

In the old days the Prince Edward valley witnessed many brilliant cavalcades and dashing incidents of horsemanship after the road was made safe for travel. In the middle thirties a regular "John Gilpin" episode occurred, when a distinguished member of the nobility of Great Britain, rode to Windsor and back for a wager.

"The dogs did bark, the children scream!
Up flew the windows all,
And every soul cried out, well done!
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
His fame soon spread around,
He carries weight: he rides a horse,
'Tis for a thousand pound!

In the early forties the appearance of a dashing horse with a frenzied rider on his back was a noteworthy event. One of the incidents of this hurry-scurry was notable from a most important circumstance connected therewith. The Cunard steamer *Hibernia* had arrived in Halifax. Her news was awaited with intense interest on this continent. Aside from the importance of disturbed markets there was an international crisis imminent, and the Washington government was on the tiptoe of excitement as to the latest move on the diplomatic board. Presently a horse's head was seen by the valleyites rising above the hill leading down from Kempt road. The air was filled with exclamations of wonder, but the rider looked neither to the right nor to the left. The *Hibernia* had reached Cunard's wharf, on Monday, in the afternoon. She was thirteen days from Liverpool. She had sighted immense fields of ice floating in the Atlantic, but she kept clear of all contact with them.

Within five minutes of the packet's arrival the only British papers that sly hands could quickly reach were secured, and a courier rode away with them on horseback across the peninsula, as if for dear life. The rider reached Windsor in two hours and forty-six minutes. So profoundly was the secret kept of the news, that was eagerly sought by the New York press, that no one knew, even in Halifax, that a messenger had departed with London newspapers containing the decision of the British cabinet in regard to the Oregon boundary dispute. The flying messenger reached Digby

Gut in 13 hours from Halifax, and in ten minutes afterwards the steamer *Kennebec* was steaming towards Portland. Then was it discovered that the steamer had two *carrier pigeons* on board, and through them the news, forestalling the government despatches—England's ultimatum—was conveyed to New York in four hours. This was a decided triumph for the enterprising newspaper men—as the outcome of the negotiations was known on the streets of Gotham hours before the official despatches arrived in Washington.

The hill back of the village church, called Geizer's, is named after a German, who built a home there in the eighteenth century. He came from Hanover, where he had been king's hunter. He emigrated directly to Nova Scotia, but he was not among the very first lot of Germans who landed on the shores of Chubucto. He came about 1752. He married in Halifax a woman named Faulkenhyde, who was a fur dresser. From Halifax he went to Lunenburg, later to Nine-Mile River, St. Margaret's Bay, where he built a house down the river, now Mrs. McKenzie's. Then wishing to get nearer town he moved to the property on the top of what is now known as Geizer's hill, which he purchased from one Gebherd. There he built a house. A portion of this old structure forms a part of the building now occupying the spot. The first house was built about one hundred and ten years ago (1801.) James, a son of William, was born there. He died about thirty-five years ago, aged 75 years.

In the vicinity of Geizer's hill, in a private burial ground, sleeps Titus Smith, the naturalist. Smith was considerable of a linguist, besides being a geologist and botanist of remarkable acquirements. He is said to have arranged and classified the wild flowers of Nova Scotia, which were painted from nature by Mrs. Morris Miller, and published in London under the auspices of Sir Colin Campbell, when that gallant soldier was lieutenant-governor of Nova Scotia. Titus Smith well earned the title by which he was familiarly known: the village philosopher. In the early thirties, having observed that the garden seeds imported from Europe were frequently apt to fail, probably from the want of a progres-