He made his way to Shelburne, then to Tryon, and finally to Bedeque. When Summerside began its career in 1840, his son Nathaniel built the first wharf, named Queen's Wharf because the news of young Victoria's marriage had just reached its early citizens.

John Baker was also a Quaker Loyalist of New Rochelle, and settled in Bedeque. His father had been a colonel in the British Colonial army during the "French Wars", and received a grant of land in what is now the heart of Philadelphia. Hence arose the hereditary search for the elusive "Baker Fortune". John Baker built a fine house on Macdonald's Point, now a favorite camping-ground.

Richard Price was an officer in the British army, and was severely wounded in the battle of Cowpens in North Carolina. American soldiers told how he dragged himself along for two days with both legs shattered, and finally reached a deserted house, but hearing a starving pig squealing in the barn he dragged himself there, secured some corn and fed the animal, before attempting to get food for himself. He received his grant of land at Freetown, but bought 400 acres at Bedeque, and before settling went to Newfoundland for a wife, whose earliest memory was of the booming of the guns at Louisburg. Their son, George, married a daughter of Loyalist Mabey (her brother Paul Mabey, represented Charlottetown in the Assembly for many years, and was one of the leaders in opposing the arbitrary Governor Smith and finally bringing about his dismissal). George Price and his wife went to Miramichi, and passed through the fire of 1825 of which a contemporary writer said, "A greater calamity than this never befell any forest country: and the character of the scene was such that all it required to complete a picture of the Last Judgment was the blast of a trumpet, the voice of the Archangel, and the resurrection of the dead." Mrs.

Price awoke, and saw the woods ablaze all about them. Snatching up the baby, while her husband took the elder one and some blankets, they rushed to the river, plunging down a high bank. They spent the whole night standing in the water, with the father holding wet blankets above their heads. William Wright's son happened to be in Chatham at the time in a trading vessel, and he took them to Bedeque, but Mrs. Price never recovered from the shock and died soon after. George Price was a carpenter, and after his return from Miramichi built the homestead which still exists in good repair. On this farm was found in the early days the skeleton of a deer with an arrow in its side, proving that these animals roamed here in pre-historic times. He built also the home of the Pope family, so prominent in Island history. This building was moved from Bedeque to Summerside, and is now "The Kirk"; and when it was being re-modelled, George Price's name was found chalked on a beam with the date "1830".

Samuel Birch Rix was an officer in the British Army, and his brother was killed at Bunker Hill. Near the Rix homestead by North Bedeque Church lived William Gay, the last surviving Waterloo veteran on P. E. Island. He was born in Wiltshire in 1784, enlisted when very young, served in twenty-three engagements in the Peninsular War, was wounded many times, and was pensioned after losing his sight at Waterloo. His four medals were left to the four eldest sons in each generation of his descendants.

Long life was the portion of Joseph Artman Betture—107 years. He was a native of Amsterdam in Holland, who removed to England in 1758, and there joined Wolfe's expeditionary force and took part in the siege of Quebec. His land was in New London, and he lived there for over half a century.

Summerside, the western capital of the Island, was founded by another Loyalist Quaker—Daniel Green. His father had been one of William Penn's party who left England in 1682 to found a home in the New World, and among family names handed down were those of William Penn and his wife Gulielma. Daniel Green took part in the battle of Lexington, the first in the Revolutionary war, and was in prison at Concord. He was granted 500 acres on what is now the site of Summerside, which was afterwards divided into strips as farms for his sons; and thus the queer jogs seen here and there on Summerside streets to-day are reminiscent of the stubbornness of some of these boys when they refused land necessary for "Right o' Way." "Greens Shore", as the place was first called, had been an Indian camping-place, as numerous arrow-heads proved; and also a French settlement, with remains of cellars and

a forge. Daniel Green's wife was Martha Oat, who always dressed in Quaker gray, and whose only adornment was the ruffle about her snowy cap fluted on the crimping iron still owned by her great granddaughter. She brought her Dutch oven and a number of Quaker books with her when they came on the "Spencer", and settled first on Welling's Point, and some of the southernwood of her garden is still to be found there. A shelf extending across one end of her kitchen was always filled with cheeses of her own manufacture. When her son Joseph built, in her old age, the commodious dwelling known as "Summerside House," first inn of the town, it seemed to her so lofty in comparison with her early log house, that she refused to set foot in it until a section would be cut out of the roof, ready to be quickly removed as a means of escape in case of fire. This was actually done, but she died before she ever had set foot in it, at the age of 90. This comfortable old dwelling is now the Nurses' Home.

The adjoining 500-acre grant of land went to Ben Darby, a tanner from Rhode Island, who had been a Captain in "Rogers Rangers" and who on one occasion travelled on snowshoes in mid-winter from New York to Montreal, carrying despatches. He had a number of handsome daughters, and Daniel Hannington, another Loyalist of Shediac, came over the straits in a canoe, accompanied by an Indian, to take one of them back as his wife. He first proposed to the eldest; but as she had received no notice of his coming or of his intentions, it was literally "too sudden" and she declined; but her sister Mary accepted him on the spot. On the return journey they nearly lost their lives by the swamping of the canoe. A New Brunswick scribe, in writing a newspaper account of this old-time romance, depicted Hannington as conveying his bride across the straits, on the ice, in an ox-cart. A tablet was recently unveiled to their memory in the Anglican church at Shediac. Another of the Darby girls married John Welling, who owned "Wellands Point", and another—she who refused the Shediac suitor—was the grandmother of the aged Mr. Netus Stanlake who has been the careful custodian of the "John Schmall" relics mentioned above. Ben Darby's gravestone is the oldest in the beautiful English cemetery in St. Eleanors, recording his death at the age of one hundred; and close beside it is a stone of which no one knows the history—no name, no date, just the simple inscription, "To my own dear Harriet and our little Minnie"—the heart tribute of a lonely man, and quite as touching as that on the little stone in Westminster Abbey:—

Jane Lister
Dear Childe

From Kirkwall in the far Orkneys came the forefather of the family who gave their name to the settlement adjoining Darbys—Linkletter. He had settled near Hartford, Connecticut. His son, George Linkletter, married Martha Peck, daughter of Rev. Josiah Peck, the first preacher of that State, and son of William Peck who came from England in 1648 and took up a large tract of land called Greenwich. Josiah's land was named Peckstead, and their descendants still live there. During the war George Linkletter and his clerical father-in-law took up arms for the King, and after it was over, George with his wife and three boys set out for Canada. The way through the forest was long and dangerous, and food hard to obtain. On one occasion they had nothing but three potatoes, and the father, after roasting one of them for the mother who was ill and exhausted, decoyed the boys away so that she might not give to them the food of which she was so sorely in need. They finally reached Shelburne, and thence to Sedgwick Cove, now "Linkletter". This family name shows a greater variety of spelling than perhaps any other in the province. In the Journal of the House of Assembly of 1786 it appears among the list of Loyalists as "Linkleighter". They settled on a deserted French farm, where apple trees were growing, also some vegetables; and in the gardens of their descendants to-day are to be found, growing to a height of fifteen feet, the same "old French beans", extra tender in the pod and with seed of a pretty mottled brown.

Martha Peck Linkletter carried with her to the new log home a cherished heirloom of exquisite needlework on white satin, picturing a castle, a lady, and hares and hounds. She secured a fine hearth-rug for her fire-place the time that a huge bear attacked the sheep-pen, when her husband's flint-lock failed to fire as he rushed to the rescue, but she, seizing a brand from the fire-place, applied it to the touch-hole, and the weapon went off with a roar, killing Bruin and sending the good man spinning.

Linkletter's son George married first a daughter of Daniel Green, and afterwards Anne Young, daughter of William Young who had served as a carpenter on board the "Royal George". During a skirmish with the enemy in the Napoleonic wars, Young had taken from a French officer a sword with the head of Napoleon carved in ivory on the handle, and this is till treasured in the family. Young was brought to the Island to build for Campbell, the Colonial Treasurer, the large residence known afterwards as "Bedeque House" and the "Laird House." Sir Charles Tupper spent some of his youthful days in this inn, when his father was schoolmaster in Bedeque and first Baptist missionary to the province. George

Linkletter's daughter married William Ness of Inverness, and the "Ness Hotel" is still occupied in St. Eleanors. It was built by Loyalist Major Hooper, used first as a store by Horatio N. Hope, a godson of Lord Nelson, then as an inn. The fame of Mrs. Ness as a cook spread afar, particularly in the matter of oysters. Many famous people were entertained here, including Governor Sir Alexander and Lady Bannerman—"Blumine". This lady carried her own special brand of tea with her, which was carefully brewed by her butler, a spoonful of loaf sugar being first placed in the heated teapot. She asked Mrs. Ness for the recipe of a certain sponge cake she fancied, and in return sent her a box of Scottish shortbread.

In the course of an enquiry concerning Loyalist rights held in 1833 by the Island Legislature, Mrs. Samuel Bagnall, then 84 years of age, gave evidence that she and her husband, a cabinet-maker, had emigrated from Staffordshire to Philadelphia; that he had often been solicited to join the Colonials but always refused, and was therefore imprisoned for eighteen months in Albany; while she was left unprotected with eight small children over one hundred miles away. She and the children had often been threatened with scalping, and several persons were tortured and killed in their presence by the Indians. Bagnall heard in Shelburne of Governor Fanning's offer of land and came over to the Island, but was unable to secure any, although he had lost everything by confiscation. His son, James Douglas Bagnall, born at Shelburne in 1785, published one of the very early papers of the Island, the *Royal Herald*, whose circulation amounted to sixty copies, sufficient for the whole reading community of Charlottetown. He started half a dozen other newspapers in the course of his life, became King's printer, represented Charlottetown in the Assembly, and finally retired to Bedeque, where he and his wife are buried.

Some of these Loyalists, making part of the journey hither on foot, had as companion a man named Lightfoot who did not, however, come to this province. When he took refuge from a rainstorm in an inn, the bustling landlady, noticing that this man was thinly clad, began to make kindly enquiries. Among other questions she enquired how many of a family he had, and when he answered "Nine" she rushed to the door and called shrilly, "Husband! Husband! Come here! Come see a man who has nine children and never owned a greatcoat, while I've sewed a dozen for you and we never had one."

Other Loyalists of this vicinity were John Murray (Murray's Island) who after losing extensive property by confiscation and coming to Shelburne was offered 500 acres by Gov. Patterson, which

he never received; Johnathan Wetherbie, father of the late Judge Wetherbie of Halifax, who opened the first store in Central Bedeque; John Huestis of Virginia; John Silliker of Connecticut; the Waugh family, some of whom settled in Colchester County, N. S., at what is still known as Waugh's Brook; Archibald Matthews with land adjoining Summerside; John Hillson, a bricklayer, whose son married a sister of Sir Charles Tupper, and opened "Hillson's Inn" in the new town; and John Lefurgey (son of a man who came from Holland and settled in New York) who enlisted at the beginning of the war, and settled first in Nova Scotia.

All this section of country had been settled by the French in 1751, and their church and burying-ground were on what is now the Montgomery Farm. It is said the church bell is still buried near the spring on this spot.

Thus did the Bedeque Bay Loyalists help to lay the foundations of this province—these men who hewed themselves habitations out of the reluctant forest, and built the mill-dams, and saw to it that "whatever they did was done well"; and these women in quiet Quaker gray who kept the shelf of cheeses full, and busily spun and wove the flax, not bemoaning the loss of past comforts, but cheerily and steadfastly applying themselves to unaccustomed tasks.