



“ WHEN DAISIES PIED

* * * DO PAINT THE MEADOWS WITH DELIGHT ”

Photo taken near Charlottetown.

[By Mr. W. S. Louison

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The First Families of Canada—Continued.

BY J. EDWARD RENDLE.



TO have a correct view of the early history of any ancient people we must carefully study their mythology. To the general reader the mythology of the Red-men is nothing but a mass of silly stories; but when there is a competent guide to instruct those who are interested in the civilization of this people, there will follow new revelations of the unity of their mythology, and of its influence upon the education of the race. There is a marked distinction to be made between the myths and traditions of the Indians. The former are stories representing natural phenomena, and were the means employed by the parents for teaching their children lessons relating to natural history. These do not, therefore, represent the actual deeds that have been performed. The latter are tales representing actual historical facts, and relate to deeds of warfare and adventure that have been done by the tribe or members thereof.

The beauty of their mythology, which has many things in common with the Hindoo and Scandinavian mythologies, reveals the strength of their intellect and imagination, and the religious sentiments that pervade the whole of their lives.

The most renowned personage in Micmac mythology is Glooscap, a hero whose attributes are a strange combination

of the human and the divine—with omnipotent power—which he exerted in providing human aid on a large scale. The Indians suppose that he still is in existence, although they do not know actually where.

The tradition respecting Glooscap states that he came to this country from the East—far across the great sea—when he went away, he went toward the West; and there he is still. When he arrived he had a woman with him, whom he addressed as Noogumich (grandmother); she was not his wife, he was never known to have had one; what became of her is a mystery, their traditions fail to reveal her going out from their midst. Glooscap on one occasion put out to sea in his canoe, which was made of a granite rock; he took as a passenger a young woman: she proved to be a bad girl—and this was evident by the troubles that ensued. A storm arose, and the waves dashed over the canoe; he accused her of being the cause, through her evil deeds and so he determined to rid himself of her. He stood in for the land, leaped ashore, but would not allow her to follow, pushing the canoe off again with the girl in it; telling her to become whatever she desired to be. She was transformed into a great fish, said to have a huge dorsal fin like the sail of a boat.

In their traditions we learn that the Micmacs sometimes visit Glooscap in his spacious wigwam in a beautiful land in the west. He taught them, when he was with them, that there was such a place, and if good in life, they would go to be with him at death. At the motion of his magic wand the moose and cariboo, the bear and the lucifee, hastened to his hand. The elements also were under his control. When his enemies assembled, numerous as the leaves of the forest, he mysteriously extinguished their fires, intensifying the cold to such a degree that in the morning the hostile host lay dead as the army of Sennacherib. But Glooscap was benevolent; wanderers were made

welcome to his great wigwam where he entertained them right royally.

In former days, water covered the whole of the Annapolis valley. Glooscap cut out a passage at Cape Split and at Annapolis Gut, and thus drained the lake; long after this the valley became dry land. Aylesford Bay was a vast lake; and in this lake there was a beaver-house; it is now called by the Indians Cobeetek (the beaver's home); from here Glooscap drove a beaver down to Bras d'Or Lake in Cape Breton—pursuing it in his canoe all the way. There it ran into another beaver-house, where it was killed, and the house turned into an island; here Glooscap feasted the Indians.

In cutting open a beaver dam at Cape Chignecto, a small portion of the earth floated away; and Glooscap changed it into a moose and set his dogs on it. The moose took to the bay and made off, whereupon Glooscap turned him back, and caused him to become an island—the Isle of Holt. He changed the dogs into rocks, which may be seen to this day, resting on their haunches, with their tongues out of their mouths; the place is called Ooteel, (his dogs). Spencer's Island was his stew-kettle, which he turned upside down. When indignant at the English he suddenly departed from the peninsula, on the back of a whale as one of the Micmac legends records. Tradition asserts he will return again, when his kettle will assume its original form, his petrified dogs, spring into life, and his unbounded hospitality be again dispensed.

There are myths of the creation, the flood, and other biblical stories told from day to day in the camps of the Indian. The Micmac legend of the creation of the world is slightly different from the other Indian tribes, but is substantially the same. They believed that at first the globe was one vast and entire ocean, inhabited by no creature, except a mighty bird, whose eyes were fire and whose

glances were lightning; and the clapping of whose wings was thunder. On the bird's descent to the ocean, and on his approaching it, a canoe instantly rose to the surface, upon which was seated Glooscap and a woman. These two persons were surrounded by all kinds of animals, and a discussion was held as to the matter that must underlie the water. Four animals were sent down to find out this substance, three of whom failed: the last the musk-rat returned with some mud in his fore-paw. This the woman scraped off, and began to work around in her hands. It rapidly grew and then was placed in the water, where it continued to increase in size. The wolf began to be troublesome, and the woman becoming angry with him, scolded him, and finally threw him upon the island. He ran around the outside, making in the plastic soil indentations with his paws, and causing the shores of the rivers to be harder than any other soil. Herbs and trees began to grow, and a small shrub planted by the woman grew until it reached the sky. Overheard there was seen a beautiful object which fascinated the dwellers on the island. The woman sent the man up the tree to find out what it was. It looked like an old woman, and he caught it with a snare. The woman below became very angry, and several animals were asked to go up. The racoon went up, but the heat was so great that he was scorched and fell down. The mole ascended, and when the heat increased burrowed and cut the snare, allowing the sun to go on his course, but in so doing had his nose scorched; and remains so till this day.

There are other Micmac legends directing the mind to the origin of the Indian, the fall of man, the rainbow, and the advent of the white race. Much of their early history is confused with their mythology; and it takes time and study to divest the one from the other.

Dreams were to the Micmac a universal oracle. They revealed to him his future career on this earth, taught him

how to cure his diseases, guided him to the lurking-place of his enemy, or to the haunts of the deer and the fish. The dream was a mysterious power whose least behest must be obeyed to the letter. There were professed dreamers and professed interpreters of dreams, whose services were much in call by the Indian, who believes that the turning of a leaf, the cry of a bird, and the creaking of a bow, might be to him a mystic signal of weal or woe; tales not told in sermon—Nature alive and an open book.

The barbaric mind, with its belief in spirits dwelling in lifeless things, seems to reach a higher plane when it conceives of a life shared in common by man, animal and plant and thereupon frames its myths of human descent from animals and trees; rather than from stones. The passage of this to the worship of animals and plants is then a short one. Be this as it may, the belief in such descent is found among all primeval folk everywhere. This has led to some curious customs, such as not eating the animal or plant which is the "totem" or "clanmark" of the tribe. The word is derived from the Algonquin "dodain" or "dod-haaim" (clan-mark); the different tribes are divided up into clans, each clan has its name, as the clan of the wolf, the the moose, or the snake; and each has for its "totem" the figure of the beast, bird or reptile from which its name is derived. The members of the same clan are prohibited from intermarriage. To different "totems" are attached different degrees of rank or dignity. The totem is often tattooed on the clans-man's breast or rudely painted on his wigwam. In the Micmac tribe, the child belongs to the clan, not of the father but of the mother; in other words, descent, not of the totem alone, but of rank and possessions, is through the female. The child may not be the son of his reputed father, but must be his mother's son—a consideration of more than ordinary force in an Indian encampment.

TO BE CONTINUED

A RETROSPECT.

By C. W. C.

FAIR P. E. Isle, so dear to me,
 It cheers my heart once more to see
 Thy red sand-cliffs and banks :
 Land where my loved ones lived and died,
 Where all their wants were satisfied,
 To me of all lands first it ranks !

So once again my heart was filled
 With rapture as my eyes beheld
 Those scenes of childhood's years.
 The pond, the brook, and dear old mill,
 And school, the steep and crooked hill,
 The theatre of hopes and fears.

And what a week of solid fun
 I spent quite near to Alberton—
 In dear old Cascumpec.
 The drive to North Cape was enchanting,
 Although the Frenchman's talk was ranting;
 Still that you might "expec."

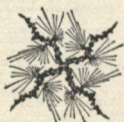
I could not pass by Kensington
 Without first calling upon one,—
 And one, most truly manly.
 Soon pretty Margate came to view,
 O'er Clifton's hills we fairly flew
 To rest awhile at Stanley.

Old Cavendish is always dear—
 My mother's birthplace, and a tear
 I shed to her sweet memory.
 How beautiful the sandhills be

At Cavendish! How blue the sea;
All Nature seems in harmony.

Sad memories for me abound,
As reverently I move around—
Six graves in Charlottetown.
For mouldering into dust each day
Bone of my bone doth now decay:
Soon, too, shall I lie down.

And if it cheers the heart of man
To revel thus in Life's great plan,
Oh! Saviour of Mankind!
What joys await those souls divine,
When, like the stars, they too shall shine
All ransomed and refined.



Neptune—An Old Roman God As He Appears To-day

By Capt. John L. Reid

IT is not only our colleges that have their freshmen upon whom the seniors love to play their jokes. For instance, there is the seafarer, who, in nearly every case, appreciates a lark as well as any fifteen-year-old boy, and it is of one of these larks I am about to write. I might also mention that it is not only the freshmen or, as we call them, green-horns, who have to bear the brunt of a joke enjoyed by those who have already been initiated into the mysteries of the sea, but all those who have never crossed the Equator, nor does position or wealth cut any figure in the following programme. Of course, the master can forbid it altogether,

but it is seldom he does. This particular joke is not one planned and executed in an hour, but one in which days and sometimes weeks are spent in arranging.

First there is a crown (which is usually constructed from an empty beef tin) to make for His Majesty, hair and beard to prepare (the fibre of new manilla being mostly used), swords and staves for a police force; a razor (which is generally made of a piece of hoop-iron about two feet long, with innumerable gaps, fitted in a wooden handle for the barber; and lastly a shaving brush, generally an old worn out brush from the paint locker.

We are, say, in latitude 1 degree or 2 degrees North, bound for the River Plate and have to cross the equator. As we have a nice S. S. W. breeze the main braces will need to be hauled taut, for in all probability Neptune will hail the ship for news, and it would not do to have all the hands forward or behind the curtain as it were. Presently Neptune's chariot, in a wreath of flame, (which if observed with a powerful night glass will look very much like a burning tar barrel) is seen on the weather bow. Of course all hands are now on the alert to hear what His Majesty has to communicate and it is certainly amusing to hear the boys on their first trip repeating it to the Captain who sometimes pretends he cannot hear what is said. To an old hand the voice would appear decidedly forward instead of abaft the beam, in which position the supposed chariot now lies: but the youngsters—and I must admit often men old enough to know better—are deceived and take all as gospel truth. In the meantime one of the men, a little more enterprising than the rest, heaves a small line out to the passing chariot (tar barrel), and lo! when he hauls it in one of the boys notices a letter attached, the envelope of which is wet, addressed to the master, notifying him that he may expect a visit to-morrow at "the Line" which is a nautical term signifying the Equator. A brief

outline of the dialogue between the god and Captain might not be amiss. Neptune opens in a stentorian voice :

“Ship Ahoy!”

“Hallo!”

“What ship is that ?”

“British barque——of——”

“Where are you from?”

“London.”

“Where are you bound ?”

“The River.”

“Oh yes, I know. You have some uninitiated candidates for nautical mysteries. I will be on board later; meantime have a baptismal font prepared.”

“Ay, ay, sir”

“Thank you; good night”

“Good night, sir.”

By this time one bell has gone with its warning to the then watch below to get ready, so that at eight bells (8 p.m.) they will be prepared to leave the watch ; this done things settle down as before with the exception of the numerous questions regarding Neptune, put to the old sailors, by the boys, and, I can assure you, it is not, “the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth” that goes to make up the reply. Now let us pass through the night and we find at 5 a. m. the watch getting coffee ; this pleasant repast over, the next thing is to get the font erected and the lather mixed in readiness for the coming visit. The boys get a puncheon, if there is one on board, if not a new sail suspended by the clews and earrings (four corners) will do ; this they fill with salt water, leaving the lather for older and wiser heads. The ingredients of this refreshing mixture are ; 1 pint of slush (grease from boiled meat), 1 pint of tar, 1 cup of cod fish oil, and one cup of black paint well mixed together.

Now that we have complied with Neptune's wish we

may as well strike seven bells (7.30 a. m.) and call the watch, as they have to get their breakfast and relieve their comrades at 8 a. m.

"Sail ho!" this from one of the old hands in the watch that has just been called and has come out to have a look at the weather.

"I'm blowed if it is not Neptune again," will come from another old salt, for by this time all hands are straining their eyes in the direction the first speaker is pointing.

"I can't see anything" one of the boys will venture.

"Oh, I believe I do," will likely come from another, for now all the old fellows are giving such a minute description of its rig and build that one can scarcely help seeing it in imagination.

"I say Bill, isn't that the Line I see ahead of us: look sharp, just about two miles or so, do you see it?" Of course all of the clique see it before long, and it is proposed by one of the old sailors to get the glasses from the mate so that the boys can see it too, for their eyes could not be expected to be as good as those of an old tar.

"I say Kid, you go and ask the mate for his glasses" one youngster will say to another.

"No, I'll go if you go too," will be the retort, and it is settled—off go Harry and the Kid together.

Now that mate has not been idle all this time, but busy preparing to lend the glasses; to enable the boys to see the line he has quietly stretched a hair horizontally across the inside of the object end of his binoculars. The boys come up hat in hand and ask Mr. —— for the loan of his spy-glass.

"What do you wish to see, my lads," queries the mate.

"The Line, sir."

"I fear we are too far off yet, but let me see." Suiting

the action to the word he levels the glass to the horizon, and in a tone of astonishment exclaims: “why we are quite near it, take the glasses but bring them back quickly, I may need them myself.”

“Excited and delighted the youngsters skip forward and are soon peering at the horizon. There is no mistake. If Harry was dubious before he is now convinced by ocular demonstration,—I should perhaps say optical delusion; the binoculars are passed around and are declared to be “splendid glasses.” Now when the mate thinks it is about time for the crew to be finished breakfast he gives the order to “sweat up the main-topsail halliards.” This is a ruse to get all hands aft so that Neptune and his wife Amphitrite may have a chance to dress and get over the bow in readiness to make their appearance in the roles they have taken upon themselves unknown to the younger members of the crew.

Presently they cease singing their chanty, and almost simultaneously the ship is hailed from forward, causing all eyes to be turned in that direction where presently Neptune makes his appearance dripping with wet and his long white hair and beard flowing in the breeze. A crown is on his head and in his hand the trident, his staff of office. His good wife Amphitrite stands beside him grotesquely dressed, in what, if closely inspected looks very much like the clothes of the Captain’s wife turned inside out and otherwise disguised. Making his way majestically aft he ignores the greenhorns but salutes the older members of the crew somewhat after this style:

“How have you been since I saw you last? you look much older.

“I am very well, sir, thank you. You have not aged at all.”

To another old tar: “I met you on board the Ethel, thirty years ago.”

“Yes, sir, I remember well.” And so on with the rest. Directly he approaches the Captain and they salute each other, Neptune opening the dialogue with.

“Good morning Captain—I see you have some uninitiated seamen this time.”

“Welcome on board the——your Highness, we have several uninitiates but the crew is at your service, Sir.”

“Thank you.”

Meantime most of the youngsters have hid themselves, though possibly there is a sceptic or two who stand their ground.

Neptune now orders his sons to form up which they do, leaving the poor sceptic, if any, looking quite silly. He now appoints police officers, barber, and secretary. His Majesty then orders a thorough search to be made as he is aware that a number of novices are on board. The prisoners being locked up in the fore-castle, or some other convenient place for safe keeping until they are required to undergo their initiation, the barber gets his lather, brushes and razor, the police secure and blindfold a candidate seating him on a board across the open puncheon of water which then serves the double purpose of barber's chair and font combined, while the secretary proceeds to take name and particulars, Neptune putting the questions. He now orders the aspirant to be shaved and if he is submissive, as the first one generally is, he is let off easy; a few daubs of the lather brush and a few scrapes of the razor, with a gentle immersion as he is tipped backwards off the board completes the job, he is now stood on his feet and the hood-wink removed.

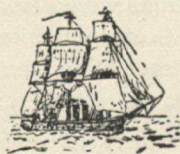
Invariably however there are one or more kickers; these are left till the last so that they will not have any fun out of it by seeing their comrades put through the ceremony; when their turn comes the barber is ordered to shave them first thing; as the lather is applied Neptune asks them their names, as they open their mouths to reply the brush covered

with lather accidentally slips into that aperture; they undertake to expostulate with the result that the brush keeps slipping in, to the amusement of the bystanders. Soon the keen razor is harrowing his jaws and if he has a beard or mustache and is very obstreperous a pair of scissors will most likely play havoc with one side leaving the other side intact. A man on each end of the board on which they sit, snatches it from under them as quick as lightning and back they go, head first, into the puncheon of water where their legs hanging over the chime keep them in an inverted position till they are relieved by attendants. The ceremony over the secretary hands each initiate a diploma which reads:

Be it understood that I, Neptune, God of the the Sea, have this day initiated H—A—D—, ordinary seaman, into the mysteries of the sea, and command all sharks, whales and other monsters of the deep to recognize him as a true son of mine.

(Signed) NEPTUNE.

DITTYBOX, Sec'y.



Ancient Abegweit,—or
Something New.

By Tom A. Hawke.

OH we roam the seas, ho ! ho !
 Yes we love the lonely deep,
 Where the icebergs flow,
 And the cool winds blow,
 That cause our eyes to weep.

We're a jolly crew, ho ! ho !
 We've no regular port o' call ;
 Our Captain's straight,
 And so's the mate ;
 Oh : Hark to the bosun's bawl !

—Translation of an old sea ditty sung by Jake Carter's crew, found preserved in quart-er bottle of spirits by the St. Malo Antiquarian Society.

CHAPTER II.

A FULL description of Carter's wanderings at this point would no doubt be very interesting, but it was just at this stage when all hands were piped on deck to "splyce ye mainbrace," that the ancient chronicler laid down his note book. The proceedings of the next few days following are left unjotted. When he picked up his MSS. again we find the next entry was made at the Magdalen Islands, which are stated to have been "fertile and pleasant." This was such an important item that the Magdalen Islanders have named one of their ports "Grand Entry" undoubtedly in honor of what Jake said then. "One of their fields is worth more than all the New Lande," says the MSS. This is a pretty good puff for the Magdalens, and I throw it

into my narrative free, in the hope that it may lead more tourists that way. But now I am coming to a very important point in this history, viz: The discovery of the Island of St. Jean. Carter is said to have done this little bit of discovering on St. John's Day, 1534, and that is how the Island got its name, which by the way, was used by the French for a good many years. Some of John Bull's family coming over at a later period and taking charge of the Island, found the name to be second-hand and pretty much the worse for wear, so they gave it a new one—"Prince Edward Island"—which has lasted very well up to the present day. Carter saw—and truly the discoverer's description is worthy of record—an island modestly clothed to the water's edge with beautiful trees. A gentleman named Hakluyt, who has gone into the history business quite extensively, but not quite enough in some places to satisfy all parties, tells of the discovery of the land which looks like two islands, and which for all ordinary purposes is as good as two, and in fact better. This is what he has to say:

"Wee sailed westward until Tuesday morning at sunne rising, being the last of the moneth, without any sight of lande, except in the evening toward sunne set, that wee discovered a lande which seemed to be two islands, that were beyond the West South-west, about nine or tenne leagues. All the next day * * * we sailed westward about fortie leagues and by the way we perceived that the lande we had seene like Islands was firm lande, lying south south-east, and north north-west to a very good cape of lande called Cape Orleance. Al the said lande is low and plaine, and the fairest that may possibly be seene, full of goodly meadows and trees. True it is that we could finde no harborage there because it is all full of shelves and sands. Wee with our boats went on shore in many places and among the rest we entered a goodly river, but very shallow, which we named the Riyer of Boates, because that there wee saw boats full of wilde men that were crossing the river. Wee had no other notice of the said wilde men; for the wind came from the sea, and so beat us against the shore, that wee were constrained to retire ourselves with our boats toward our

ships. Till the next morning at sunne rising, being the first of July, we sailed northeast," etc.

We are further informed in the *Relation Originale* that the explorers:

"Went ashore in four places to see the trees, which are of the very finest and sweet smelling, and found that they were cedars, pines, elms, willows, and many others to us unknown. The landes where there are no woods are very beautiful, and all full of peason, white and red gooseberries, strawberries, blackberries, and wild grain like rye; it seems there to have been sown and ploughed. This a land of the best temperature it is possible to see and of great heart, and there are many doves and thrushes and other birds. It only wants harbors."

This description seems to run all right so far as it goes, and is worth putting in your scrap-book for reference, in case any other explorers should bob up and claim the discoverership, but as the small boy with the doughnut remarked, it doesn't go quite far enough. The description, of course, is nice easy reading and remarkably smooth. But then, why shouldn't it be smooth? It has been "filed" away in the Archives of Quebec for years and years till the only wonder is that there is any of it left.

We will now proceed to tell a little of what Hakluyt seems to have overlooked or forgotten, or what is more probable,—never knew.

CHAPTER III.

A fact which makes me feel terribly sad sometimes when I get worked up about the subject, is that all along we have not been teaching the children now attending our public schools (Saturday and Sunday excepted of course), regarding what was taking place in their native land in those early days. Having recently come into the possession of some MSS. which it was long ago supposed Jake Carter had used to light the Pipe of Peace with in his first pow-wow with the Redskins, I am now in a position to throw a flood

of light on the history of these times sufficient to dazzle the eyes of a blind man and give even our electric light companies a shock.

The ancient document from which I quote will be interesting not only from the fact that it gives us an idea of how Jake filled in his time during his spell ashore but also because it gives us a rough idea of the fine old gentleman's jovial disposition when clear of his sea boots, and that feeling of restraint and formality so much in vogue with the life of an officer, when compelled to stand on his dignity and the quarter deck too long at a stretch. Here follows the quotation. It was translated in the moon—last quarter, but here we have it in full :—

“June ye 30, 1534.

“Thisday went ashore in ye longe boat about one dozen in all. This land as seen from ye boat is very low and ye river shallowe. Here we saw wilde men who from their conduct and actions wee judged alsoe to be very low and and shallow, as they did run from us. I blame it all on ye first mate who did not shave himself for many moons and consequently doth look desperately fierce. We took along withe us some muskets to have a rap at ye game, which is quite plentiful and ye best that may be seene—when in sight. I will relate further in my diary to-morrow how we got alonge.

“July ye 1.

“This day is ye 1 of Juy. Something tells me that wee should call this day “Dominion” Day, for we were all in Dominant spirits. (These are the only spirits we did have). It may yet be called that. Yestreen afternoon went out on river and tryed to shoot a wild duck withe my trusty musketoon.

Missed ye duck but got a duckings.

Decoyed some of ye wilde men into our camp which

wee had built in a goodlye place near ye shore. From them wee learned that ye name of ye place is called Cascumpec and that ye oysters there are better than can be procured at any of ye great places of Acadie of which there is so mucche talke.



'Have You Ever Been Discovered?'—From the celebrated picture by M. Scrawleur.

Our interpreter did ask them if they ever had been discovered before and they replied they had not, though they had been expecting it to happen for a goodlie while, but no thing ever came of it, they had almost given up hope. These natives wee did find were wondrous kind and brought us mete and wilde fowle in plenty. They taught us to chewe balsam that floweth from ye fir trees which did stick oure teeth wondrous tight and made ye bos'un to say nasty words.'

TO BE CONTINUED

"Inkerman" Robertson.

NEVER mind for the present when he was born, nor where, leave that for some biographer who knows him less intimately than his friends. Come with me for a call at Inkerman Farm, New Perth, and you meet the man himself, busy as usual, but ready for a friendly chat as he goes on with his work, or if we wish, shows us over the grounds and makes us freely welcome to his home.

The day is fine; the scented breeze seems laden with new life; while bursting blossoms on ten thousand branches lend a colour charm as pleasing as their perfume; and sweet-

est bird-songs mingle with it all from nesting-places in two thousand trees.

Two thousand trees? yes, in his private orchard he has more than that—besides ten times that number of young stock coming on. It takes a little work, you know, and you must remember that he has a farm as well. It may be that he has too much to do, that the ceaseless grind of the home end of his business unfits him in a measure for marketing his stock in best condition and to best advantage. He and his sons are workers; like many others they undertake more than they overtake; but,— is it not more manly to wear out than to rust out? and they do their work so well that many of us have found their stock, in apple trees at least, equal to the best imported nursery stock; while Professor Robertson told us at our last Convention that the Inkerman fruit-box was without exception the best on the market.

Not only is Inkerman nursery-stock of first quality, but it is fresh and full of life; I speak from experience, having had orders filled there, and shipped to me at Hunter River both this season and last year. Mr. R. notified me the day he dug the trees and shipped them, and they were in the ground again the third day after leaving it, uninjured by the shock. This is worth a great deal to the fruit-grower, for the best imported stock, if handled ever so carefully is more or less checked by having the delicate root-hairs dried out during their journey of a month or more, which it takes a season's growth to overcome.

When Mr. R. began to set out his orchard and nursery thirty years ago, few people believed that we could grow the best varieties here; we were supposed to be north of the 'fruit-belt', whatever that may mean. The trees were planted but little more than twenty feet apart; now, no one wishes more heartily than their owner that there were at least thirty feet between the rows, for he must soon cut out every second tree so that the fruit may receive enough sunlight to give it both normal development and desirable colour.

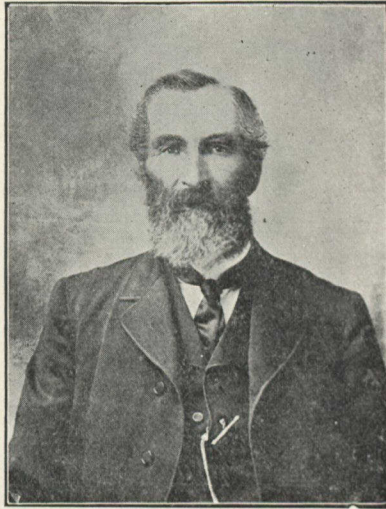
Mr. Robertson's success has been a continual source of encouragement to all fruit growers; and the fact that his fruit is so hard to beat at our Shows, proves both that he knows how to grow fruit, and practices what he knows.

Inkerman trees have found their way into many of our orchards, and have done well wherever given a fair chance. It is true that variety names on his labels are not very correctly nor legibly written; but there is no mistaking the standard varieties, nor indeed any varieties; and of this you may be sure, the Inkerman stock is always true to name.

But what stock has he? There are ten thousand two hundred and seventy-five trees growing, ready to be delivered this Autumn or next Spring; and there are five thousand more root-grafts started ready for the following season's trade; Baldwin's number 540; Ontarios 2012; Northern Spy 1289; Stark 710; Ben Davis 3793, of which more than two thousand are from scions cut in F. G. Bovyer's orchard at Brudenell. He has 328 Wealthys, 620 Kings, 250 Ribstons, 550 Gravensteins and 2826 Inkerman's, a very promising chance seedling originated and propagated by himself. If you want autumn apples he can supply you with Duchess of Oldenburg 135; Yellow Transparent 106; Red Astrachan 158, and others if you care for them; there are also Wagner, Wolff River, Mann, York, Imperial, Hubbardson, Blenheim, Red Russet, Rome Beauty, Sutton Beauty, President and other varieties. But enough has been said to show that we have a nursery of our own of reasonable pretensions which we do well to remember before placing our orders elsewhere.

Mr. Robertson has recently built and occupied a splendid home in what will be within a few years the centre of his orchard; it is a delightful spot, commanding a fine view, and we all hope that he and his good wife may enjoy it for many years. Their enterprise is most commendable, and their enthusiasm a constant source of encouragement to us all. Prince Edward Island fruit interests owe a great

deal to “Old Inkerman,” whose actions speak louder than any words; nor does he advertize his business, nor solicit



MR. JOHN ROBERTSON, OF INKERMAN FARM.

orders, except incidentally as he goes about his work; but he has a splendid nursery and an orchard second to none; we we are proud of him; long live Inkerman Robertson of New Perth.

JEREMIAH S. CLARK.

Methodism in Charlottetown—Second Paper.

BY HENRY SMITH.

IN July, 1846, the Rev. William Webb succeeded Rev. J. B. Strong as Pastor of the Charlottetown Circuit. During Mr. Webb's pastorate it was found necessary to again enlarge the Chapel, and, at a meeting of the Trustees



RICHARD HEARTZ

held 25th February, 1847, with Rev. Mr. Webb in the chair, the following resolution was unanimously passed:—

“Resolved that a public meeting of the pew-holders be held in the Chapel on Tuesday evening, the 2nd March, for the purpose of laying before the whole congregation the subject of the enlargement of the Chapel.”

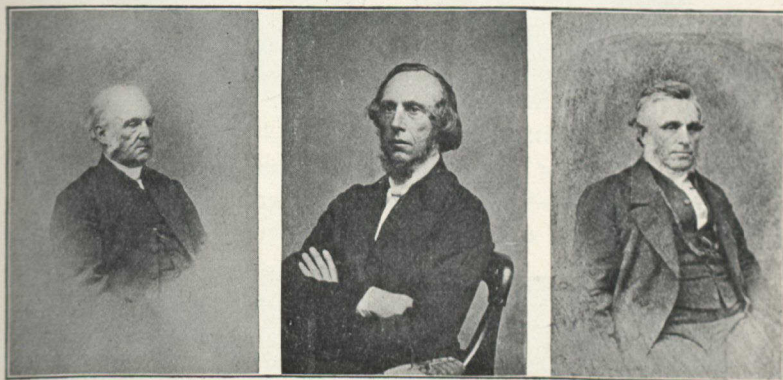
A committee, consisting of Ralph Brecken, John T. Thomas, Charles Young, George Beer, James Moore and Thomas Green, was appointed to solicit subscriptions. One member of that committee is still living in Charlottetown—Mr. Thomas Green.

On the 4th of July, 1847, the Rev. Wm. Webb died, at the age of 44 years, just as he was about entering on the second year of his pastorate here. He was buried in the old Protestant Burial-ground, on the Malpeque Road, by the Rev. Dr. Jenkins, then Rector of St. Paul's Church.

The Rev. Charles DeWolfe (afterwards Dr. DeWolfe of Mt. Allison) filled the pastorate of this Circuit for the balance of the Conference Year. The work of enlarging the Chapel, begun under Rev. Mr. Webb, was finished during

the pastorate of Dr. DeWolfe. The large wing added on Prince Street completely changed the whole appearance of the building, and the Chapel, with its increased accommodation, would seat twelve hundred persons. The "wing" of the old Chapel is still standing in Charlottetown on the corner of Prince and King Streets, adjoining the residence of Mr. J. R. Davison.

In 1848 the Rev. Edward Botterell assumed charge of the circuit, and remained two years in Charlottetown. On his retirement from the active work of the ministry he re-



J. B. STRONG

DR. DEWOLFE

REV. F. SMALLWOOD

moved to Montreal, where he resided for several years. A few years ago he was killed by a street car accident in that city.

The Rev. Frederick Smallwood was the next pastor of the society here. He entered upon the duties of Superintendent of the circuit in July 1850. The Rev. Mr. Smallwood possessed a wonderful preaching force and power, and in the pulpit, as a preacher, he had very few equals. His pastorate in Charlottetown was signally successful, and under his preaching nearly three hundred persons joined the

society. While at the height of his power and popularity



GEORGE BEER



WILLIAM HEARD

he lost the use of his voice, and was compelled on this account, to retire from the active work of the ministry. In 1873 he returned to Charlottetown, where, throughout the



MARK BUTCHER



JAMES MOORE

remainder of his declining years, he employed himself in visiting the sick, assisting in ministerial work, and other

duties, with great acceptance and profit. He died here on the 2nd of November, 1890, at the advanced age of 78 years.

In 1852 the Rev. Ephraim Evans, D. D., followed Rev. Mr. Smallwood in the pastorate of the Society. He remained two years in Charlottetown. Dr. Evans was not only a scholarly man and a fine preacher, but he was also a thorough public-spirited citizen. The loss of the ill-fated "Fairy Queen"* which took place while he was here, and which created such a storm of indignation on the part of the public, brought the pastor of the Methodist Society prominently to the front. At a meeting of the inhabitants, called in accordance with a requisition to the High Sheriff, John C. Binns, signed by eight prominent members of the community Dr. Evans spoke in condemnation of the negligence of the owners, and the cowardice of the captain, in a way that few men could have done.

The first change in the Board of Trustees since they were made a corporate body, some twenty years previously, was caused by the resignation of Mr. John Trenaman, in 1853. Mr. Richard Hartz was appointed a trustee of the Society, in the place of Mr. Trenaman. This position is still held by our esteemed townsman, and, after fifty years of service in this important office, Mr. Hartz is still an earnest and faithful worker in the church of his choice.

In 1854 the Rev. John McMurray became pastor of the Society, and remained three years in charge of the Circuit. Mr. McMurray was ordained a Methodist Minister at the first Wesleyan conference ever held in Charlottetown, in 1838. He was a brother of the late Mr. S. W. McMurray of this city.

The Rev. Ingham Sutcliffe took charge of the circuit in 1857. The visit of Dr. and Mrs. Palmer to this city in September of the following year, and their work in the Society here, in connection with Rev. Mr. Sutcliffe, and the

* See "The Wreck of the Fairy Queen" in Feb. and March issues, 1903, of this Magazine.

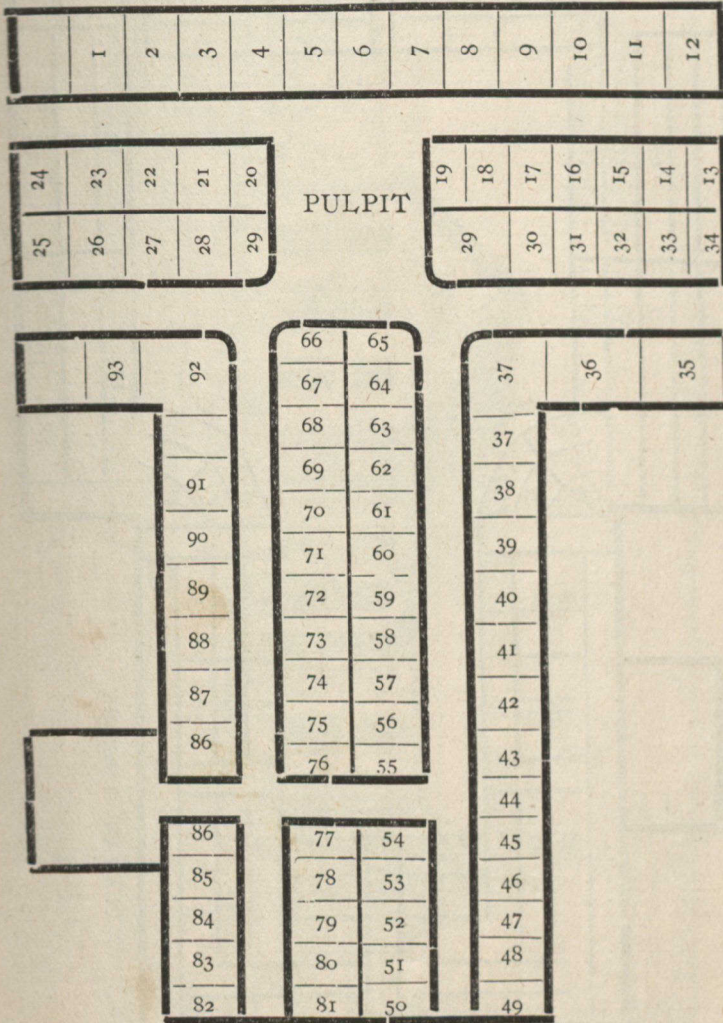
ministers stationed in the adjoining country Circuits, is still remembered by many. During Mr. Sutcliffe's pastorate considerable changes took place in the personnel of the Trustee Board. On the 30th of June, 1857, Mr. John Boyyer, who had been a trustee for over thirty years, and who had also held the position of Local Preacher and class-leader, died, and Mr. George Beer was appointed trustee in his place. On the 19th of November of the following year, Mr. Henry Smith, who was about to remove to New Zealand tendered his resignation to the Trustee Board.

For a period of over a quarter of a century Mr. Smith had occupied the position of a trustee of the Society and Steward of the Trustee Board, and his removal from the Island was considered a serious loss to the Society here. Mr. Thomas Alley was appointed in the place of Mr. Henry Smith. Messrs Charles Welsh and Christopher Cross also resigned from the Board of Trustees and Mr. James Moore and Charles Young were appointed in their places.

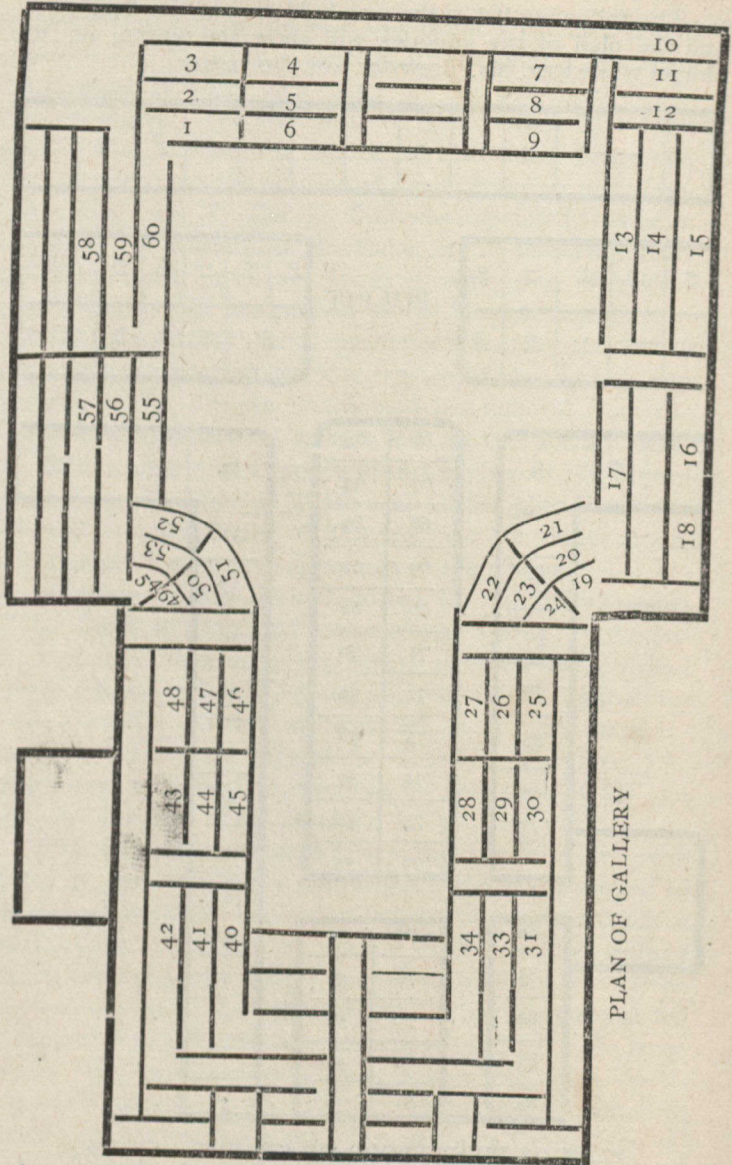
The Rev. Henry Daniel followed Mr. Sutcliffe as pastor of the church in 1860, and remained two years. In the fall of 1861 Mr. Goreham, an American revivalist, visited Charlottetown and held special services in the chapel for several weeks. These services led to a very large increase in the membership of the Society. The Rev. Dr. Daniel died in November, 1896, in the 90th year of his age and the 67th year of his ministry.

The Rev. John Brewster was the last minister who closed his pastorate in the old chapel. He was appointed to the Circuit in 1862. In September of that year the trustees purchased the land on the corner of Prince and Sidney streets adjoining the chapel property, with a view to the erection of a new place of worship. They also appointed a committee to procure plans for a new building. Mr Isaac Smith, who had removed to Nova Scotia, resigned his position as Trustee, and Mr. William Heard was appointed to fill the vacancy on the Board. Mr. William Tanton also resigned, and Mr. Mark Butcher was appointed in his place.

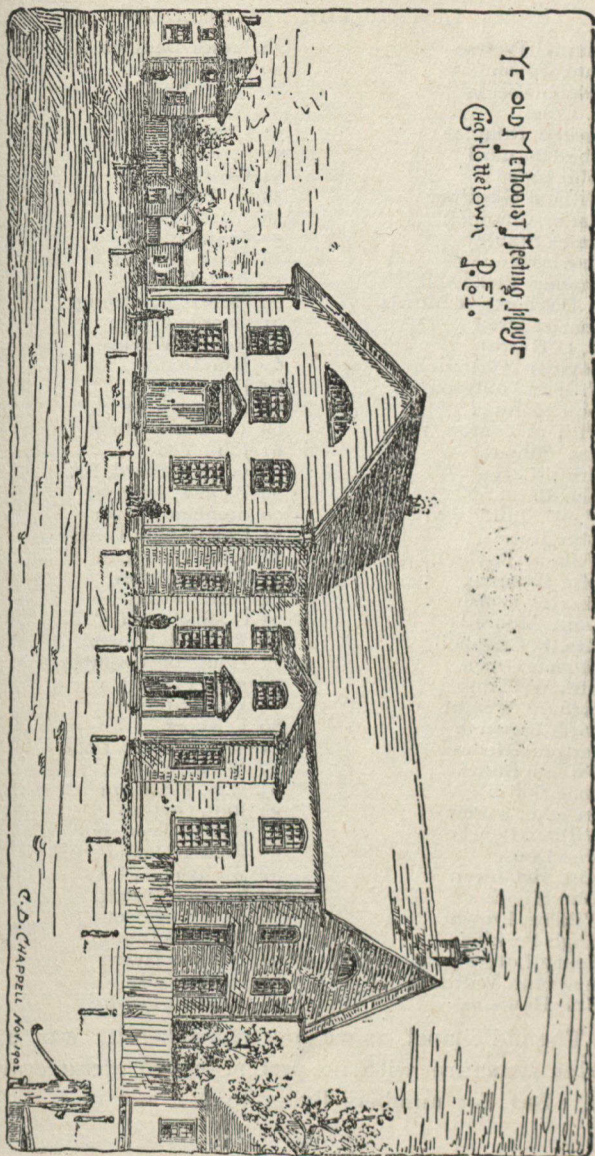
The following list of the pew holders, and the floor-plan and the plan of the galleries will show the seating of the chapel while Rev. Mr. Brewster was the pastor:



PLAN OF FIRST FLOOR OF CHAPEL, 1847-1864



PLAN OF GALLERY



The old chapel, as it was from 1847 to 1864, drawn, from photographs, by C. B. Chappell, Architect.

LIST OF THE PEWHOLDERS.

2 Samuel Prowse	48 James Douglas
3 Paul Towan	49 Edward Moore
4 Joseph Weeks	50 William Morris
5 R. Cole	51 Nathan Wright
6 George Douglas	52 Uriah Matthews
7 Jabez Barnard	53 R. Percival
8 John Jury	54 George Beer
9 William Gardiner	55 R. Scott
10 Henry Chappell	56 Alfred LePage
11 James Stanley	57 John LePage
12 Charles Young	58 Mark Butcher
13 Thomas Pleadwell	59 John Rider
14 F. Dogherty & Morris	60 Robert A. Strong
15 Charles Drew	61 George Moore
16 M. O'Harrah	62 Robert Weeks
17 Heyman Terlizzick	63 Jane Dodd
18 William Hodgson	64 J. N. Harris
10 John Holman	65 D. Boughton
20 William Tanton, jr.	66 Thomas Pethick
21 Mrs. Gibson	67 John Yeo
22 Philip Large	68 Jabez Bernard, Sr.
23 Silas Barnard	69 Thomas Dawson
24 W. W. Lord	70 Stephen Bovyer
25 John Morris	71 Christopher Cross
26 William Boyle	72 John Trenaman
27 John Bremner	73 Thomas Alley
28 Charles Welsh	74 James Peake
29 James Moore	75 G. Snelgrove
30 Mrs. B. Chappell	76 Richard Heartz
31 Thomas Green	77 House of Assembly
32 John Williams	78 Mrs. Pidwell
33 Richard Wright	79 Dr. Johnson
34 Raph Brecken	80 J. Roper
35 Bertram Moore	81 Wm & Thos. Dodd
36 William Smith	82 W. B. Wellner
37 Isaac Smith	83 Wm. Passmore
36 Preacher's Pew	84 John Godkin
39 William Bourke	85 George Beer, jr
40 Miss Douse	86 Fred'k Harris
41 Miss McGowan	87 William McKay
42 John Higgins	88 Samuel Mutch
43 William Brown	89 John Anderson
44 Hugh Perkins	90 William Tanton
45 Henry Longworth	91 William Heard
46 Benjamin Williams	92 James Kelly
47 Mrs. Hawkins	93 William Prowse

The old chapel, as we now remember it, was a plain wooden structure with no pretensions to architectnal design. But for nnumbers living to-day, not only in Prince

Edward Island, but in almost every part of the earth, it has many fond recollections and hallowed associations. In one of the large square pews behind the pulpit for many years every Sabbath afternoon, Paul Towan taught a number of little boys the first principles of the Christian Religion. He was a plain, unassuming, unlettered mechanic : but the recollection of his earnest, faithful solicitude for the future welfare of the children under his care lingers with us still.

Here, too, many of the eloquent preachers of the last century spoke from the old-fashioned pulpit, that stood in the centre of the main building, as high as the gallery-front, enclosed by the communion rail, and reached by a flight of stairs,—men of the stamp and stamina of J. B. Strong, Frederick Smallwood, and Ingham Sutcliffe ; of the fervor and eloquence of Charles DeWolfe, J. R. Narraway, and T. M. Albrighton,—many such men whose lives and labours have in a large measure moulded and made the character of the Methodism of the present day.

In the "Vestry," fronting on Richmond Street, adjoining the chapel, the Sabbath-school services were held twice every Sabbath—at 9.30 o'clock in the forenoon, and 2 o'clock in the afternoon. The memory of the consecrated teachers who gave so much thought and care to the responsible duties laid upon them in that important part of the church work, will never be forgotten by the men and women of the present generation, who were scholars in the old school :—

"Their memory is with us still :

The form may waste as ore to rust,

The earth may claim her borrowed dust

Their memory is with us still."

TO BE CONTINUED

Violets.

BY LAWRENCE W. WATSON,

“ Blossoms newly born
Of the May and of the morn.”

WHILE May still coquets between Winter and Summer, and warm days are more grateful because a chill wind yet blows at times—as though retreating Winter were turning to look back with regret—the coming of the violets is one of the greatest and sweetest of the many delights of advancing Spring. Before the fifth month has entered upon her teens, the dainty white blossoms appear, like pearls strewn among the tender blades of grass, exhaling a delicate fragrance almost too subtle for other than insect sense, and, before May gives place to more constant June, the meadow lands and moist forest shades display the amethyst tints of the sturdier sister blooms.

City children (happily some are children still though many Springs have come and gone) make impatient way to the countryside to revel in the sight and to welcome the early herald of the coming reign of flowers. And who does not love the tender plants, breathing an atmosphere of ancestral romance. The very sight of them brings to mind pleasurable memories of childhood, as though some rare perfume captivated our very being in its passage. Old and young love this flower, poets of all times and lands have sung its praises, but it lives more in our affection than elsewhere—it is essentially a flower of romance. It is its delicate simplicity which wins our hearts. A rare grace of form it has, 'tis true, and often a wealth of colour, appealing to us as generous rather than gaudy, but no other wild flower, though it possess even both these charms awakens in us such sentiments as does this fragrant bloom. With the exception of a scarce yellow violet, and one small purple one, none of our

species that I know of are leafy-stemmed; the leaves and flower-stalks, capped by the solitary blooms, rise from a solitary root-stock. The flower-stalks are recurved at the summit, so that the blossoms are resupine or outstretched. The coloured petals are delicately pencilled with dark lines, converging to the centre of the flower. These lines are usually more strongly marked on the lower petal, which is prolonged backwards into a sac or spur.

It is almost needless to mention that this tracing directs insects, attracted by the colour, or, it may be, the delicate perfume of the flower to the cavity of the spur, where the visitors receive a reward of nectar in return for transporting the pollen from one flower to another.

While there is such evidence of an interdependence between insect and plant, it is strange and not easy to understand why most violets (with certain other genera) produce also other flowers without coloured petals. and which, while they never open, fertilize themselves, and are said to be much more productive of seed than the gaily dressed blossoms opening earlier in the season. These later flowers (called Cleistogamous, from two Greek words meaning "hidden marriage") generally appear like small buds on shorter stalks, and sometimes are produced underground.

As we contemplate these organs, intended for the propagation of the plant without the intervention of insects, the sad thought passes through our minds, that, "if insects had not been developed on the face of the Earth, our plants would not have been decked with beautiful flowers, but would have produced only such flowers as we see in our Fir, Oak, Nut, and Ash trees, our Grasses, Spinach, Docks, and Nettles, which are all fertilized through the agency of the wind."

When we remember the fact that cross-fertilization is a benefit to a species, and recall the many wonderful devices in plants to effect this desirable purpose, we naturally seek

a reason for these flowers from which the pollen never escapes. Darwin probably gives the proper explanation when he says;—"Cleistogamic flowers afford an abundant supply of seeds with little expenditure, and we can hardly doubt that they have had their structure modified and degraded for this special purpose."

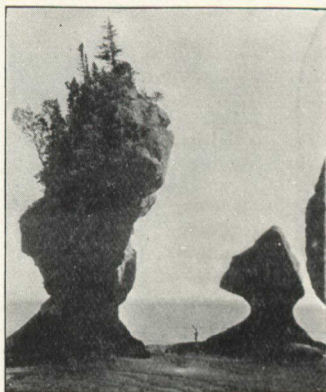
Did space permit, I should like to give a descriptive list of the violets which are to be found in our fair Island province. A few words must suffice.

Hitherto every collector and student of Botany has deemed all white-flowered violets to be *Viola blanda*, Willd. and all purple ones *V. cucullata*, Ait, attributing differences noted in the habit, foliage, flower or fruit, to circumstances of growth, and character of surroundings.

We have at least three white violets, in addition to the tiny inhabitant of wet meadows (*V. blanda*, Willd.) One of these (*V. Brainerdii*, Greene), found in rich damp woodlands, is readily distinguished from the next (*V. Lecontiana* Don.), by its exactly orbicular leaves and by not freely, if at all, producing runners. The fourth, a native of bogland (*V. Watsonii*, Greene) has very large flowers with narrow twisted petals.

Instead of all our purple violets being *V. Cucullata*, Ait., it is very doubtful if this blue-flowered plant occurs at all in Canada. I am not prepared at this instant to enumerate our blue and purple species, although I know of several, some of them new. But I hope to be in a position by the end of the summer to indicate to students of our flora the several species most commonly occurring. I should be much indebted to any person who will kindly send me packages of coloured violets with the roots washed free from clay and protected by damp moss, with notes as to locality and character of place of growth.

Besides the pretty "Ladies' delight" or "Heart's ease" (*V. Tricolor*, L.), from which all our beautiful pansies are developed, and which is sometimes found in old gardens and cultivated lands, we have the one rare yellow violet (*V. Pubescens*, Ait.) already mentioned, which I know of from but one locality in Prince County.



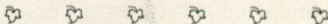
“THE ROCKS,” HOPEWELL CAPE, N. B.

Sermons in Stones.

BY WILL S. LOUSON

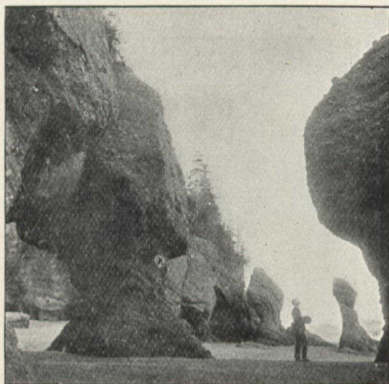
COME with me, and we will step upon the elevator of the Old Sydney Mines shaft, near North Sydney. We drop away down, over 750 feet into the bowels of the earth. The guide takes us under the sea, where men and horses are mining, and working at the coal. From the roof of the coal-pit we are handed pieces of stone of a slaty composition — upon which are imprinted the outlines of delicate ferns, petrified wood and other fossil forms.

How these fill us with wonder and cause us to think. How did they get there? and when?



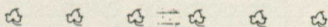
WE visit Blomidon Cape, made famous by Longfellow, and we see some of the geodes, the peculiar rock formation in which are enveloped the beautiful amethysts found in that locality.

Looking at some of these from the exterior one would hardly imagine that the beautiful violet amethyst crystals were within. The geode must be broken to see these. Yes, my



“HOPEWELL MONUMENTS”

friend, sermons in stones. Apply the illustration as you think best.

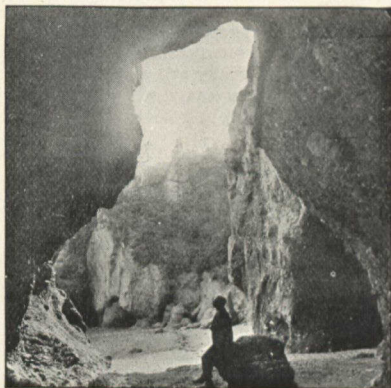


A drive of twenty five miles from Moncton, N.B., will take you to Hopewell Cape. These small pictures, taken during my last visit, give a poor idea of the grandeur of these wonderful rocks. The tide rises and falls over thirty feet, and these rocks and caves must be visited when the tide is out to be seen to advantage. As we sit down in one of these caves, and look up through the bewildering scene of rock, and tree, and fern it recalls to mind the beautiful lines of Florence Earle Coates:

Far up the crag, 'twixt sea and sky,
 Where winds tempestuous, blowing by,
 Leave giant boulders swept and bare;
 Where jagged lightnings fitful flare,
 And petrels sound their stormy cry:
 A dainty bluebell, sweet and shy,
 Lifted its head complacently,
 As guarded by the tenderest care,
 Far up the crag.

And now, whenever fear draws nigh,
 In thought I stand twixt sea and sky,

And, as of old, in my despair,
 I bless the Power that set it there :
 That tiny thing with courage high,
 Far up the crag !



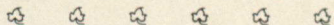
ACROSS the Petitcodiac River the tide is coming in very fast. In the distance we see Dorchester, and the outline of that large stone building they call the Penitentiary.

As we stand, taking in the whole prospect before us, and the lesson it conveys, the sympathetic words of the Saviour come to mind : "He that is without sin amongst you, let him first cast a stone." "Neither do I condemn thee: go, and sin no more.



THERE are many stones in our pathway. Is it not a comforting thought: "For he shall give his angels charge over thee in all thy ways. They shall bear thee up in their hands lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

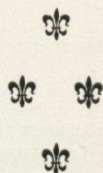
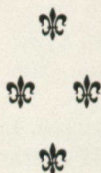
Sermons in stones. Hope well ! Hope on ! Hope ever !



Life is hard enough at best ;
 But the love that is expressed

Makes it seem a pathway blest
to our feet ;
And the troubles that we share
Seem the easier to bear.

Smile upon your neighbor's care
as you greet ;
Rough and stormy are our ways,
Dark and dreary are some days,
But another's love and praise
makes them sweet.



"SERMONS IN STONES." DARNLEY ROCKS, P. E. I.