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THE

Prince Edward Island Magazine

Contents of this Number.

TO CONTRIBUTORS.—Articles on any subject likely to prove interesting to our readers are respectfully solicited. It is important that contributions should not be made too long. The editor hopes that Prince Edward Islanders, at home and abroad, will look upon this Magazine as representative of their native province; and will be sincerely grateful for any matter, suitable for these pages, that may be forwarded to him.

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THE
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VOL. III FEBRUARY, 1902 No. 12

The Dunes of Cascumpec.

ON the dunes of Cascumpec
Donald Gordon stood with me;
Told the tale he could not check;
All his sailor's love to me.

Blue the sea, and blue the sky—
Bright the sunset in the West!
Glad the wheeling sea-bird's cry—
Glad the heart within my breast!

From the dunes of Cascumpec,
Donald Gordon sailed away:
There, alone, I watched a speck
Fade beyond the outer bay.

Gray the sea, and gray the sky,
Dark the sunset in the West;
Sad the shrieking sea-bird's cry—
Sad the heart within my breast.

On the dunes of Cascumpec
I have watched for many a day,
Since, upon the schooner's deck,
Donald Gordon sailed away.

Storm and calm I've watched the sea;
Flung my heart-cry o'er the foam.—

"O ! ye waves, be kind to me,—
O ! ye winds, bear Donald home."

"Barbara, keep my kiss" he said,
"Till my ship comes in from sea."
Can the sea give up its dead?
Give my sailor back to me?

I have heard the whimpering waves—
Crawling up the sand at night—
Sobbing backward to their graves
In the pale moon's dying light.

But no message comes from him,
Comes my dreary tryst to end;—
Lights are low and faith is dim,
And the shoreward shadows blend.

Oh, the dunes of Cascumpec!
Oh, the wild and hungry sea!
Oh,—my heart is all a wreck
Since my Donald went from me.

W. W. ROGERS.

Old Voyagers in Canadian Waters.

THE earliest narratives of sea-travel reach back to a remote past; to a time when there was no clear dividing line between fact and fable: as we look backward, down the ages, everything grows more and more misty the farther our sight travels. It is hard to tell where fact ends and myth begins; yet what reads to us like a fairy tale, often contains that which is true. Beyond the eighth or ninth century B. C., anything we would like to know about the "old voyagers" is indistinct and uncertain.

The history of North America, is, in fact, a modern history. Authentic records of the then new world cover about ten centuries, and commence from its discovery by the Norsemen in 1000 A. D. Prior to this, there are many interesting myths and traditions relating to the continent of America. Nearly every European country had some tradition or tale relating to it; the Basques, the Bretons, the Irish and the Welsh each had a tale interesting and romantic; but historic research has left these and many other stories in the dim region of myth and fable.

The voyages of the Norsemen stand on quite a different footing. While the slant sails of Arab voyagers were skimming over the blue waters of the Indian ocean, the less sunny seas of the north were being explored by a hardier and more daring race. The Norsemen were the boldest of all the navigators of the ancient world. Sailing from out their rocky shores about the middle of the Christian era, these "sea wolves" as they called themselves, played a great part in the history of lands bordering upon the sea. We can guage their spirit from their *sagas*. We can judge their rapacity from the terror they inspired in every settlement on the coast where they touched. No angry billows ever scared them from their quest. Their spirit

rose with the tempest, the salt was in their veins, and the roar of the storm was in their hearts.

But the Norsemen were not all Vikings and marauders; some fought only with the wind and waves, and traded peacefully enough. King Alfred employed certain of them to bring to him descriptions of foreign lands. One penetrated up the Baltic; while another, Othere, went northward and eastward past the North Cape to Lapland and the White Sea. As Longfellow tells :—

> "Othere, the old sea captain,
> Who dwelt in the Helgoland,
> To King Alfred the lover of truth,
> Brought a snow-white Walrus tooth,
> Which he held in his brown right hand."
>
> —*The Discoverer of the North Cape.*

And he says in his ballad, how the King wrote down the old Norseman's story, with its strange tale of the midnight sun, and the chase of the seal and the whale in a "nameless sea."

At the close of the ninth century men of Norse blood colonized Iceland and the Faroe Islands. Eric the Red, of Norway, established a number of settlements, built churches, forts and houses in Greenland in 928 A. D. He deliberately selected what he thought would be an enticing name, and persuaded some of his countrymen to make a home there. In the year 998 A. D., Bjorni, son of one of Eric's comrades, set sail from Iceland to join his father in Greenland, but taking too southerly a course, he came upon a new country. It was the coast line of what are now called the New England States. Virtually, the young Viking was the discover of America. He steered northward at once, coasting along Connecticut and Massachusetts, and so, by Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, round to Greenland and the place where his father awaited him.

Elated by his tale, Leif, son of Eric the Red, bought

Bjorni's ship and sailed away, with a crew of twenty-five men, in quest of new lands. The bleak snow plains of Labrador were first reached, to which he gave the name of Heluland it Mikla—"The Great Slate Land," as Roberts in his "History of Canada" has translated it. Keeping on southward, he came to another coast, low, level and covered with great forests, which he named Markland, or wood (or Bush) land. This must have been the southeast coast of Newfoundland. Thence a "stiff northeaster" bore them in two days to a place where a river, issuing from a lake, fell into the sea, here they moored their vessel, and on the banks set up booths for their winter camp. He called this country Vinland, on account of the grapes found growing there. Where this place was it is difficult to say exactly, for the climate has evidently grown colder during the last thousand years. It is generally supposed to lie somewhere between Halifax and Boston. Dr. Storm in his "Studies on the Vinland Voyages," thinks that it was the southern coast of Nova Scotia, while Dr. Fiske thinks that the abundance of grapes as described by Leif point to a more southerly region and named the coast between Massachusetts and Rhode Island.

Wherever Vinland was, Leif and his comrades revelled in the pleasantness even of the winter season, during which no frost whitened the green grasses. Huge salmon were broiled at the camp fires, and the foraging parties brought in arm-loads of wild-grape vines, covered by clusters of ripe fruit; in the spring they filled their ships with grapes, and timber hewn from the trees, and steered homeward to Greenland.

The discoverer of Vinland had two other brothers, Thorwald and Thorstein, who were envious and eager to outdo Leif's exploit. Thorstein took Leif's sturdy ship, in 1005, and tried to reach Vinland but encountered severe weather; died, and was buried at sea; and Gudrig his

widow, returned, sorrowful, to her old home in Greenland.

Thorwald met with better success : he took thirty men and sailed to this new country. There, with his brother's old camp as headquarters and base of supplies, he had made exploring trips right and left. Then he pushed northward and eastward, and fell in with the Eskimo. One day, drowsy with cold, the Norsemen were nodding and dreaming in their ship, when, says the *saga*: "a sudden scream came to them, and a countless host from up the coast came in skin boats, and laid themselves alongside." With ranged shields the voyagers warded off the arrows that came hurtling from the *kayaks*, until the shower ceased and the attacking horde drew off, But at least one of their number, and that no less a man than Thorwald their leader, had been struck down by a dart, and his men carried him ashore and buried him at a pleasant spot which he had pointed out as a fit sojourning. And there, as the old chronicle says, with sad humour, he did sojourn, but with a cross at his feet and at his head. When the spring came his widow Freydis, who accompanied him, took charge of his ship and men and sailed home to Greenland.

The most famous, however, of the voyagers to Vinland was Thorfinn Karlsefne, who, coming to Greenland, about 1005, led a colonizing expedition, in the summer of 1006, to the much talked of new country. There went with him one hundred and sixty men in four ships; and five women, including Gudrig the widow of Thorstein, whom Thorfinn married, had the courage to go too. They reached Vinland without misadventure, and to Thorfinn and Gudrig a son was born and named Snorro, in honor of the captain of one the ships. The boy Snorro, lived in Vinland till he was a sturdy, flaxen-haired, blue-eyed youngster of three summers. The colonists felled the forests, pastured the cattle they had brought with them, and gathered the wild grapes.

But they eventually got into trouble with the "skræl-

ings," as they called the Indians; who, ever thievish and inquisitive, pestered the colonists so that a palisade had to be put up around the circle of huts. At last a serious affray took place, which ended in the Indians being worsted and dispersing into the woods. The settlement was abandoned in about four years, the ships returning to Greenland, laden with furs and timber. This was the last vigorous Norse attempt to establish a colony in Vinland. The cause of failure lay chiefly in the fact that the colony was too far off to be easily succoured and supported.

The boy, Snorro, who afterwards became a bishop, was the first boy-baby born of European parents in Canada and the progenitor of a long line of eminent men, among them being Thorwaldsen, the illustrious Danish sculptor.

In the June (1901) number of *North American Notes and Queries*, George Johnson, Chief Canadian Statistician, has an able article on "Canada's First Boy Baby." He advances six reasons why the Vinland of the Norsemen is likely to be Nova Scotia:—

I. "Thorfinn's vessels, after leaving Markland, were two days out of sight of land before a strong N.E. wind. That would be just what would happen a vessel to-day, if it sailed from Newfoundland. The N.E. wind would carry the vessel past Cape Breton, and the first land sighted would be the west end of Nova Scotia. The longer distance to Boston could not be covered in two days. After sighting Cape Sable (as we assume) Thorfinn followed the coast, and came to a bay, which he named Straumfiord—the eddies and varying currents suggesting the very appropriate name. It is a strange coincidence, that Champlain, going over the same route from Cape Sable, reached a bay to which he gave the same name in French as Thorfinn had in Norse. Thorfinn called his bay Straumfiord; Champlain called his Baie des Courants, for the same reasons."

II. "Thorfinn discovered a river, which flowed out of a lake so easy of access that it was easy to take his vessel into it and anchor there. Nowhere along the coast of Massachusetts is there such a river, lake, or bay. There is just such a one in Nova Scotia. It is the Annapolis Basin."

III. "Thorfinn found the bay and river full of halibut, ducks, and

fish of all kinds. Nowhere else on the coast is there a salt water basin connected by a short river to the ocean."

IV. "The Valley of the Annapolis has been, from the earliest period, noted as the "hot-house" of the North Atlantic Coast. Any other part of the coast, from Cape Breton to Cape Cod, would be covered, in Thorfinn's time, with a dense forest, just as it was when Champlain sailed along the coast to Cape Cod, and found no place to his liking; finally concluding that the Annapolis Basin was the ideal spot. Haliburton mentions the grapes which were found on the banks of the St. John River, thirty miles to the north of the Annapolis Basin, and in less sheltered places, as exciting the wonder of the French. The lands on which Thorfinn found the "self-sown wheat," were the meadows on which Pontrincourt sowed winter wheat, and found to his surprise that it grew under the snow."

V. Thorfinn describes the Indians of Vinland as swarthy and ferocious, with big black eyes and broad cheeks. This is a good description of the Micmacs of Nova Scotia. Dr. Fiske admits that it is not a description of the Indians of Massachusetts Bay whose eyes are beady. Mare Lescarbot, describes these same Indians as having eyes that were neither blue or green, but as black as their hair, and large and fine.

VI. "The Annapolis Basin has all the topographical peculiarities of the Vinland of Thorfinn."

There proofs advanced by Johnson provide indisputable grounds for the belief that the Norse were the first colonists of our Maritime Provinces.

My next paper will deal with the voyages of the Basques, Columbus and Cabot.

J. EDWARD RENDLE.

New York.

IF a minister were to begin a course of sermons, and take the foregoing as the foundation for his discourses, he could continue preaching indefinitely. New York could supply him with new examples and illustrations faster than

he could expose the old ones, and never feel the strain.

If this city were only "on the level," to even a small extent, it would be one of the ideal spots upon the globe, in in which to eke out an existence, and incidentally to enjoy the good things of this life, which can be found nowhere as profusely as in New York. But the very atmosphere appears to be surcharged with an element of "fakism," or misrepresentation, which keeps one continually dodging those who go about "seeking whom they may devour." This is so to such an extent that when, as it sometimes happens the public discovers an official or individual who has the appearance of being "open and above-board," he is immediately made a public idol of, and is worshipped as a second George Washington until the bubble bursts — and then he and his sayings are received with about the same degree of credulity given to the "hatchet story" of the said George.

Everything is shortlived in this land of impulsiveness. The hero and idol of to day becomes the frontispiece of tomorrow's comic magazine. "To live, to be adored, and then to fall," seems to be the lot of the prominent American; unless, perchance, he is fortunate enough to die in time to save his reputation. Then all is changed— everyone tries to outdo his neighbour in an attempt to swell the memorial fund to the hero who died in time, and show to suceeding generations just how much money this generation really had.

If this magazine were the size of the Encyclopedia Brittanica, I would attempt a description of the most "popular" schemes for entrapping the unwary, and for separating the "credulous" from their bank-roll. But, in the language of the "Constant Reader," "space forbids."

It would require less time and space to describe those which are strictly above suspicion, but I must confess my inability to furnish any reliable figures for the latter article.

The moment that one expects to obtain something for nothing, that moment he becomes "ready money" for the ever-obliging school of sharks, who are awaiting an opportunity to help him along.

In speaking of one who has been "taken in and done for," it is often remarked that "he may have been the whole deck at home, but he isn't ace high in New York." When sifted down this really means that the man is too honest, or too nearly honest to compete with the "popular" business methods in vogue. A good rule to bear in mind is never expect something for nothing, in New York, or anywhere else for that matter. You are fortunate if you get something for something.

Sis Hopkins is American to the back-bone, when she says: "my mommer says there's nothin' in doing nothin' for nobody what don't do nothin' for you for nothin'."

My experience during the first week in New York positively convinced me of the truth of the above.

A typical sailor, with the proverbial tattooing, and full complement of bleary eyes, attempted to present me with a fifty dollar package of real-genuine-fresh-from-the-other-end-of-the-earth, attar of roses—for a small consideration. Perfumed up to a degree that put to shame the distilleries of Cologne and made the historic sweet-smelling zephyrs of the far East seem like a plugged nickel compared to a golden eagle, he little hermetically-sealed vial which he offered, seemed very genuine with its Chinese-Egyptian-Turkish inscription and ivory tags. I couldn't read the inscription, but I took the word of this disciple of Robert Louis Stevenson's sea tales, that it meant that it was the "real thing;" and when he offered to accept a very small instalment upon account and wait until I realized upon my bonanza, for the balance, why I took pity upon the poor fellow, and—fell.

I still have two small vials, with Chinese heiroglyphics

engraved upon them, in the "experience" department of my trunk at home, and every time they catch my eye, I feel sorry for the poor sailor who didn't know the difference between vaseline and attar of roses. I also feel that I understand thoroughly how Eve fell. She undoubtedly saw an opportunity to secure a dollar apple at thirty-nine cents, and regardless of the fate of Posterity, she positively couldn't resist.

These fakirs leave no field untouched by their improving hand. A working member of an Easter committee, undertook to procure a supply of flowers for church decorations, at a reduced figure, through a "friend" who assured him that he was "on the inside." The enormous bunch of American Beauties he showed us was really wonderful, and it was uot until he undertook to refresh them by setting them out in the rain, that we understood how he secured such a bargain. The roses immediately changed to regular cabbage color, and the red ink that had been used to brighten them up, discolored the rest of the boquet so that it was useless, When spoken to about it, the "friend" said that he did not warrant them "fast colors."

Such a thing will probably not happen on Prince Edward Island, but in case a man should come to your door, selling fine imported potatoes, and after gaining admittance, confide to you that he has just found a pair of gold spectacles among the potatoes, which he would like to present you with,—for a consideration—don't accept them. Possibly they are gold, and possibly the poor fellow found them, but I know a lady who jumped at such a bargain, and next morning the "gold" had turned very black. According to the latest statistics there were several thousand pairs of those gold spectacles found in potato cargoes last year. All were "given away"—for a consideration of from twenty-five cents to two dollars per pair

All manner and form of "Fakisms" must take a back

seat when newspapers are mentioned.

Barnum made no mistake when he said the Americans loved to be humbugged—they literally relish it and smack their lips for more, after the most severe doses. The fact that these ridiculously sensational dailies sell hundreds of copies to every copy sold by the more conservative publications, shows that Barnum's estimate as to the number of "gullible" ones born each minute, is away off by several million.

Imagine an extra coming out with a scarehead: "King Edward Dead" simply to follow the enormous heading with the statement, in almost unreadably fine type, that he is "dead" in earnest about some trivial matter. It would be just as well to use small type for the whole statement, but that would not sell papers, and, besides, the enormous heading doesn't hurt the king.

Dozens of "extras" come out hour after hour whether there is anything new to print or not, and the public bite, and then laugh at themselves for squandering their pennies

Besides the man who has "inside information" from one of the directors" as to the positive rise in some particular stock, or the man whose most particular friend has told him that his horse will win the next big handicap, there is the winning little widow, who approaches the prominent business man in his office. She has unquestionably fine jewelery or diamonds which she leaves for his inspection, without any security whatever. When he has satisfied himself that they are genuine, she confides in him her horror of pawn shops, and suggests that he might help her temporary embarrassment by a loan of a "few hundred" until her remittance arrives. Of course she persists in paying him, and perhaps he falls. If so, he is waited on in a day or so, by a gentleman who informs him that unless he turns over the security he holds, he will be prosecuted under the pawnbrokers' act, which makes his part

in the transaction a misdemeanor. Of course the winning little widow wins.

And so the merry game goes on. There's the "sympathetic toucher", "the "fraternal" fiend, who belongs to your lodge, and the "rush act" man, who always comes up at the last moment, says his little piece in a rush, assures you that you will find it "all right" and before you are aware of it, he has taken his departure with your dime, dollar, or whatever the stake was he was playing for.

There is no way to escape them all, but by making up one's mind to pay one hundred cents for every dollar's worth obtained, and remembering that all these "sharpshooters" are not in the business for their health, one may one may escape with enough to pay carfare home.

These few examples are of the serio-comic order of "gold-brickisms." There are others which are not so insignificant, but pathetically sad, and frequently in the vicinity of the East River. Of course if a man is strictly honest, and satisfied to earn what he wants, there is not much chance of his falling into the hands of the sharks, but the inducements they offer are so great, and the proof so positive, that the savings of a lifetime drops into their soft gloved hands before the victim is aware that he has agreed to their proposition. Then a complaint is made to the police, a note made upon the records, and the man starts out to begin life over again, or to end it all, as very many of them do.

H. A. R.

Veiled.

"WHAT a world of strangers this would be if the veil that wraps each life were laid aside and we could see each other face to face." This I read in one of our publications.

Writer, whoever you may be, I think—nay fear—that direr and more dismal than "strangers" must be the inevitable outcome of such a "laying aside the veil."

Who amongst us would voluntarily thus "lay aside the veil." Who, draw back the curtain that his brother man might look upon those communings of self with self; might see the ambitions, hopes, fears and countless mental worries that alternately sway our actions.

"So live," says the poet, "that when thy summons comes, thou go not like the quarry-slave scourged to his dungeon."

And yet, I ween, there are but few who so uprightly and Christianly conduct themselves, that they would voluntarily draw this veil and freely expose to others their inner self,

The saint in his humility would not do it nor wish it done; the sinner, in his pride, ever fears and trembles at the bare thought of a drawing aside of that veil. The saint scorns to publish abroad goodnesses intended for the eye of God; the sinner dreads the contempt which must surely follow the public knowledge of his private sins.

"What a world of strangers!" Of a truth the words are but meagre. "Strangers" indeed and much more serious than mere strangeness could not but arise from such an unlooked for, unhoped for, peace-destroying laying aside. How beneficent has been the all-wise Creator in thus veiling, the one from the other, that which He alone knows.

"Our wills have been weakened," and weak they

remain. Each and every one of us owing to this weakened, finite will of ours is prone to err. That these errings, injurious to self, beneficial to none, should be laid bare were ill indeed; and evil, not good, must surely result from such exposition. "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise" was never more palpably true than here. How despicable would each one look to those who now regard us with respect, were we to be divested of this enveloping veil. How changed, how different would that inner self to the outer resemblance be. Think you not that respect would yield to disrespect?

"Hypocrisy," you say! "Then I regard all men as hypocrites." You place me akwardly, friend. Yet even so. Yes, I say that mankind is an universal hypocrite. Not, indeed, tha the always simulates virtue to better enable him to conceal vice or more successfully deflect from the "way that is narrow and straight;" but rather would I say that hypocrisy—in its less general acceptance, insomuch as it signifies concealment of the real and complete motives and actions, is an universal characteristic of man. In some—very few, I fear—this failing or weakness or what you will is so encompassed by other more prominent and laudable qualities as to be imperceptible almost; in the great majority this what you will,—this hypocrisy in its less common significance—is pre-eminent. Go whither you will, to whom you will, can you find one who will completely and unreservedly take you into his confidence? Who will bemoan his failures as he boasts of his success? Who will lament his vices as he exults in his virtues? Who will confide to you his hopes and his fears, his achievements and disappointments? Who will, so to speak, reveal to you that inner man, known to and comprehended by himself and his Maker. Of a truth, I think, you shall wander far ere you find such, nay: more, after journeying afar, I am of the opinion that away beyond

your journey's end you may, perchance, see the shadow of your quest.

You smile in compassion for one so pessimistical. And yet I say: "No, I am not pessimistic. Moreover is it not commendable to belittle our strengths, to magnify our weaknesses." Nay, were pessimism one of my many ailments, with truth might I cry out: "Has God given eyes that man sees but the weaknesses of his brothers? Ears that he hears but evil? Tongue that he speaks but ill? "True," you say, 'yet would I that we should be deprived of these." Aye, would I; nay, I would not. Blind and deaf and dumb, to see and hear and proclaim the evil man doeth—blind and deaf and dumb, nay, to see and hear and proclaim the good.

And yet is this "veil that wraps each life" occasionally drawn aside the inner man stands partially revealed to an ever inquisitive, ever prying, never appeased curiosity of mankind. Blindfolded, even-handed justice, in our courts of law, with ruthless hand oft lifts this "veil" alike from a Dives or a Lazarus. Wrong must be righted; crime punished; abuses corrected, to effect which this 'veil' must be drawn. Yet even here compulsion is necessary, and though good is produced, we enter those chambers with reluctance, hesitation and dismay.

Yet again is there means whereby this self enveloping veil is withdrawn from about us or rather by which it is so perforated and torn as to distort many good qualities lying there beneath. The ever-active, never-resting tongue of the detractor snatches up this 'veil,' even as the serpent takes up an insect, and reckless of the results, hesitates not to raise its voice in public and private to proclaim:

"a brother fallen low."

Such one,—alas not a few—must forget that God has bestowed sight upon us that we may see the many beauties

of nature, not that we may look upon her defects; ears, that we may hear her melodies, not that we may hearken to her discords; tongues, that we may glorify Him, not that we may damnify our brother.

M.

Gloucester Lights.

(*On board S. S. City of Rockland*)

DARK looms the shore, and darker still the cloud
That hangs above it like a sable shroud,
And hides the last rays of the setting sun.
Swift twilight falls, and after that the dun,
Blank night envelopes all the land and sea.
Lo! yonder glow two lights that beacons be,
Like twinkling stars upon the summits high
Of lofty towers, where many a watchful eye
Beholds them from the bosom of the deep,
Mellow and warm, what time the landsmen sleep.
And as our good ship ploughs along her way,
The twin lights sparkling kindly seem to say:
"Bon voyage, seaward friends! good night, good night!
You pass; we stay, to send a warning light
To mariners and all who trust their lives
In bottoms on the deep; husbands and wives,
Grandsire and infant at its mother's breast,
Young men and maidens—'tis our duty blest
To shine for all, but sailors love us best.
Throughout the long dark hours, we watch, we guard,
In storm, in calm, more bright, if aught, when jarr'd
By warring winds that hurl upon the decks
The desolating brine. Alas, for wrecks!
But many a ship saved we, and yet shall save;
And many a sailor from a watery grave.
We joy in service. Friends, again good bye
We burn till morning gilds again the sky.

H. V. ROSS.

The Acteon Trial—Concluded.

THE Acteon was a timber-laden vessel. that became stranded in St. Margaret's Cove, P. E. I. on the 30th October, 1835. In consequence of the extraordinary attempt by two members of the crew to seize her, under the claim that she had been abandoned by her master, these two men with a number of others, were indicted for piracy.—[EDITOR]

(*Continued from last month.*)

Neither he nor his learned brother were anxious to take the life of any unfortunate person who might be placed at that bar, but they were determined to acquit themselves of the responsibility attached to their situation, and preserve the peace and good order of the community and character of the country. as far as in them lay, free from the stigma which acts like those must entail upon it.

The Chief Justice, after making some remarks on the evidence, told the Jury it was for them to consider what was the intention of the prisoners in taking possession of the vessel and slipping the cable in the way they had done ; was it with the design of saving or destroying her? For, however reprehensible their conduct may have been, in stealing as it were on board, during the temporary absence of the master and crew, and unlawfully taking possession of her under color of a supposed authority derived from a magistrate, still as it was the malicious intention that constituted the crime, unless they were of opinion that it was done with the design of causing the destruction of the vessel, they could not find them guilty under the indictment.

It is certain that the vessel was eventually lost through their misconduct, but the question is, did they wish to destroy her? No person is supposed to act without a motive, and what motive could they have for destroying her. Their object was evidently to have a claim for salvage, and certainly it would have been more for their advantage to have saved the vessel, in order that they might have a claim for saving both the vessel and cargo. Unless, therefore, the jury thought that the intention of the prisoners in taking possession of the vessel was for the purpose of destroying her, they could not, he repeated, find them guilty under this indictment.

The jury, after a quarter of an hour's consultation, acquitted all

the prisoners—at the same time expressing their regret that they had it not in their power to convict them of a minor offence.

After the verdict had been recorded, the prisoners, on the suggestion of the Attorney-General, were remanded until the next morning, in order that the Crown officers might have time to consider whether an indictment for a misdemeanor could be framed against them. On the opening of the court next day the Attorney-General stated that after considering the case in every possible way, the difficulty of framing an indictment against the prisoners for a minor offence was found insuperable since the jury had acquitted them of acting with a felonious intention. The prisoners were then placed at the bar, when the Chief Justice addressed them nearly to the following effect :—

John Burns, Peter Whitty and Lauchlin MacPhee, you have been tried for an offence of a very high and serious nature, for unlawfully and piratically taking possession of the brig Acteon, and being the cause of her destruction, and your lives have been in great peril by the charge. You have been acquitted by the jury, only because the evidence was in some degree insufficient to convict you of the capital charge as the law now stands. The jury felt it their duty to express their regret, that some punishment could not be inflicted upon you, and this because they felt satisfied, as well as the court, and every person who heard the trial, that your conduct was highly culpable. Two of you were hired sailors on board the vessel, and in the hour of peril you deserted your duty and left the ship in a state of great distress and danger. Such conduct was highly criminal, and you, John Burns, an experienced seaman, well knew it. You in particular were deserving of most severe and condign punishment. You were also guilty of taking possession of the vessel against the will of the master, whom it was your duty to obey,—the other prisoners the court considers less culpable, as they acted in a great measure under your control and directions. You went ashore and held out a false representation of the state of the vessel to the magistrate, and he very properly gave you no authority to meddle with the ship unless she was completely abandoned; you well knew she was not so, yet how do you act? You watch your opportunity, and under cover of night, knowing the true state of the vessel, you take possession of her, under pretence that she was abandoned, but with a knowledge that the master and crew were near at hand, and had only left her to obtain requisite assistance, and with an avowed intention to return aboard the next morning, and if possible take the ship into some port or place of safety. Soon after you had thus taken possession of her,

when the master, mate and others with them came aboard you refnsed to give the vessel up to the master, pretending you had an authority from the magistrate to retain the ship, wlrich you knew did not confer any such power as you assumed. The Law Officers of the Crown have found it their duty to indict you for a capital felony, but there being a defect in the law, you have had the benefit of it; however, I can inform you there is no doubt you are answerable in an action for damages, for the act of taking the vessel against the will of the master, and heavy damages would be justly given against you, which if not paid in purse, must be in prison. You John Burns said you wanted to retrieve your fortune, by obtaining salvage in this case; but let me tell you that "honesty is the best policy," and it was the duty of all to assist the master to preserve the vessel and cargo as he thought best, and particularly such was the bounden duty of the seamen belonging to the ship; this would have been praiseworthy, and you would no doubt have been duly rewarded for it. Let me hope that the peril you all have been in will prove a salutary warning to you for the future, for you see the situation and danger which your conduct has brought you into on the present occasion. Had you been found guilty by the verdict of the jury, sentence of Death would have been passed on each of you, although I do not hesitate to say that the extreme punishment of the law would not have been carried into effect upon you Peter Whitty and Lauchlin MacPhee; but as for you, John Burns, I could hold out no hope, no chance, but you must have suffered the full penalty of the law. I hope what I say may be a warning both to you and others; for it is said, and I am sorry to hear it, that there are many persons on the eastern coast who think it no crime to plunder vessels in distress or to secrete and make away with wrecked property; such characters wherever they reside are the basest of miscreants aud the refuse of the earth. You may all congratulate yourselves, and particularly you John Burns, on the issue of this trial. You are now discharged.

Such was The Acteon Trial.

A. J. MACADAM.

The Wreck of the Laurentian.

THE Laurentian was an A 1 clipper when on her last voyage. She had been launched on the thirtieth of the previous June, the year that the American Civil War began, from the yard of Huntingdon Brothers, the famous ship-builders of Portsmouth, New Hampshire.

Bound up the Garonne to finish loading intoxicants for the Montreal liquor merchants, she, by reason of contrary wind and a chopping head sea, lay at anchor in the Bay or Biscay, off the eastern extremity of the City of Cordeaux, awaiting a favorable opportunity to gain her destination.

Everything being propitious the following morning, the ship was getting under weigh as a Jack tar coming alongside of her shouted from a wherry, "'ello! Captain aboard?" Whilst the lad was ascending the accommodation ladder Captain Squarebriggs was passing through the companion way of the cabin, arriving on deck at his post of duty.

"Hello it is," ejaculated the Captain. "What's the matter?"

"Are you the skipper, please?" questioned Jack in rejoinder.

"I am," the Captain responded.

"I thought so" said Jack with a smile and then proceeded: "Do you need as hable a sailor, as ever squirmed through the lubber 'ole the darkest night ever seen on the 'igh seas?" This question was asked with a leer and twinkle of eye endeavoring to convey to the mind of the Commander that he was at least partially jestiug.

In thoughtful silence the master mariner carefully scrutinized the interrogator. Having lost two men overboard three weeks before during a hurricane in the Mediterranean he was greatly in need, but being very cautious the

Captain would not commit himself without sober reflection.

"I never buy a pig in a poke," assured the good man deliberately, as he gazed toward land apparently in deep meditation.

"Sure, I 'ave no pigs for sale," blurted Jack unconventionally. "I 'ave come to see if you need another 'and haboard the clipper," he elucidated, adding as he looked her all over from stern to stem, "I'd like to ship in 'er—she's a daisy."

"Right well I know what you want," retorted Capt. Squarebriggs amusedly. "What I meant was simply this: I never engage a hand without finding out if possible what kind of stuff he's made of. Go aloft and shake out the mizzen royal: that done I may talk to you."

"I'm of Hinglish material," observed the sailor ruuning up the mizzen shrouds dexterously like a monkey.

"Stop!" exclaimed the Captain.

"Ay! ay! sir," said the tar stopping submissively.

"Up you go then!" blared the Captain, heaving his hands on high, suiting the action to the word, a pleasant smile creeping over his face as he interestedly watched the agile sailor. The young seaman ran up the futtock shrouds as skillfuly as a squirrel, and in a trice the sail waa unfurled to the breeze.

His task well performed Jack descended and stood before the commander again.

"Now," said the skipper, "if you were master of a ship and if your ship was sailing on a lee shore with the wind blowing so furiously that it was impossible to work her off, what would you do?

"Let her go to the mischief." ejaculated the tar impulsively, oblivious through excitement to the respect due his superior.

"Have you been to dinner?" The Captain next kindly questioned.

"No, sir," was the curt answer.

"Steward give this young man dinner, please," said the Captain. "Be as smart as possible," he urged.

The board spread, Jack sat in. Stopping suddenly as he laid down his eating utensils, Jack looked wistfully into the steward's face and modestly asked, "'ave you any cayenne pepper? I 'ave hoften 'eard of cayenne pepper but 'ave never tasted the henchanted stuff," he avowed.

Handing Jack a castor thereof the steward cautioned him to deal sparingly with the pepper as it was very strong.

"Hah! none of your childish doses for me," rejoined the artless tar with manifest satisfaction.

Seizing the castor, Jack unscrewed the top and helped himself liberally. Placing it directly upon his tongue he thus chattered: "Preserve my 'heart, and is this really cayenne pepper! Did you hever! Little did I expect when coming to the ship to see the bloomin' harticle aboard; but such is my good fortune."

His eyes immediately filled with tears. A lump arose in his throat. He tried to eat but could not swallow a a morsel. Looking frantically at his food he turned it over and over, nay tossed it furiously as he cleared his throat savagely. Taking a drink of cold water but intensified the the agony. He smacked and smacked once again, cleared his throat and recleared it, but never a morsel could he swallow, although trying as hard to do so apparently as if his life depended upon the performance, rolling all the while from side to side like a pacing charger.

Flinging down the knife and fork Jack sprang to his feet in desperation as he shouted, "hah! Mr. Cayenne Pepper, I'll know you hagain," and hastened off to the companion deck where he paced like a Kanaka walking for a wager.

Eventually articles were duly signed between the young sailor and Captain Squarebriggs at the shipping

office, and the clipper, liquor-laden, glided down the Garonne gracefully with streamers proudly flying.

Being on the lookout one morning near the night-heads, Jack was gazing wistfully ahead. Passing on one of his rounds very leisurely, the Captain gave him an opportunity to speak which Jack accordingly embraced.

"I don't know, sir, 'ow the barometer registers," prattled the guileless sailor, "but it happears to me by the wild look of the sky and the roar of hold mother hocean that we're going to 'ave a rumpus!"

"You may be right," returned the Captain, walking slowly off as he looked all around the horizon.

When they saw Jack getting this extra attention from the Captain, the sailors became jealous and angry and prompted Mat Duffy their ring-leader to lay for him.

Presently the scoundrel threw a rotten flounder at Jack's head, striking him squarely in the face.

"Gracious Caesar!" roared the enraged sailor going straight for the dastard like a trained boxer, giving him such a thrashing that he had good reason to remember it. Jack thought, as long as he held together. What was left of him was reprimanded by the first officer in the evening and Jack was commended for his strength and pluck.

The storm predicted broke suddenly and all hands were ordered on deck together.

"Jack, furl the main royal!" shouted the first officer in tones of thunder.

Instead of immediately obeying the command, Jack first ran below. He, however, quickly returned putting something nervously into his pocket. Presently he was in the shrouds battling bravely with the tempest, doing the work assigned him in a ship-shape manner. On descending he was summoned into the cabin to give his reason why he hesitated to obey the officer.

" The night being so dark and stormy and the sea so rough I was afraid to go haloft without the Bible my mother gave me when leavin' 'ome," the poor fellow frankly avowed, adding, " if have done wrong I beg your pardon."

The storm raged so terriffically, however, that they had no time for moralizing or for reflecting on the days gone by. Bradley, the officer referred to, especially had no time to hear the superstitious sailor's explanation concerning the charm that paper and printer's ink had inherent in themselves to shield one in the hour of danger. The officer, howbeit ,with Jack faithfully observed, to his credit be it said, the maxims of morality and devoutly believed in the plenary inspiration of the Scriptures.

Springing to his feet as he wiped his eyes, the officer stammered, "That's all right" and rushed on deck.

Even then the other seamen aloft had not performed their allotted task notwithstanding they were working conjointly, whereas Jack had done his unaided.

By reason of a gust of wind of more than ordinary severity, Duffy who was now trying to secure the sail attached to the mizzen topsail yard, on account of a gasket having given way, and who was still sore from the effects of the fisticuffs previously mentioned, lost his hold and was falling precipitately on the lee rail, when Jack springing to him, broke his fall and rescued him from sudden death. Ascending Jack finished the work of his hitherto ungentlemanly assailant whom he taught both by chastisement and kindness to be a wiser and better man.

Almost exhausted, having had but little food and rest since the hurricane arose, the Captain and the first officer taking advantage of a lull in the same, were below asleep when the wind veered. And the second officer McLauchlin who was then in charge, got the ship in irons through his incompetence.

Instead of filling her head sails and boxing her off as he should have done, McLauchlin wore ship in the dilemma, which unseaman-like procedure brought the vessel into closer proximity with the shore than was either justifiable or desirable.

In order to redeem his blunder and hide his shame, McLauchlan tried to work her off, but the sailors wouldn't obey his orders, consternation reigning supreme on board.

Presently three tremendous seas broke over the noble ship in uninterrupted succession lurching and listing her whilst dashing the seamen Kilpatrick and McNamara against a metal tank, which broke the leg of the former and inflicted such internal injuries on the latter as to result in his death a few minutes after.

The magnificent ship now rolled in the trough of the sea like a log. Rushing on deck and seeing the breakers on the Ivory Coast of Africa, Captain Squarebriggs shouted frantically:

"Hard-a-port !"

Thump the Laurentian went ! And with a thump went poor Jack overboard. Was ever desperation like Squarebriggs' and Bradley's ? At length she became firmly aground, the sea every now and then making a clean sweep over her.

After tying Kirkpatrick to the top-gallant forecastle, the crew ascended the rigging and lashed themselves thereto. With commendable persistency they held on to the ship as long as the surf prevailed, there being no life-saving service—no product of Lionel Lukin in those regions, but as soon as advisable the tempest-tossed mariners proceeded to the land.

Kilpatrick, still living but suffering agonizing pain, received the most skillful treatment the backward place could furnish. The sailors got into quarters a remove or so better than remaining on the wreck, and the officers were, as a

matter of course, made as comfortable as they could be with indifferent fare in the house of the best appointments.

Talking despondently in the kitchen of their host the night they landed, the officers were addressed by Squire Melrose, a sturdy Scotchman engaged in the ivory business thus :—

"My guid men, why do ye so repine? Prove yoursel's noo the veritable sons o' Neptune. True mariners are characterized for their fortitude in the time o' adversity, gi'e full proof that each and a' o' ye are their worthy sons. You canna gather up spilt milk again, so while you're here wi' your frien's sae dear drive del care awa'. Then let us forget the sorrows incident to baith sea and land by drawing lots to determine who's to relate the maist thrilling episode in his ain experience."

They all acquiesced. The lot falling to Bradley he began :—

"On the twenty-eighth of June, 1848, when a sailor aboard the Lady Nelson, a British ship lying in Boston Harbor, I obtained permission of Captain Darrach to visit an old amount of mine residing in Worcester. (Perhaps some of you know Darrach. He was lost off the coast of Charente in the Bay of Biscay, during a violent storm which took place in October of '56, while master of the Albatross. The vessel foundered and all hands were lost.) At any rate before dawn next morning I proceeded thither on foot with wallet in hand and revolver in pocket, making, the first seven hours, remarkably good progress. But by noon I found that walk as I would I could not reach my destination that day. So I made up my mind to spend at least one night in a house on the way. About dark I was very tired and noticed right gladly a dim light glimmering through the trees some seventy or eighty yards off the highway, and on nearer approach saw that it emanated from an unpretentious log cottage. I applied for lodgings and to my

great satisfaction, was answered in the affirmative.

"The family consisting of six members, father, mother and their four sons—were all at home. They lived five miles from any cultivation save their own rudely tilled acres, a small stream meandering in front of their lone dwelling. The boys, muscular young fellows of pleasant countenance, were good specimens of the backwoodsmen of that time.

JAMES D. LAWSON.

To be continued.

Charlottetown—Past and Present.

ONE of my earliest recollections is of crossing the Hillsborough River, and the manner in which the passage was accomplished was certainly crude and primitive, compared even with the ferry system in present operation. Passengers from the Charlottetown side embarked at the foot of Queen Street, the principal wharf being situated there. Southport was not then known by its present name—it was variously termed "over the river," or "Murphy's Point." The landing-place on that side was a long, rough structure, extending from the shore at Murphy's Point. This wharf was so low, that at high tide it was almost covered with water. I remember well, having to be carried to the boat when I was a child, for it was hardly safe on such occasions for women or children to venture upon. The ferry-boats were either sail or rowboats; sometimes, but not often, they carried a horse and wagon.

These simple craft were superseded by a larger boat called a "team" boat, from the fact that the propelling power was furnished by a team of horses. The horses walked round and round in the centre of the boat, being

harnessed to a machine that resembled a "merry-go-round," which was geared to the paddle wheels on each side of the boat. Later on the "motors"—that is, the horses—were transposed to positions either alongside or directly over the paddle-wheels, the rotary power being derived from a machine similar to a threshing mill of the present day.

Subsequent to this we had a steam-boat of the high-pressure order and to us, who were children in those days, she was a thing fearful and wonderful to see. You could hear her puffing and groaning during the whole course of her passage across the river ; shattering the calm of the summer's day and sending her notes of distress far on every hand. The ferry was in those days managed by T. B. Tremaine, Esq. This boat proved a failure and my latest memory is of seeing her stranded high and dry upon the shore, where she made a firstrate plaything for the boys of the town. She was rather a costly speculation for her owner. From that time up to the present there have been continuous improvements, until we have at length arrived at that stage of improvemennt when the old order must change and pass away to give place to the Hillsborough Bridge. The completion of this work will relegate the "Southport ferry" to the tomb of history.

In those days the mails were conveyed to and from the Island by what were called sailing-packets. The first steamer that I can remember was called the Rose—she was not very large, but was a very fair boat for that day. If I remember rightly, after the Rose came the Rosebud—somewhat of a reversion of the natural order—owned by the late Wm. Heard. She was built in Charlottetown, somewhere near where the present Railroad Station is situated. I think she, too, proved a failure. Then came the ill-fated Fairy Queen, whose tragic history has been related in earlier issues of this magazine. Her successor was a screw steamboat, called the Lady LeMarchant—quite a good

boat. After her came the Westmoreland, a side-wheeler, distrusted at first on account of her resemblance to the Fairy Queen, but she turned out to be a satisfactory boat. Then came the large paddle boats Princess of Wales and St. Lawrence and they in turn gave way to the present splendid and efficient boats, the Northumberland and the Princess.

In my childhood's days, and for years afterwards there was a great deal of shipbuilding carried on, and business was brisk and productive of much activity. Several firms were engaged in the industry, chief among which were Peake's, Duncan's, Welsh's, and several others. Each of these firms had large stores containing everything from a needle to an anchor. It was a stirring time when the ships belonging to those firms arrived here, direct from the Old Country. The wharves would be fully occupied with shipping, and Queen Street and the adjacent thoroughfares would fairly pulsate with the life and bustle of business. It saddens me to see those same wharves so deserted-looking now. I feel sure of one thing—that is that our city is not half the place it was in those days—so far as the stir and excitement incident to active trade is concerned. We had, also, much more frequent visits from the ships of Her Majesty's Navy than we do now and that added to the liveliness of the place, helping trade and causing frequent flutters in the "high society" circle, the members of which it is needless to say, heartily enjoyed these visits. Then, Government House was, par excellence, the favorite shrine of society and anyone who had the entree to that particular temple was considered to be "in society." There is nothing like the same amount of entertaining done now ; the splendid functions for which Government House used to be famous have passed away completely like many other pleasures of the old days. I think we have lost by this, for Charlottetown was a much jollier and more sociable

place in this particular then than it is at the present time.

A word or two, now, about the principal buidings at that period of our town's history; and it is right that I should begin with the churches. Old St. Paul's, and St. James, (or "The Kirk" as it was then called) were the two largest and most fashionable places of worship; and they were, I think, the first to procure bells. Then there was old St. Dunstan's Cathedral, which had both a bell and a clock, the latter usually being called "the town clock." Those bells were the only fire alarms on which we had to depend, and to hear them sounding out their alarms in the middle of the night used to strike terror to the hearts of those who heard them, for the means of overcoming fire were altogether inferior, albeit there was always a willing and competent volunteer fire brigade ready to answer the call to duty. The most common means of conveying water for the extinguishing of the flames was by passing buckets of water along a line of men from the pump to the burning building.

The first Methodist Chapel was a small structure, and was situated where the parsonage now stands. It was about the size of the present Lycenm building and much the same style, only that the windows were square in shape. It was a very plain building and those who assembled therein were also plain but Godly people. They were a truly zealous, earnest congregation, having the winning of souls at heart. Their old-time revivals are something to be remembered; and, if they were a little noisy much lasting good was nevertheless the outcome of them. In a few years the Methodists became so large a body that they had to enlarge their place of worship, which they did by making an extensive addition giving it seating capacity for a very large congregation.

Now, I would like to say, here, something about the singing in this old church. It was then conducted by the

late James Moore, Esq., than whom no finer and more capable leader of a choir could be found either then or now. There was no instrumental assistance, all depended upon the voice, and grander and heartier singing could rarely be found anywhere. It was at times superb, and strangers went expressly to hear it. Many said that they never heard better singing even in the old country. Several of Mr. Morris' descendants are numbered among our present-day citizens, and all have inherited, more or less, his musical talent.

After a time this church became again too small for the congregation and the foundation stone of the present structure was laid with great ceremonial by the wife of the then Lieutenant Governor George Dundas, Esq., and it is now numbered among our finest churches. Part of the old church was hauled further down the street, and made into a dwelling house, and is the building adjoining the residence of Mr. James Davison. Another portion of the old church was converted into a house in the east end of the city.

The old Baptist Church, although a small building, occupied one of the most prominent positions in the city. It was situated at the head of Prince Street where the residence of Mrs. Unsworth now stands. The second Baptist Church was a splendid edifice, but was unfortunately destroyed by fire in 1887. It was then replaced by the present neat little church.

Queen Square was in those days "a wilderness in the midst of the city" a bare grass-grown plot of land in which was situated the Provincial Building and the market house; and I remember skating many a time on the north side of it, which was low and often covered with water. The old market house was a round building (somewhat the shape of the band-stand at present in Queen Square gardens) I think it was just as convenient as the one we now have. The meat stalls were all around the inside and the market women's places in the centre, so that one had not to go far to buy all that was wanted.

J. E. W.

To be continued.

CULLED FROM EXCHANGES

An Unregenerate Prairie Team

FORMER Congressman James Hamilton Lewis, of Seattle, who is being named as one of the next United States Senators from the State of Washington, has many friends in the National Capital who take pleasure in recalling his picturesque career in the House and in reciting some of the stories with which he used to entertain statesmen nightly in the lobby of the Riggs House.

One of these anecdotes relates to the first breaking of sod in the fertile Palouse country in eastern Washington. The virgin soil is meshed with a sturdy grass that has a multitude of roots, and to force a small plough through it requires the combined efforts of five or six horses.

A pioneer and his son were thus engaged when a revivalist came that way. His earnest message appealed to the elder frontiersman and he finally made his way as a penitent to the alter. With unaccustomed joy in his heart he went forth the next morning to plow the stubborn glebe, and instead of addressing his animals with his usual shivering profanity he called out simply, "Get up."

To his vast astonishment, the horses, which hitherto had never failed him, refused utterly to budge. He jerked at the reins, hurled clods at them and even belabored them with a heavy whip, but without avail.

"John" he sang out to his son, "somethings wrong with my team. They've balked."

John walked over to his fathers plow ripped out some staggering epithets from an unregenerate vocabulary, and away the team started with vigorous good-will.

That night the exhortations of the revivalist were exceptionally fervent and even the frontiersman's impenitent son was visibly affected. Once he started up as if resolved to seek the mourners bench, and at this the old man, who had been anxiously watching him, asked him to step outside for a moment.

"John," said the father, when they were out of the building, "I honor you for your evident desire this night to lead a Christain life—it's the right thing, John—but don't you think you had better postpone your conversion until we get the field plowed?"

—*Saturday Evening Post*

CULLED FROM EXGHANGES Cont'd.

On the Hobo Limited

ONE of the newest and best equipped cities in the United States is Spokane, now boasting fifty thousand inhabitants. Twenty years ago it began its existence, and one of its founders, Colonel J. Kennedy Stout, who drafted its charter and served as its first city attorney, is still a young man, and is now private secretary to United States senator George Turner, from the State of Washington.

"Few people realize" said Colonel Stout "what strides the West have made. It is not many years since the only railroad in our State was a miserable little line with wooden rails, running from Walla Walla to Wallula a distance of thirty miles. Doctor Baker, an eccentric millionaire, built it. He advertised both fast and slow freight schedules. There was but one train of cars in the entire system. 'Fast freight' was loaded on the front cars and 'Slow freight' on the rear ones.

"'Boiled shirts' had not yet invaded the land to any extent, and this primitive railway magnate was particularly indifferent as to dress. A jumper, overalls, brogans and an old slouch hat usualy constituted his costume. Most of his cars were flat cars. The road did a big business, and its earnings, together with the President's investments in real estate and mines increased his millions.

"One day while, roughly dressed as usual, he was riding on one of the flat cars and munching a sandwich, he attracted the attention of a hobo who, crouched behind some sacks of wheat, was stealing a ride.

"'Sit down, sit down! shouted the tramp to the millionaire railway president, 'Sit down, or the conductor'll see you and put us both off'!

Civilization will be worth something when school-teachers get more pay than the politicians.

Anybody who can answer the Biblical enquiries of the average boy need not fear the higher critics.

As a rule the best legislature is that which makes the fewest laws.

In this age of heroism some women even risk marriage to reform men.

—*Saturday Evening Post*

CULLED FROM EXCHANGES Cont'd.

The New British Ensign

At last an ensign which shall adequately represent Great Britain both at home and beyond the sea seems assured. The King has received with favor the suggestion that a new flag was needed to keep pace with the growing Empire, and a finished design for the same will be submitted to His Majesty next week. Mr. C. D. Bennett, the cousin of a distinguished colonial governor, has been entrusted with the responsiblity of prepairing this design. He has succeeded in giving colonial possessions full representation without sacrificing the chief feature of the old flag—the cross of St. George—which is in itself a familiar emblem of England's power on every quarter of the globe. The following is a description of the new Empire flag, given officially: On an absolute white ground is embroidered a golden sun typical of a race on whose dominions the sun never sets, shining on a large red cross of St. George, representing, of course the Empire at home. In the left hand corner is an Imperial crown, the sign of one great Empire, embracing all creeds, tolerating all beliefs, but under one great imperial idea. Underneath the crown on a blue scroll, is inscribed the Latin rendering of the motto: "The Empire on which the sun never sets," which is the proudest boast of every Englishman:

"Imperium cui nullus
Solis occasus."

In the right-hand top corner of the flag will be placed the particular device representative of the Empire beyond the sea. For instance, the flag to be used in India will contain the Star of India; in the right-hand top corner. The flag as used in Australia will contain instead the device of the new commonwealth, while the Canadian and other colonial governments will add to the design their own badge, for use on all Empire flags, in that particular part of the world. This design has been warmly commended by several persons high in authority to whom it has been exhibited. It now remains for His Majesty to place the final seal of approval Mr Bennett has notified the King that the design awaits His Majesty's pleasure, and it will probably be exhibited to him next week. Should it be approved by His Majesty, the new design will become "official" without delay.