

prominent feature in the landscape was demolished about the year '44 and only traces of the cellar now mark its site. Settled along the shore of the bay from Raynor's Creek on to what is now known as Chinnick's or Ramsay's Creek a distance of about 8 miles were twenty-three families of French, of Acadian origin ; the well known cognomens of Arsneau, Gallant, Poire, Bernard and Richard appear upon the time-worn lease with the number of their farms set opposite the names. Their little chapel first stood in the vicinity of Raynor's Creek. These were the first to take up lands in St. Eleanors, but when they later on purchased 10,000 acres for themselves in the neighboring district now known as the village of Miscouche, they took their chapel with them together with their other goods, and out of the material of which it was formed they built a residence for their devoted priest. This house still stands, not now however as the Glebe House but as the humble residence of a habitant.

The first murder committed on the Island was in the year 1806, when one Xavier Gallant murdered his wife in a retired part of the well known Rose Hill Farm and near where the house now stands. The deed was ascribed to insanity. The body of the woman was found by a search party—one of whom was the writer's father—underneath a fallen tree to which they were attracted by the voice of the crazed husband who the while was walking back and forth upon the recumbent tree. As there was no jail nearer than Charlottetown he was taken there. He was not however brought to trial, but spent the rest of his life in prison. It is said his remains now lie under the present Malpeque Road leading to the City. There is a touching episode in connection with this crime. The victim had in her younger days won the love of a child, a little afflicted creature who by some means had lost the use of her limbs. In this strong, healthy girl the child had found her ideal of womanhood. Before and at the time of her death, this poor child was with her whom she worshipped, assisting as far as her feeble strength would admit in her household duties. And on this Sunday, when leaving her home, a last fond kiss was given her little friend in whose trusty care her two children were left. My readers already know these friends met no more in this world.