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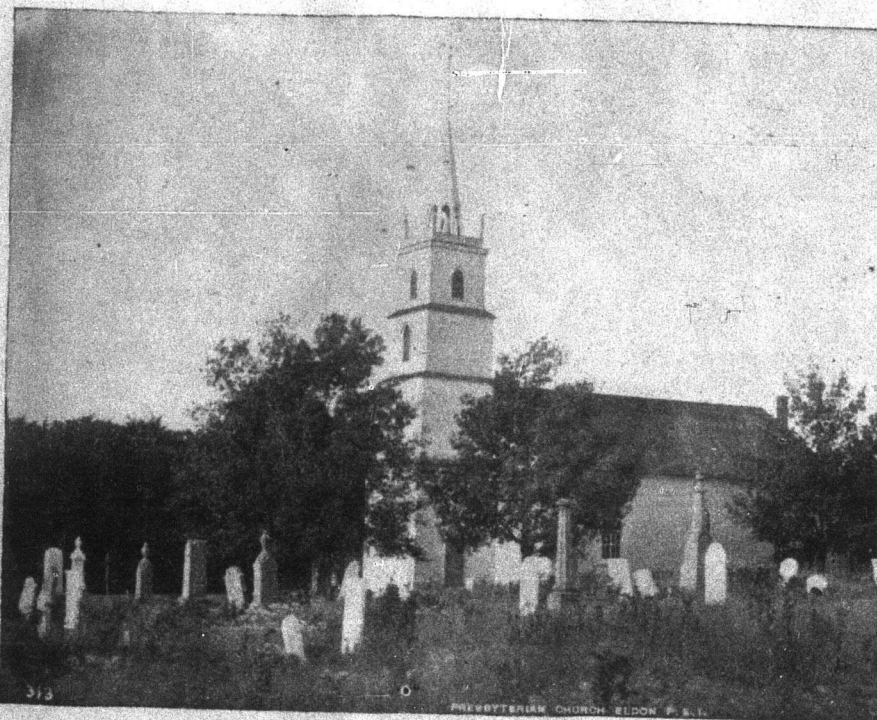
# Prince Edward Island

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MARCH, 1900

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**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.

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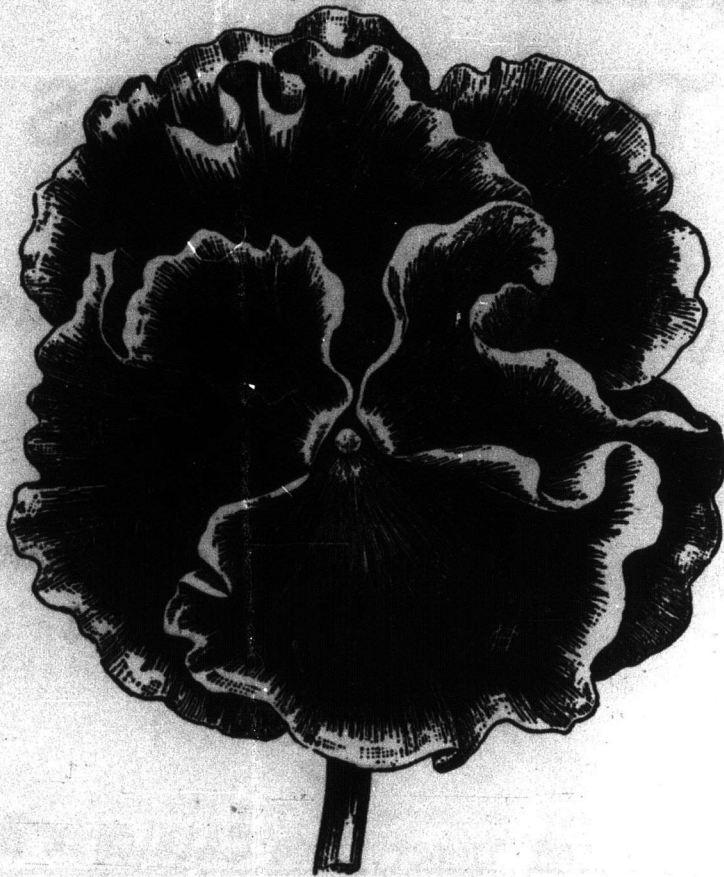
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"THE IDLE HOUR."

*Reproduced from photo by Mr. A. W. Mitchell.*

*Taken near Cornwall, P. E. I.*

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Prince Edward Island Magazine

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MARCH, 1900

No. 1

A REVERIE.

BY MAY CARROLL.

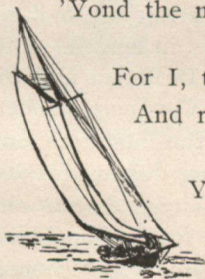
Down through the dim gray gates of the west  
A ship sailed out on the billows' crest,  
And a soul she bore to eternal rest.

I watched her sails till they gleamed no more,  
And I moaned in grief; ah! my heart was sore,  
And the way so long to that other shore!

Oh! gleaming sails on the distant blue,  
Canst bear me there on thy bosom too,  
'Yond the mystic gates thou art sailing thro'?

For I, too, would go to that distant land,  
And rest 'mid the joys which His love hath  
planned;

Yea, I long for the gleam of the golden  
strand!



## First Settlement of Three Rivers (Georgetown.)

(CONTINUED)

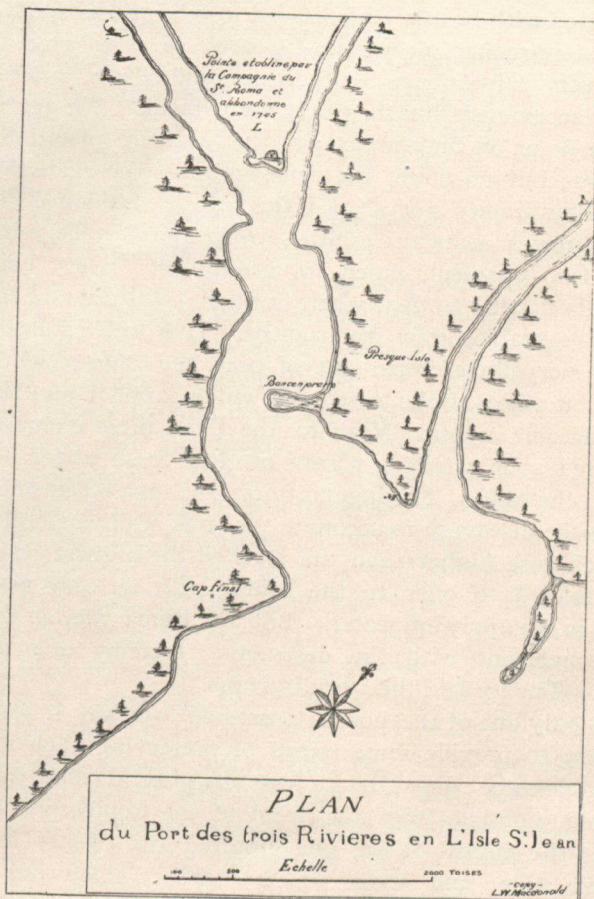
BY JOHN CAVEN.

**B**RUDNELLE POINT, at the time De Roma chose it for the site of his establishment, rose thirty-six feet above the water. To reduce this headland, and make an easy and commodious landing, was a work of the last importance to the settlement. Hence an easy slope, running from high water level sixty feet up to the natural plateau, and extending in width eighty feet, was formed by removing the earth, which was carried away to level the cleared land. To protect this cutting from the action of the waves, a strong embankment of stones and timber was thrown up on the three sides that faced the water. A stone pier, eleven feet in width, was built from the front forty-five feet into the sea, having at its head a depth of eleven feet of water at high tide. On one side of this jetty, but considerably lower, a platform was erected, forty feet long and twelve wide, to facilitate the loading and unloading of shallops and other small craft.

Upwards of forty acres of land stretched along the peninsula between the two rivers, showing not a remnant of the forest's dominion from which it had just been rescued. Every stump was removed, every mound levelled, every hollow filled up, till the surface seemed to the eye smooth as a bowling green. Nine solidly-built, and, if we take into consideration the circumstances, well-equipped log houses stood on this level plateau overlooking the sea. The two largest were each eighty feet in length. One was called the House of the Company, where De Roma and his family resided; the others accommodated the Company's fishermen. A building sixty feet long received the labourers employed and strangers, while another of the same dimensions was reserved for the officers and crews of ships. The overseers and tradesmen had a roomy dwelling of sixty-nine feet. One building of fifty feet was partitioned off for stores; and a bake house, a forge and a stable, each forty feet, completed the edifices of the

establishment. The stable contained two horses and three horned cattle, with a dovecot offering a home to the wood pigeon.

The vast amount of material needed for these buildings, and the labour required to adapt it to the purposes of construction can



be readily understood. All the heavy timber, De Roma tells us, was dragged upon the ice from the site now occupied by Georgetown, and every morning, owing to the falling and drifting snow, a fresh track had to be made with the snow-plow. The bricks used in building the flues and chimney-stalks, of which

there were thirteen, were baked and burned on the ground, suitable clay having been found at a distance somewhat less than a league. Instead of lime and sand, a mixture of moss and clay was used for mortar. The interiors of the dwelling-houses were wainscotted with boards, and divided into large and small rooms, offices, store-rooms, alcoves and closets, so as to give the inmates every convenience for their personal effects, and to afford sleeping accommodation for thirty six persons. We get no light from De Roma on the character of the furniture placed in these dwellings; but no doubt the same artizans who made the doors and window frames, and shaped the rafters, fashioned the cupboards, presses, seats and tables—strong and durable, with small regard for ornament, much for usefulness. Every house had its closely fenced garden, where turnips, cabbages and such like kitchen vegetables grew luxuriantly. Two well enclosed fields showed marvellous crops—one of peas, the other of wheat. In convenient places, wells were sunk which supplied an abundance of wholesome water. Near to the Cape there chanced to be discovered at low tide, a spring of clear fresh water bubbling through the sand. The ingenuity of De Roma set at once about turning the discovery to account. A brick wall was built round it, which rose higher than the level of the highest tide. This was intended to offer to the fishing craft an easy method of taking in a supply of water. But De Roma was at that time little conversant with the destructive tyranny of a northern winter. The ice laid the work in ruins.

As only one of the houses possessed a cellar, it was found necessary to provide some means of preserving such stores as were liable to be ruined by the frost. A general cellar was therefore dug, running from the front of the Company's Building down to the shore. It was one hundred and twenty feet long eighteen wide, and seven and a half feet below the surface. Much time and care were spent on this work. It was begun in winter, when the ground was already penetrated by the frost to the depth of two feet, and offered to the workmen a resistance equal to that of the living rock. The roof was of a most substantial character. Heavy beams supported on strong picquets, and trees that rose on either side of the cellar, were crossed

longitudinally by heavy shafts of timber from which rafters descended on either side to the ground, forming thus a basis for a deep covering of brush, over which was spread the clay dug from the cellar. Stores likely to perish from excess of heat or cold, could here be preserved. A door at either end gave access to the building. In a shaded nook stood the ice house. Beyond the cleared land, for a mile along the bank of either river, the trees were cut down, and a broad clear pathway left. To a considerable distance also, back into the woodland, fallen timber and other obstructions were removed in order to make passage to and fro easy for workmen and cattle.

The labor of providing necessities for this small hamlet, was of itself an undertaking which involved much forethought. As De Roma expressed it, "Fuel had to be provided for thirteen large fires which were kept burning night and day for seven months in the year." Timber abounded, but it had to be sawed, split, and piled up conveniently for use. The very matter of procuring fodder for the cattle and horses, cost an amount of toil that men with hay-fields and pasture lands would now-a-days little dream of. The food of man-wheat, beans and peas grew abundantly on the newly ploughed virgin soil of the clearance. But the food for cattle came more slowly, and until it did come to their doors it had to be sought for elsewhere. From the western bank of the Montague River a road was made through the forest to Sturgeon Bay, where the marshes were covered with heavy crops of coarse grasses. These were mown, carried back across the Montague, and garnered in the barn on Brudnelle point. From the eastern bank of the Brudnelle River a similar road was cut to the Cardigan. These openings through the forest served the little community in many ways, as they led into those parts where trout and game abounded, and were thus the means of bringing within easy reach a variety to the monotonous fare of the settlers.

With the completion of the dwellings and other buildings, still another and arduous undertaking confronted Director De Roma. Means of communicating by land with the principal settlements had to be established. The sea route was long and precarious, while tangled untrodden forests, swamps, creeks and



rapid streams intersected the country in every direction, through which it was necessary to travel, in order to reach the settlements on the northern shore. De Roma's road-making was not certainly of a character that would meet the approval of a modern engineer. What he effected, however, represented a first though rude effort to open communication by land between settlements held apart by every obstacle of marsh, river and woodland, which nature in her wildest moods could throw in the way. If not roads they were at least avenues through the forest, along which men on horseback and loaded vehicles could pass with some degree of ease and security.

When De Roma's system of roads was finally completed, his establishment was connected on the other side of the Brudnelle with Sturgeon Bay, and across the Montague with Cardigan River; with the settlement at St. Peter's Harbour, and Port Lajoie. Two winters were spent in these useful works; temporary huts, which were moved as the work progressed, being erected along the routes for the accomodation of the workmen.

Much labour was necessarily spent on the fishing boats and ships. Of large craft, capable of undertaking long voyages, the Company owned five; the Michel, La Belle Faucon, L'Angeli-que, Le Postillon and the St. Jean. Every year two voyages were made to Quebec and two to the Indies. The fish from the different stations round the coast had to be brought to Trois Rivieres, to be packed and made ready for export. The crews of these ships when not engaged in voyages of this kind, manned the fishing boats, dressed the fish and superintended the flakes.

Meanwhile, the discontent of the shareholders of De Roma's company had reached an acute stage, and instead of the annual supplies for the support of the colony, a long indictment of extravagance, tyranny and crime was put into the hands of the unfortunate Director. It would seem, however, that De Roma still continued to labour until the week before Louisbourg fell into the hands of the Provincials. At that time an enemy's cruiser found its way into the harbour of Trois Rivieres and anchored within easy range of where on Brudnelle Point, the dwelling houses, granges, stores and stables of De Roma were

clustered together like the firstlings of a village. Boats were lowered and, filled with armed men, rowed for the shore. There was no attempt at resistance. An old iron six pounder, pointed seaward, whose services had for years been purely of a peaceful character, was the only warlike preparation to be seen. De Roma with his son and daughter, and five servants had barely time to gain the woods, when the invaders were ashore on the point, and swarming through every nook of his premises with the license inherited by marauders from remote antiquity. Every crevice was searched with patient industry, and what avarice failed to appropriate was doomed to destruction. Loads of booty were carried to the ship, until weariness or want of material put an end to the pillage. Then the buildings with all that could not be carried away were given to the flames. It is probable that De Roma and his children, after the marauders weighed anchor, crept back from their hiding places to look on the smouldering ruins of their home. The license of war had in a few hours undone the labor of years, and utter ruin had overtaken him. Neither food nor shelter were to be found on the spot of earth where he had laboured to secure them, and the nearest settlement where relief could be obtained was St. Peter's. A weary journey of days through endless forests brought the travellers to the mouth of the harbour, worn out with fatigue and hunger. In a short time a vessel bound up the St. Lawrence landed the unfortunate Director and his family in Quebec. To veil his misfortunes from the public eye was no trait of De Roma's nature, and the fell stroke of war which smote him so mercilessly, offered him a theme upon which his pen dilated unweariedly. He enumerated with detailed minuteness all his losses, and these in the condition of the times must be reckoned heavy. A hundred bushels of wheat and other grains, four horses, and fifty sheep, ten cows and calves, twenty swine and a hundred poultry, were carried off or consumed in the flames. So complete was the destruction of the settlement that, five years after the event, a visitor was unable to discover a vestige of the spacious buildings that once adorned that bold headland. At the present day the form of the jutting point is considerably changed from what it was when De Roma and his

workmen first landed there. Severe frosts in winter and the action of the sea when loosened from its icy fetters, have worn the sharp point of a century and a half ago, into a rounded form. A deep hollow in the land at one side of the headland resembling the bed of a dried up torrent marks probably the site of the long cellar, which was planned with such ingenuity and constructed with such an amount of labour. And this, which after all may be but a fanciful conjecture, is the only memorial left of the severe bodily toil, the hardships and anxieties of the enterprising, but unfortunate De Roma.

---

### A Prince County Ghost Story.

BY J. MOLLISON.

**S**PEAKING of ghost stories—let me relate one which happened where I spent my boyhood and early manhood—Bideford, Tyne Valley, Ellerslie and Lot 11.

Bideford is where Captain William Richards, about the middle of the century, settled and did, for many years, a ship-building and mercantile business. Tyne Valley—in the first half of the century known as “The Landing,” since it was on the steep banks of the stream that the lumbermen landed their logs in the winter season, prior to their being cut up at a saw mill which always existed there—is a place where six roads meet, although two paths join a hundred yards or more outside, thus making only four entering the village proper. It is situated where two brooks meet the tide-water of the beautiful, winding, tree-strewn confines of the Trout River.

About two miles north of Tyne Valley, and about one west of Bideford lies Ellerslie,—this name being given to it by an old gentleman named Wallace, who claimed that the blood of the old Scottish hero flowed in his veins. Ellerslie, it will be remembered, was one of the manors of Sir William Wallace. Here saw and grist mills, blacksmith and carriage shops, and a post-office have existed for the last fifty years or more. The stream

which drove the mills, after passing through the mill run, joined Smelt Creek (a branch of the Bideford River) almost at once. These rivers flow easterly, and, turning southward at Richards' shipyard, join the Trout River; the combined waters empty not far away into Richmond Bay. The mills at Ellerslie were at first owned by a Mr. Barlow, now of Wellington. Barlow is the common spelling, but some descendants of the same stock claim that the proper orthography is Burleigh. Afterward the mills passed into the hands of a Mr. William Barclay, and from him to his son James, now of O'Leary. For some fifteen years or so past they have been owned by a Mr. John England.

The road coming about due north from Tyne Valley—and known as the Barlow Road—passes over the Bideford River a few yards below the mill dam, and continues straight on to Lot 11—this being the name to designate in these early days, all the country for a considerable distance north of Ellerslie; although for some three miles the land still lies in Lot 12. Ellerslie nestles cosily in a slightly depressed hollow in which the river runs—the rising ground at each end of the bridge being slightly abrupt. In these latter days the railway has been built, Ellerslie Station being about a mile to the west of the village itself.

From Ellerslie the Barlow road takes a gradual ascent until it reaches the ridge, about half a mile away, which forms the water shed between the Bideford River and "Grant's Brook,"—the latter so called from a family which still lives near there. This brook merges into Schooner Creek, thus forming the head of Bideford River. After descending the hill again on the other side,—and it is a considerable depression—Grant's Brook is crossed. The road next rises in a somewhat steep ascent until the "Half-way Tree", close by, is passed over half a mile from the brook; then a long, slowly-descending road proceeds to Poplar Grove, a place named since the railway was built, but where in pre-railway days there was a lone tavern, first kept by a Brenan and afterward by a McArthur until travel by rail destroyed the business.

This Barlow Road between Ellerslie and Lot 11, partly skirted and partly ran through "the Barrens", famous over almost the whole of "The Island"—as the inhabitants fondly

call the Province—for its blueberries. It is a lonely place, and save for its blueberries—which numberless parties for many miles around come in the summer to pick when they are ripe—is unproductive. The “natural history” of this part of the country is said to be that early in the century a terrific fire swept over it, burning up almost wholly not only the spruce trees which covered it, but the soil as well. During the fifties, the sixties and seventies, the remains of these trees could be seen here and there, where they were held up from the ground by stumps, bearing evidences of charring; although the blackened fire marks were all cleaned off with the frequent rains of decades, and the wood presented to the eye the dull grey color which Father Time is so fond of, when using his artistic brush on wood. They are again beginning to grow up with trees. Of course, in latter years these barren lands have been enroached upon by man and, here and there, there are dwellings; but in the times of which I write no house existed from Ellerslie until the traveller came within a mile or so of Brennan’s tavern.

The “Half-way Tree” was of large growth—pine, I think,—dead for many years prior to the times of which I speak. Looking up, as one passes over Grant’s Brook, it stood on the brow of the hill, its gaunt and runckled outlines being silhouetted in weird solemnity against the northern sky. In fact, in passing it, the lone traveller, especially at night, almost always felt that the spot was uncanny.

Grant’s Brook lay at right angles with the low road. The land for over two hundred yards was low, level and swampy, and was overflowed. It can easily be seen that this long road on any night, even a moonlight or starlight one, but especially when the sky was dark and lowering—was particularly lonely.

But in addition to the natural repulsiveness of the scene the imagination of man had enhanced the weirdness of this place. Common saying had it—and, I may add, belief too—that Grant’s Brook was haunted. The story was that a woman—ghosts are mostly women, seldom men—had been frequently seen about the brook. Legend said that some woman, formerly belonging to the place, had been ill-used, and that she

" Revisited thus the glimpses of the moon,  
Making night hideous; and we fools of nature,  
So horribly to shake our disposition  
With thoughts beyond the radius of our souls!"

Some even claimed to have seen her, in her white garb, moving slowly to and fro in her mental unrest. And so much had this gained currency in the simple, receptive, easily-persuaded rustic mind, especially of the children and young people—for it is in youth that the mind receives these weird impressions, and so deep do they sink that the growing experience and wisdom of old age cannot wholly eradicate them—that few cared to travel the road between dusk and dark; and none passed along without experiencing the apprehensive feeling that something not altogether earthly might be near.

One of the characters of that early time—the sixties and seventies—was "Old Horn." This was an old man who with his family, existed—for they were very poor—on the west side of the Barlow Road on the edge of the Barrens and up within half a mile of Brenan's tavern.

This little old man was a somewhat curious creature. He had no force of character, spoke in a whining, feminine voice, and, while he pretended to work, and did work so far as his wan, decrepit body and feeble mind enabled him, yet subsisted just as much by a kind of half-begging. He would leave home early in the morning and walk long distances, sometimes to Bideford and Port Hill—the latter in a south-east direction from Tyne Valley and through which he had to pass. In the late evening he would return, always with a small sack of flour slung across his back, or a bundle of something or other under his arm. With these he would take up a kind of slow dog-trot, and reach home long after dark in the fall season. "Old Horn" was very profuse in his thanks for what he had received when about to leave for home. One time he had been at Mr. Barclay's, at Ellerslie; Mrs. Barclay, of tender memory, being very kind to all the poor who were within her reach, or who appealed to her for charity. When the old man was leaving he lit his pipe at the kitchen stove, and as he moved away from the latter he began, in his squeaky voice, with: "Well, Mrs. Barclay, I'm very much obliged

to ye—I'll not forget your kindness—may the Lord reward ye—I'm very much obliged, indeed—I hope I'll—." But as he neared the door he discovered that—his thanks being too profuse and long in utterance—his pipe had gone out, and he had to return to the stove and relight it. Then the same backing out began with the same overflow of profuse thanks. And again the pipe was out when he neared the door. A third time he got to the stove and with another piece of paper again lit the pipe. Evidently this was going to continue all night, so someone hurried him to the door and thus got him started for home.

Mrs. Horne was considered a bit of a tartar, but as very few had a chance to know, it may only have been to her husband, when she was irritated with his useless ways. This was known, however, that when she spoke to anyone of her lord and master, in marital fidelity, she invariably called him "Albert"; and unless people had known that this was his Christian name from this source, they would have known it from no other, so invariably was he called "Old Horn."

These people, in their small, poverly-stricken, wooden hovel, reared quite a family, and the boys, when they grew up and left the home nest for "the States," became respectable, hard-working members of the community.

The family of the Yeo's of Port Hill, and of the Richards of Bideford were then, as now, the notables of that part of the country. But there was a number of—using the term in a financial sense—second rate people. Among these was a gentleman named—giving it in full—"William Lotten Ellis." And, in fact, the usual custom was—although out of joint with the present rush and drive in life which cuts everything short—to give him, in conversation, his full name. Very often, however, it was contracted to "Lotten." Mr. Ellis was a ship-builder and built quite a number of vessels for Hon. James Yeo, father of the present Senator Yeo. His shipyard was about on the opposite side of the Bideford River from Mr. Richards' residence and shipyard, at a place now called East Bideford, but at that time only known by "across the river," there being very few settlers there at that time. Access to it was frequently by rowboat from Bideford, but a main road to it left the Barlow

Road north of Grant's Brook just a little south from "The Half-way Tree." Following this by-road, which ran in an easterly direction, one eventually came to Mr. Ellis' shipyard.

Mr. Ellis' business often called him away from home and it was almost just as often late at night before he was on the road to return, since he was an intelligent, good fellow and fond of conversation with his kind.

One day in the late summer he had been more than usually busy and before he left Port Hill for home it was long after candle-light. The sky had become overcast, but as there was some moonlight, by peering, things could be dimly discerned for some distance ahead and around. He had got past Tyne Valley, — the horse jogging leisurely homeward along the dreary wood-skirted road between that place and Ellerslie; had crossed the bridge at the latter place; allowed the horse to walk up the reach until the ridge was mounted, and was trotting down the further side toward Grant's Brook. When nearing the low, wide hollow, all at once the horse's ears became erect followed by a snorting and a shying to one side. Mr. Ellis looked around him and was astonished to see, ahead a short distance and a short distance from the left hand side of the road, the figure of a woman crouched on the ground. He was thoroughly astonished, for his brain had been so engrossed in the business he had been transacting through the day, that the usual thoughts of ghosts, inherent almost in this lonely spot, were entirely absent. He was so startled at the unusual sight that on the first mind-impulse he reined in the horse. Then the figure stood erect; the unusual place, the unusual time and the excited state of his imagination picturing it, like the stovepipe hat, much taller than it really was. He was an unbeliever in ghosts, but the facts were now too many for him; there she was at the regulation hour—twelve o'clock midnight—before him in plain sight, for his startled imagination made his eyesight unusually acute. With a considerable effort of will he determined to approach and speak to it. He jerked the reins and the horse unwillingly moved ahead. When he got opposite the apparition he stopped and said:—



“In the name of God, who are you?”

After a moment's hesitation, a female voice feebly uttered: “I was looking for Albert.” It was Mrs. Horn, concerned about her leige lord, who had been more than usually late that night, and she had come out to help him home with his load.

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## Remnants of Acadian Dykes.

BY REV. W. H. WARREN.

**A**LONG the sedgy margins of some of those extensive marshes which form a striking feature in the bay and river scenery of Prince Edward Island, may be noticed an occasional mound of greater or less dimensions, bearing unmistakable evidence of an artificial origin. In some instances a mere hillock is seen, the purpose of which might, indeed, be a matter of uncertainty. In other cases the mounds are so extended and well defined that little doubt can be entertained as to their original design. Upon the marshy border of the old Warren farm on the upper North River may be found a fine specimen of this kind of alluvial embankment. Another is seen near the Dunk River causeway; whilst a third partially surrounds Little Island in Bedeque Bay. For more than a century these curious landmarks have remained in an almost unchanged condition.

The sportsman who occasionally wanders over these spreading marshlands in search of shy snipe or piping plover sometimes rests his tired limbs on the crest of such an odd ridge as we have indicated. As he views, with increasing admiration, the charming scene of river and woodland and fertile field, spread out before him, the problem of the origin, character and purpose of the mound upon which he sits, leads his thoughts into many an enchanting reverie. Forgetting the swift-winged game which flits hither and thither overhead, he is almost unconsciously borne backward, as in a dream, to the romantic days when the humble Acadian first visited these shores. All mystery disap-

pears as the simple, historic mound tells its interesting tale of pioneer enterprise and vicissitude.

Centuries ago sturdy emigrants from *la belle France* and, more recently, from sunny *Acadie*, sailed into the broad, inviting harbors of Isle de St. John in search of homes and happiness. The scenery which met the gaze of these vigilant strangers was peculiarly fascinating. Forests of spruce and hemlock, with magnificent groves of towering pine, covered the hills and plains in all directions. Picturesque capes and headlands jutted out here and there along the coast line; and the smoke of the Micmac's wigwam gave evidence that an earlier race of explorers had found a home beside these peaceful shores.

Ascending one of the many beautiful rivers opening before him, the careful voyager sought a suitable location for his prospective homestead. A small clearance was speedily made in the densely covered woodland which bordered the shore; and in a short time the modest little domicile rose in miniature proportions to cheer the heart of the industrious proprietor. New and difficult problems, however, came up for serious study. In view of the fact that every acre of upland was shadowed by luxuriant woods, the prospects of securing necessary subsistence for man and beast were by no means promising. But the sagacity of the Acadian was equal to the occasion. Glancing with keen eye over the wide areas of marsh stretching away in the distance, he quickly decided to utilize this vast and inexhaustible source of wealth. Neither stones nor stumps encumbered the green and level expanse. A large and productive farm could at once be secured by simply constructing a low sea-wall to shut out the turbulent tide. To cast up such an embankment was, no doubt, a laborious task. Day by day the patient toiler plied his spade and mattock, until success rewarded him for his pains. We can easily imagine how his heart swelled with honest pride as he gazed upon the green surface of his newly-formed estate, and anticipated the comforts and enjoyments of his chosen home.

In this way the peasant from France was enabled to gain a frugal living during the first years of his labors on the Island. Meanwhile he entered upon the more difficult enterprise of clearing the uplands, and of laying the foundations for more

systematic and enlarged agricultural operations. Many favorable conditions aided him in his efforts. Food was easily obtained. The rivers teemed with trout, smelts and excellent salmon; whilst cod, mackerel and herring abounded in limitless quantities around the coast. Game was also abundant. Partridges roosted on the trees surrounding the habitant's cabin, and rabbits ran riot around the premises during the livelong night. Sea-fowl of all kinds hovered about the rivers. The old arquebuse found useful employment in furnishing the table with varied dainties. Thus the pioneer home had its peculiar blessings and its gleams of cheering sunshine. In due time the bright faces of boys and girls adorned the humble home, and the joyous ring of their merry voices echoed far away through the resounding woodlands.

Such is the romantic picture of early Island scenes which rises before the mental vision of the observer who sits pensively upon some remnant of an Acadian dyke. Imagination paints in mellow tints the pleasing landscape of those bygone days. But a change comes over the dissolving vision; and the dreamer awakes to a new condition of things. Green fields have taken the place of the primeval forest; comfortable homesteads have long since supplanted the original cabins; and the restless tide has almost entirely swept away the old sea-walls, leaving here and there a mere remnant of the early immigrant's most ambitious achievement. Social improvement is everywhere apparent. Prosperous villages and populous towns have sprung up in localities once occupied by Indian wigwams. Swift steamships churn the waters over which the birch-bark canoe alone formerly glided; and churches and schoolhouses are seen where the fox and the bear once had their undisturbed dens.

In the preservation of early dyke-lands, the conquering nation seems to have taken comparatively little interest. The aim of the new owners was rather to obtain valuable lumber from the forests, and to make extensive clearances in rich and productive uplands. Old dyke-lands were neglected, and the primitive embankments gradually disappeared from the landscape. Of late, however, our enterprising farmers have been led to appreciate more fully the wisdom of their early predecessors in reclaiming waste marshes from the dominion of Neptune.

Lines of sea-wall are once more appearing around our fertile shores ; and the benefits resulting from this industry are already manifest.

It is but natural that a feeling of sympathetic sadness should steal over the observer who occasionally looks upon the remnant mounds of early provincial settlers. Each grassy ridge seems to be a monument of the labors, the hopes and the failures of men who preceded us in the conflicts of life, and to be a sort of premonition of the end of our own ambitions. In his inimitable *Evangeline* Longfellow has, with exquisite tenderness and pathos, told the story of the Acadian peasant's toils and hardships ; and each monumental hillock along our shores only adds to the interest we feel in the poet's description.

“ Then he beheld in a dream, once more the home of his childhood ;  
Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them,  
Village, and mountain and woodlands ; and walking under their shadow,  
As in the days of her youth, *Evangeline* rose in his vision.  
Tears came into his eyes, and as slowly he lifted his eyelids,  
Vanished the vision away.”

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## Rise, Sons of the Empire !

Rise Merry England ! Arise 'tis the hour,  
Dark tho' the day that has dawned now may be,  
Marshall your soldiers, your ships—all your power,  
Gather your children from over the sea.

Think upon *Blenheim* and *Ramillies'* field,  
Think of the *Nile* and of *Trafalgar Bay* ;—  
Call for the war horse, the sword and the shield,  
Onward ! Away to the battle, away !

Sons of the nation that never did yield !  
Men of the Empire whose sun never sets !  
Look to the future, the past is reveal'd  
Bright with a glory man never forgets.

On to the battle-field seeking no rest,  
On to the land where our brethren lie slain ;  
Africa's sand o'er our bravest and best  
May drift—but enough to avenge will remain.

—M. W. M.

## Scottish Associations in P. E. Island.

(CONTINUED)

BY HON. SENATOR MACDONALD.

**S**T. ANDREW'S dinner was given at Mrs. Jones' Hotel in 1840 and was marked by the presentation of two songs composed specially for this Colonial Society by Thomas Dibdin, the English song writer and dramatist. They bear the heading "Prince Edward Island," and have evidently been printed in the old Country. I annex a copy as follows:—

Air:—"There's nae luck about the Hoose."

Though far awa frae Fatherland, which many wept to leave,  
There is na muckle need that we should o'er its mem'ry grieve,  
That land we love—and for that land there's lads who here wad dee,  
And who would join with heart and hand to guard our liberty.

Chorus—For there's nae luck about the Hoose there's nae luck av a'  
There's little pleasure in the Hoose when Liberty's awa'

Wha kens not braw Macdonalds' Clan? or wha but hears the fame  
Which near or far, in peace or war, has crown'd its gallant name?  
For what Macdonald, Laird or Chief, but, like a true Scot, bore  
A right gude heart for ilka friend, for foes a bright claymore.

Chorus.

The Eagle plume Clan Ronald's Lairds for ages, aye and now,  
Their son our Castle Tioram bears aboon his Highland brow,  
Nor ever cares he what the cost, the danger or the toil,  
When seas and winds he tempts in aid of our new native soil.

Chorus.

Our Friends and Brethren i' their veins the blood of Morar feel,  
Of Kepoch, and the Isles brave Lord, Glengary and Lochiel,  
While Albion's sons, and Erin's too, receive their kindest smile,  
Syne aw'thegither British we, in our Prince Edward Isle.

Chorus.

I've mair to say, and weel I may, for ne'er must we forget  
How much to lovely woman we forever are in debt,  
Our sweethearts, wives, and bonnie bairns, our dearest thoughts shall  
share,  
While true to them, and they to us, a fig for fear or care.

Chorus—For there's nae luck about the hoose, there's nae luck at a'  
For lads or young or auld when'er the lasses are awa'

The second song is to the air of "Auld Lang Syne."

'Tis years three score and ten, or more, since in our Island world,  
From Land O' Cakes Glenaladale his Patriot flag unfurled,  
When "Charlie o'er the water" liv'd, for him he drew his brand,  
But "James na mair" i' Geordie's cause he led his mountain band.

Chorus.—"For auld lang syne, my dear, for auld lang syne,  
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet for auld lang syne."

And while we've Muidart, Arisaig and Castle Tioram here,  
And Donaldson, St. Martin's too, all like the auld ones, dear,  
Let fancy we're in Scotia's land, and wear the Gaelic dress,  
And while we love Britannia's Isle, love Edwards' Isle no less.

Chorus.

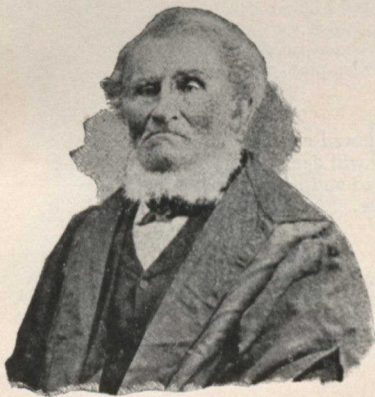
And ye, too, Brither Islanders, whose sires dwelt south of Tweed,  
And ye, from Erin's sainted Isle so famed for glorious deed,  
Let Arts and Industry by day improve while they delight,  
And songs of union aid our cracks on ev'ry merry night.

Chorus.

Thus whether Scots or Englishmen, or Erin's sons we'll sing  
Our Native land and laws, their brave defenders and our King.  
And may his heart forever warm and cheer us with his smile,  
And William's kind paternal care support his Edward's Isle.

Chorus—"For auld lang syne my dear, for auld lang syne,  
We'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet for auld lang syne."

In 1842 the St. Andrew's dinner was held at the Prince Edward Island Hotel. Sir Henry V. Huntley, and Lady Huntley had then succeeded Sir Charles and Lady Mary Fitzroy, who were among the toasts on the last occasion. Hon. John Small Macdonald was President in 1843, and the dinner was held at the Victoria Hotel then kept by Mr. I. Fellows. The usual toasts were proposed and eloquently responded to. A song composed by Miss Dalrymple, a gifted Island poetess was sung by Hon. Charles Young and received with great applause to the air and chorus of "Auld lang syne." A copy of the verses is annexed, and is as follows:—



WM. McNEILL, ESQ.

Former Speaker of House of Assembly, and prominent Member of the Society.

## ST. ANDREW'S DINNER.

We've met in kindness and in glee,  
 To drive dull care away,  
 We've met as Scotchmen a' should meet,  
 Upon St. Andrew's day.

Chorus—Then Scotsmen brithers fill the cup,  
 And pledge it solemnly;  
 Oh friends and brithers fill the cup,  
 To St. Andrew's memory.

Tho' far awa frae Scotland's hills,  
 Tho not on Scottish ground;  
 Yet we'll bless our lot, for have we not  
 True Scottish hearts around.

Chorus.

Oh Scotsmen! glory in your land,  
 'Tis a land of bravery,  
 Boon a' the earth it ranks in worth  
 The hame of liberty.

Chorus.

And proudly should our sons uphold  
 Its fame which knows no taint,  
 Let hearts all thrill and glasses fill,  
 To our country and our saint.

Chorus.

By the thochts o' Highland hills and hames,  
 Each Lowland loch and brae,  
 By heathery gleas and wooded fens,  
 Where whimpling burnies play.

Chorus.

By the bards wha've hallowed each fair stream,  
 With charm that ne'er will dee,  
 Let a' the night beam glad and bright,  
 Wi' fellowship and glee.

Chorus.

The tartan plaid is cross our breasts,  
 The clansmen's plumes are here,  
 And the stirring notes o' the mountain pipes  
 Are ringing in our ear.

Chorus.

hen Scotsmen ane and Scotsmen a'  
 Wi' spirits proud and free;  
 Fill up, fill up, and pledge the cup,  
 To St. Andrew's memory.

Chorus.

And on many a coming night may we  
 Thus meet in heart and hand,  
 To keep alive and make to thrive,  
 Blest thochts o' native land.

Chorus.

In 1845 the Hon. Charles Young being President, and Major C. D. Rankin 1st. Vice-President, the dinner was given at the Royal Hotel, then kept by Mrs. Weymouth, who provided an excellent menu, and nineteen standard toasts, besides five volunteers, were drunk "in wines of the choicest vintage," but the hard headed Caledonians before concluding with "Auld lang syne," sang with united voices

We are na fou we're na that fou,  
 But just a drappie in our ee,  
 The cock may crawl, the day may daw  
 And aye we'll taste the barley bree.

We are, however, assured that they were one and all perfectly sober when returning to their homes, for they were not men given to over indulgence in strong drinks but, they loved the songs of Robbie Burns, and doubtless the "choicest wines" were the pure juice of the grape.



J. W. MORRISON, ESQ.  
 Treasurer of the Society for a quarter of a  
 century.

In 1846, Major Con Douly Rankin, was President, and Robert Finlayson, first Vice. In the following year Hon. John Small Macdonald again became President, and St. Andrew's day was celebrated with the usual honours.

Annual dinners were held in the succeeding years and the society continued to prosper, but in 1849, the Hon. John Small Macdonald, President, died and the members attended the funeral in a body. At a meeting held on the 22nd January immediately after the procession the following resolution of



condolence was moved by the Hon. Charles Young, seconded by Major C. D. Rankin, and passed unanimously, viz.:

Resolved that the members of the Highland Society of P. E. Island, do deeply and sincerely condole with the widow and children of their late worthy and respected President, the Hon. John Small Macdonald, whose untimely death has caused such great bereavement to his family, and has produced an important vacancy in this Society, and the members of the Society do earnestly hope that the family may derive that comfort and consolation in their sorrows from Him alone who can bestow these blessings, and that their affliction will in a measure be mitigated when they know that they have the sympathy, not only of the members of the Society, but of the community generally.

Ordered that the Hon. Charles Young, C. D. Rankin, John McGill, Alex. McLean and John Purdie, Esquires, be a committee to present a copy of these resolutions to the family, and that the members of the Society do wear mourning for one month as a mark of respect to the memory of their late President.

In 1850, October 15th, the Society, headed by their chaplain, the Rev. Robert McNair, marched in procession at the funeral of Sir Donald Campbell. The body was carried from the hearse to its final resting place by six stalwart Highlanders who were all Campbells.

The Globe Hotel was the scene of several succeeding celebrations. At the dinner in 1852, John Coll Macdonald being President, and Neil Rankin first Vice, the death of Lt. Col. R. C. Macdonald, at the Ionian Islands was announced, and a toast to his memory as a most zealous and indefatigable friend of the Society, and its chief for life, was proposed on this occasion.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

## Tenant League Results.

(CONTINUED)

BY JOHN ROSS.

THE *Posse Comitatus* proceeded to Southport according to orders; where arrangements were made for the capture of Samuel Fletcher. The cavalry under command of the High Sheriff, John Morris, Esq., was largely composed of proprietors, their agents and friends, who were anxious to see the rebel (?) captured, while the infantry were led by Mr. James Curtis, Deputy Sheriff. At 10 o'clock, a. m., orders were given to

move forward and the whole cavalcade began their march, when the good old song, the bonnie "White Flag," was struck up and lustily sung by the entire battalion. A little gentleman dressed in the latest style, with stove-pipe hat, black coat, white pants and patent leather boots, anxious to witness the capture of this law-breaker (?) seated himself in a countryman's cart, the fastening of which was secretly removed. The fluttering of flags and noise of the singing so alarmed the horse that he made a sudden bound forward, which upset the cart and quickly deposited its occupant in a pool of muddy water. A jeering laugh was the only response made by the "heartless posse," who filed into line at the word of command, thus leaving the unfortunate victim of misplaced confidence to waddle out of the mire as best he could.

The writer, summoned in common with his fellow-townsmen to form one of the brigade, preferred being among the footmen. We at once fell into position and proceeded on our march.

The cavalry were soon out of sight galloping at full speed, apparently in great haste to secure their victim, while the infantry moved along at an easy pace. Not being provided by the Government with the necessary rations for the journey, we were compelled to supply our own provisions and other required refreshments. After marching about a mile, some wag cried "Halt for a drink," when the whole company came to a standstill, and drawing from an inner pocket a flask of the exhilarating beverage, drank a bumper to the speedy termination of our novel enterprise. Halts were made on various pretexts ere we reached the summit of Tea Hill at mid-day, when at last the welcome call of "halt for dinner," gladdened many a drooping heart.

Every knapsack was unstrapped and their contents discussed with evident relish, as we sat on the hill-side admiring the magnificent scenery of land and water spread out before us. In the distance might be seen well cultivated farms, dotted with groves of the evergreen spruce, in the shelter of which many a farmer's comfortable home was cosily ensconced.

On resuming our march there were so many objects of attraction along our route, that our commander had much difficulty in luring us on. At Pownal village we had a short respite, when

some members of the posse, from the top of an old cart body, addressed the inhabitants on the "burning question of the day." After partaking of some slight refreshment we resumed our eastern march.

In the meantime, the cavalry were far in advance along the Georgetown Road, rapidly nearing the residence of Fletcher. A short distance from Vernon River, on the brow of a hill near Weatherbie's forge, a battery was erected called Fort Fletcher, bristling with cannon and manned by determined and desperate Tenant Leaguers. The approaching troop were struck with terror on beholding the open-mouthed cannon bearing down upon them, ready to pour shot and shell into any advancing foe. Several were about turning tail and beating a hasty retreat. when a flag of truce was immediately sent forward to stay hostilities. It was then discovered that this formidable fort consisted of nothing more than some pieces of old stove-pipe thrust through a board, with a number of hats stuck on poles to represent men.

On passing this obstacle, the Sheriff and his company advanced towards Fletcher's home, when they discovered him standing near his gate apparently waiting for them. Several members of the valiant brigade quickly dismounted from their horses, rushed upon and seized the unfortunate Fletcher, which to their surprise and chagrin proved to be a well got up straw-man. The annoyance and disappointment of the law officers and their friends the proprietors, as depicted on their countenances in not securing their man, was somewhat amusing, yet the trophy was immediately carried off, as the only evidence they could produce of their official visit, while Fletcher lay concealed near by, laughing in his sleeve at the discomfiture of the famous *Posse Comitatus*.

The footmen while still plodding wearily on their way, saw the warlike cavalry in the distance, approaching rapidly on their return, bespattered with mud from head to foot. A herculean member of the troop had firmly seated in front of him the object of their pursuit, which evidently was borne forward in triumph. As the two companies neared each other, the infantry greeted the gallant troop with three hearty cheers, on the successful capture of that terrible violater of the public peace (?)

Samuel Fletcher, but behold it proved on examination to be a suit of old clothes stuffed with straw, as an effigy of Fletcher.

When the two divisions of the "Posse," met at Burke's Mill, orders were given to remove forever from sight and obliterate all traces of the captured straw-man by throwing it over the bridge and consigning it to a watery grave. The report was that the last seen of it, was its gracefully undulating motion as it glided along Millview creek towards the ocean.

The Sheriff realizing that our mission was ingloriously brought to a close, at once discharged from further service those of our party who arrived at this point, as many of our company becoming footsore and weary dropped out by the way, under various pretenses, and failed afterwards to put in an appearance until too late for the final dispersion.

Thus terminated one of the most ridiculous exhibitions of tyrannical power, ever perpetrated in any part of the world, but more especially in a civilized Christian community.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

### The Early Settlers of St. Eleanors—III.

BY HUBERT G. COMPTON.

THE "Broad" Farm, which just before the time of writing again changed hands, is of considerable historical interest in North St. Eleanors. The writer was born on this farm in the year 1831, the property being at that time owned by his father. In 1834 it passed by purchase into the hands of Hon. James Yeo. The immediate reason of the transfer was a disaster which happened to Mr. Compton in the loss by fire of a fine dwelling house which had just been completed, when the conflagration swept it away. It had not as yet, however, been occupied by the family. The date of the fire was November the fifth—a bonfire ungrateful as it was unintentional.

Biographical events not uncommonly coincide with matters more widely historical. The year following the events mentioned above, our family moved to what we would now call in a

most natural and familiar way, Summerside. But there was then no Summerside. At that time the only settlers on this part of the coast were the six brothers Green. Hence its name, "Green Shore." A solitary store stood on the shore near what is now called Muirhead's wharf, known as Green's salt store. It might be interesting to state that the building still survives and stands on Muirhead's wharf. Our family now moved back again to St. Eleanor's, and occupied a house built by Allen Fraser of Lot 16, for many years a member of the house of Assembly.

This house is identical with that owned and occupied by Geo. Compton on part of the Pavilion estate. Associated with our next move, which was back to the Pavilion, is a personage well-known to the older inhabitants of St. Eleanor's viz: William Coates. Mr. Coates was a gentleman of Suffolk, England, who emigrated to the Island about 1827. Being a man of uncommon culture and refinement, he soon found employment as a school-master. The families that took advantage of Mr. Coates' scholastic acumen were the Greens, Darbys, Schurmans, Craswells and Howatts—then the only settlers in the neighborhood. Many will undoubtedly remember his little school over the store of James Sharp which stood near the property now occupied by Hubert Mills.

By a natural linking of reminiscences I am reminded of a sight, strange to relate to this generation, connected with this locality.

Mr. Sharp was at that time building a schooner near by where Hubert Mills' barn is situated. This vessel, fully rigged and complete in every part was drawn by ox teams to the Summerside ice. I leave it to the imagination of the reader to picture the sight as it presented itself to the eyes of the school-children. It would read now like the figment of a dream,—the sinewy oxen; the graceful ship; and the wondering youngsters following with timorous excitement in the rear. I do not think I exaggerate when I suggest that to-day it may appear like the poetic conception of a cartoonist who strives to illustrate the relationship between the kindred industries of agriculture and commerce; or, it might be, the web of a mythological romance. But it is solid fact. For it was not an uncommon sight in those

old days, though the distance of transportation was not so great. Hon. Samuel Green, near the residence of Nelson Howatt of N. St. Eleanor's, and John Ramsay on the farm of John Enman, built similar ships and similarly launched them. One built and launched thus by Robert Miligan in '44 made the passage to Liverpool, England, in fourteen days.

A material change has come over the aspect of sport in St. Eleanor's since those days. Salmon were sometimes caught in Richmond Bay. Mackerel abounded to such a degree that it is said of Hugh Smith, he drove his ox-cart through one of the rivers and secured a cart-load with a scoop-net on the way.

It is not unusual to attach a license of some sort to this species of sport, but when no other is used, it might be permissible to employ that commonly called "poetic." The little brooks in all the glades were then stocked with trout and eels. Speckled beauties often yielded themselves captive to the ardent sportsmen, and even though his rod were but a beech sapling, the line was often manufactured on most approved scientific principles. These last were woven of horse-hair, the maker being no less a personage than Richard Lyle, sometime of Cornwall, England, who, previous to 1841 pursued these gentle arts of line and fly-making in Isaac Walton's own land where streams fringed by the "poplar never dry," have murmured merrily to the angler for a thousand years.

At night we boys indulged our sporting proclivities in this spot chiefly in pursuit of the sportive eel. The way we fished them was somewhat unique. First we constructed torches of birch-bark strips bound with slender spruce roots. Then swinging ourselves lightly into the very middle of the springs with the aid of the friendly second-growth spruce trees that bordered the stream, by an adroit turn of the wrist we drew the eels out one after another till the water became too muddy to see any more.

But this was not the only sport. Sedge and water and thicket thereabouts were the haunts of numerous water-fowl. Permit me to give one leaf out of memory's note book : Evening. The heavens promise but one short hour ere sunset. My objective point the edge of the pond that receives the pure drainage

of the Emmico spring. I was in pursuit of black duck. En route through the close woods that lay between, my practised eye espied a flock and marked where they alighted on the further side. While stealing cautiously in their direction, I accidentally started a covey of partridge—a common aggravation when one does not dare to fire. But I learn my lesson in moral philosophy that “success lies in the pursuit of a single aim and purpose.” My gun was a heavy old goose gun—none of your modern, compact, ever-ready breech-loaders. I pushed on, gun in hand, till I came to an advantageous spot which I made my base of operations. From this point the birds were hidden by a mound of sedge-grass, but I had not long to wait till first one, then another, and another appeared, until I counted ten in all, within range and grouped admirably for my purpose. Silently, and with steady hand, the old muzzle is brought out in their direction and sighted. It was the space of a second before all was ready, and then without pause or nervous twitch, my finger found the trigger and pulled. Bang! Nine ducks lay prone upon the water; the tenth all unconscious of the extent of the catastrophe, sped away, quacking to his mates to follow. Fancy brings all the sounds and all the excitement back to me as vividly as at that moment so long ago.

Doubtless if the reader has followed me with the interest I feel in writing, he will be prepared, as I am, to defy the wrath of the ancient sage and say, “Surely the former times WERE better than these!”

N. B.—Where reference is made in this article to “mackerel,” it might be safer to have said “herring.”—H. G. C.



## To a Wounded Tern.

BY JEREMIAH S. CLARKE.

## I.

You beautiful bird, whose tapering wings  
 Bore to heaven your lithe, frail form  
 When, a messenger of the King of Kings,  
 And yourself the king of the storm,  
 You skimmed the white surf, where old ocean flings  
 With a passionate fiendish glee  
 His strength on the beach, that echoing rings  
 With a wonderful harmony;  
 While your mate's shrill screech to my warm heart brings  
 A melody pleasing to me;

## II.

Your joy is no more, for a cruel ball  
 By a mischievous sportsman aimed  
 Has pierced your bosom, so shapely and small,  
 And left you—Oh fairest one—maimed.  
 Alone—on a stone—too feeble to call,  
 You are waiting for death's cold hand.  
 O, have I a heart in my bosom at all  
 If I pass you, or pitiless stand,—  
 Nor help you to bear, nor throw on the pall?  
 Ah! sad ending of life so grand!

## III.

I clasp in my hand your fluttering breast,  
 Though I sigh as you struggle there.  
 I close—a moment—and you are at rest;  
 Then I almost breathe a prayer  
 For your mate and brood in the lonely nest  
 On the sand-dune over the bay,  
 As the wind blows cool, and the glowing west  
 Announces the close of the day.  
 [Must your feathers rest on a lady's crest  
 While your body moulders away?]

Kirkclawn, Bay View.



## English Meanings of Irish Names.

By W. J. K.

**N**OTHING is more fascinating to many persons than the meaning underlying a surname. The question "where did names come from, and how have they been given to families?" is often asked, but we can only surmise the origin although the question itself may interest us. An old rhyme says:—

"Men once were surnamed from their shape or estate,  
 (You all may from history worm it)  
 There was Lewis the Bulky, and Henry the Great,  
 John Lackland, and Peter the Hermit.  
 But now where the door-plates of Mist'ers and Dames  
 Are read, each so constantly varies  
 From the owner's trade, figure, and calling, surnames  
 Seem given by the rule of contraries."

A writer on this subject, many years ago, said the oldest and most natural names were those derived from complexion, or stature, as brown, white, black, long, short, fairhead, golightly, heavysides, etc. Many are from trades or employments as smith, wright, taylor, cook, gardiner, waller, capper, etc. Some are patronymics, as Richardson, Robertson, Robinson, Johnson, Harrison, Thompson, Wilson, etc.

Another class is from the place of birth as Garrick, Wilton, Bollingbroke, Eaton, Leeds, Teasdale, Thorpe, East, West, etc. Still others are from offices of dignities, as King, Lord, Noble, Knight, Steward, Clark, Major. Some other surnames are from animals, vegetables, or utensils, as Swan, Crow, Dove, Bloom, Berry, Bullock, Bacon, Herring, Ash, Beech, Rose, Chambers, Kitchen. Astronomy and agriculture have added some, as Heaven, Moon, Star, Cloud, Fielder, Hedger, Ditcher, Close, Lane, etc. From colors we have White, Green, Red, (or Read) Blue, etc.

It is supposed surnames were introduced into England by the Normans. Doubtless every surname has a definite origin if we were able to trace them to their first connection. Of Irish names the following are given as the true meanings translated into English:—

MACNAMARA,	- - - -	Son of a sea-hound.
MACMAHON,	- - - -	Son of a bear.

BRIEN,	- - - -	The force of water.
KENNEDY,	- - - -	Wearing a helmet.
HORAN,	- - - -	The gold of poetry.
SULLIVAN,	- - - -	Having but one eye.
GALLAGHER,	- - - -	The helper of Englishmen.
RIORDAN,	- - - -	A royal salmon.
LYSAGHT,	- - - -	A hired soldier.
FINNOALA,	- - - -	White-shouldered.
UNA,	- - - -	Matchless.
FARREL,	- - - -	A fair man.
MOHAIREY,	- - - -	An early riser.
NAGHTEN,	- - - -	A strong person.
TRAYNER,	- - - -	A strong man.
KEEFE,	- - - -	Mild.
KEATING,	- - - -	A shower of fire.
KINAHAN,	- - - -	A moss-trooper.
KEARNEY,	- - - -	A soldier.
LEAHY,	- - - -	A champion.
MACASEELY,	- - - -	Son of the hero.
ARDIL,	- - - -	Of high descent.
DERMID,	- - - -	A god in arms.
TORAY'AGH,	- - - -	Like a tower.
CAIRBREE,	- - - -	A royal person.
FLINN,	- - - -	Red haired.
DWYER,	- - - -	A dark man.
DOCHERTY	- - - -	Dangerous.
MULLANE,	- - - -	Broad head.
CULLANE,	- - - -	Broad poll.
FLAHERTY,	- - - -	A powerful chief.
LALOR, or LAWLER,	- - - -	One who speaks by halves.
TIERNEY,	- - - -	A lord.
BULGER,	- - - -	A Dutchman.
DOUGAL,	- - - -	A Dane.
MACINTOSH,	- - - -	Son of the chief.
MACTAGART,	- - - -	Son of the priest.
MACNAB,	- - - -	Son of the abbot.
MACCLERY,	- - - -	Son of the clerk.
MACLURE,	- - - -	Son of a tailor.
MACGILL,	- - - -	Son of a squire.
MACLREHANE,	- - - -	Son of a judge.
MACTAVISH,	- - - -	Son of a savage.
GOFF or GOUGH,	- - - -	Smith.
GALT,	- - - -	A Protestant.
GILLESPIE,	- - - -	The bishop's squire.

The whole of the above are literal translations ; as for

instance : *Macnamara*, called in Irish *MacConmara*, from *mac*, a son, *con* the genitive case of *cu*, a hound, and *mara* the genitive case of *muir*, the sea.

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## “ Our Boys.”

BY MAY CARROLL.

They sing of “ Tommy Atkins ” and the valiant deeds he’s  
done ;

With praise of Highland pluck the world is ringing,  
As nations watch the conflict ’neath the scorching, southern sun,  
Each anxious for the tidings time is bringing.

And noble-hearted heroes for their country and their Queen,  
Lay their lives upon the altar of their nation ;  
A distant country calls them and the oceans roll between,  
Yet with pride they go to offer their oblation.

And while we give brave Tommy and the noble-hearted Scot  
All honor for their loyalty and daring,  
From our fireside have gone others who must never be forgot,—  
We too have sons in England’s sorrows sharing.

Oh ! may they be the bravest when the war breath hotly blows  
And not in vain their noble lives be given ;  
But may they gain for England ere their loyal life-blood flows,  
The land for which so gallantly they’ve striven.



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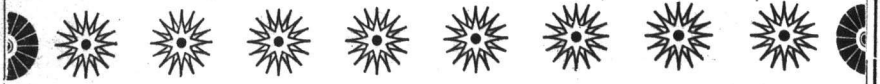
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