Charles Fenerty and his Paper Invention

Peter Burger

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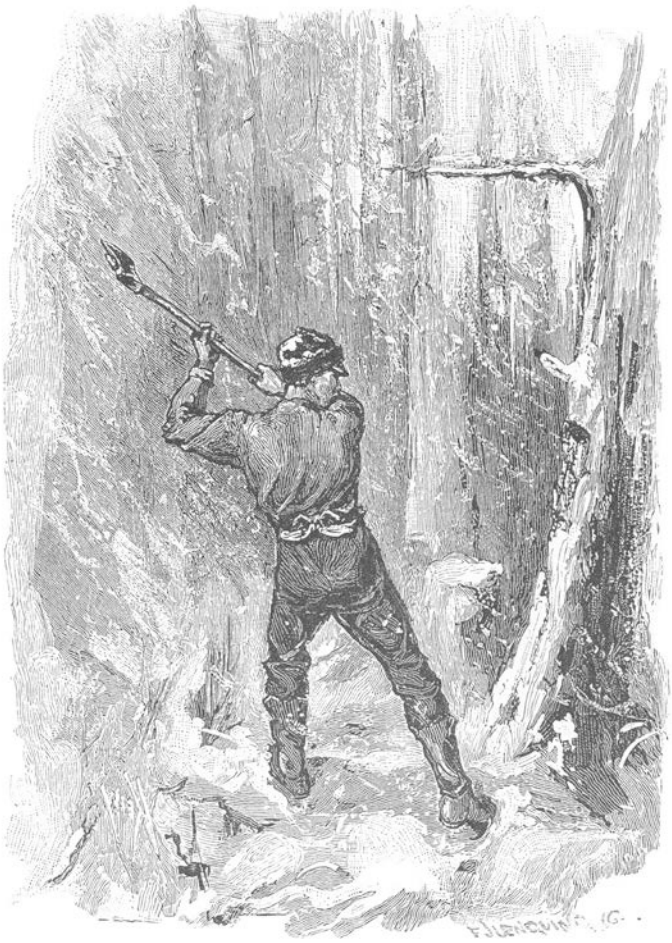

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by Peter Burger

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Book Cover: The photo of Charles Fenerty was given to me by my grandaunt Nancy Graves.
The background (behind the Charles Fenerty photo) was taken from the book: *HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF THE SUBSTANCES WHICH HAVE BEEN USED TO DESCRIBE EVENTS, AND TO CONVEY IDEAS, FROM THE EARLIEST DATE TO THE INVENTION OF PAPER*, by Matthias Koops.

Title Page: The photo was taken from *Scribner's Monthly* (Dec 1877), titled: “The Wooden Age” by Charles D. Robinson.

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Preface

This biography is about a little-known 19th-century Canadian who was one of the early pioneers in communications.

Most of what is known about Charles Fenerty is through his poetry and letters. In 1955, Dr. Charles Bruce Fergusson of the Nova Scotia Archives wrote a short biography of Fenerty. But the research involved was not detailed, and the book never caught the interest of others (perhaps because it was more genealogy than biography). Fenerty's achievement, however, is the focus of this book: the invention of modern paper.

On Canada Day 1987, Canada Post issued four stamps commemorating four Canadian inventors in communications: Reginald Aubrey Fessenden (AM radio), Charles Fenerty (newsprint), Georges-Edouard Desbarats and William Leggo (half-tone engraving), and Frederick Newton Gisborne (undersea telegraph). Canada has often been thought of as a leader in communications. Little wonder, when you add Alexander Graham Bell to that list.

But Charles Fenerty was more than a leader in communications; his writings indicate a deeper insight. This book contains thirty-two of his poems that span over fifty years of his life. His first (known) poem, "The Prince's Lodge," was written when he was about 17, and his final poem, "Sir Provo Wallis," was written just a few weeks before his death. His three-part canto, written in Australia in the mid-1800s, was a great feat—the mark of an adventurer. However, these poems, and others, were lost and unknown for many decades. This book is the first to publish them in over a century. Two poems, "Betula Nigra" and "Essay on Progress," appeared in pamphlet form in the mid-1800s and were widely known. Others appeared in newspapers. But evidence suggests that more exist.

Debate as to who invented ground-wood pulp first has not yet been settled, and this biography does not resolve the issue. However, I do explore the history of paper and some of the people who played a key roll in its development: Ts'ai Lun, René-Antoine Ferchault de Réaumur, Matthias Koops, Friedrich Gottlob Keller, and Charles Fenerty.

Growing up, I was constantly reminded by my grandmother that Charles Fenerty invented modern paper, and that he was also my great-great-great-great granduncle (me being a descendant of his brother Wellington Fenerty). My great grandmother (Mary Jane Mazie Fenerty) kept his story alive in her children. On a trip back to New Brunswick in 2002, my grandmother told me the story again, and so upon returning to my home in Toronto I went to the local public library. With my grandmother's enthusiasm I was sure there would be stacks of books on him. Alas, the only thing I found was a short paragraph in the *Canadian Encyclopedia*. So I decided to make it a project. And that eventually led to this biography.

In the last chapter, I refer to a collection of writings called the Stewart Script. The manuscript contains twenty-nine poems written by Charles Fenerty and was donated to Dalhousie University not long after Charles died. It is not a complete collection of his writings, nor was it supposed to be published in its present state. The manuscript was catalogued nationally only recently, and Terrence Punch mentions it in the bibliography to his entry for Fenerty in the *Dictionary of Canadian Biography*. Because the manuscript was written freehand, I spent about ten months typing it out. It was not so much the reading of his handwriting that took so long, it was the words he used. I had to verify certain words before releasing it. For that, I received help from professors at the

University of Toronto, the University of Melbourne, McMaster University, and the University of Waterloo, which I attend.

The story is roughly divided into three chapters/periods: the years preceding his discovery; 1844 to 1854; and from 1854 till Fenerty's death in 1892.

I also give a brief look at histories and events during and prior to his time. Places such as Australia (where he travelled to), Canada, logging and saw mills, paper, communications, and others, were intended to bring out the period he lived in, and to show the stages and developments which led to his discovery.

A tone which I had originally intended for the biography, but was advised to leave out, was the Communication and Information Age. This was a leading subject in the first draft, but then deleted. I felt this to be important because it's often believed that paper has been the greatest agent in human development.

When paper was development at around the time of Christ, people began passing information in great abundance (much like the Internet has done for us today). And like the Internet, it has caused growth in our understanding of things; things which we had no direct contact with. From there, literacy escalated, and thoughts provoked. It started slow, but by the time of Gutenberg's printing press, in the 15th-century, people were starting to explore the many avenues of thought and innovations; they got curious with this new found knowledge. Paper gave to the people the power to know, and to explore.

However, the book does not get into this subject in any great detail. But it should be known that had it not been for its development, the passage of information would have been extremely limited, and thus, so would have the advancements to follow.

Peter Burger
Toronto, August 2007

Chapter I

Blessed is the wood by which righteousness comes.

Wisdom of Solomon 14:7

This line was written over two thousand years ago and refers to a *New Beginning*. Taken from the "Wisdom of Solomon" its meaning is directed towards both Noah's Ark and the foreshadowing of Jesus' crucifixion on the Cross. But it would take two thousand years before its meaning is renewed with the printing of the Holy Bible onto ground-wood paper. In this new beginning, paper becomes the greatest medium for the collection and spreading of knowledge. It also becomes the greatest initiator for mass advancements to follow. This new beginning starts at the awakening of the Communication Age; the inevitable awakens.

The 1440's is pivotal in Western culture. In that decade, Johannes Gutenberg invented the first printing press with movable type. Just over seventy years later Martin Luther posted his "Ninety-five Theses," and during the next few years translated the Bible. This was of a huge movement that freed education, science, and nations from the dominance of the Church[1]. People started to question things.

From Gutenberg, to the Age of Enlightenment, and from the Age of Discovery, to the Industrial Revolution, the printing press provided universal access to knowledge. No longer did the general populous have to rely on the words of one entity, a national voice had erupted and ideas were flying in all directions. For centuries, knowledge had been controlled by the Church; only priests and other designated religious members were interpreters of the Bible. But when Luther told the people to read the Bible for themselves, he set in motion events that would change the world:

> He was a poor, plain man, only a doctor of divinity, without place except as a teacher in a university, without power or authority except in the convictions and qualities of his own soul, and with no implements save his Bible, tongue, and pen; but with him the ages divided and human history took a new departure.[2]

These events were bulked with new knowledge and radically new ways of seeing the world. Its dispersing required more efficient and effective mediums of communication. People began to see; it was an open door that drew in one of humanity's greatest and weakest trait: curiosity. But it also built up, in great momentum, an unstoppable force which provoked one of the greatest mediums of information-transfer: paper.

Chronologically, there have been only few major turning points in our journey through written communication: language, the alphabet, early writing mediums and systems, the printing press, and information-recording mediums (such of photography, telegraphy, the phonograph, gramophone, and modern paper). But more importantly, as knowledge poured out, an advent of wide-spread literacy was provoked thus calling for a more literate and aware society. This in turn increased the demand for printed material and information transfer.

The 19th-century saw many inventions that changed our lives and our understanding of the world: electricity, magnetism, radio waves, photography, lenses, flight, trains, steam, and printing—the possibilities must have seemed endless for those working the ideas and those reading about them. These inventions filled the headlines in every major newspaper of the time. And as the discoveries accumulated the demand for paper increased also. But this was also a time when paper was becoming increasingly expensive because of the growing shortage of cotton, hemp, and flax rag. The papermakers reached their peak in the old ways of paper production, and their main resource to make paper was now inadequate.

As the world greatly changed, the need to communicate was never greater. That need to communicate became an explosion waiting to happen, and it also drove humanity to one of the most crucial discoveries ever.

Charles Fenerty is an important focal point in the chronology of communication. His method of producing cheaper and more accessible paper gave to the press and to the people the boast they needed to rocket into this *Brave New Century*. His life is typical of any person out of the Renaissance and post-Reformation—at the start of discovery. His story begins in 1839, just before telegraphy and just at the beginning of photography; the embryos of our media saturated life. He takes us into a time when the communication of information now defines our whole reality.

HALIFAX AND CANADA IN THE MID-19TH-CENTURY

"Up then, brave Canadians! Get ready your rifles, and make short work of it!"[3] was the battle cry of the rebel leader William Lyon Mackenzie as he marched down Yonge Street in Toronto in an effort to liberate Canada of British colonial control. Though his battle was short and often viewed as pointless, Mackenzie set in motion events that would eventually lead to responsible government, and thus to Confederation.

The Rebellions of 1837 proved to be Canada's awakening.[4] It caught major attention back in England, so the British sent Lord Durham to investigate. In his report Durham basically suggested that Upper and Lower Canada be united under one government and that the colonies be given authority over their own internal affairs. British North America then consisted of: Upper Canada, Lower Canada, New Brunswick, Prince Edward Island, and Nova Scotia.

One of the key players in Lord Durham's Report was Joseph Howe, who rejected any unity with the riotous central Canadians.

Nova Scotia was the most successful and stable colony of the time. Halifax was a well-known international seaport with a self-sustaining economy. The population of Halifax at the time was around 15,000. In 1836 Howe was elected as a member in Halifax's Provincial Assembly. He was included in the executive council from 1840 until his resignation in 1843. He would eventually become the Premier of Nova Scotia, from 1860-63. The outspoken Howe often criticized (in his newspaper, *The Novascotian*) the lieutenant governor, and campaigned for a responsible government for Nova Scotia, which was won just shortly before Upper and Lower Canada won theirs. He was called the "Father of Responsible Government in Nova Scotia."[5]

Without Nova Scotia, there might not have been any success for Canada. Though Howe did agree with Durham's recommendation for colonial self-government, he wasn't interested in the idea of uniting the provinces of Canada. Nova Scotia was doing just fine without Canada; joining the other provinces may have only cause unwanted headaches. Nova Scotia had already gone through their wars and disputes with the British, French, Natives, and the Americans. The idea of a single, united Canada must have sounded appealing to some, but for Nova Scotians their province and identity was well secured.

The American Revolution, the French Revolution, and the War of 1812 brought great attention to the port of Halifax. Between 1778 and 1781 alone, Halifax harboured 900 sea-going vessels of all descriptions (from privateers to navy).[6] Nova Scotian trade expanded during those years and brought the colony into the domain of international affairs. This great port had all the conveniences that any sea-faring vessel might need. It had been a base of supply and a haven since 1749, and had a dockyard since 1757; it was, as Champlain put it, the *safe harbour* of the world, or as the natives called the Halifax harbour, "Chebookt," which means "Chief Harbour." [7]

Nova Scotia was covered with first-rate timber, and by the 1800s the colony no longer relied on an income from merchant and navy ships passing through (their timber trade was well established). The government had originally financed the erection of some saw mills in the area to aid in the construction of buildings for shelter after the 1749 settlements. The fast-flowing rivers provided both a means for the timber to float to the coast, and at the same time the current was used to power the saw mills. By 1840 there was a large flow of immigrants into the city. This provided cheap labour for both lumber camps and mills. There was also a large number of inhabitants who knew how to build ships and how to sail them. Growth in world trade, with a large demand for ships and seamen for trading, placed Nova Scotia at the forefront.[8]

The British knew that the day would soon come when its most successful colony would depart from their control. By this time Britain ends its special protection of timber trade, only to leave the Maritimes with gained popularity for their timber and shipbuilding. This alone created a wave of immigrates into the city.[9] It was Howe's praised timber industry which created their strong and stable ship-building industry. And though these early Canadians were perhaps unaware of it, the lumber industry would be Canada's most predominate to come.

At the same time, Canada was also feeling the effects of the Industrial Revolution. The steam engine alone had revolutionized many of the major industries: the printing press, saw mills, paper mills, and of course transportation. The Industrial Revolution was a time of dramatic change; workers became more productive, more items were manufactured, and prices eventually dropped. Products were available to all classes. This created a huge effect on the landscape of the world economy. But Canada was still a far reach from entering the international economy. Canadians knew that they no longer needed Britain's support. Only, the rest of the world knew very little about Canada.

By the mid-19th-century, when England hosted the first World's Fair, exhibitors from all over the world displayed their country's industries. This is where Nova Scotia, and thus Canada, will begin to take shape in the international spotlight. Canada's heart was beginning to beat.

CHARLES AND THE FAMILY SAW MILLS

Fenerty's story begins in a small town just north of Halifax called Sackville. The area started as a trading and military post in 1749. Barracks were set up just north of Halifax at the head of the Bedford Basin and called Fort Sackville—in honour of Lionel Sackville, first Duke of Dorset (1688–1765).[10] Eventually the area came to be known as Sackville. It was established in 1749 to guard Halifax from the French and their allies the Mi'kmaq. Some Acadians were settling just south of it, near Kearney Lake[11] [12] —returning from their Exodus ordered by the English. This was a security issue for the British troops, and posts were also set up along the Basin. By the mid-1750s land grants were being issued. The outpost soon flourished into a small community filled with lumbermen and farmers.

One of the grants issued was to William Fenerty (1736–1816), Charles Fenerty's grandfather. He was granted 500 acres in 1784, then another 500 in 1786. And in 1811 he was granted 1000 acres, totalling 2000 acres of prime farming land.[13] The grants were given out along the Windsor Road, which runs from Halifax to Windsor, NS (straight through Sackville). The Fenerty's called their estate the "Springfield Farm." It was located along the northeast side of the Main Post Road leading to Windsor, NS.[14] It had a dwelling house, barn, outhouses, and some cleared land under cultivation. It also had a large lake on the premises (Springfield Lake) which formed a run for lumber, thus making it a valuable saw mill lot.

Like other entrepreneurs, the Fenertys took advantage of their forest-rich surroundings. They established saw mills on the shores of nearby lakes. Their land was flanked by lakes on all sides.[15] To the north was Lewis Lake. According to the 1864 A.F. Church Map,[16] a saw mill was located in a small inlet just north of Lewis Lake, along the Sackville River, in the 1860s (see photo). This mill, which was owned and operated by the Fenertys, probably existed up until the late 1800s.

Sackville and area had an abundance of mills. In 1836, William Fenerty filed a petition.[17]

> Journal and Proceedings of the House of Assembly, 1836, Halifax
>
> "A Petition of William Fenerty and others, Inhabitants of Windsor Road, was presented by Mr. Lawson, and read, praying aid in the erection of a Grist Mill."

Due to the opening of a mill near his, it was ordered that the petition be referred to the same committee to whom another petition was referred to for aid for the Oat Mills. Sackville was about farming and lumbering, and competition.

William Fenerty employed a small handful of men. The *Halifax Journal*, on March 15, 1819 reported:

> "On 6th March, Mattew McCra, employed by Mr. Fenerty of Windsor Rd. An inquest held on 9 March found it was an accidental death."

Lumbering wasn't only a physically demanding trade; too often it proved fatal.

Also surrounding the Fenerty land was Fenerty Lake, Square Lake, Hamilton Lake, Little Springfield Lake, and Drain Lake. It's conceivable that the Fenertys had logging operations around all these lakes. It is known that both Charles and his brothers operated a saw mill at the foot of Square Lake in the Upper Sackville district. These saws moved up and down in large square "gates" made of heavy timbers, and the logs were cut lengthwise.[18] The saw mill that was located on Springfield Lake existed well into the early part of the 20th-century. Today the whole area is occupied with newly built homes. The mill was located near the corner of Springfield Lake Rd and Fenerty Rd, on the shoreline of Springfield Lake. Also in the area was a place called Fenerty's Hill.[19] Though the exact location cannot be determined, it was somewhere around the Springfield area as indicated on a map, held at the Nova Scotia Archives (see photo).

Directly across from their home was Drain Lake, where they operated another saw mill. According to the late Rev. Freeman Fenerty of Kentville, James Fenerty (Charles's father) had a mill near Russ Heffler's mill on Lucasville Road, at the foot of Webber Lake[20] (which ran directly into McCabe Lake, then into Drain Lake). This would have been a key area for them since hauling the lumber through the lakes to the Windsor Road for Halifax would have been a natural route.

As a young lad, Charles worked at these mills.[21] He helped with some farming, lumbering, and transportation of the lumber to the Dockyards in Halifax for export and local use. The roads from Sackville to Halifax at that time were muddy and in terrible condition. It made it very difficult for hauling lumber, and they stayed that way well into the 20th-century.[22] Back then, most of the basic needs were met on the farm: fuel, butter, eggs, meat, vegetables, and water. The farmers would trade their products in the city markets. But most of the income came from the lumber mills. Farmers would spend the winter collecting lumber for the spring, for when the mills became active again. Lumber was in great demand. Its primary use was for shipbuilding, but also, between the years 1812 and 1849, Halifax was consuming large portions of lumber for their booming expansion in both public and private buildings. The Fenerty operation was at the heart of this growth. Though inevitably, this great timber industry wouldn't last. Howe's vision of a lumber-rich economy would soon die down due to iron-built steam ships.

The late Dr. Rev. Freeman Fenerty of Kentville gave an account of what Fenerty's life was like back in 19th-century Nova Scotia:

> There were no matches back then; you used flint or tinder to start a fire. Transportation was by horses or horse and carriage. There was a central traffic of hay to feed the horses. Back then roads were cleaned by every able body – statutory labour. These volunteers would clean ditches, putting dirt on the road, filling frost holes with rocks. Families relied on their farms for basic needs (milk, eggs, vegetables, remedies). Though most farmed items were on trade, money was obtained by selling your farmed items at the city's market. There was no electricity; you would rely on candles or oil lamps. The oil lamps were cleaned and filled during the day. At Christmas, the trees would be fitted with candles, beautifully lit. There was no lavatory in the home; the outhouse served that purpose. The outhouse would be as close to the house as not to be offensive (due to odour), and for those who required its facilities at night there would be a chamber kept under the bed. These were emptied in the morning, and contents disposed of. There was no running water, no telephone. Water was brought in each day, with wood, from the well. It would be stored in several pails on the back porch. The water from the sink was drained directly into the back yard. Water for the family was heated on the back of the stove in a large metal boiler, or, later, in a reservoir attached to the back of the stove. During winter months, baths were not frequent. The family might have had their baths on a Saturday night, where the wooden tub would be situated near the stove (in the kitchen), and each person would take their turn. Laundry would be

done in the tub with a wooden board, and would be hung to dry outside (in bad weather you'd hang them in the kitchen). There was a wood box next to the kitchen stove, and one on the porch for stowing wood. School and church were important in small communities; both for education and uniting the community. The schools were built out of wood only, and were heated by a single stove. There were no lights in the schools, and no water. Students would bring in water from the well to drink or clean their writing slates. The homes too were not centrally heated. You would have a stove in the kitchen, then maybe one in the hall, and another in the living room (lit when the family was gathered and needed it). On cold winter nights it was common to place a hot flat iron, wrapped in a bit of blanket, in the bed for awhile before crawling in. Thus you'd crawl under warm covers and not freeze your feet. Houses were not insulated, and you could scrap the frost off the inside of the windows in the morning. Stores were very small back then, not like today's supermarkets. They would carry your basics such as bags of sugar, barrels of vinegar and oil, plus the packed things on the shelves. When it came to ordinary sickness, most things were handled at home with common remedies. One couldn't run to a drug store when something was needed. Sulphur and molasses would help prevent colds during the coming winter. Homes back then meant more to people then they do now, it was a family participation to keep things in order. Families were much closer, and things were not taken for granted. People overall were more responsible, something that fitted them for the rest of their life. [23]

Charles Fenerty worked in the family saw mills, and in logging operations during the winter. He also worked on the family farm, an occupation which he carried throughout his life. And though lumbering was a rigorous trade, it also gave Charles inspiration. His lifestyle and environment would be his avenues to discovery, and lumbering was the key element that would lead him to his great achievement.

THE LUMBER TRADE

When the philosopher of the future, thousands of years hence, shall dig into the past to learn how obsolete people did live and build and develop, as we are now digging into what we call the stone, the bronze, and the iron ages, he will discover that this nineteenth century was mainly marked, so far as the North American continent was concerned, with what he will term the "Wooden Age." [24]

In Fenerty's time, people depended on wood. Wood provided energy for warmth and cooking, for building homes and bridges, fences to protect the crops, braces for the rail, and much else.

Scribner's Monthly magazine, in December 1877, gives a typical account of the lumberman, and the industry:

Though the work of hauling never begins until winter has fairly set in, and there is snow enough to make good roads, the thrifty logger is often actually at work considerably before. He is chopping down the trees, sawing them into logs of proper length, and "skidding" them by the use of ox-teams. "Skidding" is hauling them together into considerable piles and placing them on skids, convenient for loading them on the sleds. It is an easier and quicker method than "loading from the stump," which consists in rolling the log upon the sled from the ground where the tree has fallen. The work of loading upon the sled from the ground is accomplished by the use of a pair of oxen, a chain being passed from the sled under and around the log and thence to the team, which thus rolls it forward over a pair of skids to and upon the sled. A horse-team will haul from 1,000 to 2,000 feet from the woods to the stream. As 1,000 feet of logs will weigh nearly two tons, an estimate may be made of the immense loads thus hauled. But the roads being generally fine, and in the main having a downward grade, these large loads are very readily managed. The first logs "landed" at the stream are usually rolled directly upon the ice, and the others following on top of them, the ice breaks down and the front of the roll-way nearly fills up

> the channel. Then, as the logs are delivered from the sleds by accumulating thousands, they are landed one above the other until the pile becomes too high for further unloading, and a new section of river bank is resorted to. Thus, after a successful winter's work, the bank is piled full for miles along the stream with the log-harvest, until some time during the month of March, when the days become so long, and the sun so warm that the snow disappears from the roads, and the logging season is ended.

When summertime comes, and all logs have been hauled to the mills, it's then sawed up into lumber and sent to the city docks for shipment.

Not much has changed over the past two hundred years in lumbering. Today lumber workers will still move their logs through riverbeds and into saw mills. Technology has allowed the whole process to be expedited with machines that, for example, will cut the branches in just a few minutes on site (inserting the tree into a cylindrical tube), and then turning the branches into woodchips which will be sold to pulp mills and other industries. But overall the process of clear-cutting and cutting up the logs into timber is relatively the same.

Charles never liked lumbering and clear-cutting,[25] ironical because of how our relationship with the forest changed after pulped wood papermaking (and other products).

Just after his grandfather died, in 1816, Charles's father, James Fenerty, inherited a portion of the land (just below Springfield Lake, on the southwest side—where the present day Charles Fenerty Monument stands). James had three sons: Wellington Winckworth Fenerty (1814-1893), Thomas Lawson Fenerty (1816-1868), and Charles Fenerty (1821-1892).[26] All three sons helped out with the lumbering operation. But it was Charles's time in the mills and his journeys to Halifax that would have him stand out from the rest.

THE PRINCE'S LODGE

> To His Royal Highness Prince Edward, Knight of the Most Noble Order of the Garter and of the Most Illustrious Order of St. Patrick, Major-General of His Majesty's Forces. Right Worshipful Grand Master of the Most Ancient and Honourable Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons in the Province of Lower Canada. [27]

This was the Masonic welcome the Honourable Richard Bulkeley, Grand Master of Freemasons of Nova Scotia, gave Prince Edward in the spring of 1794. Prince Edward's loyal fraternity, the Freemasons of Nova Scotia, was pleased to have the Prince in Nova Scotia. Prince Edward had left Quebec City for Halifax after being appointed Commander-in-Chief of Nova Scotia and arrived in Halifax on May 10, 1794. He was welcomed with great honour by a large audience and grand parade, complete with Royal Salutes from the Citadel Hill, an address by the Lieutenant-Governor at the Government House, and Masonic speeches.

Prince Edward was born on November 2, 1767, in Buckingham House. He was the fourth son of King George III and Queen Charlotte. And though he was not the eldest son, his daughter did become the Queen of England—Queen Victoria. He was also the first member of the Royal family to reside in Canada.

Prince Edward was accompanied by his long time love, Bernardine Julie de Montgenet de St. Laurent, Baronne de Fortisson (who had been born in France at Bezanson, of a

noble French line). Madame de St. Laurent and Prince Edward were never married, but they held a very long and discreet relationship.

After a trip to Niagara, to visit Colonel John Graves Simcoe, he returned to Quebec in September 1792, and was appointed Provincial Grand Master of Ancient Masons in Lower Canada (The Masonic Knights Templar). [28]

Freemasonry is a fraternal society, consisting of very religious and moral members. The Freemasonry is governed geographically by independent Sovereign Grand Lodges, with the Grand Lodge acting as the Masonic authority for all Lodges. (As it is used here, the word lodge means the temple where members meet, and also means a group, where the word is used much the way *army* is used.)

Freemasonry began in the early 1600s in Scotland (the Lodge of Edinburgh) as an association of stonemasons, eventually turning into a fraternity.[29] To become a member you would have to be male, believe in God (Christianity), no younger than 18, be of good morals held with a strong mind, have a good reputation and a Masonic reference, and must be born free (not born a slave or bondsman).[30]

The first Grand Lodge in Freemasonry was founded in 1717 in London to inaugurate a central governing body. But in the 1700s, just after the inauguration, most of the Lodges in London chose to be independent from the new Grand Lodge. These Lodges were often called the St. John Lodges, and the members called the St. John Masons (or Ancient Masons—as Prince Edward was often referred to by his members).

In March of 1888 Charles Fenerty published a poem titled "The Prince's Lodge," [31] which was written around 1838. The poem is about the decaying mansion, where Prince Edward once lived. Interestingly, in 1888 the English Order of St. John was granted royal charter by Queen Victoria and from there the establishment of the St. John's Ambulance arose, whose roots lie in the order of the Knights Hospitaller.[32] This was probably unintentional, but even during Fenerty's time the order was very well known, and had much prestige during that period.

When Prince Edward arrived in Halifax, he leased the property belonging to Governor John Wentworth (between Bedford and Halifax, along the west side of the Bedford Basin). The Prince renovated the house, adding extensive wings on the north and south sides, gardens, stables, a heart-shaped pond, several little summer houses, lots of trees, and dwellings for workmen and servants.[33] Across from the lodge, on the shoreline and stationed on a small hill overlooking the Bedford Basin, was a small rotunda. The Prince built this especially for dancing (also known as the Dance Room). Today, the Rotunda is the only structure that remains.[34] (see photo)

The Prince returned to England briefly due to an injury, but during his second stay in Nova Scotia he arranged for the construction of the Citadel, the Clock Tower, St. George's Church, the Martello Tower at Point Pleasant, and other structures, including another Freemasons Hall.[35] He regularly attended the Masonic church service, which was invariably held in historic St. Paul's Church, Halifax. On August 10, 1800, the Prince left Nova Scotia for England, never to see Canada again. And though the Prince never saw St. John's Island, then apart of Nova Scotia, it was renamed in 1798 to Prince Edward Island in his honour.

His relationship with Madame de St. Laurent had lasted twenty-seven years. But in 1817, the Prince was pressed into marriage. Though his relationship with Madame de St. Laurent continued, he married Her Serene Highness Victoria Maria Louisa. They were

wed on May 29, 1818. And on May 24, 1819, at Kensington, the Princess Alexandrina Victoria was born. In 1837 she became Queen Victoria of England. Prince Edward died on January 23, 1820, of inflammation of the lungs, and Madame de St. Laurent died in France in 1832.

Later on, in the early 1800s, some of the Masonic relics were sold off. Of them was a table purchased by Mr. Fenerty:

> Mahogany table with two half-moon drop leaves, purchased at a sale of the furniture at Prince's Lodge by Mr. Fenerty of Springfield House, Sackville, Halifax County, who had been an employee on the Prince's Estate. [36]

The Prince was a true mason; he did a lot of building in and around Halifax. It's likely that the Fenertys supplied some of the lumber and labour (since the road was frequented by the Fenerty family to transport their lumber to Halifax).

After Prince Edward left, the Lodge began to fall apart. In 1834 the *Acadian Recorder* gave some attention to the decaying house of the late Prince Edward. In one article they gave Judge Haliburton's (Sam Slick) account of the ruins:

> At a distance of seven miles from town is a ruined lodge, built by his Royal Highness , the late Duke of Kent, when Commander-in-Chief of the forces in this colony, once his favourite summer residence. It is impossible to visit this spot without the most melancholy feelings. The tottering fence, the prostrate gates, the ruined grottos, the long and winding avenues, cut out of the forest, overgrown by rank grass and occasional shrubs, and the silence and desolation that reign around, all bespeaking a rapid and premature decay, recall to mind the untimely fate of its noble and lamented owner, and tell of fleeting pleasures and the transitory nature of all earthly things… As I approached the house I noticed that the windows were broken out, or shut up with rough boards, to exclude the rain and snow; the doors supported by wooden props instead of hinges, which hung loosely on the panels, and that long luxuriant clover grew out eves, which had been originally designed to conduct the water from the roof, but becoming choked with dust and decayed leaves, had afforded sufficient food for the nourishment of course grasses. The portico, like the house, had been formed of wood and the flat surface of its top imbibing and retaining moisture, presented a mass of vegetable matter, from which had sprung up a young and vigorous birch-tree, whose strength and freshness seemed to mock the helpless weakness that nourished it. I had no desire to enter the apartments; and indeed the aged ranger, whose occupation was to watch over its decay, and to prevent its premature destruction by the plunder of its fixtures and more durable materials informed me that the floors were unsafe. Altogether, the scene was one of a most depressing kind… A small brook, which had by a skilful hand been led over precipitous descents, performed its feats alone and unobserved and seemed to murmur out its complaints, as it hurried over its rocky channel to mingle with the sea; while the wind, sighing through the umbrageous wood, appears to assume a louder and more melancholy wail, as it swept through the long vacant passages and deserted saloons, and escaped in plaintive tones from the broken casements. The offices as well as the ornamental buildings had shared the same fate as the house. The roofs of all had fallen in and mouldered into dust; the doors, sashes and floors had disappeared." [37]

In the article, Judge Haliburton said, "A modern wooden ruin is of itself the least interesting, and at the same time the most depressing object imaginable... It awakens not the imagination. The poet find no inspiration in it, and the antiquary no interest. It speaks only of death and decay." The irony is that someone did find inspiration in the ruins and wrote a poem. Just at or shortly after that article, Charles Fenerty started writing his first (known) poem, "Passing Away" (which he later renamed "The Prince's Lodge"). The poem starts off in reflection of what the lodge must have once looked like:

Hushed is the mirth of the banqueting hall;
The spider hath woven his woof from the wall,
Where graceful the folds of rich tapestry hung,
And where mirrors reflected the joyous and young.

Yon moss-covered portals, where festal lamps shone,
Are now lit by the cold spectral moon-beams alone,
And the wind through the casements wails mournful and drear,
Where the notes of soft music enchanted the air. [38]

Fenerty's inspiration was to carve in time the once beautiful home of Prince Edward, Canada's Prince. It was not about the present ugliness but a glimpse into the past; a lasting image of how it once looked. The poem appeared in the *Rockingham Sentinel* in March of 1888. In it, Fenerty adds a footnote:

N. B. - These lines were written nearly fifty years ago when contemplating the ruins of the PRINCE'S LODGE, then in partial ruin, as graphically described by your venerable correspondent, G.G. Gray. C. F.

The property was later owned by Rev. A. Gray (In his poem, Fenerty mentions a G.G. Gray who might have been a relative). Rev. A. Gray wrote about the Prince's Lodge (to the *Acadian Recorder* newspaper in Halifax).[39]

There is another footnote however. In the final chapter of this biography, mention is given to a manuscript written by Charles Fenerty. The manuscript contains many amendments, one alternation being the footnote to his poem "Passing Away," which he re-titles "The Prince's Lodge." The new footnote reads:

These lines were written fifty years ago, at which time, the Prince's Lodge—as the residence of Prince Edward was called—still stood on the shore of the Bedford Basin, but in an advanced stage of decay. Nothing now remains of the edifice, saved are a few grass grown mounds which mark the spot where the original foundations were built.

By the mid-1900s, the property became a post-war development project for new residential homes. The Rotunda received major renovation after a lengthy complaint by conservationists.

THE AGE MYSTERY AND THE SACKVILLE CHURCH

To date, Charles's exact age remains unknown. On his tombstone the inscription reads: [40]

In
Dear Memory
of
Charles Fenerty
Died
June 10, 1892
Aged 71 Years
In the evening it shall be light

After searching archives, family records, churches records, censes records, newspapers, government records, and other sources, no birth date was found. Birth and baptism records for his two brothers, Wellington and Thomas, are still intact.[41] The pages that would have contained Charles's date of birth are missing from church records.

The *Canadian Encyclopedia* lists his date of birth as January 1821. Some articles have even listed it as January 15, 1821 (though most just say January). These dates are only a guess.

Doing the math, if Fenerty died on June 10, 1892, at the age of 71, this would give a range of possible birth dates: from June 11, 1820 to June 10, 1821. So choosing January 1821 is a safe bet (it's about mid-way). But it gets more complicated.

In a census record, dated 1871[42] (taken by Charles Fenerty himself for his town), it lists his age as 49. Using the birth date range of June 11, 1820, to June 10, 1821, he would have been 49 during the period June 11, 1869, to June 10, 1870, and 50 during the period June 11, 1870, to June 10, 1871. This is not consistent with the census. In fact, there are more inconsistencies if other census records are compared.

There are two documents that suggest his birth year as 1820: a letter to Dr. Fergusson,[43] and an article written by Lawson Fenerty.[44] [45]

In 1956, Dr. Fergusson (1911–1978) was appointed Provincial Archivist (NSARM) and in 1957 Associate Professor of History at Dalhousie University. He was also Chairman of the Historic Sites and Monuments Board of Canada, a member of the Council of the Canadian Historical Association, and president of the Nova Scotia Historical Society.[46] During the years 1954 to 1955, he was the assistant archivist at the Nova Scotia Archives in Halifax.

In 1955 he was approached by the Fenerty family to write a biography on Charles Fenerty.[47] The Fenerty family provided Dr. Fergusson with most of the research material.[48] It was a fifteen page biography that outlined the main points of his life and family heritage. The Home and School Association of Nova Scotia thought the biography would only interest the Fenerty family (mainly because it was more genealogy than biography). Even Dr. Fergusson's research notes mostly focuses on the genealogy rather than Charles Fenerty facts. Regardless, the research put together was an enormous effort. The Fenerty family wrote to family members all over—from Alberta to Ontario, and from New Brunswick to Nova Scotia. There was one letter in the pile of research papers that stood out from the rest, which mentioned his year of birth as 1820. The letter reads:

> …Charles Fenerty, a younger son of theirs, was born in that house in 1820. Those of the family who remained in Sackville were lumbermen, first and farmers between times, supplying the Dockyard and the growing town of Halifax with spars and lumber from the splendid forests trees, spruce, pine and hard woods that covered the hill. [49]

Also, there was an article published by the late Lawson Fenerty of Sackville, NS. He was corresponding with a writer in England in the early 1900s by the name of John R. Booth. They first started writing to each other in 1914 shortly before war broke out in Europe, and then continuing again just after the war, when both started publishing articles in different newspapers and magazines about Charles Fenerty. In the article, Lawson mentioned Fenerty's year of birth as 1820. But no records can confirm this.

Though these two bits of evidence suggest his birth year as 1820, nothing else was ever found to authenticate this. For now his birth date remains as January 1821, but research continues.

In 1806, Sackville built their first church: St. John the Evangelist Anglican Church. The exact date of its erection is unknown, and speculation has it between 1790 and 1805. Rev. K.H. Tufts (1960)[50] believes that the church might have been built in 1790 but burnt just before 1805, in which case a second church was built in 1805. However, the boundaries of the parish were established by a council of the Nova Scotia Government on May 19, 1804. The first resident priest, the Rev. Benjamin Gerrish Gray, arrived in 1807 and stayed till 1819. Rev. Benjamin G. Gray baptized Charles's two brothers: Wellington and Thomas. He was not there to baptize Charles. He left for Saint John, New Brunswick shortly before.[51]

On November 10, 1828, the church building was destroyed by fire. A piece of smouldering coal had fallen while a church member was putting it into the church's stove.[52] By November 24th, plans were already underway to rebuild the church. And in 1829 the community had their new church again.

Construction of the new St. John's Church was a few years after Charles's birth. And though the records of his two brothers survived after the church burnt in 1828, the records that contained Charles's birth and baptism information had mysteriously disappeared.

It's not likely that they burnt in the fire; instead, it's more likely they were accidentally taken from the church, perhaps by Rev. Benjamin Gray himself. There are no parish records for the years 1817 to 1819. One suggested reason was that Rev. Gray was away on an extensive missionary journey to New Brunswick at that time, and no one kept records. There were three different ministers during the possible birth years of Charles Fenerty. This might have caused some confusion in bookkeeping.

In 1843, the Bishop of Nova Scotia received a document from Rev. D. Gray of Saint John, NB. It was an official document which contained the boundaries of the parish. It was thought that the document was lost, but was found due to a fire where Rev. D. Gray was living in New Brunswick. It's believed that Rev. Benjamin Gray accidentally took this from the St. John's Church in Sackville and brought it with him to New Brunswick in 1825, when he became Rector of Trinity Church in Saint John, NB. This was not an uncommon thing. Actually, Rev. Freeman Fenerty of Kentville, NS said that it was common for ministers back then to take their church documents with them. So whether accidental or not, it's possible that Rev. Benjamin Gray took the records that contained Charles's birth and baptism information to Saint John. Maybe one day they too will be found.

There are few known things about Fenerty; since only a small handful of documents survived. Another two unknowns in the story (which will be brought up later) is the J.J. Stewart Manuscript[53] and his decision to leave for Australia. Since he never kept a personal journal, most of what is known about him comes from newspaper articles, family members, and his poetry.

What is known, on the other hand, is his great achievement.

CHARLES EXPERIMENTS WITH PAPERMAKING

There comes a time in every rightly-constructed boy's life when he has a raging desire to go somewhere and dig for hidden treasure.

—Mark Twain (1835–1910)
The Adventures of Tom Sawyer

John R. Booth Jr.[54] wrote an article for the *Canadian Pulp and Paper Magazine*, November 18, 1920, saying that Charles Fenerty began experiments in papermaking using wood pulp in 1838.[55] He said that he had interviewed a ninety-year-old lady from Sackville, NS, who remembered seeing a piece of Fenerty's paper in 1838[56] (she would have been eight years old at the time). In that interview, the lady said that she remembered Charles showing Squire Charles Hamilton[57] his first attempt in producing paper from wood pulp. She added that he used an iron spoon to press out the water, and a woven basket for drying out the paper.[58] [59]

Lawson Fenerty and Booth had been corresponding since 1914. Both of them were attempting to give Charles Fenerty his deserved recognition and place in history, and also to prove that Fenerty was the first to produce paper from a ground wood pulp. On June 21, 1920, John R. Booth Jr. sent a letter to Lawson Fenerty. The letter read:

> Dear Sir:-
>
> It is exactly 6 years since I was in communication with you over the part Mr. Charles Fenerty played in the introduction of Wood Pulp. You will recollect I wrote an article for the "Pulp & Paper Magazine" of Canada and for the London "Paper Trade Review" on Mr. Fenerty's discovery. I wrote those articles to prove that the Germans were wrong in their claims to have made the discovery first. At the time one or two Professors in McGill University wrote me to continue my articles as they proved interesting, but unfortunately war broke out and I have been most of my time since in Belgium and France, and in 1917 had the pleasure of visiting Halifax, N.S. for a few hours while lent to the Navy for submarine fighting. I was hoping to see you, but we could not get ashore, our stay being too short. Now I have received letters to know if I will take up the case of Mr. Fenerty again in regard to wood pulp. I am doing so and I hope I am not troubling you too much in asking questions.
>
> You mentioned that you had some papers dealing with Mr. Fenerty's discovery of Wood Pulp, which were in the hands of a Mr. Stewart. If you have these papers now, and if I am not trespassing on your generosity, I would like to have a read of them to see if I can find something new. You can rest assured nothing will happen to them and if you send them I suggest you send them by registered post.
>
> I also want to know if the proposed monument to Mr. Fenerty's memory has been erected. If so, where; and, can I have a photo of it? - Photo will also be returned to you safely. When I get some more definite information to go on I want to move Canadians in the memorial matter if it is not yet erected.
>
> Have you also a photo of Mr. Charles Fenerty that I could reproduce. I have a photo of the man who made the first papermaking machine and I would like the late Charles Fenerty's to go with it as the introducer of wood pulp. If possible send me one and this will also be returned carefully. If possible I would also like a photo of where the old paper mill stood on Bedford Basin. Probably George Mullane's book on "Footprints around and about Bedford Basin" may give some information about his life. I have not seen the book but "The Acadian Recorder" you sent me in 1914 mentions it.
>
> My idea is that he made the discovery in 1840 after working from 1838. I want something definite to go on that it was 1840. The Germans say they made the discovery in 1843, but I say they stole Charles Fenerty's ideas just the same as they have stolen other ideas in other industries.
>
> Canadians are most anxious should I conclude my investigations, but I need hardly tell you it is no easy matter owing to the distance between London and Nova Scotia. Therefore I am troubling you to help me and anything you lend me to read will be carefully looked after.

Should I have anything new in the way of information from you, I propose to publish the first article in the Canadian "Pulp & Paper Magazine" which I write for now getting on ten years in England. By this means I will ask the Editor to have the name of the discoverer placed in historical records. When this article is ready I will then communicate with you about Nova Scotia, leaving England to myself.
You can understand this is a case where I am beating down the Germans who are taking credit for what should go to Nova Scotia and if you furnish the correct date I will leave no stone unturned to let the Germans see they have erected a monument, with the help of English Wood pulp men, to Keller, who was years behind the actual discoverer, Charles Fenerty. I have now got a hold of German manuscripts and their date is 1843. I want to prove Fenerty discovered pulp in 1840, so help me in my struggle in a literary sense. The last article I wrote seems to have been all round the world and it has opened German eyes in America and in the "Fatherland."
I have numbered 4 questions to you and I trust I am not "boring" you on the matter. I am deeply interested in the matter and want to clear it up without delay.

I hope you are enjoying good health and thanking you for past help.

Yours very truly,

(sgd) John R. Booth.

P.S. I am Very proud of the fact that the late Charles Fenerty's grandfather came from my country—Ireland. [60]

No one knows for sure when Charles started experimenting with papermaking. Of the few articles ever written about him, the years from 1838 to 1843 have all been suggested. Considering what was involved and the environment Fenerty lived in, it would be safe to say that he began his experiments around 1841 (though it could have been earlier). In his letter to the *Acadian Recorder* he wrote, "… but more especially the fir, spruce, or poplar, on account of the fibrous quality of their wood."[61] Fenerty knew very well which trees would be best for papermaking. There are over 100 species in Canada, and the trees he mentioned are the main trees used for papermaking in the pulp and paper industry today. This alone suggests that Fenerty spent a while experimenting.

In any event, Fenerty was living in a period of increasing paper demands. By this time, rags were in such great demand that Europe had to impose restrictions on exporting them. Linen and cottons were the number one ingredients. There were even reports of salvaging rags from exhumed Egyptian mummies, which were shipped off to New York and used in making grocery bags. Prices for paper rose greatly by the mid-19th-century. In England, newspaper size was strictly enforced, though this did little or nothing to help. Paper mills were pledging with their governments to aid in both rag acquirement and losses due to shortage. It was a demanding period, not only for paper but also with the need to communicate.

Even though there wasn't enough rags to fill the paper demands, paper mills still popped up all over. Each time a paper mill was established, it would call out to the public for any waste rags for donation or sale.

Here is an ad which appeared in the *Acadian Recorder* on January 9, 1819:

Rags, Rags, Rags
The Subscriber intending to erect a Paper Mill, the ensuing season, he requests families to be careful of their Linen and Cotton Rags. A person will be employed in the spring to collect them through the town. In the mean time they will be taken in (and a liberal price given) at No. 1, Corner of Duke and Water Streets. – A.H. Holland [62]

What's interesting is that at exactly this time people like Samuel Morse, Michael Faraday, Joseph Nicéphore Niépce, Sir Humphrey Davy, and dozens of others were experimenting in inventions that would soon be used in communications. Fenerty was caught up in this inventive spirit. And his breakthrough would prove to be one of the great discoveries of the 19th-century; because as communication improves so do other avenues of scientific development.

During Fenerty's time, there was one paper mill in operation along the Windsor Road (in the present day Bedford area, near Rockingham). Fenerty spent many days travelling this road, which was the main route from his home town of Sackville to the big city of Halifax. Lumbermen and farmers would bring their commodities along this road into the town markets. The teenage Fenerty gained inspiration and curiosity in two things while travelling this road: the Prince's Lodge, and the local paper mill. The paper mill was known as both the Acadian Paper Mill and Holland's Paper Mill.

Anthony Henry Holland was only 27 years old when he started his newspaper, the *Acadian Recorder*, in January 1813. Unlike the other newspapers of Halifax—which would avoid any mention of politics when possible—Holland advocated to the people of the town that his newspaper would freely speak about, and criticize, political issues. Holland was known for his methods of retrieving news; mainly to go out in the early morning hours in a small fishing boat and flag down international ships to fetch the latest news. The *Acadian Recorder*, located at 14 Buckingham Street,[63] stated from the start that "rational and fair discussion of political principles and candid investigation of the characters of public men and public measures will never be rejected."[64] Holland frequently found himself in court because of this, but the newspaper was a success. And it quickly grew.

By 1819 Holland established his own paper mill to accommodate the *Acadian Recorder's* demands for paper, since both European and American suppliers didn't meet those demands. The paper mill was located at Paper Mill Lake in the Bedford area; just off Hammonds Plains Rd. When travelling from Sackville to Halifax, you'd first have to pass the Acadian Paper Mill. It was at this mill, while hauling lumber to the Halifax dockyards, that something caught Fenerty's attention.[65] [66]

Fenerty often visited the mill; watching the mill operate and seeing how the paper was made. In comparing the paper mill to his saw mill, he must have seen similarities. The rags would first have to be soaked in water, basically till they wrought. Then they would be ground up, releasing the fibres for pulping. In saw mills, the floor would always be covered in wood chips—wet wood chips, since these mills were operating with water-power, and the lumber was coming in directly from the lakes. If wood is soaked in water for a long period of time, becoming saturated, it would eventually come apart. Stepping on these wet wood chips furthered the process of grinding them into smaller bits. Seeing the soaked wood chips might have clued him into thinking of wood instead of rags. It's also possible to think that the idea first came to him in the saw mill, which would explain his interest in the paper mill. Both mills operated in a very similar way, and both were using a product that was similar too (vegetation).

It's also been suggested that Charles was good friends with the well known Canadian naturalist Titus Smith (where Charles gained insight and inspiration in his forest-rich surroundings).[67] His time with Smith might have provoked him into learning more about plants and fibres, and seeing that trees too hold fibres.

In any case, Fenerty used the techniques in both the paper mill and the saw mill to conduct extensive experiments in papermaking.

This investigation spanned a few years, perhaps starting as a hobby, then eventually becoming a full-length investigation: finding ways to effectively soak the wood and extract the fibres, then giving it the required pressure to squeeze out the water, and drying the paper. His experiments also included whitening the paper. All this was done without any chemical agents. It's possible that Fenerty didn't need a wood-grinding machine, where others who worked the idea did; simply because his father's saw mill was his grinding machine. In his letter to the *Acadian Recorder*, he said that the wood "might easily be reduced by a chafing machine."[68] Whether he invented one or not will remain a mystery, but he was well aware that such a machine was required. He furthered his experiments by making sure that the paper would turn out looking like paper. Not only did he whiten it, but the texture was identical to the paper of the period.

Most newsprint and wrapping paper are not fully white. Looking through the newspapers of his time (especially the *Acadian Recorder*), the paper resembled paper bags used in grocery stores, only much lighter. This was probably the paper he produced, and would have been excellent for newsprint.

Though it would take him another three to four years, he eventually found a way to produce usable paper made from wood fibres. His invention will come just as Morse sends his first message.

Paper, radio, photography; the need to communicate was never greater. Fenerty's time marks the dawn of pioneers in the many avenues of communications.

Notes

[1] This movement (The Age of Enlightenment) was heavily influenced by the Freemasons. Prince Edward, Duke of Kent, was Grand Master of the Nova Scotia Lodges.
[2] Seiss, Joseph A. *Luther and the Reformation: The Life-Springs of Our Liberties*. New York: Porter & Coates, 1883: 1. Note: Special thanks to Project Gutenberg for this ebook, downloaded from <http://www.gutenberg.org>
[3] Ferguson, Will, *Canadian History for Dummies*, 2nd ed. John Wiley & Sons (Canada) Ltd, 2005: page 193
[4] Read, Colin and Ronald J. Stagg. *The Rebellion of 1837 in Upper Canada*. Ottawa: Carleton University Press, 1988.
[5] Ferguson, Will, *Canadian History for Dummies*, 2nd ed. John Wiley & Sons (Canada) Ltd, 2005: page 207
[6] Harvey, D.C. *"Halifax: 1749 – 1949."* Canadian Geographical Journal, XXXVIII (January 1949): 10.
[7] Fergusson, Dr Charles Bruce, *Place-Names and Places of Nova Scotia*, The Public Archive of Nova Scotia, 1967.
[8] Raddall, Thomas H. *Halifax – Warden of the North*, McClelland and Stewart Ltd (Toronto), 1977: 179.
[9] Francis, Douglas R., Richard Jones, Donald B. Smith, *Origins – Canadian History to Confederation*, 2nd Edition. Holt, Rinehart and Winston of Canada Ltd, 1992: page 320.
[10] Tufts, Karl H. *A Short History of the Parish of Sackville, NS, 1790 – 1960*. Sackville, NS: s/p, 1960.
[11] Mullane, George. *Footprints Around and About Bedford Basin*. Halifax: (Reprints from the Acadian Recorder) n/p, ca.1914: 5.
[12] Kearney Lake is located just below Paper Mill Lake, on the west of the Bedford Basin.
[13] "Fenerty" Land records for the year 1784 to 1811 held at the NSARM.
[14] "Land, Rail Road Land," *The Tri-Weekly British Colonist*, August 30, 1856 (Just after James Fenerty died, in May, the family sold the estate. This ad gives a brief description of the lot for sale).
[15] *Roads of Nova Scotia 1817*. Maps F/209 (Nova Scotia Archives and Records Management). (This map shows the property of the Fenerty's in 1817. William Fenerty died in 1816, so this would be the property of James Fenerty).
[16] Walling, H.F. A.F. *Church Map – Halifax County*, Published by A.F. Church & Co. 1864.
[17] *Journal and Proceedings of the House of Assembly*, Halifax, Nova Scotia, February 10, 1836: Page 928.
[18] A letter written by Mr George Hiltz of Sackville, NS, around 1954 to Dr. C. Bruce Fergusson. Available at the NSARM, Box 1854, F1.
[19] *Roads: Halifax County*. n/d. Maps F/209 (Nova Scotia Archives and Records Management).
[20] Fenerty, Dr. Rev. Freeman. *Memories of Sackville*. Sackville, NS: n/p (Sackville Heritage Society MS # 1643, Courtesy of the Fultz House Museum), n/d.
[21] Punch, Terrence M. "Fenerty, Charles." *Dictionary of Canadian Biography*. (Vol. XII. 1891 to 1900). Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1990: 311.
[22] Fenerty, Rev. Dr. Freeman. "Sackville." *Sackville Heritage Society Collection* (MS # 1531). May 12, 1994. (Courtesy of the Fultz House Museum).
[23] Fenerty, Rev. Dr. Freeman. "Sackville." *Sackville Heritage Society Collection* (MS # 1531). May 12, 1994. (Courtesy of the Fultz House Museum).
[24] "The Wooden Age." *Scribner's Monthly* December 1877,Vol. XV, No.2: 146
[25] Stewart Manuscript: A remark given by Fenerty as a footnote in *Betula Nigra* (only on the Stewart MS).
[26] *The 1827 Census of Sackville, NS*. The census reads: 79 Families on the Windsor Rd.: James Fenerty: 4 males, 1 female (Where the one female is James's wife, Elizabeth Lawson).
[27] Bro, M.V., R.V. Harris, P.G.M. *H.R.H. Prince Edward Augustus, Duke of Kent*. Nova Scotia, Canada: The Grand Lodge of Nova Scotia, 1956: 12 – 13.
[28] Borrett, William. *Historic Halifax: In Tales Told Under the Old Town Clock*. Toronto: The Ryerson Press, 1948: 87-102.
[29] The Grand Lodge of Scotland: <http://www.grandlodgescotland.com>
[30] The Grand Lodge of England: <http://www.grandlodge-england.org/pdf/cr-rule-update2-141205.pdf >
[31] See Poems at back of the book. Though Fenerty originally titled his poem *Passing Away*, he later on re-titled it to *The Prince's Lodge* (see Chapter III on J.J. Stewart Manuscript).
[32] Hamilton, Bernard. *The Crusades*. Phoenix Mills: Sutton Publishing Ltd., 1998: 31.
[33] McCubbin, Doris. "The Royal Romance." *Chatelaine* (January 1956): 42–45.
[34] The Government was asked for financial aid by heritage groups in saving the Prince's Lodge from the

danger of being torn down on May 13, 1821. This proved to be a long a tedious process that lasted almost 140 years (ending with Premier Stanfield announcing on February 5, 1959 that the provincial government will acquire and preserve The Music Hall of the Prince's Lodge). See the reports on repairs to the Rotunda at the Nova Scotia Archives and Records Management (NSARM): Box 1906 F3/58 (newspaper articles from 1955-1960).

[35] Bro, M.V., R.V. Harris, P.G.M. *H.R.H. Prince Edward Augustus, Duke of Kent*. Nova Scotia, Canada: The Grand Lodge of Nova Scotia, 1956.

[36] Bro, M.V., R.V. Harris, P.G.M. *H.R.H. Prince Edward Augustus, Duke of Kent*. Nova Scotia, Canada: The Grand Lodge of Nova Scotia, 1956: 21

[37] Mullane, George. *Footprints Around and About Bedford Basin*. Halifax: (Reprints from the Acadian Recorder) n/p, ca.1914: 9. This book is also held at the National Library of Canada, ISBN: 0665786654.

[38] Ibid *The Prince's Lodge*

[39] Articles from: *The Halifax Mail-Star*, from 1955 – 1960. Held at the NSARM: 1906 F3/58.

[40] Which is located at "St. John the Evangelist Anglican Church" at 954 Old Sackville Rd, Sackville, NS.

[41] The Nova Scotia Archives and Records Management (NSARM) has a copy of them on film. The originals are kept in a very big safe at the church.

[42] Nova Scotia Census 1871: District # 197 East, Halifax, Sub-District B. Windsor Road (held at NSARM).

[43] "Charles Fenerty." NSARM: *PANS Scrapbook – Halifax and Districts – 350*. Dated August 10, 1934.

[44] NSARM, August 10, 1924, PANS Scrapbook, Halifax/District 350, MFM 15090, MG9/43: Page 350.

[45] The late Lawson Fenerty was a descendant of the Fenerty family, who too lived in the Sackville area.

[46] Sellick, Lester B., *Notable Nova Scotians*, Lancelot Press, Hantsport, Nova Scotia, 1981: Page 89.

[47] Fergusson D. Phil. (Oxon.), C.B., *Charles Fenerty*, William Macnab & Son, Halifax, NS, 1955.

[48] Dr. C.B. Fergusson's research notes for his biography on Charles Fenerty are located at the NSARM.

[49] NSARM, Box 1854, F1/6, Titled: *Charles Fenerty*.

[50] The Rev. Karl H. Tufts was the twenty-sixth rector of St. John's within a one hundred fifty year period.

[51] Tufts, Karl H. *A Short History of the Parish of Sackville, NS, 1790 – 1960*. Sackville, NS: s/p, 1960: 5-9.

[52] Harvey, Robert Paton. *Historic Sackville*. Halifax: Nimbus Publishing Ltd, 2002: 49.

[53] The J.J. Steward MS is held in the rare book library at Dalhousie University, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

[54] John Booth Jr. was British writer for *The World's Paper Trade Review* (which was a periodical on the Paper Industry). He also wrote articles for other newspapers and wrote for a few years to Lawson Fenerty around the time of the First World War.

[55] Available on microfilm at the NSARM: Dated: August 10, 1924 (PANS mfm 15090 NSARM, MG9, Vol. 43, Page # 350).

[56] Fergusson, Dr. Charles Bruce. *Charles Fenerty: The Life and Achievement of a Native of Sackville, Halifax County, N.S.* Halifax: William Macnab & Son, 1955: 10.

[57] The Hamilton's lived off the Windsor Road in Sackville too (between the Fenerty's and St. John's Church opposite side of the Fenerty estate). The two families were good friends, and eventually Charles would marry into the Hamilton family (Anne Maria Hamilton, 1821 – 1904).

[58] Available on microfilm at the NSARM: Dated: August 10, 1924 (PANS mfm 15090 NSARM, MG9, Vol. 43, Page # 350).

[59] "Charles Fenerty 1821 – 1892" *Collections Canada*. (2000) 11 pars. March 4, 2005 <http://collections.ic.gc.ca/heirloom_series/volume4/290-291-htm>

[60] Booth, John R. *E.L. Fenerty of Halifax, NS, Canada*. June 21, 1920 (Archived at the NSARM, MG 1, Box 1787, F1/2).

[61] Ibid *Letter to the Acadian Recorder* (see Chapter II).

[62] Holland, Anthony. "Rags, Rags, Rags." *Acadian Recorder* (Halifax, NS). January 9, 1819: 3. (The ad originally appeared in the Acadian Recorder on November 14, 1818. A copy of this article was obtained from microfilm at The University of Toronto - Media Commons).

[63] Fergusson, Dr C. Bruce. *The Maritimes and Their Architecture*. Halifax: MS n/d, n/p, Pp.6. (Available at the NSARM: MG1 Box 1854, F6/one). (The Acadian Recorder was first located at 14 Buckingham St., where Fenerty brought his paper and letter in, then eventually moved to 98 Granville Street. Today Buckingham St. on longer exists).

[64] Tratt, Gertrude. "Holland, Anthony Henry." *Dictionary of Canadian Biography Online* (2000). University of Toronto/Université Laval 8 pars., Oct. 24, 2003. <http://www.biographi.ca/EN/ShowBio.asp?BioId=37037&query=holland>

[65] Tratt, Gertrude. "Fenerty, Charles." *Encyclopedia Canadiana*, The Grolier Society of Canada Ltd, 1977: 321.

[66] This is mentioned in articles too. It's also been suggested that Charles Fenerty was temporarily employed at Holland's Mill (when Pier's leased it in 1837. It was later leased to John Wills, and then Alexander Kissock after Wills died in 1852. Some believed that he worked there with Kissock).

[67] Punch, Terrence M. "Fenerty, Charles." *Dictionary of Canadian Biography Online* (2000). University of Toronto/Université Laval 6 pars., May 02, 2005. < http://www.biographi.ca/EN/ShowBio.asp?BioId=40217>

[68] Ibid Chapter II (his letter to the *Acadian Recorder*)

Chapter II

But of the tree of the knowledge of good and evil, thou shalt not eat of it: for in the day that thou eatest thereof thou shalt surely die.

Genesis 2:17

BRIEF HISTORY OF WRITING AND PRINTING

The start of passing knowledge in human communication did not begin with cave paintings, carvings, noises or gestures; it began with the communication of knowledge to those who too were divinely endowed to know knowledge, a fact that scientists often overlook; that is, out of the thousands of species that have lived and died that only the present day humans have the ability to know. Dr Carl Sagan, in his book "The Dragons of Eden," asked that question and offered an answer:

> Perhaps the most striking aspect of this entire subject is that there are nonhuman primates so close to the edge of language, so willing to learn, so entirely competent in its use and inventive in its application once the language is taught. But this raises a curious question: Why are they all on the edge? Why are there no nonhuman primates with an existing complex gestural language? One possible answer, it seems to me, is that humans have systematically exterminated those other primates who displayed signs of intelligence. We may have been the agent of natural selection in suppressing the intellectual competition. I think we may have pushed back the frontiers of intelligence and language ability among the nonhuman primates until their intelligence became just indiscernible. [1]

Intelligence was not systematically exterminated; there's a wide spectrum of intelligence in the animal kingdom which endeavours to survive. But you must look closely at it.[2]

"Only when man learned to pass on knowledge that he had accumulated did he become distinguished from the lower animals." [3]

—Elmer D. Johnson

Once that transition came, humans started using those pictorial symbols, which were used in cave writings for thousands of years prior, to represent thoughts and knowledge. The cuneiform script is one of the earliest known forms of written expression. Created by the Sumerians in the late forth millennium BC, cuneiform writing began as a system of pictographs, written on clay tablets. Over time, the pictorial representations became simplified and more abstract. The Sumerian writing system was so successful that it was adopted by the Babylonians after they conquered the Sumerians in 1720 BC.[4] This was about five hundred years before Moses, before the Exodus of the Israelites from Egypt, during the reign of Rameses I in the 19th dynasty[5]. The wedge-shaped pictures eventually evolved into a systematic writing language.

While the Sumerians were developing their writing system near the Tigris and Euphrates rivers in 3500 BC, to the south along the banks of the Nile, the Egyptians too were advancing their pictograms, ideograms, and phonograms. The Egyptians took it further by developing an alphabet. They were also the first to use brushes and ink on papyrus rolls.[6] Though the writing system had twenty-four symbols, each representing a single consonant, the hieroglyphic writing system would eventually disappear. Eventually the Phoenician alphabet was developed and soon became the standard in writing, finally being adopted by the Greeks at around the same time the Sumerians were conquered.[7]

China, too, was developing its pictorial writing system around the same time as the Sumerian cuneiform.

Around 1400 BC, the Chinese had started writing on bones. In 1270 BC the first encyclopaedia was written in Syria. The Greeks started the first library in 530 BC, and parchment made from dried reeds was first used as paper between 500 BC and 170 BC. [8]

Then in the year A.D. 105 rag paper was invented. Though records were kept prior to this invention, the mediums in which they were written on were things like rocks, clay, bones, bark, plants, shells, skin, ceramics, wax, bamboo, leaves, tortoiseshells, bronze, metals, silk, pottery, cloth, and ivory from elephant tusks. The Romans used wax-coated wood for writing letters and then reused it by heating the wax and clearing the writing. But when the Chinese went from these solids to pulped rags, it was at that moment when humanity crossed a threshold in information-transfer. Humans spent thousands of years waking up to the world, like a baby opening its eyes. Our adolescence came at the onset of modern paper, when we were teeming with curiosity.

The Roman Empire was one of the most literate cultures in the West, but as the Roman Church grew, literacy was mostly limited to members of the Church, including powerful nobles and businessmen. Over the next 1000 years, people in the West sat quietly while the Church told them all they "needed" to know.[9]

Paper has always been the element of change; it was the means that gave the people the power to know. All revolutions, in any genre of life, can be said to have been provoked due to the advancements in paper. Even today with leaflet droppings over Iraq and Afghanistan, the thoughts and beliefs of people are being systematically moulded. Paper has done then what the Internet is doing for us today; giving mass awareness. Since paper was the only efficient and effective way to document and deliver knowledge, it was embraced.

The first to develop a printing press were the Chinese, around A.D. 600. The idea of such a machine for information-transfer would have been revolutionary, except that Chinese letters were too complex to interchange, so the machines were only used for basic messages and postings. They started off using clay blocks, which would eventually be replaced with woodblocks. This was an important invention because prior to this all texts were hand written. Using this method, they were able to produce copies at a much greater pace. But it was still very primitive. The printer would basically hand write the text, then, while the ink was still wet, would imprint it on the clay or wood. Each letter would be carved out. This printing technique, starting in China in the sixth to seventh century, eventually made its way to Baghdad and Egypt. But it didn't make its way to Europe till the Middle Ages. By A.D. 1045, the Chinese had gone from a stationary die to movable type.[10] But again these types took an enormous amount of time to carve. By the 12th- and 13th-century, both the Arab and Chinese libraries contained tens of thousands of

printed books. But due to the complexity of the Chinese writing system, movable-type printing was not widely used.

In Europe, books were copied by hand in monasteries. This was a very time consuming process. Then in 1447, a German metal worker by the name of Johannes Gensfleisch zur Laden zum Gutenberg (1398-1468) changed the world with a new kind of printing press.[11] Johannes Gutenberg took it further. He invented metal type, oil-based ink, a mould for die casting, and a new kind of printing press similar to the machines used in wine making. His moveable type and press machine greatly reduced the amount of time in die production, which expedited printing at a much higher rate. Basically, he made dies in which heated metal was poured into a cast, making single moulded characters. If more dies were needed you had the cast and no new carvings were necessary.

The first mass-produced work to come off the Gutenberg press was the Holy Bible. In 1455 Gutenberg showed the power of the printing press by selling copies of the Holy Bible (*Biblia Sacra*) for 300 florins each. Though this was very expensive, it was much cheaper than a handwritten Bible which took a single monk about twenty years to transcribe. Less than fifty years after Gutenberg introduced his printing press, about ten million copies of books had been printed and distributed all over. That number would rise between 150 million and 200 million books shortly after.[12] Literacy was on the rise.[13]

This changed the people's relation with the Church, and started a wave of inquiry, exploration and discovery. Its greatest revolution happened in the early part of the 16th-century when a 34 year old monk named Martin Luther stood up against the Church.

Martin Luther (1483–1546) grew tied of how the Church sold repentance. For a small price anyone could purchase the remission of their sins, or for one of their deceased relatives in purgatory. These were called indulgences, and the Church was making a lot of money from it. Luther saw these indulgences as an abuse which could mislead people into relying simply on the indulgences themselves, neglecting prayer, confession, and true repentance. He knew that people didn't understand the Bible; mainly because people were illiterate and most commoners didn't own one. Luther preached three sermons against indulgences in 1516 and 1517. And on October 31, 1517, and according to tradition, Luther posted on the University door his 95-Theses[14] which outlined in point-form his disparity for these indulgences. The theses exposed and condemned greed in the Church and asked for a theological disputation on what indulgences could grant. He wanted people to understand that God forgives, and through Jesus Christ forgiveness can be found.[15] Within two weeks his 95-Theses had spread throughout Germany, and within two months throughout Europe. Luther's theses caused major reform within the Church. He first sent off his theses to religious leaders around Europe, and this eventually led to the Protestant Reformation. This was the first major event that was a direct result of the printing press.

His contributions were not limited to the Christian Church either; his translation of the Bible helped develop a standard version of the German language, added several principles to the art of translation, and significantly influenced the translation of the Bible into English.[16] [17]

From the Reformation many new developments and scientific discoveries emerged: the Age of Discovery, Exploration, and Invention (including many others).

The next great event happened when in 1844 Charles Fenerty and F.G. Keller gave to the world a cheaper and more efficient way to communicate: the development of ground wood pulped paper.

HISTORY OF PAPER UP TO 1844

In his biography on Charles Fenerty, Dr. C. Bruce Fergusson wrote, "This is indeed the paper age; newsprint paper is a corner-stone of democracy." [18]

The word *paper* comes from the word *papyrus*, which comes from the Greek word *papuros* (πάπυρος). The Greeks have another word for *papyrus*, pronounced bublos (βύβλος). Bublos is said to derive from the name of the Phoenician city of Byblos (where the alphabet was first developed). Both *papuros* and *bublos* refer to a plant (same plant but for different purposes). The word *papuros* will eventually make its way into the English language as *paper*, and *bublos* is the ancestor to English words like: *bibliography*, *bibliophile*, and *bible*.[19]

The papyrus plant was once abundant in the Nile Delta of Egypt. It was cut to extinction in that region centuries ago. The plant also grows in central Africa and has recently been reintroduced into the Nile area. The plant grows to five metres in height (15 ft). The paper is made from the pith of the plant. Basically strips were torn off and adhered together (overlapping a bit on the edges and woven at right angles). This process began around 3500 BC (though the date varies amongst researchers). The Egyptians used it to keep records, and in their dry climate papyrus was stable. Today, scrolls that have survived the centuries are in excellent condition. Those found in Europe and elsewhere (in moist climates) are brittle and faded. The idea was great, and did eventually make its way around the world, but it wasn't good for keeping long term records outside Africa. Also, the plant itself would eventually become scarce in the region. Another method had to be found.[20]

Although in the first centuries BC and AD papyrus scrolls were very popular in Europe and East Asia, attention soon turned to parchment; which was prepared from animal skins. This was durable and lasted for a long time. However, by the beginning of the second century, in AD 105, a Chinese imperial court official by the name of Ts'ai Lun invented a way of making paper using a mixture of the inner bark of the mulberry tree, Broussonetia papyrifera, old fishing nets, rags, and hemp waste, all ground into a pulp—releasing their fibres—and laid on a mesh or screen of bamboo strips to drain and dry. [21]

Pulping rags was revolutionary, and the Chinese knew this and kept it a secret. However, Buddhist monks gradually spread the art to Korea around A.D. 600, then to Japan in 610. Papermaking became an essential part of Japanese culture; being used for writing, fans, garments, dolls, and components of a house. The Chinese and Arabs had traded for centuries, but by the middle of the eighth century, the two cultures were at war, and in A.D. 751 the Chinese were defeated. Many of the Chinese soldiers were captured and enslaved, and among the prisoners were some of China's papermakers. To avoid torture and death, some of these papermakers bargained their freedom by teaching the Arabs the secrets of papermaking.[22] This was good timing because papyrus was just about depleted.

The secret would eventually make its way from the Arab regions (like Samarkand, Baghdad, and Mecca) to Europe. The first paper mill in Europe was built by the Arabs in Xátiva, Spain (now Játiva, Spain) around the year A.D. 950. Papermaking continued there under Moorish rule until 1244 when European armies drove them out. The Persian traveller Nasiri Khosrau, while visiting Cairo in 1035, was amazed to see Egyptian merchants wrap their goods (like spices, vegetables, and hardware) in paper. Shortly after, between 1041 and 1049, moveable type was invented in China by Pi Shêng. But, it did not progress well due to the Chinese alphabet (being much like cuneiform, but much more complex). By 1102 papermaking was introduced to Sicily, and 1154 in Italy. But it would still take decades before it spread throughout Europe.[23]

During a war between Venice and Genoa in 1298, the Venetian explorer Marco Polo was captured and imprisoned. While confined he told his story to Rustichello da Pisa (another Italian prisoner). Rustichello wrote it out, making it into a book. The book was published, titled *Il Milione*. It was soon translated into many European languages and is known in English today as *The Travels of Marco Polo*. The Venetian explorer gave a detailed account of his travels through the unknown parts of the Far East, along the Silk Road and the Great Wall, and his visit with Kublai Khan (grandson of Genghis Khan) of the Mongol Empire. One of the things he mentioned, in great detail, was the use of paper (like paper money). The modern pulped rag paper of the time was still unknown to most Europeans but, in China, paper had flourished into many uses. [24] [25] [26]

By A.D. 1228, paper made its way north to Germany, then to England in 1309, shortly after the last of the Christian Crusades against the Arabs for the Holy Land (1095–1291).

Like the Norman Conquest of England just shortly before, the Crusades had an enormous influence on the European Middle Ages.[27] Even though Europeans were well accustomed to the Arab cultures, the Crusades opened new avenues of thought to Europeans: science, medicine, architecture, and warfare. And by this time, the Europeans had become well acquainted with the many other products of the Middle East, including paper.

Toward the end of the Crusades, Italy became a major producer of paper, and between A.D. 1338 and 1470, French monks were producing paper for the Holy Scriptures. In 1390 the first paper mill was erected in Germany, in Nürnberg. But the great step came when Johannes Gutenberg started printing the Bible with his new printing press. The first Gutenberg Bible[28] came off the press on February 23, 1455, in Mainz, Germany, using moveable type. Its production marked the beginning of the mass production of books in the West.

Paper did not change much over the following 400 years, though its production did. Poland built its first mill in 1491, and two more in 1522 and in 1534. England's first mill was established in 1495, just three years after Columbus arrived in the *New World*—and it was no coincidence either.

After Columbus returned from his first voyage, news quickly spread across Europe. His journeys were written and published,[29] much like the *Race to Space* of the 1960s. And soon other European nations wanted a piece of the fame and glory. The literary works about Columbus's voyage to the *New World* was the reason England sent John Cabot—and France sent Jacques Cartier—to the northern parts of the new continent. Paper and the printing press were tools in glorifying the moment for European exploration, promoting national unity.

By 1609, newspapers started appearing, first in Germany, then England (which established its first newspaper in London in 1622), and Russia in 1703. In 1638-39 the first printing press was established on the North American continent in Cambridge, Massachusetts. The first machine to make paper by mechanical means was invented by Nicolas Louis Robert of Paris, France. He took out a patent for his discovery on January 18, 1799, which was later improved by Henry Fourdrinier in 1806.[30] Other machines followed, all utilizing the methods and materials of the Chinese inventor Ts'ai Lun. But towards the end of the 17th-century, rags (such as linen and cotton) began to be in short supply. England issued a decree, for example, prohibiting the use of rag materials for burial of the dead (this saved about 200,000 pounds of linen and cotton annually). But it wasn't enough.

In 1719 a French scientist, René Antoine Ferchault de Réaumur made a revolutionary suggestion. During one of his observations of nature, he watched some wasps build their nest. He noticed that the nest was made out of a paper-like mesh. He also noticed that the wasps would break down wood particles into tiny bits and secrete some sort of adhering agent, which bonded all the little bits of wood together. To Réaumur it looked like paper. He later wrote:

> The American wasps make a very fine paper, apparently like ours; they extract the fibre of common wood and teach us that one can make paper from the fibres of plants without using rags and linen. They seem to invite us to try whether we cannot arrive at making fine and good paper by the immediate use of certain wood. It is a study which not only should not be neglected but is important. [31]

Réaumur was a scientist, but his interests were occupied in many other fields. So he never pursued this theory himself. And in 1742 he wrote:

> I am ashamed not yet to have tried this experiment since it is more than twenty years since I have realized the importance of it and since I have announced it. But I had hoped that some one would have liked to make it his occupation. It would be interesting, and possibly might be made very profitable to institute experiments with wood from which these insects make their paper; for if a new material for the manufacture of paper could thus be discovered; the fortunate discoverer would be well repaid, and the country would be enriched by possessing another source.

It would be decades before the idea was investigated and developed, though he would never live to see it. Like the Sumerians with their cuneiform writing, Réaumur had planted the seeds. And though the paper mesh the wasps were making had the appearance of usable writing paper, the actual technique of making paper was much different—there was a missing step. Nowhere did Réaumur mention anything about pulping the wood, thus extracting the fibres. Nevertheless it got people thinking, one of them being Matthias Koops.

In 1800, Matthias Koops produced a beautiful and unique book titled, "HISTORICAL ACCOUNT OF THE SUBSTANCES WHICH HAVE BEEN USED TO DESCRIBE EVENTS, AND TO CONVEY IDEAS, FROM THE EARLIEST DATE TO THE INVENTION OF PAPER." [32] This book was produced from plants and trees (see photo). In an appendix, Koops wrote:

> The following lines are printed upon Paper made from Wood alone, the produce of this country, without any intermixture of rags, waste paper, bark, straw, or any other vegetable substance, from which Paper might be, or has hitherto been manufactured; and of this most ample testimony can be given, if necessary. [33]

Both the cover and the appendix were made from wood, and the pages within the book were made from straw. The texture is very smooth, and the text very legible. If you saw the book today, you'd think it was fresh off the press; time has done it no harm. But there's something very important to note here. Though the book was (partially) made from wood, none of it was in anyway pulped. And actually, nowhere in the book did Koops mention the pulping process (nor the word *pulp* for that matter). He went on to say:

> Various hints may be suggested to those who are already acquainted with the properties of Paper, when pasted in lamina on each other; it may, by this means, be made to form a substance, as durable and more impenetrable than oak.

In other words, little bits of wood were adhered together, much like the wasps nest that Réaumur wrote about in 1719. Koops took it at face value. He knew about Réaumur's work, and it's possible that he took it too literally. Koops did not pulp the wood, or the straw, or anything else, he simply glued the little shavings of wood together to form paper. The paper is very beautiful and as durable as he described, but it was an expensive undertaking, one which proved financially fatal.[34] Though his small enterprise was short lived (sending him into bankruptcy),[35] Koops was well aware of the importance of paper:

> The invention of Paper has been the sole cause of the various gradations of improvement in every art and science. Without it the present age would neither have been more civilized nor wiser than it was many centuries ago, because one age could never have conveyed to its posterity what the labours of the past had achieved; for it is well known that, in dark and barbarous ages, the inhabitants of no country have ever made any progress towards improvement and civilization without the use of Writing, Printing, and Paper. [36]

After 1802, Koops mysteriously disappeared, nowhere to be mentioned. But this wasn't the end of papermaking. Success came forty years later, on two separate continents, in a time when the demand for paper had reached intense levels.

FENERTY'S DISCOVERY

By the early 1840s Canada had several paper mills: [37]

- St. Andrews Mill, PQ (Canada's first paper mill 1805-1834)
- Holland's Paper Mill, NS (also called the Acadian Paper Mill 1819-1876)
- Crooks' Hollow Mill, ON (Ontario's first mill 1826-1879)
- Don Valley Mill, ON (or, York Paper Mill 1826, later a wood pulp paper mill)
- Stanstead Paper Mill, PQ (Rock Island, PQ, from 1832 to around 1850)
- Jacartier Mill, PQ (Jacques Cartier, PQ, from 1817-23 to around 1850-57)
- Miller-Ford Mill, PQ (connected to the Jacartier Paper Mill, est. around 1840)
- Philips Mill, NB (Little River, 4 KM from Saint John, ?-1867)

And there were others. Each time a mill started, it would appeal to the public for used rags. By the 1840s, the exporting of rags from Europe had been heavily sanctioned; only

authorized quantities were allow to be exported, and Canada relied heavily on imported rags. On August 31, 1844, the *New Brunswick Courier* published an ad that read:

> *RAGS ! RAGS !*
> *Clean white and coloured cotton RAGS,*
> *purchased by the subscriber for cash in any*
> *quantity. [August 31st] B. McCann*

A new method for producing paper had to be found.

From 1841 to 1844 Charles Fenerty conducted extensive experiments into papermaking.[38] Unlike Réaumur and Koops, Fenerty had the leisure to investigate the idea; he was surrounded with all types of trees; he was well acquainted with saw and paper mills; and with the contrast of the two mills this gave critical insight into the new emerging method. But more importantly, Fenerty came up with the idea of pulping the wood, instead of adhering it.

The year 1844 was an eventful one for him: his brother Thomas got married; there was the great spectacle of the Saladin piracy trial, and his mother had recently passed away.[39] He was also spending a lot of time gathering lumber for summer operations. But Fenerty remained dedicated, and news came to the city of Halifax on Saturday, October 26, 1844, in a letter written by Charles Fenerty to the *Acadian Recorder* (see photo of original), announcing his discovery of ground wood pulped paper. The letter read:

> FOR THE ACADIAN RECORDER.
>
> Messrs. English & Blackadar,
>
> Enclosed is a small piece of PAPER, the result of an experiment I have made, in order to ascertain if that useful article might not be manufactured from WOOD. The result has proved that opinion to be correct, for—by the sample which I have sent you, Gentlemen—you will perceive the feasibility of it. The enclosed, which is as firm in its texture as white, and to all appearance as durable as the common wrapping paper made from hemp, cotton, or the ordinary materials of manufacture is ACTUALLY COMPOSED OF SPRUCE WOOD, reduced to a pulp, and subjected to the same treatment as paper is in course of being made, only with this exception, VIZ: my insufficient means of giving it the required pressure. I entertain an opinion that our common forest trees, either hard or soft wood, but more especially the fir, spruce, or poplar, on account of the fibrous quality of their wood, might easily be reduced by a chafing machine, and manufactured into paper of the finest kind. This opinion, Sirs, I think the experiment will justify, and leaving it to be prosecuted further by the scientific, or the curious. I remain, Gentlemen, your obdt. servant,
>
> CHARLES FENERTY. [40]
>
> The Acadian Recorder
> Halifax, N.S.
> Saturday, October 26, 1844

It was the initial step, the beginning of a long road to the many advancements in both paper and communication technology to come. And while a channel of communication had been opened by Samuel Morse only five months prior, here too, paper was about to lift the veil from ignorance, and give the people a more visible view of their world: the paper was the *Internet* of their time, and the now abundance of it was a newer *high speed connection*, and cheap!

But like most inventions, it received little attention at the start—Alexander Graham Bell was once told that his telephone invention would have no practical use. Producers were in no rush to switch from rags to wood, they were too set in their ways, and too stubborn that rags were the only practical method.

The only other newspaper known to have written about Fenerty's discovery was *The Morning News* in Saint John, New Brunswick, four days later:

> A DISCOVERY – A young man living in Halifax, has made a successful experiment of converting spruce wood into paper of the finest texture. He first reduces the wood to a pulp—and then operates on it in the same way as upon rags, viz: by pressing, and so forth. He is of opinion, that if the proper means were taken, that as good, if not better, paper, might be made from wood, as from the materials at present used. This is truly a valuable discovery, provided it can be reduced to successful practice. We have wood material enough in New Brunswick to supply us with paper for all time to come—and what is of greater importance still, we shall have a most valuable resource in our spruce trees, and shall be able to supply almost every market on the globe, with the means of producing the cheapest paper. [41]

Visionary, and yet laced with irony—Canada did become a global supplier of pulped wood paper. We export more pulped wood products than any other country in the world (the U.S. being our number one customer).[42] In 2001, the wood industry contributed nearly $27 billion to the Canadian economy and, in that same year, exports of Canadian forest products amounted to more than $38 billion.[43]

Unfortunately, neither the young pioneer nor any local papermaker or investor pursued it further. But mention must be given to another inventor who, at the very same time, developed the same method for making paper.

In Krippen, Germany, a young man by the name of Friedrich Gottlob Keller (1816–1895) was working on a wood-grinding machine to extract the fibres from wood for papermaking.[44]

Keller's work was well documented. He was a weaver and a mechanic in Hainichen, Germany.[45] His father was a weaver and leaf-binder, which is why he too became one, but he was very unhappy. His interests were in machines. He had this urge to create a machine and devote his spare time to mechanics. In 1841 he wrote in his idea-book[46] about the invention of the wood-cut machine. He continued by noting that it could be used to extract the fibres needed "through friction" for papermaking.[47] Both Keller and Fenerty started their experiments at about exactly the same time, in 1841. Keller had a passion for mechanics and Fenerty for discovery. Like Fenerty, Keller then spent the next few years finding the right species of trees and perfecting his method to produce marketable paper.

Keller kept up with all the technical journals.[48] He was also well aware of Réaumur's work and found inspiration in it too. By mid-1844 Keller sent the German government a sample of his paper. He wanted to get financial support for an improved wood-grinder and to develop papermaking further, but was declined.[49] This is interesting because both Fenerty and Keller started at the same time, made their discovery public at the same time, and at the same time found that no one was interested in it. But both Keller and Fenerty thought otherwise for their new pulped wood paper.

Since he couldn't get national support, Keller sold his invention to a paper specialist, Heinrich Voelter, for about £80.[50] A patent was granted to Keller in August 1845, in Saxony, Germany, in both names (Keller and Voelter),[51] and Voelter began production on a mass scale. Voelter did not want to leave Keller at first because only Keller

possessed the knowledge to build a suitable wood-grinding machine. But eventually that changed. After 1848 the first machines came out, and in 1852 the renewal of the patent came due, but Keller did not have the money to renew his part of the patent. Therefore, Voelter was the sole patent holder and continued the work, in large profit, without Keller.[52]

The *Frankenberger Intelligence and Weekly Paper* was the first newspaper to use Keller's invention. By then, the process of making paper from ground wood had become fairly well known—though not every papermaker used pulped wood. And although Keller earned no royalties, in 1870 he received from a number of German paper makers and other associations a small sum of money, which he used to buy a house in Krippen, Germany.[53] [54] Towards the end of his life, various countries put together a fair sum of money for him, enough for a worry-free retirement, and he also received several awards in recognition of his invention.[55] By 1852 ground-wood pulped paper was being produced regularly in the mill of H. Voelter's Sons in Heidenheim, Germany.[56]

Both Charles Fenerty and F.G. Keller were the true pioneers in the invention of pulped wood paper. Both used the wood-grinding method (Fenerty with his father's saw mill or his "chafing-machine," and Keller with his "wood-cut machine"), and both directed their interests toward a method that everyone else thought impracticable.

We can find throughout history many similar situations where more than one person is experimenting with the same idea at the same time. Some would call this a coincidence, but since this coincidence is very common (the light bulb, flight, telegraphy, photography, the transistor, the computer, etc) the pattern would suggest that it's far from chance; and more of a state of being; i.e. it was the inevitable calling out, of the period.

Fenerty's article received little attention throughout the rest of Canada, but in 1847 his discovery was recalled in an article by the *Acadian Recorder*: [57] (see photo)

> WOODEN PAPER – Mr. Fenerty's invention of making paper from wood has been recalled to our recollection in consequence of a paragraph in our last selection of Miscellaneous News, which mentioned that a Dr. Oschatz has discovered a method of producing Paper from wood. Some of our readers cannot have forgotten a communication in our columns, under the signature of Charles Fenerty, of Windsor Road, on the 26th October, 1844, announcing the success of his experiments in fabricating paper out of wood, and accompanied by a sample of the paper, so produced, for the inspection of the public at our office. These facts are completely demonstrative of the priority of Mr. Fenerty's discovery to that of Dr. Oschatz. From the paucity of means at his command no one has ever been better entitled to the merit of invention than Mr Fenerty, and surely patriotism alone ought to move some influential persons to exert themselves in rescuing the claims of a young Novascotian to such merit from oblivion.

Eventually a monument would be erected in Sackville, Nova Scotia, to commemorate Charles Fenerty (see photo). But during his life no *merit of invention* was ever awarded to him (unlike Keller, who received a great deal of recognition). Fenerty never pursued it further—one reason might have been that he was trapped in Nova Scotia (where Europe was much more industrialized and housed more potential investors). But also, his interests were with his writings, his family farm and the saw mills.

In 1865 the Canadian mill owner Alexander Buntin went to Germany to see the process of ground-wood pulp in the paper mills. A year later he was sent a contract and specs for the Voelter process of making paper using ground-wood pulp. The Alexander Buntin & Co. became Canada's first mill to make paper from pulped wood. The company was established in 1854 (at the onset of Nova Scotia's great Industrial Exhibition, which

was held to promote the Nova Scotian industries, giving attention to both Nova Scotia and Canada). An interesting note though, at the 1854 NS Exhibition, Fenerty was awarded a "Certificate of Merit" in the "Manufacture in Wood."

Also to be noted, some have argued that if Fenerty had taken a patent out on his discovery in 1844, when his letter was published, Keller would not have been granted his patent in 1845. But since Keller had patented it, and had it developed further with an investor, most attribute the discovery to Keller.

Regardless of the bureaucracy of it, Charles Fenerty discovered pulped wood paper, and his discovery becomes pivotal in the developments to follow.

POETRY AND PIRACY: FROM 1844 TO 1854

Just after his discovery, Fenerty continued lumbering and farming, but his interests shifted towards poetry. He had written "The Prince's Lodge" around 1839, and between 1844 and 1854 Fenerty wrote three other poems: "In Memoriam of James Montgomery," "Betula Nigra," and the "Battle of the Alma." Poetry continued to occupy his life right to his final days.

Shortly before he announced his wood-pulp discovery, Halifax's attention was on piracy. May 28, 1844, the *Morning Post* of Halifax published an article titled "Wreck of the Barque Saladin," which gave a description of the wrecked ship and its cargo, including the missing and dead crew. But suspicion rose very quickly and soon the crew members of the *Saladin* were charged with mutiny and murder.

On June 15, 1844 the *Acadian Recorder* newspaper ran an article titled "Description of the Mutineers." The four charged were Jones, Hazelton, Anderson and Trevakiss. They would be executed fifteen days later.

The 243-ton vessel, commanded by Captain Mackenzie and bound from Valparasio to London, was lost on May 21, 1844, near the Halifax harbour. The ship was carrying a cargo of 70 tons of copper, guano, spices, and some bars of silver. It was also found carrying seven bags containing $7,500 (including another $1,000 that wasn't found).[58] Jones, Hazelton, Anderson and Trevakiss murdered the crew (including the captain's 15-year-old son) and tossed them overboard. Shortly after, the ship was wrecked off the coast of Halifax and the crew were taken into custody.

On the day of the execution the *Novascotian* published the following:

> Capital Punishment
>
> The four criminals under Sentence of Death–Johnson, alias Trevaskiss, Charles Anderson the Swede, George Jones and John Hazelton, were executed this morning, on the hill west of the Roman Catholic Cemetery, and south of the Springs Garden Road–in view of that sea whose waters they had polluted with blood–and in the presence of a large concourse of spectators.
>
> The Prisoners were brought to the place of execution from the Penitentiary, in the following order. A detachment of grenadiers with fixed bayonets headed the cavalcade–the Sheriff came next in a gig–and the prison coaches with the criminals, attended by their religious advisers, and escorted by soldiers, closed the sad procession–a guard of soldiers were drawn up around the gallows.

> Their demeanour was firm and resolved–they walked up the steps to the gallows where their earthly existence was so soon to term innate, without the slightest assistance, and were immediately engaged with their Rev. attendants in religious exercises–Hazelton and Jones, being of the Roman Catholic persuasion, were accompanied by the Revd. Fathers O'Brian, Connolly, and Quinan. The Revd. E. Cogswell, of the Episcopal Church, attended Charles Anderson and Johnson alias, Trevaskiss. Far as we could judge they all appeared sincerely penitent. After a little while, Jones who seemed to be the least affected by his awful situation, or who bore it with a more elastic fortitude, shook hands with his companions in guilt, and kissed them on the cheek–he then resigned himself to the executioner, by whom under the directions of the Sheriff, the adjustment of the cords, the caps and other fatal preparations were made. He then came forward, and addressed the audience in a few words: - he said he was a native of Ireland, and advised all his countrymen to take warning from his fate. He acknowledged the justice of his sentence, and that he was sorry from his heart for the transactions of which he had been a participator. After a pause, he said he was from Clare, in Ireland. The caps were then drawn over their features, the signal given, the bolt drawn, and the world closed upon them for ever.
>
> They did not appear to suffer much. The Swede was the only one of the four, in whom convulsive moments were perceptible from the crowd, and they ceased after a few moments. After hanging the usual time, the bodies were taken down. Those of Jones and Hazelton were first placed in the hearse, which was driven at a slow pace to the Catholic Cemetery adjoining, preceded by the Priests above named, repeating prayers, and devotedly followed by a great crowd. Those of Johnston alias Trevaskiss, and Charles Anderson, attended by the Revd. Mr. Cogswell, and the authorities, were taken in another hearse, to the poor house burying ground, and were there interred. [59]

The execution took place on June 30, 1844. It was the last public execution to ever take place in Halifax. This was also the month that Charles's brother Thomas Fenerty was married,[60] [61] and six months after his mother's death. In his poem "The Relic," Fenerty wrote a footnote saying, "These lines were written upon being offered a fragment of the pirate ship *Saladin*, the crew of which were tried and executed in Halifax, many years ago." This note appears in the Stewart Script (mentioned in the last chapter). The poem was probably written much later on, but the events that would one day inspire his poem happen in 1844, during his pulped paper discovery.

The poem starts off with the same sort of reflective feelings as "Passing Away." At the end of the poem he writes:

> But why preserve a souvenir to tell to other times
> Of a fellow sinner's frailties, his errors and his crimes;
> No—rather leave the record to heaven above to keep
> And in thy bosom's secret care, in mercy let it sleep.

The poem has five stanzas. He says that if the relic represented something more meaningful, where one could reflect back on something great, then it would be worth preserving. But this particular relic only carries crime and pain, and it would be better to leave it for God to judge, and out of the thoughts and emotions of people.

Not long after the passing away of James Montgomery, Fenerty wrote an In Memoriam poem commemorating him. Reading through the poetry of both James Montgomery and Robert Burns, it would be fair to suggest that Fenerty's poetical inspiration came from these two poets. Poems like "The Christian Soldier," "Thoughts and Images," "The Ocean," "The Oak," and "The Soul of Man"[62] written by Montgomery, have a similar tone and imagery as Fenerty's poems.

Montgomery died on April 30, 1854, Sheffield, Yorkshire, England. Fenerty's poem, titled, "In Memoriam of James Montgomery," was written around the time of Montgomery's death. The last stanza of the poem reads:

"Servant of God! well done;
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy." [63]

Fenerty quoted this stanza because he adopted the line from Montgomery's poem, titled the "Christian Soldier":

"Servant of God! well done;
Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
Enter thy Master's joy."
—The voice at midnight came;
He started up to hear,
A mortal arrow pierced his frame,
He fell, —but felt no fear. [64]

Montgomery wrote an epic ten part canto titled "The World before the Flood." The first canto starts with the invasion of Eden by the descendants of Cain, continuing with a chronology of events leading to the Great Flood. Montgomery also wrote a six part canto titled "The Wanderer of Switzerland." Fenerty again mentions this in his In Memoriam poem:

In the cold arms of death
The "Wanderer" lays him down,
Exchanging a terrestrial wreath,
For a celestial crown. [65]

During this time, in 1854, Britain was fighting with the Russians in the Crimean War. Newspapers covered the story in every detail. In both London and Halifax, newspapers articles and poems were printed daily on the subject. Fenerty shares his view on the war by submitting a poem to a local newspaper titled "Battle of the Alma."[66] Two things must be mentioned about the poem. First, the name *Menschikoff* that he is referring to is actually *Prince Aleksandr Menshikov*.[67] Secondly, in the line, "Will ye to yonder battled heights," the word "heights" should be capitalized because "Height" was an actual location (though Fenerty is using both meanings here). This poem was written in December of 1854. His real feat came with his poem titled "Betula Nigra."

On October 2, 1854, Fenerty completed his classic poem, titled, "Betula Nigra"[68] (Black Birch), which was about a large birch tree on his family's land. It was submitted to the Nova Scotia Industrial Exhibition on October 4th 1854, as one of the many exhibits for presentation. It is a long and meaningful poem that gained a lot of attention at the Exhibition, and with a publisher shortly thereafter.

In the poem, he uses the tree as a focal point to view world history, both past and present. The tree acts as a common reference; it never changes, and stands still as humans build and destroy around it; it watches but offers no opinions; it's the silent observer.

Fenerty asks what all took place during its lifetime. He continues by looking at world events before its life, and wonders what will happen in the years to come (What more will it see?). At the beginning of the poem, he wrote:

> The subject of this Poem, as the name implies, is a tree of that species of extraordinary growth, the circumference of whose trunk, at the root, is twenty-four feet; its perpendicular height, sixty feet. From a calculation of its annual layers, its age cannot be less than one thousand years.

The poem then begins with a vivid image of what the tree looked like (or how it felt in size and majesty). He uses both the Pantheon (for circumference), and an Obelisk (for height). The first image might be the Tower of Babel; an old and wise structure that stood high and observed all. But here we are given a fairly good idea of what the tree must have felt like in appearance for the young poet:

> No mouldering Pantheon meets my eye,
> No crumbling Obelisk is nigh,
> No ancient tower uprears
> A seer and venerable form—
> Scarred by the warring of the storm,
> Bleached by the mists of years.
>
> No! different far the theme I trace;
> Not Art's decay, but Nature's grace
> In all its vigor seen,—
> A Monarch of the forest shade,
> By Summer's majesty arrayed
> In robe of living green. [69]

The construction of the Pantheon began in 27 BC by the statesman Marcus Vipsanius Agrippa, and measured about 43 m (142 feet) in diameter. An Ancient Egyptian obelisk could have measured over 30 m (100 feet) high. They are not near; they are not in sight. And though they too stood with wisdom, these structures do not compare to the black birch, "A Monarch of the forest." Both are marked by nature's passing. But the tree is the personification of nature itself and thus carries more wisdom than any man-built object; the veiled eye of nature is watching over us; it won't speak to us like the hieroglyphics on the obelisk, or cry out to us like a decaying Pantheon, it is simply there and leaves us to inquire:

> How many a changeful scene has fled,
> Since first thy vernal cloak was spread
> In this lone forest wild;
> A thousand circling years have pass'd!
> A thousand winters chill'd the blast,
> A thousand summers smil'd.

He continues by listing prominent events and influential people, and how humans make war on the wilderness:

Yes, since the germ which gave thee birth
Was nurtured in its parent earth,
    What change the world hath seen!
Kingdoms have fallen and pass'd away;
Cities have sunk into decay,
Where opulence had been.

Where Spain her standard long unfurl'd,
The mistress of a new found world,
    A Continent her own;
For ever fallen, that vast domain,
The Trans-Atlantic power of Spain
    Is from her sceptre gone.

And where Britannia's fostering care
Planted a scion young and fair
    In green Virginia's soil,
Her own ungrateful offspring stand—
Alien possessors of the land—
        Usurpers of her toil.

Human wisdom cannot be compared to the birch tree, "Napoleon, Galileo, Newton, Davy, Napier, and Morse," none were around to show their wisdom when the tree was displaying its, and the tree will be there long after their short passage through this world:

How brief the life of man below!
A little while—'tis gone,—and lo,
    No trace of us appears.
While nature forest children stand,
Age after age to deck the land,
    The pride of future years.

Part of the poem was read before an audience at the Exhibition. In the Stewart Script,[70] Fenerty wrote, "These lines were read at the opening of the first Nova Scotia provincial exhibition in 1854 and won a prize offered by the Committee for the best poem on a Canadian topic." The lines he read at the opening of the Exhibition were:

And we, their sons, what work have we
Achieved within one century!
    The facts shall briefly tell:
Look round upon this crowed mart;
These works of industry and art,
    Perchance, shall answer well.

Look round upon the scene again;
These products of our fair domain
    A single year hath brought;—
O may it be, this treasured store
Shall make us love our Country more,
    And prize her as we ought.

The Industrial Exhibition was about Nova Scotia commerce (The products and industries of the province, and thus Canada). By citing this stanza Fenerty is saying that

Canada is growing in both commerce and trade, and is becoming self sustainable as a nation. This was exactly what the exhibition set out to prove; to show the world that Canada is open for business and has everything any country could need. The Exhibition drew in people from all over (the States, Europe, and across Canada).

In his manuscript, Fenerty wrote:

> The botanical designation of the black birth. The tree here described was of extraordinary growth. Its circumference at the base of the trunk was twenty four feet! Its altitude was sixty feet. Judging by the number of its annual layers, not less than a thousand years must have passed over this patriarch of the forest, since the tiny seed leaf first rose from the ground. Unfortunately it has lately succumbed to a forest fire.

It should be noted that there was an alternative ending. Instead of, "Unfortunately it has lately succumbed to a forest fire," Fenerty wrote, and then crossed out, "Unfortunately it has lately succumbed to the ruthless axe of the lumberman." Maybe he didn't want this statement to be seen in a published version, mainly because his family were lumbermen and Sackville too had a lot of lumbermen? But the truth could very well be that his beloved black birch tree was axed down for lumber. Going through Dr. Bruce Fergusson's file on Charles Fenerty, at the Nova Scotia Archives and Records Management, there was a photo of a birch tree that had recently fallen due to a lightening storm. A note attached said that it was the tree which inspired his poem "Betula Nigra." This is not correct. The original plaque was once attached to this tree (in the photo), but the original tree Fenerty wrote about had fallen many decades before, during Fenerty's lifetime.

"Betula Nigra" went on to win first prize at the Nova Scotia Industrial Exhibition, and was Fenerty's first published poem (see photo). It was published by William Cunnabell in 1855, in pamphlet form.

THE NOVA SCOTIA INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION OF 1854

An excerpt from the *Novascotian*, August 16, 1854:

Nova Scotia
Industrial Exhibition
Notice to the Public

1. The Exhibition will open in the Provincial Building, Halifax, on Wednesday, the 4th day of October next, at 2 o'clock, p.m., and continue open for that and the nine following days (Sunday excepted).
2. All Live Stock intended for Exhibition must be entered and on the ground on Wednesday, the 11th day of October, at 8 o'clock, a.m. Prizes for this department will be awarded on the following day.
3. A list of all other articles intended for the Exhibition must be forwarded (postage pre-paid) to the Secretaries during the week previous to the Exhibition; and the articles themselves will be received at any time up to Tuesday, the 3rd day of October, at 12 o'clock, noon.
4. No articles will be entitled to compete for prizes, but such as are the production, growth, or manufacture of the Province.
5. Live Stock entered for competition must have been owned and kept within the Province not less than three months prior to the Exhibition.

6. Articles from other countries are earnestly solicited, and a sum will be devoted to providing Diplomas or honorary prizes for all such foreign articles.
7. Since publication of the Premium Lists, a prize of £5 has been offered by Rear-Admiral Fanshawe for the best model of a Boat.
8. Parties may direct any articles forwarded by them to be sold, after the Exhibition is over, either with or without reserve, or they will be returned to the owner on application therefore.

By order of the Executive Committee,
M.B. DesBrisay (Secretary)
Howard D. Steele (Secretary)
Halifax, August 14, 1854

N.B. – It is hoped that as the above information will be valuable to the public generally, all Provincial papers interested in the welfare of the Country will give at cast one insertion to the same, gratis. [71]

Nova Scotia had won its responsible government in 1848, and was now feeling the effects of independency. This was attributed to the outspoken Joseph Howe, who was later labelled the "Father of Responsible Government in Nova Scotia." Nova Scotia was the strongest out of all the provinces, and Howe knew this:

> Boys, brag of your country. When I'm abroad, I brag of everything that Nova Scotia is, has, or can produce; and when they beat me at everything else, I turn around on them and say, "How high does your tide rise?" [72]
>
> —Joseph Howe

Nova Scotia had all the facilities to become a great society, but on an international scale it was lagging behind: muddy streets, no side walks, butchers throwing their waste meat onto the roads, wild taverns, little progress in modern industry, and they didn't have a functioning railway yet.[73] Its capital, Halifax, had a population of 25,000.[74] They were in the heart of the Industrial Revolution, and it was time to step up the pace. They needed a boost into the 19th-century.

The Industrial Revolution was at its strongest in England. London had just finished its well celebrated World's Fair of 1851, held at the Crystal Palace—the first of its kind. Their main objective was to display their newly rising industries, but also, to display the industries of other countries too. Being apart of the British Empire, Nova Scotia was invited to participate in the World's Fair. Nova Scotians quickly assembled their goods and shipped them overseas to London, under the direction of the Halifax's Mechanics' Institute. This would eventually lead to Halifax's own Industrial Exhibition. At the same time, in September 1851, Saint John, New Brunswick hosted its own fair (a small version of what was taking place in London). Many Haligonians crossed the Bay of Fundy to join in on the festivities. And in November 1851, Nova Scotians finally decided to have a fair of their own.[75] This would not only promote their industries, but it was a means for establishing an identity—which would further set them apart from the Canadians. The Mechanics Institute began organizing.

The first step was to acquire funds. Organizers went to the legislature asking for financial assistance. Their argument, basically being, that Nova Scotia could not afford to not have an exhibition. Exhibitions were going on all around the world, every country promoting their culture and economy. This was something which would benefit all Nova Scotians. Provincial Secretary, Joseph Howe, and Assembly Speaker, William Young,

agreed. They both used their influence to raise a government grant of £1000, if the organizers agreed to further raise £3000 through private donations and ticket sales.[76]

Word was sent across Nova Scotia. They wanted to get as many people involved as possible. Exhibitors would be eligible for cash prizes. It was originally set for autumn of 1853, but both funding and politics changed that. Instead, the Exhibition was bumped up to 1854, and in autumn of 1853 Nova Scotia had an agricultural fair: displaying livestock and produce (no art or manufactured items). But in autumn of 1854, art and manufactured items were submitted. Charles Fenerty submitted two items.

Charles worked with wood, and as it turned out, he was one of the best in the province. But he was also an aspiring poet. Charles presented two items of his skills: wood laths, and a poem: "Betula Nigra."

In total there were 1260 displays, with 3010 display participants. It was held at the Province House (which was flanked by two large tents, one on either side; where a large array of articles was being exhibited inside). During the week of the Exhibition, a crowd of people from all over the world poured onto the streets of Halifax. Rooms were filled fast. This once quiet town started to appear as a large metropolitan, and a capital for industry.

The Exhibition was the result of the people of Nova Scotia, and not the government. For Nova Scotians, it signified their independency; their ability to achieve any project without the interference of government.

The *British Colonist and North American Railway Journal* (Halifax, NS) on Thursday, October 12, 1854, gave this account of the Industrial Exhibition:

> Wednesday, the 5th Oct. was the day appointed for the opening of the Exhibition, and many hearts were gladdened as at about half-past 6 o'clock in the morning of that day, greeted by a salvo of artillery, and by merry pearls from the bells of every church, the sun burst forth with brilliancy and warmth, through a mass of soft cloud
>
> The Union Engine and Axe Fire Companies led the way; their engines most tastefully decorated, drawn by six horses each, and the gallant firemen attired in picturesque costumes. The Freemasons, St. George's, and other charitable societies followed, all exhibition splendid banners, and while the eye was gladdened by the cheerful appearance of the processions as it floated by, the car was filled with strains of melody, as band succeed band, and poured forth its enlivening notes. The procession formed upon the Grand Parade, and from thence took its course through the principal streets, halting at Government House to receive His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor; it then proceeded onward again till it arrived at the east front of the Provincial Building. His Excellency was then escorted by certain members of the Executive Committee to the platform erected in front of the building, where a gay and gallant assemblage received him.
>
> The Chief Justice, as Chairman of the General Committee, then addressed His Excellency as follows:
>
> "May it please Your Excellency. As President of the Society formed to encourage the Industry of the Inhabitants of this Province, it is my pleasing duty to announce to you that we are now prepared to exhibit to your Excellency and to the Public what that industry has produced; and I feel convinced that when you have examined the numerous articles which will be displayed to you, you will feel highly gratified with these proofs of the industry and ingenuity of the people over whom our Gracious Sovereign had appointed you to preside."
>
> "We regarded that Exhibition as the best possible preparation to the one on a more extensive scale, now about to be opened, and we may warrantably cherish the hope that it will except a yet weightier

influence over the whole economic and moral welfare of the inhabitants of this beautiful and naturally prolific Province, over which you rule, as the representative of our beloved Queen Victoria."

The Chair and Orchestra composed of about sixty Ladies and Gentlemen of the City, then performed with fine effect Mozart's grand anthem "Glory be to God on high." Prayer being then offered up by His Lordship the Bishop of Nova Scotia, the Lieut. Governor declared the Exhibition open. The Choir then sang the National Anthem, which closed the ceremonies.

His Excellency, Lady, and Suite, then passed thro' the different Exhibition Rooms, which were visited by a large number of persons during the day and evening. The space devoted to the purposes of the Exhibition, consists of two great tents, one on either side of the Province Building, and of various apartments within the building itself, indeed all which are not in use for the general public requirements. The tent on the right hand or north side of the Building is devoted to the exhibition of fruits, vegetables, flowers, and grain. The mast or centre pole has been completely bound round with evergreens tapering upwards to the "ceiling" of the tent–and from thence hang gay festoons of alternate blue and white bunting, producing a most pleasing effect. Around the foot of the mast is a spacious flower stand some ten feet in diameter, also gradually tapering upwards, magnificently filled with flowers of every hue and species. Around this is a promenade of about twelve feet, and then comes a circular row of tables upon which reposes a display of fruit and vegetables of which any country might be proud. These are Squashes, such as may well challenge competition, the largest of which weighs one hundred and twenty-seven pounds, Apples, Pears and Plums of every hue, but all bearing undoubted and most tempting marks of superiority in flavour and condition. Around this set of tables runs another promenade of about twelve feet, and then, lining the walls of the tent, is another set of tables, about eight feet in width, groaning beneath the weight of magnificent vegetables and grain. The potatoes it is impossible to excel. The carrots, beets, mangold-wartzel, parsnips onions, –the wheat, the oats, the rye, the barely, may well make us not only proud of our country but thankful to Almighty God for his favour. Let Nova Scotians who are inclined to depreciate their country, take a turn round the tent we are describing, and if they still feel dissatisfied with the land in which Providence has placed them, let them not lay the blame upon their Creator.

The tent on the left hand of the building is filled with agricultural and mechanical implements, and ploughs, harrows, rakes, wagons, reaping machines, cooking stoves, and "every thing." A great number of agricultural implements have been sent by the manufacturers of Boston, among others the celebrated mowing machine, which does the work of we do not know how many men. His Excellency is entitled to the credit of suggesting the importation of these articles, and Mr. Fuller at the request of the committee, took the trouble to visit Boston for the purpose of procuring these specimens of agricultural implements. We believe that at the close of the exhibition they are to be sold, the manufacturers of tem being willing to take for them whatever they will bring, trusting that their exhibition in so very public a manner will be the best possible species of advertisement, and most likely to lead to a demand.

Leaving the tents we pass up stairs, noticing by the way on broad tables spread through the hall, many sides of leather, some marble mantle pieces, boxes of soap, and canisters of preserved meats and fish. Talking of soap, there is one interesting looking cake thereof about three feet square, such as we suppose was put upon the washing stands of the patriarchs who used to have such large families.

Arriving upstairs we turn to the right, and enter first a small apartment known as the "Speaker's Room," which has been fitted up for the reception of geological specimens. These of course are not very attractive to the multitude, but those who have at all studied that most interesting of subjects, will find here a fine collection of fossils, minerals, and other aids to the science. The next apartment is the beautiful and spacious room known as the "House of Assembly," and a member who had fallen asleep on the red benches before the Committee of Management took possession, would on waking now stare somewhat. Little appearance is there now of red benches, or lobby, or galleries, or speaker's chair. The room now presents the appearance of one grand wareroom for sale of every sort of cotton and woollen manufacture and workmanship. Of this we wrote on Tuesday last, "Quilts of every form and design, homespun in all colours, socks and stockings of every shade, flannel, linen, towelling and sheeting, sofa couvrettes, in fact every thing that women's ingenuity could manufacture is there displayed and

generally well executed. The hats and bonnets in Truro are unrivalled in workmanship and material; while the carpet, the work of some ladies of Antigonish, the materials of which we are informed is the Province wool dyed by the embroiderers, and worked on a grounding of native homespun, contrasts well with any of the specimens of the Berlin wool work. Some crochet work for ladies wear, under a glass case in this department, is most beautifully done, and need not blush to stand beside the far famed Honiton, so valued by the fair sex. The Indian work is also very good, and reflects much credit on the skill and taste of the Micmac workmanship.

It is said that an order has arrived from California to one house in this city fir two thousand dozen pairs of woollen socks and stockings. Let these be made after the style and quality of these exhibited here and the Californians may hereafter be proved of their understanding. Some fine specimens of furs are also exhibited, which both naturally and from their making up may well challenge competition. This room is also adorned by a fine painting, won by Mr. Black of this city on his Art Union ticket, valued at £200 sterling, and kindly lent by him for the gratification of his fellow countrymen.

Leaving the Assembly room we pass through a small room filled with various objects of interest, and thence into the Supreme Court room, which it would puzzle a decidedly good judge to pronounce upon as his own. This room may be called the model room, and is highly interesting. Models of ships of every style and rig and build–of in short of every thing–specimens of harness–of boots, shoes and slippers, of fox and bear traps, a sewing machine, which would sew a shirt in a minute or something about that time, and various other articles too numerous to mention, attract a constant crowd in this room.

We lastly come to the Council Chamber, a room now devoted to the display of the works of taste of art, of refined skill. Entering it from the Robing-room, the visitor passes along an avenue of drawings and paintings. Facing him is a glass case containing a choice collection of homemade bonnets, and over his head is suspended a beautiful specimen of worsted work some four feet square representing an historical scene of the time of Cornwell. Turning the corner of avenue a brilliant scene bursts upon him, this vast and handsome apartment glowing with graceful productions. Elegant furniture, sofas, chairs, tables and pianos–beautiful specimens of the skill and industry of our fair ones whether named crocket, knitting, Berlin work, or embroidery–the tasteful emanations from the palette and pencil– modellings of flowers in wax, and numerous and exceedingly well arranged cases of stuffed birds, most of them peculiar to the Province, all these things meet the eye and please it to a high degree.

But this happy change was not produced by the waving of a want; many a sturdy blow was required from our hardy axemen before the wilderness was made to blossom as the rose; and much privation did our bold yeomen endure while they were struggling to make the Forest give way to fields of golden grain. That struggle is now in a great measure over. Beautiful Farms and neat and comfortable Houses are now seen where formerly naught but the trackless wilderness met eye. Not only has comfort been obtained, but an approach to refinement begins to exhibit itself in the Rural Districts, and while I feel convinced that your Excellency will derive great satisfaction to-day, from viewing the result of the manly efforts of our people, I trust that Lady LeMarchant will see enough to convince her that the fair Daughters of Acadia are not destitute of taste.

It would be a difficult task to enumerate all the various productions which make up this industrial display. We can only say it has far exceeded any previous conception of ours. We feel that every Nova Scotian who sees the collection of agricultural, mineral, and industrial wealth which forms this exhibition will be proud of his country, and confidently anticipate the time when she may take her stand by older countries in manufactures, and also in scientific and artistic productions. [77]

This united the province of Nova Scotia and brought the province into the world economy. The two exhibits of Charles Fenerty, his poem “Betula Nigra” and wooden laths, won him first prize for both. He was awarded a *Certificate of Merit* for the production of laths:

The British Colonist
And North America Railway Journal
Halifax, NS
October 31, 1854
Page 2

Prizes awarded by the Nova Scotia Industrial Exhibition

Manufacture in Wood

Laths – Charles Fenerty, Sackville – Certificate of Merit

And the second entry in the newspaper, under heading and category, for his prize winning poem, read:

British Colonist
And North American Railway Journal
Halifax, NS
Saturday, November 4, 1854
Vol. VI, No. 202
Tri-Weekly

Industrial Exhibition
List of Prizes
Fine Arts
Provincial Literature

Poem, entitled "Betula Nigra" – Charles Fenerty, Sackville, £2 10s.

His poem, "Betula Nigra," was later published by a local Halifax printer named William Cunnabell,[78] in 1855. This was his first published work.[79] His next one will come twelve years later, following his return from Australia.

Nova Scotians were no longer spinning aimlessly in the effects of the Industrial Revolution, they were now embracing it. The Exhibition was a success for both Fenerty and Nova Scotia. At the closing of the Industrial Exhibition the following address was given by the Hon. W. Young, Attorney General:

> The object of the Exhibition may be stated in a few words: it was to make us better acquainted with our country, to make Nova Scotia more familiar to its own people. If to "know one's self" was, according to the ancient moralist, the perfection of human wisdom, it is of equal importance that the inhabitants of a country should understand its capabilities and be able to appreciate its progress. Certain stages occur in the history of every people which give to their industry a particular direction.
>
> If there were any lingering doubts of the productive powers of Nova Scotia, this Exhibition would have silenced them forever. [80]

Though the British government rejected Lord Durham's suggestion for a responsible colonial government, the Act of Union of 1841 united Upper and Lower Canada under a single legislature. In 1848, a single responsible government is won first in Nova Scotia, then in Canada. This was the dawn, the inevitable birth, of a full Canadian confederation. Finally in 1854, when the British were no longer giving the colonies export deals, Canada built trade ties with the U.S. (notably the 1854 Reciprocity Treaty). During this decade

other provinces gained a responsible government: P.E.I (1851), New Brunswick (1854– though it began in 1848), and Newfoundland (1855). A bit more than a decade later, Canadians would win their Confederation.

The British North American colonies experienced the effects of the Industrial Revolution long before they were industrialized themselves. The impact of it would boost these colonies into their own Industrial Revolution.[81]

The 1850s laid the foundations for Confederation, and the timing of Nova Scotia's Industrial Exhibition was no coincidence either; growth in the *New World*, due to industrialization and confederation, had the people exploring the innermost parts of their imagination and society. And with that unity, came their uniqueness.

FROM THE CHURCH TO AUSTRALIA

From 1854 to 1857, Fenerty grew steadily involved in his community's church. He continued working on the family farm and in the saw mills, but started to gain an active role in the Sackville Church.[82] By 1856, Charles is in charge of collections (along with Mr. Fultz), and in April 1857 he is elected vestry of the Sackville church.[83] That was the last entry in the church records regarding Charles. He would have stayed as vestry till the following spring.

In May of 1856, his father, James Fenerty, died. The family estate is up for auction (see photo). The ad read:

> LAND, RAIL ROAD LAND.
> DESIRABLE INVESTMENTS may be made by those wanting more than 6 percent by purchasing that Large and Valuable LOT of LAND, lately owned and occupied by Mr. Fennerty, Windsor Road, and well known by the name of "SPRINGFIELD FARM," consisting of Lots 19 and 20 on the North East side of the Main Post Road, leading to Windsor. In the whole, 1000 acres, with a Dwelling House, Barn and Out-houses, and several acres clear and under cultivation, a large portion is covered with valuable Wood and Timber. A large lake on the premises forms a run that will make a valuable Mill site, and the Railway running across the whole property through a valuable Wood, thus making the whole more valuable. Those who wish to make a good and safe investment will do well to apply to the Auctioneer, who is prepared to sell in one or more Lots. If not sold Private Sale, it will positively be Sold at Auction, at the Rooms of the Subscriber, by order of the Executor of the late Hon. G.W. Archibald, on SATURDAY, September 13th, at 12 o'clock precisely. JOHN D. NASH, Acutioneer.[84]

Though the saw mills remained in operation, Fenerty's involvement with them ended with the death of his father. But soon his interests shifted toward Australia.

Fenerty left for Australia in 1858 (two years after his father's death). And though his true ambitions were to explore and discover, both North America and Australia were in the Gold Rush spotlight, and it's possible that Fenerty was briefly involved in it.

A trip around the world was no cheap undertaking either. He would have needed a small savings to go, and his inheritance might have been his ticket. Articles and ads about the Australian Gold Rush were appearing regularly. Australia was also a fairly unexplored place, something which drew many people from all over, in the early part of the 19th-century. Whatever his interests were, by mid-1858, Charles Fenerty leaves Halifax for Australia.

Notes

[1] Sagan, Carl. *The Dragons of Eden*. Tess Press and Black Dog & Leventhal Publishers, Inc., 2004: 116.
[2] Please see my upcoming book, "The Knowledge." Its release date is for early 2008. The book gets into great detail regarding this topic, and many more topics. The ISBN is: 978-0-9783318-0-1
[3] Johnson, Elmer D. *Communication: An Introduction to the History of Writing, Printing, Books and Libraries.* New Jersey: The Scarecrow Press Inc., 1973: 5.
[4] Jackson, Donald. *The Story of Writing*. New York: Taplinger Publishing Co., Inc., 1981: 16.
[5] *The Reader's Digest Complete Guide to the Bible*. New York: The Reader's Digest Association, Inc., 1998: 30.
[6] Papyrus was a plant that grew along the Nile. The Egyptians would stick strips of it together to form a primitive type of paper.
[7] Starr, Chester. *A History of the Ancient World*. 4th Ed. New York: Oxford University Press, 1991: 30-46.
[8] Asimov, Isaac. *Asimov's Chronology of Science and Discovery*, New York: Harper & Row, 1989.
[9] Cantor, Norman F. *The Encyclopedia of the Middle Ages*. New York: Viking Penguin, 1999: 282.
[10] Williams, Trevor I. *The History of Invention: From Stone Axes to Silicon Chips*. New York: Facts On File, Inc., 1987: 97-99.
[11] Johnson, Elmer D. *Communication: An Introduction to the History of Writing, Printing, Books and Librries*, New Jersey: The Scarecrow Press, Inc., 1973: 64-77.
[12] Febvre, Lucien and Henri-Jean Martin. The *Coming of the Book: The Impact of Printing, 1450 - 1800*. London: Verso Editions, 1984: 242.
[13] Williams, Trevor I. *The History of Invention: From Stone Axes to Silicon Chips*. New York: Facts On File, Inc., 1987: 101-102.
[14] Spaeth, Adolph, L.D. Reed, Henry Eyster Jacobs, et Al., Trans. & Eds. *Works of Martin Luther*. Philadelphia: A. J. Holman Company, 1915, Vol. 1, pp. 29-38. (*Disputation of Doctor Martin Luther on the Power and Efficacy of Indulgences* by Dr. Martin Luther, 1517). Courtesy of Project Gutenberg <http://www.gutenberg.org>
[15] Seiss, Joseph A. *Luther and the Reformation: The Life-Springs of Our Liberties*. New York: Porter & Coates, 1883. Courtesy of <http://www.gutenberg.org> (Thousands of eBooks available in all genres)
[16] Bell, James S. *Complete Idiot's Guide to the Reformation and Protestantism*. Indianapolis: Alpha Books, 2002. (Luther's 95 Theses is also included in this book, page 357).
[17] Smith, Preserved. Ph.D. *The Age of the Reformation*. New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1920. Courtesy of Project Gutenberg <http://www.gutenberg.org>
[18] Fergusson, Dr. Charles Bruce. *Charles Fenerty: The Life and Achievement of a Native of Sackville, Halifax County, N.S.* Halifax: William Macnab & Son, 1955: 3.
[19] William John Tait. "Papyrus." The *Oxford Encyclopedia of Ancient Egypt*, edited by Donald Bruce Redford. Vol. 3. Oxford, New York, and Cairo: Oxford University Press and The American University in Cairo Press, 2001: 22–24.
[20] Fang, Irving. *A History of Mass Communication: Six Information Revolutions*. Newton, MA: Focal Press/Butterworth-Heinemann, 1997: 5.
[21] Recent archaeological digs have found that Ts'ai Lun's method had been employed in China at least 200 years prior of his discovery, thus not making him the true inventor. However, he did perfect the process and gave it widespread attention.
[22] James, Peter and Nick Thorpe. *Ancient Inventions*. New York: Ballantine Books, 1994: 479.
[23] Hunter, Dard. *Papermaking: The History and Technique of an Ancient Craft*. New York: Dover Publications, Inc. 1978: 463-584.
[24] Larner, John. *Marco Polo and the Discovery of the World*. London: Yale University Press, 1999.
[25] Yule, Henry. *The Travels of Marco Polo*. New York: Dover Publications, 1983.
[26] Cantor, Norman F. "Marco Polo." *The Encyclopedia of the Middle Ages*. New York: Viking Penguin, 1999: 299.
[27] Hamilton, Bernard. *The Crusades*. Phoenix Mills: Sutton Publishing Ltd., 1998.
[28] There are a few online sites that have a digital copy of the original for online viewing. One of which is the British Library: <http://www.bl.uk/treasures/gutenberg/homepage.html>
[29] Dor-Ner, Zvi. *Columbus and the Age of Discovery*. New York: William Morrow and Company, Inc., 1991: 197.

[30] Carruthers, George. *Paper in the Making*. Toronto: The Garden City Press Co-Operative, 1947: 1-94.

[31] Elliott, Harrison. "The International Paper Monthly" (Nova Scotia Archives and Records Management (NSARM): Box 1854, F1/108).

[32] A copy of the actual book can be seen at the Thomas Fisher Rare Book Library of the University of Toronto. A copied version of it (from microfilm) can be purchased at UofT's Media Commons.

[33] Koops, Matthias. *Historical account of the substances which have been used to describe events, and to convey ideas, from the earliest date, to the invention of paper*. London: Printed by T. Burton, 1800: appendix.

[34] Matthew, H.C.G. and Brian Harrison. "Koops, Matthias." *Oxford Dictionary of National Biography: From the earliest times to the year 2000*, Vol. 32. London: Oxford University Press, 2004: 80.

[35] By 1801 Koops started a paper-making company called the *Straw Paper Manufactory*, which was worth over £70,000. It was the largest paper mill in England at the time. It closed its doors the following year.

[36] Koops, Matthias. *Historical account of the substances which have been used to describe events, and to convey ideas, from the earliest date, to the invention of paper*. London: Printed by T. Burton, 1800.

[37] Carruthers, George. *Paper in the Making*. Toronto: The Garden City Press Co-Operative, 1947: 229.

[38] Marble, Allen Everett. *Nova Scotians at Home and Abroad*. Windsor, NS: Lancelot Press Ltd, 1986: 158.

[39] "Died." *The Novascotian* (Vol. 4, No. 52), December 25, 1843. The article reads: *At Windsor Road on Sunday evening last, Mrs Elizabeth Fenerty, in the 62nd year of her age.*

[40] Letter to the Acadian Recorder by Charles Fenerty: The *Acadian Recorder*. Halifax, N.S. Saturday, October 26, 1844.

[41] "A Discovery." *The Morning News*. Saint John, NB, Canada. October 30, 1844. Vol. VI, No. 72. Page 3.

[42] Statistics Canada, *Human Activity and the Environment*, 16-201-XIE, 2004.

[43] Statistics Canada, *The Lumber Industry: Crucial Contribution to Canada's Prosperity*, By Daniel Dufour. 31F0027XIE – No. 01, Copyright 2002.

[44] "F.G. Keller." *The Paper Makers*, 10 February 1894: 62.

[45] Schlieder, Wolfgang. *Der Erfinder des Holzschliffs Friedrich Gottlob Keller*. Leipzig, Germany: Veb Fachbuchverlag Leipzig: 9. (Note: this book can be obtained from the Gellert-Museum in Hainichen, Germany <http://www.gellert-museum.de> The address is: Gellert-Museum Hainichen, Oederaner StraBe 10, 09661 Hainichen, Germany. It should be noted that there is no English translation of this biography, it's printed in German only).

[46] Sittauer, Hans L. *Friedrich Gottlob Keller*. Leipzig: BSB B.G. Teubner Verlagsgesellschaft, 1982: 33-34. (He wrote about various ideas in his idea-book (like machines working by momentum). His main interest was building machines, but made various entries about the wood-cut machine and papermaking).

[47] Schlieder, Wolfgang. *Der Erfinder des Holzschliffs Friedrich Gottlob Keller*. Leipzig, Germany: Veb Fachbuchverlag Leipzig: 19 – 20.

[48] Sittauer, Hans L. *Friedrich Gottlob Keller*. Leipzig: BSB B.G. Teubner Verlagsgesellschaft, 1982: 34-36.

[49] Schlieder, Wolfgang. *Der Erfinder des Holzschliffs Friedrich Gottlob Keller*. Leipzig, Germany: Veb Fachbuchverlag Leipzig: 25 – 26.

[50] "Friedrich Gottlob Keller." *The Paper Makers' Circular*. London, England, February 10, 1894: 62.

[51] Pönicke, Herbert. "Keller, Friedrich Gottlob." *Neue Deutsche Biographie*. Berlin: Duncker & Humblot, 1977: 436.

[52] Walther Killy and Rudolf Vierhaus. "Keller, Friedrich Gottlob." *Deutsche Biographische Enzyklopädie*. München: Die Deutsche Bibliothek, 1997, Vol. 5.

[53] "Friedrich Gottlob Keller." *The Paper Record*. London: September 1895: 126. (A copy of this article can be obtained through the *British Library* <http://www/bl.uk>)

[54] "The F.G. Keller Fund." *The World's Paper Trade Review*. London: November 25, 1892: 4–5.

[55] "Friedrich Gottlob Keller." *The Paper Makers' Circular*. London, England, February 10, 1894: 62.

[56] Hunter, Dard. *Papermaking: The History and Technique of an Ancient Craft*. New York: Dover Publications, Inc. 1978: 555.

[57] "Wooden Paper." Halifax, NS: Acadian Recorder. June 19th, 1847: 3.

[58] "Loss of the Saladin – Suspected Piracy." *The Illustrated London News*, June 29, 1844: 420.

[59] "Capital Punishment." *The Novascotian*, Halifax, NS, August 5, 1844, Vol. 5, No. 31.

[60] Thomas Lawson Fenerty married Amelia Blair on June 8, 1844. Thomas Fenerty died just after Charles

returned from Australia. A common story states that Charles returned to marry the lady Thomas jilted, however, the story was probably exaggerated since Thomas remained married till his death.

[61] The article in the Novascotian newspaper (June 17, 1844, Vol. 5, No. 25) read: *At Sackville, on Saturday the 8th inst. By the Rev. A Gray, Mr Thomas Fenerty, to Amea, second daughter of Mr Andrew Blair, of Fredericton, N.B.* Amelia Blair was a half sister to Andrew Blair, a MP in New Brunswick. It was around this time many of the Fenerty's moved to New Brunswick.

[62] Routledge, George. *Montgomery Illustrated*. London: George Routledge and Sons, c1870. (The book lists two different publishers: George Routledge and Sons, The Broadway, Ludgate, NY, 416 Broome Street. And: Wyman and Sons, Great Queen Street, London, Lincoln's-Inn Fields, W.C.)

[63] Ibid *In Memoriam of James Montgomery* in the Poems section at end of book.

[64] Routledge, George. *Montgomery Illustrated*. London: George Routledge and Sons, c1870: 299.

[65] Ibid *In Memoriam of James Montgomery*

[66] Fenerty, Charles. "Battle of the Alma." *British Colonist And North American Railway Journal*, Halifax, NS. Thursday, December 28, 1854, Vol. VI, No. 223, Tri-Weekly.

[67] Fenerty made similar misspelling of names in other poems, like in *Essay on Progress*.

[68] Fenerty, Charles. *Betula Nigra*. Halifax: W. Cunnabell, 1855. (actual copies can be seen at the NSARM, Acadia University, Dalhousie University, Library and Archives of Canada).

[69] Fenerty, Charles. *Betula Nigra*. Halifax: W. Cunnabell, 1855: 3. (see the Poems section at the end of the book for his poem *Betula Nigra*).

[70] Fenerty, Charles. *Hi'd Treasure or the Labours of a Deacon and other Poems*. Sackville, NS: n/p, n/d, c1890: 35. (This manuscript belonged to John James Stewart (1844 – 1907) and was donated by the Stewart family to Dalhousie University around 1910. The call number is Fenerty, Charles: MS-2-158 of the J.J. Stewart Collection # 4435 – April 29, 1919)

[71] The Novascotian newspaper (Halifax, NS), August 16, 1854.

[72] Ferguson, Will, *Canadian History for Dummies*, 2nd ed. John Wiley & Sons (Canada) Ltd, 2005: 207.

[73] They started building that same year, in 1854. Part of the rail was laid through James Fenerty's property.

[74] "Nova Scotia Industrial Exhibition Building." Boston: *Gleason's Pictorial*, Saturday, October 28, 1854 (Vol. VII. No. 17): 257. (This does not include soldiers living in Halifax, since the city was a port for many military ships stopping for supplies)

[75] The Nova Scotia Industrial Exhibition of 1854 was a Provincial Exhibition, not a World's Fair. The World's Fair started in the mid-nineteenth century and sanctioned by the Bureau of International Expositions (BIE). So far Canada has hosted two World's Fair: Montreal Expo 1967 and Vancouver Expo 1986.

[76] Sutherland, David A. "Nova Scotia's Response to the Crystal Palace: The Provincial Industrial Exhibition of 1854." *Journal of the Royal Nova Scotia Historical Society*, Volume 3, 2000: 72 – 84.

[77] *British Colonist and North American Railway Journal*, (Halifax, NS) October 12, 1854 Vol. VI, No. 192, Tri-Weekly.

[78] William Cunnabell of Halifax became the first Canadian printer to apply steam power to a printing press (using a Washington press).

[79] This was his first published work, excluding poems which he submitted to newspapers.

[80] Young, Hon W (Attorney General). "Closing of the Nova Scotia Industrial Exhibition for 1854." *The Novascotian*, Halifax: October 23, 1854.

[81] Finkel, Alvin. *History of the Canadian Peoples: Beginnings to 1876*. Mississauga: Copp Clark Pitman Ltd., 1993: 536.

[82] The St. John the Evangelist Anglican Church at 954 Old Sackville Rd., Sackville, Nova Scotia.

[83] *St. John the Evangelist Anglican Church* records for the years 1856 and 1857. (the original records are kept at the church, but a microfilm copy of them can be viewed at the Nova Scotia Archives and Records Management (NSARM) in Halifax).

[84] "Land, Rail Road Land," The Tri-Weekly British Colonist, August 30, 1856.

Chapter III

"IN the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God."

John 1:1

THE FUTURE IS SET

It wasn't paper that created a great surge in information-transfer, that was inevitable, paper only allowed it to break free; like pulling the valve from an over pressurized tank, it had to be purged. Less than two-hundred years ago there were no more than ten newspapers in the American colonies, and their distribution was small. In 1810, 500 tons of newsprint was required to sustain the newspapers in North American. In 1856, New York newspapers alone required 12,000 tons of paper.[1] And by 1860, census showed that New York was producing over $11,000,000 in books, newspapers, and other printed literature and ads. Paper mills, too, were being established all over in an effort to accommodate the demands for information-transfer. By 1935, newsprint production rose to 4,000,000 tons a year.[2]

In his poem "Essay on Progress," Fenerty wrote:

> And cities, scattered over half the Earth,
> Converse, like neighbours round a social hearth.
> We claim the Press, that wondrous art, alone
> Worth more than all, to the great ancients known:

Here we hear him mention humanity's need for communication; through the press and conversing worldwide. He lived in a time when new and revolutionary developments were being made in communications: telegraphy, photography, radio, the telephone and the television.

Charles Fenerty did for the world what Bell, Mercedes, Gutenberg, and the Wright Brother's also did for us; they were not the first to devise the scheme, but their perfections of it transformed our world.

Today paper remains the greatest medium to communicate. Between 1999 and 2002, offices around the world increased their use of paper by 43 percent: [3]

> The Worldwatch Institute reported in 2004 that global paper use had grown more than six-fold since 1950. One-fifth of all the wood harvested in the world ends up as paper. According to the Pulp and Paper Products Council, paper and board (cardboard, corrugated board, etc.) production in Canada rose from 13 million tonnes in 1980 to 20 million tonnes in 2003. For each tonne of paper, two to 3.5 tonnes of trees must fall. [4]

But even if it's not pulped wood, Fenerty's revolution will be carried into new digital technologies,[5] and new ways of producing paper in abundance.

Australia's north-west was labelled "Costa d'ouro," meaning "Gold Coast" which was written so on a Portuguese map of Australia titled *terra incognita* (1530-36).[6] And though this might have been the first discovery of gold in Australia, it wasn't until the early 1850s when people began to hear about the gold there. People from all over the world raced to the country. And it was more than just finding gold, it was the adventure.

In 1851 Edward Hammond Hargraves discovered gold at Lewis Ponds Creek, near Bathurst in New South Wales, Australia. It was well publicized and caught the attention of people from the Americas to Asia. Gold was found long before Harvgraves, but due to the government's effort in creating stability in the colony it was kept quite—the government did not want their workers to walk off their jobs on some gold hunting expedition. But after 1851, the government thought that it might be used for their advantage; to increase the population and economy. Harvgraves became the Columbus of Australia; in the sense that he was well known and his journey to Australia to search for gold was well documented. His discovery would be the force which transformed a small colony into a country.

No one in the colony knew how to work the gold deposits. Over in California, the Americans were well into their Gold Rush,[7] but when news broke out of gold findings in New South Wales, most of them packed up and headed for Australia. This brought the expertise needed to exhume the buried gold. People living in the Australian towns near the findings quickly changed their trade. Vendors lined up along the streets selling the Californian gold-digger's attire[8] (see photo of Fenerty in his outback clothing).

The first successful attempt at finding gold in the province of Victoria was in a town near Port Philips Bay in 1851; at Buninyong, near Ballarat. About seven thousand miners populated the area within a year.[9] This was the region Fenerty arrived at first.[10] The Australian population grew from 438,000 at the end of 1851, to 1,168,000 by the end of 1861[11] (within the time period of Fenerty's arrival). Ballarat was growing and offered Fenerty ample opportunity. He left home for Australia in 1858.[12] At around that time, ads and articles were appearing in Halifax newspapers telling about the diggings in Australia. One ad read:

> "Active" for Australia !
>
> The Subscriber having purchased the handsome brigt "Active" of 136 tons present register, intends to have her fitted, immediately on the return from her present voyage to West Indies, and sail for Melbourne, Australia, about 15th August. Invites all who desire a comfortable, pleasant, and speedy passage to the Gold Region, to join him, to whom he can furnish valuable information relative to their proceedings after arrival, having been to Australia himself. Being part owner and interested in fitting up the Sebim in 1852 is acquainted with all the requisites, in arrangement and provisions for the comfort of Passengers.

> The Active being a very beautiful model, and a fast sailor, is expected to make a rapid passage, and offers the very best possible opportunity for intending emigrants. She will be coppered before leaving. Those who intend to take passage will do well to make immediate application, as a considerable number are already engaged. The rate of passage will be forty pounds, one half to be paid on entering the names, the balance ten days before sailing, of which due notice will be given. No passage engaged till paid for. The passengers will have to provide their own Bedding and Towelling, and all other requisites. A stateroom will be fitted with berths for every two passengers, and in their construction, reference will be had only to the comfort and convenience of those to occupy them.
> Apply for further information to BARSS & HARRIS, who will receive the money and grant tickets, or to DAVID R. GABRIEL [13]

Though the ship sailed October 18, 1856, it was not the last. This ad might have caught Fenerty's attention, since he frequented the dockyards (where the Active was being copper plated).

By this time his two brothers (Thomas and Wellington) were married,[14] he was rejected, his parents had died, the family land was sold off, he's not working in the mills anymore and perhaps grows to dislike lumbering altogether.[15] He has an active imagination and a flair for philosophy and poetry, as well as adventure. Australia was the adventure of the time. It wasn't just about the Gold Rush; people travelled there to join in on discovering a new continent.

Much like early Halifax, the gold-seekers brought to Australia a variety of skills and professions, which created a market and an economy. Most were young, educated, and energetic. With these qualities they transformed the political and cultural landscape of Australia. Between 1851 and 1861, Australia produced one third of the world's gold.[16] This was the beginning for Australia, and it was also a time of adventure for many others.

The Victorian government introduced a system of licences and commissioners in 1852. But soon after, the diggers opposed the gold-licence and implemented their own governing body. In 1854, government troops attacked the poorly defended gold miners. Not long after, the licence was abolished. This strengthened the society as a whole; lands were eventually opened up and miners given the right to vote for the Legislative Assembly. This was their first look at both freedom and democracy, embodied in the actions of the miners.

The sea voyage was long and treacherous, often taking three or four months. The roads were little more than tracks and diggers carried their supplies in swags, wheelbarrows, and on horseback. Since the gold fields were isolated most supplies were bought from travelling vendors. Prices were very high,[17] and most of the time the food was old or spoiled. But the riches didn't come solely from unearthed gold; many products and services were needed for the mining of it—which also included new government bodies and buildings to house them.

Within those twenty years, from 1850 to 1870, Australia grew exceptionally fast and strong. Because so many people were travelling to and from the goldfields, the 1850s also

saw the construction of the first railway and the operation of the first telegraph. Australia attracted adventurers from all around the world. The majority of these new arrivals were British but also included Americans, Chinese, French, Italian, German, Polish, and Hungarian exiles.

In researching Fenerty's time there, many voids were discovered too. The decades following Australia's prospering years, many of the genealogical and census documents were destroyed—and not by accident either. This was a devious task carried out by government officials in Australia in an effort to destroy all documents which might link them—ancestrally—to convicts which formed the early Australian colony. Today, very little can be found dating back around Fenerty's time. However, there are documents which show where he stayed.

A lot of what is known about his stay there are in stories passed down. But also, his poetry offers some insight into his time there too. He mentioned briefly in the "Introduction" of his poem "Essay on Progress," his stay in Australia and New Zealand:

> The following Essay, originally intended for publication in Melbourne, was written during the residence of the author in the southern colonies, which will explain various incidents alluded to in the Poem. The writer having been called by business to New Zealand, abandoned the idea of publishing it then. Being a sojourner for a time among my native hills, I hereby offer it to the public without note or comment, feeling assured that if it has merit it needs no apology; if it has none, apology would be useless; and in that case it will certainly get none from me.
>
> CHARLES FENERTY.
>
> Sackville, March 15, 1866. [18]

In his poems, such as "Farewell to Australia," "The Tao-Aspiring Poet," "Patrician and Plebeian," and "To a Rich Miser" we get a glimpse of the Australian life through the eyes of a poet. Though his poems might suggest that he was in someway involved in the Gold Rush, there is no evidence to show that he was actually there to dig for gold. The stories that have endured to this day about his gold digging days were past down by word of mouth.

The *Melbourne Herald* covered the diggings extensively, as well as other Australian newspapers of the period. With his sense of adventure, Fenerty might have tailed some of the prospectors to the fields solely for literary purposes. It's been said that his reason for going to Australia was to take up a journalist position in Melbourne, in one of the local newspapers. This was not researched extensively. It could be that he did take up journalism, but he might have also been involved in the diggings too for a short while.

After his stay in Ballarat he left for New Zealand, and possibly travelling to the Antipodes too sometime around 1861-62. Both New Zealand and the Antipodes had their little gold rush, but it's not likely that he travelled there for that reason. He mentioned in "Essay on Progress" that he was called away on business to New Zealand. His business there had to do with sheep farming.[19] Before travelling there he wrote to his brother Wellington. He asked him to join in on a sheep farming business that he was setting up.

Wellington declined, saying that his wife was pregnant[20] and could not leave. Wellington was still involved in the family saw mills at the time, and continued with it to his death in 1893. Charles stayed in New Zealand for about a year or two, and then returned to Melbourne.

Fenerty did not have a fixed address, and when back in Melbourne letters were waiting for him. On July 17, 1863, the *Government Gazette* reported having unclaimed letters for Charles Fenerty,[21] and again on August 18, 1863.[22] The letters were from his brother Wellington, which would have Charles leaving Australia.

Upon returning to Melbourne in late 1864, and getting his letters, it's likely that he settled in a small town called Dunolly.[23] [24] He might have travelled there for gold prospecting, but it's also likely that he was submitting poems and articles to local newspapers. One of the poems which might have been for a local newspaper was his "Patrician and Plebeian," about the two Australian explorers Burke and Wills. The poem is very similar in style to his "Sir Provo Wallis" poem, which appeared in a Halifax newspaper, and was also about a monument.

In 1860-61, Robert O'Hara Burke and William John Wills led an expedition of 19 men with the intention of crossing Australia from south to north, a journey of about 2,660 km. The expedition set off from Royal Park, Melbourne, on August 21, 1860, and watched by over 15,000 spectators. The Victorian government offered a £2000 reward for the first successful south-north crossing of the continent.[25] The 19 men, led by Burke and Wills, attempted the crossing, but failed due to bad planning and lack of experience. By mid-1861 both Burke and Wills died on their way back of malnutrition, starvation, dehydration, and exhaustion. The bodies were retrieved and the two explorers were given a state funeral in Melbourne on January 21, 1863. The procession stretched over four city blocks, and it was reported that the funeral drew a crowd of 40,000 spectators. Not long after, the Victorian Legislature voted a sum of £4000 for the building of a monument.[26] The monument was erected at the intersection of Collins and Russell Streets.[27] In 1862 a memorial was erected overlooking the town of Castlemaine where Burke had been stationed before leading the expedition. In his poem "Patrician and Plebeian," Fenerty wrote:

> The remains of Burke and Wills, the Australian explorers, who died of exhaustion in the far interior were brought to Melbourne and buried–suitable monuments being erected to their memory by the Victoria government–while the remains of Gray, their servant who perished with them, were left uncared for. [28]

He does not mention when the poem was written, but it suggests that it might have been written somewhere between the retrieval of the bodies and the erection of the monument (i.e. within the latter part of 1861). He also mentioned Burke and Wills in his "Essay on Progress"—which, as he said, was written prior to his departure for New Zealand, just after the death of Burke and Wills. So he left for New Zealand after 1861 (after his poem "Essay on Progress"), but returned prior to the erection of the monument, which was completed in 1865;[29] immediately prior to Fenerty's departure for Canada.[30]

One poem which stands out as the mark of an adventurer is his three part canto titled: "Hid Treasure: The Labours of a Deacon." In his manuscript (see *The Manuscript and J.J. Stewart* section below), it appears that Fenerty never decided on a final title, where the actual title is "Hid Treasure or the Labours of a Deacon – and other poems." And he

even goes further to suggest a third title. On the back of page 26 of the Stewart Manuscript, Fenerty wrote: "Treasure Terre." [31] Page 26 is the last page of his three part canto. This might have been another option for a title. On the Contents page he did write the title solely as "Hid Treasure," but on the first page of the poem it seems he is still undecided. Both names have equal significance, and fit accordingly.

The poem, as a whole, might be thought of as his exorcism from material wants, and the display of human greed. But it also shows that there is no easy win in life and the path of the unrighteous will always end in failure.

The story takes place at Chester Bay (southern Australia), and is about these few men who want to find Captain Kidd's buried treasure. At first the Deacon (who might be Fenerty himself) is a bit reluctant. Eventually they all agree, and off they go.

"Give me the choice of wealth or fame,
"An ample purse, or noble name,
"One to accept and one refuse,
"And fame is not the one I'd choose.
"Once on a time I did despise,
"Wealth and its purchased vanities
"But since a Deacon I became,
"I do confess it, to my shame, [32]

Though he was never officially a deacon, Charles's days in the church might have labelled him as such. The poem starts off, "Alas! The turmoil's of the poor, The friction of the labouring oar," basically saying "so, this is what it's come down to." The speaker in the poem is Deacon F___, which might obviously be Fenerty.

"Such pendent tenor I pursue,
"And keep both worlds alike, in view,
"Serve both in turn, and, nothing loath,
"Secure an interest thus in both.

In the first canto, he agrees with the undertaking. The men will locate and dig up the hidden treasure—another future raid like the gallant pirates before them.

When all arrangements were complete
It was agreed next morn to meet,
And all retired it dream that night
Of old doubloons and ducats bright.

But this is where the guilt kicks in. He is supposed to be a deacon; a leader of religious belief. But now he finds himself caught up in the hunt for pirate booty. There is no short way out, and it won't be till the end when he finally realizes it.

Quoth Elder D__ "Such wicked gain
"Conscience forbids us to obtain,
"Since by participating, we
"Share and condone the piracy;
"I see no difference in brief,
"Between the receiver and the thief.

They finally get there and start digging. But they soon get worried thinking someone will come and see them, and steal their treasure. So they select a guard from their small band of treasure hunters:

Then from his band the Deacon chose,
His bravest man, as I suppose;
A sturdy might robust and tall
Towering above his peers like Saul.

The sentinel that they've inaugurated eventually comes in contact with the locals, the aboriginals. He was told to kill any person who approached, and who did not say the secret password. The aboriginal is a friendly person and wants only to sell them some lobsters, but the sentinel isn't taking chances and tries to scare him off. At the same time, the other treasure hunters run up a hill, later saying that it was for strategic purposes. Eventually the sentinel and the aboriginal are at ease with each other, and the Indian departs.

Shortly after, there's a flood and the Deacon jumps into the dug out hole. He feels around and thinks that he might have found the treasure box:

"I'm on it now" the Deacon cries
"And can describe its shape and size;
"My feet which are six inches wide
"Scarce cover it placed scale by side,
"Moreover too my toe it pinches
"To wear a shoe of sixteen inches
"And thrice their length does scarce include
"This precious box in longitude.
"I speak of length and height alone
"The depth of course is yet unknown." [33]

But it was not the hidden treasure, it was just a rock. They finally realized that their effort was in vain, and ended the hunt:

And now the bitter end is shown,
Pray reader make the case your own,
How would you feel, thus vexed and crossed
Your hopes cut short, your labour lost?
Alas! the Deacon, weary man
Foiled in his dearly cherished plan,
Declares that destiny or fate
His failure did predestinate.

And continues by asking:

And now this bootless search for gold
In unpretentious rhyme is told,
If you the point or moral see
Kind reader, make it known to me.

Was this an actual event undertaken by Charles Fenerty? The subject of piracy was often thought novelty much like mafia is today—though the acts were immoral, there was

a fascination that captivated readers. Plus there was the adventure and mystery. So what was the point that seemed to evade him? Another poem written by Charles Fenerty, titled "The Voyagers on Gennesaret" might answer that question.

"The Voyagers on Gennesaret" is a beautifully written poem that recalls the well known story of Jesus and his Apostles on the Sea of Galilee. It is a test of faith, something voiced in the *Book of Job* in the *Old Testament* as well.

It is night time, the Apostles are on a boat on the Sea of Galilee and Jesus is on a mountain praying. Suddenly, and unexpectedly, a storm moved in. The sea becomes wild and the ship uncontrollable: [34]

> But the ship was now in the midst of the sea, tossed with waves: for the wind was contrary. (Mat 14:24)

Jesus knows that they're in trouble, and goes out to them. This is where Jesus walks on water. At first the Apostles think that it's an apparition, a ghost, and then Jesus speaks:

> But straightaway Jesus spake unto them, saying, Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid. (Mat 14:27)

Then, when Peter realized that it was Jesus, and he's there to save them, he asked Jesus if he could come out to him. Jesus said yes, and Peter stepped out onto the sea and reached for Jesus. But the sea was rough and the winds were strong, Peter looked from Jesus and fell fearful to the powerful forces around him. At that moment he began to sink. He cry's out to Jesus:

> And immediately Jesus stretched forth his hand, and caught him, and said unto him, O thou of little faith, wherefore didst thou doubt? (Mat 14:31)

Then Jesus and Peter step into the boat, and at that moment the storm ceases. The Apostles immediately worship, saying, "Of a truth thou art the Son of God" (Mat 14:33). They then arrived in the land of Gennesaret.

Fenerty's poem recounts this famous story. But his poem also calls our attention to a very important point, the same point in the original story, that of faith. Peter began to sink not because of the powerful engulfing sea, but because he turned his attention from Jesus, because he began to lose faith. In "The Voyagers on Gennesaret" Fenerty writes:

> Hence Christian learn when tossed and driven
> O'er life's tempestuous sea,
> The saviour from his throne in Heaven
> Can calm its storms for thee. [35]

We see the same point in the *Book of Job* too. One day God calls Satan's attention to one of His most faithful servants, Job:

> And the Lord said unto Satan, Hast thou considered my servant Job, that there is none like him in the earth, a perfect and an upright man, one that feareth God, and escheweth evil? (Job 1:8) [36]

So Satan goes out and tests Job by inflicting all these cruel deeds. But no matter what, even with this long talk with his friends, Job did not turn against God, saying:

> And said, Naked came I out of my mother's womb, and naked shall I return thither: the Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.
> In all this Job sinned not, nor charged God foolishly. (Job 1:21 – 22)

Fenerty's "Hid Treasure" poem might be a matter of faith. Had the Deacon remained faithful and not sought to serve his own personal desires, than the reward might have been greater. In one of Jesus' parables, he says:

> Again, the kingdom of heaven is like unto treasure hid in a field; the which when a man hath found, he hideth, and for joy thereof goeth and selleth all that he hath, and buyeth that field. (Mat 13:44)

FAREWELL TO AUSTRALIA (1865)

Just a few months after his return to Melbourne, from New Zealand, Fenerty received a letter from one of his brothers. The letter supposedly tells of his brother jilting Anne Hamilton (a friend of the family). Fenerty had only two brothers: Thomas and Wellington. There is enough evidence to show that Wellington remained married right to his death in 1893. Nor is there any proof of Thomas divorcing his wife Amelia Blair.[37] Maybe the story was confused and it was a cousin who jilted Ann. Nevertheless, Fenerty received a letter saying that Anne was jilted and this upsets him. And in 1865 Charles quickly packs up and departs for Nova Scotia.

Before leaving Australia he wrote a farewell poem, titled "Farewell to Australia" (1865):

> Thou sun-bright land that gems the Austral Sea,
> With fond regret, I bid farewell to thee;
> Land of the Golden Fleece and generous vine,
> Rich in thy flocks and herds, thy corn and wine.
>
> While here in pleasing reverie I stand
> On the same spot where first I pressed thy strand
> I live again in the romantic days,
> When thy rich hal'o set the world ablaze; [38]

The poem is very similar to his "Betula Nigra":

> And now farewell, thou Patriarch Tree!
> Time honor'd friend, farewell to thee:
> Farewell!—and in thy shade,
> Long may the gentle warbler sing
> His carol to the op'ning Spring,
> The charmer of the glade. [39]

The word *hal'o* is an abbreviation of *halloo* or *hallow*. The *Oxford English Dictionary* defines it as: 1. n. & v. Inciting dogs to the chase, and 2. Calling attention.[40] In other words, it's the cry of the huntsman that calls the hounds together for the chase. Fenerty's usage of it may imply a time when people were drawn to Australia—called to the chase—which set the world on fire.

This was his style of writing; remembering people and places, and the events associated. His poem "Farewell to Australia," in 28 stanzas, voiced his sad and reluctant departure from Australia, remembering the thousands of adventurers who came to it and who built a nation, driving it into future prosperity:

Born as of yesterday, yet even now
  Wearing the seal of empire on thy brow,
Foremost among the nations, yet to be
  When countless millions find a home in thee;

The promise of thy greatness now we trace
  In all that constitutes a manly race.
While vast achievement to the mind appears
  Crowding the vista of thy coming years.

Like Nova Scotia, Australia was emerging into an economy rich nation. Fenerty was apart of two of Britain's colonies in their thriving years—Canada and Australia—and carried the same sentiment for both:

Farewell dear land!—when o'er yon distant sea,
  Oft shall my thoughts return and visit thee,
Breathing in fancy of the sweet perfume
  On Yarra's banks where golden wattle's bloom, [41]

In a footnote, Fenerty wrote: [42]

When these lines were written, the Lancashire Cotton Famine was at its height. Thousands of workmen were thrown out of employment and their families were dependent on the public charity for sustenance.

The cotton famine was a depression in the textile industry, in north-west England, from 1861 to 1865. It was brought about by the American Civil War, just after the Union blockaded the Confederate States of America in 1861. It was originally thought that UK cotton stocks would be adequate to see through the anticipated brief conflict, but the conflict proved slow and the war appeared to have no end. By the beginning of 1862 Lancashire cotton mills were closing and workers being laid off. It was estimated at the time to have cost the Lancashire mill-owners about £m30. [43]

He also mentions Lake Burrumbeet (near Ballarat); the place where he first arrived and wrote his three part canto. From Port Philips Head to Melbourne, and from Ballarat to Dunolly, the adventurer covered all parts of southern Australia. His departure was not at the end of the Gold Rush either, but actually right in the heart of it. In the summer of 1865 the *Acadian Recorder* newspaper in Halifax wrote:

I do not remember any period since the year 1852 in which there was so great a general interest felt in the colony [Australia] on the subject of the gold fields. [44]

The *Acadian Recorder* reprinted another article which first appeared in the *Melbourne Herald* a few days prior:

The Yield of Gold in Victoria for 1865
[From the *Melbourne Herald*]

> The continued prosperity of the colony is, for the present at least, so intimately connected with the progress of our gold fields and the yield of the precious metal, that it is with no little pleasure we are enabled to announce that the returns for the year ending 31st December last are far more satisfactory than could possibly have been anticipated. [45]

The article continues with gold mining statistics for the period prior to his departure:

> During the year 1862 there were employed on our gold-fields an average number of 97,292 miners, the produce of whose labour was a net yield of 1,702,460 ozs., which, calculated at £4 per oz., gives the average weekly earnings of each miner as £1 6s. 0d. In 1863 the average number of miners employed was 92,292, who produced 1,578,079 ozs., which on the same calculation, gives an average weekly wage to each miner of £1 6s. 3d. and a fraction. During the year 1864 the average number of miners employed was 83,394, who obtained as the result of their labours, 1,557,397 ozs. Og gold, which gives the average weekly earnings of the individual miner at £1 8s 3.4d. During the year just concluded, the average number of miners was 83,305, and the gold produced by them amounted to 1,553,226 ozs., which gives the weekly earnings of each man a £1 8s 6d and a fraction. This is a far more satisfactory result than could have been anticipated, taking into consideration the long and severe drought which has been experienced.

Gold mining was at its height. Places like Ballarat and Auriferous Reefs were extracting gold in vast amounts. This would be the last time Fenerty ever stepped foot on the Australian continent. He departed for Nova Scotia in mid-1865. His heart was set on Anne.

> What though I part today from many ties
> Dear to my heart and pleasant to my eyes
> To tempt the dangers of the stormy main
> And hie me to my northern home again
>
> In Nova Scotia of historic fame,
> Which yet prefers its ancient Norman name
> Acadia, sacred to the timeful vine,
> Abode of Gabriel and Evangeline, [46]
>
> —Charles Fenerty
> *Farewell to Australia*

BACK IN ACADIA

"Evangeline: A Tale of Acadie" is a poem by the American poet Henry Wadsworth Longfellow. It describes the betrothal of an Acadian girl named Evangeline to her lover, Gabriel. In what is known as the Great Expulsion (Grand Dérangement), more than 12,000 Acadians were expelled from their Nova Scotian colony between 1755 and 1764. In the confusion of this Acadian exodus, both Evangeline and Gabriel were accidentally separated. The poem then follows Evangeline across the landscapes of America as she spends years in search of her lost love. Finally she settles in Philadelphia, and as an old woman works as a nurse among the poor. While tending the dying during an epidemic she finds Gabriel among the sick. He dies in her arms.

Like H.W. Longfellow's epic poem "Evangeline," [47] Fenerty returned in search of a girl from his past, Anne. The name *Acadie* refers to *Acadia*. The name Nova Scotia (meaning New Scotland) was first used by Sir William Alexander in 1621 and became fixed after the signing of the Treaty of Utrecht in 1713. Before this, the name Acadia was used.[48]

Fenerty's arrival date is still unknown, but it's possible that he arrived on Saturday, September 2, 1865.[49] Anne Hamilton was visiting her sister Janet in Upper Falmouth, about 50 kilometres north of Halifax. As the story goes, Charles arrived in Falmouth at night, the whole community asleep. As he walked through the town, near Anne's place, he was spotted by a very angry dog. The dog chased him, and Fenerty ran, making it to the home of a brother of Janet's husband. He ran in and slammed the door in the dog's face. The dog sat there till morning. After the dog walked off, Charles made his way across the road to Anne's place. She was exited to see him. Charles spent a few weeks in Falmouth with Anne and then returned to Sackville, where he reorganized; getting a home, a job, and integrating back into his community. This is when Charles's name began to appear in church records again.

While settling in, Fenerty submitted his poem "Essay on Progress." [50] It was published by James Bowes & Sons; a well known printer and publisher in Halifax.[51] The poem is a long chronology of histories and events. It starts off asking what we would see if we could look at the spectrum of human achievement in one view:

> Could we, conveyed to an ærial seat,
> View this huge orb revolve beneath our feet,
> And from our pendant throne, minutely scan
> The acts, acquirements, and pursuits of man;—
> Backward in time, as at a glance survey,
> The various arts of ages pass'd away;—
> Far in the future, with prophetic ken,
> Discern the future deeds of future men— [52]

Wisdom comes with age. And if one could stand exterior to both time and actions, from a single viewpoint, one is bound to acquire a greater understanding of why things are. He continues by asking the question, "Say, what emotions would the view inspire," then moves into some of the events. From the Egyptian Pharaohs to the ruins at Karnak; would we understand why they were built? War, politics, science, liberty, discovery, commerce, art and literature, and other achievements, he's asking what they mean and how we should go about using our freedoms. Showing a lot of optimism for the human race he writes:

> He feels the opposing force is hard and strong,
> He knows the conflict will be fierce and long;
> Yet, firm in his resolve, he wins the prize
> For which he longed, or in the struggle dies.
> These are the heroes, on life's battle field,
> Who make the stubborn wilderness to yield;

Nature will suffer as long as humans exist, because humans, like everything else in the universe, want to survive; only our wants greatly threaten life:

'Tis not in mere material wealth we find
The world's advancement, but the march of mind;

Though the poem is a glimpse at human activities and achievement, there seems to be a strong tie to England's offspring: mainly Canada and Australia. The poem is an explicit signature of Fenerty's style, as apparent and similar to poems such as: "Betula Nigra," "The Decline of Spain," "Terra Nova," "Battle of the Alma," and "Farewell to Australia." The poem was a great success and caught the attention of a local newspaper, who also mentioned Fenerty's disappearance (see photo of the original article):

> We are almost without a literature of our own. Occasionally we see in print a sermon, or a pamphlet on some topic of local interest, or a scrap of poetry in the corner of a newspaper which from the rarity of the phenomenon, some fair damsel is as coy to acknowledge, as if it were her first sweetheart. Since the publication of the earlier works of Judge Halliburton we have had scarcely any substantial contributions to our Provincial, and none at all to general literature.
>
> We have now before us a very beautiful little poem of twelve pages, entitled "An Essay on Progress," by Charles Fenerty. We well remember Mr. Fenerty, as the author of an exquisite piece on the Betula Nigra, which carried the prize for native poetry at the Provincial Exhibition of 1854. After publication of this his maiden effort, Mr. Fenerty unaccountably disappeared, and we imagined that he had got married or fallen into some other misfortune which had dimmed his poetic spirit. It appears, however, that we were mistaken in our conjectures. He has been in Australia and New Zealand, and a score of other countries where Nova Scotians go in search of fortune, and we are glad to find that among more arduous and substantially profitable pursuits, he has never forgotten the muses. He has recently returned to Nova Scotia and re-introduced himself to his countrymen by the publication of this really meritorious little poem, written, as appears by the preface, during his absence. The subject is trite enough, but many of the thoughts are original – the diction and versification elegant – and the poem characterized by true poetic spirit throughout. Everybody should read this little poem, if only to encourage its author to renewed efforts. We trust Mr. Fenerty will remain with us, and employ his pen in enriching our scanty stores of Provincial literature. [53]

And he does. He continued with many other poems thereafter. Though the article mentioned that Fenerty travelled to many countries (where Nova Scotians seek fortune), Australia and New Zealand are the only two confirmed places he had travelled to. In his other poem, titled "The Saxon's Sentimental Journey," he mentioned travelling to countries like: Ireland, France, Switzerland, Italy, and Greece. But first of all these are hardly places to seek fortune (since there was gold mining happening all over the U.S., Canada, and Australia). Also, there is no evidence at all which puts him near these places. However, it is possible that on his return to Nova Scotia he might have stopped at England.[54]

In March of 1866, seven months after his return, Fenerty is engaged in church affairs again. A letter to Rev. Smith, of the Sackville community, read:

> To the Rev. J. S. Smith, A.B., Rector of Sackville
> Sackville, N.S., March, 1866
> Rev. Sir – We the undersigned Pew holders and others of St. John's Church and Parish, Sackville, desire to assure you of the high regard in denying labors of a Minister of Christ require the warmest sympathy and hearty cooperation of a people. We are aware that your Ministry among us is not unattended by trials and discouragements, but we do not doubt that by the help that cometh from above you will be brought safely through them all. You may rely upon our constant support and aid in every effort you may make for the spiritual welfare of the Parish.

George Lawson, LL.D., Charles Hamilton, J.P., William Miller, Thomas Fenerty, Charles Fenerty…. [55]

It was only one from a series of letters to Rev. Smith asking him to continue his practice at the community church. Other well known names such as Fultz, Stewart, Ellis, and Hamilton were signed along side Fenerty's name. On April 2, 1866, entries begin again in the Sackville church records for Charles Fenerty.[56] [57] His brother Wellington was elected church warden that day as well. Then in 1867, the year of Canadian Confederacy, Charles and Ann were wed.

On July 1, 1867 a new nation was born. Britain saw its ties with the colonies as a financial burden. Even though Australia was pouring out immense quantities of gold, the government itself was not engaged in the mining of gold. All expenses were paid by the British people, and it was becoming costly. Britain was no longer interested in military might, but rather, they, like the rest of Europe and the Americas, were caught in the fast moving current of the Industrial Revolution. The British turned to building a powerful commercial empire. This would ultimately sever the colony's ties with Britain. Canada's heart was now beating. This was also the time of the railway revolution when tracks were being laid all over Canada, uniting a country. Transportation and communication lit the flame all over the world, and production and discovery were the results.

Six months later, on December 28, 1867, Charles Fenerty and Anne Maria Hamilton[58] were married.[59] Fenerty found his Evangeline, and by no coincidence married her in Kentville, NS; the land of the great *Acadian Exodus*, near Grand-Pré where the young Gabriel fell in love with his Evangeline.

Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his shoulder, and whispered,—
"Gabriel ! be of good cheer! for if we love one another
Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances may happen!" [60]

—H.W. Longfellow
Evangeline: A Tale of Acadie

Under "marriage," the *Novascotian* wrote:

At Kentville on Saturday the 28th December, by the Rev O. Ruggles, Mr. Chas. Fenerty, of Sackville, N.S., to Miss Ann M Hamilton of the same place. [61]

Fenerty was renting a place in town[62] and later on moved to a place on Sackville Dr. (Where the Smelter family would later live).[63] After his marriage with Ann, the two moved to Middle Sackville, about a mile and a half from the St. John's Church. In 1868, his brother Thomas died,[64] and his wife Amelia moved in with Charles and Ann for a little while.[65] Though Fenerty held many positions later in life,[66] he remained a farmer right to the very end.[67] [68] Entered in *Lovell's Province of Nova Scotia Directory of 1871*, under the town of Sackville, was:

Sackville –
A fine farming settlement in the township of Sackville, county of Halifax. Distant from Halifax 12 miles. Mail semi-weekly. Population about 300.

Fenerty, Charles – Farmer [69]

And in *McAlpine's Nova Scotia Directory* for the years 1890-97, they wrote:

> Charles Fenerty - Farmer, Middle Sackville

But Fenerty's passion for writing poetry is far from over either. He continued writing, while still holding numerous positions, including being elected vestry and church warden over the following years.

Just after the release of "Essay on Progress," Henry Morgan, in his book "A Manual of Canadian Literature" (1867), mentioned that Fenerty had a selection of poems nearly ready. The entry read:

> Fenerty, Charles. (Sackville, NB). Lived for some years in Australia, where he contributed some prose articles to the newspaper press. It is understood that he has a volume of poems nearly ready for the press.
>
> I. Betula Nigra: a poem. Halifax, 1855, 8vo. [70]

Morgan probably obtained his information from a Halifax newspaper (such as the *Chronicle Herald*, which mentioned Charles's stay in Australia and his upcoming poem). There was one mistake in the article though; Fenerty was not from Sackville, NB, but rather Sackville, NS. Fenerty continued with his writing, straight through Canadian Confederacy.

TERRA NOVA AND OTHER POEMS

In October 1864 Newfoundland sent delegates to participate in the Quebec conference, but the province didn't follow up on the confederation scheme until later on. Business owners in St. John's believed that confederation wouldn't offer anything for the Newfoundland economy except the danger of new taxes. Nevertheless, the idea remained alive and discussions with the Canadian government in early 1869 led to a tentative agreement on terms for Newfoundland's entry into confederation. Unfortunately, Newfoundland elections, held a few months later, brought a landslide victory for those opposing confederation with Canada, and the whole matter ended there.

The poem "Terra Nova" is about Newfoundland joining the Canadian Confederation. The name *Terra Nova* was first used by Giovanni da Verrazano on his map of Newfoundland in 1529. The name derived from "New found launde," and was used in 1502, just after John Cabot's discovery of the region in 1497. The French version of this name was Terre Neuve.[71] The poem is not dated, but in a footnote Fenerty wrote:

> "The dream of my boyhood." Vide: Speeches of the late Hon Joseph Howe. The patriot's and the poet's dream has meanwhile succumbed to the exigencies of party politics. But "Coming events cast their shadow before," and the day is not far distant when Her Majesty's "ancient and loyal colony" will rule the Confederation.[72] [73]

Though Fenerty would never see Newfoundland join the Confederation, it was thought by most during his time that Newfoundland would join. Written on another copy of his poem "Terra Nova," a different footnote reads:

These lines were written when it was first thought Newfoundland would come into Confederation. [74]

So it's possible that the poem was written in early 1869, when it must have seemed that Newfoundland was about to join. But there's an inconsistency here. In the first footnote Fenerty said, "Vide, Speeches of the late Hon Joseph Howe." Joseph Howe died on June 1, 1873. But in 1873, Prince Edward Island joined, and Newfoundland was again in the Confederation spotlight. This now suggests that the poem might have been written just after P.E.I. joined, sometime in 1873. In the Stewart Manuscript, Fenerty often amended footnotes (including words in the poems too); "Terra Nova," "Betula Nigra," "The Prince's Lodge," all of these had changes to their footnotes. It would be safe to say then that it was composed sometime in 1873. In "Terra Nova" he writes:

Instinct with a young nation's life our quickening pulses thrill,
The patriot and the statesman's dream* today we would fulfil.
Not in thy sea girt island pent, thy energies confined,
But linked with half a continent, thy higher births—right find. [75]

"The patriot and the statesman's dream today we would fulfil," it has a tone containing much pride for a well-respected and deceased person whose words ought to be remembered. Then again, it wasn't written in past tense. The poem might have been written for a local newspaper (where poems on the subject were often printed), but it has yet to be found.

This biography contains all 32 of his known poems. But there are two other known poems that must be mentioned

In Dr. Fergusson's research notes there is mention of a poem, written by Charles Fenerty and titled "Howe." [76] Every effort was made to locate this poem.[77] It doesn't mention who was in possession of it—the writer simply wrote a brief note about it. The letter was written in the early part of the 1950s.

Another known, but lost poem, of his was "Retrospect." Only one stanza survives:

Look back on the years that are gone —
On the days of our innocent childhood;
When freely we sported in life's happy dawn,
As the deer that bounds light in the wildwood. [78]

On December 18, 1914 an article appeared in *The World's Paper Trade Review*, titled, "Who Invented Mechanical Wood Pulp? Charles Fenerty a rival of Keller, early experiments in Nova Scotia." [79] [80] The article, written by Shemas Hall, basically gave a contrast between both Fenerty and Keller, and the invention of ground-wood pulp for papermaking. The article contained too many assumptions, personal biases, and inconclusive facts on Fenerty's efforts and discovery. He wrote:

Like many discoverers and like Keller, Fenerty was discouraged at the outset. No doubt that was his downfall. (Hall, 1018).

His *downfall* might refer to the fact that Fenerty never took out a patent on it. Fenerty had every chance to exploit this new discovery. Halifax might not have been a place to find investors, but there was the Industrial Exhibition of 1854; where thousands came to

view the industries of Nova Scotia—a very good place to set up a display. Fenerty was far from being discouraged (had that been the case, his effort would have lasted no further than a single tree or a single press of the iron spoon[81]). Fenerty's sense of adventure and dare for achievement far surpasses those who turn at the sight of discouragement. Yet the whole article was laced with this attitude. However, it was here where mention was first given to his poem "Retrospect." Again, nothing is mentioned of it other than a single stanza.

During the following years, from 1865 to 1875, Fenerty wrote a number of other poems. Some of which were: "The Decline of Spain," "The Voyagers on Gennesaret," "To a Meteorite," and "The Sentinel Rose." His poem, "The Decline of Spain," was similar in style to his "Essay on Progress." He starts off by quoting Abbé Raynal by saying:

> Thus the Cacîque was burned, the God of The Christian dishonoured and His cross imbued in blood. [82]

He is referring to Spain's long and bloody war with Mexico. But the poem is more about this once great empire of Spain, whose influence had shaped world history. When we talk about science, philosophy, mathematics, arts, engineering, and medicine in the early part of the Common Era, we cannot evade Spanish achievement. Actually, in discussing papermaking, it was here where paper took its initial steps into the Western world.

By the 8th-century CE, Baghdad was the centre of intellectual achievement. Scholars from all over the world travelled there; not just to share their knowledge, but also to acquire knowledge. The greatest innovations in all genres were being dispensed from this great city. It was considered a rival of both Athens and Rome. Much like the Alexandrian Library before it, Baghdad sent scholars all over the world in search for ancient texts and knowledge to share in their great public library. And though the citizens were very religious, people of all faiths would travel through the city. What makes it remarkably different from Christian Europe was the fact that the scholars saw no contradiction between both the sciences of the natural world and their faith. Actually, and if anything, it served only to strengthen their conviction.

By this time, Christian Europe is sinking into a dark age of oppression and restriction. This is a time when the Church begins to score great amounts of power, leaving the societies at their command. Ignorance will be the true faith in which Christians follow; ignorant of their Bible and ignorant of the fact that the Church is telling them what to believe, how to think, and right from wrong (and it would be centuries before Luther's exposé changes all that). Thales of Miletus, Pythagoras of Samos, Xenophanes of Colophon, Zeno of Elea, Heraclitus, Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Democritus, and thousands of others; these were some of the thinkers engaged in the natural sciences and philosophy, and they were also just a few of the thousands of people being studied by the Arabs, but veiled from the Christians. The only questions to be asked, in Christian life, were the ones in which you were coached into asking. And while the Europeans were centuries from their Renaissance, Baghdad was well into its own. As the Arab nations became saturated in knowledge, they too became very powerful and innovative.

In the mid-8th-century, when Arab travellers reached Asia, they found for the first time a new type of paper. Arabs were still using papyrus plants and parchment for paper. But in China, paper was being made from pulped rags. The Chinese were not too willing to pass

out their trade secrets either. Though the Arabs made notes, it wasn't until 751, after the Chinese invasion, when the Arabs learned their secrets. It was a new medium in which to secure their knowledge, and it was available in great abundance. This strengthened the Arab empire further. At the same time, Christian monks were scribing their texts onto limited supplies of parchment; books were scarce and those that did exist were in the hands of the select few. The post-Fenerty era was an explosion in knowledge, due to the unlimited resource of a communication medium: paper. This is exactly what the Arabs were experiencing; not technology or innovation, but rather as knowledge increases, and is communicated more efficiently and effectively, knowledge further increases.

In AD 711, the Arabs sailed from Africa and landed in the southern regions of Spain, and within three years they conquered the entire country. [83] It would take eight centuries, and thousands of battles, before the Spaniards would win their land back. But during that time, Arabs were building magnificent cities which in turn would give birth to a European Enlightenment.

While the rest of Europe was lost in their Dark Ages,[84] the Spanish city of Córdoba was the most modern and sophisticated city in Europe. It had hospitals, street lights, libraries, paved roads, and running water. People lived in houses and not in shacks. The architecture in city was so magnificent that it drew travellers from all over Europe. It was here where the art of papermaking would be dispensed to neighbouring cities, and then gradually dispersed throughout the rest of Europe. Here, the Europeans were given a push; then the engine starts with the commencement of the Christian Crusades. It was not until the 12th-century when western medieval Christendom began to reach comparable levels of sophistication, which was due to Arab Spain. The Mediterranean trade and cultural exchange began to flourish.

In his poem, "The Decline of Spain," Fenerty wrote:

> Hispania, where are all the trophies now,
> That thy once conquering heroes bled to gain?
> Where is the wreath that bound thy Charles's brow,
> Where is the fair spotless chivalry of Spain? [85]

From the 1640s, a series of long and costly wars and revolts began a gradual decline of Spanish power in Europe. Spain had many colonies in the New World. Its decline was also due to the costly successes it had since the 14th-century, becoming a financial catastrophe. Its greatest moments in European history ended as a *New World* began.[86]

One of the great philosophers of Córdoba was an Arab by the name of Ibn Rushd, or better known as Averroes (1126–1198). He is famous for his translations and commentaries of Aristotle's works, which had been mostly forgotten in the West. Before 1150, only a few translated works of Aristotle existed in Latin Europe, and they were not studied much or given much credence by monastic scholars. It was through the Latin translations of Averroes's work that the legacy of Aristotle was restored in the West. Saint Thomas Aquinas (1225?–1274), an Italian philosopher and theologian, was inspired by the works of Averroes. His inspiration and works would eventually lead to the Italian Renaissance. He used the writings of Averroes to justify the clear separation between faith and reason.

In another poem by Fenerty, and titled "Reason and Faith," he puts aside any logic or reason and trusts only in what faith dictates:

To soar to yonder starry skies
To reason's power is given,
But faith and prayer can higher rise
And scale the gates of heaven. [87]

From the moment he returned to Halifax in 1865, Fenerty found himself driven, more than ever, to put his thoughts and emotions in verse. On May 2, 1879, Frederick Fenerty, Charles Fenerty's grandnephew, died at the age of four months.[88] His poem, "The Sentinel Rose," was probably written just after the child's death. It starts off by asking the flower to guard over the child's grave:

Bright little flower of loveliest bloom
O'er this small grave thy vigil keeping,
Sweet be thy lustre and perfume
For here an innocent lies sleeping! [89]

By conveying the importance of the flower and its task, Fenerty invokes the emotions we feel for the loss of a child. The flower is a survivalist; it plants its seeds and endures the icy gale of winter, then with spring, it blossoms again. The flower becomes the perfect guardian:

Yet still, in many a future year
Unscathed by time, oh mayest thou bloom,
Lo, glad the heart that placed thee here,
The guardian of her infant's tomb!

Another poem, titled "To a Meteorite," might have been written just after a meteorite struck near Halifax.

Canada has seen many large meteorites,[90] but in March 1870 a meteorite struck only a few kilometres from where Fenerty was living. On March 19, 1870 the *Halifax Citizen* reported the following:

> What was it? - On Saturday last about noon a heavy distant explosion was heard, resembling somewhat a shock of an earthquake, but not accompanied by any tremor of the ground. The noise was heard at River John, at Three Miles House, at Green Hill, at Merigomish, and possibly in other parts of the county. A gentleman living on Green Hill heard it quite distinctly in a north-westerly direction - in the direction of Charlottetown, P.E.I., and remarked that it resembled very much the explosion of a powder magazine - Eastern Chronicle.
>
> We announced the other day that a meteorite or something of that nature, had been seen falling into the harbor near the entrance to Bedford Basin. It turns out that at about the same time strange phenomena of a similar character were observed in the eastern parts of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia. Our scientific gentlemen will do well to make rigid enquiries respecting the strange occurrences.

Fenerty's response is curiosity; where did it come from, in what sort of domain did it once dwell, what did it see? Like the tree in "Betula Nigra," or the orb in "Essay on Progress," he looks for meaning by looking at things from another perspective. The questions and style that make up his poems continue in his "To a Meteorite":

Tell me thy history thou mysterious thing
Born of the rolling spheres!
Tell me the story of thy wandering
Through time's uncounted years!

Say—was thy wondrous journey first begun
In the pale, Milky Way,
Beyond the glances of the furthest sun,
Midst unformed nebula? [91]

WRECK OF THE ATLANTIC (1873)

On March 20, 1873, the S.S. Atlantic left Liverpool, England carrying 952 passengers, for New York. It was a White Star line, only three years old, and built in Liverpool by Messrs Harland and Wolff. The vessel was commanded by Captain James A. Williams, who was formally commodore of the Guion line. Eleven days into the trip the ship collides with rocks and sinks off the coast of Prospect, Nova Scotia. Immediately after, Charles Fenerty wrote a poem in commemoration, titled, "Wreck of the Atlantic."

It was a fairly large ship. The dimensions were: 420 ft. long between perpendiculars, 437 ft. over all, 41 ft. extreme beam, and 32 ft. depth of hold, with a registered burden of 3707 tons. The ship was fitted with four iron tubular masts, 600 nominal horse-power engines. There were ten boilers with twenty furnaces. It had five bulkheads, extending from keelson up to the main deck, and forming six watertight compartments, with three arched decks of iron. It had accommodations for 1000 passengers. And the ship was equipped with ten large lifeboats, with a crew member assigned to each.[92]

The cost of the Atlantic was about £120,000.[93] The cargo was valued at about £50,000. The Atlantic left Mersey on March 20, 1873 for New York, stopping at Queenstown, where 250 more embarked.

In the investigation, Captain Williams stated that he detoured to Halifax due to a coal shortage. Williams claimed that there was only 127 tons of coal remaining. But according to their records the ship left Mersey with 967 tons of coal. The estimated average consumption was sixty tons a day; the voyage therefore consuming about 744 tons, and thus leaving a reserve of 267 tons (an error on his part). But the crew later stated that the ship encountered strong head winds during the whole voyage—which used up more coal than expected, and which is why they had to detour to Halifax.[94]

The crew then detours the ship to Halifax, but they're unable to confirm their exact location. It enters at Mars Head, near Lower Prospect, thinking they're entering near Halifax. Within moments it collides with a bed of rocks and begins to slowly submerge into the cold ocean. The crew later said that the cause of the wreck was because crewmembers mistaken one lighthouse from another—and thus the miscalculations led them too close to the shoreline. The result was disastrous. The *British Colonist*, four days after the wreck, wrote:

> Up to yesterday about two hundred bodies had come ashore at Prospect, and a few of them, including that of Mr Medcalf, Second Officer, were identified by their clothing, but the greater numbers are unknown. A trench was dug in a field in the rear of the Church of England, to receive the bodies. [95]

In total, 562 people died, 277 of them were buried in a common grave overlooking Sandy Cove.[96] The 371 survivors consisted of all men (all women and children perished except for one child, a six year old boy named John Hindley (see photo)). The Atlantic suffered the greatest loss of life in a single North Atlantic tragedy since the Scillies in 1707, and the greatest up until the wreck of the Titanic in 1912 (which happened on another April's night).[97]

In another article by the *British Colonist*, a passenger was quoted by saying:

> One of the most heartrending features of the terrible story is the fact that with the exception of one little boy six years old, who was saved, every woman and child on board perished. When the ship struck and those who were aroused came pouring on deck, the officers, to prevent confusion, gave orders to keep the passengers, and especially the women and children below. These orders were enforced, effectually against the weaker ones, and thus, when the steamer fell over and sank, the woman and children had not even the chance of escape which the men on deck had. [98]

Just two days after the wreck, the *Morning Chronicle* interviewed one of the survivors, William Hogan of Waterford. The man gave a detailed account of the events that took place that night:

> I, a passenger, was on deck at 3 o'clock. I heard the sailor on duty call out "all's well – 3 o'clock," after hearing the sailor say "all's well" I went to the forward steerage and got into bed, when about 5 or 10 minutes afterwards I heard the watchman cry out "breakers ahead," and almost instantly I heard a tremendous crash, and the air rushed in and blew out all the lights. It was my impression that the boiler had bursted. I called up some of the boys that were sleeping near me and told them to rush on deck that the boiler had exploded. Some of them refused to go and said that it matter little (thinking that the steamer was out at sea), and said that it was just as well to meet death below as it was on deck; but I and Patrick Leahy, my chum, determined to our lives, if possible, and as all was confusion below, I cannot tell how we got on deck. The orders were given, as is a common thing in steamships, with sailors, that the hatches should be closed, and no one permitted to ascend to the deck. Thinking that our lives were in imminent danger, we forced the hatches up, and ascended to the deck. As soon as we were on deck we rushed to the side of the vessel, and I saw the rock, as I supposed, about three hundred yards distant. I thought at first it was an iceberg we had struck against, but immediately afterwards we noticed that the ship commenced to heave or "plunge," and after three or four plunges settled, and the water seemed to be rushing in. I surmised that our safety depended in our being on the side of the vessel nearest to the land, which was our best means of saving our lives. I rushed to that side and caught hold of the rigging, when the ship commenced to turn over gradually on her side. I got on the side of the ship, and caught hold of a rope. I then heard a dismal wail which was fearful to listen to. It proceeded from the steerage passengers below, which were then smothering. It did not last more than two minutes, when all was still as death. The Captain then shouted out that the last chance that the survivors had was to get on the rigging, and several of them did so. Afterwards I heard the 1st officer shout out that the only chance to those who could swim was to jump overboard and endeavour to reach the rock. He also said, "I cannot swim myself," and he ascended to the rigging in which position we left him at 1:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon.
>
> We kept our position on the side of the vessel, and several who had managed to procure life buoys jumped overboard and tried to swim to the rock, but I know that only one out of the lot that jumped overboard was saved. I saw the Quarter-master of the ship get on a sort of raft – the top or roof of the wheel-house, which was afloat – and perceived several heavy waves coming in, and he and the raft were driven near the rock. He waved his hand, and we thought that he would be saved; but immediately afterwards another wave came and dashed the raft and him to the foot of the rock; another came and drove him about six feet up on the rock, and when the waters receded they carried the raft off, and he was left grapping on the rock. He must have been severely injured, as he fell right back into the waves again. He struggled about five minutes, and we saw him rise no more. I may say that every wave that

came on deck washed one or two men off the stern of the vessel. They did not seem to make any effort to save themselves. I was in the same position, but quite cool. The parties around me, 15 or 20 German passengers, cried piteously; some prayed, and all seemed to have lost their presence of mind. I tried to cheer them up, but it was of no use. I don't think there was one of them saved. By this time the waves were rising, and occasionally they dashed clear over us; and the wind blowing through the galley and port-holes of the vessel, made a fearful and mournful noise. The weather being so cold and the wind so high, it eventually benumbed many, and they fell overboard, as they could not hold on, and others it blew off. About half an hour after the vessel turned over, I thought of taking off my coat and swimming ashore. I caught a rope, and went down to the water's edge. It was dark at the time. The rock, as the waves were not raising, appeared to me to be a mass of ice instead of a rock, that was between me and the shore; but just as I was in the act of making a plunge I saw some objects on the rock, or ice, which I thought were living; but it struck me at the time that they were sea lions, and there were several other passengers with me. I shouted out for a hatchet, as I thought the so-called sea lions would attack us. We were in dread at the time, and we discovered the objects to be the bodies of women and children floating on the water. One old man held on to life tenaciously; but he seemed to have lost his presence of mind. I helped him get nearer to the boat, when some of the passengers were being rescued. He said he would give $100 reward to any man who would save him, but no one seemed anxious to earn it. I gave him all the assistance I could under the circumstances, and afterwards saw him get into the boat and landed safe on shore. During that time several of the passengers were being conveyed to the rock, which was, as near as I can judge, 30 feet from the vessel; and there was three ropes from the vessel to the rock, and one rope from the rock to the island, which I should think was 150 feet distant. The passengers in this manner saved themselves and got on the rock where the remained about an hour, very few of them venturing to wade ashore with the assistance of the single line to the island. At 6 o'clock a small boat or skiff came to our assistance, but the sea was so heavy that they could not rescue any of us, either on the rock or ship, which made all of us kind of "shaky" of saving our lives. A quarter of an hour afterwards a man on the shore wrote on a blackboard, "Cheer up; the boats are coming to your assistance," which elicited a hearty cheer from the unfortunate beings who thought at every minute they would find a watery grave. About half an hour afterwards we saw some men carrying a boat over the rocks on the island, and a few minutes after they launched it and went to the rock, and rescued in this way three boat loads of passengers, or about 36 persons. During the time they were rescuing these men from the rock, the captain and the passengers on the ship called loudly for the boat to come to the ship and take them off first, as they were in the most imminent danger. The captain called out to the men in the boat to come to the vessel and he would give them $500 for every boatload they would rescue. The boat commenced taking men from the ship and rescued two boatloads; and half an hour afterwards another boat came to their assistance and took those who were clinging to the rigging on shore. A third boat came off with the third officer, Brady, who had succeeded in getting ashore previously by the aid of ropes, and I, with several others, got into this boat and landed in safety. When I left, about 80 persons still remained on the side of the vessel and the rigging. These remaining when I left seemed quite cool and confident of being rescued. I, being wet through to the skin, and exhausted from the cold and the time I had been (about seven hours) on the vessel, on getting ashore immediately crawled, as I could scarcely walk, to the nearest house, where there were a great many persons before me, and I was treated, along with rest, with the greatest care. In about an hour's time, after getting warmed, I went down to the wreck, and it was a fearful sight to behold, as some that were still remaining on the vessel were stiff and dead; others washed up on the beach, which was strewn around in all directions with dead bodies. I saw one woman – the one that exerted herself in getting out of the cabin to the rigging; but as no one could render her any assistance, she froze to death in the rigging. She seemed to have been lashed to the rigging, as when I saw her from the shore her head hung downwards. I saw that no more assistance could be rendered, so I with some others got into a skiff and rowed to a fisherman's house where the 1st, 3rd, and 6th engineers were, with about 15 others; took dinner, and afterwards we thought it the best plan to walk to the city, as the accommodation there was meagre, so many people being there from the wreck. We started at 1:30 yesterday afternoon; the roads were in a fearful condition – a foot of snow in most places; but as we received refreshments in two places along the road, which helped us, we arrived in the city at a quarter to 11 o'clock last night, saw the Mayor of the city, who directed us to the Police Station, where we were taken care of in a first class manner. [99]

One more account was given by the third officer, Mr. Brady, who reported that the vessel encountered boisterous weather during the whole passage:

> On Monday week, at noon, the coal being nearly out, the captain determined to make for Halifax, in order to obtain a fresh supply. Mr. Brady was on deck with the captain until midnight, at which time the weather was rainy, but not thick. The night was dark and the sea rough. The Atlantic sighted a light, which she supposed to be Cape Sambro, bearing N.N.W. about thirty-nine miles. This was evidently a mistake; and it is supposed, as the ship was out of her course when she struck, that Peggy's Point Light, more than twenty miles east, must have been mistaken for Sambro. The chief and fourth officers came on watch at midnight. Mr. Brady then turned in, and the captain went below, leaving orders that he was to be called if any change occurred in the position of the ship. The first intimation of the danger was tho striking of the ship on Mars' Island, the vessel remaining fast. The sea swept away all the port boats. Rockets were fired at intervals of a minute, but the ship careened to port, rendering the starboard boats useless. The passengers were sent into the rigging outside the rails and forward. Mr. Brady got a line to the rock, forty yards distant, and four other lines subsequently established a length of 200 paces, between the rock and the shore. Fifty persons succeeded in getting to land, but many were drowned in the attempt. Mr. Brady aroused the islanders, when three boats appeared and took of all the people on the rock. Many passengers were frozen to death in the rigging; among them was the purser. The boilers exploded when the ship rolled over.
>
> According to a statement made by Mr. Thomas, the quartermaster, he warned the second officer at two o'clock in the red morning not to stand so close in shore, as the ship had run her distance to make Sambro Light. Meeting with a rebuff, the quartermaster next asked the fourth officer if he should go into the mainyards to look out. The answer was that it would be of no use. After the vessel struck, one of the boats, filled with passengers, was nearly ready for launching, when it was discovered that the plugs were out. The crowd was then so great that they could not be put in. Twenty people were killed on the vessel by the fore-boom breaking its fastenings and swinging round. It is stated that many of the married passengers could have escape to the rigging, but they would not quit their wives, and perished with them. The conduct of the crew during the voyage is unfavourably spoken of. An official inquiry has been ordered by the Canadian Government. [100]

Fenerty's poem is more about an angry sea than the wreck itself. In the first two stanzas he writes:

> Ah ye stupendous waves that lash and roar,
> With frantic fury on this iron shore!
> Here sleep thy victims safe from all alarms,
> Enfolded in the everlasting arms!
>
> Rage on! Rage on! thou wild and angry sea;
> Wail in your caves ye winds, wail mournfully
> With solemn cadence sounding in my ear,
> A requiem meets for those that slumber here. [101]

In a footnote to the poem, Fenerty wrote:

> The ocean steamship Atlantic, carrying a large number of passengers, was wrecked near Prospect, N.S., every women and child perished; saved was one boy. Numberless bodies washed ashore and were buried in a common grave near the scene of the catastrophe. [102]

These and other poems were all salvaged from a manuscript that was assembled by Charles Fenerty around 1888. In total, the manuscript contains 29 poems, most of which were unknown for a long time.

THE MANUSCRIPT AND J.J. STEWART

For years the only known poems of Charles Fenerty were: "Betula Nigra," "Essay on Progress," "The Prince's Lodge," and "Terra Nova." His first two, "Betula Nigra" (1855) and "Essay on Progress" (1866) were published in pamphlet form. The third, "The Prince's Lodge" appeared in the *Rockingham Sentinel* in March 1888. His "Terra Nova" poem was likely written for a local newspaper as well.[103] By the mid-1950s his manuscript appeared in a catalogue of Canadian literature. The manuscript, along with other research material, suggested that these were not the only poems Fenerty ever wrote, and it's quite possible that more exist.

Cataloguing all written literature was no easy task in the early part of the 20th-century. We take for granted this computer age where information is a click away. Almost everything is entered into a digital database today. But in the first half of the 1900s Canadian literature had sill to be catalogued. When the Humanities Research Council of Canada received its first grant from the Rockefeller Foundation for a comparative study of English literature of the British Commonwealth, it found that Canada lacked a catalogue containing all Canadian literature. Therefore the Council decided to compose a "check list" of English-Canadian writings.[104] This alone would contribute greatly to the Canadian culture; aiding in a cultural identity. The project was headed by Dr. Reginald Eyre Watters of the University of British Columbia, who would in 1959 publish his book, "A Check List of Canadian Literature and Background Materials: 1628 – 1950," which was complied for the Humanities Research Council of Canada.

Dr. Watters recorded over 12,000 works from over 5,500 Canadian authors. The "check list" did not give any criticism or evaluation of the works; it simply provided information of all known works; such as poetry, fiction, drama, biographies, literary criticism, scholarship, local histories, religion, and bibliographies. Not included were writings such as military, economics, law, commerce, and the sciences. The compilation of the "check list" extended over a period of seven years. Libraries, universities, archives, government, etc, were all contacted, and provided Dr Watters with a list of their holdings. One of the universities contacted was Dalhousie University in Halifax, Nova Scotia.

In the list sent to Dr. Watters, Dalhousie showed having three items authored by Charles Fenerty. The "check list" shows them as follows:

FENERTY, Charles
BETULA NIGRA. A Poem. By Charles Fennerty [*sic*]. Halifax, Cunnabell, 1855. 12p [NSHD
ESSAY ON PROGRESS. Halifax, Bowes, 1866. 12p [NSHD
HID TREASURE; or, The Labours of a Deacon, and Other Poems. Manuscript. 81p [NSHD [105]

For decades the manuscript "HID TREASURE; or, The Labours of a Deacon, and Other Poems" was not known amongst those who had followed Fenerty's achievements. It contained 29 poems, and was written out in freehand by Charles Fenerty near the end of his life.[106] The "Check List" (being the first) gave to the public for the first time a collection of poems by Charles Fenerty that were dormant for seven decades. Out of the 29 poems contained in the manuscript only three of them were previously known.[107]

When Dr. C. Bruce Fergusson wrote his biography on Charles Fenerty in 1955, he did not have a complete list of his writings, nor did the Fenerty family who assembled most of the research material for the biography. The Fenerty family and Dr. Fergusson both wanted very much to see Charles Fenerty's poems included in the biography, but cost was the main factor that forced them to exclude them. The manuscript contains all his (known) poems except: "Essay on Progress," "Battle of the Alma," and "Sir Provo Wallis."

The manuscript belonged to John James Stewart (1844-1907). It's not known how J.J. Stewart obtained the manuscript—though, Fenerty did know the Stewart family.[108]

J.J. Stewart lived at 47 Inglis Street in Halifax. He was a lawyer, teacher, businessman, and a publisher (of the *Halifax Herald*).[109] Steward had a talent for historical writings, and was, among other organizations, a member of the Nova Scotia Historical Society. As Dalhousie put it, "Stewart conducted a lifelong study of the history of Nova Scotia. No aspect of Nova Scotia's past was neglected."[110] He had accumulated over 3,200 works, most of which were in pamphlet form, and many of them were considered ephemeral of his time. Fenerty's unfinished manuscript might have been considered unimportant for some, but not to Stewart.

In mid-February 1907, J.J. Stewart was badly burned by flames from an overturned oil stove in his home, and died two weeks later. In 1910, his widow presented his entire collection to Dalhousie University.[111] [112] The manuscript was catalogued on April 29, 1919 in the J.J. Stewart Collection at Dalhousie University.[113]

There are some interesting facts about the manuscript. First, the manuscript mentions a Robert R. J. Emmerson.[114] Research has shown that Robert R. J. Emmerson was a member of the St. John's Church where Fenerty attended, and was good friends with Charles. Written on the first page of the manuscript is (see photo):

Title Page
Hid Treasure or The Labours of a Deacon and other poems
By Charles Fenerty and
~~Robert R.J. Emmerson~~

"All are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme."

Longfellow [115] [116]

The MS was not intended to be published as is; it required further editing and additions. The name Robert R.J. Emmerson was crossed out. On page two—the Contents page—Fenerty wrote:

Part One By Charles Fenerty
Hid Treasure MSS 1
[Then lists all the poems]

The abbreviation MSS means "manuscripts" (plural), where MS would mean "manuscript" (singular). MSS 1 was written by Charles Fenerty, but it does not contain

all his poems. It's possible that Fenerty was working on (or intended to work on) a part two for MSS 1.

On April 23, 1889, Robert R. J. Emmerson is elected vestry of the St. John's Anglican Church, a position Fenerty held many times before. But six months later, on October 30, 1889, and at the age of 29, Robert R.J. Emmerson dies.[117] It's possible that both Charles Fenerty and Robert Emmerson were compiling a two volume (in two parts each) manuscript which would have contained a complete collection of their poems. But since Emmerson dies, the manuscript isn't completed. It ends up being only volume one (MSS 1) of a two volume manuscript, with only part one completed (where the second part would have contained the remaining of Fenerty's poem, such as "Howe," "Sir Provo Wallis," "Essay on Progress," "Retrospect," and others).

Among the poems in the manuscript are "Betula Nigra," "The Prince's Lodge," and "Terra Nova"; these three poems appearing elsewhere aid in dating the manuscript. His poem "The Prince's Lodge" (or "Passing Away") appeared in 1888.[118] His footnote for that poem in the manuscript also mentioned that it was written fifty years prior. Therefore, it's safe to say that the MS wasn't written prior to 1888.[119] Emmerson died in 1889, and Fenerty died three years after. So the manuscript was written somewhere within those three years, probably between late 1888 to early 1889. The idea to put together a joint manuscript might have been suggested by Emmerson and inspired by Fenerty's recently published poem "Passing Away" (1888). But since Emmerson died, Fenerty might have put it on hold. The only other (known) poem that Fenerty wrote after 1888 was "Sir Provo Wallis" (1892), and this poem did not appear in the MS. Perhaps under greater examination by researchers and professionals the manuscript will be accurately dated one day, but for now it's safe to say that the manuscript was assembled around 1888.[120]

There are some other points about the manuscript to be mentioned. Fenerty made frequent amendments to his already published poems. In "Betula Nigra" he amended the first footnote:

1855 version:

> The subject of this Poem, as the name implies, is a tree of that species of extraordinary growth, the circumference of whose trunk, at the root, is twenty-four feet; its perpendicular height, sixty feet. From a calculation of its annual layers, its age cannot be less than one thousand years. [121]

Manuscript version:

> The botanical designation of the black birth. The tree here described was of extraordinary growth. Its circumference at the base of the trunk was twenty four feet! Its altitude was sixty feet. Judging by the number of its annual layers, not less than a thousand years must have passed over this patriarch of the forest, since the tiny seed leaf first rose from the ground. Unfortunately it has lately succumbed to a forest fire.

Words throughout the poem were crossed out and new ones supplemented. But since poems like "Betula Nigra" and "Passing Away" were already published, the amendments were not used in the poem section of this biography (this includes poems that were not published either). The manuscript was just a draft and still required a bit of work.

The manuscript itself is in fairly good condition (though very brittle) and can be viewed at Dalhousie University. It originally consisted of a stack of pages (written on very thin paper—sort of like rice paper). But afterwards, it was bounded in a hardcover book casing (possibly by J.J. Steward).

FENERTY'S FINAL DAYS

In 1955 an unsigned letter was sent to Dr. C. Bruce Fergusson while conducting his research for his biography on Charles Fenerty. The letter read:

A Bit of Romance

In the days before party lines, when the burden of distributing news fell on the shoulders of the poor Grapevine incidents, happy, sad, romantic, and just gossipy still happened and still got around. Three sisters lived in our district: Ann, Janet, and Harriet. Harriet was tall, stylish, pretty and fully aware of it. She was a flirt and cared little for the feelings of the young men who she was with.

Charles Fenerty was one of her victims says Grapevine. He wrote her a letter proposing marriage. She not only turned him down but showed his letter to her friends–thinking it was quite a joke, convincing others to agree that he was not quite right in his head. He was a perfect target for her vanity.

Then he went to Australia said Harriet. Be that as it may, he went, and while there he wrote an Essay on Progress, which won a prize. After he had been there some years Grapevine caught up with him. When he left Nova Scotia Ann was engaged to his older brother. Then Charles hears Ann is jilted and the brother married another girl–and not under very creditable circumstances either. Charles, who was the essence of honour, decided to come home and try to make up to her for the contemptible way his brother had treated her. He went to Ann to see if she would marry him.

It probably took a year or more for the news to get to Australia, to catch up with him in the interior, then for him to come to this conclusion, make his plan to leave, find a vessel sailing this way, and make the trip–taking several months.

Anyway, arriving back he found out that Ann was visiting her sister Janet in Upper Falmouth (where she [Janet] married a farmer and gone there to live). What is 27 miles more when one has come from Australia with a purpose ahead of him! Nothing daunted him, so he started on foot for Falmouth.

It was the days when mowing, raking, loading, unloading, and stowing crops of grain and hay, in the mows, was done by hand. The days when farmers got up with the sun and followed it to bed as soon as the chores were done. The good old days the old folks used to tell about.

Charles Fenerty arrived at his destination. The whole community was in bed, and candles out. The only one to welcome him was a very awake watch dog who did his work well and willingly. Fortunately Falmouth people must have had perfect faith in human beings in general as they did not lock their doors (or perhaps it was their dogs they had faith in). Charles made a dash across the lane to the home of a brother of Janet's husband. He reached the front porch with the dog at his heels, dashed in and slammed the door in the dog's face. The dog calmly sat down on the door step till the sun and the town people got up. Charles, not wanting to advertise his plight, waited behind the closed door till the dog deciding his duty done; turning the job over to the humans. The dog then trotted home to catch up on some sleep. Charles then slipped quietly out and went back across the lane to find Ann.

It is reported that years later he saw the funny side of the episode and told the story himself. Anyway his trip was successful. Charles married Ann and they were a happy congenial couple. Once they spent the evenings of a whole winter studying ferns.

As teenagers we went to see Aunt Ann as we called her (because she was my mother's step aunt) and would pick us a nosegay, as she would say, and bring it home with us. As she picked Bachelor Buttons, Sweet Williams, Poppy's, Pinks, Marigolds and C, she would always tell us the scientific name of each one (which we never remembered). Her telling us made us happy because it made us feel kind of grown up to think she thought us important enough to bother telling us. The garden was quite

large. There were strawberries, raspberries, currants (red, white, and black), rhubarb, vegetables of all kinds, a variety of roses, and creepers.

Once I asked Aunt Ann why no weeds ever grow in their garden, she said that Charles takes a walk around his garden every morning with his hoe in his hand; if a weed comes up in the night he attends to it.

On the whole, she was very interested and had sympathy with what ever he did. True he was a dreamer and sometimes forgot the wood box or the water pail, but if any one who was there happened to mention it she was ready with the answer: Charles was thinking. Once a cousin who was there answered, "Charles is thinking all right, he is thinking he does not like to get wood" Aunt Ann just went out and picked up a big basket of chips, which filled the bill till Charles came in and filled the wood box. There was never any exchange of words on either side. She was a wonderful cook and housekeeper. Her bread and butter were something to write home about. She never wasted a bit of anything. If she could not use something she gave it to someone who could. She was as practical with things as he was being a dreamer.

Once Charles was health warden when diphtheria broke out, and quarantined several homes. When he went home Ann asked him how the families were doing and how they were situated, only to learn that one family of 9 children had been quarantined in a home with one stove, and that Charles ordered the sick ones to be isolated from the rest of the family. "Isolated sick children with only one stove in the house," she said. Ann went up stairs and hunted out a stove and pipe not in use and got a neighbour to take it to the quarantined family.

They were Anglicans and were faithful to their church. Though they did not keep a horse they were regular attendants–even though they lived a mile and a half away from the church. Charles was church warden for years. My earliest recollections of church were him taking up the collection. He was also a lay reader, and if the minister was sick or away he would take over the service. He was a strong temperance man, and did not smoke.

They never to my recollection had a dog. Perhaps his experience in Falmouth was the reason Grapevine never told us. They never kept hens because they did not like to see them shut up and their garden was dearer to them then hens.

Charles dared to be a Conservative, though both his family and his wife were strong Liberals–and I mean strong. His song Terra Nova shows how he felt about Confederation. Once in a spell of thinking he harnessed the horses for a lady visitor and put the collar on backwards, which was food for those who thought him nuts and made fun of him.

As I write this so many memories come to me of both Mr and Mrs Fenerty. All nice warm memories of little kindnesses which at the time I do not think we fully appreciated. What a sad pity when we are young and do not fully appreciate the older folks, till it is too late. I wonder if they knew of the nasty unkind things said about him because he was indifferent (such as writing poems, and watching the habits of birds and insects), and ignored it, and rose above it, and went happily on their way enjoying the things that interested them, not letting the unpleasant things slip off.

During the years Aunt Ann was a widow (10 or more), she often visited us and never once did I hear a word of dissension with her lot or married life.

Aunt Ann too was a person of sterling worth. She was kind, thoughtful, and generous. Once she lent a table to a neighbour, later she heard they were moving and went over to see about getting her table only to see it on the wagon with their belongings. I asked her what she did about it, "Nothing" she replied, "if they need a table badly enough to take what does not belong to them I thought I best let them have it."

The house Charles took Ann to as a bride still stands, but it does not much resemble the old home which was low and had two bay windows in the roof. It was moved back and made into a three apartment house with a flat roof.

Charles bought it from his mother in law who kept the 13 mile house and a store on the opposite side of the road and a quarter mile further from home. It was part of this property that the United Church stands on now. [122] [123]

This letter gives a fairly good look at his life and times. It's also consistent with most of what is known about him among a variety of people (both relatives and non-relatives). Though the letter is unsigned it might have been written by Mary Fenerty, who organized

a lot of the research material for the Charles Fenerty biography that Dr. Bruce Fergusson was working on.

After returning from Australia, Charles continued farming. This continued to be his main occupation. However, between the years 1870 and 1892, he held many other positions:[124]

- Health Warden for District 17[125]	1870-81
- Overseer of the Poor	1870-81
- Overseer of the Poor[126]	1883-90
- District 17 Collector of County Taxes	1883-90
- Census Taker for District 17 (Sackville, Halifax County)[127]	1871
- Census Taker for District 17 (Sackville, Halifax County)[128]	1881
- Census Taker for District 17 (Sackville, Halifax County) [129]	1891
- Measurer of Wood	1869
- Measurer of Wood[130]	1870 – 81

He is no longer involved with the saw mills. And though they continued to operate in the area by other Fenerty family members, Charles remained a farmer from 1865-92. It's been suggested that he was also temporarily employed at Kissock's Paper Mill,[131] which was located along the Windsor Road (to Halifax, since he frequented the road to sell his produce in the city). This could have been possible since pulp mills were beginning to appear all over, and Fenerty being well acquainted with its procedures might have been approached.

In addition to these occupations was his passion for the church. Fenerty was often a lay reader at the St John's Anglican Church in Sackville, including church warden for a number of years too:[132] [133]

Church Warden

Charles Fenerty, Benett Fultz	1853-56
Charles Fenerty, Charles Peverill	1872-73
Charles Fenerty, Winckworth Fenerty	1879
Charles Fenerty, Thomas Hiltz	1880
Charles Fenerty, James Grove	1881-83
Charles Fenerty, Charles Peverill	1884

He was also Church Warden and Vestry for these years too:[134]

1851 Vestry (Easter Monday - April 21)
1868 Vestry (Easter Monday)
1870 Warden and Vestry
1871 Warden and Vestry (he buys a 9 X 18 grave lot)
1886 Warden (He continues to be Vestry).

In February 1892, Fenerty wrote an "In Memoriam" poem just after the death of Admiral Sir Provo William Parry Wallis (1791-1892). His poem appeared in the *Halifax*

Herald on February 23, 1892, titled "Sir Provo Wallis." [135] This was the last (known) poem he ever wrote.

In May 1892, he began to get ill. He requested to withdraw from the church board, but insisted on remaining an honourable member.[136] And on June 10, 1892 Charles Fenerty passed away. The *Halifax Chronicle Herald* wrote:

> Word was received in the city Saturday of the death at his home in Sackville, Halifax co., of Mr. Charles Fenerty one of the best known and most highly respected citizens of this county. Mr. Fenerty was a man of wide culture, and a writer of no mean ability. His Betula Nigra, a poem, which took first prize at the Provincial Exhibition of 1854, and an "Essay on progress" (1866) have been published in pamphlet form. Besides these he wrote a number of pieces for the press, the last of which, on Sir Provo Wallis, appeared in the HERALD only a few weeks ago. [137]

On September 25, 1926, the Nova Scotia Historical Society erected, at the residence of where Charles grew up, a tablet marking his birthplace, and recalling his discovery. The inscription read:

> Here, in January, 1821, was born Charles Fenerty, who, after experimenting from about 1839, produced paper from spruce wood pulp, which invention he made public in 1844. He died at Lower Sackville, June 1892. [138] [139]

The plaque was mounted to a black birch tree. A few years later the tree was blown down during a storm. The plaque was then mounted on a pole for a while, but the people of Sackville felt it inadequate. It was later removed.

Then on October 28, 1955 a new monument was erected.[140] The cairn housed the same plaque which was on the tree before it. By the early 1980s, the cairn was in terrible condition (the bricks holding it together were falling out). The cairn was given little attention and soon decayed even further.

By the 1990s, the Sackville community asked for a new monument to be built; only funds were the main reason that impeded the town from erecting one. However, on November 26, 1998 a meeting was called to order, with an Invocation at the Sackville Library (636 Sackville Drive, Lower Sackville), in which the following motion was passed:

> MOVED by Councillors Barnet and Harvey to direct staff of Parks and Grounds to clean up the debris at the site of the Fenerty Monument and have the new monument placed on the existing concrete base. Any cost for this work is budgeted in the District 19 funds under Community Landscaping. MOTION PUT AND PASSED. [141]

Though the previous monument was situated on the property where Charles and his family used to live, there was a lengthy debate as to where the new monument should be erected. Some thought it should be in town, in Middle Sackville, where Fenerty died. Others thought it should be setup at Paper Mill Lake, where he visited the paper mill. It was finally decided that the monument should be kept at its original location.

The new, and present, monument is a large marble bolder. Attached are two marble plaques: one with an inscription, and the other with an etched portrait of Charles Fenerty (see photos of the original). The inscription reads:

CHARLES FENERTY
1821 - 1892

A native of Springfield Lake, Upper Sackville, Charles Fenerty began experimenting about 1839 with a process to make paper from Spruce Wood Pulp. In 1844, he made his invention known to Halifax, but left it to others to develop and profit from this single revolutionary invention. This discovery made the printed word inexpensive and therefore more available to the reading citizens of the world. Charles Fenerty died at Lower Sackville and is buried in St. John's Cemetery, Middle Sackville.

A year after the Nova Scotia Historical Society placed the tablet on the tree in 1926, the Provincial Museum and Science Library of Nova Scotia recognized Fenerty as an authentic Canadian inventor.[142] The PMSL conducted a thorough research on his pulp and paper invention and issued a report of the account:

> Charles Fenerty, 1821–1892, (acc. No. 6040), of Sackville, Hx. Co., who after experimenting from about 1839, produced paper from spruce-wood pulp, which important invention he made public in the "Acadian Recorder" in 1844. He also wrote a number of poems. He was born at Springfield Farm, Upper Sackville, in Jan. 1821, and died at Lower Sackville in June 1892. The N.S. Historical Society in Sept. 1926 erected a Tablet to mark his birthplace. The portrait is a photographic one. [143]

The first pulped wood paper mill in Nova Scotia was established around 1875. It was built on the St. Croix River, near Windsor, NS. It was owned and operated by a German named Ellerhausen, and named St. Croix Mill.[144] Five years later, another pulped wood paper mill was established in the province, called the Nova Scotia Wood Pulp & Paper Company. Many more would pop up all over Canada, and the rest of the world. Fenerty left the world at a time when the foundations of our modern communication age were being established.

But recognition for his effort proved slow. In Montreal's 1967 Expo, a pulp and paper exhibit was set up, mostly for promoting Canada's largest industry. The exhibit had a small section on Charles Fenerty, and his contributions to the industry.[145] Gordon Minnes, in the *Atlantic Advocate*, wrote:

> When EXPO 67 opens in Montreal in April, visitors from all over the world will hear the name of Charles Fenerty. [146]

Then on June 25, 1987, Canada Post released its set of four stamps commemorating four Canadian inventors who contributed to Innovations in Communications (see photo). Charles Fenerty was recognized for his invention of "Pulp Newsprint."[147] It was unveiled at the Bowater Mersey pulp and paper company in Nova Scotia.[148]

Other things popped up here and there. On Lake Drive in Bedford, NS, and overlooking Paper Mill Lake, is a place called Fenerty's Landing.[149] This is the area where the Holland's Paper Mills once stood. Since this was a place often visited by Charles Fenerty, and often believed where inspiration first struck him, it has become a visiting area for those who wish to track the footsteps of this great Canadian pioneer.

The only authoritative book that was ever written on Charles Fenerty was by Dr. C. Bruce Fergusson in 1955. But just prior to that, in 1949 the *Canadian Pulp and Paper Association* sponsored a children's book about Charles Fenerty, and the pulp and paper industry. The title of the book was, "The Children's Book about Pulp and Paper."[150] It was the first book ever to mention Charles Fenerty,[151] though it wasn't a biography on his life and achievements.

In 2002, the University of Toronto's Innovations Foundations conducted an online survey to see what people would consider the greatest Canadian invention. The top five greatest Canadian inventions were the telephone, insulin, the light bulb, standard time, and newsprint. The Toronto Star printed the results in their newspaper saying Fenerty began experimenting when he was 18 years old.[152]

Indeed his invention would fall into some of the greatest ever. Though he may have never realized it, his invention was so important that it stands next to some of the greatest inventions ever; inventions such as the Sumerian cuneiform writing system, the Chinese art of papermaking, Gutenberg's printing press, Morse's telegraph, Bell's telephone, Howard Aiken's computer, and of course the Internet, including many other revolutions in communications that have reshaped our world and thus our way of life. The 1854 Nova Scotia Industrial Exhibition was his moment of award and praise, and a time when the world was radically changing.

Some might think that the age of paper is long past, actually it's opposite. Paper has aided in our development in ways that no other medium has yet matched. And even though we have mediums such as the Internet, paper will remain the dominant medium for a while still. It allows us to give our words and beliefs immediate exposure. This is an information society. How we communicate, greatly affects our ability to achieve.

And with people like Ts'ai Lun, Gutenberg, Bell, and Fenerty, their moment in history becomes a marker, a beacon for knowing our past at our greatest transitional stages, as we progress through the ocean of knowledge.

Notes

[1] Hunter, Dard. *Papermaking: The History and Technique of an Ancient Craft*. New York: Dover Publications, Inc. 1978: 558.
[2] Dr. C.Bruce Fergusson's research notes for his biography on Charles Fenerty, which are located at the NSARM: Box 1854.
[3] "The Future of Paper." *On Nature* Vol. 45, No. 2 (2005): 18-23.
[4] "The Future of Paper." *On Nature* Vol. 45, No. 2 (2005): 18-23.
[5] Stewart, Charles O. and Andrew Zolli. "Digital Paper and Pens, A New, Mightier Sword." *TechTV's Catalog of Tomorrow*. New York: Que Publishing, 2003: 98-99.
[6] Barrett, Charles. *Gold in Australia*. London: Cassell & Company Ltd., 1951: Introduction
[7] Barrett, Charles. *Gold in Australia*. London: Cassell & Company Ltd., 1951: 3
[8] Barrett, Charles. *Gold in Australia*. London: Cassell & Company Ltd., 1951: 9
[9] Jameson, R.G. *Australia and Her Gold Regions*. New York: Cornish, Lamport & Co., 1852: 77
[10] Ibid *Farewell to Australia*
[11] Stone, Derrick I. *Gold Diggers & Diggings: A Photographic Study of Gold in Australia, 1854 – 1920*. Melbourne: Lansdowne Press, 1974: 9
[12] No documented evidence proves this. On the other hand, there are no records of him being in Nova Scotia from 1858 to 1865.
[13] ""Active" for Australia !" *The Acadian Recorder*, Halifax, NS. Saturday, June 21, 1856, Vol. 44, No. 25
[14] Thomas Married Amelia Blair on June 8, 1844 and Wellington married Sarah Jane Ellis on August 2, 1856 (see: the Acadian Recorder, Saturday, August 9, 1856, Vol. 44, No. 32 for Wellington & Sarah).
[15] As mentioned before, he wrote in his MS that his Betula Nigra tree was cut down by the ruthless axe.
[16] "Gold!." (Student Information Site). (2000): 5 pars. April 20, 2001. <http://www.kidcyber.com.au/topics/gold.htm>
[17] See (Jameson, R.G. *Australia and Her Gold Regions*. New York: Cornish, Lamport & Co., 1852). Jameson gives a detailed description of prices for all products sold at the gold fields in 1852 (pages 81 to 88, and 153 to 155). This book is available a the Toronto Reference Library: Call # 919.4 J12
[18] Ibid *Essay on Progress*
[19] This information was passed to me by my grandaunt (Nancy Graves). Her mother, my great grandmother (Mary Jane Mazie Fenerty (1893 – 1991)) told her this story which was passed down from Stanley Fenerty, Charles Fenerty's nephew (Wellington's son). Though most of these stories are word-of-mouth, there are consistencies among family members and non-family members with them.
[20] With their soon to have son, Stanley Fenerty (1863–1907)
[21] The Genealogy Society of Victoria: The LION Index: F 328.945 VIC, Gov. Gazette 86 Page 1583
[22] The Genealogy Society of Victoria: The LION Index: F 328.945 VIC, Gov. Gazette 86 Page 1808
[23] The Genealogy Society of Victoria: The LION Index: F 328.945 VIC, Gov. Gazette 86 Page 1352
[24] Dunolly is a town in Victoria, Australia, located in the Central Goldfields Shire. The town began during the Victorian Gold Rush and has produced more nuggets than any other goldfield in Australia.
[25] Favenc, Ernest. *The History of Australian Exploration from 1788 to 1888*. Sydney: Turner and Henderson, 1888. Courtesy of Project Gutenberg <http://www.gutenberg.org>
[26] "The Burke and Wills Monument at Melbourne." *The Illustrated London News*, July 22, 1865: 76
[27] Moorehead, Alan. *Cooper's Creek*. New York: Harper & Row, Publishers, 1963: 194
[28] Ibid *Patrician and Plebeian*
[29] "The Burke and Wills Monument at Melbourne." *The Illustrated London News*. July 22, 1865: 76.
[30] The monument was inaugurated on April 21, 1865, only a few weeks before Fenerty left for Nova Scotia.
[31] Fenerty, Charles - MS-2-158. (ca. 1900?) Manuscript – *"Hid Treasure" or the Labours of a deacon – and other poems.* (ca. 1900?) Extent 81 pages. (Dalhousie University reference information)
[32] Ibid *Hid Treasure: Canto I*
[33] Ibid *Hid Treasure: Canto III*
[34] *The Holy Bible* (KJV). Nashville: Thomas Nelson Publishers, 1984: 571
[35] Ibid *The Voyagers on Gennesaret*
[36] *Holy Bible* (KJV). Nashville: Thomas Nelson Publishers, 1984: 327.
[37] NSARM, Box 1854, F1/107.
[38] Ibid *Farewell to Australia*

[39] Ibid *Betula Nigra*
[40] Allen, Robert. *Oxford English Dictionary*. Oxford: Oxford University Press, 1991: 640.
[41] Ibid *Farewell to Australia*
[42] Ibid *Farewell to Australia*
[43] "Lancashire Cotton Famine." *Encyclopædia Britannica Online*. January 20, 2004. <http://www.eb.com>
[44] "Important Gold Discoveries in Australia." *Acadian Recorder*, Halifax, Nova Scotia, July 1, 1865, Vol. 53, No. 26.
[45] "The Yield of Gold in Victoria for 1865." *Acadian Recorder*, Halifax, NS, Saturday June 9, 1866 (Weekly Edition), No. 23, Vol. 54.
[46] Ibid *Farewell to Australia*
[47] Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth. *Evangeline: A Tale of Acadie*. Halifax: Nimbus Publishing, 1999.
[48] Hamilton, William B. *Canadian Place Names*. Toronto: Macmillan of Canada, 1978. (see *Nova Scotia*)
[49] "Passengers: Per Africa from Liverpool to Halifax." *Acadian Recorder*, Halifax, Nova Scotia, September 2, 1865. Vol. 53, No. 35, Weekly Edition. (Listed there is a person by the name of "Fennety" (similar to the ad which listed their "Spring Field" estate for auction—see photo). Though the spelling is wrong, it wasn't uncommon for passenger's names to be misspelled either. This would also have been the time he returned. His name starts appearing shortly after in the *British Colonist* and then in church records. A thorough search was done in three leading Halifax newspaper for the year 1865, and this was the only consistent entry).
[50] Fenerty, Charles. *Essay on Progress*. Halifax: James Bowes & Sons, 1866.
[51] The NSARM reports that the printer James Bowes died September 5, 1862 but the firm continues on until at least 1900.
[52] Ibid *Essay on Progress*
[53] "Literary." *Halifax Citizen*. Halifax, Nova Scotia, Thursday, August 30, 1866, Vol. 4, No. 103.
[54] As mentioned in the article that lists his return.
[55] *The British Colonist*, Halifax, Nova Scotia, March 31, 1866, Vol. X, No. 42, Pp 2.
[56] These records are available at both the NSARM (PANS MFM 11830 – 11832), and the St. John the Evangelist Anglican Church, Sackville, Nova Scotia (954 Old Sackville Rd., Sackville, NS).
[57] The church entry is under Collections. His brother, Wellington Fenerty, is elected the Church Warden.
[58] Anne Maria Hamilton (1821–1904).
[59] "Marriages" *The Nova Scotian*. Halifax, Nova Scotia, Monday, January 13, 1868, Vol. 28, No. 2: 7.
[60] Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth. *Evangeline: A Tale of Acadie*. Halifax: Nimbus Publishing, 1999: 73.
[61] The Rev O. Ruggles mentioned was the Reverend Owen Ruggles of Kentville, Nova Scotia.
[62] Mentioned in Rev. Freeman Fenerty's History of Sackville (Available from the *Fultz House Museum*).
[63] Harvey, Robert Paton. *Historic Sackville*. Halifax: Nimbus Publishing Ltd, 2002: 89.
[64] "Deaths." *The Novascotian*, Halifax, NS, December 14, 1868, Vol. 28, No. 50. (Reads: At Sackville (N.S.) on Sunday, November 29, Thomas L. Fenerty, in the 51st year of his age)
[65] Thomas Fenerty died in 1868, and the 1871 Census of Halifax county (available at the NSARM) shows Amelia living with Charles and Ann.
[66] Ibid *Fenerty's Final Days*
[67] In both the 1871 and the 1881 census', Fenerty's occupation is listed as being a farmer.
[68] *McAlpine's Nova Scotia Directory*, 1890-97: Page 701, list Charles Fenerty's occupation as a farmer.
[69] *Lovell's Province of Nova Scotia Directory 1871* (Available at the NSARM, Called No. PANS MFM 3388, Page 353).
[70] Morgan, Henry J. "Fenerty, Charles." *Bibliotheca Canadensis*. Ottawa: G.E. Desbarats. 1867.
[71] Hamilton, William B. *Canadian Place Names*. Toronto: Macmillan of Canada, 1978. (see *Newfoundland*).
[72] Ibid *Terra Nova*
[73] This footnote came from the J.J. Stewart MS, but is not the only version printed (where the footnotes and some words vary).
[74] This copy belonged to Mary Jane Mazie Fenerty (my great grandmother).
[75] Ibid *Terra Nova*
[76] *"Howe" A poem by Charles Fenerty*. NSARM: MG 1, Vol. 1787, f/ DC Harvey.
[77] People and places that were contacted and researched included: the Fenerty family, NSARM, and some Halifax newspapers (from the period of Howe's death).

[78] Punch, Terrence Michael. "The Sackville Papermaker: Charles Fenerty (1821 – 1892)." *Some Sons of Erin in Nova Scotia*. Halifax: Petheric Press Ltd, 1980: 86.
[79] Hall, Shemas. "Who Invented Mechanical Wood Pulp? Charles Fenerty A Rival of Keller, Early Experiments in Nova Scotia" *The World's Paper Trade Review*. December 18, 1914, Vol. 62, No. 25: 1017 – 1019.
[80] Written by Novascotian. "The Inventor of Ground Wood, A Reply to the European Critics." *Pulp and Paper Magazine*. February 15, 1915: 94 – 96.
[81] I am referring here to a letter in Fergusson's notes, which describes Fenerty's initial method of extracting water from the wood fibres.
[82] Ibid *The Decline of Spain*
[83] Buckle, Henry Thomas. *History of Civilization in England, Vol. II*. London: Longmans, Green and Co., 1894: 439.
[84] Also known as the Early Middle Ages (from about A.D. 476 to about 1000).
[85] Ibid *The Decline of Spain*
[86] "Spain." *The New Encyclopædia Britannica*. 15th Ed. (Vol.28). Encyclopædia Britannica, Inc., 2006: 22 – 53.
[87] Ibid *Reason and Faith*
[88] Fenerty, Dr. Rev. Freeman. *Memories of Sackville*. Sackville, NS: n/p, n/d. (Sackville Heritage Society MS # 1643, Courtesy of the Fultz House Museum).
[89] Ibid *The Sentinel Rose*
[90] Its more famous one being the Iron Creek Meteorite–mentioned in W F Butler's *The Great Lone Land*– which incidentally received much publicity at around the same time as the Halifax meteorite.
[91] Ibid *To a Meteorite*
[92] "The Wreck of the Atlantic." *Illustrated London News*. London: April 12, 1873: 353 – 354.
[93] Though, the article says that with the advance of iron and wages it would cost about £150,000 to replace it. ("The Wreck of the Atlantic." *Illustrated London News*. London: April 12, 1873: 353 – 354).
[94] "The "Atlantic" Horror." *The Morning Chronicle*. Halifax, NS. April 10, 1873: A1.
[95] *The British Colonist*, Saturday, April 5, 1873: Vol. XXVII, No. 41 (Tri-Weekly Edition).
[96] For a list of names see: Hatchard, Keith A. *The Two Atlantics*. Halifax: Nimbus Pubishing Ltd, 1981: 127-140.
[97] *The Halifax Foundation* (taken from their Cry of the Sea plaque near the wreck in Prospect, NS)
[98] "A Terrible Disaster." *The British Colonist*, Halifax, NS. Thursday, April 3, 1873: Vol. XXVII, No. 40.
[99] *The Morning Chronicle*, Halifax, NS. April 3, 1873 (a Narrative by William Hogan, a survivor of the wreck).
[100] "The Wreck of the Atlantic." *Illustrated London News*. London: April 12, 1873: 353 – 354.
[101] Ibid *Wreck of the Atlantic*
[102] Fenerty, Charles - MS-2-158. (ca. 1900?) Manuscript – *"Hid Treasure" or the Labours of a deacon – and other poems.* (ca. 1900?) Extent 81 pages. (Dalhousie University reference information).
[103] I received a copy of it from my grandaunt, Nancy Graves. My grandmother's side are descendants of Wellington Fenerty (Charles Fenerty's brother). The poem was within the family. I've seen other versions of it (broken), and though it's basically the same (though it was probably edited by some one), I have placed my grand aunt's version in this book (which is an unedited, original version from Charles Fenerty–since it matches the one in his Manuscript). I will continue to read through Halifax and other local newspapers of his time in an effort to find his *Terra Nova* poem, his *Howe* poem, and other poems that might exist.
[104] Watters, Reginald Eyre. *A Check List of Canadian Literature and Background Materials: 162 –1950*. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1959: 1.
[105] Watters, Reginald Eyre. *A Check List of Canadian Literature and Background Materials: 1628–1950*. Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1959: 49.
[106] It's also possible that the MS was not written by Fenerty at all. Someone, like perhaps J.J. Stewart, might have decided to put Fenerty's poems into a single collection. But this raises a few questions. Why include Robert Emmerson? Why edit words and footnotes to someone else's poems? And where are the original poems that the person was copying? It's unlikely the MS was assembled by someone else, but it does remain possible, and unknown.
[107] *Betula Nigra*, *The Prince's Lodge*, and *Terra Nova*.

[108] Charles Fenerty did know a R. Stewart. In the *British Colonist* on March 31, 1866 (Vol. X, No. 4) a group of people affiliated with the same church wrote a letter to Rev. Smith asking him to continue his practice in Sackville. Charles Fenerty's name appeared at the top of the list followed by the Fultz, R. Stewart, and many others.

[109] March, W.D. "Stewart, John James." *Dictionary of Canadian Biography Online*. (2006): 10 pars. March 17, 2006 <http://www.biographi.ca/EN/ShowBioPrintable.asp?BioId=41208>

[110] "The John James Stewart Maritime Collection." *Dalhousie University*. (2005): 8 pars. February, 2004 <http://www.library.dal.ca/spcol/vessels/stewart1.htm>

[111] The Killam Memorial Library of Dalhousie University, in Halifax, Nova Scotia.

[112] "The John James Stewart Collection: History." *Dalhousie University*. (2005): 8 pars. March 22, 2002 <http://www.library.dal.ca/spcol/vessels/stewart3.htm>

[113] The call number for the MS, when it was first catalogued at Dalhousie, was: J.J. Stewart Collection # 4435 – April 29, 1919.
This is the information written on the manuscript.

[114] More information on the Emmerson's can be obtained through the Scott House Museum in Bedford, NS.

[115] Fenerty, Charles. *Hid Treasure, or, Labours of a Deacon*. Halifax: Dalhousie University Archives. Call No. MS-2-158. n/d, n/p: 1.

[116] The poem quoted on the manuscript is by *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*. The title of the poem is *The Builders*.

[117] *Presbyterian Witness Vital Statistics 1888–1908 Vol. 1* (Entry reads: Emmerson, Robert R. J. eldest son of Robert Emmerson, d. 30 Oct, at Sackville, NS, age 29. P.W. Sat 2 Nov 1889, Vol. XLII, No. 44. p352).

[118] Ibid *The Prince's Lodge*

[119] Since the poem *Passing Away* was first composed ca.1838.

[120] It's also possible that it was written when he became ill (and was staying home), just prior to his death in 1892. His poem "Passing On" might even suggest that too.

[121] This was actually an introduction rather than a footnote. The asterisk was beside the title, *Betula Nigra*, and the footnote to it read, "The Black Birch." His MS version did not have an introduction; it was all contained in the footnote.

[122] This letter is available for viewing at the Nova Scotia Archives and Records Management (NSARM) in Halifax, NS. The call number for the material is: Box 1854, F1/107.

[123] There were minor grammatical corrections made (mostly spelling and sentence structure).

[124] Occupations cited from the NSARM file # MG1, Vol. 1854 F1 (unless otherwise stated).

[125] District 17 was the district he lived in (Sackville, NS).

[126] Fenerty, Cleona. *Charles Fenerty: The Life & Achievement of a Native Sackville, Halifax County, Nova Scotian*. Halifax: n/p, September 25, 1991. (This manuscript is held at the Fultz House Museum in Sackville, NS).

[127] 1871 Census for District 17 (Sackville, NS)–held at the Fultz House Museum. Also available at the NSARM on microfilm. Further note, the census shows Charles Fenerty as the censes taker (his name is written at the top of the actual censes under the heading "Census Taker").

[128] "1881 Census, District 17 (Sackville, NS)" *Family History Library*. Film # 1375805, NA Film Number C-13169 <http://www.familysearch.org>

[129] Harvey, Robert Paton. *Historic Sackville: Images of our Past*. Halifax: Nimbus Publishing Ltd, 2002: 129-31.

[130] Fenerty, Cleona. *Charles Fenerty: The Life & Achievement of a Native Sackville, Halifax County, Nova Scotian*. Halifax: n/p, September 25, 1991. (This manuscript is held at the Fultz House Museum in Sackville, NS).

[131] Tolson, Elsie Churchill. *The Captain, the Colonel and me*. Bedford, Nova Scotia: Fort Sackville Press, 1996: 124.

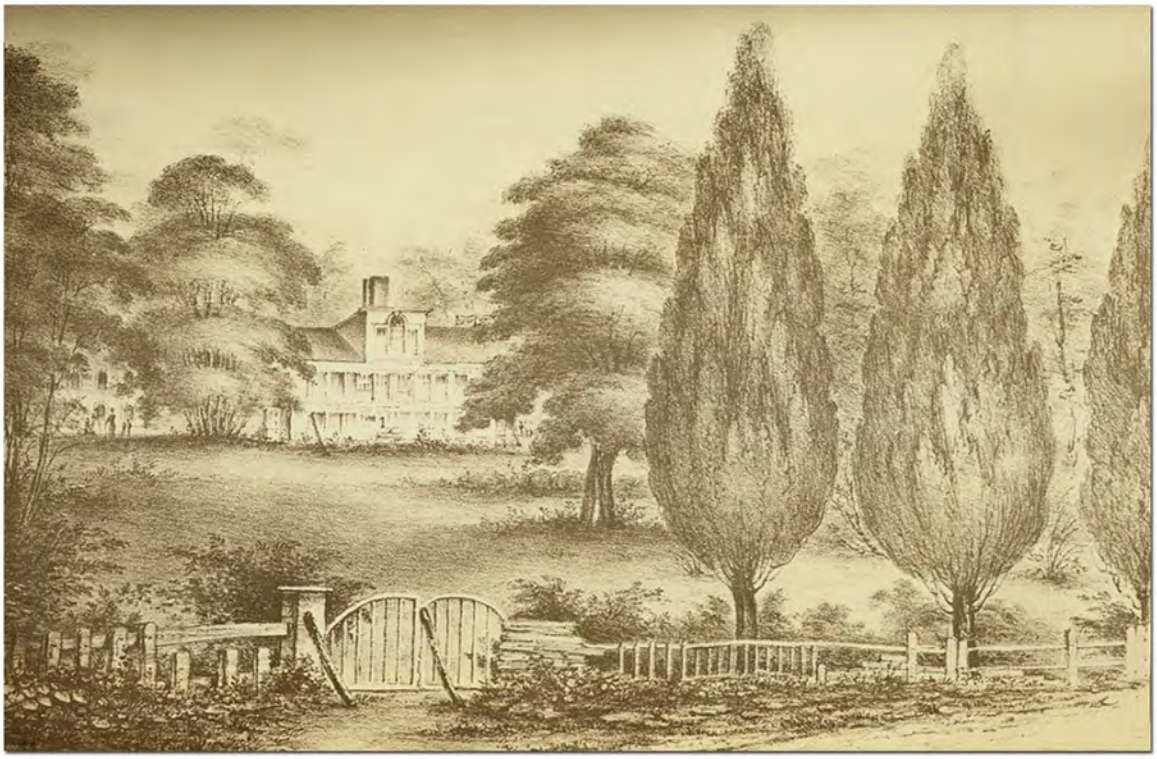
[132] Tufts, Karl H. *A Short History of the Parish of Sackville, NS, 1790 – 1960*. Sackville, NS: s/p, 1960.

[133] A church warden is an administrator of the church and the leader of the church council. The warden and the council members would decide what the church was in need of. They would discuss and decide on ideas to improve the church for their parishioners.

[134] These statistics were taken from the actual church records held at the St. John's Church and the NSARM

[135] "Sir Provo Wallis." *The Halifax Herald*. Halifax, NS, February 23, 1892, Vol. XVIII, No. 45, Pg 3.

[136] Entry in the St. John's Church log, held at the St. John's Anglican Church, Sackville, NS. This entry was done at the time of re-election of a new vestry and warden.
[137] *The Halifax Chronicle Herald*, June 13, 1892: 2.
[138] Fergusson, Dr. Charles Bruce. *Charles Fenerty: The Life and Achievement of a Native of Sackville, Halifax County, N.S.* Halifax: William Macnab & Son, 1955: 4.
[139] "Occasional's Letter." *Acadian Recorder*, Halifax, NS, July 17, 1926.
[140] "Unveil Memorial Cairn at Sackville." *The Halifax Mail-Star*. October 29, 1955.
[141] *Halifax Regional Municipality: North West Community Council*. Report published on Dec. 10, 1998.
[142] The Provincial Museum and Science Library (Nova Scotia) 1927 report, page 27. NSARM: F90, N85, P94, Microfilm N935.
[143] *Provincial Museum and Science Library Report (Account # 6040)*. Halifax: The Provincial Museum and Science Library of Nova Scotia, 1927: 27.
[144] Carruthers, George. *Paper in the Making*. Toronto: The Garden City Press Co-Operative, 1947: 567.
[145] Van Horne, Ryan. "Abandoning Pulp Fiction." *The Bedford-Sackville News*, July 10, 1996: 5.
[146] Minnes, Gordon. "Progress with Paper." *The Atlantic Advocate*. December 1966 (Vol. 57): 16 – 23.
[147] A sample of the stamp can be viewed at < http://www.collectionscanada.ca/>
[148] Oickle, Vernon. "New stamp to be unveiled at Bowater Mersey tomorrow." *The Advance*. Liverpool, NS, June 24, 1987.
[149] The sign was placed there by the *Recreational Department of Bedford*.
[150] Knott, Leonard L. *The Children's Book about Pulp and Paper*. Montreal: Editorial Associates, 1949.
[151] Though this was not the first mention of Charles Fenerty in published works. The earliest (known) manuscript to mention Fenerty's discovery was in "Footprints Around and About Bedford Basin" by George Mullane, printed somewhere around 1914, from *Acadian Recorder* articles.
[152] "What is the greatest Canadian invention?" *The Toronto Star*. Tuesday, November 5, 2002: D4.



(top left) An 1860s map of Sackville, NS, where Fenerty lived, farmed and worked in his family saw mills. (# vi)

(middle left) An 1860s map of Bedford, NS, where Holland's Papermill and the Prince's Lodge were located. (# v)

(bottom left) The lodge belonging to the Duke of Kent during the late 1700s (also known as The Prince's Lodge)

(top right) A map of where the Charles Fenerty Monument is located and his grave (courtesy of Map Art), (# liii).

(middle right) St. John the Evangelist Anglican Church in Sackville, Nova Scotia. This is the church that Charles Fenerty attended and was warden and vestry throughout his life. (# xciv).

(top left) The "Charles Fenerty Nature Path" located on the property of the Fultz House Museum in Sackville, NS (# xlii). (top right) "Fenerty's Landing" located at Paper Mill Lake in Bedford, NS, where Charles visited the Holland's Paper Mill (# xxxiii). (middle left) The Rotunda of the Prince's Lodge (also known as the Dance Room). This is the only surviving structure of the Duke of Kent's home from the late 1700s to the early 1800s (# lxii). (middle right) A view of Halifax and the Bedford Basin, taken from the Rotunda in 2005 (# xc). (bottom left) Inside the St. John the Evangelist Anglican Church where Charles Fenerty attended (# xciii). (bottom right) Outside view of St. John the Evangelist Anglican Church in Sackville, Nova Scotia, where Fenerty was warden and vestry throughout his life, and where he is buried (# xciv).

(top left) Hauling the logs up into the mills to be cut for lumber (# lxx).

(top right) Charles Fenerty's tombstone, located at the St. John's Church in Middle Sackville, Nova Scotia. Also sharing the same tombstone and buried at right angles to him are his parents (James and Elizabeth Fenerty), (# xxii).

(bottom left) Paper Mill Lake, in the Bedford area, where Holland's Paper Mill once stood. Fenerty visited this area often, watching how paper was made. The lake is not far from the Prince's Lodge (# lix).

(bottom right) Fenerty Lake, where the Fenerty's had logging operations during the winter months. This lake is located north-east of Springfield Lake, in the Upper Sackville area (# xxxvii).

HAULING LOGS UP "THE ROW," AT THE MILL.

(top left) A portrait of Charles Fenerty (# xvii).

(top right) Sawing the logs up for the lumber mills (# lxx).

(bottom left) Springfield Lake, where the Fenerty saw mill once stood (far back right-side), and where Charles Fenerty experimented with pulped wood paper-making (# lxxv).

(bottom right) A colour engraving of a lumberman's camp in the 1800s. This typical style of camp would have been similar to what Charles and his family lived in while out logging during the winter months (# lii).

SAWING LOGS IN THE WOOD.

LUMBERMEN'S CAMP.

(top left) A Gutenberg printing press (# lxiii).

(top right) John Hindley, the only child survivor of the S.S. Atlantic, 1873 (# l).

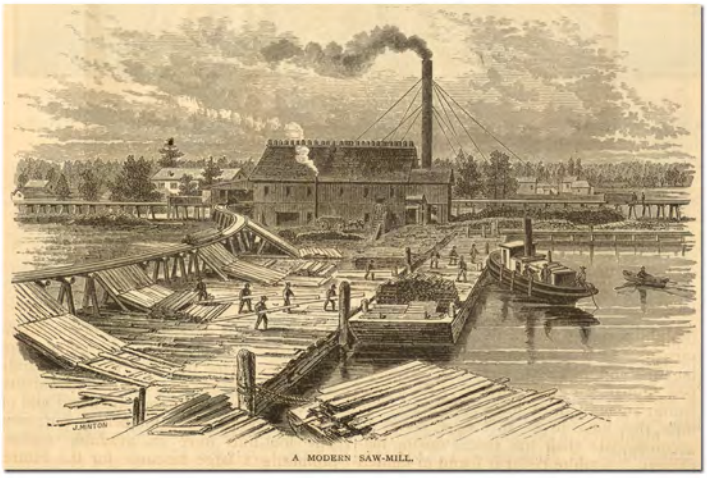
(middle left) The tombstone of Robert R.J. Emmerson, at the St. John's Church where Fenerty is buried (# lxv).

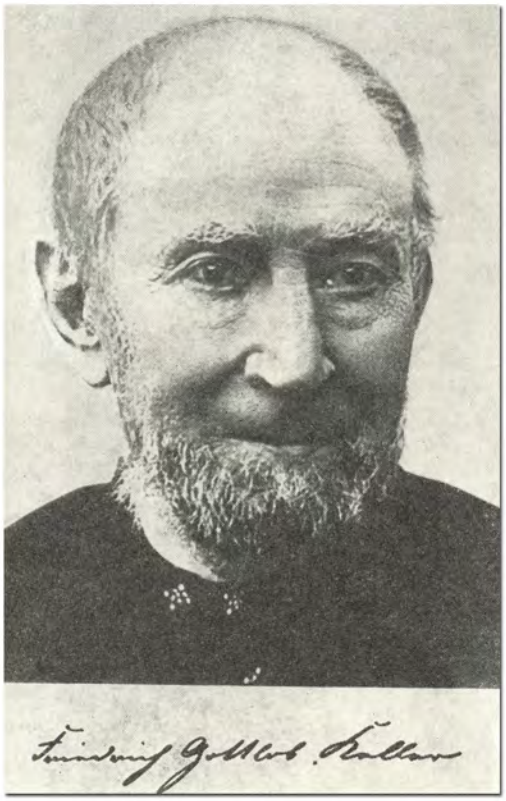
(middle right) A saw mill from the 1800s, similar to what Fenerty's would have looked like (# lxx).

(bottom left) Samuel Morse (# lxvii).

(bottom centre) Friedrich Gottlob Keller (# xli).

(bottom right) A Carte-de-Vista of Evangeline.

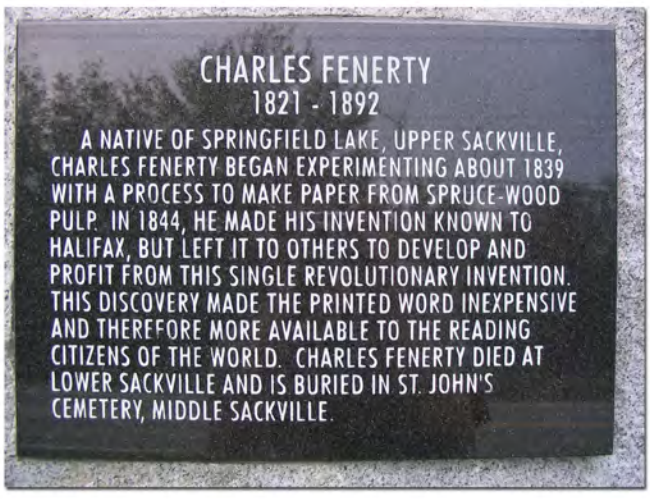




(above) The present Charles Fenerty Monument, located in Upper Sackville on the land that used to be the Springfield Farm, where Charles grew up. Located behind this property is Springfield Lake where the Fenerty's had logging operations and a saw mill. They also had a saw mill on Drain Lake, which is located across the road from the monument. (# xix).

(bottom left) The 1987 Canada Day stamps commemorating the four Canadian inventors in communications. Charles Fenerty is recognized for his contribution to newsprint (# xxxvi).

(bottom right) The etched inscription on the monument (# xxxv)



Title Page.

Hid Treasure

or

the labours of a deacon

and other poems

by

Charles Fenerty and

~~Robert R. J. Commeaux~~

" all are architects of fate
Working in these walls of Time
Some with massive deeds & great
Some with ornaments of rhyme "
Longfellow.

~~Nothing wasted is or low~~
Each thing in its place is.

HISTORICAL ACCOUNT

OF THE

SUBSTANCES

WHICH HAVE BEEN USED TO

DESCRIBE EVENTS, AND TO CONVEY IDEAS,

FROM THE

EARLIEST DATE,

TO THE

INVENTION OF PAPER.

PRINTED ON THE FIRST USEFUL PAPER MANUFACTURED SOLEY FROM STRAW.

London

PRINTED BY T. BURTON, NO. 31, LITTLE QUEEN-STREET.

1800.

The title page to Matthias Koops' book about paper, and written in 1800 (lxxxviii).

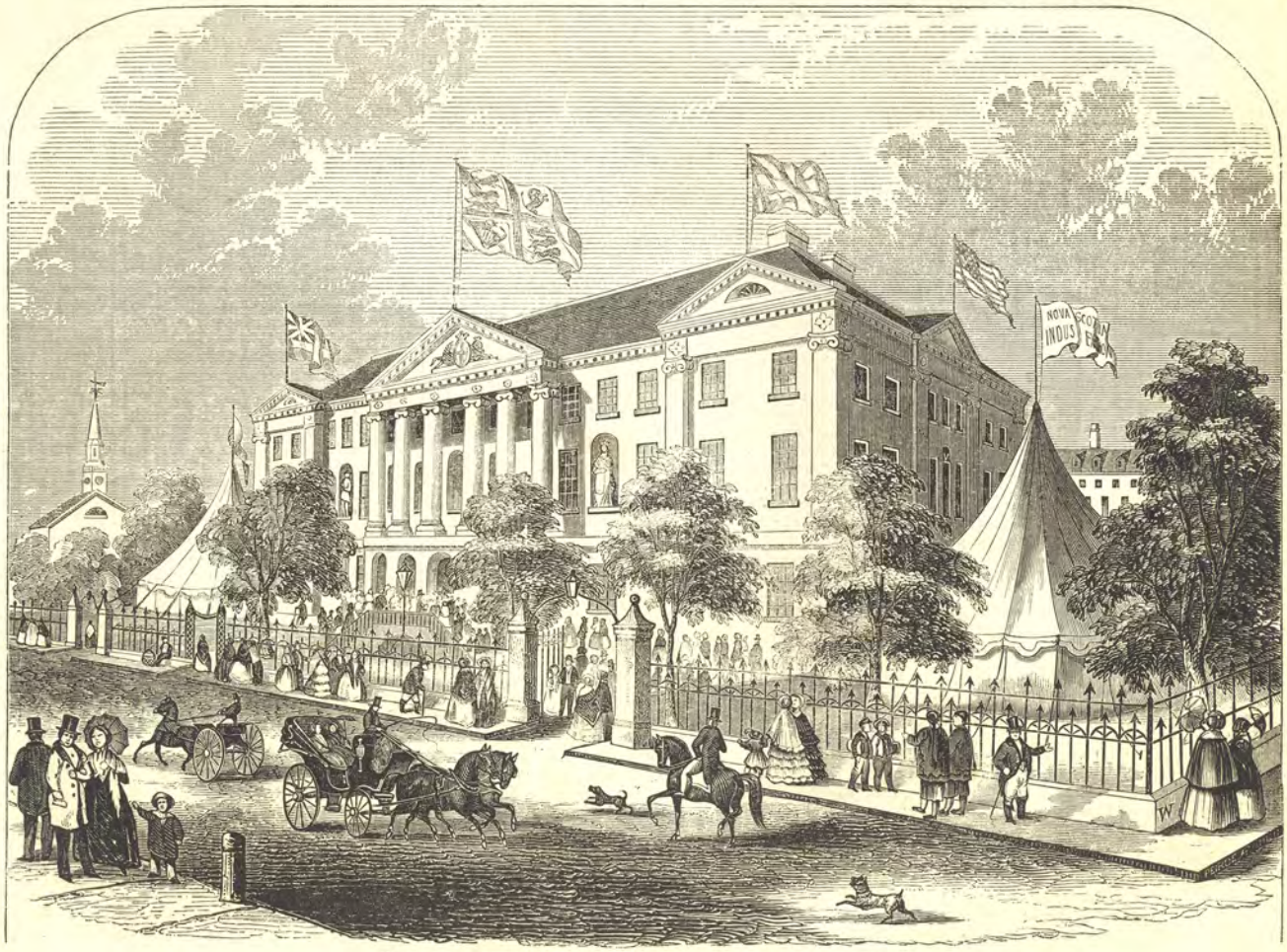
The Acadian Recorder newspaper in Halifax, Nova Scotia. This is the newspaper where Charles Fenerty sent in his letter about his discovery. The Acadian Recorder operated till the early 1900s (# lxxvii).

GLEASON'S PICTORIAL

F. GLEASON, {CORNER OF TREMONT AND BROMFIELD STS.} BOSTON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 28, 1854. {$3,00 PER ANNUM. 6 CENTS SINGLE.} {VOL. VII. No 17.—WHOLE No. 173.}

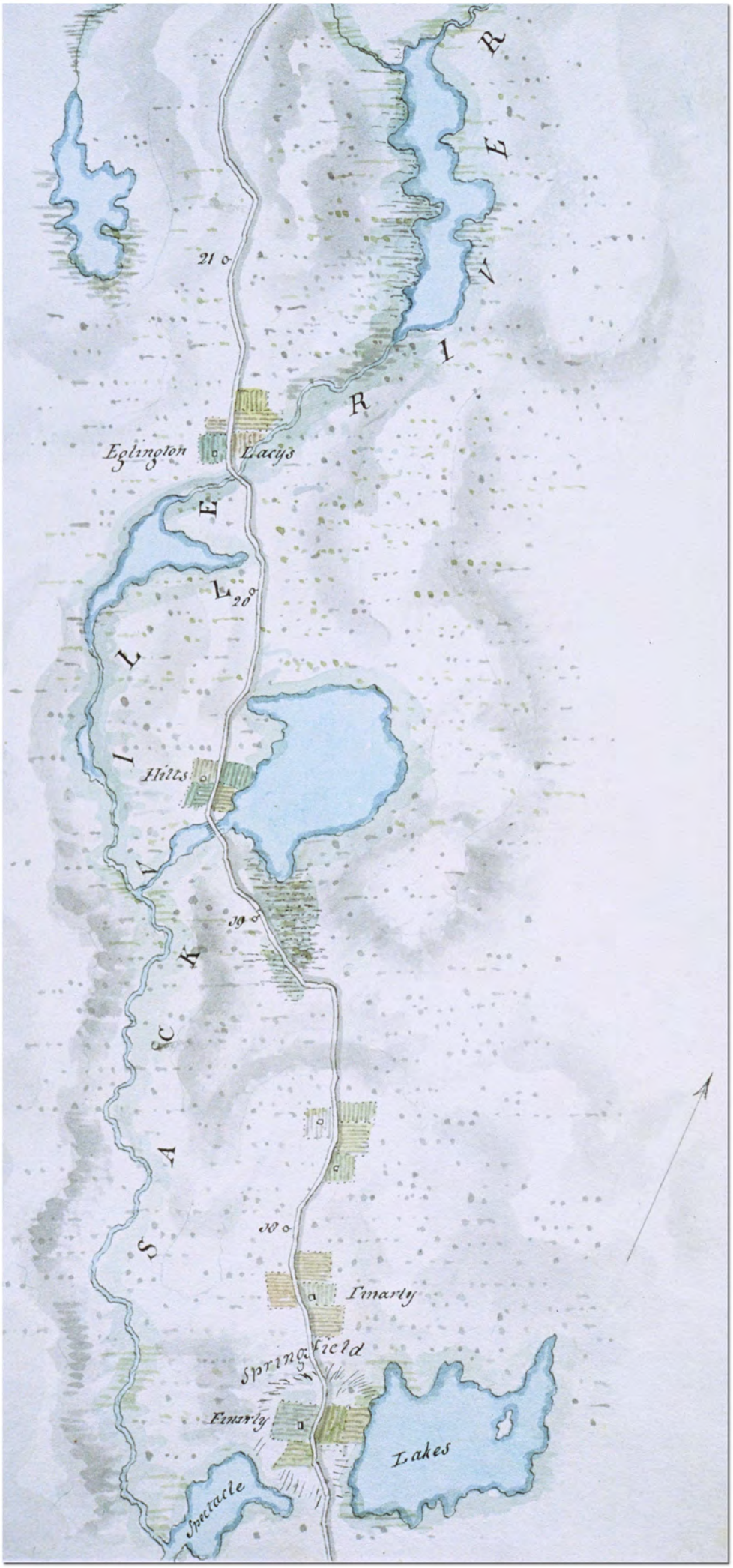
NOVA SCOTIA INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION BUILDING.

We give below a representation of the edifice and grounds appropriated for the first exhibition of the products and industry of Nova Scotia at Halifax. The great London Exhibition in the famous Crystal Palace has proved the parent of many like laudable designs in the old and new world. The New York enterprise was the pioneer in this country, and bids fair to be followed by others. This referred to herewith is the first among the British colonies, and one that promises to be eminently successful in all respects, and embraces among its officers the first and foremost men of the province. Chief Justice Haliburton acting as president. The excellent moral effects of such enterprises are beyond question, giving impetus to art, science and mechanics, and promoting commerce and intelligence. The Halifax Exhibition will draw visitors from all portions of the Northern States, as well as from the various English possessions on this continent, a fact which the artist has endeavored to illustrate by the mixed nationality introduced into the picture which is here presented to the reader. The building, although not originally designed for this purpose, is admirably adapted for the object, being centrally situated, spacious in its internal divisions and bold in its architectural designs without. It is almost needless for us to refer particularly to the city of Halifax; as the capital of Nova Scotia it is universally known. Its population is in the neighborhood of twenty-five thousand, exclusive of government troops, of which, until lately, there have been considerable numbers here. The harbor, from which the city rises on the east side in a gradual slope, is one of the finest on this continent, and it has a constantly growing and thrifty commerce. The streets are generally broad; the principal, which runs next the harbor, is well paved, and most of the others are macadamized. The appearance of Halifax from the water, or from the opposite shore, is prepossessing and animated. The front of the town is lined with wharves, alongside which vessels of all sizes, and variously rigged, are incessantly loading or discharging their cargoes. Warehouses rise over the wharves, as well as in different parts of the town; and dwelling-houses and public buildings rear their heads over each other as they stretch along and up the sides of the hill. Spires of different churches, the building above the town in which the town clock is fixed, a rotunda-built church, the signal posts on Citadel Hill, the different batteries, the variety of style in which the houses are built, etc., are objects which strike most forcibly on the view of strangers.



INDUSTRIAL EXHIBITION BUILDING, AT HALIFAX, NOVA SCOTIA.

The Nova Scotia Industrial Exhibition of 1854 where Fenerty won two first prizes (in wood and in poetry) (#xliii).



This 1817 map shows the Windsor Road and the Sackville area where Charles grew up. The Spectacle Lakes are Springfield Lake and Drain Lake. The map shows a misspelling of their last name as Finarty, which was not an uncommon thing to do during those times. By this time the Fenerty's had logging and farming operations in the whole Springfield area (# lv).

Courtesy of NSARM

(right) A (17th- or 18th-century) map of the Sackville area showing Fenerty's Hill (# lvi). Courtesy of NSARM

(below) The Great Map (late-17th-century), showing the Fenerty (Finnerty [sic]) land above Springfield Lake, along the Windsor Road (# xlviii). Courtesy of NSARM

Their crusade against British freedom and British principles can never succeed at the present day and although their party may hang on for a few brief months, or perhaps years, thoir fall is inevitable, and their designs will be remembered, but only remembered with contempt.

October 24th, 1844. A LIBERAL.

FOR THE ACADIAN RECORDER.

Messrs. English & Blackadar,

Enclosed is a small piece of PAPER, the result of an experiment I have made, in order to ascertain if that useful article might uot be manufactured from WOOD. The result has proved that opinion to be correct, for—by the sample which I have sent you, Gentlemen—you will perceive the feasibility of it. The enclosed, which is as firm in its texture as white, and to all appearance as durable as the common wrapping paper made from hemp, Cotton, or the ordinary materials of manufacture is ACTUALLY COMPOSED OF SPRUCE WOOD, reduced to a pulp, and subjected to the same treatment as paper is in course of being made, only with this exception, viz: my insufficient means of giving it the required pressure. I entertain an opinion that our common forest trees, either hard or soft wood, but more especially the fir, spruce, or poplar, on account of the fibrous quality of their wood, might easily be reduced by a chafing machine, and manufactured into paper of the finest kind. This opinion, Sirs, I think the experiment will justify, and leaving it to be prosecuted further by the scientific, or the eurious. I remain, Gentlemen, your obdt. servant, CHARLES FENERTY.

THE ACADIAN RECORDER.

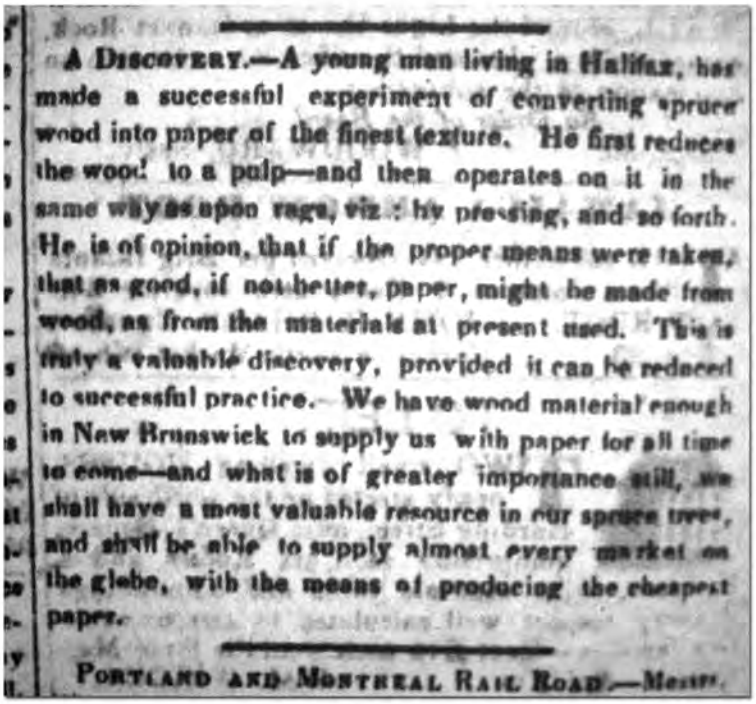
HALIFAX, N. S.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1844.

I am styled an enemy to the Press, and my denunciations of it are called personal. It is not so. The Press is an invaluable auxiliary to liberty and morals, when exercising its legitimate functions; but a debased Press is the greatest enemy to both. It is true that I have

Charles Fenerty's letter to the Acadian Recorder newspaper in Halifax announcing his discovery of pulped wood paper (accompanied by a sample of his paper). (# xxxviii)

This article appeared in the Morning News, Saint John, New Brunswick, on Wednesday October 30, 1844. This is the only other (known) article to have mentioned Fenerty's pulp and paper discovery. (# xxiv)



A Discovery.—A young man living in Halifax, has made a successful experiment of converting spruce wood into paper of the finest texture. He first reduces the wood to a pulp—and then operates on it in the same way as upon rags, viz: by pressing, and so forth. He is of opinion, that if the proper means were taken, that as good, if not better, paper, might be made from wood, as from the materials at present used. This is truly a valuable discovery, provided it can be reduced to successful practice. We have wood material enough in New Brunswick to supply us with paper for all time to come—and what is of greater importance still, we shall have a most valuable resource in our spruce trees, and shall be able to supply almost every market on the globe, with the means of producing the cheapest paper.

Portland and Montreal Rail Road.—Messrs.

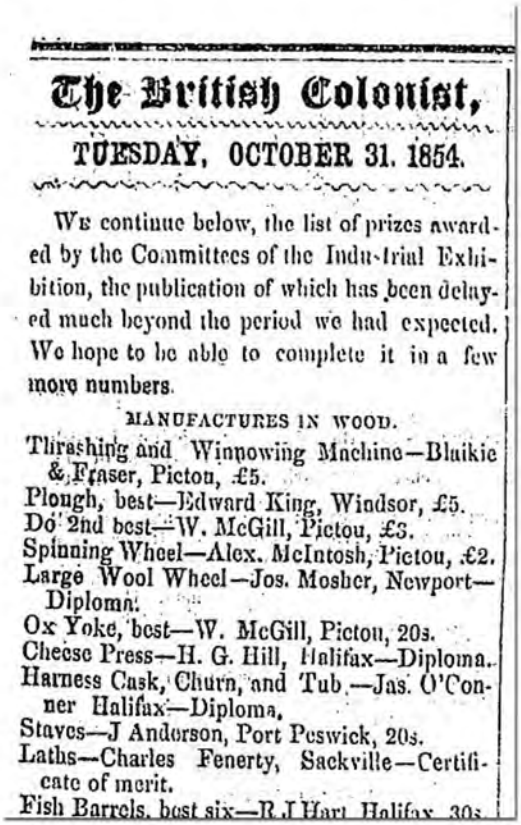
(below) The Acadian Recorder wrote this article remembering Fenerty's discovery from 1844. The article appeard on June 19, 1847. (# vii)

Speaker and Mr. Howe, comes off this evening, at which about 120 gentlemen will be present. We shall report progress in our next.

Wooden Paper.—Mr. Fenety's invention of making paper from wood has been recalled to our recollection in consequence of a paragraph in our last selection of Miscellaneous News, which mentioned that a Dr. Oschatz has discovered a method of producing Paper from wood. Some of our readers cannot have forgotten a communication in our columns, under the signature of Charles Fenety, of Windsor Road, on the 26th October, 1844, announcing the success of his experiments in fabricating paper out of wood, and accompanied by a sample of the paper, so produced, for the inspection of the public at our office. These facts are completely demonstrative of the priority of Mr. Fenety's discovery to that of Dr Oschatz. From the paucity of means at his command no one has ever been better entitled to the merit of invention than Mr Fenety, and surely patriotism alone ought to move some influential persons to exert themselves in rescuing the claims of a young Novascotian to such merit from oblivion.

We have been shown a medallion of O'Connell, one of a large number received by the Cambria. On one side there is a noble half length figure of the Liberator, and on the other the following inscription:

(left) Bridges to Windsor, NS where Fenerty had to pass to get to Upper Falmouth where Ann was staying (# xi). (below) Kentville, NS where Charles and Ann were married (# i).



The British Colonist,

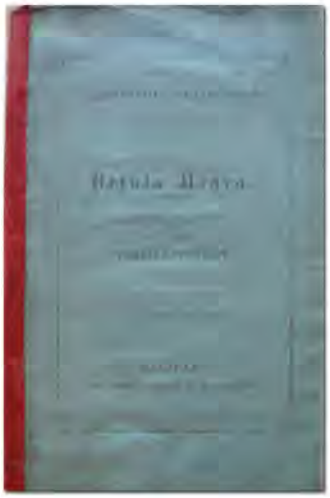
TUESDAY, OCTOBER 31. 1854.

We continue below, the list of prizes awarded by the Committees of the Industrial Exhibition, the publication of which has been delayed much beyond the period we had expected. We hope to be able to complete it in a few more numbers.

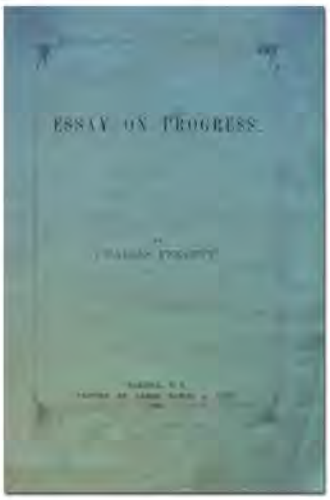
MANUFACTURES IN WOOD.

Thrashing and Winnowing Machine—Blaikie & Fraser, Pictou, £5.
Plough, best—Edward King, Windsor, £5.
Do 2nd best—W. McGill, Pictou, £3.
Spinning Wheel—Alex. McIntosh, Pictou, £2.
Large Wool Wheel—Jos. Mosher, Newport—Diploma.
Ox Yoke, best—W. McGill, Pictou, 20s.
Cheese Press—H. G. Hill, Halifax—Diploma.
Harness Cask, Churn, and Tub—Jas. O'Conner Halifax—Diploma.
Staves—J Anderson, Port Peswick, 20s.
Laths—Charles Fenerty, Sackville—Certificate of merit.
Fish Barrels, best six—R J Hart Halifax 30s

(above left) Charles Fenerty is awarded a Certificate of Merit in wood laths by the 1854 Industrial Exhibition committee (# xiv).



Betula Nigra (Black Birch); a poem by Charles Fenerty inspired by a very large Black Birch tree located on his family farm in Springfield (Upper Sackville, NS). The poem won first prize at the Nova Scotia Industrial Exhibition of 1854 in Halifax, Nova Scotia. The poem was published in pamphlet form in 1855. (# x)



Essay on Progress; a poem about human progress and achievements. Charles Fenerty wrote this poem while living overseas in Australia in the 1860s. Upon returning to Halifax in 1865 he submitted it to James Bowes & Sons. It was published in 1866 in pamphlet form. (xxix)

(above) A 1955 ceremony, inaugurating the new Charles Fenerty monument (xiii). (below) The 1955 Charles Fenerty monument (xxi).

The 1955 Charles Fenerty cairn. The monument houses the original plaque from 1926 (# xxi).

Offices Guysboro, Middle and Upper Musquodoboit, will be received until MONDAY, the 14th of July, next, (at noon) and the Service to commence on the 1st of August, 1856. A. WOODGATE, P. M. G.

General Post Office,
Halifax, May 27th, 1856.
All Halifax papers 1ins. each week until 14th July.

"Active" for Australia!

THE Subscriber having purchased the handsome brigt "Active," of 136 tons *present register*, intends to have her fitted, immediately on the return from her present voyage to West Indies, and sail for Melbourne, Australia, about 15th August. Invites all who desire a comfortable, pleasant, and speedy passage to the Gold Region, to join him, to whom he can furnish valuable information relative to their proceedings after arrival, having been to Australia himself., Being part owner, and interested in fitting up the Sobim in 1852, is acquainted with all the requisites, in arrangement and provisions; for the comfort of Passengers.

The Active being a very beautiful model, and a fast sailer, is expected to make a rapid passage, and offers the very best possible opportunity for intending Emigrants. She will be coppered before leaving.

Those who intend to take passage will do well to make immediate application, as a considerable number are already engaged. The rate of passage will be forty pounds, one half to be paid on entering the names, the balance ten days before Sailing, of which due notice will be given. No passage engaged till paid for. The Passengers will have to provide their own Bedding and Towoling, and the Ship all other requisites. A Stateroom will be fitted with berths for every two passengers, and in their construction, reference will be had only to the comfort and convenience of those to occupy them.

Apply for further information to BARSS & HARRIS, who will receive the money and grant tickets, or to DAVID R. GABRIEL.

—ALSO—

CAPTAIN WANTED!

The Subscriber is desirous of procuring a Captain to take charge of the above vessel, with proper qualifications, who will require to produce unexceptionable references. Intending to trade in the colonies after arrival, would like to sell a part of the vessel to the Captain, who would have an interest in the voyage out, as well as in the trading there. He feels confident that it is a good speculation for any person willing to engage with him in the Enterprise. Apply as above.

Halifax, May 31.—4w. DAVID R. GABRIEL.

Progression Hat Conformeter.

THE Undersigned take great pleasure in announcing to the Public that they have received direct from Paris, a newly invented and patented Machine, for taking the

THE BURKE AND WILLS MONUMENT AT MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.

Halifax Citizen.

THURSDAY, AUGUST 30, 1866.

LITERARY.

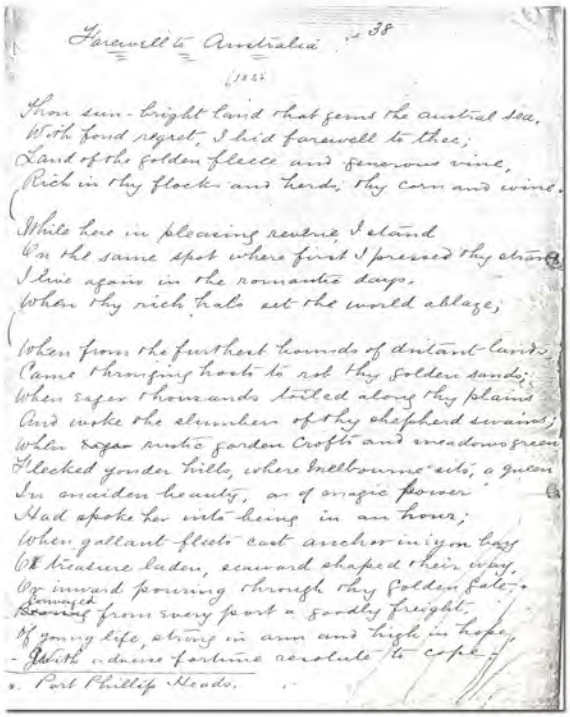
We are almost without a literature of our own. Occas onally we see in print a sermon, or a pamphlet on some topic of local interest or a scrap of poetry in the corner of a newspaper which, from the rarity of the phenomenon, some fair damsel is as coy to acknowlege, as if it were her first sweetheart. Since the publication of the earlier works of Judge Haliburton we have had scarcely any substantial contributions to our Provincial, and none at all to general literature.

We have now before us a very beautiful little poem of twelve pages, entitled "An Essay on Progress," by Charles Fenerty. We well remember Mr. Fenerty, as the author of an exquisite piece on the Betula Nigra, which carried the prize for native poetry at the Provincial Exhibition of 1854. After publication of this his maiden effort, Mr. Fenerty unaccountably disappeared, and we imagined that he had got married or fallen into some other misfortune which had dimmed his poetic spirit. It appears, however, that we were mistaken in our conjectures. He has been in Australia and New Zealand, and a score of other countries where Nova Scotians go in search of fortune, and we are glad to find that among more arduous and substantially profitable pursuits, he has never forgotten the muses. He has recently returned to Nova Scotia and re-introduced himself to his countrymen by the publication of this really meritorious little poem written, as appears by the preface, during his absence. The subject is trite enough, but many of the thoughts are original—the diction and versification elegant, and the poem characterized by true poetic spirit throughout. Everybody should read this little poem, if only to encourage its author to renewed efforts. We trust Mr. Fenerty will remain with us, and employ his pen in enriching our scanty stores of Provincial literature.

PROVINCIAL NEWS.

— H. M's Steamship *Wolverene* sailed from Sydney, C. B., on Wednesday 22d inst.,

(above left) An ad offering a trip to Australia (viii). (above right) The Burke and Wills monument in Melbourne, Australia (xii). (below left) An article from the Halifax Citizen mentioning Fenerty's Essay on Progress poem (xxviii). (below right) A poem titled Farewell to Australia and written in 1865 by Charles Fenerty (xxxi).



Farewell to Australia 38

1865

Thou sun-bright land that gems the austral sea,
With fond regret, I bid farewell to thee;
Land of the golden fleece and generous vine,
Rich in thy flocks and herds, thy corn and wine.

While here in pleasing reverie I stand
On the same spot where first I pressed thy strand,
I live again in the romantic days,
When thy rich hale set the world ablaze;

When from the furthest bounds of distant lands,
Came thronging hosts to rob thy golden sands;
When rages thousands toiled along thy plains
And woke the slumbers of thy shepherd swains;
When ~~rose~~ rustic garden Croft and meadows green
Flecked yonder hills, where Melbourne sits, a queen
In maiden beauty, as of magic power
Had spoke her into being in an hour;
When gallant fleets cast anchor in yon bay
Of treasure laden, seaward shaped their way,
Or inward pouring through thy Golden Gate,
~~Sowed~~ from every port a goodly freight
Of young life, strong in arm and high in hope,
With adverse fortune resolute to cope

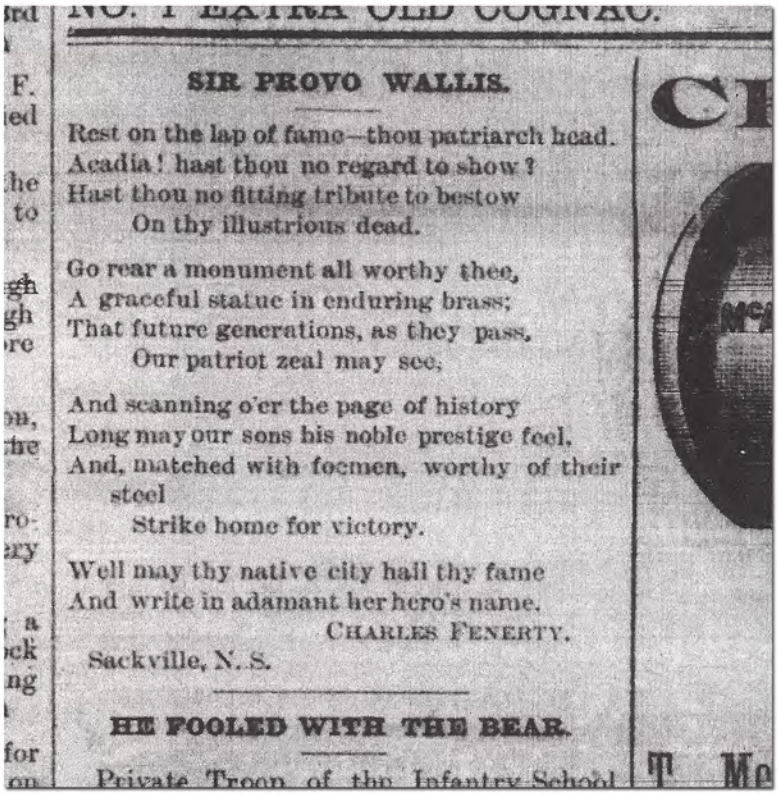
a. Port Phillip Heads.

(left) An engraving of Sir Provo Wallis from 1890, two years before his death (# lxxiii). (below) A poem by Charles Fenerty written just after the death of Sir Provo Wallis, which appeared in *Halifax Herald* on February 23, 1892 (# lxxiv).

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

No. 2662.—VOL. XCVI. SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1890. WITH EXTRA SUPPLEMENT | SIXPENCE. By Post, 6½d.

THE FATHER OF THE FLEET: ADMIRAL SIR PROVO WALLIS, G.C.B., NOW IN HIS HUNDREDTH YEAR.



NO. 1 EXTRA OLD COGNAC.

SIR PROVO WALLIS.

Rest on the lap of fame—thou patriarch head.
Acadia! hast thou no regard to show?
Hast thou no fitting tribute to bestow
On thy illustrious dead.

Go rear a monument all worthy thee,
A graceful statue in enduring brass;
That future generations, as they pass,
Our patriot zeal may see;

And scanning o'er the page of history
Long may our sons his noble prestige feel,
And, matched with foemen, worthy of their steel
Strike home for victory.

Well may thy native city hail thy fame
And write in adamant her hero's name.

CHARLES FENERTY.

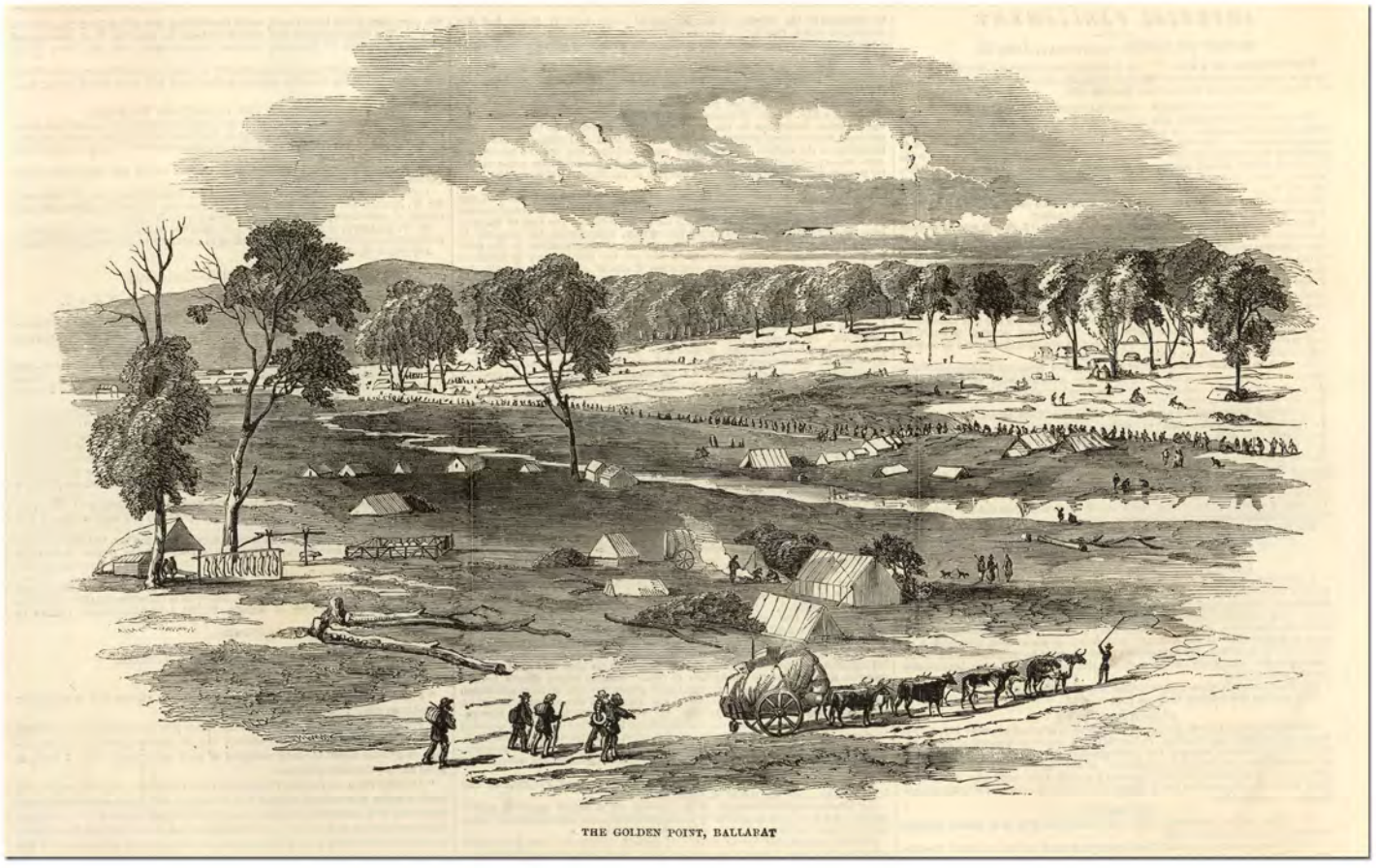
Sackville, N. S.

HE FOOLED WITH THE BEAR.

Private Troop of the Infantry School

GOLD IN AUSTRALIA.—THE BALLARAT DIGGINGS.—(SEE NEXT PAGE.)

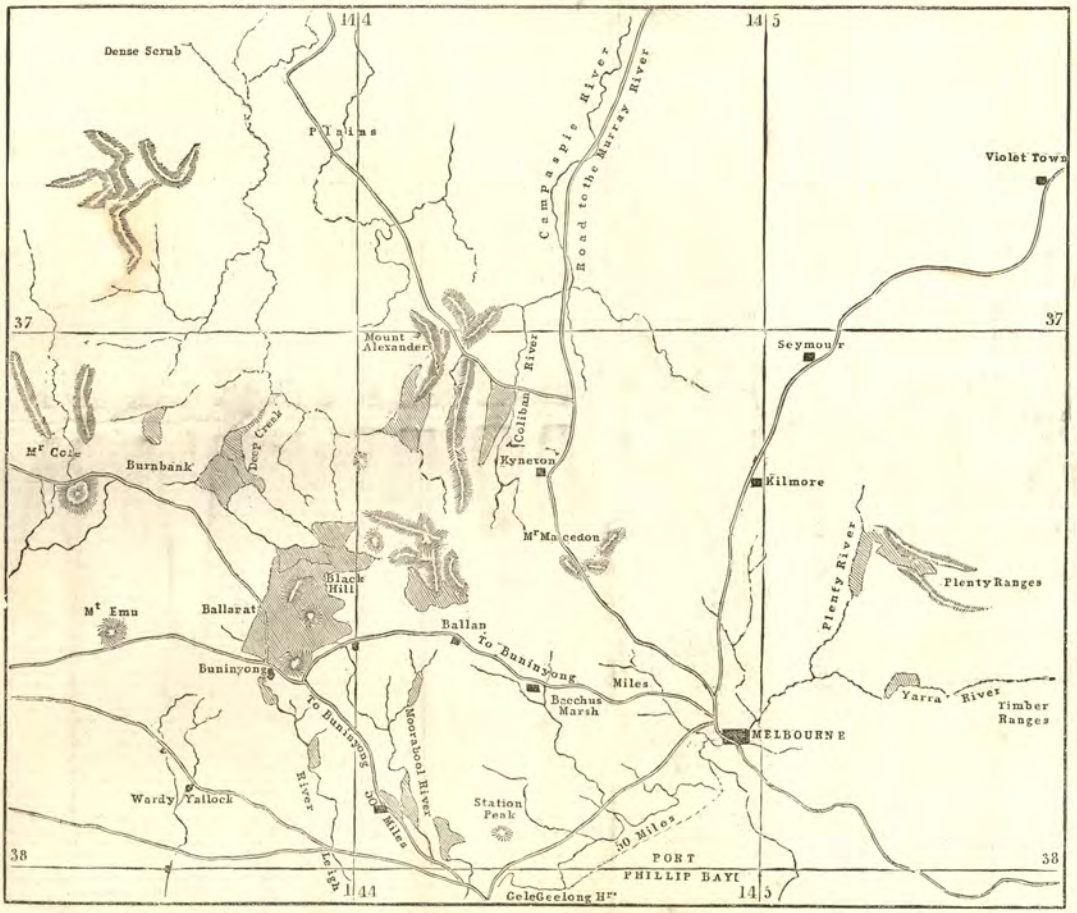
(above) The Ballarat diggings of 1852 (# lxxx). (below) The Golden Point diggings of 1852 (# lxxix).



THE GOLDEN POINT, BALLARAT

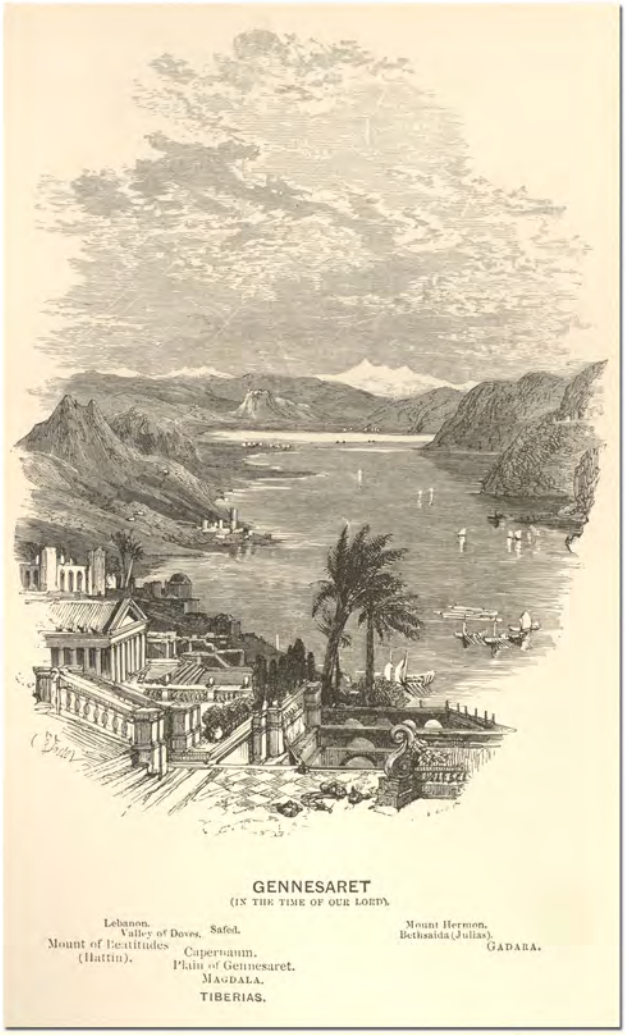
NATIVES, ARMED WITH SPEAR AND BOOMERANG.

(above) Australian aboriginals (as mentioned in Fenerty's Hid Treasure poem), (# lxxxii). (below) Map of the Port Phillip diggings where Fenerty visited (# lxxxi).

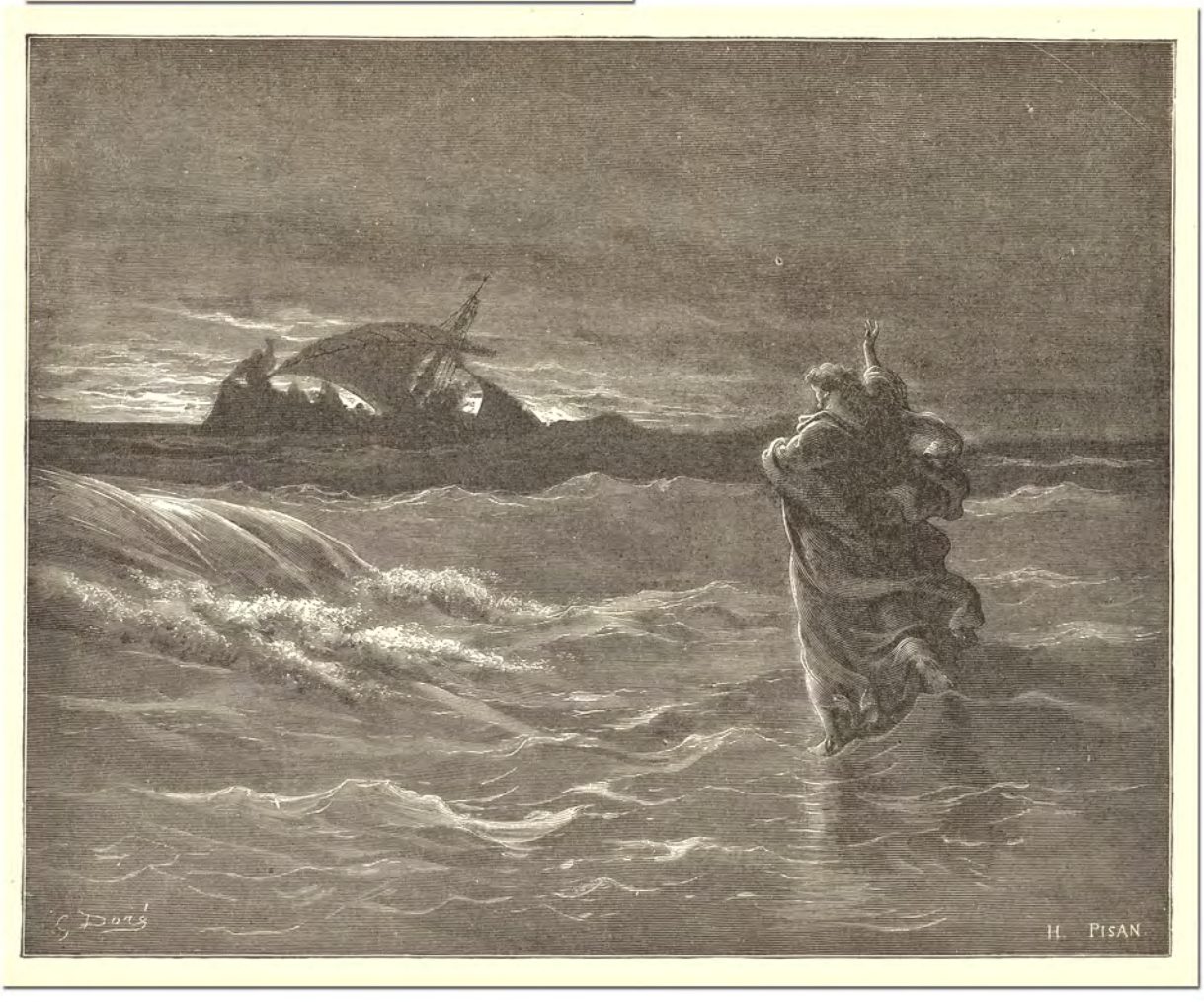


MAP OF THE PORT PHILLIP GOLD FIELDS.

(above) An 1848 view of Haifax, shorly after his discovery and the Saladin trial (# lxxxix).
(below) The S.S. Saladin (# lxvi).



(left) An engraving taken from the Memories of Gennesaret by Rev. John Macduff (# xxvii). (below) An engraving taken from the Dore Bible Gallery (# xlix).



(above left) Anthony Henry Holland, the owner of the Acadian Recorder newspaper in Halifax and the Acadian Paper Mill in Rockingham (# lx). (below left) Anthony Holland placed this ad in his newspaper (the Acadian Recorder) before opening his paper mill. This type of ad was very common during that period, since there was a massive shortage of rags, for use in papermaking (# lxiv). (bottom right) Charles Fenerty's poem, "Passing Away" which appeared in the Rockingham Sentinel in March of 1888 (# lxxxv).

piece, at their store upon the corner of Hollis and Sackville streets. January 2.

Rags, Rags, Rags.

THE subscriber intending to erect a Paper Mill, the ensuing season, he requests families to be careful of their

Linen and Cotton Rags.

A persons will be employed in the spring to collect them through the town.—In the mean time they will be taken in (a· d a liberal price given) at No. 1, Corner of Duke and Water Streets. A. H. HOLLAND.

Halifax, November 14, 1818

NOTICE.

THE Co-partnership lately existing under

ROCKINGHAM, HALIFAX

(For the Rockingham Sentinel.)

PASSING AWAY.

Hushed is the mirth of the banqueting hall;
The spider hath woven his woof from the wall,
Where graceful the folds of rich tapestry hung,
And where mirrors reflected the joyous and young.

Yon moss-covered portals, where festal lamps shone,
Are now lit by the cold spectral moon-beams alone,
And the wind through the casements wails mournful and drear,
Where the notes of soft music enchanted the air.

While here in the stillness of evening I muse,
And the scenes of past splendor my fancy reviews;
I behold as in vision a gay gilded throng;
And the corridors echo with revel and song.

And Courtiers and Gallants move round in the light
And maidens with pearls and with jewels bedight;
And foremost in grace, and in station is seen,
The courtly Prince Edward, the sire of our Queen.

A moment, and lo! the fair pageant has fled,
And I seem as if standing alone with the dead.
And the shadows of evening grow darker apace,
And weird spirits seem haunting the desolate place.

Ere yet from the precincts of ruin I turn,
Let me learn the sad moral, e'en grandeur might learn,
And in the mutation of change and decay,
Read the motto of human things,—"Passing away."

CHARLES FENERTY.

Sackville, March, 1888

N. B.—These lines were written nearly fifty years ago when contemplating the ruins of the PRINCE'S LODGE, then in partial ruin, as graphically described by your venerable correspondent, G. G. Gray.

C. F.

stances.

A Discovery.—A young man living in Halifax, has made a successful experiment of converting spruce wood into paper of the finest texture. He first reduces the wood to a pulp—and then operates on it in the same way as upon rags, viz.: by pressing, and so forth. He is of opinion, that if the proper means were taken, that as good, if not better, paper, might be made from wood, as from the materials at present used. This is truly a valuable discovery, provided it can be reduced to successful practice. We have wood material enough in New Brunswick to supply us with paper for all time to come—and what is of greater importance still, we shall have a most valuable resource in our spruce trees, and shall be able to supply almost every market on the globe, with the means of producing the cheapest paper.

Portland and Montreal Rail Road.—Messrs.

(above left) "A Discovery" about Fenerty's invention, which appeared in the *Daily Evening News* (Saint John, N, October 30, 1844 p2) - same newspaper as the *Morning News*. (above right) A portrait of Charles Fenerty in his outback clothing, held at the Fultz House Museum (# xviii). (lower left) A 1955 article showing the unveiling of the new Fenerty monument (# xx). (below right) An ad listing the Fenerty estate for auction - August 30, 1856 (xxxii).

UNVEILS MONUMENT TO ANCESTOR — Charles Fenerty is shown above unveiling a new monument to another Charles Fenerty—the latter a Sackville, Nova Scotia, boy who invented the process of making paper from wood pulp. The present Mr. Fenerty is a cousin of the inventor who was honored yesterday at the unveiling of the monument near the place of his birth. (Staff photo by Crosby).

☞ Call and examine.
W. S. SYMONDS & CO.
aug 23 12 and 13 Duke Street. Halifax

Land, Rail Road Land.

DESIRABLE INVESTMENTS may be made by those wanting more than 6 per cent by purchasing that Large and Valuable LOT of LAND, lately owned and occupied by Mr. Fennerty, Windsor Road, and well known by the name of "SPRINGFIELD FARM," consisting of Lots 19 and 20 on the North East side of the Main Post Road, leading to Windsor. In the whole, 1000 acres, with a Dwelling House, Barn and Out-houses, and several acres clear and under cultivation, a large portion is covered with valuable Wood and Timber. A large lake on the premises forms a run that will make a valuable Mill site, and the Railway running across the whole property through a valuable Wood, thus making the whole more valuable. Those who wish to make a good and safe investment will do well to apply to the Auctioneer, who is prepared to sell in one or more Lots. If not sold at Private Sale, it will positively be Sold at Auction, at the Rooms of the Subscriber, by order of Executor of late Hon. G. W. Archibald, on SATURDAY, September 13th, at 12 o'clock precisely.

JOHN D. NASH,
Auctioneer.

aug23 rec sun chron jo wit c chron till day of sale 3 times wkly inside.

Standard Novels, &c.

THE CITIZEN, THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 3, 1873.

WRECK OF THE "ATLANTIC."

FRIGHTFUL CASUALTY—OVER FIVE HUNDRED LIVES LOST.

News was received in this city on Tuesday afternoon, of one of the most appalling disasters which have ever happened on our coast —the wreck near Prospect of the steamship *Atlantic*, of the White Star Line, from Liverpool bound to New York, and the loss of several hundred lives. At first the public could not credit the fearful extent of the disaster, but it soon became generally known that the news had been brought by Mr. Brady, third officer of the illfated vessel, who had driven up to the city for assistance. The Cunard steamer *Delta*, Capt. Shaw, Government steamer *Lady Head*, Capt. Matson, and tug *Goliah*, Capt. Jones, were immediately prepared to go to the relief of the survivors. Through the kindness of J. R. Morrow, Esq., our reporter was given a passage on board the *Delta*, but as sometime was consumed in getting mattrasses and stores on board, a start was not effected until

HALF-PAST THREE O'CLOCK

on Wednesday morning. The *Lady Head* started about the same time, and the two steamers ran down side by side, arriving at

...

been severely injured, as he fell right back into the waves again. He struggled about five minutes, and we saw him rise no more. I may say that every wave that came on deck washed one or two men off the stern of the vessel.

CHIEF ENGINEER'S REPORT.

John Foxley, chief engineer says:—The vessel struck on the rock at 3.15 a. m. on the 1st instant, and commenced to heel over to the port side, the sea breaking over the ship, and vessel filling rapidly. All the female passengers, who were asleep at the time the ship struck, were prevented from coming on deck by the sea washing over the ship and filling her. Some of the passengers got in the life boats, the davit falls being cut away to allow the boats to float clear of the davits, in the expectation of getting clear of the vessel by that means; but a sea broke on board, washed a great portion of the passengers who were in the boats out the boats were stove, and those who ventured in them perished. A great many of the people were drowned while coming from the vessel by the rope to the rock. The cold was so intense that some of them, being benumbed, were unable to hold on to the rope, and they let go and we were unable to render them any assistance. The rock that we were on was covered with sea-weed, which made it very dangerous to stand upon, and the edges of the rock were

...

J Moffatt, H McNichol, R Wood, David Horn, Edward Fye, Thomas Culp, N Green, S May, James Bakhan, Edward Fagan, H Jones, Joseph Carroll, P Kelly, B Burns, B Carroll, P Dunn, John McNamara, Wm Kelly, R Carroll, W Malone, A Brennan, Lephar Conwall, M Anderson, Daniel Shelly, Ed. Tigson, Thomas Trevellyan, Wm Brown, Edward Doyle, M Kusson, Michael Cunningham, Thomas Chipman, John Owen, R F Pritchard, M Kelly, W Shaw, Andrew Schultz, John McGrath, Peter Maltheson, A Bridgeson, Hugh Hewis, W Wilbrane, Thomas Moffatt, Pat Sullivan, T N Anderson, W Kelly, P Reynolds, P Sutcliffe, Pat Cosgrave, W Wood, Simon Flinn, Pat Doyle, Edward Doherty, F A Peters, John Burtmain, John Sheer, James Ryan, T J Sullivan, G M Sullivan, Chas Hanley, Michael Sullivan, Pat Connor, Patrick Moore, Patrick Reyloy, Thomas Prott, Osmond Granderson, Jacob Smith, Michael Collins, John Lucas, George Parker De, Giovann M Schwartz, Andrew Schultz, Neal Schwartz, R George, Dubblar Zine, Charles Johnson, G Stevemann, J Fungu, John Donahoe, James Lucas, James Driscoll, Fred Beton, Charles Churchill, John Smith, W Booth, Thomas Kereys, Pat Sannon, W H Hayman, Chas McCabe, Wm Hayman, Emilie Ellenzer, Victor Myer, Robert Thomas, John Anes, Thomas Barhill, William Smith, R Taylor, George Smith, Thomas Lowden, Peter McAulay, Pat Evans, (seaman), Robert Howlett, Pat Bagnell, Otto Anderson, P M Anson, H B Somson, R R Peterson, C P Hanson, P R Hanson, E M Neilson, W Cunningham, C M Johnston, E B Lawson, P Svenson, S P Tolzen, A Johnson, J N Johnston, J P Carlson, John Richards, John Scanelan, Henry Parsons, Pat McGrath, A Stoolbinson, Hans Hansen, J A Holunson, Charles Groom, John Cook, H Wakeham, Carlson R Thomson, Theodore Colson, Edma Ganer, C Huff, Hans Bowden, James Barrow, John Taylor, Thomas Ren-

LATEST NEWS BY TELEGRAPH.

CANADA.

(*Special Despatch to Citizen.*)

HUNTINGDON'S WANT OF CONFIDENCE OF MOTION—THE "WHIPS" BUSY—AMENDMENT TO B. N. A. ACT TO BE PROPOSED.

LONDON, April 1.—In consequence of Mr. Huntingdon's want of confidence motion, which it is expected will come up tonight after the Budget speech, the Whips on both sides of the House are very active.

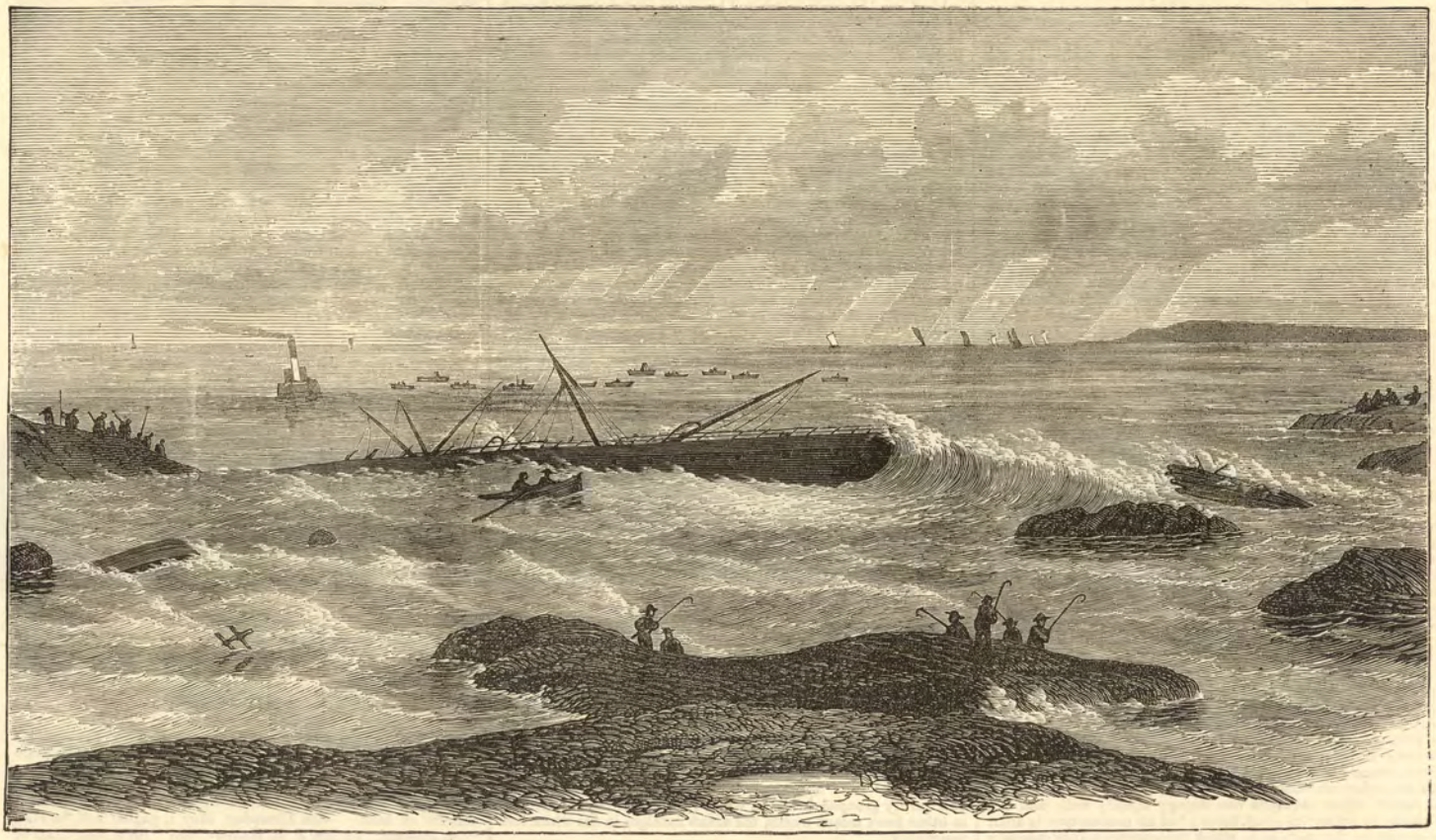
Mr. Costigan has a motion on the papers for an amendment to the New Brunswick School Bill, and the section of the British North American Act of 1867 referring to such matters.

It is probable that the House will adjourn for a week at Easter. The fine new ball room at Government House will be opened by a ball on Wednesday in Easter

CAPTAIN J. A. WILLIAMS.
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY ROCKWOOD.

(above) This article was taken from the Citizen (Halifax, NS) just after the S.S. Atlantic was wrecked of the coast of Halifax (# xcii). (left) Captain Williams of the S.S. Atlantic (# xlv). (below) A view of the S.S. Atlantic moments after it wrecked off the coast of Nova Scotia, Canada (# xci).

THE WRECK OF THE "ATLANTIC."—[See Page 317.]



WRECK OF THE ATLANTIC, SKETCHED THE SECOND DAY AFTER THE WRECK.

(above) A 1873 engraving showing the S.S. Atlantic two days after the wreck (iii). (below) Sambro Lighthouse (# xlvi).

SAMBRO LIGHT.

(above left) "The Cedars Destined for the Temple" (see I Kings V), (# lxxviii). (above right) The Tower of Babel, where language took its beginnings (see Genesis XI), (# lxxxv). (below) The great city of Alexandria in Egypt (# ix).

(top right) A mixture of early writing systems (# xxvi). (below left) "The Writing Master". People start to write their thoughts (# lxxxvii). (below right) The Newspaper, one of the many mediums which changed and expedited information transfer (# ii).

THE WRITING-MASTER.

PAINTED BY MIERIS.—ENGRAVED BY R. WALLIS.

The Picture in the Dresden Gallery.

WRITING.

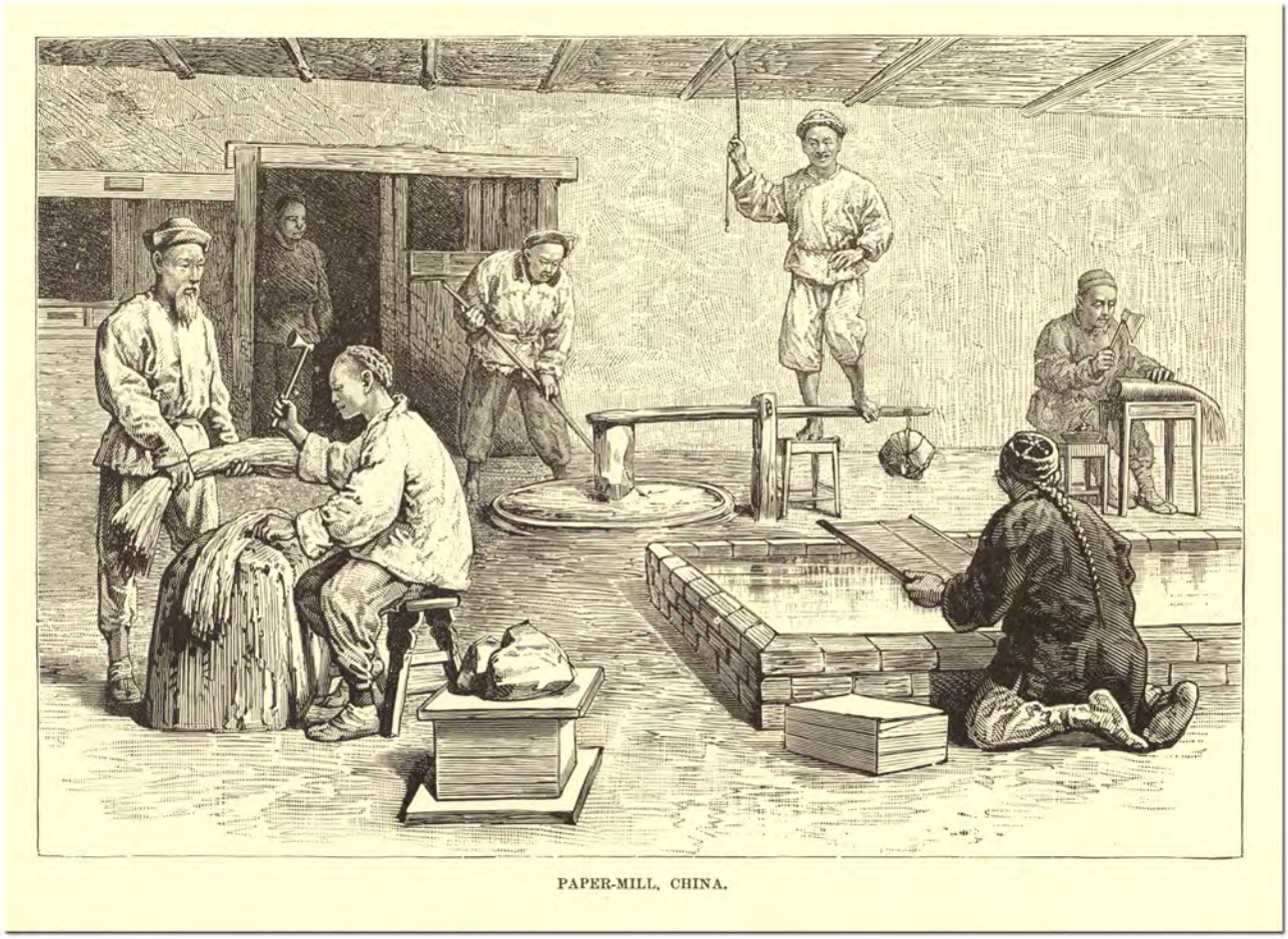
1 Tablet from Tell-el-Amarna. 2 Hittite inscription. 3 Egypto-Aramaic inscription. 4 Cuneiform inscription. 5 Greek writing. 6 Runic. 7 Facsimile of Samaritan Pentateuch. 8 Chinese writing. 9 Specimen of Aramaic writing.

THE NEWSPAPER.

FROM THE ORIGINAL IN THE TRYON GALLERY.

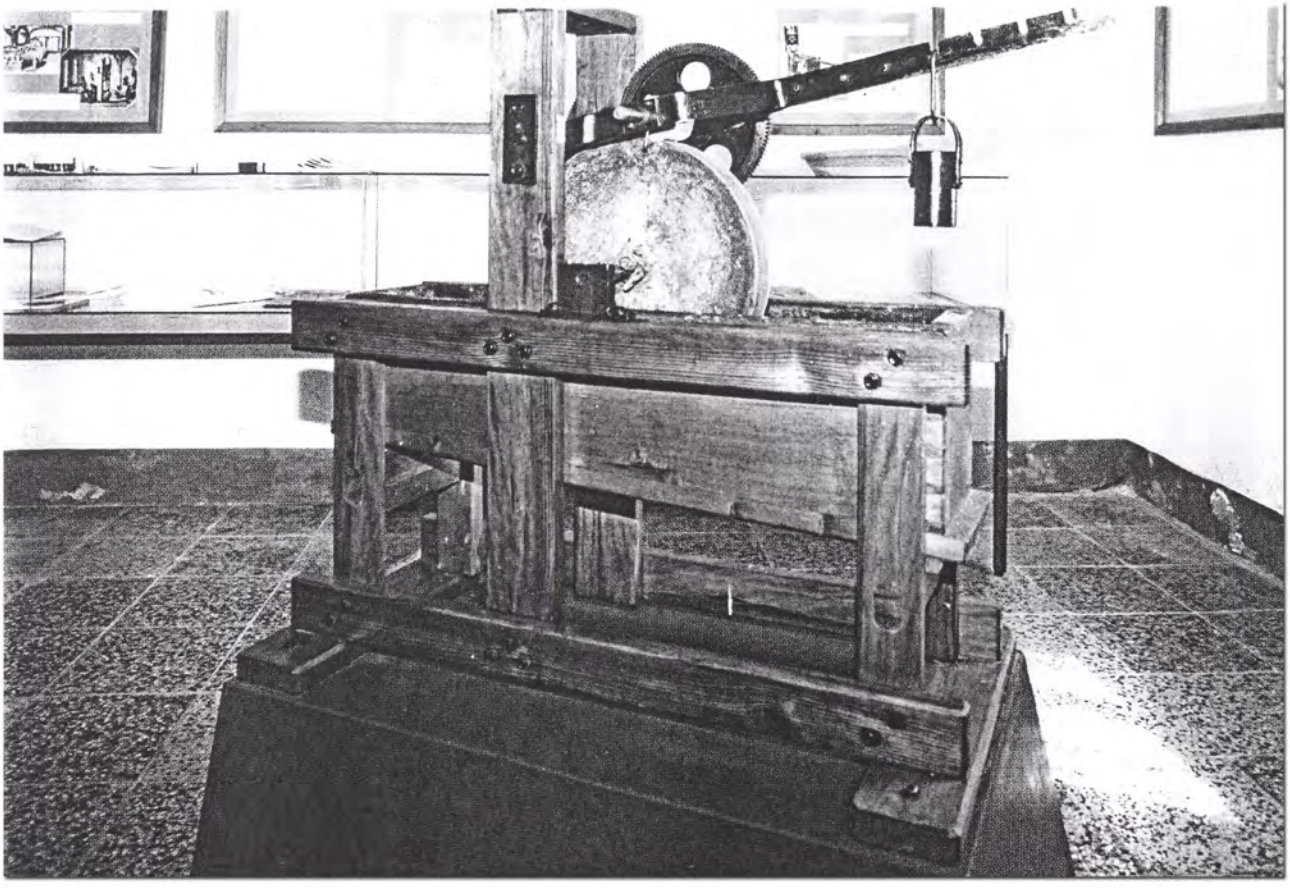
(above) Gutenberg's printing press, which revolutionized the way we communicate (# xliv). (below) Martin Luther in 1518. His 95-Theses moved people to read and learn for themselves (# lvii).

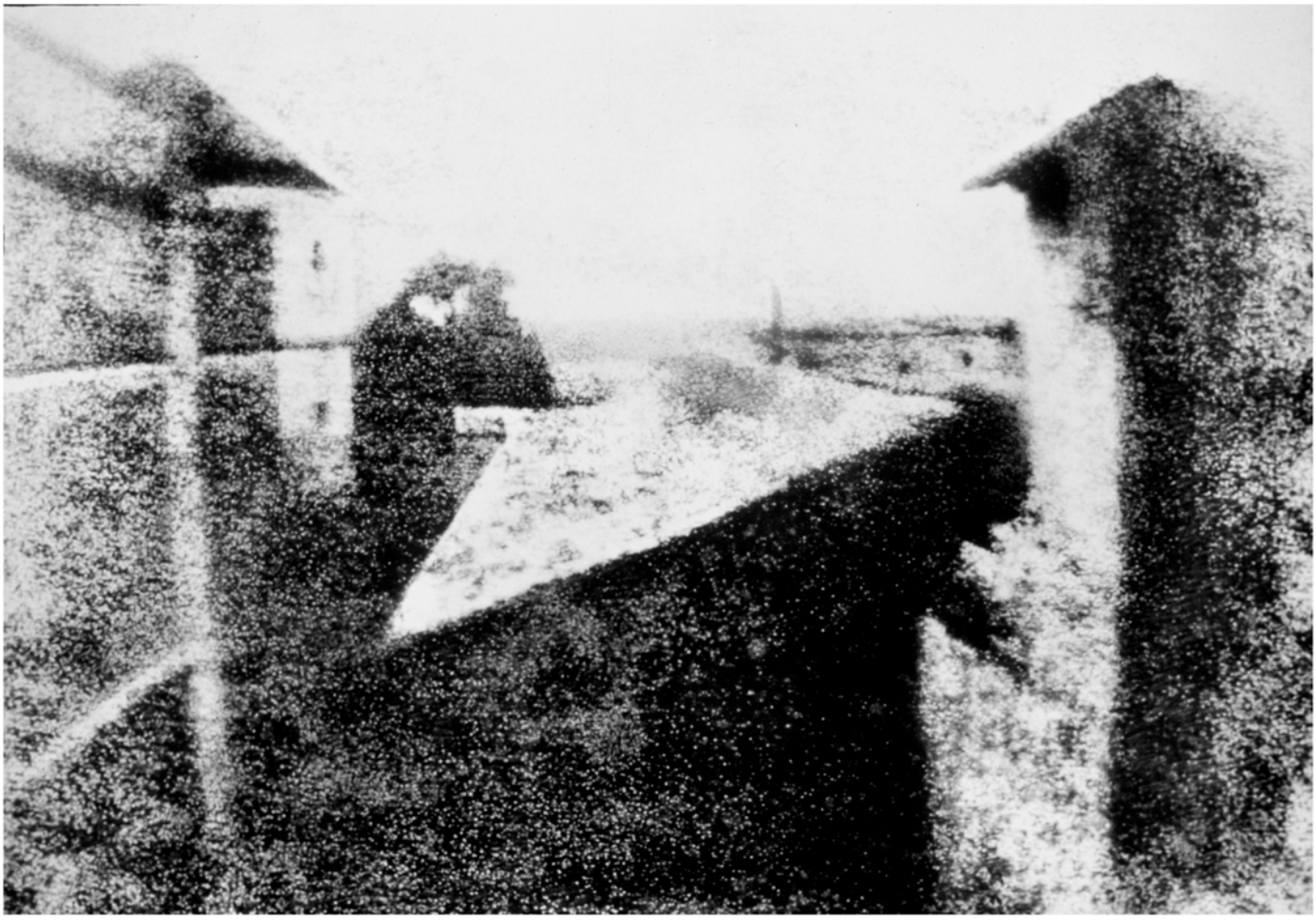
Luther in Augsburg vor Cajetan 1518.
Nach dem Gemälde von W. Lindenschmit.



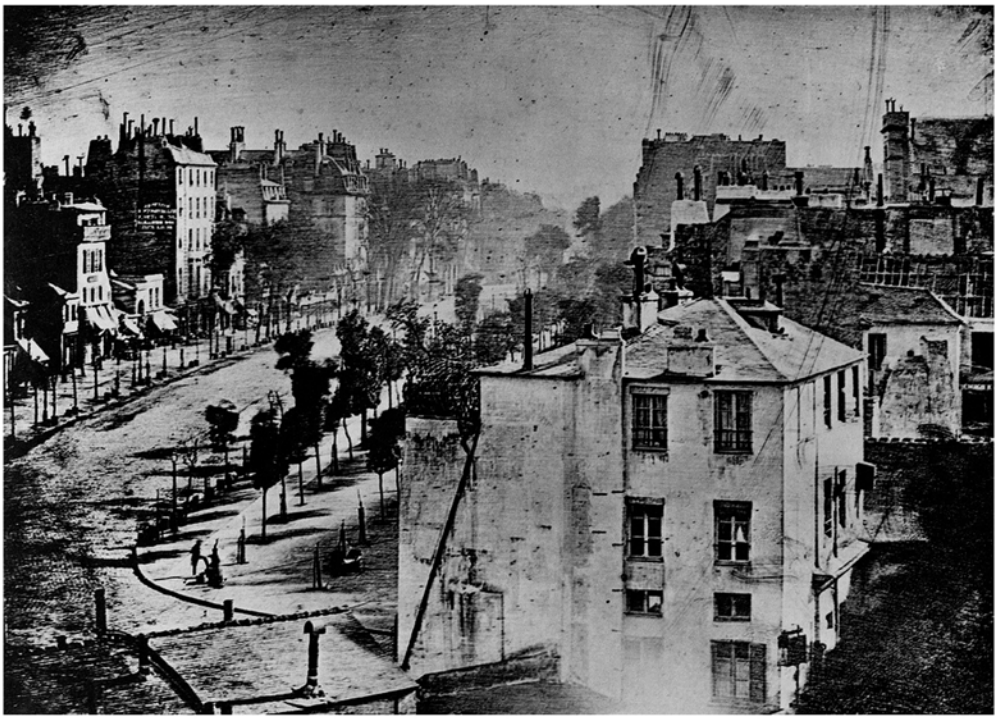
PAPER-MILL, CHINA.

(above) An early Chinese paper mill (# iv). (below) The original F.G. Keller grinding machine, held at the Gellert Museum in Germany (# xxxix).





(above) The very first photograph ever taken (permanent), by Joseph Nicéphore Niépce (France) in 1826 (lxxii).
(below) The very first photograph of a person, by Louis-Jacques-Mandé Daguerre and taken in 1838 (lxix).



Poems

by

Charles Fenerty

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PASSING AWAY
(The Prince's Lodge)

Hushed is the mirth of the banqueting hall;
The spider hath woven his woof from the wall,
Where graceful the folds of rich tapestry hung,
And where mirrors reflected the joyous and young.

Yon moss-covered portals, where festal lamps shone,
Are now lit by the cold spectral moon-beams alone,
And the wind through the casements wails mournful and drear,
Where the notes of soft music enchanted the air.

While here in the stillness of evening I muse,
And the scenes of past splendour my fancy reviews;
I behold as in vision a gay gilded throng;
And the corridors echo with revel and song.

And Courtiers and Gallants move round in the light
And maidens with pearls and with jewels bedight;
And foremost in grace, and in station is seen,
The courtly Prince Edward, the sire of our Queen.

A moment, and lo! the fair pageant has fled,
And I seem as if standing alone with the dead.
And the shadows of evening grow darker apace,
And weird spirits seem haunting the desolate place.

Ere yet from the precincts of ruin I turn,
Let me learn the sad moral, e'en grandeur might learn,
And in the mutation of change and decay,
Read the motto of human things, —"Passing away."

N. B. —These lines were written nearly fifty years ago when contemplating the ruins of the PRINCE'S LODGE, then in partial ruin, as graphically described by your venerable correspondent, G.G. Gray. C. F.

(**A footnote from the J.J. Stewart Manuscript—Titled, "The Prince's Lodge"**)
These lines were written fifty years ago, at which time, the Prince's Lodge—as the residence of Prince Edward was called—still stood on the shore of the Bedford Basin, but in an advanced stage of decay. Nothing now remains of the edifice, saved are a few grass grown mounds which mark the spot where the original foundations were built.

(This poem appeared in the Rockingham Sentinel – March, 1888)

EXHIBITION PRIZE POEM

Betula Nigra

By

CHARLES FENERTY

HALIFAX
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY W. CUNNABELI
1855

BETULA NIGRA. *

The subject of this Poem, as the name implies, is a tree of that species of extraordinary growth, the circumference of whose trunk, at the root, is twenty-four feet; its perpendicular height, sixty feet. From a calculation of its annual layers, its age cannot be less than one thousand years.

No mouldering Pantheon meets my eye,
No crumbling Obelisk is nigh,
    No ancient tower uprears
A seer and venerable form—
Scarred by the warring of the storm,
    Bleached by the mists of years.

No! different far the theme I trace;
Not Art's decay, but Nature's grace
    In all its vigor seen, —
A Monarch of the forest shade,
By Summer's majesty arrayed
    In robe of living green.

Far in Acadia's solitudes,
Where the lone hunter scarce intrudes,
    A Giant Tree displays
A massive trunk, upreared on high,
Whose vast umbrageous canopy
    Charms my admiring gaze.

---

* The Black Birch

In the deep stillness of whose shade,
With the calm lake beneath me spread,
And Summer smiling round;
While silence rests on vale and hill,
Saved by the murmur of a rill,
Unbroken by a sound.

Oh Nature ! in thy temple wild,
This feeble tribute of thy child,
I dedicate to thee:
Accept the homage which I bring,
My heart’s spontaneous offering,
Though rude the tribute be.

And though no classic ears incline,
To lowly numbers such as mine,
The simpler shall attend:
Perchance the rustic son of toil,
Shall trim his evening lamp with oil,
And welcome me as Friend.

If so, I ask no more reward;
To be the Humble’s humble bard,
Is all my wishes claim;
Acadia, if my name shall be
Remembered in thy minstrelsy,
Enough my meed of fame.

As upwards I direct my eye,
To yon green arbor broad and high,
To me it would appear

As though a prophet of the past,
With Nature's mantle round him cast,
Held converse with me here.

How many a changeful scene has fled,
Since first thy vernal cloak was spread
In this lone forest wild;
A thousand circling years have pass'd!
A thousand winters chill'd the blast,
A thousand summers smil'd.

And yet, old tree, thy rugged form
Has stood, unscathed, the wintry storm;
Thy foliage bright and new
Still flutters in the passing breeze,
As when, thou ancient king of trees,
Thy sapling branches grew.

Yes, since the germ which gave thee birth
Was nurtured in its parent earth,
What change the world hath seen!
Kingdoms have fallen and pass'd away;
Cities have sunk into decay,
Where opulence had been.

Where Spain her standard long unfurl'd,
The mistress of a new found world,
A Continent her own;
For ever fallen, that vast domain,
The Trans-Atlantic power of Spain
Is from her sceptre gone.

And where Britannia's fostering care
Planted a scion young and fair
In green Virginia's soil,
Her own ungrateful offspring stand—
Alien possessors of the land—
Usurpers of her toil.

Methinks that ere the white man pass'd
The barriers of the ocean vast
Which laves fair Europe's strand,
Even then the red man sought thy shade,
And with astonished eye surveyed,
Thy huge proportions stand.

Oh! could he then anticipate,
The dire approach of that stern fate
Which his wild race befell,
And know that long ere thy decay,
His warriors should have pass'd away,
From mountain, moor, and dell,—

And from those beauteous waters, where
His light canoe, as free as air,
Moved o'er the lakelet's brim;
And from the honors of the chase,
Where he, exulting in the race,
Bounded on agile limb;

Save a small wandering remnant left,
Of home and heritage bereft,
Degraded and betrayed;

Prone to imbibe the white man's vice,
Sold by his passions at the price,
By Christian avarice paid;

How would his heart have bled to see
Such presage of their misery,
While yet a glow of pride
Had fired his breast, did he foreknow
How BLACK HAWK met his ruthless foe,
How OSCEOLA died?

How brave TECUMSEH scorned to yield,
Upon the white man's battle field,
When long tried vet'rans fled;
O'erpower'd, not conquer'd, firm he stood,
'Till, fainting from his ebbing blood,
He sank among his dead.

O noble hearts! regret, regret
Shall bow thy cruel spoilers yet,
When coming years have flown;
When future history shall relate
Your woes, your wrongs, your cruel fate,
And weep that ye are gone.

Yes weep! This wide spread heritage,
The wilderness whereon we wage
A long successful war;*
This verdant field, that blooming mead,
Yon prairie wide beneath thee spread,
Their just possessions are.

---

* AMERICAN MAXIM—Make war on the wilderness.

And shall we thus usurp their right,
Behold them perish in our sight,
In dens and caves around?
Oh! surely as they droop and die,
Our Indian brothers' blood shall cry
For vengeance from the ground.

Think ye your sparse economy,
Your garments doled as charity,
Shall pay the debt ye owe?
Think ye the drugs ye give, to ease
Neglect contracted dire disease,
Enough?—I tell you no.

Nay, think ye rulers of the land,
The true redress their wrongs demand,
Your potent powers can give?
Go, civilize and teach them then;
Teach them their dignity as men,
Go teach them how to live!

So shall our arts, our industry,
Receive a blessing from on high;
The stranger at our gate
The listless wanderer cease to be
Redeemed from want and vagrancy,
A value to the State.

How brief the life of man below!
A little while—'tis gone,—and lo,
No trace of us appears.

While nature forest children stand,
Age after age to deck the land,
The pride of future years.

A MARLBOROUGH'S name was yet unknown,
When thou, a stately tree, hadst grown.
A NELSON yet unborn.
Fame proudly claimed no WELLINGTON;
Or greater—no NAPOLEON,
The unfading wreath had worn.

Or in that great untrodden field
Where science lay a gem conceal'd,
Few laborers yet had been.
No GALILEO turn'd his eyes,
To scan the mysteries of the skies,
And worlds before unseen.

No NEWTON yet had lived, to trace
The wandering Comet's path in space,
The distant Planets' sphere;
To measure, as with rule and line,
Their bright ascension and decline,
Throughout their swift career.

No DAVY gave to industry
The noble aid of Chemistry,
To fertilize the soil;
The vegetable life to feed,
With full ear'd Corn the fields to spread
Rewarding human toil.

No FAUST had ope'd that guarded door
Where learning kept her secret store
Deep in the Convents' cell;
To bid mankind their vessels bring,
And dip, as from a living spring,
Or an exhaustless well.

No WATT or FULTON'S genius sight,
Beheld the slumbering giant's might,
The Titan arm of Steam,
No NAPIER'S Godlike skill was there,
His ponderous harness to prepare,
To tread the Ocean stream.

No ARKWRIGHT, with ingenious thought,
The labors of the million wrought
As with a magic hand,
Causing old Albion's Isle to be
One wide extended factory,
Her trade in every land.

No MORSE had sent the lightning's fire,
Freighted with thought along the wire,
To give to distant lands
The varied tidings of the day,
Or friendship's message to convey,
Or mercantile commands.

No. All was poor and important;
A pageant or a tournament,
Or bandit like foray,

Was all our fathers cared to know,
A thousand fleeting years ago;
Oh! how unlike to-day.

And we, their sons, what work have we
Achieved within one century!
The facts shall briefly tell:
Look round upon this crowed mart;
These works of industry and art,
Perchance, shall answer well.

Look round upon the scene again;
These products of our fair domain
A single year hath brought;—
O may it be, this treasured store
Shall make us love our Country more,
And prize her as we ought.

If so, the patent good achieved
Shall realise the hope conceived
By him who pen this lay;
Then shall our children rise, and tell
The blessings which to them befell
On this auspicious day.

Then strong, in self-reliance strong,
Undaunted shall we march along
With conscious pride possess'd,
That in the great industrial strife,
With which the modern world is rife,
She shall not be unblest.

Our smiling homes with plenty crown'd,
Improvement stamp'd on all around,
Religion's influence shed
On all our institutions, reared
For virtue's ends; and, so prepared,
Shall wide the blessing spread.

What though our clime be stern and rude,
Our soil but rough and unsubdued,
The blessings we possess
Call forth our gratitude and love
To Him, that Being far above,
Whom for these gifts we bless.

And while war's blood-stained flag unfurl'd,
Hangs ghastly o'er the Eastern world,
O'er suffering, want and woe;
We undisturbed and peaceful dwell,
All of war's horrors which we tell,
But by report we know.

And now farewell, thou Patriarch Tree!
Time honor'd friend, farewell to thee:
Farewell!—and in thy shade,
Long may the gentle warbler sing
His carol to the op'ning Spring,
The charmer of the glade.

Sackville, October 2d. 1854.

Battle of the Alma.

BRIGHT o'er the ripp'ling Alma,
The autumn sunbeams shone
On martial hosts—on glittering steel,
And battlements of stone,
Where the haughty Russian Menschikoff,
In his arrogance and pride,
Reposing in his fancied strength,
Our Allied host defied.
Ho! ye warriors of England,
Ye martial ones of France,
Will ye to yonder battled heights
With fearless step advance.
Hath the sting of death no terror
For veteran ones like thee,
Or are those northern bondsmen weak
To combat with the free?
"Are they weak?"—No, they are mighty,
By their conquests far and wide,
From the Danube to the Volga,
And along the Caspian's side.
They are mighty by dominion,
Yet like bullock's yoked in span:
They knew not one true impulse
Which should animate the man;
They know not of those sacred rights
Ye justly prize so high,
For which a freeman hopes to live,
A freeman dares to die!
Then up ye noble warriors,
Ascend the bristling height,
And let the serf and despot feel
The terrors of your might.
Ye shall not sleep forgotten,
If ye fall in conflict dire;
Your deeds shall live as if inscribed
On monumental spire,
For nations—millions yet unborn
Shall tell your might and worth,
When freedom's power is owned and loved
Around th'enfranchised earth.

Sackville. C.F.

(This poem appeared in the British Colonist (Halifax, NS), on Dec., 28, 1854, Vol. VI, #223).

In Memoriam

(James Montgomery 1771–1854)

Suggested by the death of James Montgomery, the “bard of Sheffield,” another of the “Wanderers of Switzerland.”

Sheffield today is still,
   Her bard has passed away;
The forge, the factory, the mill
   Rest mournfully today!

In the cold arms of death
   The “Wanderer” lays him down,
Exchanging a terrestrial wreath,
   For a celestial crown.

Montgomery’s harp hath ceased;
   The magic of its strain
Is hushed, and nature’s great high priest
   Shall wake it not again.

“Servant of God! well done;
   Rest from thy loved employ;
The battle fought, the victory won,
   Enter thy Master’s joy.”

The Relic

Oh I could gaze with pleasure on this relic of the past,
If o'er the mirror of the mind no sombre shades were cast,
If memory's time reviewing power recalled those scenes again
Which tell of love and innocence and not of crime and pain.

Did it but serve to bring to me remembrances of those
Whose lives were spent in acts of good to lighten human woes.
If a Reynold's† or a Howard's† hand had graced it with a touch,
I would look upon this relic then and honour it as such.

Or were it but a fragment of the tiny bark which bore
A fearless maiden‡ o'er the deep, amid the tempest's roar
And told of her whose feeble form could toil and danger brave
To answer wail of hopeless hearts; to succour and to save;

Then truly would it seem time worth more than pearl or gem
That flashes forth from warrior's hilt, or regal diadem;
High thoughts of mercy and of love, turned to the heart convey
The gems but bring the barren one, of glitter and display.

But why preserve a souvenir to tell to other times
Of a fellow sinner's frailties, his errors and his crimes;
No—rather leave the record to heaven above to keep
And in thy bosom's secret care, in mercy let it sleep.

These lines were written upon being offered a fragment of the pirate ship Saladin. The crew of which were tried and executed in Halifax, many years ago.

† Celebrated philanthropists.
‡ Grace Darling.

Hid Treasure
(The Labours of a Deacon)

Canto I

"Alas! The turmoil's of the poor,
"The friction of the labouring oar,
"The various projects which they try,
"The multiform pursuits they ply,
"The longings and the strivings vain,
"For what they never may obtain;
"The wreck of fondly cherished dreams,
"The blight of long projected schemes,
"These and a thousand evils more
"Ever attend the luckless poor!"

Thus spake the Deacon F__ of whom,
Much has been said and I presume.
Much may be said, but let it be,
Alike indifferent to me,
Whatever said; I do but tell
What haps that worthy man befell,
When he, by strong temptation tried,
To lucre's service turned aside.
Allured by Demas to the mine,
Good Christian saw and did decline.

But Elder D__ with open ear,
Was listening to his sage compeer,
And thus replied, "Deacon I own,
"The truthful picture you have shown,
"Too well portrays the patient poor,
"Born but to suffer and endure:
"So doth mysterious Providence
"Unequally its gifts dispense,
"And worthy men like you and I,
"May plod in homespun till we die,

"While dolts and worthless knaves full oft,
"Are clad in silks and raiment soft.
"Yet conscious of superior worth,
"Despising accident of birth,
"May we not mount on genius' wings,
"And soar above these vulgar things,
"Enjoying in the realms of thought,

“A bliss which is not sold or bought,
“And feed on that intellectual sweet
“The manna which the Angels eat.”

Quoth Deacon F__ “I do not care,
“To taste such unsubstantial fare.
“I’d rather stick by pan and pot,
“Ethereal banquets, fatten not.
“Give me the choice of wealth or fame,
“An ample purse, or noble name,
“One to accept and one refuse,
“And fame is not the one I’d choose.
“Once on a time I did despise,
“Wealth and its purchased vanities
“But since a Deacon I became,
“I do confess it, to my shame,
“That selfish aim and carking care,
“Crept in my bosom unaware,
“And through that aperture of sin,
“A relish for the world got in;
“For thus alas a mortal leaven,
“Cleaves to us to the gates of heaven.
“Now, while the world’s fair gifts I use,
“I neither covet nor abuse,
“While good and ill, to sheen or guide,
“Like beacon’s stand on either side.
“As wary seaman trim the sail
“When variable winds prevail,
“Make taut the brace or halliards slack,
“Instant prepared to stand or tack,
“Such pendent tenor I pursue,
“And keep both worlds alike, in view,
“Serve both in turn, and, nothing loath,
“Secure an interest thus in both.
“Once there did live a sage who knew
“Lever more strong than wedge or screw,
“Which if a fulcrum had been found,
“Had power to move the solid ground.
“That fulcrum gold has since supplied,
“And moves the world from side to side.
“Oh gold! what potent powers are thine,
“Thou demigod, almost divine!
“Thou arbiter of destiny!
“E’en vice itself, when touched by thee
“Respectability itself obtains,
“And half a moral status gains.

“Pursing thee, alike we brave
“All dangers both of land and wave;
“Possessing thee we fear no more,
“The evils that afflict the poor.
“Now Worthy Elder lend an ear
“Attentive to the words you hear,
“While I a ready scheme unfold,
“By which we may obtain the gold.
“’Tis not in regions far away,
“But at our own fair Chester Bay
“Whose lovely, oak clad isles are seen
“Embosomed in the bright marine,
“Where once that terror of the flood,
“The famous ocean Robin Hood,
“Of song and tale—hold Captain Kidd,
“In those fair isles his treasure’s hid.
“Small marvel that the corsair there,
“Dropped anchor without let or fear.
“In the calm shelter of a spot,
“By all the busy world forgot,
“And in its still and tranquil shade,
“Prepared again for future raid,
“To pounce with eagle eye anon,
“On freighted bark and galleon,
“And in the dells of yon fair isle
“Secrete his ill-got wealth the while.
“The spot is still remembered well,
“Where, as our old traditions tell,
“His hoard lies buried far below,
“Where stately oaks their branches throw,
“For centuries now have passed away
“Since his tall ships rode in the bay.
“A brooklet wandering to the sea,
“There forms a narrow estuary,
“Upon whose wave capt, shingly shore,
“—The pirates’ rendezvous of yore;
“There was of old a curious mound,
“And excavations in the ground,
“Which the abrading torrent’s flow,
“Has smoothed and levelled long ago.
“However e’en now the spot is known
“By dim inscriptions on a stone,
“Which many an anxious passer-by,
“Has gazed upon with searching eye,
“Intent the mystic words to read,
“That might to fame and fortune lead,

“But which a mystery do remain,
“Alike to savant and to swain.
“Now exercise of common sense
“Points to the fact, by inference,
“Nor needs the tongue of sage or seer,
“To tell that gold is buried there.
“I briefly now propose that we
“Do form a joint stock company,
“And so secure the golden prize,
“Which in our reach most surely lies.
“Labour and skill we shall require,
“To raise this treasure from the mire;
“A dam against the flowing tide,
“And pumping power must be supplied.
“The needful gear we must obtain,
“Tackle and windlass, winch and chain,
“With strong iron buckets too, to lift
“The accumulated sand and drift.
“Right means directed to the end,
“In a short time, we may depend.
“If patiently we work it out
“Will make us rich beyond a doubt,
“And recompense our toils and woes
“With years of leisure and repose.”

Quoth Elder D__ “A golden prize
“Easy to win, as you surmise,
“Others would not have left for us,
“Unless they were incredulous.
“I must confess, to me it seems,
“Like fancy’s pictures nought in dreams.”

“If weak in faith” the Deacon said,
“We cause the failure that we dread,
“And none but cowards hesitate,
“When the prospective gains are great.
“A fortune easily acquired,
“Is surely much to be desired.
“A rich bequest or lottery prize,
“The winner sees with glad surprise.
“Who that hath wrought in golden mine,
“And seen the glittering treasure shine,
“In its old matrix pure and bright,
“But in his heart hath felt delight.
“It may be that no sordid care,
“Had ever found a lodging there;

“It may be that he with lavish hand
“Would scatter wealth throughout the land;
“Or guard it with a miser’s grip,
“From his tight grasp no more to slip;
“To each the moment of success,
“Brings a like need of happiness,
“When all the schemes, by hope devised,
“Seem, in one moment realized.
“But, to conclude all argument,
“Without delay, ’tis my intent
“To offer the required stock,
“To organize—and not to talk.”

Then with an air of business he,
Waved an adieu to Elder D__
And hid away to straight prepare
And open, lists of stock and share.

’Tis proper that I now relate,
How fared the Deacon’s plans, and state
His scheme became so popular,
First offered shares were sold at par,
And up their soaring value went,
Each day increasing ten per cent,
Till all the proffered stock was bought,
And more to purchase yet, was sought.
When all arrangements were complete
It was agreed next morn to meet,
And all retired it dream that night
Of old doubloons and ducats bright.

Hid Treasure
(The Labours of a Deacon)

Canto II

Aurora streaks the eastern sky,
The star of morn is blazing high,
The air is vocal with the notes,
Of music from a thousand throats,
That carol to the rising day
On branch and bough, on leaf and spray.
O fair and joyous morn! in thee
An emblem of our lives we see;
When all is fresh and bright and new,
And sweetly bursting on the view,
Hope darting forth a gilded ray
Gives promise of a cloudless day.
Too soon alas shall mists arise
To mar the brightness of our skies.
While cold and blighting storms descend,
And gales blow hard or lightning rend.
But this is not the place or time,
For me to aim at the sublime.
Since I perceive how very near,
Does the ridiculous appear,
One theme shall occupy my pen,
With some digressions now and then.

Already gathered on the strand,
The Deacon and his party stand,
With willing hands and eager eyes
Impatient for the enterprise.
Such willing thrift we well might guess,
An augury of great success,
Judged by that rule we oft have heard,
The fortunes of the early bird.
Shall poet sing or critic hear,
The labours of the engineer?
The muses are too frail to bear,
The irksome weight of rule and square;
Hammer and axe and plummet line,
Are uncongenial to the nine.
To solid things they much prefer,
The light works of the gossamer,
And from their airy dwellings smile,

At ponderous arch and massive pile.
Then how shall I invoke their aid,
To tell how coffer-dam's are made,
Or how offend the tuneful ear,
With song of pumps and winding gear?
What tho' to measure, tune or time,
I may not well dispose my rhyme,
Yet these are themes I must disclose,
E'en tho' I should descend to prose.

As the skilled master seals his ship
Air tight and staunch, upon the slip,
Ere on her voyage she is sent
To buffet with her element;
So, with due skill and caution they
Down on the beach strong timbers lay,
With planks well fitted side by side,
A barrier to the coming tide.
And then with pick and spade in hand,
They shovel and up-heave the sand,
And soon impelled by force a main,
The pumps revolve and winches strain.
Apart in close colloquial mood,
The Deacon and the elder stood,
Discoursing of contingencies
That in the future might arise.

Quoth Elder D__ "Such wicked gain
"Conscience forbids us to obtain,
"Since by participating, we
"Share and condone the piracy;
"I see no difference in brief,
"Between the receiver and the thief.
"The turpitude and moral breach,
"With equal force applies to each.
"The spoils of rapine and of wrong,
"Wrenched from the feeble by the strong,
"Was doubtless hid with incantation
"And charm and wicked conjuration
"Which none but priest may e'er undo,
"What tho' it glittered in the view.
"Mysterious hands would snatch away,
"And to some secret spot convey,
"The treasure trove, e'en as our hands
"Were stretched to glean it from the sands,
"Since none could touch it while the charm

“Were un-dissolved except with harm.
“I therefore Deacon do advise
“To have the proper exorcise.
“I pray you let a priest be got
“And lay the demon on the spot,
“An English or a Rowish priest,
“Which e’er you think will do the best.
“Though I detest the Vatican,
“And don’t admire the Anglican,
“Because the latter, as I view it,
“Does not possess the power to do it,
“Since they did at the Reformation,
“Renounce such claims on that occasion,
“Though some assert it and would fain,
“Take up the ancient role again,
“And ape old mother church so well,
“That Jack from Jill ’twere hand to tell.
“Who ever does the spirit lay,
“We’ll bind to take joint stock in pay.
“And if he fails, why, you’ll allow,
“We’ll be no more poorer off than now.”

Quoth Deacon F__ “In every age
“When priest and layman did engage,
“In joint concerns, to say the least,
“The clerk has always fared the best.
“The ancient priests, by right divine,
“Claimed the best cut on rump and chine,
“But modern orders clerical,
“By the same token claim it all.
“Now if a priest can break a spell,
“May not a deacon do as well?
“Let’s have the physical prepared for,
“And leave the mystical uncared for.
“I therefore elder deem it well,
“We should appoint a sentinel,
“To guard us safe from all surprise
“When darkness shall o’er spread the skies,
“Lest haply vile marauders might
“Molest us in the hours of night.”

“Forewarned, forearmed” said Elder D__
“Is prudence in the first degree
“And verifies the argument
“Better than cure ’tis to prevent.”

Then from his band the Deacon chose,
His bravest man, as I suppose;
A sturdy might robust and tall
Towering above his peers like Saul.
Him with due powers he did invest
And thus the sentinel he addressed:
“This night we do assigned to you
“A post of trust and danger too
“To guard us safely from alarm
“And herald all approaching harm.
“Take thou this sword my father wore
“When he a proud commission bore,
“In our militia’s valiant band,
“That wall of fire which guards our land.
“What though it never yet drank blood,
“Its appetite is doubtless good.
“’Tis scarce a fault in sword or lance,
“That haply never had a chance;
“He never did in any case,
“The honour of our arms disgrace,
“And like him, well I trust that you
“Will safely guard its honour too.
“If an intruder venture near,
“Challenge his purpose, then and there,
“Bid him the password to repeat,
“Or instantly beat his retreat;
“Should he the ready signal give,
“He is a friend, and let him live.
“If he presume to disobey,
“At duty’s call, arise and slay,
“That the example may prevent,
“All others on like mischief bent.”
Then from its leathern case he drew
A weapon, terrible to view.
A ponderous and brass hilted glaive
Befitting warrior strong and brave,
And venerable with the rust
That did its ancient edge encrust.
Perhaps, a true Damascus blade,
It certainly might have been made
In that old city of the East,
In time of Tamerlaine at least.
This—and a sash of faded red
With tassels wrought of golden thread—
Safe in the hero’s hands he placed
And bound the sash around his waist.

Then did the Deacon lead the way,
Down to an inlet of the bay,
Which washed a beach of yellow sand
Where at all times a boat might land.
A pathway fringed with sombre pine
Led upwards, through a steep ravine,
With craggy sides, while overhead
Great gnarled oak their branches spread
And formed a thick impervious shade,
Fit for defence or ambuscade.
There one brave man by night or day,
Could safely hold a score at bay;
And in that strategic place,
Divided by a little space,
From his brave comrades; danger nigh,
They easily could hear his cry;
There at his post, secure and well
Leave we awhile the sentinel.

Ceaseless, the work went bravely on,
Day sped to noon, to eve anon,
And soon the veil of darkness fell
O'er hill and dale, o'er moor and dell,
While still with fresh relay and shift
They dig and delve, they pump and lift.
When hope gives energy to will,
What tasks can labour then fulfill;
Such latent free she does bestow,
That pigmies into giants grow.

Hid Treasure
(The Labours of a Deacon)

Canto III

The god of day had sunk to rest,
Down to his chamber in the west,
And Luna's mild and placid beam,
Shone on the Earth with silver gleam,
While not a blade or leaf was stirred,
And not a passing sound was heard,
Save, from a distant lonely hill,
A solitary whippoorwill,
Did pipe his melancholy lay,
A requiem of departed day,
Or slowly booming on the ear
The owl droned forth his music drear,
Alas! That calm, so still and hallowed,
So soon should be in discord swallowed;
For now a wild and fearful yell,
Rose from the valiant sentinel.
Again, again, it echoed round
Like the fierce baying of a hound;
Then louder, wilder still it rose
Accompanied by sound of blows.
Alarmed, the timid whippoorwill,
Shrinks into silence and is still;
His note suspends the cautions owl,
—Wisdom's own bird, Minerva's fowl.
The dread portents of strife and fear,
The Deacon and his party hear,
Each asking each, with bated breath
"What mean these sounds of war and death?"
Then one less timid than the rest
Arose and thus his mind expressed:
"Doubtless my friends from sounds we hear,
"A dreadful conflict rages near.
"I fear some evil has befell,
"Our brave and trusty sentinel,
"And we like men at once should go
"And aid him to repel the foe;
"To leave a comrade in such case
"Were surely dastardly and base;
"And it would cling to us beside
"A stigma on our wounded pride."

"O! rash and inexperienced man"—
The prudent Deacon than began,
"I will maintain that such advice
"Is injudicious and unwise.
"Far better one brave man should fall
"Than rashly to imperil all;
"Far better for awhile to hide
"Than rush on danger, all untried,
"Or unprepared to meet a foe
"So little of whose strength we know.
"As for the plea of wounded pride,
"That feeling should be mortified.
"Was it not pride first brought disgrace
"And ruin to our mortal race?
"And now rush we know not where,
"Might bring us wounds more hard to bare.
"Safety is dear to every heart,
"Discretion's 'valour's better part'
"'Tis 'distance' says the poet too,
"That 'lends enchantment to the view.'
"I move we do ascend a tree."
'Twas seconded by two or three.
And then unanimously carried,
As you must own, for no man tarried.
To give dissent, but speedily
Betook him to the nearest tree,
And there away the thickest branches,
Did crouch himself upon his hunches;
Where I shall leave them, now, and till
The story of the Sentinel.

Down in the glen's secluded notch,
Where that brave man, kept ward and watch,
Over the water's broad expanse
He gazed with apprehensive glance,
When lo! a skiff approached the shore,
With stealthy glide and silent oar;
Nearer and nearer came to land
Until its bows were on the strand;
Then on the margin of the flood,
Tall and erect an Indian stood.
In his right hand a torch burned clear,
His left hand grasped a lobster spear,
And by the torches fitful glare
O'er his brown face and uncombed hair,

He seemed to be from top to toe
A rude and formidable foe.
The Sentinel with stern commands,
The password and countersign demands,
Again demands—but no reply.
“Traitor! the signal or you die.”
He shouted out with angry voice
“Death or the password, make your choice.”
The Indian taken by surprise,
Did many curious things surmise;
Was it a form of flesh and blood
That thus menaced him from the wood?
Or spirit of some ancient brave
Still lingering near its island grave?
He thus appeared by fear and doubt
Broken accents stammered out:—
“You berry bierce, what for you call?
“Sartin me, do no harm at all;
“No squaw, no dog here haven you;
“You sartin Indian or Mundoo.*
“What for you stayem here in dark?
“Me only come to peelem bark,
“Me makem torch, then go away
“And spearem lobster in the bay.”
“Hold!” cried the Sentinel, “this tale
“With me, vile wretch, will not avail.
“A man like me you can’t deceive,
“Your purpose is pimp and thieve.
“I know you by your form and face,
“Of Saxon or of Celtic race,
“And not as you would represent
“Of Aztec or Toltec† decent.
“But patience is exhausted now,
“Nor further parley I’ll allow.”
Then lifting up a stone to throw,
As did great Ajax long ago;
As did the Judean shepherd boy,
Gath’s stalwart giant to destroy,
Awhile he poised his arm on high
To gaze his mark and then let fly.
Unlike his prototypes, his aim,
Was too remote to kill or maim.
Such mode of fight to him well known,
The Indian centred every stone
True to its blank, with greater skill,
Than oft is shown at musket drill.

Where at the Sentinel in rage,
Rushed in close combat to engage,
And with his dexterous hand essayed
In haste to draw his trenchant blade,
To split his foeman like a clapboard;
But it had rusted in its scabbard,
And all his force was spent in vain,
Nor fast the weapon did remain,
Then finding it could not be drawn,
He used it with the sheath there on,
Swinging it round in circles wide,
But with more rage then skill to guide,
Now from the fury of the foe,
Retiring stubbornly and show
The Indian, with his lobster spear
Made a diversion in the rear.
Foiled by the shortness of his glaive
His hinder parts he could not save.
To hold his own he could but strive
Till reinforcements should arrive,
And ever up the dusky glen,
His fancy saw the coming men.
Delusive fancy far alas!
'Twas but the shadow on the grass,
Projected by the sombre pines
Waving aloft their quivering spines.
'Twas thus if history sayeth true
The Iron Duke at Waterloo,
Gazed o'er the hills with anxious glance
For signs of Blucher's slow advance.
But ah! for him of lesser fame
No might availed, no Blucher came,
He therefore saw, at any price
He must obtain an armistice;
"Hold! valiant aboriginal"
Softly exclaimed the Sentinel
"Yielding to prowess and to fate
"I offer to capitulate.
"If you object to that expression
"I will surrender at discretion,
"For, to your aim I find that I,
"Am but a target and 'cockshy.'
"The spoils of war are truly thine,
"Therefore these weapons I resign.
"This sword and belt O gallant sachem!
"Are yours by conquest—do you tak'em?"

“No” said the Indian “Sartin no,
You buy’em lobster and me go”
Thou sage instructed in the wild,
By no learned sophistries beguiled,
Whose soul was never ‘taught to stray
To solar path or milky way,’
Diplomatists to thee might turn
O nature’s nobleman! And learn
Conquest is godlike, taught to spare,
And not to strip the conquered bare.
The Sentinel too glad to find
A peace concluded to his mind.
The purchase made with thankful heart,
And took his lobsters to depart,
While faithful to his truce and true,
The Indian boarded his canoe,
And steering from the isle away,
Was lost in darkness up the bay.
Now with a hamper on his back
Our hero takes the shoreward track
Nor stays his progress till he sees
His comrades, roosting in the trees,
Who, reassured did soon descend
To greet their champion and their friend.
And then the Deacon quick explained
The reason why they had remained
In that strange post of elevation
’Twas for the sake of observation.
By rules of tactics he could prove
It was a strategic move,
And no mere skulking artifice
To be ascribed to cowardice.

Quoth he “In contests such as this
“E’en air balloons are not amiss.”
The sentinel grew eloquent
About the sweat and blood he’d spent,
But yet his wounds did not locate
Lest envious minds should speculate,
Whether a wound may be as sore
Behind a man as ’tis before!
He merely said “The foe infernal
“I fear has given me wounds internal.
“Against strong odds I did contend,
“Our rights and honour to defend
“Till victory did reward my toil,

“And in this hamper lies the spoil”

“These curious fish,” the Deacon said,
“When they are boiled, becoming red,
“Are nicknamed ‘soldiers’ from the hue
“Their uniform presents to view.
“Since thou a conqueror home didst bear
“These trophies which a prince might share
“This shell fish rampant well might be
“Fitting heraldic charge for thee,
“Emblazoned thus by knightly rules,
“Argent, a lobster rampant, gules”
Then turning he addressed the cook
Who lingered near his sheltering nook,
“Go dress these fish, contrive a feast
“In honour of our friend and guest;
“With your best skill have them prepared,
“I pray, let no adjunct be spared,
“Bring vinegar and pepper bring
“With finest salt for seasoning,
“For, be it known that we this day,
“a debt of gratitude would pay,
“As when some chief, abroad who earns
“His country’s favours, home returns,
“His praise doth parliament proclaim
“And thank him in the nation’s name.
“Thy deeds the theme of many a tongue
“By martial, minstrels shall he sung,
“And epic poets shall rehearse
“Thy triumphs in heroic verse.
“But wearied nature needs repose
“Forget awhile your toils and woes
“On yon smooth, grassy knoll recline,
“And to sweet sleep your cares resign;
“Until a savoury bouquet steams;
“Sleep on brave heart and pleasant dreams.”

Then to the beach with might and main
They hurried to their task again,
And vigorously the work resumed
Till a dark mass in part exhumed
Glanced in the moonbeams dusky light
A moment, and was lost to sight;
For now to their untold dismay
A cry arose “the dam gives way!”
At first a small and feeble gush,

Increasing to a torrent's rush
If filled their excavation up
Like water pouring in a cup.
As when a stout ship springs a leak,
The crew to know their danger seek
And by the carpenter are told
Of using water in the hold.
Round on the pumps they nimbly ply,
Knowing their fate, 'to do or die.'
So these with equal courage strove
To save their well earned treasure trove,
Back beating the encroaching tide,
Which yet crept on with stealthy glide,
Until the level of its source
It gained and drove them back, perforce.
Then climbed they up the oozy bank,
Upon the ground exhausted sank,
And loud and long lamenting lay,
Prospective fortune snatched away.

Cried Deacon F__ "I will go down,
"I'll find that treasure or I'll drown."
Said Elder D__ "Forbear! Forbear!
"Thy rash intention to declare;
"A wise and cautious general
"Incurs not dangers personal
"But guides the action from a spot
"Beyond the range of shell or shot;
"If he the conflict enters in,
"Less ample chance hath he to win,
"And if a ball let out his brains
"Loses a pension for his pains.
"So without risk precarious, he
"Combats the foe vicariously,
"Till victory does for him declare
"And then he gets the lions share.
"Amphibious thing like seal or otter
"May venture in such depths of water
"But for a Deacon to go in,
"Up to his very neck and chin,
"Is to all precedent opposed,
"And, needful, cannot be supposed."

A moment brief the Deacon stood,
Threw off his cloths, then stark and nude,
With wary glance and cautious tread

Adorn the sloping bank did wade,
And with a guiding pole in hand
He probed and sounded in the sand,
Until he touched some solid thing,
Which seemed metallic by its ring,
Then cautiously, one foot upraised
Was on the solid substance placed,
And making a prodigious stride,
His shoulders rose above the tide.
“I’m on it now” the Deacon cries
“And can describe its shape and size;
“My feet which are six inches wide
“Scarce cover it placed scale by side,
“Moreover too my toe it pinches
“To wear a shoe of sixteen inches
“And thrice their length does scarce include
“This precious box in longitude.
“I speak of length and height alone
“The depth of course is yet unknown.”
Just as the crane of bittern treads
The shiny ooze in which it feeds,
Intent his fishy ford to see,
– Or froggy as the case may be –
So cautious moving, to and fro
The Deacon wades and feels below,
Until at length he found a place,
For noose or grappling to embrace.
There making fast the tackle chain
He waved his hand, the hawsers strain
– “Bowse on the windlass. Yeo! Heave ho!” –
Up from its oozing bed below
A massive weight suspended hung
And at the puppet swayed and swung
Oh! Then what fears, what hopes intense
Were in that moment of suspense.
The balance held aloft by height
Was trembling ’neath a doubtful weight,
One anxious moment, to decide
It fell the beam to fortunes’ side.
Say muse for thou caus’t draw the vail,
How fell the beam? how turned the scale?

Strange irony their hopes to mock,
’Twas but the fragment of a rock,
By nature fashioned smooth and square,
As though man’s skill had placed it there!

Moreover without doubt was it,
The rock on which the Deacon split,
For in the dark, and none to blame,
His nose with it in contact came,
And with much loss of blood and pain
The nasal porch was cleft in twain
Making it hideous to the eye,
Forever since it stand awry.

And now the bitter end is shown,
Pray reader make the case your own,
How would you feel, thus vexed and crossed
Your hopes cut short, your labour lost?
Alas! the Deacon, weary man
Foiled in his dearly cherished plan,
Declares that destiny or fate
His failure did predestinate.
And Elder D__ who plain sees
Fortunes are made by slow degrees,
A peddler long since became,
—Or travelling merchant—'tis the same.

As for the valiant sentinel,
To him a better fortune fell
A rich old uncle having died,
Left him a farm, and cash beside,
When he, his good estate to share
Married a spinster young and fair.
The nameless ones who toiled and strove
So earnestly for treasure trove,
Their fortunes may be simply told
By word brief, but suggestive—sold!

And now this bootless search for gold
In unpretentious rhyme is told,
If you the point or moral see
Kind reader, make it known to me.

To a Rich Miser

Mortal away!
Place not in earth thy bliss,
Thou wert not formed to stay
In a sad world like this,
Thou art an heir of heaven,
Of joys beyond this sphere
Then why is thy affection given
To aught which binds thee here?

The life you may not keep
Is fading hour by hour;
The glow upon the cheek
The bloom upon the flower;
The dross you vainly prize;
The gold thy care has won;
Are fading from thy weary eyes
Like mists before the sun.

What can this vain world give
With charm to satisfy
The spirit made to live
Throughout eternity?
Oh! impotent and vain
Is all she can bestow
To smooth the pallid prow of pain
Or soothe our dying woe.

Then mortal, hence away!
Place not in earth thy bliss,
Thou wert not formed to stay
In a sad world like this;
Nay, seek beyond the skies
Those treasures bright and pure,
Unfading wealth of Paradise,
From rust and moth secure.

Patrician and Plebeian*

Nay let him sleep unheeded
  In the deserts far away,
The Patrician bones are gathered,
   Let the Plebeian's decay.
Is it not fame enough for him
  That centuries hence will tell,
He served his country with his life
  And mouldered where he fell?

Yet when its debt of honour
  A country seeks to pay
Methinks it cannot well divide
  The qualities of clay.
The soldier and his chieftain
  Slain in the deadly breach
Should alike receive her honour
  When she owes alike to each.

Let us breathe no word of discord
  As ye bear their honoured bones
To their consecrated nest beneath
  Their monumental stones,
They are heroes! They are martyrs!
  But their humble comrade lies
Un-honoured and forgotten
  Beneath the sultry desert skies.

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* The remains of Burke and Wills, the Australian explorers, who died of exhaustion in the far interior were brought to Melbourne and buried—suitable monuments being erected to their memory by the Victoria government—while the remains of Gray, their servant, who perished with them, were left uncared for.

The Saxon's Sentimental Journey

In pessimistic mood I cried,
Ah woe is me, my native isle!
I will not in this land abide
Of craft and guile.

To choler moved by what I felt,
I journeyed northward to the Scotch;
But when I crossed the Tweed, a Celt
Purloined my watch.

To Ireland at night I bent my way,
Seeking for honest men in vain;
Ere I had sojourned there a day
I lost my chain.

To France I turned: flung care away;
Marseilles fair town I entered in
But missed within the first café
My diamond pin.

For Switzerland I left next morn;
Said "now, no more I need police"
Yet ere I saw the Matterhorn,
Lost my valise.

To Vallombrosa's leafy shade,
I strayed, poetic thoughts to nurse;
A score of Lazzaroni strove
To steal my purse.

To sail on Adria's summer tide
I hired a boat man and—his boat;
And while we sailed, the villain tried
To cut my throat.

To Classic Greece I steered anon,
And was there artistically trepanned
Near the old field of Marathon
By a brigand.

When kept in durance for a year,
   I paid my ransom and returned,
My moral vision made more clear
   By what I'd learned.

Of North, or South or East or West
   Of men and things in all the round,
We have as good—perhaps the best—
   That can be found!

The Tao-Aspiring Poet

Alas poor child of toil and poverty!
Amongst thy betters wouldn't thou fain he seen?
No; like the Hebrew, seized with leprosy,
Stand by thyself and cry "Unclean! Unclean!"

What though kind providence hath given thee sense,—
Wit, spirit, genius, loftiness of soul?
Yet thou art penniless, so get the hence
And learn thy aspirations to control.

It ill befits thy station, thus to soar
Up to the heights where wealth and learning tread;
Dost thou ask why? I answer "thou art poor
"And humbly toil'ests for thy daily bread."

I know thou urge'st, Clifford did the same,
That Hogg was shepherd on his native braes,
That Burns the ploughman earned so bright a fame,
E'en learning's self draws lustre from its blaze.

A galaxy of names thou wouldst supply
Who, humbly born have scaled the moment of fame,
Yet on its barren height were left to die,
Their only recompense an empty name.

If thou hast wit like them, like them you may
Win for your dust perchance a marble tomb,
Yet all through life be jostled from the way
To give some wealthy ignoramus room.

A Lilt of Skibbereen

I journeyed to Dublin from far Skibbereen.
With a kit on my back, lashed my shoulders between,
There I soon got employment at making repairs,
In the home of McGinlay—up two flights of stairs.

By trade I'm a joiner, and this let me say,
There are few better workmen than Sullivan Ray,
And I finished apartments as neat as the mayor's
For Dennis McGinlay—up two flights of stairs.

Now Dennis was wealthy and thriving in trade,
The money he spent was much less than he made,
He had one fair daughter (but no other heirs)
—Miss Norah McGinlay—up two flights of stairs.

Oh she was a darling so lovely and neat!
Her eyes were of azure, her voice soft and sweet,
And no girl in Dublin, in household affairs
Was like Norah McGinlay—up two flights of stairs.

Of course I soon loved her and asked her if she,
Could fondly conceive the same passion for me,
She whispered "I will" and sealed it with tears
Fair Norah McGinlay, up two flights of stairs.

Then with feelings of bliss to McGinlay I went,
And told him I'd gained his dear daughter's consent,
But he and her mother were cross as two bears
With Norah McGinlay—up two flights of stairs.

But Dennis though angry consented at last,
And now I am happy, in wedlock tied fast,
For I courted, I married and ended my cares
With Norah McGinlay—up two flights of stairs.

Reason and Faith

God of my life, I trembling stand,
Mid dangers dark and deep,
With savage wilds on every hand,
In slippery paths and steep.

Safe through the gloom vain reason's pride,
Asserts her power to tread,
With no more light my feet to guide
Than her dim lamp can shed.

Trust not my soul the dubious ray,
But seek that light divine,
Which only can illume thy way
And on thy pathway shine.

To soar to yonder starry skies
To reason's power is given,
But faith and prayer can higher rise
And scale the gates of heaven.

Hymn

O Gracious God! through every stage,
Of my allotted pilgrimage,
Be thou my help, my guide, my stay,
Guard Thou my footsteps lest I stray.

When health and strength and joy are mine,
Let me so prize thy gifts divine,
That while life's healthful pulses move,
My members may thy servants prove.

When pain and sickness bow my head,
And nature loathes her daily bread,
Grant me beneath their, due control,
In patience to possess my soul.

In favours granted or denied
By blessings or afflictions tried,
Grant me the eye of faith to see,
All things possessed, possessing thee.

When I in death my powers resign,
O Saviour dear! more fully thine,
May I to thy full presence soar
And dwell in love for evermore.

The Man of God

O man of God! thou till'st a stubborn soil
Whereon the dews of grace oft fall in vain;
The useless weeds arise to mock thy toil
And choking tares, where thou didst scatter grain.

Patient and hopeful, wilt thou still remain
On a rude health unworthy of thy care,
Or turn thee to some fairer fertile plain
And reap a harvest for thy master there?

Yet pause: through anxious years of toil and pain
The goodly seed thy labouring hand doth sow,
Blessed by the early and the latter rain
Shall yet perchance a goodly harvest show.

So when thy day of life is on the wane
Thine aged eyes may then rejoice to see
That present loss hath proved a future gain
In harvests plenteous for eternity.

Farewell to Australia
(1865)

Thou sun-bright land that gems the Austral Sea,
  With fond regret, I bid farewell to thee;
Land of the Golden Fleece and generous vine,
  Rich in thy flocks and herds, thy corn and wine.

While here in pleasing reverie I stand
  On the same spot where first I pressed thy strand
I live again in the romantic days,
  When thy rich hal'o set the world ablaze;

When from the furthest bounds of distant lands
  Came thronging hosts to rob thy golden sands;
When eager thousands toiled along thy plains
  And woke the slumbers of thy shepherd swains;

When rustic garden crofts and meadows green,
  Flecked yonder hills, where Melbourne sits, a queen
In maidens beauty, as of magic power
  Had spoke her into being in an hour;

When gallant fleets cast anchor in yon bay
  Or treasure laden, seaward shaped their way,
Or inward pouring through thy golden gate*
   Conveyed from every part a goodly freight,

Of young life, strong in arm and high in hope,
  With adverse fortune resolute to cope
Who braved the dangers of the wild sea foam,
  To find, in this fair southern land a home.

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* Port Phillip Heads

Time was when commerce plied the labouring ore,
In cumbrous barges, urged along the shore,
Treading the margin of the watery lone,
While all beyond was shadowy and unknown.

Till science came to unlock the mystery
And in the hand of Commerce placed the key.
She bade the trembling filament of steel
Point to its talisman and guide the wheel.

Mysterious magnet what unseen control
Binds thee resistless to thy distant pole,
Through storm and night thy certain course to keep
Leading “the wanderer o’er the ecliptic deep”!

By faith in thee, the adventurous Genoese
Urged his undaunted bark o’er unknown seas,
Cleaving with fearless prow the boundless waste
Which never oar had tossed or keel had traced;

Winging to the far occident his way
And regions basking in the glare of day,
Where nature’s vastness awed on every hand
With giant streams and mountains doubly grand;

Where Chimborazo ago towering to the skies,
Sees Marañón and Orinoco rise,
Or where St. Lawrence pours his ample flood
And bears his commerce through Canadian woods.

Guided by thee, to this, then unknown shore,
The gallant Cook came boldly to explore
And to the world of science brought to view
Fauna and flora, multiform and new;

Told of thy swelling hills and flowering vales
Where round the year perennial spring prevails;
Told of thy rolling downs of emerald green
Where now uncounted flocks and herds are seen;

Then rose Britannia’s flag o’er cape and bay
And a new empire owned her sovereign sway.
Yet oh! thy natal morn in sorrow rose
Mid moral mists and chilled by heavy woes

And thy first breath was poisoned for a time
  By noxious airs—the pestilence of crime.
But in the furnace of affliction tried
  Thou camest forth refined and purified,

And now thou mayest claim a leading part
  In learning, science, literature and art.
Oh what a destiny were thine to share
  Thou favoured land so youthful and so fair,

Born as of yesterday, yet even now
  Wearing the seal of empire on thy brow,
Foremost among the nations, yet to be
  When countless millions find a home in thee;

The promise of thy greatness now we trace
  In all that constitutes a manly race.
While vast achievement to the mind appears
  Crowding the vista of thy coming years.

Ye who in older lands, by ceaseless toil
  Wring a mere pittance from an o'er taxed soil
Through a long life of penury alone,
  Tilling the lands which ye shall never own.

And ye sad Artisans*, who mourn your doom
  Pining in want beside your silent loom
While bleeds your hearts, to see your children fed
  By public alms and eat the pauper's bread;

Oh could some kind benignant power today
  To these fair realms your famished lands convey
How would your powers in manly growth expand
  And add new wealth to your adopted land.

---

* When these lines were written, the Lancashire Cotton Famine was at its height. Thousands of workmen were thrown out of employment and their families were dependent on the public charity for sustenance.

What though I part today from many ties
  Dear to my heart and pleasant to my eyes
To tempt the dangers of the stormy main
  And hie me to my northern home again

In Nova Scotia of historic fame,
  Which yet prefers its ancient Norman name
Acadia, sacred to the timeful vine,
  Abode of Gabriel and Evangeline,

Farewell dear land!—when o'er yon distant sea,
  Oft shall my thoughts return and visit thee,
Breathing in fancy of the sweet perfume
  On Yarra's banks where golden wattle's bloom,

Or where the Was-Was* tunes his sprightly song
  Among the fronded glades of Dandenong†
Or where the swans sail forth, a fairy fleet
  Upon the bosom of Lake Burrumbeet‡

The high, auspicious day draws surely nigh
  When closer bonds our scattered realms shall tie
And round the world our federated state
  Be one in arms, in council and debate.

Till then dear England shall thy offshoots be
  A reflex of thyself, close knit to thee
Our pride—tho' peopling worlds from pole to pole—
  Thy laws and language still pervade the whole.

---

* See Gould's ornithology for a description of this Australian Songster.

† A pleasure resort near Melbourne.

‡ Near Ballarat.

The Voyagers on Gennesaret

Upon a fickle inland sea
A fragile bark sets sail
With canvas set, so fair and free
To catch the gentle gale.

Onward upon her course she went
Far o'er the rippling tide,
Till her crew's glances, shoreward sent
The destined port descried.

But lo! between them and the shore
Sudden, a storm came down,
They heard the distant billows roar,
And saw the tempest's frown.

'Twas vain to turn—nor help was near
That human power could lend;
Within their bosoms, hope and fear,
Did fitfully contend.

Nearer and nearer fiercely scowled
The storm cloud hurrying on;
Now angry blasts around them howled
And lightning's flashed anon.

As sea bird on the ocean's spray
From wave to wave is cast,
So they upon their watery way
Were swept before the blast.

Wildly each mounting billows crest
Was tossed in foam on high
As if the water's heaving breast
Aspired to reach the sky.

Then down into the deep abyss,
With headlong fury hurled,
As if to mock their feebleness
The restless surges curled.

Yet help was near, a heavenly form
In that mean galley lay
Whose power can curb the raging storm,
Whose will the waves obey.

Weary of scenes, where all around
In sinful guise appeared,
Where no ennobling sight or sound,
The saviour saw or heard;

There e'en upon that foaming sea
He found a nest, denied
Mid scenes of wealth and luxury
And glittering halls of pride.

The wandering fox might seek his lair
And there securely rest,
The winged creatures of the air
Could find a peaceful nest,

But ah! for him creation's Lord,
Mid all his hands had made,
No sheltering roof did earth afford
To rest his weary head.

Him they approach with accents meek
And many a suppliant word;
Their fears confessed, his aid they seek
And rouse their slumbering Lord.

“Lord save us; lo around us swell
“The billows vast and deep!
“Arise, for thou hast power to quell
“The storms which round us leap.”

With loving speed the Lord arose
And bade the sea be still;
The winds are hushed, the waves repose
Obedient to his will.

Then gladly o’er the conquered wave
Their joyous course they steer,
Praising the power which deigned to save
When death was hovering near.

Hence Christian learn when tossed and driven
O’er life’s tempestuous sea,
The saviour from his throne in Heaven
Can calm its storms for thee.

Though for thy soul sins storms contend
Set faith discomfit fear;
Ask thou his aid, thy heavenly friend
In every trail, is near.

Keep the Heart Young

Keep the heart young and free from idle sorrow,
Cheerfully journeying life's appointed way,
Why should we fear for greater ills tomorrow,
Than we perchance have met and borne today.

Keep the heart young through time with busy fingers,
Silvers the head, or lays the temples bare,
What matters when a youthful spirit lingers
Under that wrinkled brow and scattered hair.

Keep the heart young and gather up the flowers
That goodness strews around us on the way,
Surely uncounted blessings still are ours,
And wherefore not enjoy them while we may.

So shall we fall as leaf in autumn falleth,
Bearing our honours to the latest day,
Ready to go when the great Master calleth,
"Come to thy place appointed, come away!"

ESSAY ON PROGRESS.

BY

CHARLES FENERTY

HALIFAX, N.S.
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1866.

TO THE PUBLIC

The following Essay, originally intended for publication in Melbourne, was written during the residence of the author in the southern colonies, which will explain various incidents alluded to in the Poem. The writer having been called by business to New Zealand, abandoned the idea of publishing it then. Being a sojourner for a time among my native hills, I hereby offer it to the public without note or comment, feeling assured that if it has merit it needs no apology; if it has none, apology would be useless; and in that case it will certainly get none from me.

CHARLES FENERTY

Sackville, March 15, 1866.

ESSAY ON PROGRESS.

Could we, conveyed to an ærial seat,
View this huge orb revolve beneath our feet,
And from our pendant throne, minutely scan
The acts, acquirements, and pursuits of man;—
Backward in time, as at a glance survey,
The various arts of ages pass'd away;—
Far in the future, with prophetic ken,
Discern the future deeds of future men—
Say, what emotions would the view inspire,
To sink our modern pride, or raise it higher,
To emulate the arts of ages gone,
Or to admire the wisdom of our own.
Or to impress us with the inspiring thought,
That all the old, or modern world has wrought,
Compared with what her future shall unfold,
Will but appear as dross, compared with gold.
First to the view, say Egypt's ancient land,
Shone, with her arts magnificently grand;
As, in the splendour of her primal day,
When her proud Pharaohs held the regal sway;
Whose might, attested still by many a pile,
Like Cheops, towering o'er the classic Nile;
Or Karnak, glorious in its ruins vast,
An essay on the grandeur of the past.
While forced to own, the Architectural page,
Proclaims us pigmies of a meagre age,
'Twas superstitious power which raised on high,
Those massive towers, which time and storm defy;

1*

When, Nations hastened at a Despot's call,
To found a Temple, or erect a wall.
Tyrants commanded, passive skill obeyed,
Millions repined, and pyramids* were made:
But we, rejoicing, that the age has pass'd,
To fill the world, with monuments, so vast,
By patient toil, and unrequited skill,
Passive, and subject to a Tyrant's will;
Yet, proudly claim achievements, greater far—
The ship, the factory, and the rushing car;
The mystic art, by which on wings of thought,
Nations remote, contiguous are brought,
And cities, scattered over half the Earth,
Converse, like neighbours round a social hearth.
We claim the Press, that wondrous art, alone
Worth more than all, to the great ancients known:
An orb of light, before whose powerful ray,
The mist of superstition melts away;
The voice, which science gave to liberty,
To instruct the oppres't, and teach them to be free.
Ever, oh glorious art, man's rights proclaim;
Speak with thy thousand tongues, in freedom's name;
Thine is a voice, more terrible by far,
Than all the thunders of tumultuous war;
Thine is a power, which spurns all base controul,
And stirs the Nations to the inmost soul;
Law, Justice, Order, venerate thy word,
And to the dungeon's depths, thy voice is heard:
Whilst thou in freedom's name, shalt dauntless speak,
The slave shall struggle, till his fetters break.
Immortal Freedom, glorious and divine,

---

* It is stated by Mr. Buckle in his History of Civilization, on the ancient authority of Diodorus Siculus, that the great Pyramid of Cheops required the combined labor of 120,000 men for a period of thirty-six years to accomplish its erection.

What conflicts and what triumphs, have been thine;
For thee, what pangs the suffering world has borne,
For thee, what millions yet are left to mourn!
See hapless Poland, trampled in the mire,
Despite her patriotic soul of fire;
Torn by the northern vulture, see her bleed,
And none to aid her to avenge the deed.
While sunbright Italy, long to the ground
By Ducal chains, in slavish fetters bound;
Now, girds her sword on Garibaldi's thigh,
And swears with him to conquer or to die.
See her lift up her ancient shield again,
And scourge the Tyrant from her fair domain;
See her, as if arisen from the dead,
Fresh, in the paths of generous progress tread.
Oh! ever thus, beneath fair freedom's smile,
Attendant happiness, is seen the while:
Where equal laws, a people's rights secure,
And guard alike the wealthy, and the poor:
In unpropitious situations placed,
How human energy, oft runs to waste,
Where, vain the hope, to see its powers expand,
As seek for verdure on an arid sand.
But, as in some fair soil, with ample room,
The bud expanding, ripens into bloom—
So shall meek labor yield its timely fruits,
Spread wide its branches and extend its roots.
Cradled in want, see poor misfortune's child,
Like Hagar's son, cast forth upon the wild;
Bowed down by poverty, and made to feel,
The cruel impress of its iron heel.
And is he doomed through life to hope no more,
Than the same drudgeries which his fathers bore;
A sad entailment of their hapless lot,
To live despised, and be in Death forgot,

No! in his breast exists the nobler aim,
To build his fortunes and to raise his name;
He feels the opposing force is hard and strong,
He knows the conflict will be fierce and long;
Yet, firm in his resolve, he wins the prize
For which he longed, or in the struggle dies.
These are the heroes, on life's battle field,
Who make the stubborn wilderness to yield;
Who storm stern Nature in her own stronghold,
Drive forth the bear, and pen the fleecy fold.
Where the gnarled oak and beech their branches spread,
And the brisk squirrel gamboled in the shade;
There, patient toil hath spread a grassy lawn,
Verdant and fair as eye may rest upon.
List to the harvest song so sweetly blythe,
List to the ringing of the marry scythe;
See blooming childhood gathering violets there,
And harebells wild, to deck their golden hair;
See the neat cottage on the slope above,
The home of comfort and the home of love.
These are thy goodly trophies, son of toil,
Greater than all a conquering nation's spoil:
War's cruel end and aim is to destroy,
But thou createst, and thy work is joy.
Yet not alone the work of toiling hands,
But toiling heads, the muse's praise demands;
Workers of science, they who ceaseless toil,
Through day's long hours, and "burn the midnight oil;"
Oft wearying on through pain and fortune hard,
Perfect the end, but taste not the reward.
The world, too late repentant of the wrong,
Record their names in history or in song;
Pile up their monuments, of parian stone,
As if to the poor dust they could atone.
So Ayrshire's minstrel, left in want to grieve,

Receives a homage, more than Kings receive;
A hundred years from his illustrious birth
Brings an *ovation round the extended earth.
’Tis not in mere material wealth we find
The world’s advancement, but the march of mind;
Science and letters, labor’s better parts,
Must give direction to the meaner arts;
’Tis they unlock kind Nature’s teeming store,
And all her vast and secret things explore.
Time was when commerce plied the lab’ring oar,
In cumbrous barges, urged along the shore;
Treading the margin of the watery zone,
While all beyond was shadowy and unknown;
Till the discovery of the magnet gave
New arts, new power, new wealth, beyond the wave.
Mysterious magnet, what unseen control,
Blinds thee resistless to thy distant pole;
’Twas, taught by thee, the adventurous Genoese,
Guided his gallant bark through distant seas,
And trod with dauntless step the boundless waste,
Where never oar had dipped, or keel had traced.
Through the wide waste of waters held his way,
To regions, basking in the glare of day,
Where Nature’s vastness, awed on every hand,
With giant streams, and mountains doubly grand.
Where Chimborazo, towering to the skies,
Sees Marañón and Orinoco rise;
And where the exulting mistress of the west,
Freights her rich stores, on Mississippi’s breast;
And from her far interior to the main,
Sends her exhaustless stores of golden grain.
Or where St. Lawrence pours his ample flood,
And bears his commerce through Canadian woods;

---

* The BURNS Centenary.

To where the gorgeous Antilles swathed in light,
With tropic glories charm the enraptured sight.
These were thy gifts, mysterious power; by thee
The great world-finder cross'd the boundless sea,
And laid the seat of empires, whose extent
Embrace the zones on one vast continent.
Could he beheld, when over Biscay's bay,
His feeble Argos held their outward way,
The bright results of his great mind's emprise,
Had surely seemed a marvel in his eyes.
Yet, 'twas the labors of one mighty mind
That gave these priceless treasures to mankind:
Commerce and wealth, attendant in her train,
Followed his track, and spread with ships the main;
Science, to aid the onward march of man,
Lent her bright powers, and hastened to the van;
She bade the ocean with new commerce teem,
And span'd a chaos with a bridge of steam;
An earthquake's power she gave to human hands,
Harness'd submissive with his iron bands;
The ponderous engine, masterwork of skill,
Moves at his bidding and obeys his will.
Now, on the iron road, with winged speed,
Behold it rushing like a goodly steed;
Now, on the ocean, battling with the gale,
See the proud vessel through its strength prevail;
Now toiling at the forge, the loom, the mine,
Moved as if by intelligence divine:
The patient ox may go unyoked, for now
The farmer drags with it the ponderous plough.
Oh! that our arts, productive but of good,
Could make our race a world-wide brotherhood;
That all man hath achieved may only be,
An infant's steps in his great destiny?
Lo! science mourns her sons in many lands:

As erst she mourn'd her Park on Afric's sands;
Far in Australia's wilds her *Leichhardt dies,
Alone in death, and none to close his eyes.
She mourns her Franklin, where Aurora throws
Sepulchral gleams upon eternal snows;
Where winter, seated on his icy throne,
Sways his rude sceptre o'er his frozen zone;
Where howling storms go forth at his command,
And spread their horrors round the dreary land.
Here, in this beauteous land of orient day,
Where Sol' dispenses his congenial ray;
Fresh as the autumn rain her grief distils,
O'er her undaunted †Burke and youthful Wills,
Who crossed a continent untracked before,
And perished in success—what could they more?
Joy, joy, for thee, meek labor; they have shown
A goodly realm, which thou shalt call thine own:
A verdant land of wealth before thee lies,
Go forth, young heart of hope, and claim the prize.
Go from the crowded cities' ceaseless din,
To thee the haunts of misery and of sin;
Go claim thy portion in that sunbright zone,
A promised land, thy children's and thine own.
And ye, poor artisans,‡ who mourn your doom,
Pining in want beside your silent loom;
While bleeds your hearts to see your children fed
By public alms, and eat the pauper's bread.

---

* No vestige of that intrepid traveller was ever found to discover his fate.

† The melancholy fate of these two gallant explorers and the benefits resulting from their discoveries, will stand foremost in Australian history in all time to come.

‡ Alluding to the exodus of Lancashire weavers which occurred to that country from Great Britain through means provided by the new and flourishing colony of Queensland during the prevalence of the cotton famine.

Nay, pine no more, but cast your eyes abroad,
To that fair heritage so blest of God;
Where, in a quiet home, your age may rest,
Your hopes rewarded and your labors blest.
A little while, and now where silence reigns,
What countless flocks shall populate those plains;
What goodly cities soon shall crown the shore,
Where lonely *Arafura's billows roar.
The muse looks forward with prophetic eye,
A few brief years into futurity,
And sees the now wild waste replete with charms,
With verdant pastures and well-cultured farms.
Go, Peace and Industry, sweet heaven-born pair,
And for a future nation's birth prepare,
Whose sons shall from their noon-day toils recline,
Beneath the shadow of their fig and vine;
Fan'd by the gentle trade-wind's tempered breeze,
Breathed in its freshness over Indian seas;
While orange groves their golden fruitage spread,
And spicy shrubs a fragrant odor shed.
And as with honest pride a parent eyes
His children up to honored manhood rise,
Bearing his lineaments, his form and name,
Sharing his own hereditary fame.
So long, dear England, may thy off-shoots be,
A reflex of thyself, and knit to thee;
Their pride, while peopling realms from pole to pole,
Thy laws and language still pervades the whole.

---

* That comparatively unfrequented sea which lies between the northern shores of the Australian continent and the Island of Timor.

The Decline of Spain

"Thus the Cacîque was burned, the God of The Christian dishonoured and His cross imbued in blood."

—Abbé Raynal

Hispania, where are all the trophies now,
That thy once conquering heroes bled to gain?
Where is the wreath that bound thy Charles's brow,
Where is the fair spotless chivalry of Spain?

Where are the brilliants a Columbus gave,
To gem the sceptre of thy Ferdinand?
Those realms, the glory of the western wave,
Which made thy commerce vast, thy empire grand!

Where are thy navies, whose proud sails unfurled,
Bore thy adventurous sons o'er distant seas?
In every clime, around the sea girt world
Their pennons flittered on the waving breeze.

Where are they all?—Lo, injured justice speaks!
Spain, cruel Spain, high heaven thy doom decreed,
When in the blood of Mexico's Cacîques
Thou ruthless revelled: vengeance marked the deed.

When thou, beneath Peru's resplendent sky,
Up reared the Cross—a harbinger of death—
Offended heaven beheld the blasphemy,
Though yet its arrows slumbered in their sheath.

Nor were they launched till the last Carib died,
Lust, of a race, by Spanish treachery slain;
His ebbing blood to heaven for vengeance cried,
Nor to a God of vengeance cried in vain.

For though no thunderbolt did cleave the sky,
Charged with a message of consuming fire;
Through rolling years, the hand of God on high
Still executes the purpose of His ire.

Where now is all the pomp, the material fame,
That the proud zenith of thy power displayed.
Wrung from thy grasp! A feeble nations name,
Lo thine alone, whom continents obeyed.

Torn by intestine wars, thy crumbling state,
  Thy wasted commerce tells the moral true,
And thou whom once the nations called the great
Meetest at length the retribution due.

Yet fallen Spain, the curse of blood and gold
  May be removed, and thou may'est be restored
If like repentant Nineveh of old
  Thou seekest pardon from the offended Lord.

Thou hast high names emblazoned on thy shield;
  Heroes and statesmen thou caus't truly boast;
Martyrs for God, thy vintage too did yield;
  Poets and patriots—lo a goodly host!

Why should the gloom of superstitions night
  And grim intolerance thy land enthral,
Early illumined by pure gospel light
  And hallowed by the footprints of Saint Paul*,

Then to thy work while yet the day remains;
  Weep for the crimes which stained thy morn of power;
Up! boldly up! and cast away thy chains,
  Ere a yet darker night around thee lower.

Throw by thy crosier and the monkish coral,
  Break, break the knots which superstition ties!
Expunge thy deeds of guilt so dark and foul,
  And like a giant with new strength arise.

Open that book, which priestly hands have sealed,
  Read to thy listening land with solemn fear;
The high, the stern instructions there revealed
  And bid thy nation do—as well as hear.

So shall thy flag which drooping long hath hung,
  Washed from its strains, upon thy ramparts fly!
So shall thy fame by martial minstrels sung
  Revive the theme of purer minstrelsy!

---

* *Vide* Romans XV, 25

Lex Talionis

Forth rode King Order,
With law his Recorder,
To visit the traitors on anarchy's border;
Rich were his trappings and royal his steed,
Hurrah! Good King Order rode bravely indeed.

The rebel King Mob
Rod forth on a cob;
No spurs on his heels and no watch in his fob;
His nag was all jaded, his garments all torn,
Alas poor King Mob was looking forlorn!

"Order's the King
Who doth happiness bring,"
So spake Common Sense I am sure, of the thing,
"I have known him so well, I have known him so long
"He is gracious alike to the weak and the strong."

"For King Mob let us fight"
Cried Sedition; "for Right,
"Is surest secured by the logic of Might.
"So come let us cut off this King Order's head
"And siege on his wealth, then we ne'er shall want bread."

So King Order died,
And Law by his side
Was slain by the blow, for they never divide.
Then the rule of the Kingdom was usurped by King Mob
With no spurs on his heels and no watch in his fob.

Love and Peace fled away,
On that very same day,
For in Mob's wild dominions they never could stay,
And their place was supplied in the new ordered state
By Murder's twin brethren Rapine and Hate.

Then Mob held command
With a tyrannous hand.
And Sorrow and Suffering prevailed in the land,
While the dupes of the despot looked back but to sigh
For the reign of good Order for ever gone by.

And long ‘neath his sway
They repined, day by day,
And the Kingdom sank down in a hopeless decay,
Till a giant called Famine while passing along,
Devoured poor King Mob, and thus endeth my song.

The Blind Lady's Request

You tell me it is spring time now,
That early flowers appear,
While gaily from the leafy bough;
The linnet whistles clear;

That murmuring brooks glide sweetly by
That nature all is gay,
Filling the happy ear and eye
With the sweet charms of May.

Yes! I can feel the balmy breeze
Caress my darkened brow,
I hear the warbler's notes, but these
Soothe not my spirit now.

Shut out from light—God's blessed light
Dejected and in gloom,
All—all to me is, plunged in night
As rayless as the tomb.

No more for me the morning sun
Will gild the eastern skies;
Nor, when his glorious course is run,
The silvery moon arise.

No more the flowers which deck the sod
My sightless orbs, shall greet;
Yet mine the joy—I thank my God—
I still may breathe their sweet.

Oh lead me to my garden!
In happier days my pride,
Where the useful and the beautiful
Are springing, side by side.

First lead me up the middle walk,
Then by the currant row,
And of each new and budding stalk
Inform me as you go.

Tell me of every drooping leaf,
Or withering flower you see;
For they methinks may share my grief,
And sympathize with me.

Vain thought—the charms which God employ
To cheer our course below,
May throw a halo round our joys,
But may not taste our woes.

Yet thou my God and Lord above,
Who formed the beauteous flower,
Thy watchful and unbounded love
Has brought me to this hour.

And though thy goodness has denied
The joy that once was mine,
Fain would I learn whate'er betide
To know thy will divine;

Firm in thy mercies sure to trust
Though sorrows shafts abound;
"Affliction springs not of the dust
Nor troubles from the ground."

Then oh my Father and my King!
Grant that my woes may be,
Thy messengers of love to bring
My spirit unto thee.

That thus prepared, thine arm of might
Shall lift the veil away,
And on my eyeballs pour the light
Of the unchanging day.

Early Piety

Ecclesiastes 12:1

While thy spirit is high, while thy pulses are warm,
While the vigour of manhood still strengthens thy arm,
O remember thy God in thy glory and prime!
Ere thy brow is enslaved by the plough share of time.

The world is delusive, yield not to its charms,
Pursue not its follies and court not its charms;
Then pointless its arrows shall fall by thy side
If thou trust in thy God, in His goodness confide.

But dost thou forsake him, then where caus't thou go—
Frail mortal, so helpless, so burthened with woe?
Wilt thou turn to thy clay gods and foolishly pray
In thy depth of extremity "Help me today"?

Nay! trust thou the guides that His mercy has lent,
Receive thou the blessings His goodness hath sent,
And if, far from safety thy dull feet have trod,
Repentant, return and repose on thy God.

Terra Nova

She is coming! She is coming! Her sister's fair to meet;
How beauteous on the mountains is the impress of her feet,
Lo in her chaplet virginal, rare, costly jewels shine,
Pearls gathered from the sounding sea and rubies from the mine.

From far Belle Isle and Cape St John, to western cliffs of Ray,
And south to sea-fringed Avalon, her greetings brings today:
Clad in thy ancient loyalty, all thy credentials clear,
Hail! Sister hail! We welcome thee among thy peers, a peer;

From where broad Bonavista's bay washes thy Eastern bound
To where the sun's declining ray smiles warm on Puget Sound,
Then sit not thou in gloom apart—no longer listless frown,
But in our triumphs share thy part, a jewel in our crown.

Instinct with a young nation's life our quickening pulses thrill,
The patriot and the statesman's dream* today we would fulfil.
Not in thy sea girt island pent, thy energies confined,
But linked with half a continent, thy higher births—right find.

She is coming! She is coming!—Her sister's fair to greet,
How beauteous on the mountains is the impress of her feet,
Lo in her chaplet virginal, rare costly jewels shine,
Pearls gathered from the sounding sea and rubies from the mine!

---

* "The dream of my boyhood." Vide: Speeches of the late Hon Joseph Howe. The patriot's and the poet's dream has meanwhile succumbed to the exigencies of party politics. But "Coming events cast their shadow before," and the day is not far distant when Her Majesty's "ancient and loyal colony" will rule the Confederation.

(Written by Charles Fenerty when it was first thought Newfoundland would come into Confederation.)

To a Meteorite

Tell me thy history thou mysterious thing
Born of the rolling spheres!
Tell me the story of thy wandering
Through time's uncounted years!

Say—was thy wondrous journey first begun
In the pale, Milky Way,
Beyond the glances of the furthest sun,
Midst unformed nebula?

From far Uranus didst thou take thy flight?
Or Venus—queen of stars?
Or Saturn girdled with his belt of light?
Or dull and ruddy Mars?

Or was the seven-mooned planet thy abode?
—Then might we well infer,
Thou art a brother of the Athenian god
Fallen from Jupiter.

Hast thou been battered by Orion's club?
Or in hot Mercury melted?
By the Great Bear or by his lesser cub,
At our poor planet pelted?

Did Lima pale—who never known to frown
Calm and benignant seems—
Around the fling her spell, and cast thee down
The strongest of her beams?

Ah well! thy distant journeys now are done,
Through stellar regions far;
Save a short annual trip around the sun
In earth's old jaunting car.

Rest on thy laurels traveller of the skies!
We purblind sons of earth,
Still gaze on thee with wonder and surmise
The secret of thy birth.

The Sentinel Rose

Bright little flower of loveliest bloom
O'er this small grave thy vigil keeping,
Sweet be thy lustre and perfume
For here an innocent lies sleeping!

Well dost thou keep thy mournful trust,
Twining thy annual flowery wreath,
To deck with love the silent dust
Of that dear one who rests beneath.

A mother's love first placed thee here;
The guardian of her darling's sleep;
And pledged thee with a mother's tear
Thy holy vigil here to keep.

This hallowed soil embraced thy roots,
Faithful thou wert though soon neglected
And thriftily put forth thy shoots
Uncultivated, unprotected.

What though November's icy gale
Oft rudely shook thy slender form!
What though stern winter's withering hail
Oft laid thee low beneath the storm!

As oft as genial spring returned,
Returned to thee, thy life again
From the cold ice-tomb, where in-urned
Thou long hads't stark and leafless lain.

Once more thou bloomest, peerless flower
Clad in thy robe of emerald leaves
Drinking the dewy crystal shower
That falls upon our summer eves.

Cheered by the sun's inviting ray,
E'en on this cold sepulchral ground
Thou smilest fresh and bright and gay
As flowers in scenes of culture found.

Sweet emblem of the beauteous maid,
That sleeps beneath thy fragrant bower,
For she by nature was arrayed
In fairest charms, like thee sweet flower

Thou camest from the icy tomb
Wherein thy growth had long been crushed,
In lovelier life again to bloom
When skies were bright and storms were hushed.

So when Time's wintry blasts are o'er,
And Christ, with his elect shall reign,
Upon the promised, blissful shore
Beyond a world of sin and pain;

Then the dear ashes mouldering here
From Death's stern grasp again shall rise,
To live through an unchanging year,
Amid the joys of Paradise.

But here the semblance fails, for thou
Frail thing of earth art doomed to fade,
Again beneath the storms to bow
And strew thy petals o'er the dead.

Yet still, in many a future year
Unscathed by time, oh mayest thou bloom,
Lo, glad the heart that placed thee here,
The guardian of her infant's tomb!

In Memoriam

Of a young man who suddenly died—a friend called away on the threshold of manhood.

Soothingly! Soothingly! lull him to rest,
In that haven of peace where life’s conflicts are o’er,
—As calm as the babe on its fond mother’s breast,—
Where its storms and its tempests can reach him no more.

Tenderly! Tenderly! gather him in,
Amid the fair scenes where his footsteps have trod,
Safe! Safe! from the turmoil, the suffering, the sin,
Safe! Safe! in the arms of a merciful God.

Lovingly! Lovingly! close the dear eyes
Which the shadows of time did so briefly obscure,
To open no more on our mist laden skies
But to gaze on the infinite, holy and pure.

Young warrior, returned from the battle of life,
Thy victory complete and thine armour laid down,
While ours is the tumult, the anguish, the strife,
O thine is the guerdon, the palm and the crown!

The Wreck of the Atlantic *

Ah ye stupendous waves that lash and roar,
With frantic fury on this iron shore!
Here sleep thy victims safe from all alarms,
Enfolded in the everlasting arms!

Rage on! Rage on! thou wild and angry sea;
Wail in your caves ye winds, wail mournfully
With solemn cadence sounding in my ear,
A requiem meets for those that slumber here.

Born on the rapid wings of thought I stand
On England's shore, and view a pensive band
Bidding farewell to home and kindred dear,
Wiping from manly eyes the falling tear.

Close by the pier a gallant vessel rides,
The mimic waves rippling along her sides;
Her throbbing engines soon shall cleave her way,
Through currents swift and flying ocean spray.

West! Westward ho! Hope tells a flattering tale,
But what to them shall hope, alas, avail!
Though tears are dried and high each bosom swells,
With joy responsive to the tale she tells.

How smiling homes seem rising to their view,
And meadows fair with virgin soil and new
And well stored barns and wood embowered cot
Whose lowly portals bailiff enters not.

'Tis midnight and in thought I stand again,
On yon tall cliff that beetles o'er the main,
And see, appalled, a stately vessel glide
Straight on the rocks that lurk beneath the tide.

In vain the warning beacon gleams in view!
A slumbering captain and a sluggard crew,
Reck not of danger, nor of precious freight
Of human lives fast rushing to their fate.

A moment—and that courser of the deep
  Which nobly braved the raging tempest's sweep,
Staggers and trembles through her ponderous length
  Like a strong warrior stricken in his strength.

A crash—a shriek—a plunge—and all is o'er!
  Save a few struggling forms that reach the shore,
Swift sinking to a deep and watery grave,
  Three hundred lives are quenched beneath the wave.

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* The ocean steamship Atlantic, carrying a large number of passengers, was wrecked near Prospect, N.S., every women and child perished; saved was one boy. Numberless bodies washed ashore and were buried in a common grave near the scene of the catastrophe.

Sir Provo Wallis

Rest on the lap of fame—thou patriarch head.
Acadia! hast thou no regard to show?
Hast thou no fitting tribute to bestow
On thy illustrious dead.

Go rear a monument all worthy thee,
A graceful statue in enduring brass;
That future generations, as they pass,
Our patriot zeal may see,

And scanning o'er the page of history
Long may our sons his noble prestige feel,
And, matched with foemen, worthy of their steel
Strike home for victory.

Well may thy native city hail thy fame
And write in adamant her hero's name.

CHARLES FENERTY.

Sackville, N.S.

(Appeared in the Halifax Herald, February 23, 1892)

Passing On

Still passing on!—Still passing on!
Another night!—Another noon!

So rolls time's swift and silent wave,
So move we onward to the grave.

Now prattling childhood round us plays,
Now youth's fair cheek the rose displays.

Anon that cheek and polished brow,
Are furrowed deep by age's plough.

Too soon a bent and tottering form,
Lies down in death, to feed the worm.

Still passing on!—Still passing on!
Days, months, years, lives, succeed—are gone!

Gone—have for ever ceased to be!
Commingled with eternity.

Thus man with all his hopes and fears,
His vaulting schemes—his childish tears,

Sees, one by one his projects fail,
Like blossoms swept before the gale;

Sees one by one his joys recede
Swifter than flying courser's speed.

O happy be! Who in that hour
When death's dark shadows round him lower,

When all the skill of earth were vain
One fleeting moment to retain.

Shall hear no inward voice complain,
One breath of time was spent in vain.

Eighteen Hundred and Two

Once my father was poor but by prudence and care
He died just as rich as a Jew.
I was heir to his guineas, his cattle, his corn,
And the poor little cottage in which I was born,
In the year eighteen hundred and two.

Then I soon built a mansion of splendour and style
With cornice and portico too,
And columns and porches the front to a dorm,
Not a whit like the cottage in which I was born,
In the year eighteen hundred and two.

And when in my coach I rolled proudly along
—My escutcheon displayed to the view—
My neighbours exclaimed "he exalteth his horn,
"He forgets the poor cottage in which he was born,
In the year eighteen hundred and two."

And if ever I happened, at dinner or ball,
To o'er look some low fellow I knew,
"Ah! Ah!" he'd exclaim "I am treated with scorn,
"I remember the cottage in which he was born,
In the year eighteen hundred and two."

But fortune is fickle, and I've once more become poor,
And deserted by old friends and new;
Neglected, forsaken, forgotten, forlorn,
I shall die in the cottage in which I was born,
In the year eighteen hundred and two.

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of 1854. Charles Fenerty was awarded a Certificate of Merit (out of the thousands of other woodworkers in Nova Scotia). This article appeared on Tuesday, October 31, 1854, in the Halifax British Colonist (page 2).	
Charles Fenerty. This portrait is held at the NSARM.	xv
Charles Fenerty. (No. PC1-23-5-7). Held at Dalhousie University.	xvi
Charles Fenerty. This portrait belongs to my grandaunt, Nancy Graves, and was given to her by her mother Mary Jane Mazie Fenerty (1893–1991). Mary Fenerty was Wellington Fenerty's grand child (Wellington being the brother of Charles).	xvii
Charles Fenerty in outback clothing. This portrait is held at the Fultz House Museum, Sackville, Nova Scotia. And was donated to them by the Fenerty family in Sackville, NS.	xviii
The Charles Fenerty Monument, located on the property where he grew up and made his wood pulp discovery. It started as a plaque then a cairn. This new monument has two marble plaques with an inscription and an etched picture of Charles.	xix
A 1955 Charles Fenerty Monument article showing the opening of the new cairn which housed the original plaque.	xx
The 1955 Charles Fenerty Monument. The plaque inside the cairn was the original one which was mounted to a black birch tree by the Nova Scotia Historical Society on September 25, 1926.	xxi
Charles Fenerty's tombstone (taken in 2005). Fenerty's grave is located at the St. John the Evangelist Anglican Church (954 Old Sackville Rd., Sackville, Nova Scotia).	xxii
A communication dish in Canberra, Australia (NASA).	xxiii
"A Discovery", which appeared in the *Daily Evening News*, St. John New Brunswick, on October 30, 1844 (page 2). And also appearing in the *Morning News* (which is the same newspaper). This is the only other known article that reported his discovery after the *Acadian Recorder* printed their article.	xxiv
Duke of Kent Lodge ca.1800, in the Bedford area. This mansion no longer exists, only the Rotunda. The Rotunda is located on the shoreline of the Bedford Basin, across from where the lodge once existed.	xxv
A mixture of early writing systems, taken from "Storehouse of General Information 1891-1893" by Cassell and Company Ltd.	xxvi
An 1857 engraving taken from "Memories of Gennesaret" by Rev. John R. Macduff of London, England.	xxvii
"Literary", an article about Fenerty's upcoming poem "Essay on Progress." The article appeared in the *Halifax Citizen* on Thursday August 30, 1866 (page 2).	xxviii
The cover page of Charles Fenerty's poem, "Essay on Progress." Though the poem was published in 1866 it was written a few years earlier by him while travelling through Australia and New Zealand.	xxix
Evangeline. This was an early Carte-de-Vista engraving of Evangeline from Longfellow's poem "Evangeline: A Tale of Acadia."	xxx
"Farewell to Australia (1865)" by Charles Fenerty. This poem was	xxxi

written prior to his departure from Australia (for Nova Scotia), in 1865.	
"Springfield Farm" (Fenerty's land) for sale. This article appeared in the Tri-Weekly *British Colonist* on Saturday, August 30, 1856.	xxxii
"Fenerty Landing" at Paper Mill Lake. This picture of taken during the summer of 2005. This is where the Holland's Paper Mill once operated, and a place frequented by Fenerty. It's believed that this is where inspiration first struck him. The site is now a park for swimming and boating. It's located on Lake Drive in Bedford, Nova Scotia (in the Hammond Plains area, not far from the Prince's Lodge in the Rockingham area).	xxxiii
The Charles Fenerty Monument, October 28, 1955. Today only the cement base remains, which holds the new monument.	xxxiv
The inscription that's on the current Charles Fenerty Monument.	xxxv
The Canada Day Stamp Set (1987) commemorating the four Canadian inventors in Communications. Though Fenerty's wood pulp invention is now used to make many types of wood pulped products, initially it was used mostly for newsprint. Pulped rags were used for decades after the introduction of pulped wood.	xxxvi
Fenerty Lake, located north-east of Springfield Lake. The Fenerty's engaged in lumbering operations along this lake too.	xxxvii
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About the Author

Photo of Peter Burger, taken in October 2005, at Lorne Park (Mississauga, Ontario)

Peter Burger was born in Toronto, Canada and received his early education at the Woodsworth College (University of Toronto), from 1994-95. Shortly after, he enrolled for the Mechanical Engineering degree at the University of New Brunswick (Fredericton). The course dealt with a lot of physics and fluid-dynamics, including flight. This shifted his interests towards a career in aviation.

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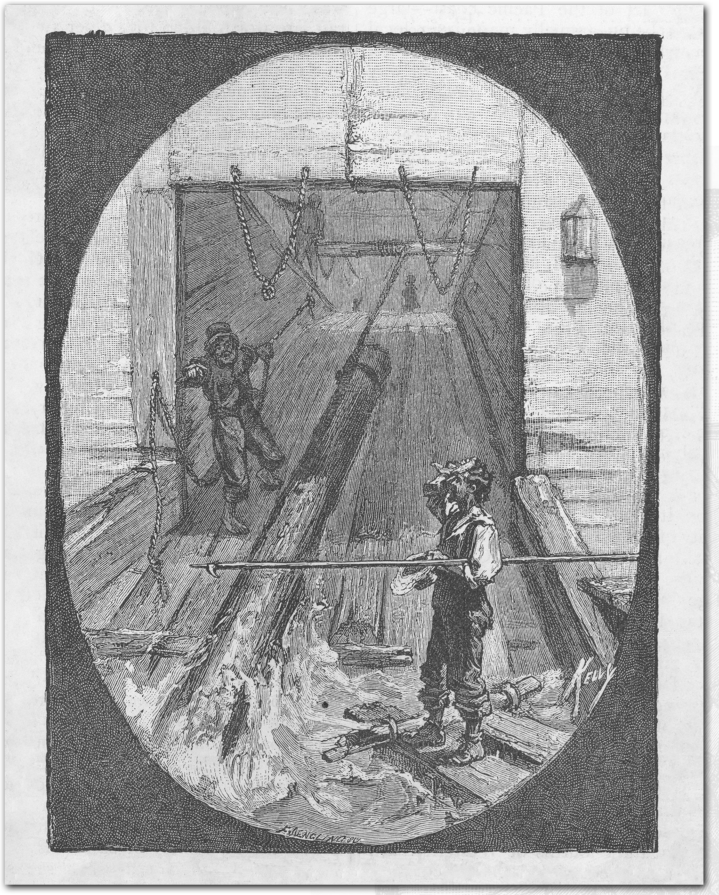

About the Book

Since the 1800s, Canada has given to the world many great inventions: the light bulb, the telephone, standard time, and tons more. But the one Canadian invention that most overlook—and yet has radically changed our whole way of life—is Paper. Not only is the world dependant on it, but the world itself has been shaped by it. When Christopher Columbus returned to Europe after discovering the New World, news of his finding had spread across the continent—just a few years after Gutenberg invented the printing press. His adventure and discovery provoked other European nations to join in on the exploration (like the "Race for Space" of the 1960s). This type of awareness has been achieved by being able to spread information more effectively. And the events that it has produced increased progress at a much higher rate.

Gutenberg gave to the people a faster way of producing the information, but Charles Fenerty extended that by making paper more abundant (since supplies were running short by the 19th–century). We are hunter-gatherers of information, and paper was the early network which linked the bits. Over the centuries, many had tried to perfect paper, but all had gone about it the wrong way. Then by the beginning of the 1800s, a young Nova Scotian boy living in a small town just north of Halifax, and working in his father's lumber mill, saw something that everyone overlooked. His discovery becomes pivotal in the events to follow.

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