

GLIMPSES OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND.

II.

SEA SIDE HOTEL, RUSTICO BEACH,
6th July, 1879.

Before plunging in historic lore, let us rusticate one day in the sweet seclusion of green woods—over the shores of the "sounding" sea, amidst the hamlets of the descendants of the persecuted Acadians. Possibly some of them may know something of old Pierre Leblanc and his dispersed friends, which Longfellow forgot to tell us.

Rustico,* as known to the early French of the seventeenth century—Rustico, to the present inhabitants—such will be our haven of rest—there shall we rusticate. The much vaunted spot—will it come up to our expectations? A few hours will tell.

That almighty Confederation bribe, the Railway, is just now landing us at Hunter River Station, seven miles from Rustico, where Squire Newson, the enterprising proprietor of the Sea Side Hotel, keeps in readiness a line of stages.

Why is it called Hunter River Station? Is there anything there to specially attract the P. E. Island Nimrods? Was one of our first questions to the stage driver, a well-to-do Scotch farmer.

"The story is long, sir—but, I shall try and make it as short as I can,"—retorted our Jehu.

"Do not mind the length," we replied; "the road to Rustico will be longer than your story."—Thus discoursed our charioteer:

"In the reign of good Governor Smith, long before I was born in fact, at a time when speculators in land flocked to our island, there came an English officer bent on trying his fortune here. He was good looking and young; rich, some said. The doors of many of the quality, having marriageable daughters, were opened to him. He won the affections of a young lady—the name I forget. She had beauty—he had wealth, they were engaged. The wedding was to come off in the ensuing spring. The young lady in the meantime got to be a great sportsman: he was, when not sparring, constantly blazing away at bears, caribou, loup-cerviers, martins and partridges. He organized a great hunt, under the guidance of Micmac Indians, at the extreme end of the island. Sickened overtook him in the depth of the woods—one solitary Indian watched over him. No tidings came to the desponding young lady: wearied at last with hope deferred, she accepted as truth a report that her lover had perished from illness and cold. Time rolled on: the charm of a discarded lover slackened. A few months, and another wedding day was fixed on. All was joy—feasting—sunshine in her island home. Bridal dresses were ordered, as well as plum cake; youthful maidens and bachelors clustered in the hall; the clergyman was preparing to read the marriage service—the bridegroom lounged to sleep on the mystic ring, when a loud knock at the parlor door startled even the aged clergyman, the door was thrown open, when who should rush in frantically, but the long absent lover. Taking in at a glance the end of all his fond hopes, he retreated outside rapidly without saying a word. The young lady fainted—there was no wedding that day, but, instead, sorrow, confusion and tears all round. Probably sickness may have impaired the mind of the English officer: instead of claiming his betrothed, he rapidly wended his way to the adjoining woods. Search was made for him that day—the next—and the next—all in vain. Many weeks after, some trappers descending the shores of the river—this very river you now see—came on the remains of the poor gentleman. Hunger and exposure had probably caused his death. The coroner living miles away, a hole was dug in the red clay and there he has rested, until some years ago, when the island having become more populous and a survey having been ordered to settle a boundary question, it was debated by one of the party whether the British officer was buried there or not. A search was made—sure enough, at the place indicated by old people, were found the skull and bones of Mr. Hunter. I could take you now to the very spot; the river has ever since been called Hunter River."

Such the version given me by my Scotch friend. On we jogged over soft, pleasant roads, of porous red soil, like the rest of the island—drawn by a powerful grey mare, a worthy descendant, we were told, of the famous horse "Messenger," who has left a numerous progeny and an honored name among the Islanders.

From Hunter River to Rustico, lies a fertile rolling country, whose potato and oat fields and hen roosts are occasionally inclosed with a solid red stone fence. A clump of fir, spruce or white birch, diversifies the landscape. We rapidly closed in with a mill stream, alive with jumping trout—to the west a tasty green hedge, reminding you of Quebec hedges, showed that a Scotch gardener had tried his hand there. Three churches are here visible, an English, a Presbyterian and a R. C. temple of worship, the latter flanked on one side by the Farmers' Bank of Rustico, on the other by a lofty, handsome structure, to be opened next July as a R. C. Convent.

The Rustico Bank discounts for the fishermen and the farmers; a phase of banking requiring, we should imagine, more than one safeguard to

ensure 10 p. c. dividends, as this favored institution, with a capital of £3,000, has been paying.

10 p. c. dividends out of a capital of £3,000 loaned out, we imagine, at 7½ p. c., exclusive of manager and clerks' salaries, this is a *tour de force* which would make the fortune of any Montreal banker, even with issue treble of capital. Rustico, by the Church Registers which begin in 1812, was a R. C. Mission, ministered to then by Rev. Mr. Beaubien, who left in 1818 and died at Montmagny about 1873.

It was the episcopal seat of the late Bishop McDonald, who lived here thirty years and ultimately died at the College of St. Dunstan, in Charlottetown.

An enlightened R. C. Missionary, Rev. Mr. Belcour, seems to have been the Guardian Angel and regenerator of the poor Acadians. Instead of encouraging them to isolate themselves from their enterprising Scotch and English neighbors, he bade them to imitate their ways of tilling the soil and housing themselves. The rustic dandies, instead of covering their persons with their uncouth rag petticoats, their *draguet* and coarse cloth, were told that their morals would not be tainted by wearing dresses and bonnets like the Scottish and Irish lasses, their neighbors.

Rustico has also its legend, a pious one, connected with its chapel, in which on special, red letter days, long, long ago, sweet, powerful, mysterious voices blended with the choir, heard by many, unmistakable by their compass,—"the good angels of heaven," said the descendants of Acadia "encouraging them to persevere to the end, in this vale of sorrow." These sweet voices of other days are now silent. An urbane gentleman, educated in France, drove us to visit the Acadian Patriarch of an adjoining settlement—New Glasgow. The patriarch, by name Monsieur Dorion, aged 88, was absent. Alas! with him had departed our hopes of spicy bits of local information about the compatriots of Evangeline, their joys and their sorrows. New Glasgow is a sweetly pretty pastoral land of oats, potatoes, an elysium for patriotic hens, laying day and night here as elsewhere, for the prosperity and comfort of the Islanders. The export of eggs, as all can see, who cross in the Shediac steamer "St. Lawrence" or "Princess of Wales" is a mine of infinite wealth; the eggs are carefully put up in square boxes—2 feet by 1 foot 3 inches—with paper trays, each egg filling in its groove—an ingenious contrivance of their Boston customers: the same boxes, going to and fro all summer: representing a trade of many millions of eggs. Happy Islanders, to own such patriotic hens—hens of angelic morals—the saviours of the Island! May their shadow—feathers and laying qualities never grow less! Did Evangeline ever own such hens? Prince Edward Island has discovered in the black soil, which gathers at the entrance of its creeks and rivers, a compost, which is fertilizer of wondrous efficacy; a portion of the winter is devoted drawing with teams this incomparable manure, which combines marine detritus and shells and is extracted through the ice, by an ingenious, though simple machine. This black soil, called Mussel Mud, lasts more than twenty years on land and excels any stable manure.

In New Glasgow, the Scot as usual prospers fabulously and finds worthy competitors in the English and Irish. Some few Acadians are now following suit and several own well cultivated and good farms. Land is high now all over the Island.

On a sunny green slope, we were shown the paternal roof of Lt. Governor Laird. The sons of Scotia have reason to be proud at New Glasgow, P. E. I., as well as in old Glasgow.

JONATHAN OLDBRICK.

HEARTH AND HOME.

NEATNESS.—Neatness of attires should begin in the schoolroom. A young lady should dress just as carefully for school as for church or for society; school is society, and to appear at school in partial toilet is a mistake so serious as not only to warrant but to call for corrective criticism.

A GOOD WIFE.—A good wife is the most faithful and constant companion a man can possibly have by his side while performing the journey of life. When a woman loves, she loves with a double-distilled devotedness. Her love is as deep as the ocean, as strong as a hempen halter. She will not change, except it is in a very strong fit of jealousy, and even then her love lingers as if loth to depart, like evening twilight at the windows of the west.

INNOCENT GOSSIP.—Do not frown upon innocent gossip. Have no tolerance for that which is malevolent, for that which insinuates evil of the absent, and for that which gloats, vampire-like, on wounded reputations. Above all, let no mother encourage in her children the habit of saying harsh, acrimonious, and bitter things of others. Let the family atmosphere be too sweet and too pure for the growth of such ill weeds. But gentle, neighbourly, well-bred gossip is fit diversion, now and then, for the home circle.

AIM HIGH.—Men are so inclined to content themselves with what is commonest, the spirit and the sense so easily grow dead to the impressions of the beautiful and the perfect, that everyone should study, by all methods, to nourish in his mind the faculty of feeling these things. For no man can bear to be entirely deprived of such enjoyments; it is only because they are not used to taste of what is excellent, that the generality of people take delight in silly and insipid things, provided they are new.

WEAR AND TEAR.—The tear and wear of external occupation is ever acting upon our religious life. The constant rubbing of the sand on Egyptian hieroglyphics even effaces the deep-cut characters from basalt rocks. So the unceasing attrition of multitudinous trifles will take all the bloom off your religion and efface the name of the King cut on the tablets of your heart if you do not counteract them by constant earnest effort. Our devotion, our faith, our love, is only preserved by being constantly renewed.

QUIET COURAGE.—Men know how thunder and lightning come from the clouds in summer, and they want to thunder and lighten sometimes themselves; but it is better that the contents of the clouds should drop down in gentle rains, and make something grow, than that there should be flashing and rounding in the heavens, that the oak should be crushed to pieces, which has been growing for a hundred years; and it is better, not that men should produce a great racket in the world, and work destruction round about them, but that they should create happiness among their fellow men.

TASTE FOR READING.—Sir John Herschel has declared that, if he were to pray for a taste which should stand in every variety of circumstance and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to him through life, it would be a taste for reading. Give a man, he affirms, that taste, and the means of gratifying it, and you cannot fail of making him good and happy; for you bring him in contact with the best society in all ages, with the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest men who have adorned humanity, making him a denizen of all nations, a contemporary of all times.

THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.—It is an exquisite and beautiful thing in our nature, that when the heart is touched and softened by some tranquil happiness or affectionate feeling, the memory of the dead comes over it most powerfully and irresistibly. It would almost seem as though our better thoughts and sympathies were charms in virtue of which the soul is enabled to hold some vague and mysterious intercourse with the spirits of those whom we dearly loved in life. Alas! how often and how long may those patient angels hover above us, watching for the spell which is so seldom uttered and so soon forgotten!

SUFFERING AND SYMPATHY.—We must suffer before we can sympathize; and when we have suffered our experience teaches us to be pitiful to others. We can handle best the sore of which we have felt the smart, and the burden which we ourselves have borne we can help to adjust on the shoulders of others with greatest knowledge of where the corners press. All the hardness of youth comes from want of experience; all the tender pity of age, the helpfulness of maturity, comes from the foregone knowledge of pain. If sorrow does nothing else for us, it teaches us to be tender to others, and show us how to alleviate by having taught us how to bear.

DUTIES.—There are some duties which should be performed to-day, yet they will wait as patients in the ante-room of a physician. The ante-room of many souls are filled with duties that have been waiting, one two hours, another a month, a third a year; and one old grave duty, leaning on his crutch, says—"Ah, I have waited forty years for audience, and have not yet found it!" Some duties come at last, like the bailiff with his warrant, or the sheriff with his writ; they will follow you and dog your footsteps until you shall give them audience. There are some duties that can only be done to-day—to-morrow's duties being those of reparation.

GRACE IN WOMAN.—What is more charming than an agreeable graceful woman? Here and there we meet one who possesses the fairy-like power of enchanting all about her; sometimes she is ignorant herself of the magical influence, which is, however, for that reason only the more perfect. Her presence lights up the home; her approach is like a cheering warmth; she passes by, and we are content; she stays a while, and we are happy. To behold her is to live; she is the aurora with a human face. She has no need to do more than simply to be; she makes an Eden of the house; paradise breathes from her; and she communicates this delight to all without taking any greater trouble than that of existing beside them. Is not hers an inestimable gift?

THE TRUE WIFE.—A true wife will not cherish her husband's weaknesses by working upon them to her own advantage. She should not irritate him. If irritation should occur, woman must expect to hear from most men a strength and vehemence of language far more than the occasion requires. Mild as well as stern men are prone to this exaggeration of language; let not a woman be tempted ever to say anything sarcastic or violent in retaliation. The bitterest repentance must needs follow such indulgence if she does. Men frequently forget what they have themselves said, but seldom what is uttered by their wives. They are grateful, too, for forbearance in such cases, for while asserting most loudly that they are right, they are often conscious that they are wrong.

SELF-DISCIPLINE.—Not all the teaching in the world can do us any good unless we aid it by our own self-discipline. Teaching is simply the dead form of things, the dry letter of the law; while self-discipline is the spirit that gives life to the one and meaning to the other. To force a young person to do things against the natural bent of his character is, of course, the only possible method, as well as the primary meaning, of education; but, unless the char-

acter is of that automatic kind which takes habits easily for want of counter-proclivities, or unless, when of a more active sort, it has the conscious energy of self-discipline, that external pressure of teaching will have no vital effect; and when the teacher's hand is withdrawn the whole edifice which he alone has raised, and he alone sustains, will fall to the ground.

THE MANAGEMENT OF LITTLE FOLK.—It is useless to endeavour to make a child control his temper if you give way to your own, to tell him to be truthful while you are not strictly so, to inculcate neatness while careless of your own dress; the little folk are keen observers, and will not respect you unless you are worthy. Be careful not to impose unnecessary instructions—to forbid nothing without reason. It is well to infuse into every child's mind the wholesome principle of self-respect, to teach him that certain things are to be avoided and others cultivated, not because you say so, but because of his own dignity and social position. So should they be taught in their earliest years that certain things are for their good, that gentleness, unselfishness, and neatness are not only admirable in themselves and pleasant in their family circle, but that they make their possessor welcome in the outer world, and are excellent capital to begin life upon.

APPRECIATION.—Love and appreciation are to a woman what dew and sunshine are to a flower. They refresh and brighten her whole life. They make her strong-hearted and keen-sighted in everything affecting the welfare of her home. They enable her to cheer her husband, when the cares of life press heavily upon him, and to be a very providence to her children. To know that her husband loves her, and is proud of her, and believes in her; that even her faults are looked upon with tenderness; that her face, to one, at least, is the fairest face in all the world; and the heart, which to her is the greatest and noblest, holds her sacred in its inmost recesses above all women, gives her a strength, and courage, and sweetness, and vivacity, which all the wealth of the world could not bestow. Let a woman's life be pervaded with such an influence, and her heart and mind will never grow old, but will blossom and sweeten, and brighten in perpetual youth.

REST FOR THE WEARY.—How the tired man of business looks and longs for his day of leisure, or perhaps his Saturday afternoons, when he can get out of his usual groove of labour, and sniff the fresh breeze from the shady woodlands! In these few hours of leisure he often crams days of pleasant memories, and while occupied with duties a close observer sees a merrier twinkle of the eye, a more pleasant smile lights up his face, and his footstep moves with a new vigor; he is also improved in disposition, and serves himself or his employer better. To a man or woman whose whole time is leisure, no such pleasures are in store; the time hangs heavy, and all things are viewed through smoked glass, and sometimes the glass is wonderfully darkened; from such we often hear the expression, "We have not time," or, "Our time is wholly occupied." Depend upon it this is only a palliative to conscience, as regards duties, or the flimsy guise to hide our indifference from our friends.

THOUGHTFULNESS.—Each one of a thousand acts of love costs very little by itself, and yet, when viewed altogether, who can estimate their value? What is it that secures for one the name of a kind neighbour? Not the doing of half a dozen great favours in as many years, but the little everyday kindnesses, neither of which seems of much consequence, considered in itself, but their continued repetition sheds a sunlight over the whole neighbourhood. It is so, too, in the family. The child whose good offices are always ready when they are wanted—to run up-stairs or down, to get chips or rock the cradle, or to run on an errand, and all with a cheerful and a pleasant temper, has a reward along with such good deeds. If a little girl cannot take her grandfather on her lap, as he takes her on his, she can get his slippers, or put away his book, or gently comb his thin locks; and, whether she thinks of it or not, these little kind acts that come from a loving heart are the sunbeams that lighten up a dark and woeful world.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

FIFTY thousand people attended the funeral of Calvert, the actor, at Manchester, England.

ADELINA PATTI was hissed by the audience of the Royal Italian Opera recently while performing in L'Africaine.

GERSTER'S magnificent voice was first discovered by a musical director of Vienna, who heard her sing at the head of a Roman Catholic procession in a Hungarian village.

MISS MINNIE HARK has just given in London her 100th representation of "Carmen." She was surrounded by flowers, and received a memorial of the occasion in the shape of a beautiful Spanish necklace.

THE Spanish students who created such a sensation at the Paris Exhibition have arrived in London. The students wear the traditional dress, with a sash in their caps. They are in number about eighteen—six or seven mandolins, almost as many guitars, a fiddle, and a violinello—all stringed instruments.

INTERESTING stories are told of the versatility of the late Mrs. Howard Paul. Once in London, when there was a large take, Sims Reeves, who was the hero of the hour, sent word that he was indisposed. The manager knew this meant the return of the money. Mrs. Howard Paul was one of the singers, and at a moment's notice she went on for Mr. Reeves, and imitated his voice and manner so correctly that no one knew the difference. Afterward she included this imitation in her regular entertainment. In 1870 she accomplished the feat of singing the whole part of Drogan, in "Genevieve de Brabant," as a tenor and in French. She also sang the "Grand Duchesse" in French.

* This old French fishing post protected, of yore, by a fort, which stood on Roland's Point takes its name from a Frenchman, M. Racicot, who returned to France when England took possession of the Island.