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Shall we sharpen and refine the youthful intellect and then leave it to exercise its new powers upon the most sacred of subjects, as it will, and with the chance of exercising them wrongly; or shall we proceed to feed it with divine truth, as it gains an appetite for knowledge.—CARDINAL NEWMAN.

THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 9.

Jottings of a Trip to P. E. Island.

When, a few weeks ago, I told a friend of my intention to take a trip to P. E. Island by the SS. "Halifax" from Hawkesbury, "I don't think you can go by the Boston boat," he said: "American boats are not allowed to carry passengers from port to port in Canada." This, I believe, is the law, passed as a measure of protection to our coasters; but I did go by the Boston boat, just the same. Nor was it done in defiance of law, for the "Halifax" has a British charter and sails under the British flag. I was one of sixty or seventy passengers who boarded the boat at Hawkesbury. The great bulk of them were members of the Press Excursion from the Eastern Townships. There were several Americans on board, men and women from the crowded cities of New England or the busy marts of the West, seeking a brief season of respite from toil and heat in our cooler and quieter land. Most of the press excursionists came from Sherbrooke and Richmond, Que. Some were English in speech and manner, others spoke the language of *la belle France*. Among the latter was one who bore the good old Highland Scottish name of Fraser, but the name alone bespoke his ancestry. His grandfather (or great-grandfather, I forget which he said) had been an officer in the Seventy Eighth Highlanders, which was disbanded after the taking of Quebec. The grandson is a living illustration of how the law of race absorption works; or, as Sir Wilfrid Laurier so happily explained it to his Edinburgh audience, how the French-Canadian women revenged themselves on the conquerors of their people.

Charlottetown is not seen to advantage from the water. And, owing to the absence of hills, one cannot get a good view of it on land. A leisurely stroll through the place, however, will satisfy the stranger that it is a pretty town. The streets are set off with shade trees, and one sees some handsome private residences. The Bishop's house, a tall structure of granite, is by long odds the finest building in the city. West of it, across the street, is the new cathedral, now in course of erection. It will easily be the handsomest church in the Maritime Provinces. The style is pure Gothic. Newcastle stone is used in building, with facings and cornice of Wallace stone. The dimensions are: length, 200 ft.; width, 80 ft.; transept, 120 ft.; height of spires, 175 ft. The main vestry, containing the confessionals, is in the basement. The rest of the basement, which is 17 feet in height under the nave and transept, will contain a chapel 120 feet long and a spacious room which will serve the purposes of a Sunday school and lecture hall. The exterior, with the exception of the spires, will be completed this fall, and the interior temporarily fitted for divine service. The new St. Dunstan's will be an ornament to the city of Charlottetown and an object of just pride to the zealous Bishop and his devoted flock.

Among the other notable buildings are the post-office and the legislative hall. There are two hospitals, one under Protestant the other under Catholic auspices. The latter, which is far the finest and best equipped, is conducted by a community of Gray Nuns from Montreal. The Methodist church is large, but severely plain and primitive in style. Perhaps the most noteworthy feature of the new Anglican cathedral is the material of which it is built—the soft, red sandstone found on the Island. The Sisters of the Congregation de Notre Dame have two large convents in the city. St. Dunstan's College, just outside the city limits, is a flourishing institution and has a strong staff of professors. There are numerous churches throughout the Island, and it is a fact which cannot fail to strike the visitor that the largest and handsomest are ever crowned with a cross. Even in the matter of church building Catholic unity confers an incidental advantage. In the church at St. Peter's Bay, the spire of which rises to a height of 186 feet, are some fine paintings done in Rome, notably a copy of the famous Immaculate Conception by Murillo. In the vault lie the mortal remains of the late Bishop MacIntyre. The church at Tignish, a stately brick edifice beautifully frescoed inside, is, after the new cathedral, the largest on the Island.

Prince Edward Island has been called the "Garden of the Gulf," and, I think, deservedly. Nature has bestowed upon it fertility of soil and the labor of man has not been wanting to enhance this natural dowry and turn it to account. The greater part of the land is in a state of high cultivation. In former years, potatoes and grain, especially oats, were the staple products. But since the high protective tariff has, in effect, closed the New England market to our produce, the Island farmers are turning their attention to the growing of wheat, dairying, and stock-raising. In 1895 the amount paid for imported flour was estimated at \$500,000; last year it was only \$100,000. There is a large acreage under wheat this year, and the yield is excellent. Corn for ensilage is also largely grown. I have been told that within a few years the number of acres sown with corn has increased from 500 to 15,000. Besides several creameries, which turn out butter of a quality that always commands a good price, there are not fewer than 40 or 50 cheese factories on the Island, all of them, with one only exception, conducted on the co-operative plan. The farmers put up the buildings, and the Local Government, with a fostering care of this important industry which ours would do well to emulate, employs skilled hands to carry on the work during the first year, retaining 1 1/2 p. c. of the proceeds to pay expenses. The co-operative system demands some enterprise on the part of the farmer to begin with, and a neighborly spirit withal. Given these, it cannot fail of profitable results in the long run.

The Island of Prince Edward is the paradise of bicyclists—provided, of course that the weather be decently dry; for your bicyclist of either sex hates the rain as cordially, and cuts as sorry a figure under it, as does a certain feathered creature which shall be nameless. The roads are smooth and level, and wholly free from stone. Not being a wheelman (which may account for any invidious remark in this connection), I made my way by carriage and on the bars. Wishing to visit friends both in the east and in the west, and having but little time to tarry, I was fain to travel largely by train. Travelling agents, with no eye for scenery of the quiet, rural kind—or any other kind, for the matter of that—and bent only on "getting there," have been known to speak very disparagingly of the P. E. I. accommodation train. But I found it sufficiently progressive, and very accommodating. From its windows I could get more than a passing glimpse of smiling fields and shady groves and cosy cottage homesteads. The country puts one in mind of England, though one misses the trim hedges and majestic oaks, not to speak of that nameless charm which Antiquity bequeaths to the older land. And yet even of England the

beauties are tame and domestic. To one who has travelled the mountains afar. The beauties the "Garden of the Gulf"—and it can justly lay claim to varied beauty—are of the order described in these words of the poet. Mountains, of course, there are none, and I am somewhat doubtful whether there are hills, though I own to having heard this impassioned affirmation of it as we travelled on the train, a couple of stations west of Summerside: "Oh my, what hills! Down around Hunter River they were just dreadful!" But the speaker was a young woman scarce out of her teens, and—well, I will hazard the opinion that she had never seen a hill in her life.

Here is a clipping I made from the Charlottetown *Guardian*, which shows that the voice of the agnostic is beginning to make itself heard in the Island:

A case was tried at the last sitting of the County Court in reference to the manner of which a good deal of comment is made. One of the attorneys objected to the oath of one of the litigants on the ground that he did not believe in the Bible. On being questioned as to the truth of the objection the litigant admitted his disbelief and quoted somewhat extensively from Spencer, Col. Ingersoll and others, in proof of his position. Besides giving a theological disquisition he cited the cases of several other eminent men whose disbelief in the ordinary form of oath entitles them to testify by a simple declaration. After some discussion, however, he took the oath in the usual way and the case was proceeded with. And now the question is being asked what safeguard is there for one who is unfortunate enough to become involved in a law suit with one whose testimony is only guarded by self-interest, and for whom no standard of right can be raised.

The disciple of Ingersoll and Herberg Spencer would probably demur to the last remark. He would claim that reason is the standard of right, and that to one who does not believe in the Bible an oath taken on the Bible is but a meaningless form of words. The editor's remark, however, will be found quite within the truth in the last analysis. Reason can be no ultimate standard of right. It often speaks with an uncertain voice, and is easily swayed by self-interest. The very pagan of old swore by his gods. Mr. Spencer's "Unknowable" proves but a sorry substitute even for these. Tyrant and adulterer though he was, the mighty Jove could yet vindicate with his thunderbolts the sanctity of an oath.

A Visit to Scotland.

(Continued.)

Not far from the Crown-room we came across a far-famed piece of ordnance known as Mons Meg. This huge gun is a relic of the 15th century, and is the oldest cannon in Europe, except one in Lisbon. It measures 13 feet in length, has a calibre of 20 inches, and weighs upwards of 5 tons. But its chief interest lies in its history. On many a bloody day it thundered for Scotland, and its service was so palpable that it was known as "the great iron murderer Muckle Meg." This appellation was never, perhaps, better deserved than when, in 1651, it mounted guard at Dunnottar Castle, where the Scottish Regalia were in keeping. The large embrasure in which it lay is still pointed out upon one of the batteries of the castle. It was from this embrasure that Meg threw a ball which is said by tradition to have dismasted an English vessel as she was about to enter the harbor of Stonehaven, a mile and a half distant.

Near Mons Meg is another famous relic of the past. This relic, however, does not recall the storm and thunder of battle, but peace and social harmony. It is a small chapel of the 11th century—a reminiscence of a saint and queen—the consort of Malcolm Carnmore. It stands detached on the highest pinnacle of the rock, and is yet in an excellent state of preservation. It was built and used as a private chapel by St. Margaret. It, therefore, perpetuates the memory of one of the most beautiful characters in history, for St. Margaret was eminent not only for sanctity and charity, but for learning and prudence as well.

A few paces from this venerable monument of other days is a small apartment that once witnessed the joys and the sorrows of another famous Scottish queen—the hapless Mary Stuart. It is known as Queen Mary's Room. It was here that James VI of Scotland was born. A tablet over the arch of the old door-way commemorates the event. An oak chair which was in the room when James was born has remained there to this day. The only other relic of Mary I saw in the room was a piece of thorn tree which she planted during her captivity at Lochleven. The tree was cut down in 1840, after it had flourished for near 300 years. In the ante-room is a copy of the only reliable portrait of Mary Stuart now extant. The original is in Dunrobin Castle, was executed by Furino, an Italian painter, when Mary was dauphiness of France.

The room brings to mind also some sad memories of Mary Stuart. It witnessed her mourning after the murder of Darnley. It was in it that the messenger sent by Elizabeth to offer condolences found her. He tells us that "he could not see her face, but by her words she seemed very doleful." This was consistent with Mary's conduct when her husband was stricken down with small-pox. She sent her own physician to attend him, and nursed him tenderly though his disease was loathsome and contagious. A few hours before the murder he was taken to Kirk o' Field against her will. And yet Mary Stuart was an accomplice to his murder! What a vile and cruel hypocrite she must have been! What a monster of iniquity! Mary Stuart whose honor had hitherto been stainless, who, when she was in France a short time before, was known as a model of virtue and accomplishment. Are we to condemn Mary Stuart? Will the evidence against her warrant a condemnation? It certainly will not. The casket letters were forged, and the murmurings of anonymous enemies and of conspirators have never been shown to contain a grain of truth. She married Bothwell, the arch-conspirator! She married him because she was forced to do so. He had ravished her, and carried her sobbing to his castle, where she remained in his power—spirit-broken and forsaken. The gullied people did not move, so their queen remained in the lair of the ruthless tyrant. The day of marriage was for her a day of weeping—an index that she had not freely given her consent. Some consolation she perhaps had. Bothwell had shown himself an able man, and might yet do something for her distracted kingdom, but that was poor comfort for her broken heart. Mary Stuart may have been at times imprudent. What wonder if she was? Young and guileless, she was called from the gay and brilliant court of France to wield, in her native country, the sceptre of her fathers, and there with the proud and stupid Darnley, surrounded by treacherous hobnob, what wonder if she avoided Scylla only to shipwreck on Charybdis.

The other memorials of Edinburgh castle I will pass over. Their interest lies in their history, and their history is woven with the story of the grim old stronghold itself, and that story would fill a volume. It extends back to the 6th century, and down the ages reveals many a daring deed and tragic scene.

In "the ancient days of Caledon," the castle was several times taken by the English and as often retaken by the Scots, who would never lay down their arms while the proud invader was within their borders. In re-taking the stronghold the Scots usually had recourse to stratagem. The recapture by Douglas, in the reign of Edward III, is memorable. A sea-captain who obtained a truce into the castle under the pretext of selling wine, managed to upset his cart in the gate-way. The seeming accident was instantly followed by the Douglas war-cry, which rang out from a place of concealment hard by. Then a rush of armed men, a sharp conflict, and the castle was taken.

The stone came thundering down over the heads of Randolph and his men, who natu-

rally thought themselves discovered. If they had stirred, or made the slightest noise, they would have been entirely destroyed, for the soldiers alone might have killed every man of them, merely by rolling down stones. But, being courageous and chosen men, they remained quiet, and the English soldiers, who had thought their comrade was merely playing them a trick, (as, indeed, he had no other meaning in what he did or said) passed on without any further examination. Immediately ladders were planted and the wall scaled. The unfortunate watch were put to the sword. The rest was easy, for the garrison was asleep and unarmed.

Equally memorable was the recapture effected by Randolph, nephew of Robert Bruce. I will let Scott tell it: "Randolph took with him only 30 men (you may be

sure they were chosen for activity and courage), and came one dark night to the foot of the rock. All the while these 30 men were obliged to follow in a line, one after the other, by a path that was fitter for a cat than a man. The noise of a stone falling, or a word spoken from one to another, would have alarmed the watchman. They were, therefore, obliged to move with the greatest precaution. When they were up the crag, and near the foundation of the wall, they heard the guards going their rounds, to see that all was safe in and about the castle. While they were waiting in breathless alarm, they got a new cause of fright. One of the soldiers of the castle, willing to startle his comrades, suddenly threw a stone from the wall, and cried out, "Aha, I see you well!"

(To be continued.)

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