

PHOTO BY

"CALM BEFORE STORM," Schooner Empress at Montague, P.E.I.

MR. W. S. LOUSON

(See page 150)

The Prince Edward Island MAGAZINE

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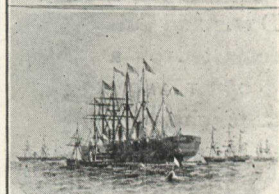
JUNE 1903

No. 4



Picking up the lost
cable of 1865.

Great Eastern sail-
ing into the harbor
of Heart's Content
with the 1856 cable.



Telegraph office at
Heart's Content.

Ocean Cables.

By A. E. MORRISSON.

"Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world.—Psalm XIX, 4.

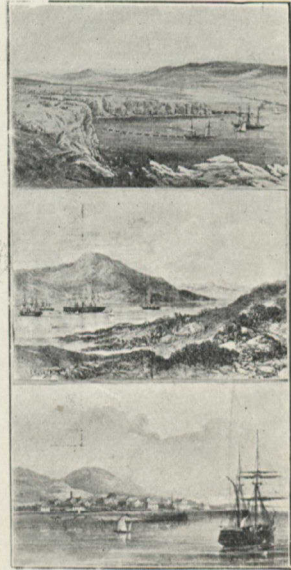
THE first attempts to establish telegraphic communication under water were made as early as 1839; the insulating material used being hemp, saturated with tar. It was not however until the application of gutta percha for

this purpose, that submarine lines attained any measure of success. Gutta Percha was introduced in England by Dr. Montgomerie of the Indian Medical Survey in 1843.

Its qualities, a good insulator of electricity, insolubility under water, capability of being laid over wire when hot, yet being pliable and to a certain extent hard when cold, were speedily recognized. Wires, covered with gutta percha, came into use on telegraph lines in England in 1847, and the first experimental cable covered with this material (two miles in length) was laid in the English Channel in 1849, when messages were successfully transmitted thereby.

The success of this experiment led to an attempt to lay a submarine cable across the English Channel, between Dover and Calais, in 1850. It consisted of a single strand of copper wire, covered with gutta percha, unprotected by any other covering. It however only worked one day. The next cable was also laid between Dover and Calais, in 1851. This cable was protected by an armor of ten heavy iron wires, laid on spirally, with what is termed a sun and planet motion. It proved an eminent success, and worked over twenty years.

The first cable laid in America was laid between Cape Traverse, P. E. Island, and Cape Tormentine, N. B., in 1852. It consisted of a single copper wire, covered with gutta percha, and protected by iron wires like the Dover and Calais cable laid the previous year. The next long cables were laid in 1853, between Dover and Ostend,



1 Laying Shore end at Valentia.
2 Bantry Bay, Ireland
3 Valentia, Ireland.

eighty miles; one from England to Holland, one hundred and twenty miles; and several others, varying in length. At the end of the year 1855 the North American lines were laid as far as Newfoundland, and in Europe the lines were completed as far as the west coast of Ireland. The practicability of uniting the telegraph, by means of a submarine cable between the old and new worlds, had for some time engaged the thoughts of some of the most enterprising men of science, and in 1856 Mr. Cyrus Field left New York for London, empowered by his associates to deal with the extensive concessions possessed by the New York, Newfoundland and London Telegraph Company for the coast of Newfoundland and other rights in Nova Scotia.

In October of that year, the Atlantic Telegraph Company was registered and the capital subscribed. The British Government placed at the disposal of the Company the battleship *Agamemnon* and the United States Government the steam frigate *Niagara*.

On the 5th August, 1857, the shore end was secured in Valentia, Ireland, and on the 7th the squadron sailed. The *Niagara* commenced paying out the cable very slowly, but on the 11th the cable broke and was lost in two thousand fathoms of water, two hundred and eighty miles from Valentia. This loss proved fatal to the first attempt to lay the Atlantic Cable.

Again on the 10th June, 1858, the *Agamemnon* and *Niagara* left Plymouth. It was decided that instead of landing a shore end at Valentia, the ships should proceed to a point midway between Valentia and Newfoundland; there splice the cable, turn their bows east and west and proceed to their destinations. On the 13th the ships met in the midst of the Atlantic; spliced the cable and sailed away from each other, but after paying out one hundred and forty-six miles of cable it suddenly snapped, and the vessels had to return to Ireland for a new supply of cable.

On June 29th the ships once more met in mid-ocean; spliced the cable, and sailed away from each other, the Agamemnon for Valentia, the Niagara for Newfoundland. But they were never separated,—the cable still bound them together, and on the 5th of August a thrill of wonder shot through the two continents when it was published that they were bound together by electric thought. The first message that came over the cable gave glory to the Most High and promised peace and good will to men. This cable broke down on the 3rd of September, and all efforts to recover it failed.

For seven years the cable slept almost forgotten. They were years full of political convulsions and fatal disorder. The reign of peace on earth and good will to men which had been so fondly promised by the first message over the cable seemed to have faded forever, for the United States was threatened with destruction in the tumult of the rebellion. The public had lost its interest in the Atlantic cable and looked with coldness upon a project that had once aroused its highest enthusiasm.

Amidst such disappointments Mr. Field and his associates in 1865 renewed their telegraph company, provided a new cable, and secured the Great Eastern to lay it.

On July 5th, 1865, the ship left the Nore with the cable on board for Berehaven in Bantry Bay and anchored inside the Island. Here she lay preparing for her great undertaking, whilst the steamer Caroline was laying the shore end of the cable in Valentia. On the 22nd July the bight of the cable was transhipped from the S. S. Caroline to the Great Eastern, and the next morning the Great Eastern proceeded at the rate of six knots an hour. As the sea was calm and the cable ran out so smoothly the speed of the ship was increased, and it looked as if there was really no limit to the velocity at which the process could be carried on under favourable circumstances. Every eye in

the ship was watching the turning of a single wheel. Every ear was listening for a single sound. The Great Eastern was nearing a fatal spot; somewhere below her lay the bones of the two previous cables, when the sound of the wheel suddenly stopped, the cable broke and was lost in the deepest part of the ocean, 1062 miles from Valentia. The Great Eastern hung about the spot for nine days and made several unsuccessful attempts to recover the cable. By this time Mr. Field's health and fortune were so impaired that his friends supposed he would abandon the project. But after a short period of recuperation he organized the Anglo-American Telegraph Company and raised the money in less than three months.

A new cable was put on board the Great Eastern in June, 1866. On July 15th, the shore end was successfully laid, and made fast to the cable on the steamer. For fourteen days the cable was paid out and, on July 27th, the enormous hull of the leviathan was discerned by watchers on the Newfoundland coast. With guns firing and bunting floating, with a trail of 2000 miles behind her, the Great Eastern steamed majestically into the harbor of Heart's Content. A salute of 21 guns from the Great Eastern with hearty cheers from the ships and from the people on shore announced that complete success had followed the laying of the Atlantic cable of 1866. The lost cable of 1865 was immediately after raised and successfully landed in Newfoundland. No less than nineteen cables have been laid across the Atlantic up to the present time.

The project of connecting Australia with Canada by a cable across the Pacific Ocean was first suggested by Sir Sanford Fleming in the report submitted to the Dominion Parliament in 1880. As a practical question, however, the history of the scheme may be said to date from 1887, when a conference of delegates from various parts of the British Empire was held in London. The conference declared that

the connection of Canada by a direct submarine telegraph across the Pacific is a project of high importance to the Empire inasmuch as telegraphic communication between Canada and Australia was possible only by way of the west coast of Africa or the Red Sea and, en route, the messages have to pass through territory belonging to several foreign powers. From this date the projectors persistently insisted on their scheme being carried out and finally obtained the consent and financial aid of the governments interested. The work was immediately commenced and successfully finished on the 31st October, 1902. That will be a memorable day in the history of the Empire, for at Suva, in the Fiji Islands was completed the last link of the Pacific cable, which places Great Britain in direct communication with her colonies, and brings our own Dominion ten thousand telegraphic miles nearer the Australian Commonwealth.

The new cable has its Australian terminus at Southport, Queensland. From Southport the cable proceeds north-east across the Pacific by way of Norfolk, Fiji and Fanning Islands to Bamfield, British Columbia.

The total length of the cable is 7986 miles, and cost \$12,125,750. The cost of the cable is to be borne by the Canadian, Australian and Imperial Governments.

The first message over the line was sent to the King in London, and subsequently one was received at Ottawa by the Governor General, sent by Sir Sanford Fleming from Ottawa. It was transmitted eastwardly across the Atlantic to Great Britain, thence to South Africa, across the Indian Ocean to Australia, then along the new cable to Bamfield, and by the C. P. R. telegraph to Ottawa.

In the face of enormous difficulties the scheme has been successfully carried through by Sir Sanford Fleming and his confreres who are to be congratulated on the successful achievement of an enterprise only equalled by that of those who laid the first Atlantic cable.

The importance of an all British cable in reference to our world wide commercial interests, and to our Empire's interests in international questions is well worthy of consideration, but does not come within the scope of this article.

Departure of the Californian Association.

BY JAMES D. LAWSON.

WHO, born on the Island, within the past fifty years, has not heard of the sailing of the Fanny for California! The following particulars with regard to that memorable event, I subjoin, under the above caption, from an old copy of The Islander, under date of Nov. 16th, 1849:

"The brig Fanny with the 'Californian Association' on board has at length sailed, and under very favorable circumstances. On the morning of their departure the wind came gradually round from the eastward—whence it had blown for the previous ten days—to the north-west, and has continued in that quarter ever since; and no doubt ere this have taken leave of Nova Scotia land and shaped their course for the Windward Islands. We cannot conclude these few remarks without observing that to the very great interest taken in the undertaking by James Peake, Esq., our worthy and untiring townsman, is the successful formation of the *Association* to be attributed. He voluntarily offered to become their Agent, attended their meetings, and by his experience and tact pointed out to them the articles best to be shipped, the cheapest market to procure their provisions, superin-

tended the fitting out of the vessel, &c., &c., and when all were ready to take their final departure, sent his steamer free of charge, and towed them seven or eight miles to sea, allowing their friends to accompany them as far as the steamer went. We sincerely wish them a pleasant and a prosperous voyage, and trust that they may realize their most sanguine expectations. We copy the following remarks

FROM LAST TUESDAY'S GAZETTE :

'CALIFORNIA.—Sailed from Charlottetown, on the 12th inst., followed by the good wishes and prayers of several hundreds, the brig Fanny, direct for San Francisco, calling at Rio Janeiro and Valparaiso. This being the first vessel from this Island to the newly discovered Pactolus, deserves more than a passing notice. The Fanny is owned and fitted out by an Association of forty persons—mechanics, clerks, farmers,—all active, steady, sober men, of good character and industrious habits, actuated, for the most part, as we believe, with a laudable desire to better the condition of themselves and their families, by sharing in the trade suddenly opened up on the western shores of North America. The Fanny has all her available space occupied by lumber (three house frames) bricks, coal, &c., and provisions of such kinds as will keep for two years. As no event of a like nature has ever occurred before, in this town, that of an emigration from our shores of persons similarly circumstanced, as no event has called forth, to an equal degree, the heartfelt interest and sympathy for the adventure, some of whom are young men, connected with the oldest and most extensive families in the Colony, while others are themselves fathers of families, who leave wives and children to grieve their present departure and to hope for the successful issue of their venture. It added to the temporary interest of the scene that in the morning the sun arose in full effulgence and the weather throughout the day was as warm and fine as we usually ex-

perience it in September, so different from the bleak or damp weather generally prevalent in the middle of November, that we hail it as it were a presage for good—an omen of success to the enterprising voyagers. The steamer ROSE, with about three hundred persons on board, took the Fanny in tow at two o'clock, and in half an hour she was seen swiftly passing the chops of the harbor. The wharves which throughout the day had been crowded to excess with anxious lookers-on, became gradually deserted, and at length none were left but the truckmen plying their ordinary labor, and no vestige of the busy scene remained.

‘We subjoin the following list of shareholders and passengers :

‘DIRECTORS.

‘Robert Percival, Wheelright.
 George Moore, Accountant.
 John Pidwell, Cordwainer.
 George Owen, Accountant.
 John Hawkins, Carpenter.
 Jabez Barnard, Builder.
 James Milner, Tinsmith.
 George Moore, Secretary and Treasurer.

‘Artemas Davison, Blacksmith.
 Douglas Davison, Blacksmith.
 Edward Love, Tanner.
 Christopher Smith, Joiner.
 Robert Boyle, Seaman.
 James Connell, Plasterer.
 Barnabas S. Hodgson, Clerk.
 Edward Buxton, Attorney.
 George Holman, Butcher.
 Thomas Keating, Tanner.
 Isaac Ruler, Farmer.
 James Hancock, Butcher.
 Thomas Snelgrove, Joiner.
 John McDonald, Saddler.
 Richard Smith, Joiner.
 John Norton, Farmer.

Stephen McCallum, Shipwright.
 John Orr, Shipwright.
 Malcolm McGougan, Seaman.
 Peter McKinnon, Farmer.
 John H. Gates, Jr., Saddler.
 Lauchlin McLean, Clerk.
 James Pope, Ship Builder.
 Charles Wright, Miller.
 Edward Moore, Baker.
 William Moore, Clerk.
 William Barrett, Tanner.
 John Putman, Lime Burner.
 Stephen Bovyer, Farmer.
 Theophilus Chappelle, Surveyor of Lumber.
 Charles Blatch, Carpenter.
 William Nankivel, Joiner.
 James Howard, Miller.

PASSENGERS.

'James Gardiner, Edmund White, Thomas Poole.
 Captain—A. Campbell Irving.
 Mate—William Smith.
 Second Mate—Frederick Compton.
 All the Seamen are natives of the Island.' ''

The Average Congressman.

BY HON. JAMES H. FLETCHER

IN describing the average American congressman, I desire to say that there are many men in the House of Representatives who are ornaments to the Republic—men who are brilliant honest, patriotic and able. But they are far from being as numerous as they should be. As Thomas Carlyle would say: "the oration is not governed by the able man but by the man able to be appointed." If the sun has nothing to do but shine on our great, good congressmen, it would not be necessary for it to rise as early as it does.

Washington is notoriously a rotten city, and the average congressman helps to make and keep it so. Parson Brownlow once said he never neared its gates without feeling that he wanted to steal something. Much of it is so fetid that a decent negro would not touch it with a pair of tongs. I suppose all national capitals are a good deal like it. The average congressman succeeds in getting to Washington through a practically acquired knowledge of dirty politics backed up by the ability to make a windy speech or to tell a smutty story. He is so sly and cautious that he can walk on piano keys from Boston to Chicago and never sound a note. He is not only the champion leg-elongater of the universe, but he is a vote-getter, and so docile that when he is smitten on one cheek he will turn the other, and when smitten on that will actually beg to be honored by a kick. As a rule he does not represent the United States. He represents, or misrepresents, his district only, and the worst element in it at that. His idea of statesmanship is to fill all the federal places with his own supporters and build post offices and customs houses at every cross roads.

Our congressman imagines that he is a great man at home—that he shines like a diamond pin in a dirty shirt. He gets to Washington, a month before the date set for the assembling of Congress. He doesn't like to alarm the people there by dropping in on them too abruptly. He prefers that they should get used to him by degrees. He rents two rooms in a hotel, and his wife puts some flowers on the mantlepiece, wears her best dress all the time while waiting for the President's wife and the cabinet ladies to call. But for some mysterious reason they fail to get round. He is astonished to find that the people of the capital do not know that he is on earth. He expected to be serenaded when he arrived at the depot. But, beyond a two-line personal in the morning paper jammed between the hotel arrivals and the ship news, no mention is made of his coming.

He writes home to the Dogtown "Pulverizer" and to the Bungtown "Bazoo" that he is on hand with his valise bulging out with bills for federal appropriations. Having mailed these letters he poses on the side-walk with his legs two feet apart, his thumbs in the sleeve-holes of his vest, and a pair of gold-rimmed spectacles astride his nose. Two small boys, with blacking boxes swung across their shoulders, passing along remark: "Dat is de new jay from Pordunk city, Wyoming," and that is about all the notice he gets.

Once on the floor of the House he discovers that he is but a unit in the majority, or the minority, as the case may be. He bobs up a dozen times during the first hour, but for some cause he cannot catch the speaker's eye. The old voice that used to charm the conventions has lost its charm. The noisy purveyor of literary hogwash is dumb. The business of taking the ear of the house is too great for the knot on the end of his neck. The next day the following notice appears in one of the papers: "The Hon. Sylvester Blowhard, of Pordunk, Wy., made his first appearance on the floor yesterday. He experienced great difficulty in delivering the half dozen speeches which he had in the various manuscripts in his trunk. The Hon. gentleman will add much to the gayety of Congress with his red cravat, his tobacco-stained shirt-front and the wisp of oakum-colored beard which hangs on his chin. He will be of value in the interior decoration of the Capitol, but the voice that once beat out through the open windows, that sang through the trees and checked the traffic on the street, will never again echo through the corridors of Congress hall."

Failing to make an impression in Congress he now occupies himself running around to the various departments — followed by a number of heelers from Pordunk and vicinity. The professional widow takes him into a quiet corner and leans against him while talking pension and other

matters in his ear. He promises to do his best for her, and foolishly invites her to come around again which she never fails to do. A young lady with red cheeks and powdered skin, and golden hair streaming down her back, looks at him tenderly in the restaurant. He follows her out of the building, boards a car, scrapes up an acquaintance and goes back to his indignant and enraged wife in the gray mist of the morning there to sit submissively to a fiery lecture which sounds considerably like a cat fight.

Our Congressman discovers also that the whiskey sold in the Capitol is sudden death at a distance of one hundred yards against the wind. After indulging rather freely he goes to bed to sleep, and never thoroughly wakes up, but if he does he staggers about and steps as high as a string-halt horse in a briar patch. When he draws his first month's wages of \$416 he finds that his resolution to save \$316 might as well never have been made. He informs his wife that he lost his money through a hole in his pocket, but he doesn't say whether the hole was in the bottom or top of the pocket.

Our Congressman will be on hand to answer to his name at the 12 o'clock roll call, and as he has no opportunity to deliver one of the speeches in his trunk, he can fill in the time, and he usually does, talking pension to the professional widow in black or paying his respects to the strawberry blonde at the restaurant.

At the end of his term, he wants to get back again, of course. He has acquired the esoteric art of feeding his face with a fork, has had a varied experience and a taste of the political flesh pots, and so by chicanery and beggarly belly-crawling manages to secure another nomination for the old place. He is now classed among the o'd and experienced members and that gives him a lot of prestige. Having had little morals to start with, he is now as bankrupt of that commodity as it is possible for a man to be and keep out of the penitentiary. He is not rich, judging by the

salary he receives, but, like the mole, he works under ground, and, therefore, has many sources of revenue unknown to his constituents; One of his peculiarities is an insane desire to attend to other people's business. Another is to have several employes of the Government on his staff, especially young and pretty type writers. His head is full of schemes, and in return for votes in favor of grabs and grafts gets a federal building at Bungtown and a Post-office at Slab Creek. Many of his supporters—especially the howlers and heelers—are made postmasters and postal clerks, and as a consequence, he is solid as ever among his constituents. Unlike a Chief Justice in New Jersey who said, after thirty years experience: "I prefer to withdraw when the public may wonder why I do so than to wait until the public shall wonder why I do not," he hangs on to office like a cocklebur to an old sheep's tail. He reaches for the public udder until he gets a swipe from the right hind quarter of the indignant cow. When the day of his decapitation arrives—for arrive it will—he develops into a lobbyist—the most contemptible employment that men ever engaged in. Having once occupied a Congressional chair he has the right to the floor of both the House and Senate, and there he will always be found advocating any bill that has money in it, no matter how patent the steal.

In the Congress of the nation there are many men of splendid abilities, high characters and broad sympathies, but unfortunately they do not constitute the majority, but it is also true that in every State of the Union there are demagogues who are known to be demagogues and who pride themselves on being demagogues. Like buzzards they feed on the rotten offal of politics. And the people continue to vote for them rather than fight them. And this state of affairs will continue until men are chosen on account of merit and past service and for these things only.

Lord Selkirk's Settlers in P. E. Island—VI.

IN the March number of this magazine we left the ship Polly in the the middle of the Atlantic; with her load of emigranis, headed by Earl Selkirk's agent, engaged in a quarrel with Captain Darby. Owen goes on to say:—

On the day after the delegation visited the cabin, the sky became overcast, the wind veered a little to the southward, and then backed into the north-east, and soon rose to a gale. The icebergs, which all along seemed almost stationary, began nodding their crests, keeping time to the long, low swell of the ocean. The field ice in which the ship was embedded, crashed and ground against the planking of the vessel, threatening every moment to crush her frail sides, or to drive aboard and swamp her amid the terrible saturnalia of the frozen masses around.

It was a night of terror, in which the captain, crew and passengers shared alike.

Law, Latin and scrimp orations were alike forgotten. The elders acted like brave Christian men. They went about among the passengers, and administered such spiritual consolation as the case permitted; and even the agent, the school master and the piper, stiff-necked and self-opinionated as they were, disdained not in that solemn, trying hour to listen reverently to their earnest exhortations. By day and night the horrible grating at the sides of the ship became less violent, and gradually ceased. The wind died away, after veering to the south-east; but the sea was still in commotion. When the passengers came on deck not a vestige of the ice was anywhere to be seen, only the same low dismal-looking cloud which heralded its approach from the west, was now seen far to windward in the south-west.

As the day wore on, an examination of the ship proved that she had sustained no injury in any vital part; and although her sides were greatly chafed, and the decks presented a wretched appearance, she had made little or no water.

The carpenter and his mates, the sailors and such of the passengers as were able to work, were soon busy repairing the damages caused by the storm. A goodly supply of spars and other lumber was stored in the hold, and these, with spare chains and cordage were

hoisted on deck; and in a short time the Polly presented a trim and sea-going appearance, considering the rough usage she had encountered.

The steward made a report of the quantity and condition of the provisions in the commissariat department, which the captain considered satisfactory; and after a long conference with the officers, the elders, the schoolmaster and the agent, he decided to continue the voyage. The agent as usual was factious. He disagreed with all the others, and maintained that the only safe and reasonable course was to go back to Scotland. He was tired of the sea, and he feared the consequences of a prolonged voyage. The rations were not to be increased, and he knew full well that fresh murmurs would soon break out among the passengers, who would reflect on him as the cause of their privations. Nor did his fears prove groundless. The vessel was scarcely well under way and the passengers well recovered from sickness induced by the storm, when complaints and murmurings were heard on every side.

The agent was again blamed for persuading them to leave their homes in the Highlands—to starve or drown them in the Atlantic.

A second deputation to the cabin was resolved on, consisting of the same quorum who formerly waited on the Captain. This time the document did not contain as much Latin as formerly, and the agent was the chief spokesman.

After this memorial had been presented words ran high between the Captain and our friend Sandy. The latter used defiant language, and even insulted the Captain to his face. Of course the Captain was beaten in the argument that took place; but he was resolved to maintain his authority. He accordingly called the mate, who approached with a pair of handcuffs, and slipped them upon the agent's wrists, but not without a hard struggle. The piper attempted to take the agent's part, and began laying about him in true Highland style; but one or two of the watch being called, he was quickly reduced to submission. The agent was then conducted to his stateroom, where not only his hands but his feet were firmly secured in irons.

In this condition he was left to reflect on his conduct, and was fed on bread and water. But instead of learning wisdom by experience, and rendering due submission to authority, he brooded over his fancied wrongs, and meditated a scheme of revenge which he carried out in due time.

On the intercession of the elders, the piper, whose disposition was generally peaceful, was spared and allowed to go to his berth among the passengers, and he gave no further trouble.

The ship now proceeded on her way rapidly, the wind having become favorable.

The great Bank was passed, and she was quickly nearing her destination.

The agent, after three days' confinement, was set at liberty; but he kept pretty much to his stateroom, where he pored assiduously over his law books.

He avoided the captain when he had occasion to go on deck, and did not seem desirous of having much to say to his fellow-passengers.

At length land hove in sight. First the Island of Newfoundland was passed, and then Cape Breton. Passing through the Straits of Canso, the low, level coast-line of Prince Edward Island soon appeared, the trees looking as if they sprang from the water and were reaching the clouds. After a few hours' sail the Polly was abreast of Cape Bear, and shortly afterwards entered the Straits of Northumberland. That afternoon our emigrant ship and her living freight rounded Point Prim, and casting anchor at Pinette, successfully ended the voyage.

As soon as possible after the Polly arrived at Pinette, the agent landed and made his way through the woods to Charlottetown by a blazed path that existed from the time of the French occupation. Charlottetown was then a town of small extent; but it was the seat of government, and here the agent expected to get balm for his wounded feelings.

His first care after arriving was to find a magistrate, before whom he laid a complaint against the captain for false imprisonment and cruel treatment on the high seas. He then sought out the post office which at that time was kept by Mr. Benjamin Chappell, and deposited a letter addressed to the Earl of Selkirk, which represented the captain's conduct to the passengers on the voyage in the most atrocious light.

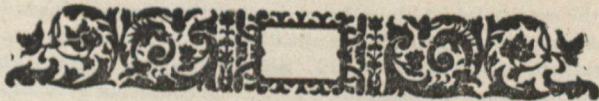
A warrant was issued by the justice before whom the complaint was laid, and a strong body of constables were sworn in and despatched in a boat to where the ship was anchored to arrest the captain.

He, suspecting nothing, allowed the officers of the law to board the ship. As soon as they got on deck they produced their warrant, and the captain found himself a prisoner in their hands almost before he had time to comprehend the situation. He was then conveyed to Charlottetown and lodged in jail. Being a stranger, and the charges against him being of so serious a nature, he could not get bail; for so artfully had the agent told his story, that the townspeople regarded

the master of the ship as little better than a pirate. At the next sitting of the Supreme Court the trial came on; the jury found the captain guilty of the charges preferred against him, and he was condemned to pay a heavy fine."

I would like to be able to tell something further about Agent Williams, if I could, but unfortunately it seems very hard to trace him after he became thoroughly settled down. Owen says that Williams, on arriving at Pinnette, took the first opportunity of going to Charlottetown and procuring a warrant, whereupon the captain was arrested and cast into jail, and at the next sitting of the Supreme Court was compelled to pay a heavy fine. And Owen also says that the Polly, which had been driven ashore at Pinnette in a gale, was dismantled by the Agent's orders. It is extremely doubtful whether the captain or his ship underwent such ordeals; for the records of the Supreme Court, kindly put at our disposal by the Prothonotary, John A. Longworth, Esq., contain nothing bearing any reference to such a trial, either in the year of the ship's arrival or in the following year. But there is evidence of James William's litigious spirit, for his name appears very often, both as complainant and as defendant in suits principally arising out of disputes with the Earl's tenants.

Our readers will be glad to learn that Judge Macdonald of Charlottetown,—himself a descendant of one who came out in the Polly—has kindly promised to bring this series of articles to its conclusion. From his intimate acquaintance with the subjects, and the fact that only recently he has visited Scotland, and gone over the land whence the Selkirk Settlers came, it will be easily seen that no one is better qualified than he to bring these articles to a fitting conclusion.



The Angel.

By FULLERTON L. WALDO, in *Lippincott's*.

ART Thou, Lord God, seraphim-defended,
Unaware
Of Thy lone estranged angel splendid,
Standing there?
Lord God, let him once more see the faces
Of his Home;
To Earth's olden, dear, familiar places
Let him come;
Let Thine angel through the windless heaven
Like a star
Fall, to fold his wide white wings at even
Where They are!

The Sea-Cow Fishery.

By HON. A. B. WARBURTON.—(From *Acadiensis*).

THE TERM "Sea-Cow Fishery" has anything but a familiar sound to men of the present day. It may be doubted if, in the Maritime Provinces, there are any now living who can remember a time when this industry was prosecuted. Yet, at one time, the sea-cow abounded in our waters, and the fishery, if such it can be called, was of much importance, of so much as to claim the attention of the home government and to call for special local legislation for its regulation and preservation. Unfortunately that legislation

failed in its object. The sea-cow has long since ceased to frequent these waters. In its time the fishery was actively followed. The unwieldy animals were of considerable value to the early settlers of this island, as also to those on the coasts of the mainland.

After the formation of this island into a separate government, legislation affecting the sea-cow fishery was enacted, almost at once. Walter Patterson, our first governor, when leaving London to take up his residence here, received particular instructions to enquire into the method of conducting this industry. In fact it appears to have engrossed more attention, in official circles, than any of what we are accustomed to consider our principal fisheries. Oysters, lobsters, not to mention codfish, mackerel, and other deep sea-fish, seem not to have been "in it" with the sea-cow.

Patterson only arrived in Charlottetown on August 30th, 1770, but he lost no time in investigating the manner in which the business was carried on, and was equally prompt in taking measures for its protection. In a despatch dated 25th October of that year, now on file in the Record Office in London, Patterson wrote to Lord Hillsborough as follows :

"Agreeable to Your Lordship's directions, given me at your office, the last time I had the honor of seeing you before I left London, I made as soon as possible after my arrival, all the enquiry I could into the manner of carrying on the Sea-Cow Fishery at this island, and finding there were likely to be disputes between a Mr. Gridley, who lives on one of the Magdalen Islands, for the purpose of carrying on the same sort of fishery there; as he generally sends people to this island either to take the Sea Cows, or to prevent their landing and by that means force them to resort to the Magdalens; and some New England fishermen, who frequently land for a few days, to kill Sea Cows; and the inhabitants of this island, who have endeavored to carry it on

for some time past and fearing by that means the fishery might be rendered useless to all parties, if not entirely ruined, I have, by the advice of His Majesty's Council, passed an Act for the better regulation of it, which will be herewith transmitted to Your Lordship, that I may know His Majesty's pleasure concerning it."

So far as I can learn this was the first legislation of the new government. I suspect that His Excellency, the Governor, himself was "His Majesty's Council," and that it was his own advice upon which he acted.

Lord Hillsborough, in his reply, dated Whitehall, 2nd January, 1771, says :

"The putting a stop to these practices which must have the effect to destroy the Sea Cow Fishery, appears to have been a very proper object of your immediate attention and if the licenses required to be taken out by persons carrying on that fishery are not made to operate as a burden upon this useful branch of commerce, I do not see, at present, any objections to the regulations prescribed by your ordinance, but as this is a matter upon which the heads of trade must be consulted, I have received the King's commands to transmit the ordinance to them for their consideration."

I have no copy of the Ordinance itself.

These efforts proved unavailing. The fishermen and others quickly exterminated the herds, so thoroughly that not one has been seen or heard of in these waters within the memory of the "oldest inhabitant." It is an illustration of the old story of "killing the goose," just as fishermen and some traders whose real interest it is now-a-days to preserve the lobster and oyster fisheries, seem to be the most determined, despite all law and common sense, to destroy them.

Though the sea-cow is no longer found on our shores, it has left its name on the nomenclature of the country. In the western part of this province we have "Sea-Cow Pond." On the right hand, as we make Summerside Harbor, "Sea-

Cow Head" tells of the animals that once haunted the waters there or made their clumsy way on to and over the dry land.

The sea-cow was of much value to the old settlers. Its oil would not only be of use to them, but would also be an article for barter or trade. Whether or not use was made of the flesh, I cannot say, but the hide was of great consequence.

At a time when all ordinary articles required about the new settlement were most difficult to procure, when goods could only be obtained with much trouble, and most frequently not at all, the sea-cow's hide afforded an exceedingly strong and excellent material for traces and other parts of harness used in the new lands, and to a great extent would take the place of leather for other purposes.

The herds frequenting these coasts must have been large, as I have seen it stated that the number of sea-cows caught in the season sometimes ran up into the thousands. The correctness of this statement I am unable to verify, but that the animals were numerous is evidenced by the interest taken by the government in their preservation, as well as by the facts, regarding the parties hunting them, set out in Patterson's despatch.

The sea-cow would seem to have been very easily captured. It frequently came on to the land and made its way for short distances inland. Its unwieldiness would render it practically helpless on shore, where it would fall an easy prey to its captors. In the water it was more at home, and its pursuit, at least in the smaller boats, was probably without an element of danger. The late Judge Alley, who was an authority on matters relating to the earlier days of settlement in this island, informed me that one method adopted by the fishermen in hunting the animals was, when possible, to catch a young calf and take it on board their craft, when the noise made by the youngster attracted the

old ones the vessel's side where they were readily despatched.

Whatever the methods employed to catch them, there can be no doubt but that they were only too successful, the results being that the herds have long since become extinct. That they ever existed is almost forgotten, and with the exception of a few references to them in official papers and a few place-names, there is little now to tell of what was once an important industry.

Ranching in Alberta.

BY JOHN T. JENKINS, M. D.

TO convey an adequate idea of even one of the great Northwest Territories within the limit of one short article, would be impossible. I will endeavor to describe Southern Alberta with which I am best acquainted, with a few remarks on the great farming district north of Calgary.

Southern Alberta extends from Calgary south and east to the frontier and west to British Columbia; the surface is undulating, described as rolling prairie.

The whole country is splendidly watered by the St. Mary's, the Pelly, the Kootenai, and by the North, the south and the middle forks of the Old Man rivers, many large creeks rising in the mountains and others rising in the foothills, besides numerous small lakes; the land is fertile, the grass most nutritious. It is considered the best ranching country in the north-west and the Pincher Creek district the best in Alberta, and I think I may say the Kootenai is the best of the Pincher Creek district (I must here explain that there are two Kootenai rivers one in British

Columbia a wholly mineral country, the other in Alberta a ranching country.) We never considered our part to be good farming land but American farmers have come in and taken up nearly the whole of it for farming; they may succeed, but the periodical droughts which come sometimes for several years in succession will try them. They have ruined the country for ranching; many cattlemen have been obliged to move east to Assiniboia where there is more room.

The climate of Southern Alberta is dry, sometimes too dry; there is not much snow or rain; almost continual sunshine; the temperature is on the average higher than in most parts of Canada, though the thermometer drops low occasionally without wind, but now and then a north wind blows with snow and cold. This is trying, but it seldom happens, and does not continue long—on the whole, I know of no climate so healthy and enjoyable; and horse-ranching on the Kootenai is the most healthy and delightful life in the world.

The river issues from the mountains, through the South Kootenai Pass, is beautifully wooded with spruce, pine, and poplar in the upper reaches, and cottonwood, willow, and dwarf birch lower down. The scenery at Kootenai lakes, partly within and partly outside of the mountains is charming; it is a favorite ground for picnic parties, who camp there three or four weeks at a time. Here lives a somewhat celebrated character, Kootenai Brown, so named from his ranch at the lakes—hunter trapper, fisherman and guide. He is one of the most daring of the fearless pioneers of the West. He belongs to a good family in Ireland; entered the army in his youth, but finding too little of adventure and excitement in Her Majesty's service, he went to South America where the incessant warfare between the states gave him enough of both. He afterwards drifted to the Western States and joined the celebrated pony express, which in the old days carried the U. S. mails

through the wild west—a service of the utmost danger, from grizzlies, Indians and mountain torrents. The Indians could not always be avoided, and sanguinary conflicts were not uncommon. One of these in which he was taken prisoner by the notorious "Sitting Bull," gave "Kootenai" excitement enough to last him for life. I will give you the account of it as related in the "Round Up," it may interest readers and give them an idea of the class of men who first settled in Alberta.

The Kootenai is a very rapid river in springtime, and dangerous to ford. A most harrowing accident occurred some years ago to a rancher who was crossing in a farm-waggon with his family — one a baby in arms. The ice gave way on one side, precipitating the mother and three children into the rushing water. The mother, wrapping her baby in a shawl put it under her left arm and by great exertion placed the two children in the wagon, she then thought to take the baby out of the shawl, but to her horror found it empty — the poor child had dropped into the merciless torrent—was carried under the ice, and never seen again. The anguish of that bereaved mother can hardly be conceived. Bridges have since been built which can be used when the river is in flood.

Several floods occurred last year, doing much damage, both to private and to public property; ranchers now know the dangers of building in the river bottoms and will in future avoid them. Such floods have never before occurred since the country was settled. Strange to say, the Indians predicted these floods to occur last summer; the prediction, unfortunately, was verified.

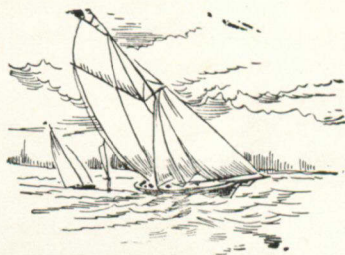
Up to the present time roads have not been much to boast of; a trail was made across the prairie, and, when it wore into holes, another was made alongside. Creeks and rivers had to be forded as best they could be. Now, bridges and culverts are built and the roads are being graded.

Ranching, in Southern Alberta, is carried on without much labor; horses graze all winter, but cattle in stormy weather require to be rounded up and fed to avoid loss. Horses seem perfectly indifferent to the weather. I have seen them, with the thermometer a long way below zero, gallop off with their tails over their backs, kicking, jumping, and playing like school-boys let out for a holiday. Cold does not affect them in the least.

The seasons vary a good deal. In 1900, Spring came in very early: grass in the beginning of April was fetlock deep and was more forward than in June last year, but there is never any shortage. The old grass holds till the new comes in, though the stock do better when the Spring is early.

The climate and soil of Northern Alberta are better adapted to mixed farming. The land is very fertile, moisture abundant: 120 bushels of oats have been grown to the acre, though, of course, that is not an average. Edmonton and vicinity will become a great dairy country. I believe better butter and cheese can be made in Alberta than in any part of this continent. The air being so dry and pure, and the feed so nutritious, roots of all kinds can be grown to perfection without manure and with little cultivation. In Southern Alberta roots are successfully grown and winter wheat is a safe and plentiful crop, 60 bushels to the acre with good cultivation is common, and if this ever becomes a farming country it will be through the cultivation of this cereal.

TO BE CONCLUDED NEXT MONTH



“Contrary Winds.”

BY WILL S. LOUSON

“The smallest bark on Life’s tumultuous ocean
Will leave a track for evermore;
The lightest wave of influence, once in motion
Extends and widens to the eternal shore.
We should be wary then who go before
A myriad yet to be, and we should take
Our bearing carefully, when breakers roar
And fearful tempests gather; one mistake
May wreck unnumbered barks that follow in our wake.

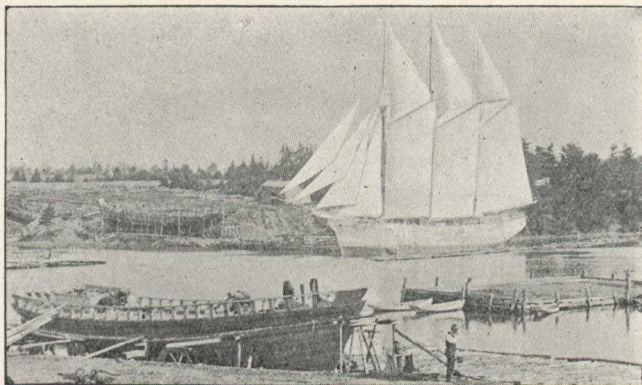


THE voyage of life is not all clear sailing. There are calm and storms within and without. Happy the individual, or the captain, who becomes Master of the situation.

There is something attractive in sailing-ships, the world over. They look so full of life. “Calm before Storm,” page 122 gives the reader a picture of the schooner *Empress*, owned by Mr. Geo. Wightman of Montague.

That photograph was taken last Fall, just previous to this vessel’s eventful trip from Newfoundland, bound for Arichat, C. B. The *Empress* encountered a hurricane, and was blown out of her course 2,000 miles, bringing up at St. Thomas, West Indies.

Again, this Spring, sailing from New York with a load of coal, bound for Halifax, the *Empress* encountered another storm, and drifted on the rocks near Port La Tour, on the Nova Scotia coast. Lighters came alongside and relieved her of suffi-



THE 'EMPRESS' IN THE SHIPYARD AT MONTAGUE

cient cargo to have the vessel drift off at high tide—after which the Empress sailed for Halifax.

* * *

“Contrary Winds.” Reader, do you know anything about these?

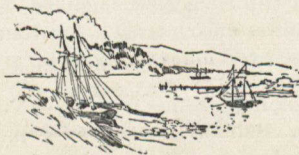
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Failure in our plans does not necessarily mean defeat. It may mean success—

“Not all who seem to fail have failed indeed;
Not all who fail have therefore worked in vain.”

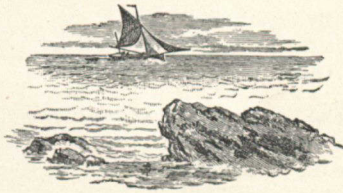
What harbor are we making for? and what Captain have we on board? These are vital questions that interest you and me in the voyage of Life.

“I will not doubt though all my ships at sea
Come drifting home with broken masts and sails;



I will believe the Hand that never fails,
From seeming evil worketh good for me.

And though I weep because those sails are tattered,
 Still will I cry, while my best hopes lie shattered,
 "I trust in Thee."



* * *

"But the ship was now in the midst of the sea, tossed with waves, for the wind was contrary." This verse, from the 14th chapter of St. Matthew, makes a good foundation for a sermon. The genial commander of the S.S. Northumberland gave me a good illustration lately:

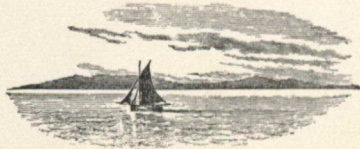
In leaving Point du Chene, in a gale, some time ago, Capt. Cameron stated, he became anxious about being able to dock at the wharf at Summerside. When, however, they were half way over, the storm abated, and before seeing the lights of Summerside along the shore the sea had calmed down.

How truly this pictures, to every one of us, our own experiences of life.

* * *

In our start upon our journey how the storms of life upset us. How anxious we are inclined to be about the future : the most of our troubles never come to pass, anyway.

When we get half over our voyage, things look brighter and better, more especially if we have our Master-Captain on board. As eventide comes on apace we will see that light, that lighteth every one's life, and anchor safely in our Haven of Rest.



How appropriate, here, are the beautiful verses by Dean Alford :

“My bark is wafted to the strand
By breath divine;
And on the helm there rests a hand
Other than mine.

One who has known in storms to sail
I have on board ;
Above the raging of the gale
I hear my Lord.

Safe to the land—safe to the land,
The end is this ;
And then with him go hand in hand.
Far into bliss.

