

THE
Prince Edward Island
MAGAZINE

VOL. I

NOVEMBER, 1899

NO. 9

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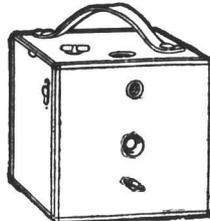
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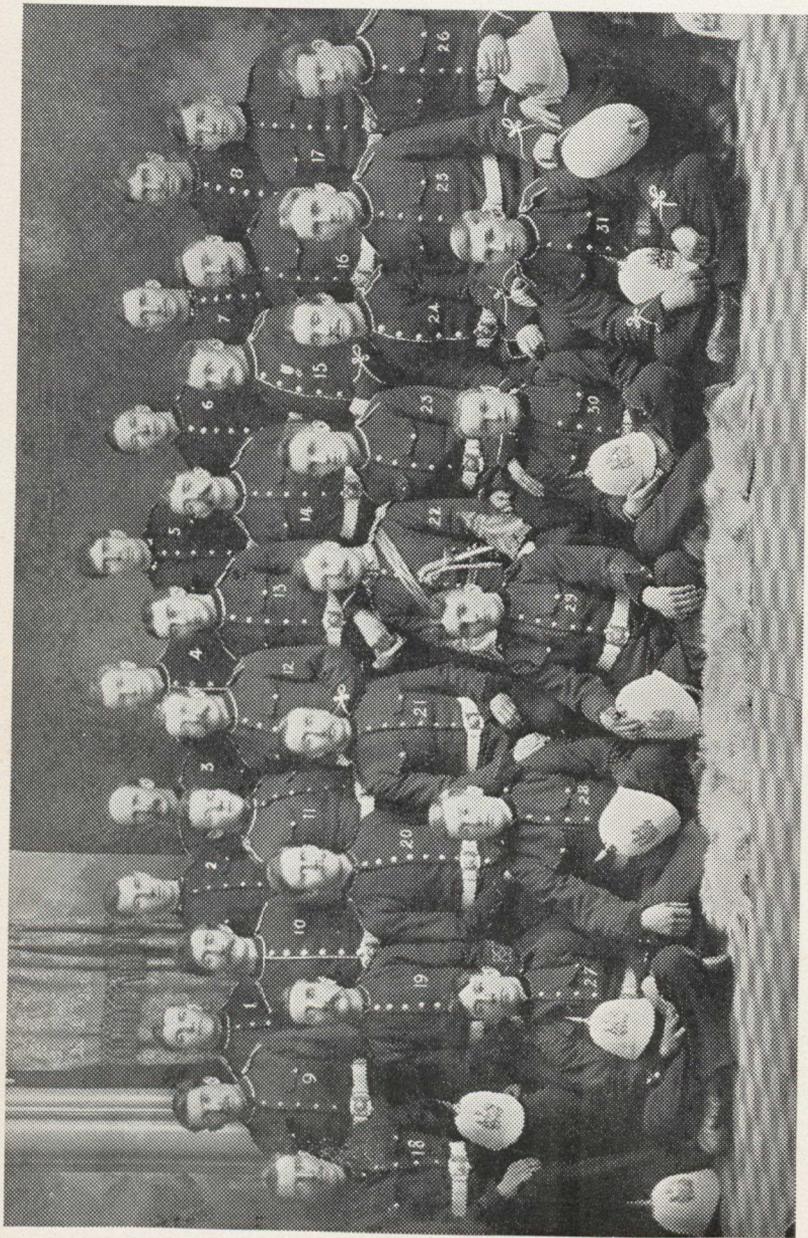
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- THE -
Prince Edward Island Magazine

Vol. I

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No. 9

Ecce Homo!

BY THE LATE THOMAS A. LE PAGE.

“ The perfect Man ! How looked He then ? ” You say
“ Of stature fair ?—nor small nor overgrown
As some rank weed ? Sat noble beard upon
A face ruddy with health, with many a ray
Of beamy laughter lit ? or did the play
Of inescapable passion, all unknown
Save to Himself, work on His front its own
Care-signal, —wasting half his strength away ?
“ I know not. Yet from forth that lordly eye
Flashed gentleness and courage. None might lift
Rude hand to him unawed. Lost ones, adrift
On the soul’s sea, nigh Him felt rescue nigh,—
And when He spoke, men listened as they heard
The heart tones of the race,—the authentic word.”

The Island of St. John in 1721.

BY JOHN CAVEN.

FIFTEEN months had passed since the workmen of St. Pierre’s fishing Company had established themselves the height of Port Lajoie. Lieutenant De la Ronde Denys, on whom devolved the duty of organising and fostering the young colony, had brought to the accomplishment of his task a prudent energy acquired from long experience in similar undertakings.

One act, however, of the busy lieutenant gives him a special claim to our gratitude. On the sixth of November 1721, he wrote a dispatch to the Minister of Marine and Colonies, in which he gives the first detailed account of the interior of the Island of St. John, its harbors, its rivers, timber, soil, birds and animals. I have thought that, to many, the contents of this dispatch would prove of sufficient interest to warrant their appearance in the Prince Edward Island Magazine.

De la Ronde describes the Island as shaped like a crescent, measuring in length fifty and in width eight leagues. "We are," he writes, "in Port Lajoie, one of the most beautiful harbours that eye could behold. Into it, three great rivers empty themselves, the North East River with a course of sixteen leagues, the South West with four, and the North North West with three." The timber that covered the Island pleased him much: in quantity it was abundant, in quality excellent. The streams that water the interior of the Island are, he says, well suited for the erection of saw mills, which could find constant and profitable employment cutting pine and oak planks for ship building. With the fertile meadows of Grand Pre in his memory, the writer sets much store by the luxuriant pasture that covers the flats of the three rivers. As to the soil and its capabilities, he contents himself with the very moderate statement, that it was greatly superior to the soil of Cape Breton.

In enumerating the harbours of the Island, De La Ronde seems to have directed his attention exclusively to the northern shore. To this he may have been led by the belief, that the best fishing grounds lay off that coast. The harbour of Tranch Montagne, which he places on the eastern shore at the distance of about a league from the East Point, is the only exception. He describes this harbour as being practicable for boats only. From the fact that it was settled during the first year that the emigrants arrived from France, and remained settled for many years after, and from the appearance of cellars, and other marks of the abodes of man found on the shores of South Lake, it is every way probable that the Tranch Montagne of the French lay there. Fourteen leagues to the west from East Point, De La Ronde arrives at an important

harbour, from which he strips the Indian name and bestows on it that of the Company's President, St. Pierre. Vessels of sixty tons may enter it with safety. Three leagues further west lies the Port to which the French in after years gave the name of Savage Harbour; De La Ronde calls it by its Indian name Quibuonidinique. It is a harbour suited for boats only. Still three leagues further, the harbour of Tracadie opens pronounced by De La Ronde safe for vessels of a hundred tons. The harbour next mentioned, bears in the despatch the name by which it was known to the Micmacs—Quiquibougat. It lies three leagues west from Tracadie and is probably the harbour which came in course of time to be known as Rassicot, and in modern days corrupted into Rustico. It was a harbour for boats. Next comes the great land-locked harbour of Malpeque into which vessels of two hundred tons might sail with safety. Cascumpeque lying six leagues further west ends the list. It was deemed safe for vessels of two or three hundred tons. In the waters of all these harbours fish could be caught in great abundance, and their shores offered every facility for drying and curing.

Some, both of the animals and birds mentioned by De La Ronde have disappeared from the Island. But in his day stags ranged through the dense woodlands. Inconsiderate slaughter on the part of the Indians had exterminated the Elk and the Moose, their favorite game. The capture of the stag involved greater toil than assorted with the indolent habits of the Micmac; he, therefore at the approach of winter, left the Island and built his wigwam in the wilds of the mainland, where the game he coveted abounded. The country was infested with wolves of great size. The skin of one of these was sent by Governor Gotteville in the ship which carried De La Ronde's despatch, as a present to the wife of the French Admiral. Martens, otters, squirrels and foxes of various colors were in great plenty. There were, he says, no beavers, because there were no lakes; and no porcupines because there were no mountains. (1)

Turning next to the birds that are to be met with on the

(1) De La Ronde is not, I think, correct, regarding the absence of Beavers from the Island. These industrious creatures have left their mark on some of our Island streams. On the upper waters of the Dunk, the Beaver Dams are well known to the angler.

Island, the writer furnishes a long list, in which by some mistake of eye or ear he places the sky-lark, the starling and nightingale. The other birds mentioned can still be seen, although some of them are not in such numbers as formerly. Bustards, geese, ducks in a great many varieties, teal, black divers, shell-duck, whistlers, crows, plover, partridges in huge flocks, turtle-doves, woodpeckers, the thrush, the owl, hawks, tomtits and blackbirds are named but do not exhaust the catalogue.

As the officer of a company engaged in the business of making money by colonization, it was natural for De La Ronde to furnish some information regarding the measure of success which was likely to attend the enterprise. He accordingly pronounced St. Pierre a most fortunate speculator, inasmuch as he has invested his money to most excellent purpose. Properly managed, he estimates the annual returns from the Island at a hundred thousand crowns, after payment of all expenses.

In the first year of settlement ship-building began, and under the direction of De La Ronde three vessels were built and equipped at St. Peter's Lake. One of a hundred tons was to sail for Europe with a freight of cod-fish, the result of the summer's fishing. Another of twenty-five tons was destined for the seal and walrus fishing around the Magdalen Islands, and a third of sixty-five tons was constructed to trade with the West India Islands.

Of the harbours mentioned by De La Ronde three, he tells us were settled in the first year of the colony,—Tranche Montagne, St. Peter's and Tracadie. At Port Lajoie sixteen families from France, and four from Acadia had fixed their abode. Reckoning these at a hundred individuals, there would be of the emigrants from France a remainder of two hundred colonists, who would occupy the three stations mentioned above.

A remarkable change has come over the scene on which De La Ronde looked in 1721, standing among the birches and beeches of Port Lajoie. Around him toiled busily that germ of life and civilization destined by France to quicken the wilderness. To-day, the ploughshare is, year after year, obliterating more and more the sites occupied by the log houses of the toilers. The

very glacis which led up to the barracks of the military, and the residence of the Governor, is, in the season, white with peaceful harvests, while across where the three rivers meet, along the northern bank of the East River, the darkening forest has disappeared, and from where its roots were set, out into the bold waters, long wharves extend, at which all kinds of shipping load and unload cargoes; and looking down on this active traffic, stands a flourishing city, with broad streets, public buildings, shops, comfortable dwellings, and populous suburbs reaching far back among the green fields. Everything seems to have changed except the red soil of the shores, the unrivalled harbour, and the majestic rivers.

The Doings of a Day.

IT was a pleasant September morning and all things seemed propitiously inclined to our project—which was nothing less than going “a fishing.” Behold us then arriving at the depot in very irregular order. The ladies of our party were decidedly on time, but—“the fishermen came in one by one”—some just in time to board the train as it was moving out.

Fishing gear was prominently and promiscuously displayed in the car, and there was little need of expressing our object in travelling.

Before arriving at our destination, we were joined by some fair, and welcome, additions to our party. Soon we arrived at the scene of our prospective labors, and ladies and fishing rods are solicitously cared for—especially the former.

Upon reaching the stream everything was made ready and we “posed” for the benefit of the camera, which was ably handled by one of our number, and what a group was there—charming young ladies, embryo doctors, and two solitary specimens of their kind, an agent for one of our popular insurance

companies, and even a pedagogue. Well, the camera stood the test—even when the fence broke under one of our collegians, as he was assuming a most picturesque pose on the top rail.

The next proceeding of the day, was to try to lure the wary "finnies;" unfortunately, however, they were not like us, they declined to be "took," not even yielding to the blandishments of some of the fair ones, who were skilfully whipping the stream. The time passed pleasantly and quickly, until our appetites made us feel like "taking something." A fire was made, water heated and we were soon discussing the good things provided by the ladies. Our photographic artist "snapped" us in some of our unstudied poses, and we are anxiously awaiting results. The remainder of the afternoon was spent in promenading, fishing and boating. Our craft was called the "Maine," for we raised her from the waters of the deep. After a careful diagnosis of its interior structure, our medicos decided that the "Maine" was seaworthy, and forthwith proceeded to embark. Their enjoyment was somewhat marred by the too frequent necessity for bailing; but contented minds are not seriously disturbed by such trifles, and they were soon making things ring with college choruses and popular refrains. Our fishing was attended with better success, (perhaps the wondrous music charmed the fish) and we succeeded in capturing eight or ten dozen, I don't say which,—some of our party said ten dozen but others said "eight." As we were about to start for a certain station, not a hundred miles from the city, the evening train arrived and on it were two more of the fair sex, and now no "solitary" ones were there. We reached the station referred to after a very pleasant walk, and were most hospitably entertained at a residence near by. The evening was very pleasantly spent and it was with regret that we heard the whistle that warned us that we must leave.

En route, once more, and a drive that was all to short for some of us, brought us to the Capital, slightly tired but very much pleased with our outing.

R. E. SMITH.

Voices from the Abegweit.

BY M. SWABEY.

(*Pioneer Canadian Canoe on the River Exc, Devon, 1884.*)

What is my paddle saying? as it cleaves the silver tide
Of the stream that ripples gently by the ancient city's side,
The City with twin-towers crown'd, eight hundred years ago,
That ever cried God save the King! and laid the rebel low.

What is my paddle saying? O! the flood of thought, awhile,
Obeys its mystic summons to the rapids of the Nile,
And thy torrent-daring boatmen, striving Canada! I see,
With Wolesley, and Sir Redvers, to set gallant Gordon free!

What is my paddle saying? O! the current in my breast
Beneath its sweep is setting to my old home in the West,
And England is forgotten, and "Excester's" glory too,
As glides my swift 'Abegweit' (Canadian canoe.)

What is my paddle saying? why it talks of "Port-la-Joie",
And its wigwam-dotted margin, where I revelled as a boy.
When Red men were my 'brothers,' and comrades in the chase,
And Fancy threw her halo o'er a fast decaying race.

What is my paddle saying? well, it bids me look and smile,
As it conjures up the picture of romantic 'Lennox Isle,'
Where the Micmac owns a fragment of his once superb domain,
And of late a forest Princess held the shadow of a reign.

What is my paddle saying? O its undertones descant
On the cunning of the Micmac, as he steals upon the brant,
What seems a broken fir tree, goes drifting toward the flock,
Then waves the startled pinion, rings out the rifle's shock!

What is my paddle saying? now it whispers of the feat,
Of the salmon spearing prowess of some stalwart Millicete,
And from midnight torches flashing o'er the river, to and fro,
I catch the inspiration of the happy long ago.

What is my paddle saying? Ah! I have not words to tell,
All it utters to my spirit of the scenes I loved so well;
And the friends who shared my raptures at the beauty God has shed
O'er 'Abegweit', 'Ouygoudy', 'Picwcket' and 'Green Head!'

Rule Britannia.

[Essentially a patriotic ballad, "Rule Britannia" is interesting on account of its prophetic worth, when we consider that it was written by James Thomson a century and a half ago.]

WHEN Britain first at Heaven's command,
 Arose from out the azure main ;
 This was the charter of the land
 And guardian angels sung this strain :
 " Rule Britannia, rule the waves ;
 Britons never will be slaves ! "

The nations not so blessed as thee
 Must in their turn to tyrants fall,
 While thou shalt flourish great and free,
 The dread and envy of them all.
 " Rule," &c.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
 More dreadful from each foreign stroke ;
 As the loud blast that tears the skies
 Serves but to root thy native oak.
 " Rule," &c.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame ;
 All their attempts to bend thee down
 Will but arouse thy generous flame ;
 But work their woe and thy renown.
 " Rule," &c.

To thee belongs the rural reign ;
 Thy cities shall with commerce shine :
 All thine shall be the subject main,
 And every shore it circles thine.
 " Rule," &c.

The Muses, still with freedom found,
 Shall to thy happy coast repair ;
 Blest isle with matchless beauty crowned,
 And manly hearts to guard the fair.
 " Rule, Britannia, rule the waves ;
 Britons never will be slaves ! "

OUR PROMINENT MEN.



SIR LOUIS H. DAVIES, K. C. M. G.

Dangers of the (NFLD) Seal Fishery.

BY W. B. DYER.

THE following account of the wreck of the ship "Renfrew" and the almost miraculous rescue of the crew, while on a sealing voyage in the spring of sixty-nine, will give some idea of the dangers to which the hardy Newfoundlanders are exposed in the pursuit of seals, and will no doubt be interesting to some of your readers.

The account was given me by one of the crew, a real hardy Newfoundland "Swile" hunter, who also had a copy of a journal kept by one of his comrades during their sufferings. The journal itself is quite a curiosity, but full allowance must be made for the difficulties under which it was kept. I give the narrative as nearly as I can remember, in the words of the narrator, and, as far as possible, have kept to the letter of the MS. of the journal. I may add that the dangers and hardships are not by any means exaggerated, but rather underestimated; in short your readers will please to remember that they are reading, not one of the thrilling stories of "S. Cobb, Jr.," but only the plain, unvarnished, but true tale of a Newfoundland fisherman.

The ship "Renfrew,"—Captain Blandford, with a crew of sixty men, being fully fitted out and provisioned for a sealing voyage, sailed from the harbour of Greenspond, on the N. E. coast of Newfoundland, on the 24th of February, 1869.

We beat on and off shore inside and outside of numerous floes of ice, until "St. Patrick's," with little or no success, or as the narrator expressively put it, "no sign of fat."

Nothing of much interest took place until March 19th, ship being jammed in the ice, the wind suddenly chopped round to the N. E. with every sign of a gale. We were by dead reckoning some two hundred miles from land. The wind continued to increase during the night and next morning, the 20th, a furious gale with snow was blowing from the N. E. The ice reftered—by reftering it is meant that the ice was forced up one pan on the other, by the heavy sea and wind—and about two o'clock a. m.

our ship sprang a leak. All hands labored incessantly for some hours, with pumps and buckets, but could not keep the ship free; in spite of all efforts the water gained on us. All endeavors to stop the leak proved useless. The captain then gave orders to abandon the ship, as it was evident she was fast filling and would go down as soon as the ice loosed a little. Our first care was for provisions, of which we were enabled to get out a large quantity, as well as many other things, such as sails, firewood, rope, etc. Among the provisions saved were a puncheon of molasses and a few barrels of pork. We also saved our punts—seal boats. It was a sad sight to see sixty-one (61) men on a pan of ice, some two hundred miles from land, with only punts to depend on in case the ice loosened and broke up. No sail was in sight, nor did there appear much or any hope of escape. Truly our condition was a pitiable one! About 11 o'clock, a. m., two men ventured on board to try and cut away the foremast for firewood. They had scarcely begun to do so when they felt the ship sinking, and by the time they got back to us the "Renfrew" had disappeared for ever. During the afternoon, the weather being still thick and stormy, we contrived to erect a sort of tent on the large pan of ice on which we had taken refuge. We then made a fire and managed to get a little warm and dry, standing looking at one another in silent dismay. Towards evening the weather cleared up, and to our great joy we saw a large brig lying about four miles from us. By the aid of a spy-glass we made her out to be the "M.", Captain Green. Every man then packed up as many clothes, etc., as he thought he could carry, and started off for the vessel,—two of the crew were lame, one having been injured as we were leaving the ship—however, they both managed to keep up with the rest. The ice being very rough, some of the men soon got tired, and began to throw away various articles which they had brought with them, so that we might have been tracked for some distance by the castaway clothes, etc, on the ice. After walking about a mile our further progress was suddenly stopped by a large lake of water. Nine men at a great risk ventured to cross on a pan of ice; the remainder of us retreated to the tent we had erected when our ship went down, and there made ourselves as comfortable as we could. We took

turns to fire guns all night; we also kept a large fire burning. Next morning, Sunday the 21st, we all had something to eat before daybreak. As the morning cleared we again saw the ship we had tried to get to the night before, but to our great dismay, eight or nine miles off, and heading from us. However we all started. The ice being loose we took three punts with us. We hauled the punts about a mile and a half, but the ice getting rougher we had to leave them. We then walked about a mile, when the weather came on thick with snow. The captain called a halt, and, after some debate, we determined to go back to our home on the ice; but on turning about we could see no sign of it. Our situation was now an alarming one; fifty-two of us on the drift ice—which might break up at any minute—without food, fire or boats.

After waiting some time, everyone looking anxiously towards where we supposed our tent to be, the weather lightened enough to enable us to see our flag which, providentially, we had hoisted on a pole near the tent. We set up a joyful shout on seeing it and made for the flag as fast as possible. The ice about this time loosened very fast. After great toil and almost incredible exertion, all got back to the tent; some running and jumping from pan to pan, others in the punts which some of the stronger and more active ones, who had got back first, hauled out to meet their less fortunate comrades. Scarcely had we looked round to see if all were safe, when a heavy sea rolled in and broke our pan in pieces. All our provisions, as well as ourselves, were scattered about on small pans, and not a small portion of the former went to the bottom. The puncheon of molasses was among the portion saved, for which we were all very thankful; as it was of great use in sweetening the snow and ice water, which was our only drink. We set to work, wet and hungry as we were, and got ourselves and what articles we could save on one of the larger and heavier pans. We had just got a little settled when another sea came in; the ice reftered, and—to our great sorrow—stove in our puncheon of molasses; however, we managed to save a few gallons. The remainder of the afternoon was spent in repairing our tent. Night coming on before we had finished, we all huddled together as well as we could; but, the ice loosening still more,

the pan we were on drifted about all night in a pool of water and one side of our tent being partly submerged, we passed a most uncomfortable night. Every hour seemed a whole night. Sorrowful thoughts, too, of the fate of the nine men (who left us on the first day) filled our minds, as we did not the least expect that they had reached the vessel—as it proved eventually they did.

We fired guns at intervals all night. Monday, 22nd, was fine and clear in the morning, but no craft of any sort was in sight. Some of the men began to despair; but the most of us had good hopes of being rescued somehow or other. We had provisions enough to last some time, but very little firewood. From Monday until Friday, the weather being more moderate and the ice jamming closer together, we employed ourselves in making our tent a little more comfortable, and in getting our punts ready in case the ice should loosen. Saturday, the 27th, being very fine, we caught a great many seals, the fat of which we used in the place of firewood. We also discovered a large and heavy pan or cake of ice, enclosed in a lighter one. On to this pan we removed our tent, provisions, etc. We got everything removed by nightfall. By this time we were getting used to our new mode of life. The 28th, Easter Sunday, was a very fine day; we got a little rest that day. On Monday, 29th, the men employed themselves in various ways; some watching for seals, of which we always endeavored to have a stock on hand, as without them we could have no fire. Some of us amused ourselves with various games, such as leap-frog, foot-ball, etc., others sang hymns; a few strolled about cursing their ill-luck, as they called it.

We had to keep a strict watch every night for fear of the ice reftering; half of our number sat up and half lay down to try and get a little sleep. Those that lay down kept on their boots and swanskin mitts or cuffs, tied down their caps, and so were ready to jump at a moment's warning. Our sealskin clothes bags were also kept in readiness with a few articles of clothing, and biscuits in them. Many times during the night the watch would give the alarm: "All hands up." Each one would then seize his pack and out of the tent at the double quick. After waiting a

short time and finding no damage done, all would go back to their beds; perhaps to be aroused again in a few minutes. Most of us were wet through every night, and rose from our so-called berths cold and shivering. During the day time we had false alarms of ships being in sight. A man would call out: "There! there's a ship and no mistake." All hands would turn out to see it, only to be disappointed or to say: "Well, that 'cake of ice' did look like a ship." In this manner we lived on the pan of ice until Thursday, April 1st, when towards evening the weather, which had been thick and hazy for some days, cleared up. Eagerly we gazed, as the haze gradually lifted, hoping against hope that a ship might be in sight. At last one man cried out "I see a vessel!" Instantly all eyes were turned in the direction to which he pointed. Our hearts beat high as we saw the shadowy outlines of the sails and rigging of a large brig—"and no mistake"—some four or five miles off. It being late in the afternoon, and having two lame men with us, we deemed it useless to try and board the brig that night, but did everything in our power to attract her attention. As soon as it was dark we hoisted a barrel on a pole, put a seal's pelt in it (skin with fat attached) to which we set fire; by which means we had a famous blaze all night. We also fired guns at short intervals. Next morning all hands were early on the lookout, but our hearts sank within us as we saw that all our efforts to gain the attention of those on board the brig had been fruitless, for she was much further off and heading from us. The ice having become a little loose we determined to take our punts, with as many provisions as possible, and go in pursuit of the brig. On rough ice we got on very slowly, and at noon did not appear to have gained more than a mile on the ship. However, we worked and toiled on as men only can when their lives are at stake. We fired guns all day at intervals, and about four o'clock, p. m., the wind blowing more strongly in the direction of the ship, the report of our guns was heard by her crew. Our spirits rose as we saw her make answer to our signals by hoisting her flag, and after some time we saw men coming from her firing guns and shouting. When within hail we found that the brig was the "Argus," Captain E—. Some of their men then ran back to let their captain know about

us. Captain E. was so much affected that he shed tears when he found that he had been going from us all day. All our men got on board that night. Nothing could exceed the kindness of the captain of the "Argus" and her crew. A goodly supply of hot cooked victuals was ready for us when we got on board, and the men turned out of their berths to allow us to get a little sleep, which we required more than anything, as when we did get any sleep on the ice we generally woke up wet through, cold and shivering. It almost seems a miracle that none of us died from the hardships to which we had been exposed. Thus, after being fourteen days on a pan of ice, some two hundred miles from land, we were, by the Providence of God, mercifully rescued; but to be again shipwrecked and again rescued. After being two days on board the Argus, we fell in with the "Packet," Captain Osborne, who agreed to take half our crew, which he did on Sunday, April 4th. On Monday, April 5th, the ship "Queen", Captain Hennebury came alongside. Though short himself, he spared some provisions, which we shared with those of our crew on board the "Packet." That night the ships parted company. On Saturday, April 10th, we sighted the North Grey Islands, driving along all night with a strong gale, a heavy sea, and a great deal of running ice, which our greatest exertions could not keep the ship clear of. Next morning, Sunday 11th, the destruction of the ship and loss of all on board appeared inevitable. The wind had much increased, and every few minutes enormous pans or blocks of ice struck the ship with such violence that we knew nothing could long stand. Getting a little nearer to the land, the ice closed up, jammed our ship in, split her stern and started her sternpost. She did not leak, for the pressure of the ice had forced her quite out of the water, but we knew if the ice loosened she would go down instantly. We were at this time about a mile and a half from the shore of the South Grey Islands. All then left the ship. Including the crew of the Argus we numbered eighty men. After walking about five miles along the coast over very rough ice, we found a landing place, and with some difficulty all got ashore in safety. We had no provisions excepting a few biscuits that some of the men had in their packs. Our captain said he thought there were some houses on the other

side of the Island about four miles distant in a direct line. We then took a drink of water, shared the "few biscuits" among us, and started for the houses.

We had not gone far before a furious snow storm came on—a blizzard—with drift so thick that it was impossible to see three yards ahead. Still we pushed on as well as we could, through the blinding snow storm, over hills and rocks, through swamps and bogs. Having walked for some hours we began to fear either that we had lost our way, or that there were no houses on the island. Still the captain said he was sure that there were people living on the Island, so we plucked up courage, and trudged on in the face of the driving snow.

Towards night some of the older men got very tired—one gave out entirely. We could not leave him there to die, so after some consultation our captain ordered seven or eight men to stay with the old man—who was lying on the snow—and chafe his hands and feet to keep him from freezing. The others in large parties, to prevent being lost, searched about to try and find some wood. After long search, the Island being barren and rocky we discovered a small clump or bunch of bushes. Having no axe we had to cut the branches with our sheath knives and break them with our hands. With great difficulty owing to the tempestuous state of the weather we succeeded in making a fire to which we carried the old man. He was not able to speak, but on giving him a little water made warm in a small tin kettle—which one of the crew had fortunately carried with him—he revived a little, and in a short time was much better. It was now quite dark, so there was no alternative but to stay where we were all night. Though the storm had abated, we passed a most wretched night, being cold, hungry, and wet through; in fact quite soaked, in addition to which we had no shelter of any kind. Next day being fine we succeeded in finding the houses. On making inquiries about provisions the answer was: "We have hardly enough for ourselves." It almost seemed to us, that we had escaped being drowned only to be starved. We had been nineteen hours without food, besides walking fourteen or fifteen miles through deep snow and over rough ice.

But God was merciful to us; for, shortly after we found the

houses, four vessels—"seal-hunters,"—came into the harbour, three of them having a good stock of provisions on board. We very soon boarded them: the captains and crews said that while they had any provisions left they would share with us.

Next day some men came from the back of the Island and told us that our ship was safe. They reported that seven men had got on board, and that she was then driving towards the French shore. The men who had got on board came back three or four days afterwards having narrowly escaped with their lives as the ship sank immediately on getting into loose ice, giving them barely time to leave her. Our crew now separated,—some going to the French shore in some small craft that had called at the Island. Some remained; but the greater number, of whom the narrator was one, left with Captain Winsor in the sealing vessel "Billow." The day after leaving the Island we got fast jammed in the ice and driven into White Bay. Here the ice reftered. We packed up, ready to leave, but the ice did us no harm. We remained fast in the ice for three weeks, all this time on rather short allowance—three biscuits and a small quantity of tea and molasses to each man per day. We were also much crowded, scarcely room to lie down and only a few fir boughs to lie on.

On May the 3rd we got clear of the ice, and beat to windward for two days. On May the 5th we fell in with the ship *L*—, Captain Green, brother of the captain of the first ship we had tried to board. He had no provisions to spare, but told us the good news that our nine missing men had got safely on board his brother's vessel; that his brother had used his utmost endeavors to reach us but was carried off by the ice; and, some days after, lost his ship near the Secret Islands, all the crew being saved.

Next day, May the 6th, we fell in with the yacht "Naomi," Captain Parsons, who let us have a small quantity of provisions. Having beat to windward all night we sighted the Fogo Islands next day about noon. Ran up along shore, put into Seldom Come Bay. Here we learned that the brig "Packet," Captain Osborne, who had taken half of our crew from the "Argus" had been totally lost in Green Bay—captain and crew saving

themselves with great difficulty. Leaving Seldom Come Bay, we arrived safely at Swains Island to which Captain Winsor belonged. We then procured punts, and after a few hours rowing we reached home safely on the 7th of May, 1869. Thus the crew of the "Renfrew", after being rescued and separated on board of three different ships, were shipwrecked a second time with the total loss of the three vessels. No lives were lost, and by the end of May all the men had reached their several homes safe and sound.

Micmac Mythology.—II.

BY JEREMIAH S. CLARK, B. A.

OF the eighty-seven stories in Dr. Rand's collection many are pure and simple myths; some are mythical with an evident purpose to teach some practical lesson, and so may be considered fables or parables; while still others are merely records of history, somewhat mythical, perhaps, and yet no doubt largely the record of facts.

Perhaps the feature that most impresses itself upon the careful reader is the number of instances in which weakness overcomes all obstacles. Frail children and dwarfs are able by the use of magic to overcome fabulous monsters, and destroy whole families of giants, with such weapons as a spear made from a splinter, or a supple bow whose string is a single hair. A small canoe which a weak old woman can sew up in a single evening, is found sufficient to carry two men over a stormy sea in the teeth of a raging hurricane; while in the quiet of Glooscap's tent old Noogumich, the grandmother, chips a piece of beaver bone into the pot when preparing a meal for visitors, and in a few moments the pot is seen to be full of the finest moose-meat.

The Micmacs did not worship images. They believed in a Great Spirit whom they called *Nikskam*, which means Father-of-us-all, and compares with the Norse All-fadir; to him they also gave the name *Nesuk*, meaning maker, and *Ukchesakumow*, the

Great Chief. They seem to have had that mute reverence for the Great Spirit which kept the children of Israel from lightly uttering the sacred name "Jehovah," for we find no mention anywhere in the Legends of *Nesulk* the Maker or *Niskam* the All-father. They have the name *Mundu* which sounds like "Manitou" of the neighbouring tribes, or as the poet has it: "Gitche Manito the mighty"; but they give the name to the spirit of evil. Perhaps they borrowed it from enemies, and naturally supposed that the god of their enemies must be the devil. Notice in this connection the place called "Main-de-Dieu" in Cape Breton, which, someone has said, is *Mundu* or *devil* for the Micmac, and *hand of God* for the Frenchman.

We find records of horrible man-eating giants, called *Kookwesijik*; and another family of enormous beings called *Ooskoon Kookwesijik*,—the liver-coloured giants, who return from their hunting expeditions carrying at their belts a string of caribou as easily as a Micmac could carry a string of rabbits. These tawny giants are friendly, as is shown by their dealings with a party of Micmacs recorded in Legend XVII.; the party had been lost in a fog for several days in or near St. John harbour, and ever afterwards held their powerful deliverers in grateful remembrance, although the *Ooskoon Kookwesijik* amused themselves for a time at the expense of the pigmy *Ulnoo*. We might find entertainment for hours with the *Megumooovesoo*, which is like a fawn or satyr of Greek Mythology; or the *Culloo*, an enormous bird, of human intelligence, and strength sufficient to carry a whole war-party on its back; or indeed with the dread *Chenoo*, or Northman, a sort of were-wolf, believed to be a transformed lunatic who had been maddened by disappointment in love, and whose icy heart now finds no pleasure save when feasting on human flesh and blood.

All the famous warriors are *boowins*, or *powwows*; they have supernatural powers, and when wide awake and in full presence of mind cannot be killed except by other braves possessing like powers. It is remarkable that these braves, or as they say, *kenaps*, even though mortally wounded, would immediately be in perfect health and strength if by any chance they could succeed in taking the life of a warrior; it was also believed that while a

kenap was dancing the magic dance, his body could not be pierced by the swiftest arrow. A *boowin* could assume not only the character but also the form of whatever animal might be the totem of the clan to which he belonged, but he was restricted to his own totem, whether fox or wolf, or wild-goose, or loon, and so when two were fighting, each generally knew what he might expect of his opponent in the event of defeat in fair battle.

The last fight between the Kennebecs and the Micmacs occurred at the mouth of Pictou harbour, and was an instance in which one hero, or as they say, *kenap*, succeeded in destroying, single-handed, a whole war-party of the enemy. The incident is worthy of mention in this connection, for the hero of this closing scene of inter-tribal warfare was a boowin or powwow, who might well be compared, if we consider what he accomplished, with Samson, the strong man of Israel, or perhaps, even more properly with Heracles and the other demi-gods of ancient Grecian story. Our hero's name is *Kaktoogo*, or Thunder, but he also had a second name given by the French, for the French had arrived on Acadia's shores before this final defeat of the invading Kennebecs; the dignified name was *Toonale*, an attempt to pronounce *Tonnerre*, the French translation of his sonorous name. You will notice that "r" was replaced by "l" in all words borrowed from the French and English, for neither the "r" nor "j" sound was formerly heard in the language of the Micmacs.

Let us picture two war parties of the Kennebecs intrenched within blockhouses from which they make repeated sallies upon the wary natives of *Megamaage*. The forts are constructed by first digging a cellar, and then felling and arranging great trees, so that not only a barricade is formed, but a heavily roofed fort. The Micmacs are intrenched in a somewhat similar manner on their camping ground at Merrigomish. It was quite evident to the Micmacs that their ancestral foes were not on a mere scalping expedition, but had designed a war of extermination. *Kaktoogo* the Thunderer must make good use of all his magic, or he and his people will certainly be destroyed. First and last of the American Red-men, he took command of a navy; for in order to avoid ambuscades, he took possession of a French trading ship,

and came around by sea from Merrigomish to Pictou. Soon he bore down upon the hostile fort with all sails set, and in true Indian fashion, as if his gallant craft were a bark canoe, ran hard aground as near as possible to his deadly foe; but before the French timbers quiver from that disastrous shock, Kaktoogo has leaped into the water, as Cæsar's standard-bearer did on the coast of savage Britain a few centuries ago, and makes his way with all speed toward the land. Kaktoogo has every faculty alert, and since he is a mighty powwow, no one but another demi-god can kill him outright. He reached the shore and rushed upon the fort before either friends or foes had recovered from their astonishment, and,

" Like valor's minion carved out his passage"

as nobly as ever did Macbeth, or Samson, or any other warrior, nor did he pause till every man of them had paid the forfeit of his life.

So complete was the victory that their ancestral foes never sent another war-party into *Megamaage* the Acadie, or Wholesome Place of the Micmacs. The bold Kaktoogo had at last "made a realm," but alas! it cannot be said of him that he "reigned," for more insidious foes than the Kennebecs or the more dreaded Mohawks were among them, and were gradually conquering them by blandishments that stole away the manhood of the nation. *Couriers-du-bois* were roaming everywhere throughout the forest, bringing dangerous thunder-weapons and more dangerous fire-water; and Glooscap, the Magnificent One, was grieved as he marked the steady approach of what the pale-face calls "Civilization." The daring intruders soon visited the Son of Heaven at his home on that giant rock, Blomidon, around whose amethystine base "The tides of Minas swirl;" and several attempts were made to capture the mighty Sakumow, that he too might be caged and sent home to France.

At last Glooscap was disgusted with the treachery of the foreigners, and saddened by the weakness of his own people; so, by way of giving vent to his righteous indignation, he turned his kettle upside down, and transformed his two dogs into rocks, where they stand to-day, the guardians of Blomidon, still looking westward awaiting his return. Then the Great Snowy Owl

retreated into the depths of the forest, where his mournful cry is often heard as he wails again and again: "Koo-koo-skoo,—I am so sorry." The lordly Glooscap sailed away to the land of the setting sun on Fundy's ebbing tide as it returned again to the ocean; there he makes his home in the Acadie of the blessed, until the faithless interlopers have either changed their barbarian habits, or gone to their own place. When all men shall have learned to honour Truth he will return, and usher in the millennium amidst the wildest rejoicing of the elements.

But oh, the people are weary of waiting for his return, the stoutest hearts are failing; for search-party after search-party has come back bringing only splendid reports and ample proofs of his unceasing love; Glooscap will never return to beautiful *Megamaage* the Acadie, or Wholesome Place of the Micmacs: Kenap and Sakumow now drown the memory of the former times by destroying body and soul with the withering curse of the pale-face, or take up the wail of the old woman and re-echo the mournful cry of the Wobekookogwes, the Great Snowy Owl, which comes again with startling clearness from the depth of the forest: "I am so sorry,—Koo-koo-skoo." And now as the camp-fire has burned low, and the melancholy cry of the owl resounds through the lonely archways of the forest, let us repeat the final word of the *Booske-atookwa*, the sage story teller, and reverently say: *Kespeadooksit*,—the story is ended.

We have spent a few moments, idly perhaps, in hastily reviewing some features of the Mythology of the Micmacs, and we have found a weird delight in studying what was to them most sacred. But the mythology of the people, beautiful as it is, is not by any means the life-giving Truth; the outgrowth of the human mind, this rugged faith must fail to lead that mind to anything outside of itself; for the most magnificent statue on which man ever worked is still at heart a stone. Like Tennyson's Prophet, the Mythology of the Micmacs is dead:

"Dead!

And the people cried with a stormy cry:

'Send them no more for evermore,

Let the people die.'

Dead!
'Is he then brought so low'?
And a careless people came from the fields
With a purse to pay for the show."

Is it fair for us to infer that the Christians of the Maritime Provinces are content to let the Micmacs grope on in their gloom, ignorantly lifting their hearts in adoration to an unknown God? Can we be so base as to join the rabble "With a purse to pay for the show."

Though Silas T. Rand was a man with the usual desires for visible results in his missionary work, he restrained these desires, and laboured to supplement rather than to supplant the work which has been so faithfully done by the Roman Catholic missionaries. He laboured to present the Gospel message in its fullness as related to the unobserved duties of everyday life; and to instil in the minds of the Micmac Christians a clearer understanding of that perfect love which casts out fear. He did not work for a reward; he found his reward in his work, and any one may find it too by speaking of good Mr. Land (Rand) when in conversation with those for whom he gave his life.

It will be fifty years on the twelfth of this present month of November since Dr. Rand began the work which has incidentally given us this glimpse of the rich Mythology of the Micmacs. Shall we not on this jubilee occasion revive in some way the work once so faithfully carried on, and all unite to realize the fulness of the Gospel message ourselves, as we attempt to give it in its fulness to every man for whom our Father meant it,—we who have been given the true Mythology, and commanded to carry the news to every creature.



The Land Question of P. E. Island.—Continued.

BY JOHN ROSS.

IN the introductory article, the conditions upon which the lands were granted were not distinctly stated. They were as follows: the payment of a quit rent of from two to six shillings a year per hundred acres, and the obligation to introduce a certain number of foreign Protestant settlers. Failing to comply with these conditions within a stated number of years, the proprietors were to be subject to the forfeiture of their estates.

For the settlement of the land agitation on this Island, a Commission was appointed, consisting of three members, viz: Hon. John H. Gray, of New Brunswick, as representative of the Crown; Hon. Joseph Howe, as representative of the Tenantry, and Matthew Ritchie, Esq., of Halifax, N. S., representative of the Proprietors,—who held their first meeting in the Colonial Building, Charlottetown, on the 5th September, 1860. Meetings were also held in St. Eleanors and Georgetown. They closed their labors on the 1st of October of that year. Their award, however, was not published until August of the following year. No sooner was it made public, than the proprietors raised a technical objection against the manner in which it provided for the valuation of their estates; and, on this objection, the award was laid aside,—thus leaving the land question in a far worse state than before.

The Local Legislature, at its meeting in February, 1862, passed a resolution declaring its acceptance of the award; but some weeks after the adoption of this resolution, the Governor received a despatch from the Secretary of State, enclosing the draft of a new bill, drawn up by the Proprietors, for settling the question. On receipt of this plain intimation of the proprietors' refusal to accept the award, the Legislature enacted measures to confirm it. But, in spite of all the efforts of the Island government, the home authorities sided with the proprietors, and the Acts passed by our Legislature which related to the award, were disallowed; and the positive setting aside of the award was officially announced. The fate of the Land Commission produced

considerable excitement among the people; and it was deemed necessary to call the Legislature together before the usual time, in order to try and devise some new method for settling the question.

In the autumn of 1863, a delegation consisting of the Hon- orables Edward Palmer and Wm. H. Pope, were sent home to represent to the authorities the desirability of an early settlement of the question, on terms not less favorable than those recom- mended in the award. But the Colonial Secretary, instead of dealing with the proposal of the Island delegates, sent it to Sir Samuel Cunard. It is scarcely necessary to add that this step proved fatal to all the efforts on behalf of the tenantry. After this treatment, nothing remained to be done but return home, and report the failure of their mission.

As soon as it became known for a certainty, that the pro- prietors had succeeded in persuading the Home Government to set the award finally aside, some strong symptoms of a disposi- tion to enforce the redress of their grievances were shown by the tenantry, by refusing to submit to any further payment of rent or arrears; thereby causing the formation of what is familiarly known as the Tenant League.

The formation of this League was the natural outcome of the failure of the Land Commission. The inauguration of the Commission had raised the hopes of the tenantry to a very high pitch, and the hopes with which it inspired them were based on what appeared to be reasons too good to admit the possibility of being wholly disappointed. This Commission was appointed with the consent of the proprietors, and at the suggestion of the proprietors, it was invested with power to make a final settlement of all matters in dispute between the proprietors and tenants, with a view to enable all such tenants to convert their leaseholds into freeholds. Their disappointment upon finding their expect- ations ruthlessly destroyed, was enough to drive them into a state of rebellion.

Meetings were held in various sections to discuss the grievances complained of. At a small meeting of tenants held at Sturgeon, King's County, in December, 1863, the Tenant League took its rise, and from that time the agitation went on increasing in

intensity during that winter, until the whole of the country from East Point to North Cape were aroused. Reports of the various meetings were published in the columns of "Ross's Weekly," then a non-political, independent family journal.

At the different meetings held throughout the country, delegates were elected to form a Central Committee, who were to meet at Charlottetown once a month, to regulate the operations of the combination, and make such arrangements and mature such plans, as would forward the interests of the Tenantry, with the view of satisfactory settlement of the much vexed question.

On the 22nd. April, 1864, the following notice appeared in the *Islander* newspaper:

DELEGATION MEETING.

"The undersigned, nominated and deputed delegates on behalf of the oppressed and suffering Tenantry on Townships Nos. 48, 49, 50, 35 and 36, and that of the Island generally, most respectfully request that all Tenant organizations, who have unfurled the banner of Freedom, and emphatically repudiate the arbitrary, intolerable and tyrannic proposition of resident and absentee proprietors, and consequently intend withholding the further liquidation of rent, and arrears of rent, until a compromise being effected upon compatible, honorable, equitable and satisfactory principles, to appoint and depute three discreet Delegates, for the representation of each Township throughout this disaffected, rent-ridden, and slave holding Colony, to meet at the North American Hotel, in Charlottetown, on Thursday the 10th day of May next, at eleven o'clock, a. m. precisely, for the purpose of taking into consideration, and deliberating upon, ominously important and efficient measures in connection with the respective Tenant organizations, in progress on this Island. Therefore this object in contemplation, being the formation of one concentrated Federal Tenant Organization, the basis being unflinching fidelity, loyalty, union, sympathy and action, which inevitably must ultimately contribute to the tranquility, harmony, contentment and prosperity of this much neglected Colony."

(Signed)—Leonard Wood, Robert Stewart, John Jenkins, James B. Gay, Samuel Lane, John W. Acorn, George F. Adams, Edward Grant, John M. Grant, James Millar, John Mooney, James McQuaid and Alexander McNeill, Secretary.

(To be Continued)

Memories of the Past.

BY JOHN P. TANTON.

THERE is no spot on P. E. Island of so much interest to the antiquary as the old burying ground in Charlottetown. Here lie the remains of those who worked and thought during the first part of our history as a British colony. The monuments which adorn Sherwood and our other cemeteries fail to have that attraction which hangs around the resting places of our pioneer settlers, many of whom sacrificed all their property in their devotion to the parent land. The monuments erected are but few in comparison to the number interred in this interesting place. Here lies entombed the history of our land of which the stones give us but a partial record.

We cannot tell who was the first person buried here, or when the ground was set apart for interment. In the year 1789 John and Terence Webster had a grant of Common Lot 24, of which this land would form a part, if not reserved. We presume the present enclosure was not fenced when first used as a burial place from the fact that part of a human skeleton was found during the last year about one hundred feet outside the fence. Strange to say, a grant of the ground for burial purposes was given by Hon. Geo. Wright, administrator, to the Episcopal Church, 37 years after the first interment, as recorded on its oldest stone.

THE OLDEST STONE.

We will take a walk over the grounds and gather what we can from those precious memorials of the past. The oldest inscription we find is as follows:—

Sacred to the memory of
Isabella, wife of George Bell,
Sergt. of the 21st Grenadiers.
Died Aug. 11th, 1789, aged 24 years.

The company of the 21st Regiment to which George Bell belonged was no doubt located in the old barracks on King Street, the remains of which are still remembered by our oldest inhabitants. We may reasonably infer that many an incident of the

American war was related amidst the joy and revelry of the mess room, when George Bell was an occupant. Twenty-one years before this, Charlottetown was laid off, principally on paper. The streets parallel with the river were all eighty feet wide. Hillsborough and Rochfort Squares were laid off in town lots, whilst the blocks on which Connolly's Block on Queen Street, and Mr. Alley's residence on Prince, are located, were set apart for squares. The streets were made narrower and the squares changed to their present site by Gov. Patterson. At the time of Mrs. Bell, dykes, blueberry swamps and patches of woods were to be seen in what is now the centre of the city. To the north of Queen Square,—evidently intended for suburban residences from the size of the blocks—the streets were not all run out, whilst about forty houses, principally log structures, marked the progress Charlottetown had made. The grave of Mrs. Bell is about the centre of the burying ground. The stone, unlike any here, is similar to thousands erected in the New England States during the last century.

THE GRAVE OF CALBECK.

We leave this spot and wend our way to the head of the cemetery. Here stands a single slab, on which is engraved P. C., 1790. The passing stranger would know nothing about this unostentatious stone, and yet it marks the place wherein were deposited the remains of our leading politician during the last century, Philips Calbeck. Born in Bath, England, of German ancestry, Mr. Calbeck at an early age went to Nova Scotia. From thence he came to the Island probably before the arrival of Gov. Patterson. Here he engaged in business, opening a store for this purpose, we believe, on the north corner of Queen and Water Streets. This store was the principal, if not the only one on the Island at the time, and contained the necessary supplies for the fisheries which were purchased by the French fishermen. Twenty days after the arrival of Patterson, viz., Sept. 19th, 1770, Mr. Calbeck was appointed our first Attorney General, a position which he held until after the arrival of Gov. Fanning. On the 7th of Nov. following he was appointed Treasurer and in 1774 was made President of His Majesty's Council in this Island.

Patterson who arrived here in 1770 returned to England in 1775, when the duty of administering the Government devolved upon Mr. Calbeck as president of the Council. In the fall of the year two privateers belonging to the revolted colonies entered our harbor and made prisoners of Gov. Calbeck and the Surveyor General, Mr. Wright. They were taken to Cambridge, Mass., and brought before Gen. Washington, who had command of the American Army at that place, now indicated by an old elm and stone to commemorate the event, outside the University grounds.

As we stood by Calbeck's grave the thought flashed through our mind, could we make those bones beneath us speak, we would ask what took place between him and George, and what were the incidents of his voyage. We believe the versatile genius of Calbeck was fully a match for the then great traitor. George must have been ashamed of the conduct of his officers, in taking fellow colonists prisoners, for they received a severe reprimand whilst Calbeck and Wright were released with all their valuables which had been taken.

The erection of a barracks for the troops sent here in 1778, the formation of two provincial companies of which Mr. Calbeck was commanding officer, the construction of Fort Patterson and the equipment of our other defences for the safety of the town increased not only the responsibility but also the duties which devolved upon him as administrator of the government.

In 1780 the Governor returned from England. Then came the sale of lots for arrears of quit rents, which aroused the proprietors against him and Calbeck during the rest of his administration of the government. In 1786 Mr. Calbeck again became President of the Council, and in 1788 was Speaker of the Assembly. Two years after this he passed away, regretted by all save the proprietors, who had spared neither trouble or expense to misrepresent his acts. Mrs. Calbeck survived him many years and died at Bath, England, Feb. 6th, 1827. The resignation by Mr. Calbeck of his seat in the Council, in March, 1784, to run for the Assembly, and his retention of the same by the Governor's sanction, on being rejected at the poles, was a bad precedent, which we regret has been recently followed by some of our politicians.

The stone that marks Philips Calbeck's grave was, we understand, placed there pending the erection of a public monument, which was neglected. A more suitable one should remind us of his history and varied abilities, which showed so conspicuously in the early days of the colony.

The next oldest stone is erected to the memory of a child of Capt. Garforth, of the 21st Grenadiers, who married a daughter of Mr. Nisbet, brother-in-law of Gov. Patterson. Elizabeth Garforth died Aug. 1791, aged 16 days. She was probably the pioneer of hundreds of little ones who subsequently found a resting place in the old graveyard.

GRAVES OF THE LOYALISTS.

The most interesting class of those buried here are the Loyalists. Some of them were comparatively wealthy. Their homes and property, with all their endearing associations, were sacrificed by their allegiance to the Mother Country. Right or wrong, they left the rebellious States, came to the provinces and entered the forest to live and die beneath the flag of their ancestors.

In this category we observe John Gardiner, died in 1842, aged 82 years. John was young when the American war closed in 1783, but would remember at his age all the leading events of the revolution. The Gardiners seem to be proverbially a loyal race, as many of them, no doubt connections of John, settled in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick. Some of them had occupied prominent positions in the revolted colonies.

Then we have Samuel Bagnell, cabinet-maker. Mr. and Mrs. Bagnell went from Staffordshire, England, to Philadelphia before the American war. Refusing continually to join the rebels, he was eventually taken and imprisoned eighteen months in Albany. At this time Mrs Bagnell, with eight children were at a place called Three Rivers, one hundred miles from her husband, totally unprotected. She lost not only her property, which was taken by the rebels and Indians, but with her children was often threatened to be scalped, and was actually present when several persons were killed. Mr. Bagnell was released from prison on giving £2,000 bail. He stayed in Albany until the

close of the war. He then went to Shelburne, N. S., with the Loyalists, and thence was induced to come to the Island. On arriving here he found Fanning Governor, and Patterson preparing to leave. He applied to the government for land promised but without success.

Mr. Bagnell was the father-in-law of Wm. A. Rind, who published the Royal Gazette and Miscellany, our first newspaper; father of James Bagnall who published the second, the Herald, and grandfather of James D. Haszard who published the third, the P. E. Island Register, and the great grandsire of a numerous family of descendants. The monument is partially defaced. It speaks however of privations and persecution suffered for Mother-land. We would like to call Samuel up from his cold resting place and hear from him the thrilling incidents of stirring times. We cannot—he must rest until the great trumpet sounds. He died April, 1810, aged 65 years.

Two stones adjoining each other tell us of the death of Wm. Haszard, of Bellevue, in 1847, aged 80 years; and Waitstill C. Haszard, wife of James Douglas, Esq., Collector, who died in 1804, aged 33 years. These, born in the now United States, were children of Thomas Haszard, a Loyalist, who came with them to the Island in 1785, after allowing his property worth about £20,000 to be confiscated rather than swear allegiance to the Stars and Stripes.

The name of John Bovyer another descendant of a Loyalist, is seen among the tombs. He died June, 1857, aged 69 years. Mr. Bovyer, whom we remember well, was an active and zealous member of the Wesleyan church. He carried into practice his Christian profession, a virtue which was quite common in the generation which has passed away.

OUR FIRST POSTMASTER.

Close alongside of the last tablet is one to another good Wesleyan the father and pioneer of that body in this Island, Benjamin Chappelle first postmaster of Charlottetown, who died Jan. 28th, 1825, aged 86 years. Mr. Chappelle who was a wheelwright came to the colony in 1774. He was personally acquainted with John Wesley whose views he adopted. He

left New London where he resided, in 1778, and came to Charlottetown. The Rev. T. DesBrisay being the only minister here, he became identified with his congregation as church warden and assisted in clearing the ground on the square in 1801 for the erection of the Established Church. The introduction and spread of Wesleyan Methodism in the Island during his lifetime was largely the work of Mr. Chappelle. He was a supporter of Gov. Patterson and Mr. Calbeck in their political measures, and was a candidate for the House of Assembly in the election of 1784, but was defeated. He incurred in common with Patterson's friends the enmity of the proprietors.

Not far from where lies the remains of Calbeck, will be seen an inscription to Peter Stewart, Esq., who, it says, for twenty-five years discharged his public duty as Chief Justice of this Island. He died Nov. 1805, aged 80 years. These two great opponents whilst living, are thus found lying in close proximity awaiting the Resurrection morn. Mr. Stewart came to the Island in 1771, and was appointed Chief Justice June 24th, 1776. His was the first appointment to the office after the formation of the local government. He was member of the Council during the administration of Patterson, and president in 1779, 1785, and 1790. For his opposition to Patterson he was suspended in 1785, and three commissioners appointed to act in his place, viz., Messrs. Wright, Burns, and Fletcher. The Rev. Mr. DesBrisay said of these at the time that they "were as little qualified as to ability or knowledge for the bench as for the pulpit." He had previous to this entered a suit against the Governor in Westminster Hall. Memorials and counter memorials were sent by Patterson and Stewart to the Imperial authorities in opposition to each other. One of the charges against the Chief Justice was that he interfered with the elections of 1784. His interference simply amounted to having told the people at the polls (after being sent for to answer the question) that Calbeck and members of Council had no right to vote. We think for this decision the Chief Justice ought to be commended. In the various public measures of his day Mr. Stewart acted with a strict sense of honor and duty, in which he was supported by men of unblemished integrity.

THE FOUNDER OF MOUNT STEWART.

Two very fine tablets of freestone, once placed on pillars, now lying on the ground, remind us of John Stewart, Esq., and his wife, after which Mount Stewart, where he resided, is called. He was the son of Chief Justice Stewart, and has the honor of being our first historian. His account of P. E. Island, published in 1806 in London, is not only well written but is a faithful description of the soil and production of the country. Other writers since then have taken up the subject, and although their sources of information were much greater, have added little or nothing to the information contained regarding the climate, soil, and natural productions of the colony. We regret he did not give us a detailed account of its early history, for which he was so well qualified. Mr. Stewart was a young man when he came to the Island, and during a comparatively long life was more or less engaged with the public affairs of the colony. In 1790 he was appointed by the Crown as receiver general of quit rents, which position he held until his resignation in 1816. He was elected a member of the Assembly in 1784, was High Sheriff in 1787, Speaker of the Assembly from 1796 to 1801, and from 1825 to 1831 and was also at one time Paymaster of His Majesty's forces in Newfoundland. Mr. Stewart presided at the first public meeting, June 1825, for the erection of a place of worship for the established Church of Scotland in Charlottetown, at which meeting the late John MacGregor took an active part. A portrait of Mr. Stewart, by Harris, hangs in our assembly room. He died in 1834, aged 76 years.

Our Prominent Men.

We began last month, with Hon. Senator Ferguson, the publication of the portraits of our Island's prominent men. In this number we have the pleasure of presenting an excellent likeness of Hon. Sir Louis Henry Davies, K. C. M. G.

* *

Our Christmas Number.

We feel that we can promise an especially interesting Christmas number of the P. E. Island Magazine. In many ways we think it will commend itself to the favorable criticism of the public. The contributors, whose articles will appear in that number, have engaged cheerfully in their "labor of love," and the result of their combined efforts will, we hope, be looked upon as creditable to the local literary talent of Prince Edward Island.

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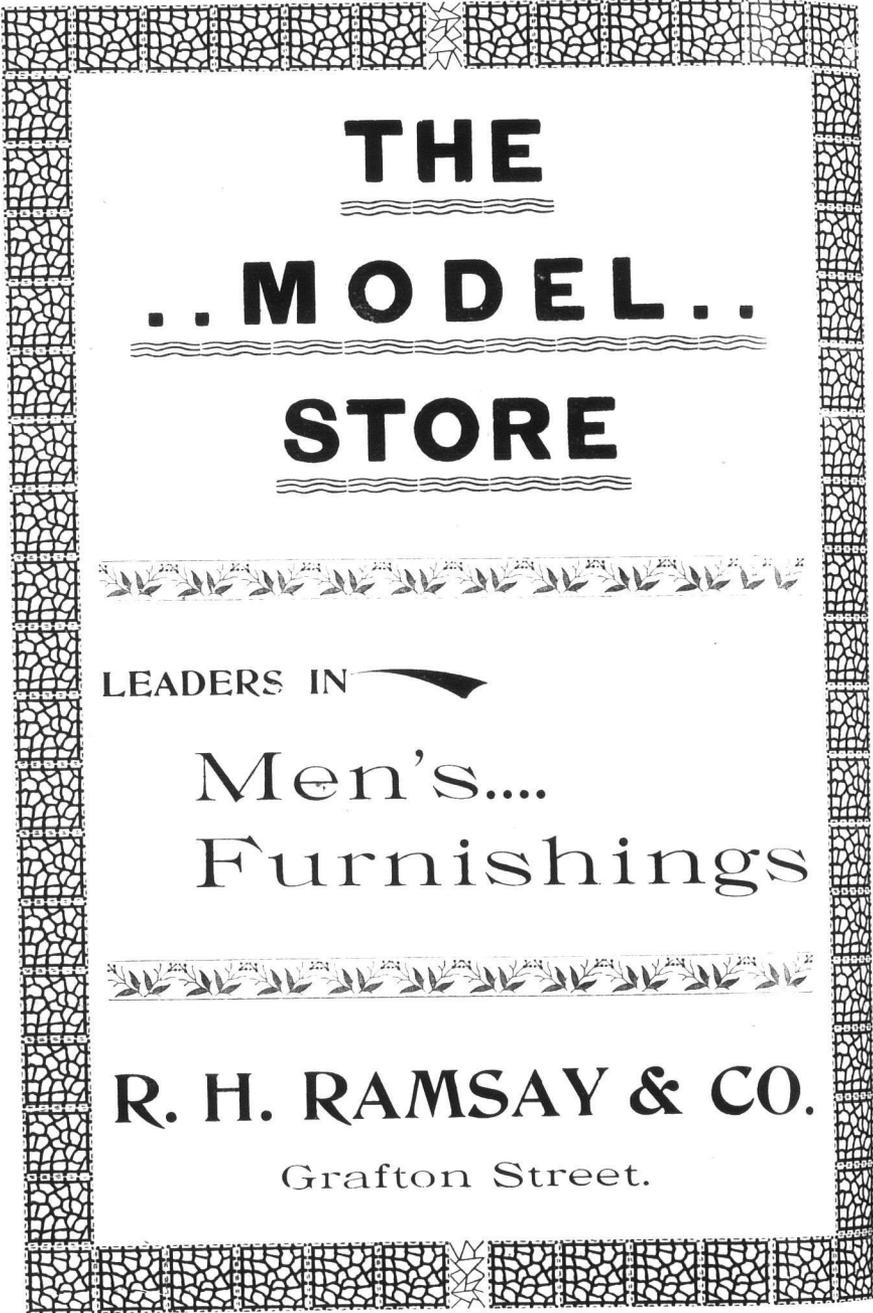
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II. If you could see the end from the beginning, or even from the middle, you would treat the insurance agent as one of your best friends.

III. A little self-denial now may make all the difference to your family

between anxious poverty and serene comfort.

IV. Could you live on a quarter of your present expenditure? Isn't that what your family would have to do if you died to-day? Brighten the prospect.

V. Will your widow dress as well as your wife does?

VI. It is a waste of time to try to find cheap life insurance. That article is out of the market. To be well insured one must pay the proper cost, exactly as in other things.

VII. Life insurance is the capitalization of affection.

VIII. An Endowment Policy is the roof of the house that shelters the family. The owner may creep under it himself, if he likes to pay for it.

IX. The man who cuts his own nose off to spite his face is a wise man compared with him who neglects life insurance on account of some prejudice or superstition.

X. The future husband who cannot afford to pay the premiums upon a fair-sized life policy, made payable to his future wife, cannot afford to marry.

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