

P. 240. "In the autumn of 1698 famine existed in Acadie. One third of the people had to live on shell fish, and Villebon, receiving no supplies of provisions had to get Indian corn & meal from Boston."

P. 250 - Governor Brouillon, writing in 1701, says of the Acadians "The inhabitants clear small spots, but hold large grants."

P. 284

P. 365, 395, 396

499

P. 80 129,

Vol. 2.

MAY 1953						
SU	MO	TU	WE	TH	FR	SA
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
²⁴ ₃₁	25	26	27	28	29	30

JUNE 1953						
SU	MO	TU	WE	TH	FR	SA
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30		

JULY 1953						
SU	MO	TU	WE	TH	FR	SA
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31

MONDAY, JUNE 29, 1953

MACKENZIE, SAUNDERSON, WOOD & GOODCHILD
BARRISTERS AND SOLICITORS

TELEPHONE EMPIRE 4-0387

KENNETH F. MACKENZIE, Q.C.
J. HAROLD WOOD
IAN A. B. MACKENZIE

GEORGE S. SAUNDERSON, Q.C.
HUGH S. MACKENZIE, Q.C.
JOHN W. F. GOODCHILD

CABLE ADDRESS "CONNIACH TORONTO"

80 KING STREET WEST
TORONTO 1

24th June, 1953

Thomas H. Raddall, Esq.,
Whitney Hall,
Toronto University.

Dear Mr. Raddall:

This will confirm our arrangements this morning by which I will call for you and Mrs. Raddall at Whitney Hall at eleven a.m. on Saturday, and take you up to Caledon, where we will lunch and maybe do some fishing.

I think the best arrangement thereafter would be to return to my house for dinner, and I can then deliver you to Whitney Hall at a reasonable hour, as I understand your plane goes at quarter to eight Sunday morning, Daylight Time.

I am arranging for my son Hugh and his wife, who were with us up the Medway last summer, to be along.

Yours faithfully,

Kenneth F. Mackenzie

KM/W

Kenneth Mackenzie

August 21st, 1953

Dear Ken,

Thanks for your little note written from the Lord Nelson. My statement that the Acadians cleared little or no upland except for fuel was a generality based on the reports of observers, British and French, of the time. Like all generalities it could be completely false when applied to a particular section, and your observations at Truro certainly show that the Acadians there must have established themselves some distance from the marshes. However I think it is a case of the exception proving the rule.

Governor Brouillon, writing in 1701, said of the Acadians, "The inhabitants clear small spots, but hold large grants." Mark that the Acadians had then been living in the country nearly a century. Thus, when anything adverse happened to their marsh cultivation they starved. (See Murdoch Vol.1, page 240. "In the autumn of 1698 famine existed in Acadie. One third of the people had to live on shell fish.")

Des Goutins, writing in 1706, says, "The inhabitants see more than ever the necessity there is of attending to the uplands, and that if they had done so at first, and worked on them as they have done on the marshes, they would be incomparably more advanced and would not have been subject to the inconveniences that happen to the marshes."

In 1720 (ten years after the British conquest) almost the whole of the Annapolis Valley remained uncleared. There was not even a road along it, and when in that year some of the habitants proposed to cut a road through from the Minas marshes to Annapolis, the British governor forbade it, suspecting that it might be used to facilitate French attacks on the fort.

In this year or 1721 (the exact date is not clear), Mascarene reported to his government, amongst other things, "The inhabitants are not industrious....The inhabitants are given to hunting and trading."

Writing in 1754 Governor Philippe reports, "The present inhabitants ... a proud, lazy, obstinate and untractable people, unskilful in the methods of agriculture. They raise 'tis true both corn and cattle on marsh lands that wants no clearing, but have not in almost a century cleared the quantity of 300 acres of wood land. From their corn and cattle they have plenty of dung for manure, which they make no use of; but when it increases so as to become troublesome, then, instead of laying it on their lands, they get rid of it by removing their barns to another spot."

Philipps' impressions might be put down to British prejudice if it were not for similar reports from the French officials at Quebec. Thus Beauharnois and Hocquart, reporting to the Comte de Maurepas in 1745, "The Acadians have not extended their plantations since they have come under English dominion; their houses are wretched wooden boxes, without conveniences and without ornaments, and scarcely containing the most necessary furniture; but they are extremely covetous of specie. Since the settlement of Ile Royale they have drawn from Louisbourg, by means of their trade in cattle and all the other provisions, almost all the specie the King annually sent out; it never makes its appearance again -- they are careful to conceal it."

There is plenty of other evidence, British and French, if you want to dig it out. The whole picture is that of a primitive folk settled about the sea-marshes, living largely as hunters and graziers, closely connected with the Indians by intermarriage from the earliest times. Undoubtedly here and there a more energetic group cleared some of the upland and cultivated it, probably because there was no rich marshland to be grazed in their vicinity, or possibly because they came from a part of France where marsh-dyking was unknown and upland farming the natural way of life. After the Expulsion the largest group of Acadian refugees settled in Louisiana as you know, where there was plenty of rich soil to be had for the clearing and all the advantages of a warm climate for cultivation. Instead they chose to settle beside remote creeks and bayous along the coast, where they could live easily by fishing and hunting, and where to this day the word Cajun means an indolent fellow, content to live from day to day, secretive, independent, diligent in nothing but his religious faith. The Acadian refugees who made their way back to Nova Scotia were obliged to settle in places like the shore from Digby to Yarmouth, where there were ^{rich} marshes and where of necessity they had to clear the stony upland and work hard at the fishery. Thus their descendants are industrious and skilful at such things as ship-carpentry, a different people altogether, and one that their ancestors would find hard to recognise.

Edith joins me in all good wishes.

Sincerely,

Mr. Kenneth Mackenzie
Scots?

April 23rd, 1954

Dear Kenneth,

The death of Angus L. was a blow to us all. His figure was so much a part of the Nova Scotia scene that we had come to regard him as a natural phenomenon like Blomidon, something solid and splendid, not subject to mortality. I met him first about twenty-two years ago, when he was almost unknown outside the Dalhousie faculty and I (God knows) was unknown anywhere. My paper mill boss had told someone in Halifax that I knew quite a bit about the Norse voyages to America, and the Kiwanis Club had invited me down there to give a talk on the subject at one of their weekly luncheons. It was my first attempt at public speaking. I took along a scale model of a Norse longship and a number of large pen-and-wash drawings by my friend Tom Hayhurst which afterwards became illustrations to my little book "The Markland Sagas".

The luncheon was the usual service-club affair, the meal, the songs, the reports from various committees recited by Jacks and Joes and Bobs, the time going by, the audience slipping away by twos and threes, the polite remainder looking at their watches, the speaker on his feet at last, and the quick rush for the door at the close. Of the whole crowd only two remained to examine the model and drawings, Angus Macdonald and his friend ~~and prominent~~ Murray Logan, ~~who had a long career later~~. But these two were keen, especially Angus, who remained an hour, going over the drawings of the Norse ships, the ruins in Greenland, the runic stone at Yarmouth etc., and shooting questions at me all the time. It was typical of him, the genuine interest and the native courtesy which forbade rushing away from even a minor speaker who had travelled a hundred miles to do his stuff.

This acquaintance became a friendship that lasted till his death. He was a great admirer of Joseph Howe, and in the tributes appearing in the newspapers it was said repeatedly that he was the greatest Nova Scotian since Howe. This was true, but he was a greater man than Howe, having none of Howe's vanity and none of Howe's loose interpretation of virtue in his private life. Even in public life he had the jewel of consistency which Howe was never able to wear. If their times had been reversed could you imagine Angus L. letting Charles Tupper talk him out of Repeal and into the federal cabinet, in a conversation in some cubby-hole in London? I can't. In the long run Confederation was a sound ~~idea~~ idea but Tupper's methods were despicable, and as a man of honor Angus would have fought them to the last. The union of England and Scotland was a sound idea too, but how much better Culloden sounds in history than Munich, say, or Vichy.

It was good of you to mention me to Miss O'Reilly. She was quite right when she said that I had been invited several times to address Smith's literary luncheons, and that I had declined even though my publishers offered to pay the traveling expenses. Long ago when I was learning my peculiar trade an old writer said to me, "Sooner or later you will have to make an important decision. As your writing becomes known and you achieve a certain amount of notoriety you will be assailed on every hand by people wanting you to get on your feet and talk. Never forget that your proper attitude is on the seat of your pants and pushing a pen. The art of writing and the art of public speaking are two very different things, and the time and thought you give to one must always be at the cost of the other."

All my observation since has proved him right. A certain amount of public speaking is unavoidable, and when I get on my feet I do my best, but I'm never happy on a platform, I'd rather be somewhere else, and even as a petty lion at teas and cocktail parties I'm a ~~fairly~~ failure. The posture requires a certain poise and glibness that I haven't got. In '46, yielding to the publishers' pleas, I made a tour which they arranged, speaking twice

and sometimes three or four times a day in Toronto, London, Ottawa, Montreal and elsewhere. It lasted three weeks, the longest twenty-one days of my life. I found the strain terrific. It wasn't merely the speaking, it was the frightful sensation of being on exhibit all the time. I felt like Caractacus in chains in the streets of Rome, wondering why these people who had every means of entertainment at their command should wish to behold a simple savage in the flesh.

The high (or low) light of my tour was my address to the Canadian Club in Toronto. I felt that I should not bore the Club by reading a prepared speech. My subject was "The First Canadian Navy", dealing of course with the Nova Scotia privateers in the period 1775-1815, the first ships built in Canada, with Canadian money, with Canadian crews, to fight the King's enemies on the high seas. I had come armed with just a few notes to speak in an easy fashion, and my publishers had neglected to tell me that the whole thing was to be broadcast, and that it must be fitted exactly into the allotted time, not a second more or less. When I got up to speak the chairman pinned a small microphone on my lapel and ordered me to watch aloft for a red light, which would show me when to begin and exactly when to finish. Thus while actually on my feet and trying to talk intelligently I had to re-arrange the entire matter in the back of my head and time it as I went along so as to give it a proportionate beginning, middle and end. This I managed to do, but the double strain on my wits killed any ease of flow or manner, and to a club accustomed to the best of oratory it must have been a sad let-down.

To a practiced speaker a requirement of this sort would have meant nothing. To a writer whose whole habit and training is to set down his ideas with leisure to think them out and arrange them, it was torture. That is why the good extempore speaker makes a poor writer, and vice versa. Even the great Churchill, with his reputation for speaking and writing equally well, does in fact nothing of the sort. His good speeches are all written carefully beforehand and read aloud, with flourishes. When he is called upon to make an extempore speech of any length he is usually terrible. The truth is that he is a first-rate writer with a gift of elocution. Well, I'm not. Hence I decline ninety per cent of my invitations. The rest I accept because I have been asked by friends whom I can't refuse, or because I have a personal interest in the group I am to address. As I see it, if my books are any good, people will buy them and read them. If they're not, I could talk myself blue in the face and it wouldn't make any difference. It would be a pleasure to visit you in Toronto again, and with that I could even face the business at Smith's, but I can't commit myself until I see how far I've got with my new novel by the end of the summer, as you will readily understand. Meanwhile E. and I hope to see you here for your annual breath of Nova Scotia air.

In suggesting "Plough and Gown" for your book I had in mind your many references to Sedgewick, of course, and I had the impression that you had spent your first years on a farm -- not actually ploughing but in that milieu. Your mention of your father reading "The Foundations of Belief" reminds me of my own. He combined in himself the qualities of a devout churchman and a fighting soldier. I still have his little Bible (with many passages underlined in pencil) and his prayer-book with a piece of shrapnel driven half way through it, an incident of the Vimy fighting. Dear old Canon Scott gave him communion in his tent the night before the Amiens battle in which he was killed. His officers and men spoke of him afterwards as a tough disciplinarian but one they could admire (which is not always the case), and whenever I read of Cromwell's Ironsides I seem to see him at Naseby or some such place, in helmet and breast-plate, having at the cavaliers and calling them Belial -- although his Cornish ancestors actually fought on the ~~royal~~ royal side.

All good wishes,

JHR

Mr. Kenneth Mackenzie
7 N. Sherbourne St.
Toronto 5.

March 19, 1963

Hello Ken:

I'm glad you still like "At The Tide's Turn & Other Stories". I do, too. When I read them now they seem to have been written by somebody else -- somebody with a much better observation and imagination (and a much better turn of speech) than I at the age of sixty.

You ask about Wentworth's properties in New Hampshire. They were confiscated, as you know, and sold to various "patriots" for large sums in the depreciated paper currency of the time, actually amounting to very little. The largest property, and the most valuable, was the mansion at Wolfeborough with its farmland, park, barns, mills, coach-house, stables and so on. (See the lower half of page 314, "Governor's Lady", which is all fact.)

After Cabot's death the Wolfeborough property passed through various hands. In the year 1820 Johnnie died in Halifax, and by coincidence so did "Wentworth House" and various other things and people important in his life.

First there was the death of old George the Third. Johnnie died in Halifax a few days after the news arrived in the city. Later on (in this same year) Johnnie's old college friend Dr. Amos Cutter died in New Hampshire at the age of 85. Then the great pine tree on Mount Delight (mentioned in G.S. page 132) was struck by lightning and completely destroyed. Finally, on Sep. 12, 1820, the great house at Wolfeborough caught fire during repairs and was burned to the ground.

Some pieces of timber land in New Hampshire escaped the notice or avarice of the "patriot" committees. They remained in the care of Johnnie's old friend John Peirce. In 1812, with the approach of a new war and a revival of all the old hatred, Peirce sold some of this land and remitted £700 or about that sum to Charles-Mary Wentworth in England. Apparently, as part of the "cover", these lands had been conveyed to C-M. For years after Johnnie's death, C-M made spasmodic efforts to get money for the remaining lands in New Hampshire, but as far as I could discover nothing came of them.

Regarding "Blind MacLair". Potatoes used to come by schooner from PEI to various ports in Nova Scotia, including Liverpool and Port Medway in my own time. "Shardstown" is a description of Port Medway as it was in the early 1930's, a once busy shipping village dying on its feet. The graveyard there and the one at Mill Village, up the river, were filled with tombstones of bygone captains and sailors, many of them with Scotch names that have vanished from the county. This gave me the idea of such a place (which might have been anywhere in Nova Scotia) as the setting for Blind MacLair. The songs and ballads I

over

quote in the story were actually collected in the smithy of a Liverpool shipyard in the 1870's and 1880's -- a notebook filled with various scrawls, evidently of the men who sang them, and preserved in the family of the shipyard owner.

You ask, Why 1872? And why did Blind MacLair come home by way of PEI? In the first place, MacLair had put in ten years' wandering since he went to the American war. Where would he wander? Obviously up the Mississippi with the steamboats, like so many Southern outcasts of the war. Only, instead of turning across the plains, as so many of these men did, MacLair (as I pictured him) followed a slow homing instinct, turning away from Minneapolis towards the Great Lakes, and then making his way through "Upper Canada" and Quebec. This took a long time for a blind man who (like Tommy Tucker) had to sing for his supper wherever he went, and each Fall had to find a hospitable spot in which to spend the winter. I pictured him getting as far as PEI, and then finding a schooner loading spuds for ports in Nova Scotia including "Shardstown".

At the present time I'm working on a new edition of "Halifax, Warden of The North", to be published next year. In the years since I wrote the first edition (1948) the growth and change of the city have been fantastic. The difficulty is to describe all this without making it sound like a real-estate-development catalogue. Also, these changes affect earlier portions of the book in various ways. For example my description of the peace ceremony with the Indians "in the Governor's garden beside Spring Garden Road" "the stone County Courthouse now stands beside the spot". I'm told that the old courthouse is to be torn down soon, to make way for another extension of the Technical College. The new courthouse will be built further downtown, perhaps on the waterfront, where a lot of old slums are being pulled down.

E. joins me in cheers and good wishes.

October 26, 1964

Hello Ken:

Despite your somewhat pessimistic final paragraph I'm glad to hail you as one very much in the land of the living. Lately I have been checking over the printers' galley proofs for the new edition of "Halifax, Warden of the North". Production has been held up by one damned thing after another. The book was supposed to come out last spring. Then it was discovered that the original plates for the illustrations had been destroyed long ago, and there was a desperate hunt to find Mackay, who ^{drew} ~~some~~ some of them, and had copies made of the rest. In the sixteen years that had passed since I wrote the first edition a lot of things had changed -- including Mackay! However, all that has been ironed out, and the book will come out in the spring of '65.

Meanwhile I'm still working away at a novel drawn in Halifax during the Napoleonic Wars, and involving amongst other people the McNabs of McNab's Island and a French prisoner at Melville Island. I finished the research for it in '63. The rest is a matter of creation, which doesn't come as freely as it did even ten years ago! nor can I work fifteen hours a day, as I did for months on end in my early writing years. Tempus fugit dammit.

Keep hearty !

Kenneth Mackenzie, Esq.