

77-160-1

MG 1
B 1
P

The late sown grain and the seed potatoes suffered from them;¹ but it was when the grain began to ripen that their destructiveness became especially manifest. They then attacked it in such numbers that all means were unavailing to arrest their ravages. They have been known to cut down an acre in three days, so that whole fields were destroyed in a short time. One would nip a stalk off a little above the ground, and if instead of falling over, the end sank to the ground, leaving it still upright, he would bite it off farther up, until it either fell over, or the ear came within his reach, when he would devour all the grain. Over acres on acres, they left not a stalk standing, not a grain of wheat, to reward the labours of the farmer. They burrowed in the ground and consumed the potatoes. Cats, dogs, and martens gorged themselves to repletion upon them, but with little seeming diminution of their numbers. Trenches were dug and filled with water, but they formed but a slight barrier to their progress.

They passed away as rapidly as they came. In the autumn, as the weather became colder, they became languid, scarcely able to crawl. One could trample them under his feet and finally they died in hundreds, so that they could be gathered in heaps, and their putrefying carcasses might be found in some places in such numbers as to taint the air. At Cape George they went to the water and there died, forming a ridge like seaweed along the edge of the sea, and codfish were caught off the coast with carcasses in their maws.

--*A History of the County of Pictou*
by the Rev. George Patterson, 1877

IV

AUDUBON AND DR. McCULLOCH

(The following extracts from the journal of the great naturalist as he returned from Labrador in 1833 tell of his visit with Dr. McCulloch of Pictou Academy.)

August 22

After attempting to beat our vessel into the harbour of Pictou, but without succeeding, we concluded that myself and party should be put on shore, and the *Ripley* should sail back to the Straits of Canseau, the wind and tide being favourable.

We happened to land on an island called Roy's Island, where, fortunately for us, we met some men making hay. Two of them

¹A man in Merigomish had made a clearing cut at Pictou in the woods. He carried out four bushels of oats to sow. On commencing, they came in swarms eating the grain as he sowed it. After continuing a while, he threw the whole to them in disgust, and returned home. (Author's note).

MG 1
B1 p2

agreed to carry our trunks and two of our party to Pictou for two dollars.

We were now so refreshed, that the thought of walking nine miles seemed nothing more than figuring through a single quadrille. The air felt uncommonly warm, and the country, compared with those we had so lately left, appeared perfectly beautiful, and we inhaled the fragrance of the new-mown grass, as if nothing sweeter ever existed. Even the music of crickets was delightful to my ears, for no such insect is to be found either at Labrador or Newfoundland. The voice of a blue jay sounded melody to me, and the sight of a humming bird quite filled my mind with delight.

We reached the shore opposite Pictou in two and a half hours, and lay down on the grass to await the arrival of the boat, and gaze on the scenery around us. A number of American vessels lay in the harbour loading with coal. The village located at the bottom of a fine bay on the north-west side looked well, although small. Three churches appeared above the rest of the buildings, all of wood, and several vessels were building on the stocks.

The whole country seemed to be in a high state of cultivation, and looked well. The population is about two thousand. Our boat came, and we crossed the bay, and put up at the Royal Oak, the best hotel in the place, where we obtained an excellent supper. The very treading of a carpeted floor was comfortable. In the evening we called on Professor McCullough, who received us kindly, gave us a glass of wine, and showed us his collection of well preserved birds and other things, and invited us to breakfast tomorrow at eight o'clock, when we are further to inspect his curiosities. The professor's mansion is a quarter of a mile from the town, and looks like a small English villa.

August 23

We had an excellent Scotch breakfast at the professor's this morning, and his family, consisting of wife, four sons and daughters, and a wife's sister, were all present. The more I saw and talked with the professor, the more I was pleased with him. I showed him a few of my Labrador drawings, after which we marched in a body to the university, and again examined his fine collection. I found there half a dozen specimens of birds, which I longed for, and said so, and he offered them to me with so much apparent good will, that I took them and thanked him. He then asked me to look around and see if there were any other objects I would like to have. He offered me all his fresh-water shells, and such minerals as we might choose, and I took a few specimens of iron and copper. He asked me what I thought of his collection, and I gave him my answer in writing, adding F. R. S. to my name, and telling him that I wished it might prove useful to him. I am much surprised that his val-

uable collection had not been purchased by the Governor of the province, to whom he offered it for five hundred pounds. I think it worth a thousand pounds.

On our return to the hotel we were met by Mr. Blanchard, the deputy consul for the United States, an agreeable man, who offered frankly to do anything in his power to make our visit fruitful and pleasant. "Time up," and the coach almost ready, our bill was paid, our birds packed, and I walked ahead about a mile out of the town, with Mr. Blanchard, who spoke much of England.

The coach came up, I shook hands with Mr. Blanchard, jumped in, and away we went for Truro, distant forty miles.

We reached the tavern, which the hotel where we stopped was called, but as it could accommodate only three of us, we crossed the street to another house, where we ordered a substantial supper. Professor McCullough came in, and introduced us to several members of the Assembly of this province.

Mr. McCullough then took me to the residence of Samuel G. Archibald, Esq., Speaker of the Assembly, who received me most affably, and introduced me to his lady and handsome young daughter; the former wore a cap fashionable four years ago at home (England). I showed them a few drawings, and received a letter from the Speaker to the Chief Justice at Halifax, and bid them all good-night; and am now waiting the mail to resume my journey. Meanwhile let me say a few words on this little village. It is situated in the centre of a most beautiful valley of great extent, and under complete cultivation: looking westerly a broad sheet of water is seen, forming the head of the famous Bay of Fundy, and several brooks run through the valley emptying into it. The buildings, although principally of wood, are good-looking, and as cleanly as any of our pretty New England villages, well painted, and green blinds. The general appearance of the people quite took me by surprise, being extremely genteel. The coach is at the door, the corner of my trunk is gasping to swallow this book, and I must put it in and be off.

—*Life of Audubon, the Naturalist*
by Robert Buchanan

V

BAY OF FUNDY TIDES

Origin of the Name of the Bay

The name of this bay is said to have been given to it by the early Portuguese explorers. It was called by them Baya Fonda or Funda, or Deep Bay, "expressing not the depth of its waters, but the depth to which it penetrated the continent." During the French occupation of the country it was called "La Baie

m & l
B 1 p. 3

Françai
other Fr
gave up
to have

Its
and nor
above lo
inner ex
Island, i
the mou
of the S
Minas I
of the b
east ext
place ra
Taking a
mouth to
four feet
abruptly
remarkal
by such

In r
seen from
Survey, a
ly outside
open oce
coast of U
Nova Sco
twelve fo
a quarter
Seal Islan
feet and t
Inside
in the tid
mouth tow
ing table:

Digby
L'Éta
Point
Digby