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 At Charlottetown



THE  CHRISTMAS
 PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND  NUMBER
 VOL I 1899
 NO X
 MAGAZINE 



The Prince Edward Island Magazine.

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COVER DESIGN BY LAWRENCE W. WATSON, CHARLOTTETOWN

TO CONTRIBUTORS—Articles on any subject likely to prove interesting to our readers are respectfully solicited. It is important that contributions should not be made too long.

The Prince Edward Island Magazine is published about the first of each month on the date of issue.

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A CHRISTMAS TALK

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OUR CHRISTMAS CATALOGUE

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CHARLOTTETOWN

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the first of each month

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Christmas Announcement

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Ever since last April we have been getting ready for the holiday trade searching here, there and everywhere for the very latest novelties, for pretty little nicnacs, for useful articles and now that our large and varied assortment of Christmas Goods has been opened for your inspection

•• SUCCESS ••

is the word. Never in our experience have we been able to offer such a magnificent stock of Christmas Goods to the public. We have striven to offer you goods that are uncommon, that you do not see everywhere, and when you see our stock you will agree with us that many lines are exclusive. Come and see. Plenty room; comfortable shop; pleased to see you.

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SEE NEXT PAGE



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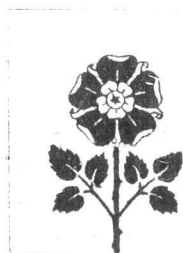
Christmas

LET US SUGGEST A FEW LINES OF

Novelties



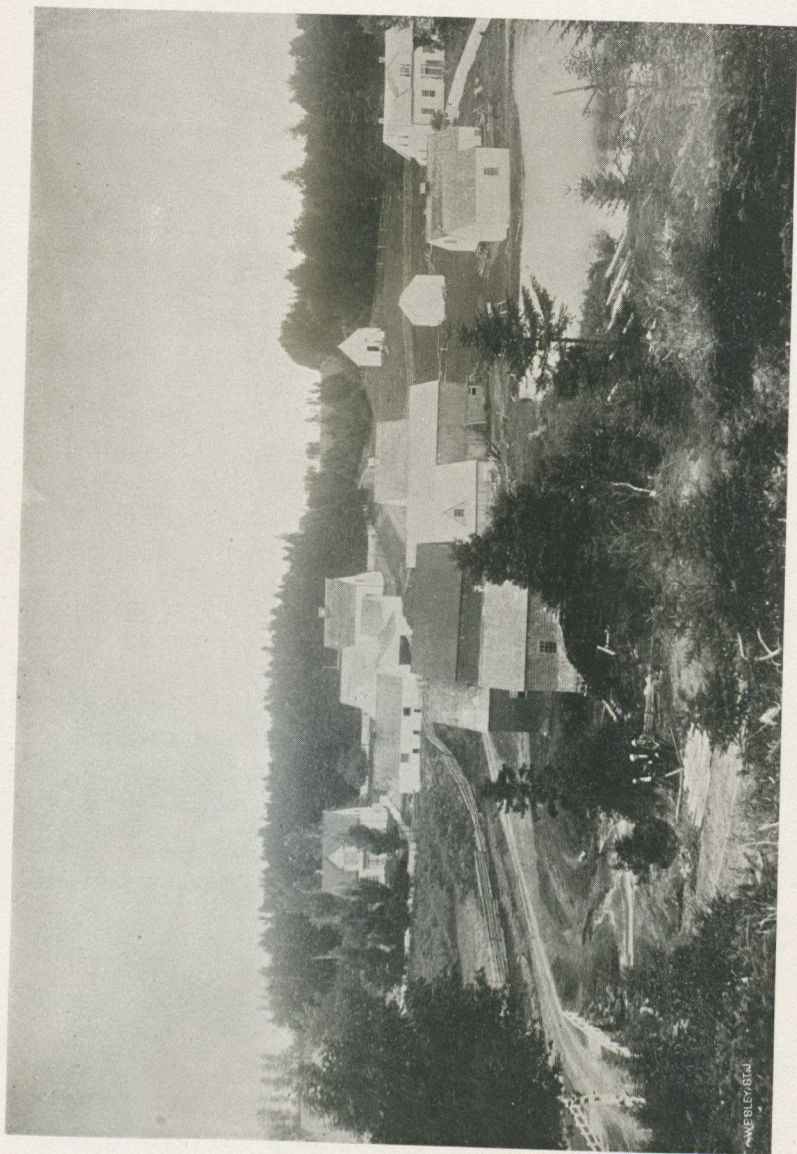
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Books
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We show a fine line of Art Goods in steel engravings, photos, and crysoletims, with and without frames. • Our Old Moravian Pottery is very chaste. Be sure and see the new Wave-Crest Ware, in fern pots, photo holders, biscuit jars, etc. • We have a nice assortment of Leather Goods in purses, card cases, writing folios, collar and cuff boxes, music cases, brush sets, etc. • We have a nice line of Metal Goods, in knives, mirrors, photograph frames, drinking cups, scissor sets, etc. • We think that Parker's Fountain-Pen & the lucky curve and jointless fountain pen is the best, and our stock is complete. • This season shows many pretty articles in Celluloid; see our stock. • Books of all kinds are here in profusion. • Tuck's Xmas Cards and Calendars are the best ever shown. • Lots of Sleds for the boys and girls. • But here is the end of our space, and we had only commenced to tell you about our Big Christmas Show. Come and inspect everything for yourselves.

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From photo by A. W. Mitchell

SIMPSON'S MILLS, BAY VIEW

See article on Carandish in this number

- THE -
Prince Edward Island Magazine

Vol. I

DECEMBER, 1899

No. 10

CHRISTMAS.

BY THOMAS A. LEPAGE.

This is the time of Heavenly Charity,
Will not proud man forget, for a brief while,
Soul-maddening spite, and doff the scornful smile,
And learn kind brotherhood? Better to be
A ravening brute, crouched for brute enemy,
And sated but with blood, than so defile
The image within,—nursing on craft and guile
A heart faint for deep draughts of sympathy.

For this is Heaven's order: who bend low
To uplift pale want, themselves are lifted up;
Who mete out blessings with full generous cup,
Their bosoms richer blessings shall o'erflow;
Who helpful follow where the Master trod
Shall quaff Love's air, which is the breath of God.

Merrie Christmas.

BY HON. SENATOR FERGUSON.

Heap on more wood, the wind is chill—
But let it whistle as it will
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.

England was Merrie England when
Old Christmas brought his sports again;
'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale,
'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale.
A Christmas gambol oft would cheer
The poor man's heart through half the year.

—Scott.

AMONGST all Christian nations the approach of Christmas is hailed with equal pleasure. Originally one of the most movable of Christian festive days, it was in the fourth century fixed on the 25th of December, as the result of an investigation made under Pope Julian IV. into the date of Christ's nativity. Throughout the intervening centuries the day has been regarded in the double light of a holy commemoration and a cheerful festival. With such a wide margin for the design of suitable ceremonies it is not to be wondered at that the lapse of time, intervening distance and divergent national tendencies should furnish scope for great variety in Christmas observance.

So, we are told, that in the middle ages, the day was celebrated by fantastic presentation of dramatic mysteries, by performers wearing grotesque costumes. Later on, the singing of Christmas Carols, amid social festivity and mirth, in which all classes joined, was the prevailing feature of Christmas enjoyment. In the Protestant districts of Germany and Northern Europe, Christmas was mainly a childrens' festival and the presentation of gifts by *Knecht Rupert* became a most interesting portion of the celebration. The Santa Claus of the Dutch settlers of New York has in modern times become the American representative of the German *Knecht Rupert*. In Great Britain the orgies of the Northmen at their feast of Iol became incorporated with the revels of the Christian celebration of Christmas, and

gave a more sumptuary character to the season of the Nativity than in most other countries. Hence the Italian proverb "He has more business than English ovens at Christmas." The "savoury goose" in Scotland, and the "soused boar's head" in England, held the place of honor amongst the edibles of the Christmas dinner table.

In the Christmas of "ye olden time" great attention was paid to the decoration of the person as well as the churches and dwellings.

The damsel donned her kirtle sheen,
The Hall was dressed with holly green;
Forth to the woods would merry men go
To gather in the Mistletoe.

The custom of decking houses and churches with evergreens at Christmas is the remains of Druidical practice, but it is none the less charming on that account. In the Old Country the holly and the ivy still remain as esteemed Christmas evergreens. The Yule log as well as the grand old chimney which it graced at Christmas tide is gone, but the memory of it is essential to a true conception of Christmas in the olden time.

The truly picturesque side of a Christmas celebration seems almost incompatible with the present matter-of-fact age, and is evidently passing away. We feel like heaving a sigh at its going, for it certainly helped to charm and beautify human life.

The exchange of presents and Christmas cards, and the gathering together wherever possible of families and friends at the Christmas board, are the main features of Christmas enjoyment at the present day. Many are the hearts and homes that are gladdened by the thoughtful souvenir or the Christmas gathering. But these reunions are not always fraught with unalloyed pleasure. The sight of a vacant chair, in many households, may serve to open the cell where memory slept and recall thoughts of dear ones absent from the family circle. The mind turns, it may be, to frozen regions of the north where the beds of the rivers are laid with golden sands, or to some remote hill of science where eager footsteps are pointing to the distant, but glowing summit, or to the plains of a dark Continent where "wild war's deadly blast is blawn," and brave hearts are beating and strong arms are striking for liberty, justice and Fatherland.

But why should we dwell on themes like these? Our lines have fallen in pleasant places. Plenty abounds in our garden home. War is happily still far away. Gaunt famine never visited our shores, and has never apparently been further removed from us than at the present moment.

But amid all the changes of centuries in Christmas observance, over the face of the wide earth, one attribute of the happy season has happily in all countries remained the same. The message of good will to men which was delivered by angelic heralds to shepherds on Bethlehem's plains nineteen hundred years ago finds through all the ages and over all the lands fitting expression in love of fellow man. The poor are always with us and happily are seldom forgotten amid Christmas cheer. Notwithstanding the prevailing plenty there are some baskets and stores which remain unblest and unfilled, and which need replenishing from the overflow of others. Gentle reader! as unbidden you lift the latch and help to cheer your humble neighbor's festal roof you will realize in your heart the truth of the Divine aphorism "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

What the King said to Christ at the Judgment.

I am who knew Thee on that day,—
 The Child that in the manger lay ;
 I called Thee Master, King.
 I laid my gifts at Thy young feet,
 Jewels and myrrh, frankincense sweet,—
 Such gifts as soverigns bring.

The trumpet sounds another morn,
 And I, of crown and sceptre shorn,
 Look on Thee from afar.
 Now Thou hast come, a King in State,
 Know me, the beggar at the gate,
 Who followed once Thy star.

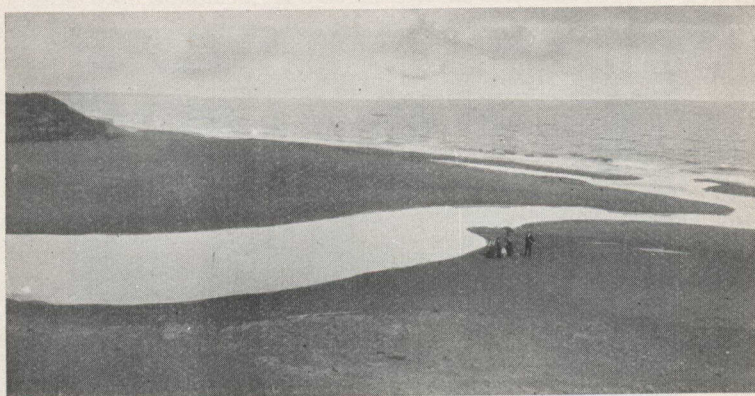
ISA CARRINGTON CABELL.



AT THE DUNK.

BY JOHN CAVEN.

PAUSE here,—and look upon a sight as fair
 As ever painter limned of poet's dreams :
 Along the forest-tops the sun's last beams
 Linger caressingly, while here and there
 A purple patch drops through the heated air
 On Dunk's clear waters, as, with graceful sweep,
 They lave the forest roots or noiseless creep
 Beneath the flowers the meadow's margins bear.
 A thoughtful stillness reigns : on earth or sky.
 No sound to jar, no cloud the blue to dim :
 With chirp and croak, the night-hawk hurries by,
 And high-perched robin chants his compline hymn ;
 Far up, the rapids seem to heave a sigh,—
 Dunk, mourning meets the tide—a grave to him.



"Where the coast alternates between bold cliffs and long reaches of sand dunes."

Cavendish in the Olden Time.

NO. I.

BY WALTER SIMPSON.

ON the extreme north end of Lot 23, fronting on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, where the coast alternates between bold cliffs and long reaches of sand dunes,—lies the beautiful settlement of Cavendish. Just inside the coast line we have the peaceful lakes, teeming with "speckled beauties" that make them the paradise of the true disciple of "Izaak Walton." Surrounding these lakes are low-lying, fertile fields, and groves of evergreen, making one of the prettiest pastoral scenes to be found in this "Gem of the northern seas."

Right on the borders of these lakes the first settlers commenced, one hundred and ten years ago, to fell the trees and build their unpretentious log houses, and to lay the foundation of this now prosperous community.

They were brave, intelligent, energetic, God-fearing men, who left their little all in the land of their birth, and crossed the stormy sea to hew out homes for themselves in what was

then a wilderness. Little do we, who to-day in comfort enjoy the heritage that was secured to us as a result of their unremitting toil, realize the great privations they endured, in the early days, when they laid broad and deep the foundations of the mental and material prosperity which it is ours to enjoy.

In this article I propose to give some facts about the early settlers, also some of the history of the first families who settled here; of which as will be seen, there are a great many descendants to-day on different parts of the Island, as well as in other parts of Canada and the United States.

If this escapes the voracious maw of the "waste basket," I will in another article follow this history down to later years.

The history of the settlement of Cavendish dates from the year 1790. In that year William Simpson, the ancestor of the Simpson family,—settled here. He was followed shortly afterward I believe, in the same year, by John McNeill and William Clark,—who married his daughters and were the founders of the McNeill and Clark families.

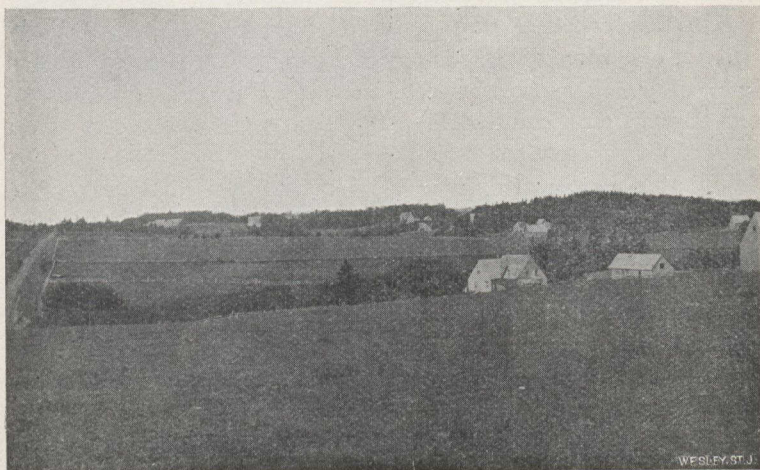
Simpson had come to the Island fifteen years previously, in 1775. He came from Murray Shire in Scotland, and had lived, till within a year and a half of his coming here, in the Parish of Dunderes; where eight of his ten children were born. He left Scotland in the Spring, and reached the Island on the 15th August, 1775. Flat River, Belfast, was the place where he landed, and where he lived for a short time in very straightened circumstances, having been shipwrecked, losing all—little as it was—on which he depended to help him, his wife and eight children, to make a start in the new world.

William Clark came to the Island in the same year as William Simpson.

John McNeill came in company with the Stewarts of Charlottetown,—of whom Chief Justice Stewart was one. The ship they came in was wrecked at Malpeque, and they lost all their goods.

McNeill—who was quite a young man—made his way to Charlottetown, where he was married and lived for some time; and where his oldest child, the late speaker McNeill,—whose portrait adorns the walls of the Assembly room in the Colonial

Building—was born about the year 1783. McNeill came from Argyleshire; William Clark came from Clackman Shire. He escaped from a press gang who were looking for recruits for the navy, got on board of a ship, and came to Quebec. From there



VIEW IN CAVENDISH.

he went to Boston, and while there witnessed the Battle of Bunker Hill. He came to the Island the same year, 1775.

The following is a copy of the certificate of character which William Simpson brought with him from the minister of the parish in which he last resided in Scotland. We give it *verbatim ad literatim* :—

TO WILLIAM SIMPSON.

4th of May 1775.

These certify that the bearer, William Simpson with wife, Janet Winchester, and young family was resided for a year and a half past in the parish of Rathen ; and that, during the said space of time, they behaved themselves modestly and decently, as became Christians, and so as to preserve their character unsullied ; so that, therefore, we know not any reason why they may not be received into any Christian country, society, or public community of mankind, or into any known place of the world where Divine Providence shall see fit to order their lot. Given at Rathen this fourth day of May one thousand seven hundred and seventy five years and subscribed by

J. T. CUMMINGS.

We have also the family record of William Simpson,—giving dates and places of birth of his ten children; which we think will be of sufficient interest to the readers of the Prince Edward Island Magazine to warrant its publication. The record is from his family Bible, which is now in possession of some of the connection in the United States. It does not record the date of his marriage which, I believe, took place in 1758.

COPY.

1759, Feb. 2nd, our child Margaret was born.

1760, Sept. 7th, our child Thomas was born.

1762, June 19th, our child William was born.

1764, May 3rd, our child Christina was born.

1766, July 8th, our child Helen was born.

1768, Sept. 10th, our child Jean was born

1770, March 13th, our child James was born.

1772, our child Janet was born.

All born in Scotland, in the county of Murray, in the parish of Dunderes.

1776, our child Charlotte was born in the Island of St. John's, North America.

1779, our child John was born in the Island of St. John's.

Margaret, the eldest daughter married John McNeill. Her sons were William, James, John, Neil, Charles, Daniel, Malcolm and David. Charles moved to Ontario, and Neil moved to Cra-paud. All the rest lived and died in Cavendish.

Thomas, the oldest son, married a Miss McLean of Malpeque, and moved to Chemogue, N. B. Ex-Congressman Jerry Simpson of Kansas, the Populist leader and free silver advocate, is one of their grandsons.

William settled in Cavendish, and married a Miss Miller, from Covehead. His sons were the late John, Henry, and David Simpson.

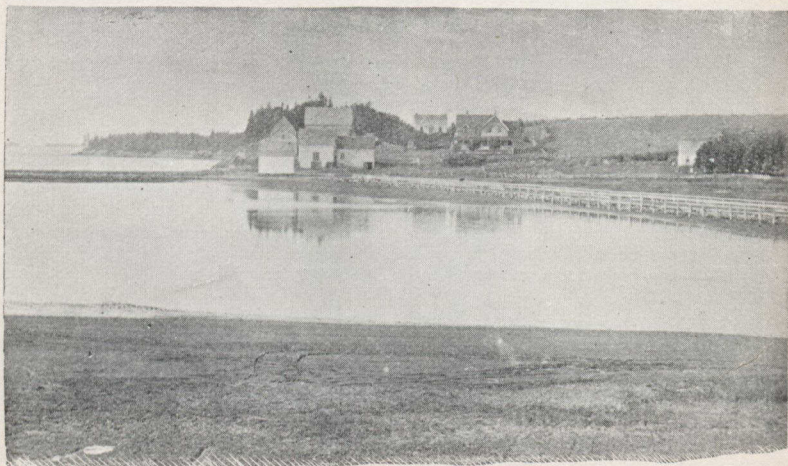
Christina married a man named Taylor, and lived in Miramichi.

Helen married William Clark and lived in Cavendish. Her sons were the late John, Andrew, William, James, David, Frank, Thomas and Robert Clark.

Jean married William Dockendorff, and lived at North River; where many of her descendants now reside.

James settled in what is now the settlement of Bay View, on the farm on which his son John,—the only surviving member of his family—aged 89, now lives.

His other sons were Robert, who lived at Hope River; Jeremiah, the writer's father; James, who moved to Ontario, in 1847, and who was the father of the now celebrated Dr. A. B. Simpson, of New York, of missionary and faith cure fame,—and Alexander who lived at Bay View, and built what is now known as Bay View Mills.



BAY VIEW

The Rev. Allan Simpson, who was for thirty years the popular pastor of Park St. Presbyterian Church, Halifax, is one of his sons.

Janet married William Hyde of West River, and the large Hyde connection are her descendants.

Charlotte married Samuel Bagnall, and lived on what was known as the Bagnall property on Pownal Street, where he did business. Cecil T. Bagnall, of the Turners Falls Reporter, Mass., is his grandson.

John settled at West River; he married a Miss Hyde. He afterwards moved to Western Ontario, where many of his descendants now live.

It will be seen from this that the Simpson connection is quite large on the Island today.

When these first settlers came to Cavendish it was all a forest. They settled near the Gulf Shore, which, for many years, was their only passable road. But they were a vigorous, energetic set of men, and, as a result of their steady, hard work, the "forest primeval" soon gave place to smiling grainfields and luxuriant potato patches. Each farm had a frontage on the gulf shore. Fishing was carried on in the earliest days and was a great help in supplying food for the first settlers. The records show that there were only seven families on Lot 23 in 1798; four of these would be on the extreme north end of it—in Cavendish.

Previous to 1790 I am informed that a man named Winters lived here. He had fought at the battle of Minden. He was agent for the owner of the Lot, Lord Cavendish was a patron of the owner, and he named the settlement in his patron's honor. A family named Adams lived, about this time, on the north end of Lot 22, about a mile west of where Simpson settled. Shortly after came the Grahams who settled on Lot 22, and the McKenzies who lived on the north end of Lot 24.

In 1820 John Lockerby, a centenarian now living in Charlottetown arrived. He came in company with the Bells who settled in New London.

John Lockerby, centenarian, now living in Charlottetown, came here in 1820. He was born in Annan, Dumfries, on the 7th of January, 1798, and married, September 19th, 1819, to Margaret Forbes, of Glasgow, who with one child came with him. He came in company with the Bells of New London in a schooner from Miramichi, and landed at New London harbor. From this he walked along the beach a distance of five miles to Cavendish, where he met with the McNeills, who befriended him and encouraged him to open up a blacksmith business which he carried on for many years in connection with farming. He has told the writer years ago how he had to serve his seven years to learn his trade in Scotland, and take a set of tools with him, which he was obliged to leave with his master when he left. Mr. Lockerby went to the same school as Thomas Carlyle, the sage of Chelsea, and Jane Welsh, who afterwards became Carlyle's wife, but the

Carlyles had left shortly before Lockerby began to attend. The teacher's name was Adam Hope. He informs me that he used to see Carlyle almost daily. He also knew the celebrated but eccentric Edward Irving and often listened to his preaching in Glasgow. Mr. Lockerby occupied a farm of one hundred acres in Cavendish, fronting on the Gulf shore still known as "Lockerby's Cove." The farm is now in possession of his grandson, William Laird.

Another family of McNeills also came early in the century. The head of the family was Charles McNeill, and his two sons, Alexander and Charles, came with him. The descendants of Alexander still live here. They are not related to the other McNeills except by marriage.

These first settlers, as might be expected, encountered many difficulties in making a start, but their indomitable courage and energy overcame every obstacle. They were distant from the capital twenty-five miles, and without roads for carriages, communication with town was difficult. Travelling was accomplished on horseback and on foot. In 1811 there was a blazed track from Cavendish to Bagnall's tavern at Hazel Grove, and the only conveyance at that time was the slide car. After a time the roads were opened wider and the carryall succeeded.

My grandfather, the late Speaker McNeill, owned the first four wheeled carriage in these parts, having brought it from Miramichi. The nearest mills in those times was at Craswells, South Rustico, and Cousins' at Park Corner.

A grist mill was afterwards built in Cavendish by the late David and Daniel McNeill, but was allowed to go down, after working a number of years, on account of scarcity of water power,—the stream having failed on account of the country becoming cleared. Some years previous Simpson's mill at Bay View was built.

The first school at Cavendish was taught, in 1814, by a Mr. McIntyre, grandfather of Neil McKelvie, Esq., of Summerside.

The Presbyterian church was organized about 1809 by the Rev. Peter Gordon, and the first pastor was Parson McGregor, of Pictou. There was no church building until 1830 when one

was erected, but was burnt before completion, by a forest fire that ran through the settlement. Another replaced it the next year—which was again replaced thirty-six years ago by the building that was taken down last July.

About the year 1819 the first vessel was built at the Cavendish shore by the late John and Charles McNeill, sons of the first McNeill settler.

The first post office was established in 1835 and was served by a weekly mail.

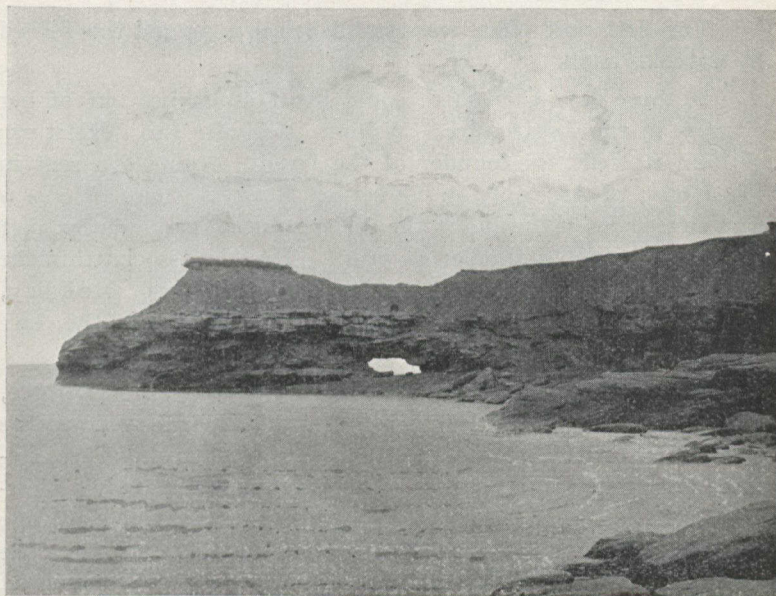
In those days Cavendish could boast of having one of her citizens in the Legislature. William McNeill, Esq., eldest son of John McNeill, the founder of the family, occupied a seat in the House of Assembly in Governor Ready's time. He was first elected for Malpeque in the early twenties and was Speaker of the House for a number of years. He was associated in the Legislature with such men as Dockendorff, Hyde, McAulay, Cameron, Joseph Pope, Montgomery (father of the late Senator), Fairbairn and others we cannot recall just now.

Some time in the latter part of the last century, Cape Leforce, a headland which makes out west of Lockerby's Cove, was the scene of a terrible tragedy. A vessel in command of Capt. Leforce anchored off the shore. The captain and mate had quarreled, and as the custom was in these early times, a challenge to fight a duel followed. They landed on the Cape to settle the matter with pistols, and while the captain was stepping off the ground the mate treacherously shot him dead. Leforce was buried on the Cape—and this is how it got its name—but his grave has long since been washed away by the ever-encroaching sea.

Not long after this tragedy a man by the name of LeSeur came to Rustico and built the first house on the Rollings farm at Rustico Harbor. The writer's father was born in this house in 1803. LeSeur was an adventurer and swindler who did some business with the settlers. To pay them he issued what were called "Blue Notes," payable in London. These notes were unsuspectingly taken by his creditors and turned out worthless. This LeSeur is said to have often visited the scene of the murder at

Cape Leforce but it was not known whether he had had any connection with it.

In the early days of the century Dr. McGregor of Brackley Point was physician for these parts. His practice was large and included most of the northern half of Queen's County. He was a "doctor of the old school," and from what we have heard of



CAPE LEFORCE

him he seems to have much resembled the character of William McLure, whose life-work and death are so inimitably portrayed to us in "The Bonnie Briar Bush." He travelled on horseback, prescribed for the sick, drew off their surplus blood and dosed them with such simple remedies as calomel, salts, senna, rhubarb, etc. Later on Dr. Conroy of Charlottetown was often called on to prescribe, and to perform surgical operations.

The Presbyterian Church here was ministered to, from the year 1838 to 1845, by the Rev. John Geddie, a man who indelibly stamped his personality on the foreign missionary work of

the nineteenth century; a man whose ruling and guiding principle was love; who succeeded where others failed, and who conquered and converted the heathen of a cannibal land by kindness; on whose monument is truthfully inscribed the fact that "When he came to Antietam in 1848 there were no Christians, and when he left in 1872 there were no heathen." He lived, during his seven years of residence in Cavendish, on the farm afterwards occupied by the late George Harker, and the house he built for a home is still "standing" though not occupied now.

For many of the facts above related, I am indebted to W. S. McNeill, Esq., of Rustico, eldest surviving son of Speaker McNeill mentioned in this article.

(To be Continued)

Memories of the Past—Continued.

BY JOHN P. TANTON.

AS we pass along we notice an inscription to Lemuel Cambridge, Esq., who, it says, died in 1857, aged 74 years. The firm of L. & A. Cambridge was the principal one here during the first part of this century. Their store, now used by the firm of D. Nicholson, Tobacconist, formerly stood on the site of Peake's office, where they did business. Lemuel was elected to our Assembly in 1824, and was High Sheriff in 1825. John Cambridge, the father of Lemuel, came to the Island in April, 1784, as agent for Robert Clark. He was a man of means and ability, and by religious profession a Quaker. His efforts on behalf of Clark, who lost so much on the Island, does credit to his memory. Several of our leading merchants, now passed away, were clerks in the Cambridge firm.

Two other merchants of the "olden time" figure here in the persons of John LePage and Benjamin Evans. Messrs. John and Wm. LePage did business on Dorchester Street, on the southwest corner of the site of the present St. Dunstan's Cathedral. They were engaged in shipbuilding, and had a

considerable trade. John died in 1824 at the early age of 32 years.

Mr. Evans came to Charlottetown about the year 1785. He started a store with Mr. Wm. Bremner in or about the year 1800 on Water Street. He subsequently did a large business on his own account on the site of Mrs. C. McKenna's brick house, his long, low shop facing on King Street. He died in 1825, aged 76 years, leaving considerable property, which, we understand, he bequeathed to gentlemen formerly clerks in his employ.

Paul Mabey, whose monument is to be seen alongside his benefactor, is one of these. He represented Charlottetown in our Assembly for several years, and was generally elected at the head of the poll. The late Sir Robert Hodgson (another clerk of Mr. Evans') was a colleague of Mr. Mabey's during the administration of Governor Smith, whose arbitrary manner elicited the opposition of the inhabitants of the colony. Prominent among those with whom Mr. Mabey was identified in the cause of reform stands John McGregor. He was elected in 1824 to represent Georgetown in our Assembly, and subsequently represented the city of Glasgow in the Imperial Parliament. He was also in his lifetime the author of various works involving a large amount of labor and research. Such were some of Mr. Mabey's associates. We remember the old gentleman with his favorite Artillery Company firing the royal salute on our Market Square. The muster day was anxiously awaited by Paul's veterans as he was sure to reward their military ardour. He died in 1863, aged 76 years.

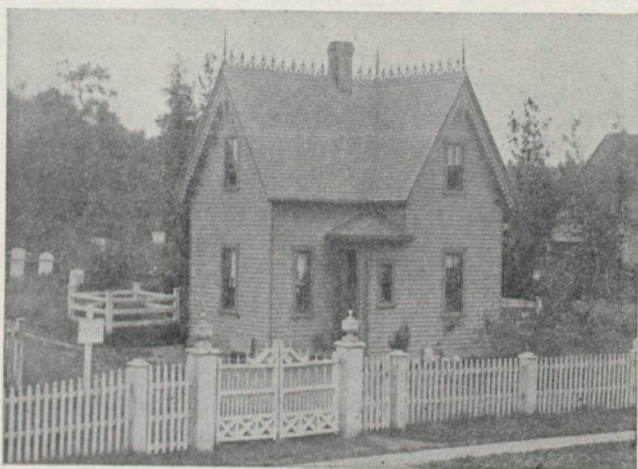
No stone here is more historically precious than that erected to the memory of the Rev. Theophilus Desbrisay, a fellow of Trinity College, Dublin, and 47 years rector of this parish. He died March 14th, 1823, aged 69 years. The rev. gentleman was the son of Colonel Thomas Desbrisay, who, with his family came to the Island shortly after the arrival of Gov. Patterson. The father and son were by virtue of their appointments placed on the Civil List of the Island, at a stipulated salary for their services. On the 21st of September, 1774, Mr. Desbrisay was appointed by the King rector of the parish of Charlotte. He

arrived here in 1775 to commence his missionary labours among a few scattered inhabitants settled in a wilderness. The ancestors of Mr. Desbrisay were French, who on account of their religion were subject to the intolerance which then prevailed in their native land. The persecution of the Huguenots which followed the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, in 1686, evidently forced the family to seek an asylum in the low countries, and to espouse the cause of the Prince of Orange. The first of the family who came over to England received a commission from William in one of the Huguenot regiments which landed with him at Torbay in 1688. The surrender of Limerick having decided the fate of James, the family settled in Ireland. From thence Thomas and his son came to the Island. During the forty-seven years that Mr. Desbrisay was rector, how many, we might ask, of these buried here, did he consign to their last resting place with the impressive words of the ceremony of the Established Church, "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust?" He resided in Covehead during the last century and was the first, and for many years the only resident minister on the Island. His views on theology were broad and liberal, which endeared him to all classes in the infant colony.

In the year 1795 Gov. Fanning granted that part of Queen Square lying west of Great George Street for the erection of St. Paul's Church, to be used by the Established Churches of England and Scotland. The church was erected in 1801, close to where the Post Office now stands. Rev. Mr. Desbrisay by virtue of his position was a member of the Legislative Council, and was opposed to the conduct of Patterson in not submitting the Royal Bill to the Assembly—in his dissolution of one House and election of another in 1784—and in his treatment of Robert Clark by the sale of Lot 49. He strongly remonstrated with his Excellency on his conduct, resigned his seat in the Council, and gave every information he could to enable Mr. Clark to obtain restitution of his property. About the first of this century Mr. Desbrisay removed to town where he resided until his death. His house still exists, having been renovated by the present proprietor, Mr. Campbell. The following graphic description of his character was published shortly after his death:—

“Among his flock he lived as a father among his children. No unpleasing formality, no ridiculous pedantry, no affected importance disgraced his professional intercourse. Grave without austerity, good-humored without unbecoming familiarity, the welfare of his parishoners was his chief aim. The sanctity of his heart was visible in all his acts; he truly sought the interests of truth. The increased duties which he performed latterly were too much for his enfeebled frame, but his end was the end of peace. The same pious equanimity which accompanied him through life, followed him to the borders of that bourne from whence no traveller returns.”

Near by we notice stones to Thomas and Alfred Desbrisay, sons of the rector, who followed each other closely to the grave.



OLD PROTESTANT CEMETERY, MALPEQUE ROAD, CHARLOTTETOWN

Thomas, his eldest son, was the founder of Apothecaries Hall, a member of the Baptist Church, and like his father, a zealous worker for his Divine Master. He died March, 1857, aged 74 years.

Alfred was a minister of the Wesleyan church. He was universally respected wherever stationed, being noted as an assiduous and constant visitor among his flocks, watching over their religious and moral welfare. He died May 24th 1857.

Among those whose names are associated with the last

century, we find Thomas Alexander who died in 1824. He was for many years Crier of the Court, and Sergeant at Arms, and thus was intimately acquainted with both law and order.

No stone brings more vividly to our mind the changes which have come over Charlottetown than that erected to the memory of William Pepperal. He was a native of England and came to the colony in 1810. Two long, low houses built of clay (commonly called cat and clay houses) extended from Mrs. Findley's corner west along Kent Street. The walls were thick and bore the appearance of some of the rude structures which existed in England in the time of the Druids. In the corner one the proprietor, Mr. Pepperal, lived. The old man was sexton of St. Paul's Church, and laid many in the ground where he also rests from his labors. He had a fine garden of fruit trees, which were alike the envy and admiration of the young urchins of his day. During the war of 1813, a young lad who found refuge in his house was forcibly taken, notwithstanding his tears and sobs, to fight for his king and country.

As Christmas morning in its annual revolution dawned upon the earth, the old man, in accordance with the custom of motherland, was found with his grandson, the boy George, singing at midnight through our streets the impressive anthems of his time. His sonorous tones, and the fine treble voice of George with violincello accompaniment by the old man filled the air with melody as they struck up, "Hark, the herald angels sing."

On the first marble stone erected in the colony to commemorate the dead, is an inscription to Mary, wife of Robert Gray, a Loyalist and retired officer. Born near Glasgow, Scotland, his pursuits, in the early part of his life, were of a mercantile kind. In 1771 he went to Virginia where he did business. On the breaking out of the rebellion the state of the country was such that he was forced to retire from trade, when he entered a regiment of volunteers commanded by Lord Dunmore. In this corps he was twice dangerously wounded in action with the enemy. He was afterwards promoted to the command of a company in the King's American Regiment commanded by Col. Fanning. After seeing a good deal of service the regiment in 1783 was disbanded and Capt. Gray retired on half pay. He arrived in Nova

Scotia soon after this and was sent to Shelbourne to superintend the settlement of the Loyalists and disbanded soldiers. In 1787 he arrived here, having been invited by Governor Fanning, his former Colonel. He was at once (Sept. 17) appointed Treasurer of the Island, and also a member of His Majesty's Council. The next year he was made an assistant judge. He retained these positions until his death which occurred Feb. 12th, 1828. Mrs. Gray was a daughter of Lieut. Burns, who was an early settler in the Colony, and had assisted in the survey of Capt Holland. He died December, 1813, aged 38 years.

[NOTE.—In the first paragraph of this article it is stated that L. & A. Cambridge conducted business on the site of Peake's Office. It should read "the old site" which is now occupied by Carswell Bros. In the fourth paragraph the statement that Sir Robert Hodgson was a clerk of Mr. Evans is an error, which was not noticed in time to be corrected before printing.—J. P. T.]

(To be Continued)

CHRISTMAS.

(From Hymns Ancient and Modern.)

O COME, Redeemer of mankind, appear,
Thee with full hearts the Virgin-born we greet ;
Let every age with rapt amazement hear
That wondrous birth which for our God is meet.

Not by the will of man or mortal seed,
But by the Spirit's breathed mysterious grace
The Word of God became our flesh indeed,
And grew a tender plant of human race.

Forth from the Father to the world He goes,
Back to the Father's Face His way regains,
Far down to souls beneath His glory shows,
Again at God's right hand victorious reigns.

How doth Thy lowly manger radiant shine ?
On the sweet breath of night new splendor grows ;
So may our spirits glow with faith Divine,
Where no dark cloud of sin shall interpose.



GENERAL VIEW OF THE STERNBERG, U. S., FIELD HOSPITAL, CHICKAMAUGA, GA.

Nursing at Chickamauga Park, Ga.

BY FLORENCE M. KELLY.

THE Spanish American war of '98 opened a new field for the trained nurse. The U. S. Government at first strongly objected to accept the services of female nurses, but at length reluctantly gave in, and the result proved to be in every way satisfactory. About the first of June it will be remembered that a very severe epidemic of typhoid fever broke out at Camp Thomas, Chickamauga Park, Ga., where upwards of seventy-five thousand men were stationed. The regimental and divisional hospitals being over-crowded, the Sternberg Field Hospital (named in honor of the Surgeon General) was established, under the able charge of Major Griffin. The hospital consisted of thirteen rough-board pavilions, two hundred tents, dispensary and officers' quarters, etc., and was built to accommodate one thousand persons comfortably. Two hundred graduate nurses (of which I had the honor to be one) from the large and well known hospitals of the Union, were sent down in detachments,—as they were needed—by Dr. Anita McGee, of Washington, who had been commissioned by the Government to select the contract nurses.

Our transportation and maintenance were supplied by Aux. 3 of the "Red Cross." Through the kindness of this society we were provided with dormitories, servants, mess-tents, kitchen, bath and store rooms apart from those used by the patients. We had nothing for them but tents and beds. The nurses were not only called on to give an eighteen hours' service,

but to supply many of the necessary appliances from their own personal store, till the government supplies arrived. The floor had to be washed with ordinary face towels, and hot, or even cold water was as precious as gold. The heat was something words cannot describe. But one night it rained—and when it rains in Georgia it certainly goes about it in a whole-souled sort of a way. We were awakened by it coming down in torrents right through our dormitory roof. Regardless of our woes most of us got up instantly and began recovering our beds and clothes from floating away, but it was discovered later that one of our number—who must have been something in the mermaid line—had



INTERIOR VIEW OF PAVILLION D.

slept through it all, although her blanket was covered with several inches of water. She was quickly rescued, put to bed on a trunk, covered with an umbrella and left to dry. The rain continued for forty-eight hours; and it required all our imaginative powers to keep our patients from getting drenched. As for ourselves,—why we lived in bicycle suits, rubber boots, and umbrellas. In those days no muslin caps or snowy kerchiefs appeared on the scene; the red cross which we always wore on our left arm had to suffice for the “uniform.”

Sometimes two hundred patients would be admitted in one day. Most of them came from a long distance, over rough roads and under broiling sun, and would perhaps have to lie (four in an ambulance) for three hours, before they could be moved to the beds allotted to them. It is therefore not to be wondered at that so many died of shock and exhaustion. Add to this, the heat, dust, moisture and millions of flies and you have the picture complete. It was certainly a distressing sight to see the long rows of narrow cots filled with what were once strong, splendid men—now hollow-eyed, emaciated and delirious. The patients were usually in such a bad condition when transferred to us that we had to use an unusual amount of energy in order to make any headway with our nursing of the disease. However, we are glad to say, of the eleven hundred patients treated in the "Sternberg," only seventy-eight died. There were sixteen of the nurses who contracted the disease, with three subsequent deaths.

We left Chickamauga in November after seeing the last of our patients mustered out. For the month previous the weather had been very cold, and during the last two weeks we had to use a great deal of ingenuity to keep at all warm. The night nurses suffered most, especially during the early morning hours. However, they spread blankets on the floor, collected all the lanterns they could steal from the "Commissary," and so made an imaginary fire-place, by lighting and putting them close together—at least they had the appearance of warmth. Fortunately there were very few patients at this late date and we managed to keep them very comfortable owing to the extra supply of blankets and hot water bags. I remember one of the coldest nights "making rounds" and finding one of the men asleep with a large fan in his hand; I suppose it was force of habit, he



had been there during the hot season when the flies were holding their own.

Although while in the service we worked hard and put up with more inconveniences than we ever expect to again, yet we have the memory of lots of jolly times and pleasant friendships formed;—though we may never meet again. When thinking of those Chickamauga days Longfellow's beautiful words recur to my mind :

" Ships that pass in the night, and speak each other in passing,
Only a signal shown, and a distant voice in the darkness;
So on the ocean of life we pass and speak one another,
Only a look and a voice, then darkness again and a silence."

Professionally we had a grand experience, and I consider myself very fortunate in being able to say I belong to the " Order of Spanish-American War Nurses." There were fourteen Canadian girls among the nurses, and though giving our services for " Uncle Sam," we still were loyal to our own dear country, as could be seen by the " Union Jacks " scattered here and there among the " Stars and Stripes " in the nurses' quarters.

Tenant League Proceedings—Continued.

By JOHN ROSS.

THE following pledge was submitted and carried unanimously and ordered to be forwarded to the various branches of the organization throughout the country for signatures, viz.—

Resolved, " That the Tenantry of——, individually and collectively, virtually and solemnly, pledge our honor and fidelity to each other, to withhold the further liquidation of rent and arrears of rent, and thus voluntarily enroll our respective names as a Tenant organization, to resist the distraint, coercion, ejection, seizure, and sale for rent and arrears of rent, until a compromise be affected, in conformity with resolutions proposed and carried by the meetings in Lots 48, 49, and 50 and further understood that each signature hereto annexed, bear a proportional share of expense in connection with this organization."

The delegates elected in the different sections of the Island,

met in Charlottetown, as a Central Committee, to make such arrangements and mature such plans as would forward the interests of the Tenantry, in view of a satisfactory settlement of the Land Question, whereby they might secure the fee simple of their farms. It was decided to issue an address to the people of Prince Edward Island, in explanation of the causes which led to the formation of the Tenant Union, as follows:

THE ADDRESS.

“The Society known as the Tenant Union, was regularly organized on the 19th of May, 1864. The immediate causes which led to its formation, were the acknowledged failure of both parties of politicians, to effect the long promised settlement of the Land Question, and also the admission by the Imperial and Local Governments, that no legal remedy was at their command; when they found it necessary, to appoint a Commission to settle the question by equity. These admissions, with the facts that the so-called proprietors not only regretted the award, but dared to dictate an arbitrary and selfish Bill to our Legislature, at last thoroughly awakened the people; they saw the Land Purchase Bill partially inoperative; the Loan Bill burked; the Royal Commission rendered of none effect; the Delegation an expensive sham; the fifteen years Purchase Bill a disgrace upon our Statute Book, and a monument of proprietary tyranny. These reasons we deem will be sufficient to show what compelled the people to unite. The Tenant Union has now been in existence some months, and its operations have aroused a widely spread sympathy in its favor, and a rising hope of its ultimate success by freeing this “sand bank” from the Leasehold tenure, on honorable principles. The object of the Tenant Union is to obtain the fee simple of the land, by paying a fair value. They seek to elevate the land of their adoption and birth to the same level in that respect with the other British North American colonies. For this they are reviled, traduced and insulted with such terms as disloyal, seditious, illegal pests, &c. These, with other offensive epithets, we would charitably suppose, are used by our opponents through ignorance of the motives which animate the members of the Union. We are confident that at the large number of public meetings held, and in the multitude of addresses delivered none of its bitterest enemies, can point to a single sentence, fairly interpreted, which will furnish one instance, where sedition, or disloyal sentiments are inculcated, or efforts made by the leaders of this movement to unite to riot or tumult. One part of what the Tenant Union

advocates teach, is passive resistance, or if you will, quaker resistance to the payment of rent, after an equitable compromise has been offered by the tenant. The general principles by which the society is guided are those laid down by the Royal Commissioners, in their able and impartial report on the Land Question. In that report, it is assumed at the outset, that the proprietors will be willing to sell, and will be coerced by Legislation should fair terms be offered and they refuse to comply. They then give five reasons why they ought not to refuse, the last of which is as follows. "Because if they reject a liberal compromise, they must hereafter collect their rents, not only with the public opinion of the Island, but of the Empire against them, and with but slender hopes of any arbitrary interference, on the part of the Imperial Government."

The Tenant Union includes among its adherents, all classes of the community. Its members can be counted by thousands. They have sufficient funds to meet all present wants, and feel confident that the public will supply all their future wants, as far as money is concerned. They have already released three estates from the leasehold system, and the occupants are now rejoicing in the prospect of securing the fee simple of their farms by paying the instalments as they fall due; and this has been accomplished, without any charge on the public funds, without any salaried officers or any paid valuers. Negotiations for other estates have commenced, and are in a forward state. The members of the society are rapidly increasing, and their hopes of ultimate success have ripened into assured confidence. Only two or three comparatively slight indiscretions have occurred to mar the general success. To the tenantry outside of the Union we say, unite with us, come forward to a man, union is strength, your interests are ours, let every settlement be aroused, Scotchmen, Englishmen, Irishmen and Frenchmen, be one on this question, join in to strengthen the already strong and rapidly increasing society. To freeholders we say give us your sympathy, influence and aid, in removing an evil, which is sapping the prosperity of the country. You will suffer either directly or indirectly, from the effect of this vicious system; your sons and daughters cannot remain isolated from society, they may suffer from the cruel tyranny of land agents, when your heart is no longer able to feel for their miseries, and your hands no longer to assist them. Allow us to remind you that the present is an important period in the history of our Island; that every man has a duty to perform in this matter, and that when you and we are mouldering in the grave, the effects of our conduct for weal or woe, will be felt by generations yet unborn. You have seen the half naked children of the poor tenant, who

have settled in the forest, hiding themselves at the approach of strangers. You have known them to subsist for weeks together on potatoes with little or nothing else, and that while they were chopping, piling and burning, with their bodies as black as sweeps; you have seen the natural fruit of such usage, in their prematurely broken constitutions; and lastly you have seen themselves, and their broken-hearted wives, and helpless families, robbed of the fruit of their hard labor, by the pretended landlord, to begin anew to clear more land, for the same purpose. We ask your assistance, to enable us to free our Island from the degrading control of pretended land owners, who have resolved to draw an annual revenue from the hard labor of the people. In short, if you want to see the Colony prosperous, contented and happy, give in your adherence and support to the Tenant Union, discountenance the sale of any goods or chattels, seized for rent, or arrears, in any part of the Island. We remind merchants, millers, mechanics, lawyers, doctors, &c., that the prosperity of the agricultural community lies at the foundation of their advancement. Gentlemen, will you remain indifferent spectators of the struggle of the tenantry for their emancipation. Have you any good and valid reason, why the smallest of Her Majesty's dependencies in British North America, shall be claimed by a few individuals? Did not your ancestors contribute either by blood or money, to gain by conquest the soil which now sustains you? Why shall Prince Edward Island be degraded by landlordism, when the larger colonies gained by the same valor and enterprise, are held by freehold? Now gentlemen, have you courage enough to protest against this system? Will you not give to the tenantry your countenance and support during their conflict for liberty? Let the whole population of the country unite quietly and peaceably, the officers of justice may perhaps execute the duties of their office, by levying for the harsh and unrelenting demands of the so-called landlords, but then let the people refuse to purchase any goods offered for sale, for rent, or arrears. They will then perhaps understand what is meant by collecting rent with the public opinion of the Island against them; one object of the Tenant Union shall have been accomplished, in perfect harmony with law, and the British Government relieved from a difficulty into which an unwise exercise of the Royal prerogative has brought it."

(Signed)

MANOAH ROWE,
Chairman of Committee.

(To be Continued)

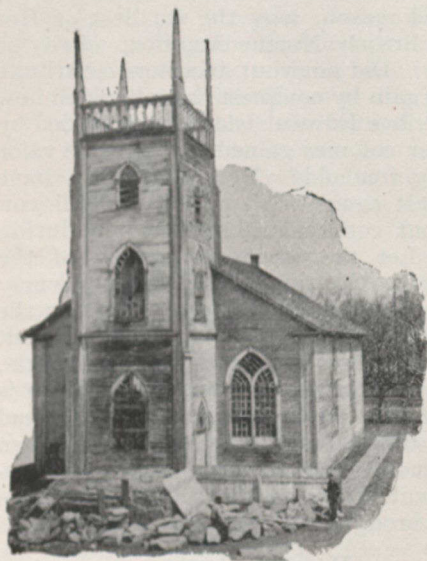
The Phantom Bell Ringers.

A STORY OF THE AULD KIRKE.

BY J. EDWARD RENDLE.

"O'er all there hung a shadow and a fear;
A sense of mystery, the spirit daunted,
And said, as plain as whisper in the ear,
The place is Haunted!"—*Hood.*

THESE has, perhaps, been no age in which certain phenomena have attracted such general notice as this, the latter part of the XIX. century, more perhaps among the educated classes than the uneducated; and it is certain there has been no period in which persons of critical and inquisitive intellect have more zealously sought to discover what is genuine in the apparent vagaries of nature than at the present time.



THE OLD KIRK, CHARLOTTETOWN

Nearly all of us believe in a future state, but how vague and ineffective this belief with the majority of persons; the number of people believing in Ghosts, a belief they allow to sit very lightly on their minds—they are afraid they will be called superstitious, a title convenient to attach to whatever we do not want to believe ourselves. But among these we find some who are not fearful of that bugbear, "Superstition," the gentleman who furnished the facts embodied in this peculiar incident being one of them.

Many an ancestral home, and many a sequestered spot in

wood or vale, have some tale of supernatural manifestation connected with them—a weird legend handed down from father to son, a record of a woman's crime or of a man's perfidy ; but, as a rule, the visitant from the other world seeks retirement, and but seldom ventures into crowded streets, or public places. Some exceptions there are, of course, to this unwritten law, and among these we find the ghost, or " Ghosts of old St. James'."

St. James' Church, the first Presbyterian place of worship in Charlottetown, is one of the oldest Protestant churches in the city, being opened for worship in 1828, and its walls have witnessed the triumphs and success of many celebrities of the gown. The Rev. James McIntosh, Rev. Robert M'Nair, the Rev. William Snodgrass, and the late lamented Rev. Thomas Duncan and some others have stood in its pulpit and received the ovations and attention of enraptured congregations. A strange place indeed for a ghost to select, but the fact of its appearance can be attested by many. The story which I am about to narrate is no fiction, and though names are altered, the occurrences referred to are all based upon facts that actually took place.

It was one of those sober and rather melancholy days in the early part of the autumn, when the shadows of the morn and evening almost mingle together ; that my friend, Capt. Cross, who had risen with the sun that morning, could be seen making his way into town from his home, a little way out on the Brighton road ; my friend was early astir, hastening to the stables of the " Royal Oak," to look after a valuable horse that a few days before had arrived in town from his father's estate in Devon.

The Captain had almost reached Black Sam's Bridge when he heard, as he thought, a ship's bell ringing—it was quite clear and distinct to him—8 bells. The Captain was confounded, the sound did not appear to come from the sea ; rather as it were from the heart of the town. He stopped and heard the ominous sound again ; this time he thought it was some vessel on her way out of the harbour, and the wind had carried the sound to him across the Pond.

He started on again, and hastened to make up the time he had lost by this strange occurrence. He had reached the corner of

Pownal Street when he heard the bell again ; no given number, but a continual dreary toll, as if it were some fog-bell on some rock-bound coast. The Captain now thinking it was some foreign ship entering our harbour and, not knowing the channel, was nearing the shore, made his way to the small bridge at the entrance gates to Government House. Here he stopped and scanned the bay—he looked up and down, no vessels seemed astir, the “Fairy Queen” had not yet left for Pictou. There was a strong wind blowing. It swept in from the Straits, ruffling the surface of our placid harbour, and making it quite difficult for three Indians in a native canoe who were paddling their way from their encampment at Warren’s Farm to the landing place at Pownal wharf. Here he again heard the bell, this time in the town again. He thought no church bell would ring at this early hour. What could it be ?

The Captain now became deeply interested in his strange quest; forgetting all about his horse. He retraced his steps up Kent Street, and drawing near Pownal Street he heard the sound again, this time coming, he thought, from the belfry of the Kirk. Knowing it was unusual for the bell to ring at that still early hour, he decided to investigate the seeming mystery.

He crossed the street to Miss Macdonald’s corner, walking up Pownal Street till he came to Fitzroy; here he heard the St. James’ Church bell, no mistake, toll eight times, and lowering his eyes from the belfry to the entrance door, he there beheld on its very threshold three women dressed in some white material, with uncovered heads and feet. The women seemed not to notice him as he now made his way toward them. The bell now struck again, and on glancing up, he saw through the apertures the form, as he thought, of another woman; when he lowered his eyes it was but to see the church doors close upon the three that stood on the steps. As he reached the church door, Davy Nicholson, the Kirk sexton, turned the corner from the manse, where he (Davy) had been inquiring the cause of the bell-ringing at such an unseemly hour, and not receiving a satisfactory answer, decided to investigate for himself.

They both tried the church doors and found them securely fastened, and on looking through the small windows at the side

of the door saw the retreating form of a woman ascending the steps that led to the belfry.

The sexton now made off to the manse for the key, leaving the "gallant" Captain on guard, who, above the roar and whistle of the wind, which was now blowing a gale, could hear the sound of foot-falls and voices in the tower above.

The sexton, accompanied by the minister of the Kirk at that time, Dr. Snodgrass, now arrived on the scene. The door being unlocked, the trio made their way up to the belfry. The wind twisted and twined itself about the giddy stairs, and made the very tower shake and shiver, as they ascended the ladder that led to the belfry, which was reached by a small trap-hatch, that had to be shut down when the bell was rung from above. The sound of the peal was heard again by the sexton and Capt. Cross who were climbing the ladder; Dr. Snodgrass, who was in the chamber beneath, failed to hear it on account of the moaning and creaking of the tower at the time. Davy Nicholson was the first to throw up the hatch and gain access to the belfry, the Captain following close after. The hatch being closed to make room for the both to stand under the bell, they together examined the apartment, Davy putting his head out one of the small openings in the steeple where a view of the exterior of the belfry might be obtained. Inside and outside there was no one to be seen, though when they had reached the belfry the bell was still vibrating. Davy blamed the wind for the mystery, notwithstanding he having acknowledged to have seen the women going up the stairs from the first floor to the chamber above, but the Capt. still claimed that "there was a woman in it" somewhere.

Descending to the porch below, where the Doctor awaited them seeking to find out the cause of the unseemly disturbance, the Captain narrated to Dr. Snodgrass his peculiar adventure of the morning. The Doctor admitted that the bell might have rung, though he thought it was hardly possible; ridiculed the idea of either the Captain or sexton seeing the women. The sexton repudiated his statement about seeing the women ascend the stairs, but the "power of the church," embodied in the minister, had no terror for the Captain, who still stoutly

maintained that he had seen the women, and their appearance had left a lasting impression on his mind.

The church being locked up again, the minister and sexton returned home, the Captain proceeded to attend to his horse, and the obscure events of the morning passed from their minds. Through the day the Doctor learned that the housekeeper at Dr. Mackieson's and several others in the vicinity of the Kirk had heard the bell at the same hour as the sexton and the Captain.

In the afternoon of the same day, Friday, Oct. 7th, 1853, the sad intelligence that the mail steamer "Fairy Queen" had been lost in the strait between Pictou Island and Cariboo, and seven lives lost, four ladies and three men, three of whom were members of St. James' Church congregation, recalled to the minds of the parties interested the strange events of the morning, the appearance of the women, and the ringing of the bell, which was thought by Capt. Cross to have sounded like a ship's bell. To the above mystery I can offer no satisfactory solution. Life—for the present we are but half alive—is full of the marvellous. That we may understand more of the marvellous capacities latent in ourselves, and of the phenomena which surround us, is the object for which this narrative has been written.

Columbus set out on his journey across the Atlantic with no design of discovering America. What he dreamed of was a short cut to India, yet his pursuit of that phantasy created for civilization a new world. So it may be with us. The goal that we seek to reach may evade us, but in the quest we may attain to many results of which we have as little conception to-day as Columbus had of the United States when he set sail from Spain. We feel that we gain by "believing what we cannot prove;" and that we lose by giving in to that spirit of perverseness which arrogantly demands proof in defiance of a secret consciousness that the power that holds the proof can afford to smile at the impertinence, and is strong enough to crush out all opposition at any moment.

Unheedfulness,—that is the worst of foes;
 Unheedfulness, of poisons all, most fell:
 It is the path to hell and death that goes;
 The robber at salvation's citadel.

—*Buddha's Dying Word.*

Retaliation—A Historical Fact.

BY LAWRENCE W. WATSON.



THE present century, which is now so nearly numbered with the past, was yet in its infancy when Charlottetown, all unconscious, enjoyed the privilege of including among her inhabitants a negro, whom we know of only by his family name of Stiles, and one Lewis, who, while of paler racial colour, was but a shade, if at all, nearer than his companion to the high standard of morality commonly spoken of as "spotless."

It were too colossal a task for me to undertake to outline even a few of the many questionable deeds which combined to make these two names among the most notorious of the time in their native province; but now, after many decades, others have risen to fame, and these two worthies are all but forgotten. Still, certain interesting series of events in which they figured are known to but a few besides myself, and, lest they be lost to posterity, I venture, all unworthy, to commit them to paper, as additional evidence towards establishing the truth of the proverb that "everything comes to him who waits."

I know not for what offence it was—'tho, if the records of the criminal court of the time be preserved, the curious may therein find the particulars, if they wish,—but certain it is that Lewis was once charged with a grave offence, for which he was put upon his trial, found guilty and sentenced to be beaten with many stripes.

What was called by an Apostle "frowardness of the flesh," and by a great American humorist (possibly more tersely, if not as elegantly) "inward cussedness" so outweighed all feelings of friendship in Stiles as to prompt him to offer his services as administrator of justice at the expense of the comfort of his quondam companion, and the entirety of the skin of his back. His offer accepted, he, in due time, at the appointed place, with an excellent display of natural ability, and stimulated, no doubt,

by the plaudits of an admiring crowd, administered to poor Lewis a whipping, brutal in its severity and calculated to last in the memories of the onlookers with an intensity second only to that with which the unfortunate victim had reason to remember it, in sorest anguish for many a long day.

I am not aware that the sufferer committed to paper a description of his feelings at the time, nor am I in a position to say whether any hopeful prospect of retaliation "in kind" found a place in his cogitations; I only presume that, like the Dutchman's owl, he "said little but thought a lot," and, as Brer Fox did, "he lay low."

Now it happened some time afterwards, that a poor, passionate wretch, accused of a serious crime, was, after trial, adjudged guilty and sentenced to suffer the death penalty on the gallows in the lot on the south side of Queen's Square now occupied by the school building and its play-ground.

I do not know whether it was the previous good character of the condemned which appealed to the sympathy of the public, some mitigating circumstances in the case, or the severity of the sentence which excited their indignation, but, so great was the spirit of disquiet in the community, the authorities had reason to fear a public interference with the course of justice, and ordered out a contingent of the militia of the day.

Among others included in the number of these guardians of the peace, was one Hood, a cordwainer (as shoemakers were called in those days) who left his half finished job of pegging the soles on to a pair of boots to furbish up his accoutrements and to report for instructions at the headquarters of the company. During his absence his workshop was entered and the boots feloniously abstracted therefrom.

The morning of the next day dawned. Crowds thronged towards the place of execution and pressed around the foot of the scaffold where the little company of armed volunteers stood guard against a possible attempt on the part of the populace to rescue the condemned criminal from the supreme penalty of the law. At the appointed time a dreary procession including the doomed man, his guards and the chaplain, arrived upon the

scene and ascended the scaffold, followed by the hangman disguised in mask and strange attire. All eyes were centred upon the group, and none more attentively than those of our friend the shoe-maker, Hood, who, from a place of vantage, had excellent opportunity of observing every detail. Naturally a person's feet are objects of interest (as being the possible source of profit) to disciples of St. Crispan, which may have been the reason why Hood directed his attention to the boots and shoes of the ascending party.

Could it be that he was dreaming, or did his missing boots indeed adorn the feet of the chief actor in the tragedy of the day? Hood could scarce believe his eyes, but there, as sure as fact could vouch for, the hangman wore the identical, half-finished boots which had disappeared from the maker's bench while last night's moon was coursing through the heavens.

The execution over, while yet the groups which lingered at the corners of the streets were speculating as to whom the hangman was, the much-elated tradesman, relieved from duty, had laid information against the official avenger of abused justice, who in consequence was placed upon trial for a crime in those days considered not disproportionate with that for which he had but a short space previously launched into eternity the soul of an unfortunate fellow-creature.

Now, estimate with me if you can, the pardonable delight with which our friend Lewis watched the progress of the trial when it had transpired that the hangman, now accused of theft, was none other than the flogger, Stiles, who had left his cruel mark, if not his signature, writ in blood upon his naked back not many months before. Can we wonder if a craving for revenge was a stronger motive with Lewis than solicitude that Justice should be satisfied for the theft of a paltry pair of boots? Who can blame him in his exultation when the accused was adjudged guilty and sentenced to receive a goodly number of lashes from the cat-o'-nine-tails in expiation of the crime? And when Mr. Sheriff Longworth sought a stalwart man to administer the flogging, what more natural than that Lewis



should apply for, and take much pleasure in securing, the task of inflicting such well-deserved punishment as the court had deemed requisite for the satisfaction of the offence?

Long his aching scars had cried in mute appeal for vengeance; long the isolation of his humiliation had galled him with the recollection of his merciless and brutal flogging. One could not expect that one of his kind would worry much over the dereliction of his friend. His feelings, of a baser type, were all the more intense; hence, his gratification more supreme,—retribution doubly sweet.

I have but little doubt that could we all have seen the flogging which Lewis administered to Stiles that day we would have been moved to pity for the latter poor, sore-tortured creature, but, as an ideal of satisfying retribution, we cannot but enter, if only a little, into sympathy with the supreme satisfaction of Lewis, as with no loving hand, he sank the "Cat" in heavy, biting stripes deep into the flesh of Stiles' quivering back.

* * * * *

"'Tis a long lane which has no turning." "Long looked-for comes at last." Truly "revenge is very, very sweet!"



A Query.

NINETEEN centuries ago, there came to man, in the song of the heavenly host, the sublimest conception of human life. Only the greatest have known in their lives the significance of Peace. Of spotless purity, scorning the unreal, calmly stable in the strength of conviction, triumphant in adversity, ready to do and to bear valiantly, Peace stands as the queenliest attribute of the soul. Aggressive, yet incapable of enmity, enduring, yet intolerant of human degradation, she seeks to elevate all to her own lofty ideal. Drummond, the great interpreter of truth, tells of two paintings illustrative of rest : one a lake, calm, unruffled, midst the shelter of surrounding mountains ; the other a cataract, thundering, dashed into foam. Bending over the fall, a tree, almost wet with the spray, held a bird on its nest.

Character grows from the play of human passion on circumstance. Science defines life as correspondence with environment. Does the "stress of outward things" relax as the years sweep on? Does the "perpetual petty larceny of our life by trifles" evoke a valiant resistance? How much of calm characterizes society to-day? Was competition ever so rife, emulation ever so keen, ambition ever so dominant? Have not the cares and complexities of modern civilization woven a web of subtle intricacy that fairly bewilders the ingenuous and firmly entangles the unwary? When did man's environment mean so much to him as to-day? When did life consist so much in the abundance of what man possesses?

Christianity needed a Renan to remind it that the greatest service which can be rendered humanity is to repeat often that it lives not by bread alone. Does an ideal life pulsate through the nerves of modern labor strained to an utmost tension? or has bread alone become a satisfaction for the struggle of the daily toiler?

Labor is man's obedience to a divine mandate, and obedience has yielded him in return a mystic knowledge. Jealously does Nature guard her secrets ; one by one with a cautious reluctance has she confided them to the genius of labor and sacrifice. Steadily has knowledge grown through the years ; has it begotten the

reverence that makes of one accord both mind and soul? or has its growth meant but the accumulation of human care, a necessity for its own omnipotence? How will the knowledge of a myriad microbes, which man has wrested from nature and forced on his own ken, affect his physical economy?

Zoroaster taught that those who followed after wisdom moved in a circle, the end of their labor being a return to pristine ignorance. Will man, one day, for the sake of Peace, be satisfied with the "beginning of wisdom"? Does the angelic benediction fall, at the dawn of the twentieth century, as the veriest mockery of a human unrest, or does it awaken a respondent harmony from a Life triumphant?

TOPSV.

Christmas Greetings.

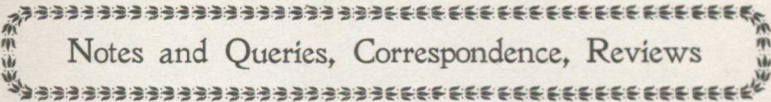
BY MAY CARROLL.

Merry Christmas! Merry Christmas!
 Gay and clear the greeting rings,
 Fresh from hearts whose love would wish us
 Every joy the season brings.

Merry Christmas! Gladsome greeting!
 Peace it brings to weary hearts;
 Reck they not of sorrows fleeting
 When The Lamb such peace imparts.

Merry Christmas! From the manger
 Heaven's King the message speeds;—
 Out of darkness, sin and danger
 Now a ransomed world He leads.

Merry Christmas! Swell the greeting
 Till through earth the tidings ring,
 And with grateful hearts a-beating,
 To the Throne our homage bring.



Notes and Queries, Correspondence, Reviews

Information Wanted.

A correspondent writes from Revere, Mass., as follows:

"I am very much pleased with the Magazine, particularly the descriptions of old times and old settlers. I am very much interested in the account of the parties who received grants of land for their services in the English army. You would be conferring a great favour if you would publish an account of the land owned by Ronald McDonald, I think it is, Lot 25. The land was granted to his father and Ronald was sent out from Scotland to take possession of it about the year 1790. I have been told that he owned the same amount of land in P. E. I. as the late Bruce Stewart owned. If you can send me any definite information concerning Ronald, or the name of his father to whom the grant was given, I will pay you for your trouble. You can send me the desired information either by private letter or published in your Magazine. Either way will be thankfully received." Perhaps some of our readers will be able to enlighten this correspondent.

* *

From Atlin, B. C.

"Two old Islanders desire to become subscribers to your Magazine The Captain got your first number somewhere and gave me a "read" of it I was glad and sorry about one bit of news in it. Glad to know that there was to be a new college building; sorry that the old one must needs disappear. Don't I remember the old days, first under Mr. Arbuckle and then under Prof. Anderson. Three of the old boys were photographed in front of our church tent a few days ago—W. L. Clay, T. D. Desbrisay and myself. We are great wanderers, we herring backs, but we all agree that no spot we have struck is quite so dear to us as the Island. Perhaps, if you will give me room, I shall give you a bit now and again about our land and the life up here. It will be of interest to some whose boys are with us and to others also, whose thoughts at least have wandered to this land of gold. With best wishes for the success of your venture, I am yours in sincerity—JOHN PRINGLE.

* *

Military Affairs on P. E. Island.

In reply to two correspondents who have made similar requests for articles on the old Militia and Volunteer corps of this province we are happy to state that contributions on the subject will appear in the Prince Edward Island Magazine during the winter.

Book Notes.

One of the most popular books of the day,—“The Cruise of the Cachalot”—should be of interest to our readers because of its dedication to Miss Emily Hensley, sister of the late Mr. Justice Hensley and of Mrs. Hobkirk of this city, through whose influence and interest the author,—Frank T. Bullen—was at least in part educated and to whom he is indebted, as he states in the dedication, for “thirty years’ constant friendship and practical help.” The book is a most interesting tale of a voyage of a whaler and is thus spoken of by Mr. Rudyard Kipling:—“It is immense—there is no other word. I’ve never read anything that equals it in its deep-sea wonder and mystery; nor do I think that any book before has so completely covered the whole business of whale-fishing, and at the same time given such real and new sea-pictures. You have thrown away material enough to make five books, and I congratulate you heartily. It’s a new world that you have opened the door to.”

Mr. Jeremiah S. Clarke has in press, to be shortly issued from the Examiner Printing House, a book upon “Rand and the Micmacs”. Mr. Clark is well known to our readers as author of articles upon Micmac Mythology lately printed in this magazine, and is eminently qualified to carry out his undertaking successfully because of his enthusiasm, his mastery of his subject, and his command of a neat and lucid style of writing.

* *

Distinguished Recognition.

The following letter, received by one of our esteemed contributors in our care from no less a personage than the erudite Queen’s Printer of Canada, S. E. Dawson, L. L. D., F. R. S. C., will be read with eager interest as indicating much kindly sympathy with our Island, which has it appears a claim upon the learned doctor few knew anything about; and at the same time as showing how our humble efforts to make Island history known are attracting the attention of the whole Dominion. We are sure that no Prince Edward Islander will have anything but the kindest feelings for Dr. Dawson or anyone else honestly stating and proving his case. History ought to be truth. We append the Doctor’s letter with great pleasure.

Ottawa, 9th October, 1899.

Rev. A. E. Burke, B.D.,
Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

Revd. and Dear Sir,—I beg to acknowledge receipt of a number of the Prince Edward Island Magazine containing a valuable article on Cartier’s landing upon the Island written by you, in which you are good enough to mention the work which I have done in the Royal Society towards elucidating such questions as these, and I write to thank you for the kind mention of my name. I am afraid that some of my friends on the Island—and I have many there—rather resented my disproof of Cabot having landed there, but I really could not help it. It did not seem to me true, and as I was working up the question I could not receive it. Besides it did not seem to me a matter of much importance. My father was born on the Island, and I had every motive for a kindly feeling towards it; so if I could by any chance have got Cabot there I would not have had the least objection to his landing.

Again thanking you for your article and the Magazine.

I remain,

Yours truly,

S. E. DAWSON.

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Ottawa, 9th October, 1899.

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S. E. DAWSON.



T. B. RILEY

Queen Street, Charlottetown

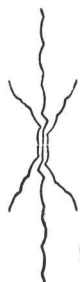
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THE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE

1899

CHRISTMAS

1899

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 Grey Opposum Collar with dark tails 3.80
 Very large Grey Opposum Storm Collars 4.20
 and 4.60
 Very pretty Storm Collars of Grey Persian Lamb 5.35
 Electric Seal Collars, short, fine, warm fur 4.95
 Very choice Electric Seal Collars, large and full 6.15
 Fine Black Astrachan Collars, trimmed with Thibet Fur ... 7.65
 Very handsome large Storm Collars of Electric Seal, high collar, deep cape base \$11.45, 11.60, 12.65, 13, 16, 18 30

Rich, stylish, Sable Collars, very new shapes beautiful fur, \$20 up
 Neat black Hair Ruffs, plain but serviceable, \$1.05, \$1.38, \$1.65
 Nicely made Grey Opposum \$1.15, \$2.10, \$3.05, \$3.60, \$4.50
 Trim and dainty Ruffs of Electric Seal, finished with 8 Sable tails 4.60
 Stylish Sable Ruffs, nicely made of choice fur 5.30
 Bear Ruffs, very well made and finished, are here at 6.15
 Then we take a jump to an elegant Ruff in Alaska Sable at 7.75
 Better Sable Ruffs are here at \$9.20, \$13.70, etc.
 Stone Martin Ruffs \$18 up

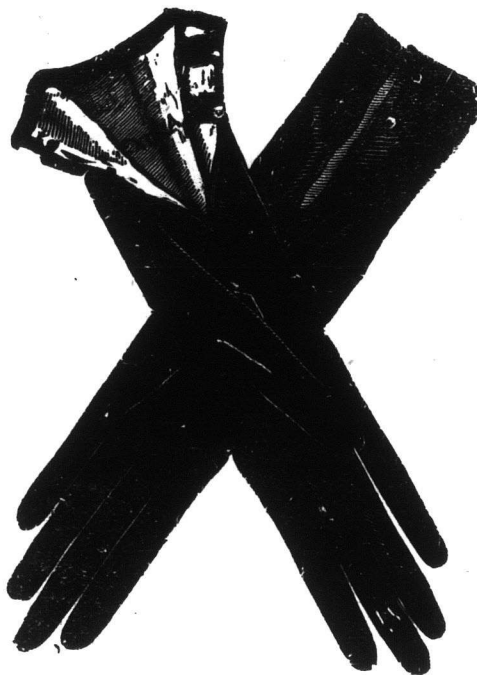
Then there are Mitts of a dozen or more prices.
 Ask us to show you the Muffs and Fur Caps.

Some of the prices in the lower grade of Mitts are \$2.35, \$3.45, \$4.60

We sell only Fur Coats that we can guarantee, and we do guarantee every one—for a year. Fine black Astrachan Coats, handsome fur, splendid make and finish, \$27.50, \$35, \$38, \$40, \$42, \$43.50.

MOORE & McLEOD

Kid Gloves



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CHRISTMAS GIFT

FOR EITHER LADY OR GENTLEMAN

... Trefousse and Rouillons ...

• Every Pair Guaranteed •

THE BEST STOCK IN THE PROVINCE

STANLEY BROS.

CHARLOTTETOWN

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more welcome than
Or more likely to
before the recip-

e prices of Furs
honestly made of
by the best fur
arth."

le Collars, very
autiful fur, \$20 up
Ruffs, plain but
\$1.05, \$1.38, \$1.65
Grey Opposum
\$3.05, \$3.60, \$4.50
Ruffs of Electric
with 8 Sable
..... 4.60
fs, nicely made
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\$2.35, \$3.45, \$4.60
we do guarantee
s, handsome fur,
2, \$43.50.

McLEOD

A HISTORY

OF

The Apothecaries Hall

From its establishment in 1810 to the present time would clearly prove its claim to be "the oldest and most reliable" drug store on the Island.

The Proprietor wishes you the "Compliments of the Season," and requests a continuance of your kind patronage.

GEORGE E. HUGHES THE PEOPLE'S DRUGGIST

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John McLeod  Co.

FOR

Best Fur Coats
Best Persian Lamb Collars
Otter Collars, Beaver Collars
Dress Suits, Prince Albert Suits
Business Suits, Boys' Suits
Fur-lined Overcoats, and all other kinds of Overcoats
Ladies' Jackets

The Largest Stock on P. E. Island to select from.

John McLeod & Co.

Merchant Tailors and Mantle Makers

QUEEN STREET, CHARLOTTETOWN.

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Christmas

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PETERS, INGS,
& SAUNDERS

BARRISTERS
SOLICITORS, &C.

Arthur Peters, Q. C. A. Ernest Ings
Albert C. Saunders

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OFFICES—Charlottetown, Cameron Block.
Summerside, Opposite Merchants
Bank of Halifax.

J. E. WYATT

(Successor to Hodgson & Wyatt)

BARRISTER, &C.

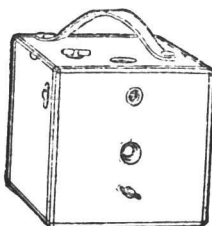
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Solicitor for Summerside Bank
and Bank of Nova Scotia.

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\$5.00 Uses Eastman's
light-proof film
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Fine achromatic lens, safety
shutter, set of three stops and
socket for tripod screw. Well
made and covered with leather.
No extras, no bothersome plate
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Johnson & Johnson, Agents

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Ladies' Dress Skirts

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" Under Skirts

" Jackets

" Gloves

" Hosiery

FRESH NEW STOCK
AT RIGHT PRICES

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friend you would like to keep posted on Island affairs.

Christmas Presents

IN MEN'S FURNISHINGS

See our Neckwear — new shapes — some with one in a box. Suitable for a Christmas Gift.

Muffler and Chest Protector combined—the newest thing out.

Fur-lined Gloves, Silk-lined Mocho Gloves, Silk Handkerchiefs, Suspenders, &c.

Gordon & McLellan

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Your Christmas Cake should be bought at the

ECLIPSE BAKERY

We have the facilities for making it. We use only fresh eggs, and the best of butter—we bake it right. Every cake guaranteed to be of the best quality, and free from grit and seeds.

Your order will receive prompt attention.

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Eclipse Bakery

Bakes Best Bread.

Ebony

As a mounting for all kinds of brushes, hand mirrors, manicure goods, etc., is rapidly growing in favor; and this year we find a large percentage of this class of goods thus mounted. We are showing a very complete line, including **Hand Mirrors, Cloth, Hair, Bonnet and Hat Brushes, &c.** either plain or silver mounted; which will be sold at very low prices this month.

G. F. HUTCHESON

The Queen Street Jeweller.

AZINE

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FURNISHINGS

some with one
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McLellan

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F. HUTCHESON

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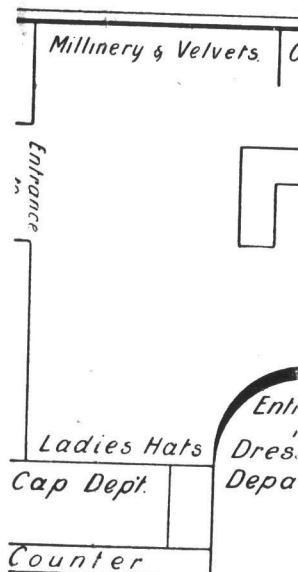
and best goods to be

is the latest in Collars
for and Colored Shirts, in
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is goods, Kid Gloves and
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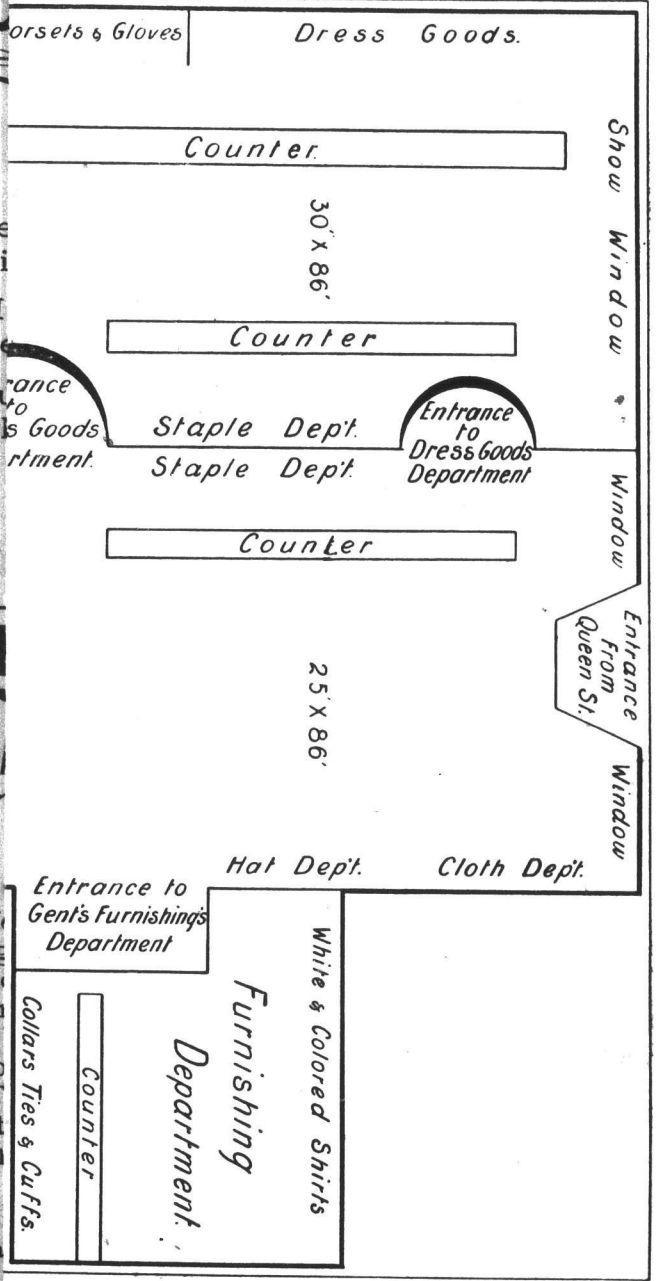
QUETOWN, P. E. ISLAND



Hat Dept.

DIAMOND STRE

QUEEN STREET



Corsets & Gloves
 Dress Goods.
 Counter.
 30' X 86'
 Counter
 Staple Dept.
 Staple Dept.
 Entrance to Dress Goods Department
 Counter
 25' X 86'
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Has always been, and this season will maintain its reputation of being

HEADQUARTERS
FOR

CHRISTMAS
PERFUMES

and all kinds of

Toilet * Requisites

suitable for PRESENTS
for

LADIES,
GENTLEMEN
AND CHILDREN

If you are looking for Presents
come in and let us suggest
some to you.

A LARGE VARIETY
MARKED LOW

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WHETHER YOU BUY OR NOT



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Window
Entrance
Window

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**The finest assortment of Rattan
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Fancy Screens
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Music & Book Shelves
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NOW VERY CHEAP

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What we are looking for

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THE EXAMINER OFFICE

This Magazine is printed there.

**The prices are as low as any-
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The work is unusually better.

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SEE OUR
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— OF —

Jewelry, Stirling Silver and Fine Cut Glass

It is well worth your time, whether you are ready to buy or not. The stock is so large and so varied that you are sure to find just what you want within your means. The assortment covers everything in

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Jewelry for Women
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Prices are moderate, too.

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KID GLOVES
FOR
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You can save time and thought when you have a gift on your mind.

GLOVES

There is nothing surer to give pleasure to the recipient and satisfaction to the giver than a pair of gloves.

**Gloves for Ladies, Gentlemen,
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**Variety the Greatest. Prices the
Lowest.**

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— AT —

FLETCHER'S PIANO WAREROOMS

OPERA HOUSE
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DON'T HOLD BACK!

- You can get a Lady's Gold-plated Hunting Case Watch,
- You can get a Lady's Gold-plated Open Face Watch.
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ime and thought when
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sure to give pleasure
and satisfaction to the
of gloves.

Ladies, Gentlemen,

Greatest. Prices the

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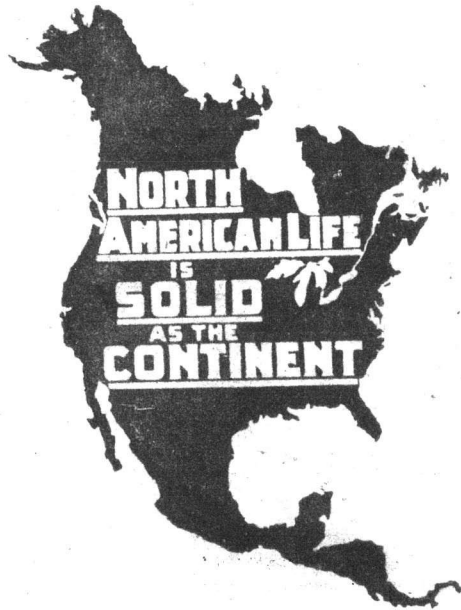
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