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JULY, 1901

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

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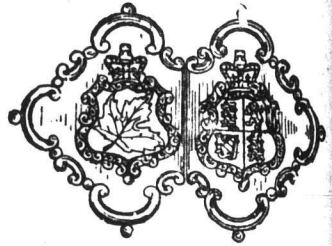
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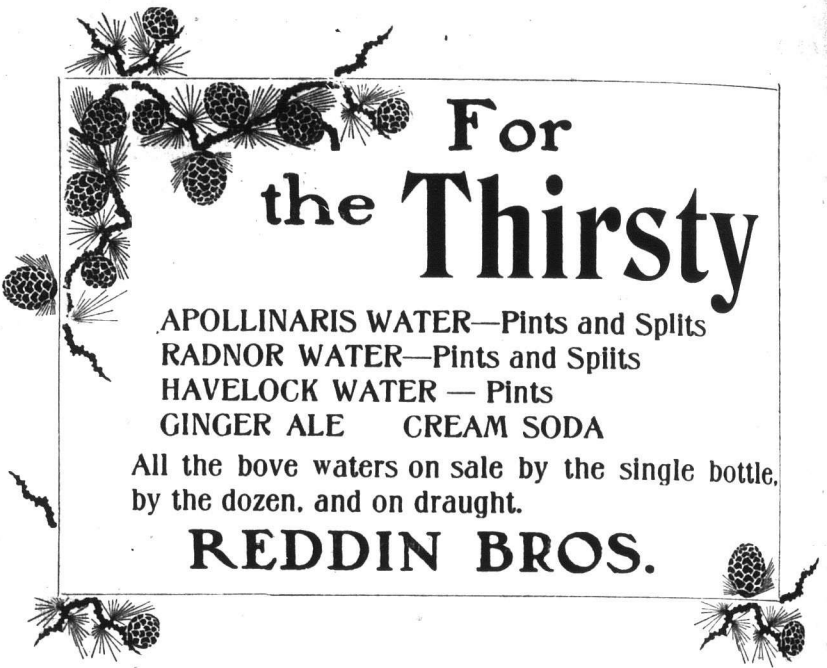
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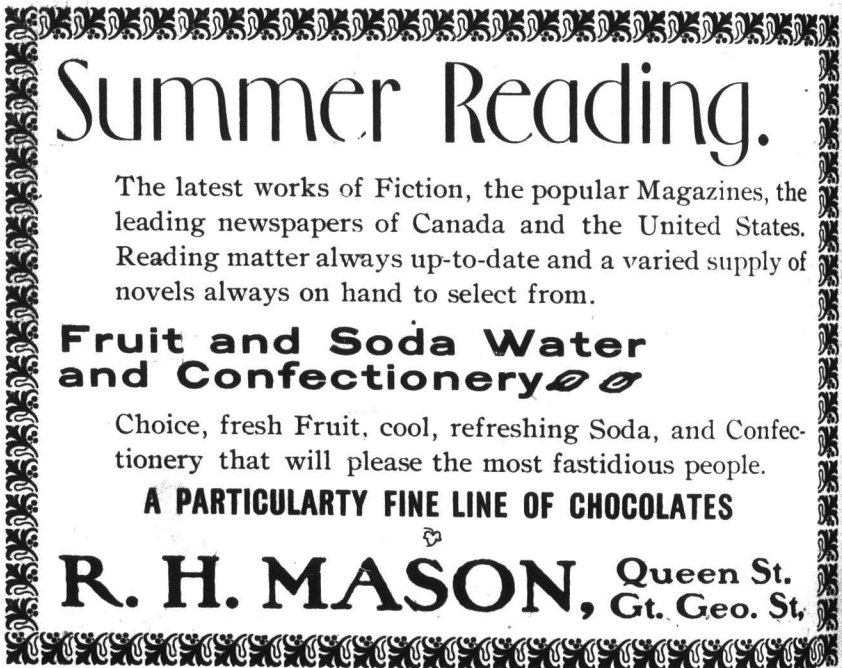


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ON THE MORELL RIVER

THE
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND
MAGAZINE

VOL. III

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The Sons I Sent.

THE spirit of the Northland,
The genius of our soil,
The Mentor that hath quickened
Our dreaming and our toil ;
Told by the tongues of mortals
The fervour of the land ;
Spake to the wondering peoples
Her declamation grand :--

Ye thought that I had forgotten ;
Ye thought I was weaned away
In the pride of a new ambition
The stress of a modern day ;

That here on my plains of plenty
Self-centered and sure I stood,
And held as a worn-out garment
The codes of our common blood.

But, cradled among the snowdrifts
And crooned by the polar gales
I nurtured my sons in silence,
I nourished my firstling males ;

I reared them so calm, so slowly,
Ye thought that their blood ran cold,
That the stamp of their West-bound footprints
Was cast in an alien mould,

And they from their blood-bonds turning,
As a son with man-like pride
Will turn from his father's roof-tree
And cleave to a stranger bride.

But the century pine though changing
Is surely a pine tree still ;
And the sprout of the dying acorn
The life of an oak must fill.

So these of my sons who follow,
Who spring from our primal seed
Must move with their inborn instincts
That course in their blood and breed.

And here on my misty coastlands
They gathered them face to face,
And whispered their ancient legends
The threads that have knit their race ;

They talked of them long together
In village and greenwood glade,
The things that were dreamed by Arthur,
The laws that our Alfred made;

The creed of the saintly Edward
Grown broader beyond the flood;
The deeds of the Lion-hearted,
Though his were but deeds of blood;

The lays of the Ayrshire plowman
The Lark that was "made to mourn,"
The tales of our household Shakespeare
An English of England born.

These stirred in their blood and leavened
Their thoughts when their lips were dumb ;
Like a still, small voice in their brooding
That whispered of things to come.

When lo! from a sun-dried Southland
Came tidings of bitter war,
Of a slow and stubborn people
Who cling to the things that are,

With them of my children's kindred,
Their clansmen beyond the sea,
Who watch by their signal beacons
And reach for the things to be.

And then when the call was sounded,
Their spirit was stirred at length ;
As a lion springs from slumber
And wakening, finds his strength.

They came from the quiet farm-house
Where life hath an even beat,
They gathered from forge and workshop,
They massed in the bustling street.

From West, where the cloudless twilight
Sinks out on the prairie's rim,
And West, where the walled, white waters
Dash down in the shadows dim.

To the help of an ardent people,
A people who may not sleep ;
For they who were born to conquer
Must ever be trained to keep.

Oh ! fair were my deep love's offerings
Nor blemish nor blight had they,
But eager and strong and clean-limbed
They, wondering, went away.

I sent them in hope and trembling,
But never a dread of shame ;
I blessed them and cheered them outward
And watched for the news that came.

I heard of their long, hot marches,
Their fights with the ambushed foe
Who crouched in his rock-built fortress
And smote on the ranks below.

And then when the Death passed over,
The peoples had ceased to slay,
When the few who had dared an Empire
Were broken and swept away;

I joyed in my children's triumph
As homeward they came in pride;
I gave for the living welcome
But tears for the ones who died.

I weep for the ones who come not,
Whose faces in vain I seek,
Who sleep by the blood-stained Modder,
Or hard-by the snow-capped peak.

But whether they met in battle
The death that was quick and hard;
Or whether they writhed in fever
And died in the long, white ward,

And whether in sodden trenches
Or confined and sheeted bed,
They lie in their dreamless slumber,
My faithful, my forfeit dead;

This, this is my boast and solace
That the Lion's whelps were brave;
That the sons I sent were worthy
As the best the Old Land gave.

For this is their New Land's glory,
And thus for their Old Love's sign
They swing to their place appointed
Close rank in the long-drawn line,

That down in the fervid tropics
Or under the Midnight Sun,
Will march where the morning beckons
With steps as the tread of one.

And these be their far-flung watchwords
Passed onward from breath to breath:
"We share in your gains and glories,
We taste of your pains and death.

"'Twas thus that our 'Loyal' fathers
In anguish prepared us room,
For this was their pride and passion
As this is our hope or doom."

And they of the times to follow,
Joint-heirs of our ampler part,
Will move on the Earth's far confines
Like the heart of the Old Land's heart.

WEBSTER ROGERS.

Prince Edward Island in 1765—Continued.

HERE are Bears, Otters, Martins, Foxes, red, black and gray, Lynxes or Wild Cats, Minxes, Musk Rats, and some, though very few Carribou, a kind of a Deer; Hares extremely good, but in the winter are white. Of birds, may be accounted the Eagles of their several species, though not very common; Hawks, Partridges, a kind of a Thrush called Robins, in great abundance, who sing very agreeably; of birds of passage there are a great variety, as Doves, which come in July and August, Corbejeaux, a kind of a Woodcock, which fly together in large flocks; Plover, Snipes, Curlews, Outards, a large and fine sort of Wild Goose; the Brant Goose, a smaller sort but of

excellent flavour ; Ducks of many kinds, Teel, Moyaques, Cacois, Marchaux, Cacoas, Carmes de Roche, Goelans, Esterlets; Margotts, Godes, Sea Pigeons, Perrigains, &c., many of which are peculiar to this climate : but in the winter there is scarce a bird to be seen except Partridges and some few straggling wild fowl, who either wait to breed, or are else crippled, and are disabled from accompanying the rest upon their return. Fish—both Sea and River fish there is in great abundance, and extremely good, viz : Cod, Turbot, Hollybut, Thombock, Sturgeon, Plaice, Flounders, Mackerel and Gaspereau, a kind of a Mackerel, but smaller, and often used as bait for Codfish. In the rivers and lakes are also very fine Trout and Eels, Smelts ; also, in Morel River are some salmon ; along the coast and in the rivers are Lobsters, Oysters and Mussels, extremely good and in great plenty, besides a shell fish they call Clams, and another named Razor Fish—in short, for beasts, birds and fish, no place can wish to be more plentifully stored, though the chase of them is attended with difficulty and trouble, and requires much patience.

NATURE AND EFFECTS OF THE CLIMATE.

The time of setting in of the frosts in winter and their breaking up in the spring is very uncertain, sometimes being a difference of three or four weeks. In general it is observed, that about October there usually begins to be frosts morning and evening, which gradually increase in severity till about the middle of December, when it becomes extremely sharp; at this time a North-west wind, with small sleet, seldom fails. In a little time the rivers on the Island are frozen up, and even some distance from the land, upon the Sea coast, the ice soon becomes safe to travel upon, and is at least from 22 or 24 to 30 inches thick. The snow upon the ground and in the woods is often a surprising depth, and no possibility of passing except upon show shoes. The Acadians now have recourse to little cabins or huts in

the woods, where they are screened from the violence of the weather, and at the same time have the convenience of wood for fuel so near them. Here they live upon the fish they have cured in the summer, and other game which they frequently kill, as Hares, Partridges, Lynxes or Wild Cats, Otters, Martins or Musk Rats, none of which they refuse to eat, as their necessities press them. In the spring the rivers seldom break up till April, and the snow is not entirely off the ground till the middle of May. It ought to be observed here, that as St. John's is fortunately not troubled with fogs as the neighboring Islands of Cape Breton and Newfoundland, neither is it so settled and constant a climate as Canada ; here is quick and frequent change of weather, as rain, snow, hail and hard frosts, which sometimes succeed each other in a very small space of time.

The respective divisions of the Island are as near as possible, agreeably to my instructions ; the division of the Counties, Parishes and Townships bounded by the Magnetic North and South, or East and West lines, being the most easy way of running the lines for the Surveyors that will be employed on this service, the natural situation of the Island having favored this method. It is not possible to divide the Counties or Parishes into more equal parts, as the lines otherwise would have been too much confounded and confused; it has also been observed in dividing the Townships to give them a share of what natural advantages the Island afforded. The two inland lots that could not be brought to any Township are left undetermined. There are 520 acres preserved for the first Lot, having 1000 yards to the North, South and West from the centre of Fort Amherst, and to the East as far as the water side ; but it must also be remarked that the first Lot takes up almost all the cleared lands of Port Joy.

There may be some small brooks in the centre of the Island not expressed in the plan.

The scale proposed to work with, I was obliged to alter

to that of 4000 feet to a yard, as we found that sufficiently large and expressive ; but should any part be required to be of a still larger scale, it shall be done whenever ordered. The project for laying out the County Towns will be sent by the first opportunity from Louisburg.

Throughout the whole survey has been observed the greatest exactness ; and all Rivers and Creeks are surveyed as far as a boat or canoe would go, or the chainmen penetrate, but sometimes we were obliged to stop, by inaccessible woods and swamps.

(Signed) SAMUEL HOLLAND.

Island St. John's, Observation Cove,
October 5th, 1765.

School Days at Long River.

IN looking over our past life and reviewing former circumstances, it fills the heart with longings for participation again in the joys of childhood, when life was a dream and every prospect pleased ; although I suppose man was just as vile. Yet to our young and unsophisticated minds it was not so apparent. But as life is a passing show, and everything is on the move, so youth, however happy, is of short duration. Nevertheless, short as it is it affords, ever after to the reflecting mind, many experiences, odd and pathetic as well as prosaic and commonplace.

Our memory goes back to the old school, where the benches on three sides were simply maple trees hewed or sided down to four or five inches, with holes bored in each end for legs to support them, and shorter benches or planks to go across in the middle.

In winter on those we sat until we extracted the frost. How many days we spent or wasted, turned into the desks

pretending to cipher or write composition, but in reality very often killing time until recess or dinner hour; when we were commanded to put up our work and turn out—after which we were dismissed. As there was a large spruce woods just by, our pastime very often was to pick gum at recess; and at dinner hour we often repaired to what we termed “the barrens,” a place where we found nearly at all seasons berries of different kinds,—if no blueberries then teaberries or withrood. After being there a reasonable time some one would sing out, “school will be in.” We knew the consequences of disregarding this warning, and a stampede would be made, the strongest leading the way with the youngest bringing up the rear. Many a tumble and bruise we got, but what of that. As we neared the school we would slacken our pace to get composed and allow the less speedy to come up, and it was wonderful how often we would turn up just as the teacher would be slapping on the desk with his stick which told us time was up.

In this “barrens” there was a house of modest pretensions, which we shied clear of, as it was understood that the owner kept dogs which were very ferocious. So the berries for a considerable distance around the house were untouched by the scholars. Whenever a bark was heard it meant, “beware!” One day I went to this house with a grown-up friend, and after waiting for some time for the owner to take away the fastening and props from the door, we entered. There was a partition through the centre of the building. The first part contained a cow in one corner, a pig in the other, with hens roosting overhead; the family living in the other end. The old lady of the house showed the true motherly instinct by offering me a cake. I was such a little fellow I don’t remember whether I took it or not. The father and sons were greatly in demand in those days to play the fiddle. They were great players, and frolics were very common. When they did not go away to

play they played at home, and their simple idea of happiness, no doubt in this way, was realized to their hearts' content. We often met the old man, while berry-picking, digging up spruce roots and withroods, of which he used to make baskets for the neighbors, which helped him to procure tea and tobacco. As my father used to keep a small store the old man's visits for those articles were so often I used to think the family lived on tea and tobacco.

In the winter if the ice was clear we played upon the pond which was near by the school. The track was through a thick spruce woods, very dark. We used to go Indian file, and going so many and so often we had worn a road through the wood; and it is distinct in my mind yet—the windings and turnings—the several old pine logs—and the trees we had marked on the way. At last when we could see the ice glistening before us those that had skates would gird them on, while the others would enjoy themselves sliding, or by holding on to the skaters' coat tails. Before putting on their skates the big boys would sometimes go up as far as possible toward the source, selecting a thick part of the ice, if possible. Others coming out of the woods, and seeing them there, would ask "is it safe." The answer would be "yes," and the new arrivals would come, unsuspecting, over the bank with a rush which precipitated them into the water that was only recently caught over. Of course, this trick could not be played very often, but I remember it being worked successfully once or twice. As this track to the pond through the thick woods was tramped so often, none ever lost their way in the winter; but in the summer, while picking gum, some got bewildered; although, as there was a road all around this woods they would turn up in time to be laughed at.

I understand it is conceded by medical men of to-day that chewing gum is injurious to the health. I do not think this can be borne out by facts, if we compare the

health and spirits of the youth then by what they are today. Everyone "chewed," the girls were adepts at it; they had a way of making the gum snap like whip cords, how this was done I never could understand; some of them used to enjoy taunting the boys of their want of proficiency in the art; perhaps it is akin to the crackling of the finger joints as some, by merely wringing their hands, could make a wonderful sound of dry bones which others, try as they might, could not do. Just a little up the stream from where we used to tap the ice is a bridge crossing the brook,—the water there used to be several feet deep but now it is only a shoal stream of a few inches.

Singing schools were common in those days and several teachers were prepared to teach this useful art. One, I remember, used to combine courting and teaching in one. He was remarkably good-natured, and, after going over the scale and explaining the notes, we would close up with several choice pieces.

The temperance organization had a loyal society in our school, and was strongly supported by the best of our people. The movement was new at the time and elicited great enthusiasm—still there was an element prepared to disturb, and as our school was in such close proximity to the woods it gave great opportunity for annoyance. I can assure the reader that the writer of this never took part in those disgraceful performances,—the operators were generally those that were black-beaned out of the society. They would feel injured and then perhaps retaliate by—as they used to call it—*rocking* the roof. This trick consisted in some one watching, and, when a person objectionable to the one deposed was up speaking in the meeting, a shower of stones would fall upon the roof with startling effect. This would bring the members out like bees, and cause the offenders to lie low or beat a hasty retreat. If the night were dark it was impossible to capture the culprit. I

am pleased to know that this spirit is of the past; and even if anybody essayed to do the same to-day he would not have the friendly shelter of the woods to hide in. The trees are almost all gone from the woods, and the last few that were left straggling around the old school ground disappeared during last summer.

Yet, often memory will revert to the happy times we there spent. I will not touch the minor chord and awake sad reflections by asking where are those that learned and laughed and played with us thirty-five or forty years ago. Echo answers, where?

J. J.

The Kingdom of Fish.

THE school year had drawn to a close; the birchen rod was set aside; the key was turned in the old school lock; the vacation season was on. On the following morning I took passage on the comfortable little mail steamer, St. Olaf, for the "Kingdom of Fish," the Magdalen Islands, a group some fifty miles north of Prince Edward Island, near the centre of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The day was beautifully clear, a gentle swell on the sea, (three or four *swells* on the boat,) and a soothing breeze from the south-east.

Presently we arrived at Amherst (named after Lord Amherst), the most southerly of the group. Here there is a village of about seventy houses, with two churches, an hotel and some neat little stores. The scenery on approaching the islands is grand. Entry is the first isle sighted. The rock bound coast of Grindstone, its verdant hills dotted with cottages, the spires of the little churches pointing heavenward, is a majestic scene that could not fail to fill an artist's soul with ecstasy or win the admiration of a lover of nature.

As my object in going to the Magdalens was to study

its physical features, resources, etc., as well as to enjoy the pleasures it affords—and it affords abundant in the form of boating, fishing, gunning and sea bathing—and as some of your readers may be uninformed as regards this interesting group of rock-walled islands, I will benefit them with a little of the knowledge I received by my visit.

The group consists of thirteen islands: Amherst, Grindstone, Entry, Deadman, Coffin, Alright, East, Byron, Grouse, Wolf, Gannet Rock, Little Bird Rock and Gull Island. They assume the form of a horse-shoe about fifty miles long, and at the widest part thirteen miles wide. The islands are connected by sand bars. Sometimes two sand bars join one island with another, forming a shallow sheet of water, or lagoon between the two bars. In season some of those bars are literally covered with wild strawberries.

The Islands were discovered by Jacques Cartier, in 1534, and in 1663 the Company of New France granted them to Sieur Doublet, a mariner of Harfleur, France. In summer the fishermen came from France and used the islands as a fishing station, but in the fall they returned to their homes, leaving the Islands destitute of persons for the winter, the undisputed kingdom of the walrus and seal. In 1757, four Acadian families came to the Islands from St. Peter's Bay, P. E. I., and made it their permanent home. At present the population is over five thousand. A large majority of the inhabitants are of French descent, primitive, hospitable French Acadians who speak a *patois* of their own which a cultured Frenchman might have some difficulty to understand. On Entry, Grouse and Byron Islands the inhabitants are mostly English.

The chief source of wealth is the fisheries. Sealing is one of the chief occupations of the inhabitants during the months of February and March. The seals are valuable for their skins, which are salted and shipped to Europe, and for the oil which is obtained by rendering the fat, which is

done by placing it in large tanks and leaving it to the action of the sun. Cod, herring and lobster fishing is carried on extensively during the summer months. The soil is fertile, but agriculture is not carried on to any great extent. Each man generally makes his own farming utensils so they are generally very roughly constructed, and farming operations are carried on in an antiquated and rude manner. There are some fine horses to be seen on the Magdalen Islands; the small ponies, once so numerous, are giving place to larger horses. One good feature about the Magdalen pony is that he does not require any more feed than a sheep. A pony and cart can be hired for 35 cents per day. The cart is more suitable for the Magdalens roads, especially for crossing the beaches. The cows, poultry, and pigs are somewhat larger than those on the continent, and are particularly hardy. Fishing being the chief occupation, it is not uncommon to see in front of a fisher's house a pile of fish, with women *gibbing* at one side of the heap and pigs eating out of the other. The most prominent part of the Magdalen Island pig is his nasal projection, and no doubt it proves of great service to him, for "root, hog, or die" seems to be the law of life among the swine race of this portion of the globe. A German tourist made the remark to me one day while discussing the native swine, that "they could dig clams in a fathom and a half of water without wetting their eyebrows. Hold a Magdalen Island pig up by the ears and if the snout does not weigh down the body he is fit for the butcher's knife. The hens' eggs have a strong fishy smell and taste.

There are no wild animals on the Island as the trees are all dwarf and would afford very poor shelter for them. The only trees found are birch, fir and spruce.

The climate is somewhat severer than that of P. E. Island owing to its isolated position and the high winds. The inhabitants seem robust and are of imposing stature,

but of late years consumption seems to be making inroads. The prevalence of this disease is without doubt due to the constant intermarriage of the same people. Anyhow, the climate is very unhealthy for consumptives. On nearing Amherst one of the first scenes to attract the eye is Dead-man's Island, a small island which very much resembles a corpse laid out for burial. Amherst, Grindstone, Albright and Entry enclose a beautiful sheet of water called Pleasant Bay. At Etang-du-Nord, on Grindstone Island, there is a large lobster canning factory and a very pretty church. Wolf is a long and barren island, to the north-east of which is Coffin Island, named after Admiral Coffin, who at one time owned the whole group. Gannet Rock, or, as it is generally called, the Great Bird, is the most northerly and easterly of the group. It rears abruptly to the height of 140 feet, and has an area of four acres. In 1872 a light-house was built upon it, and the light-house keeper is the sole occupant of the Island. The light is very powerful and can be seen at a distance of twenty miles. For some years after this light-house was built, a little steamer came from Quebec every spring and fall with supplies for the light-house, and provisions, &c., for the keeper. The mode of getting from the rocky shore to the top of the island was by means of a bucket and winch. On a bright September morn the little steamship arrived. The crew landed and were drawn up one by one to the top of the cliff by the light-house keeper, but on the return journey, as the first man was being lowered the chain cable, that fastened the bucket to the winch, broke, and the ill-fated Frenchman was launched into eternity. There were his companions on the rocky cliff with no means of descent. In the latter part of November, just as provisions were giving out, a vessel arrived from Quebec in search of the steamer and the prisoners were released from their lofty cell. At Bird Rock may be seen countless millions of countless species of sea-fowl. It would seem that all the aquatic portion of the

feathered race were holding convention there, for sky, sea, and rocks were virtually screened by a mass of sea-fowls.

What struck me with particular wonder was the surprisingly large number of kinds of wild plants, flowers and shrubs. To no better place could the botanist repair to study the plants of the American Continent, for here can be found specimens to collect which, on the continent, would necessitate a journey from the Atlantic to the Pacific. With such a varied store of plants, stones and birds the Magdalen Islands should be the mecca for botanists, geologists and ornithologists, when they wish to spend a pleasant holiday season.

There is a great extent of marsh land or *Brachois* on the islands. On those marshes grow immense quantities of cranberries and foxberries, for which a ready market is found in the Maritime Provinces.

In religion the great majority of the people are Roman Catholics. There are four Roman Catholic churches at Amherst, Grindstone, House Harbor and Grand Entry. Father Defenance, of Etang du Nord, Grindstone Island, is of noble birth, being the son of a French Count. There are four English Churches at Amherst, Grosse Isle, Entry and Grindstone. English Church service is also conducted at Byron and Grand Entry.

At House Harbor there is a large convent conducted by the ladies of Notre Dame. This institution is very largely attended. The school houses are very neat and comfortable. According to the last report of Mr. David Paquet, School inspector, there are nineteen schools in operation, attended by 862 pupils.

During the winter months the Magdalens are shut off from the outside world except by cable.

G. J. M'CORMAC.

The Old Wife.

Wind, wind, my swift hand turns the whirring wheel,
 And the gray laden spindle grows apace ;
 The birch logs flare upon a dream-wrought face,
 My fancies hurry with my hurrying reel—
 Back to the joy I buried long ago.
 Alas ! and I am old, with grief and years,
 White-haired, with cheek worn by a weight of tears,
 For I have drunk the worm-wood of my woe.
 The fire-light flickers in his empty chair,
 The winds, along the casement, fret and grasp,
 I strain my ears to hear his foot at last,
 And yet 'tis but my fancy moving there ;
 I murmur to my heart : " 'Twas here he crept
 In his first years, to catch my passing gown ;
 'Twas over yon, his golden head sunk down,
 And fashioned dreams, to please him, as he slept ;
 'Twas from this door, his hurrying steps had strayed
 To the dark night, the world he did not know "—
 Ah God ! ah God ! that he should suffer so,
 While I sat here, untold and undismayed !

* * * The black rope swinging in the quiet air,
 The noose, great God, I see it all so plain !
 The gaping crowd * * * 'tis branded on my brain
 Each move, each word that passed. I was not there.
 Dreaming of him, and praying, here I sat,
 Then came the news, strange, strange and horrible.
 I cannot grasp the meaning full and well—
 My heart bleeds, but my senses will not act.
 * * * His little hands about my face I feel,
 I hear his boyhood's step approach the door;
 Ah, but he comes not now, or evermore !
 My fancies hurry with my hurrying wheel.

BERT MARIE CLEVELAND.

A Phenomenon.

At times he sees the sky-blue dog
 Tackle the pale-green cat,
 While fiery serpents sizzle round
 As umpires of the spat;
 And purple horses shod with fire
 Are climbing lofty trees
 And fanning with their scarlet tails
 The circumambient breeze.

—*Skiffing's Prize Temperance Poem.*

THIS is a tale of an experience that befell a friend of mine, a truthful sailorman who is in no wise descended from the Ancient Mariner, and has never read the Vision of Mirza. If any of the readers of THE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE doubt the truth of this story, I can give, as guarantee, the oath of the man with the dyed goatee, who saw the schooner on which the sailorman had the experience. I will relate it as nearly as possible in the graphic style in which my friend communicated it to me:—

“On the 29th of July last we were anchored off Sydney Harbor, C. B. Rain had fallen early in the morning, but towards noon the weather changed to fine and the wind died away, so at our anchorage we had to stay for the rest of the day.

“Shortly after twelve o'clock we had finished dinner, and to while away the time I went up on deck, and stretched myself on the hatch preparatory to enjoying a “good smoke.”

“I composed myself for enjoyment. Before me stretched the calm waters of the harbor, bounded by the Cape Breton hills, save where the gap betrayed the outlet to the ocean. I had hardly time to survey the view before me when I gazed upward, as though compelled, and, almost immediately, in the sky above, I beheld the most wonderful and beautiful phenomenon I have ever witnessed.

“A cloud appeared to be scarcely a quarter of a mile

away, and in it were all the animals, birds, and reptiles, that cover the earth. There were horses, cattle, sheep, pigs, lions, tigers, bears, wolves, dogs, cats and numerous other animals which I cannot name.

“Some of the birds and reptiles proved very strange to me; more so as I have spent the greater part of my life upon the sea and therefore am not much acquainted with the different species I saw. I thought at first the grand sight was all imagination, but to prove the contrary I called the crew to behold the sight.

“All hands were soon on deck looking at the cloud, admiring, in various ways, its grandeur and beauty. No description can give any idea of the strangeness, splendor and real sublimity of the sight. The Captain on beholding it said that it resembled the account given of the opening of the ark.

“After a short time the cloud passed off to the east but was replaced by one which contained a greater marvel. This was a regiment of soldiers marching, and singing the following as they marched :—

‘Hurrah ! Hurrah ! for France !

Hurrah ! Hurrah ! for France !

“We could hear it quite plainly, the cloud was moving about, and was nearer us than the other one had been. The Frenchmen gave way to another regiment of soldiers and these sang :—

‘Hurrah ! Hurrah ! for England !

Hurrah ! Hurrah ! for England !

Hurrah ! Hurrah ! for England !

And Ireland, too !

“As this regiment passed along another appeared and these sang :—

‘Hurrah ! Hurrah ! for England !

Hurrah ! Hurrah ! for England !

Hurrah ! Hurrah ! for England !

And Bonnie Scotland, too !

“ As this regiment also passed along another appeared and these sang :

‘ Hurrah ! Hurrah ! for England !
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! for England !
Hurrah ! Hurrah ! for England !
And the United States too !’

“ Numerous other regiments passed along singing also, —as we could only understand English we could not tell what country they represented.

“ The cloud now changed into a battlefield with its horses, guns and soldiers, and a battle soon began. Each body of soldiers was dressed according to the custom of the country they hailed from. As we were all Scotchmen on board we took great interest in the Scotch regiment, the men of which were dressed in kilts, and were headed by a band of pipers.

When the battle began we could not tell one army from another, but could see men fall on every side. At times hostile divisions became intermingled in confusion ; and, hand to hand, bayonet crossing bayonet, and sword clashing against sword, they fought with the ferocity of demons.

“ I have often read of the horrors of war but here we saw it in reality ; we could not hear any shouting of victory on any side, but there was awful carnage and slaughter ; and at sundown, the field, as it appeared, was crimson with blood. We all gazed at the grand spectacle till the sun had passed out of view in the golden west, when the phenomenon disappeared.

“ The view was so magnificent and attractive that we never thought of taking notes at the time, so we can only give a very meagre account of this battle. I have never witnessed a battle raging before, but I will say this : I have followed the sea for well nigh thirty years, and of course when upon it am always at the mercy of the waves, but I greatly prefer the sea to having to stand in a battlefield.

“ Next day we went ashore in Sydney and asked if any

of the inhabitants had seen the sights that were visible in the clouds the day before. We were informed that no one had seen it."

A great many may not give credence to this story, owing to a sailor relating it, as they are often noted for stretching a yarn at the same time they spin it, but the writer can vouch that all contained in the foregoing is true, as the sailor solemnly swore to it. The narrator of the phenomenon makes no secret of it, and will be quite pleased to have an interview with anyone for ascertaining more particulars regarding the strange sight. The writer has, therefore, given a short account of the event, trusting that some reader may give an explanation of these signs in the heavens.

O. L. M.

Our School System—7th Paper.

SHOULD the system I have been advocating in these papers ever be adopted in this Province and we get large rural schools, with one or more acres of ground about each, it will then be quite practicable to instruct the school-going population of this Island in Agriculture and kindred subjects. This could be done, both practically and theoretically, and, if so done, would create a taste in the pupils' minds for the oldest and noblest of all professions. Incidentally it would keep at home many of our young men and young women, who now go away. That taste is not now being created. It is not even being encouraged. If it were, we would not have the great majority of our boys and girls looking forward to the time when they can shake the dust of the farm from off their feet to go to Boston and other cities in the United States and elsewhere. We would not, as we do now, find so many of them looking for clerkships in shops and employment in towns, where the

drudgery is as great as on the farm, but where there is some relief from the wearisome monotony of every-day farm life, which is largely due to the lack of scientific agricultural teaching in our common schools.

In discussing this question with some of our best teachers, I have been met by this objection. They say that the boy, particularly if he is the son of a first-rate farmer, knows as much and frequently more about farming than his teacher does and that the boy's father could teach the teacher a lot that the teacher knew nothing about. This, I have no doubt in the world, is perfectly true, but it does not affect the question and is no argument against such teaching in the schools. The fallacy of this argument or objection arises from the fact that the objector fails to distinguish between Agricultural *science* and Agricultural *art*—the youngest science and the oldest art.

The boy and his father may be most excellent farmers, in the sense that they understand the *art* of farming, but how many of them have the faintest conception of the *science* of that part of their profession that appeals to their intellect—to their thinking powers, and which would convert the *hum-drum*-practical into the *interesting*-practical.

The study of the science would develop the thinking faculties, and the man who, to his practical knowledge of the *art*, adds a knowledge of the *science*, will not only be a better and more contented farmer, but he will have within himself the power of progression and improvement. He would be a better citizen and a better man, because owing to his faculties being trained and developed, his intelligence would be greater. The *art* consists in doing what some one else has done; in fact, and roughly speaking, it consists of imitation, and the man who simply knows the art, or in other words is merely a practical farmer, can only improve by observing and copying from others who are more scientific than himself, or to put it in other words, whose

faculties are more developed than his own. As soon as he begins to think out things for himself, he begins to be scientific, though he may not know it, but he is handicapped because he was not started on that scientific road in his school-days and is now groping his way. We have a number of scientific farmers on this Island, but they have learned their science after they reached manhood, and nine out of ten of them do not know now that they are scientific, but they are, and they are the best in P. E. Island. Had these men had a fair start in childhood, it seems to me inconceivable that they would not have reached a greater standard of excellence even than that to which they have attained.

This is really the reason for the establishing of Agricultural Farms, Colleges, Farmers' Institutes, &c. I never heard of an Agricultural College or Model Farm, if it was any good, that paid its way. If I did hear of one such I should have grave doubts as to its usefulness. They are largely devoted to experiments, which cost money, but the public reap the benefit of these experiments, whether they be successes or failures. But it is not necessary for the private agriculturist, who combines the science with the art, to conduct his farm as an experimental station. The "Art" is the knowledge of "How?" the "Science" is the knowledge of "Why?" It is put very forcibly and tersely by Mr. James, Deputy Minister of Agriculture in Ontario, in the opening sentence of the preface to his excellent elementary work on agriculture used in the schools of that Province. He says:—"The purpose of this book is to aid the reader and student in acquiring a knowledge of the *science* of agriculture as distinct from the *art* of agriculture; that is, a knowledge of the "why," rather than a knowledge of the "how."

Now, if a man combines in himself a knowledge of both the "why" and the "how," is it not a self-evident propo-

sition that he understands his profession better than if he only knows the "how?" Mr. James adds:—

"From his experiences of several years teaching at the Ontario Agricultural College the author believes that the rational teaching of agriculture in the Public and High Schools is not only possible, but would be exceedingly profitable. An intelligent understanding of the science underlying the art of agriculture will add much interest to what is otherwise hard work, and, as a natural consequence, the pleasure of such work may be greatly increased. The agriculturists of this country in the future will work at a serious disadvantage if they do not have some knowledge of the very interesting science that underlies their work. The residents of our towns and cities also will find that some knowledge of the science of agriculture may be of use to them, and may increase the respect and consideration for the calling that contributes so largely to the general wealth and welfare of this country."

A very valuable paper by the same Mr. James, published in Ontario, and reproduced in the *Patriot* newspaper here in January last, on the "Teaching of Agriculture in our Public Schools," will well bear careful reading in this connection. I make no apology for making lengthy extracts from that excellent paper. He says:—

"The motive power of this continent of people takes its rise in you, (i. e., in the farmers) and in your success all are interested."

Is this not particularly true of P. E. Island? Does not the welfare of every man here depend upon the farmer's welfare? Mr. James' paper was read in the United States, but his remarks are fully as applicable here as there. He goes on:—

"We in Canada, and you also in the United States, have read the never-ending story of the gold discovery of the Yukon. During the present year perhaps twenty-five millions of dollars of gold have been produced. A few, very comparatively, have made fortunes. Scores of lives have been lost, hundreds have shattered their health, thousands have spent their savings,—more money, in all probability, has been spent in seeking the gold than has been produced. Still the rage continues, and the papers fill their columns with the news. During the same period of time, the farmers of the Province of Ontario produced wealth amounting to nearly \$250,000,000. If we could increase the farm products of Ontario by only 10 per cent. we would add as much wealth to the country as the Yukon has produced. And when we consider the great extent of what may be called average farming or poor farming, and the comparatively small amount of profitable, high-class, or, if you will, "scientific" farming that is carried on, the possibility of improving the production by 10 per cent. appears away below the mark. You have seen the poor fields asleep and inert because of their undrained condition; you have seen the luxuriant weed growth stealing the fatness of the land from the farmer's family; you have seen the poor seed, underbred, weak and

low in vitality; you have seen the poor scrub, the cow that boards with the farmer winter and summer and is unable to pay her board bill; you have seen the gnarled and scurvy orchards, the undisturbed breeding grounds of the marvelous insects that are so beautiful to the entomologist but so death-dealing to the agriculturist. I need not multiply the examples; you know them all. But multiply them by hundreds—rather by thousands—and foot up the cost, and your total will reach millions upon millions—figures which will appal the calculator."

Would not the same reasoning apply with equal force to this Province? Unfortunately, we have no available data to refer to, if we wish to ascertain the annual value of the agricultural products of this Island; but it must be large. We should surely produce as much per head of population as Ontario does. If it is remembered that we have one commercial traveller, visiting this agricultural Province and paying a license fee of \$20, for about every 1500 acres of land in cultivation; and that these gentlemen do not live upon nothing when here; that some of them visit us several times in the year; that they do not come for amusement; simply, that their employers would not send them here except there was business to be done, and to be made; and that, in addition to the business transacted through these commercial gentlemen, a large amount of the importing business is done by our merchants, without their intervention; and that, practically speaking, and outside of our fisheries, all this is paid for by the farmers,—is it not clear that the agricultural output of P. E. Island is much greater than, on a superficial view, would appear? In discussing this point, it must be borne in mind that our exports, even if we knew their amount, do not represent the total, or anything like the total, of our products. It is surprising how, in conversation with people, even with business men, on this subject, it seems to be assumed that the value of our products is represented by the value of our exports. In other words, that the measure of our agricultural and kindred exports is the measure of our agricultural and kindred products. Yet, a moment's thought must show any sane man that that is not the case. To the value of the exports,

whatever it may be, and it is very much larger than we get credit for, must be added the value of the products of this Province, which are consumed by the 110,000 generally well-fed and well-clothed people whose home it is. If that is done, as it is in Ontario, the estimate in my next sentence will be seen to be well below the mark. Add 10 per cent to the agricultural products all round, and I venture to say you will put at least \$1,000,000 (one million dollars) additional money into the pockets of our Island producers. Why not educate the rising generation and enable them to do so?

I must quote largely from Mr. James' valuable paper, though I almost feel that it ought to be given *in extenso*. Later on he says:—

"Let us begin with the soil, and, from this meeting as a centre, send out our orders. We direct that all the soils of this continent requiring drainage shall be drained; that a better system of cultivation be followed; that useless fences be cleared away, and weedy, insect-breeding grounds be broken up; that only the best varieties of seed be chosen, and that the sowings be carefully selected; that the cattle and stock be provided with clean water and wholesome food, and protection from storms that use up valuable food and from excessive heat that uses up vital energy; that care and kindness be part of their daily ration; that the unprofitable animals be kindly but firmly ordered off the farm; that the orchards be cleaned up, fed, pruned and sprayed; that the kitchen garden be run as an adjunct of the farmers' dining room; that the stables be cleaned out and lighted and ventilated; that the manure pile be covered and the leakages stopped in this savings deposit; that the creameries and cheese factories be overhauled, in accordance with John Wesley's preaching that "cleanliness is next to godliness;" that the lawns and flower plots about the farmer's house be trimmed and brightened up; THAT THE COUNTRY SCHOOL HOUSES BE CHANGED FROM RURAL OUTBUILDINGS INTO HOME-LIKE, ATTRACTIVE PLEASURE GROUNDS. You order all this, and by a miraculous power bring it into effect. The wealth of the people goes up by leaps and bounds of millions."

The capitals are mine.

Is this not all perfectly true? Mr. James also recognizes another very important fact, i.e.: that our present training by means of lectures, etc., is for a grown-up race, and not for the coming one. Important as lectures to farmers, farmers' institutes, etc., undoubtedly are, they are yet simply trying to do for grown-up men what ought to have been done for them in childhood. Listen to what

he says on this subject :—

"Departments of agriculture, with their manifold organizations and subdivisions, are also important. Associations of live-stock owners and breeders are also important. Farmers' institutes have been called the farmers' schools, and they have accomplished much by their teachings. But they are for present, not for future, farmers. Agricultural colleges are reaching out, and are important as training schools for teachers, but they touch only the fringe of the great mass of the rising host. We start the education of doctors and lawyers and preachers and teachers and engineers in our public schools. Suppose we were to say to the doctors, "Go to school and learn to read and write and spell; then begin practising, and later on, when you have been working for some years, we will form doctors' institutes, and send specialists to talk to you and enthuse you in your work,—to tell you what mistakes you are making, and to compare notes with you." What would you say? Do we let the lawyers go ahead with their work until they are full-grown and experienced? Not at all. We arrange our school course to help and assist the professional man as early in his career as possible; then we make every doctor, every lawyer, every teacher and nearly every preacher take a special course, as practical and as searching as possible, before we give him his diploma and turn him loose to work among his fellow men. But with the farmer we have acted so differently—or, rather, we have not acted at all. Is it not time to act? Is the farmer not as important a factor in our country's weal as the lawyer, the doctor and the teacher? Is it not about time that we, at least, make an effort, in a rational manner, to see whether we cannot do justly and fairly by the agriculturist?"

Again he says, and this is important, because he strikes so directly upon the question of introducing the study of agriculture into our schools :—

"I propose to discuss, for a few moments, the question of introducing the study of agriculture into our public schools. I can touch upon it but briefly, and in a suggestive manner. And, in order to set myself right before you, allow me to make the announcement that, beginning with the September school term of 1899, the Minister of Education, in Ontario, has made agriculture a compulsory subject in two forms of all our rural public schools, and allows it to be taken as an option in all urban public and high schools. I need not tell you that this is considered a forward movement of great importance, in connection with agricultural education, in Ontario. Manitoba, also, has had the subject upon her public school course for several years; Quebec, for many years; and, during the present year, Nova Scotia and New Brunswick have added it to the curricula of their common schools.

"Perfect agriculture is the true foundation of trade and industry,—it is the foundation of the riches of the States.' These are the words of the great Liebig,—one of the founders of the modern science of agriculture. They were uttered half a century ago; but they are more pregnant with truth, at the end of the nineteenth century, than they were in the middle of the century, when Liebig was carrying on his agricultural investigations; or, than at the beginning of the century, when Sir Humphrey Davy was unfolding, for the first time, his memorable proposal for agricultural investigation before the learned societies of England. They are applicable to all civilized and all semi-civilized countries, but they have a special significance when applied to Canada and the United States."

Then, again, he quotes, and quotes well, from Dr.

Ryerson, the founder of the public school system, of Ontario, who, in his introduction to his text-book on agriculture, for use in the Ontario public schools, as far back as 1870, wrote as follows:—

"Identified, as I am, by birth and early education, with the agricultural publication of this country, I regret to see so many of our agricultural youth leave the noblest of earthly employments, and the most independent of social pursuits, for the professions, the counting-room, the warehouse, and even for petty clerkships and little shops. I know that persons in public offices, and inhabitants of cities and towns, who have no farms, must, for the most part, bring up their sons to other employments than that of agriculture. Personal peculiarities and relations may prompt to the same course, in regard to some farmers' sons, and a divine call may select from the farm, as well as from the shop and the college, for a divine vocation; but that, as a general rule, the sons of farmers, as soon as they begin to be educated, leave the farm, is a misfortune to the parties themselves,—a loss to agriculture and the country. A boy's leaving the farm because he has, or is acquiring, a good education, is an assumption or admission, by all consenting parties, that a farmer does not need such an education; and as long as this error is admitted, by farmers not being educated, agriculture will be looked down upon, instead of being looked up to, as a pursuit for educated men.

"Educated farmers, educated merchants and educated manufacturers and mechanics will not only develop and advance the material interests of the country, but its civil and social interests, by enabling the people to select, chiefly, intelligent and well-to-do men from these classes, as their representatives,—men not needing an office for support, or making politics a trade,—affording the best chance of practical wisdom, and honesty in legislation and government, and the hope of producing the great public desideratum,—a generation of honest politicians and patriotic statesmen."

TO BE CONTINUED.

Life.

The grass is springing fresh and green,
 The buds are bursting from their bed,
 Bright Earth has doffed cold Winter's screen,—
 The sky is blue o'erhead.

On through many a long, long day
 The growth keeps on; in wealth, at length,
 The blossom to the fruit gives way;
 Each weakness turns to strength.

Soon Autumn, in a sterner mood,
 With chilling breath and clouded brow,
 Plucks fruit and leaf, with finger rude,
 From ev'ry branch and bough.

Down leaf, down fruit,—no thing he spares,
 Down, surely, ev'rything must go;

Each wasted branch imploring rears, —
 Its glory is laid low.

Then Winter, o'er the mournful scene,
 Makes haste his mantle white to spread :
 Forgotten soon, for no more seen,
 Safe slumber on the dead.

The dead? Ah, no ! They now but sleep,
 Each embryo safely in its tomb ;
 A Voice shall break that slumber deep.
 Earth yet again shall bloom !

What says such process? So, our life,
 Our sojourn in "this vale of tears,"
 Shall find its solace — end of strife —
 'Twixt dangers, hopes and fears,

When friendly Death — Why not a friend? —
 That heals the wounds none else can cure,
 Shall meet us at this journey's end,
 And lay us down secure.

And on that great, yet awful, day,
 So grandly, terribly, sublime
 When Earth and Heaven shall pass away,
 And be no more of Time,

Then ! then shall grief and sorrow cease ;
 The aching heart no more feel pain,
 The wearied spirit rest in peace,
 Nor ever tire again.

DISCIPULUS.

Reminiscences of Seal River 100 Years Ago.

CONTINUED.

JOHAN VAN IDERSTINE settled on a farm on the south side of Vernon River, about the year 1820—the writer is not certain of the date, but it was early in the century. Provisions running very low one winter he

started to walk to Charlottetown. He went on the ice, trailing a hand-sled after him. Arriving in town he went to his landlord (Governor Fanning) for assistance. After he had stated his case the Governor gave him a bushel of potatoes (Governor Whites). When the poor fellow arrived home the potatoes were frozen as hard as gravel, and upon examining them the hardy settler consoled himself with the philosophic utterance, "Eat them, John, or die."

It is little this third or fourth generation knows of the hardships, struggles and privations our forefathers had to endure before they left us the beautiful, fertile fields and pleasant farms we now enjoy, as the fruit of their toil and energy. We with our good roads, steam-cars, telegraph, telephone and every convenience, cannot realize their conditions of life. Even the writer, who is not yet sixty years old, can remember when there were no lucifer matches. He has lighted a fire with flint and steel and a piece of punk.

One beautiful morning in October, 1755, in Inverness-shire, Scotland, a little boy first saw the light of day. His father was a tenant farmer of the well-known Sir Simon Fraser, (Lord Lovat). The boy's name was John Fraser. When he was twenty-two years of age he married Elsie Frame, by whom he had two sons, Andrew and Thomas. When the little boys were four and two years old respectively, their mother died. Three years after, Mr. Fraser married for his second wife Isabella McKay. When the boys grew to be young men they worked for the Laird, and they became very intimate with Sir Simon. About that time France was at war with Britain. The Laird decided to raise a company of soldiers among his tenants. So he persuaded Thomas and Andrew to enlist if their father would consent. So he sent for their father, who strongly objected. Lovat said, "If the boys consent will you be willing?" Not wishing to displease the Laird he said he

would, thinking to see the boys and persuade them not to enlist. The Laird summoned a servant to tell Thomas and Andrew to come in. When they came he said, "Your father will give his consent if ye are willing to enlist." You may judge of the father's consternation when he saw the turn affairs had taken. He had a young family by the second marriage growing up—three boys and two girls. The boys names were William, Donald and John,—the girls Margery and Margaret. So he decided to emigrate to America, and in the spring of 1803 he, with some hundreds of others set sail for the wilds of America in the celebrated ship "Polly."

The emigrants had a long and eventful voyage ere they reached their destined haven. When a few weeks out (it took more weeks then to cross the ocean than it does days now) the lookout sighted a man-of-war bearing down on them. They were in search of recruits for the navy. The captain of the "Polly" was at his wits' end, not knowing what to do. At last an idea struck him; he hoisted the flag of distress and sent all his crew below decks and got all the old men on deck as assistant seamen. The man-of-war hailed them to heave to, which they did. Then the cruiser lowered and manned a boat, and sent to see what was the matter. The captain of the "Polly" shouted back: "All the crew down with ship fever, and it has just broken out in the steerage." They were asked if they wanted anything. "Yes, short of medicine and fruit." The cruiser supplied them with both, and was glad to leave them to their fate. So the good old "Polly" was allowed to go on her way to plow her monotonous furrow across the bosom of old Ocean. There were two deaths and two births on board before they reached Quebec. The late Finlay Smith (Finla Rhoutegh) was one of the born. Nothing more of any importance happened until they reached America. The ship called at Quebec, and some of the passengers landed.

While at an hotel one of the passengers noticed a thief trying to break open his trunk. The passenger told him to leave the trunk alone, as it was his. He repeated his warning three or four times, but the thief only got enraged and tried to fight him. The Scotsman told him he did not want to fight, but the ruffian thereupon struck him. Donald, seeing there was no help for it, struck back, and with so hearty a good will did he return the blow that the thief never breathed afterwards.

From Quebec a number of the emigrants proceeded to this Island and on a beautiful afternoon the good ship "Polly" dropped anchor in Orwell Bay. Then began preparations for landing the weary passengers. Lord Selkirk's agent was among them and directed the work. He slung his hammock between two trees, while he helped his people to get settled for the cold and rigorous winter that was ahead of them; and it will never be told what hardships they suffered that first winter. They began immediately to have their several farms of "primæval forest" surveyed and allotted to them, and then to build shelters for themselves and their families. Next year John Fraser, not liking the nature of the sandy soil of Belfast, decided to settle on the east bank of Seal River, where he took up a large tract of land on lease for 99 years, at one shilling per acre. This land in the course of time he divided between his three sons. William, the eldest, married Ann Smith, by whom he had eleven children, six sons and five daughters, two of the family dying young. Donald, the second son, married Elizabeth Fraser, by whom he had five sons and one daughter. John, the youngest, who lived on the homestead, married Margaret Russell, by whom he had two sons and four daughters. The grandsons of John Fraser, sen., are still living on their farms with grandchildren of their own in pleasant homes, with beautiful surroundings and fertile farms, that are second to none in Lot 50.

WILLIAM F. FRASER.

Varia

Death of "E. L. M."

For the first time since the establishment of this MAGAZINE, we are called upon to announce the death of a contributor, and to testify, as far as the words at our poor command will allow, to the worth of a most estimable and well-beloved woman. To many of our readers, who have been interested in the articles on *Charlottetown Fifty Years Ago*, that have been appearing for some months past, in these pages, the identity of the writer — E. L. M. — may have been known. But it was not known by all that the initials were those of Elizabeth L. Macdonald, the wife of Hon. Senator A. A. Macdonald, of Charlottetown.

Of the fact that Mrs. Macdonald's contributions were looked forward to each month with eager interest, and treasured because of their references to old associations, we have ample proofs. Letters from subscribers, near and far, have many times alluded to the pleasure that was derived from recalling the old times written about by E. L. M.

The majority of our readers will, we feel sure, mourn her death. By the editor of this MAGAZINE, her loss is keenly felt; her interest in the publication was sincere and sympathetic; and her assistance, so generously given, was of great value.



Mr. Lawrence W. Watson, Secretary of the Natural History and Antiquarian Society, Charlottetown, a frequent contributor to this Magazine, will be glad to receive any specimens which our readers may be able to send him of shells, birds, fishes, plants, snakes, lizards, toads and frogs, or small mammals, such as field-mice and shrews, for a collection, illustrating the flora and fauna of Prince Edward Island. Fossils, also, would be much appreciated. Name of sender, and place of collection, should be given in every instance, with any possible additional particulars.



From Old P. E. Island Newspaper Files.

SHOW OF FRUITS, FLOWERS AND VEGETABLES

The first attempt to get up in Prince Edward Island an Exhibition of this nature, now so common in all civilized parts of the world, was made on Thursday, the 31st ult., at *Holland Grove*, the residence of MRS. GRUBB, and not without a fair share of success. The highly ornamented grounds in the vicinity of the Mansion were crowded at an early hour with no inconsiderable portion of the beauty and fashion of the Town. There was a stand for flowers erected in

front of the house which was filled with Geraniums, Fuchias, Hydrangeas, Myrtles, Cacti, and many other varieties of the numerous and beautiful family of Flora. Several Boquets of flowers grown in the open air, gave an air of richness and splendour to the whole. On an adjoining stand there was a small, but tempting display of the cultivated Strawberry, some white Raspberries, and a variety of Gooseberries, which, though not ripe, were sufficiently advanced to show the perfection they were destined to arrive at.

At another stand early Potatoes, Carrots, Beans, Peas, Lettuce, &c., &c., met the eye, and afforded a convincing proof that we need want none of the wholesome luxuries which the department of the Kitchen garden is able to afford us.

His Excellency the Lieut. Governor astonished some of the connoisseurs by producing some "thumping red praaties," the growth of this season, but which turned out to be the production of the Bermudas. After the party had promenaded the grounds for some time, to the accompaniment of the excellent airs of the *Sons of Temperance Band*—who volunteered for the occasion—the prizes were declared by the Judges—Messrs. Barrow and Lawson, for *Flowers*: Messrs. G. Wright and Jos. Hensley, for *Fruits and Vegetables*—to have been awarded—

For the finest Plant and Flower—Mrs. Fielding, wife of Mr. Fielding, Cabinet-maker, Charlottetown	£2 0 0
For the best Boquet—Mrs. L. W. Gall	1 10 0
For the best dish of Strawberries—Mrs. F. Longworth	0 15 6
For the best kitchen Vegetable, a dish of Early Horn Carrots—Mrs. J. Brecken	0 15 0
For the best Gooseberries—Mr. Thomas Dodd, Cherry Valley,	0 10 0

It was intended, we believe, at first to have had only prizes for the exhibition of flowers; the sum collected having proved more than was expected, the residue was disposed of as above.

There are always difficulties greater or less in the way of every first attempt, however humble; nor was the first exertion to bring into notice the Floricultural and Horticultural resources of this Island an exception. The public are under great obligations, however, to MRS. GRUBB, for having thus led the way, which, we trust, will be followed up, as we have no doubt it will be, by increased success, at every succeeding trial. The pleasures of the hour were greatly enhanced by the kind attentions of the Lady of the Mansion, and her amiable family. There was a *the dansante* at Holland Grove in the evening.

—*The Islander, August 1, 1851*

OPENING OF THE NEW FREE CHURCH.

On Sabbath, the 4th inst., the New Free Church was dedicated to the worship of the Almighty. The opening sermon was delivered by the Rev. A. Sutherland, of New London, from Exodus 29:14, in which he sketched the history of the church, discoursed largely on the glorious work to which the nation of Israel was called, and the precious blessing connected with the performance of that task. He was followed, in the afternoon, by the pastor of the congregation, who preached from Rev. 1:13, when Christ's spiritual presence in His Church at all times was proved to be essential to the prosperity—her great duty being to illuminate the world intellectually, morally and spiritually—and her preservation and extension depending altogether on the presence of her Great Head, with the duty of obtaining and securing that all-sufficient Fountain of Light and Life. In the unavoidable absence of Mr. Munn, of Brown's Creek, the evening service was also conducted by the pastor. His text was Psalm 132:18, last clause, and his sermon described the contest between truth and error, Christ and Satan; the victory of the Saviour over all opposition, and the final establishment and glory of His Kingdom. The day was fine, and the attendance good on all occasions. Among those present were noticed the Hon. George Coles, Colonial Secretary, and Robert Hutchinson, Esq., Mayor of this city. The collection amounted to £20.1.0. On Tuesday following, a meeting was held in the church, and the Building Committee's Report heard, from which it appeared that £250 would cover the whole debt on site and building. A vote of thanks was given to the committee, seven new trustees appointed, two additional elders nominated, pew rents fixed, and the general affairs of the church arranged.

— Dec. 25th, 1856.



ORDINATION OF REV. JOHN GEDDIE.

On Tuesday, the 13th inst, the Rev. John Geddie was ordained, by the Presbytery of Prince Edward Island, to the pastoral charge of the congregation of Cavendish and New London. The ordination sermon was preached by the Rev. Robert Douglas, who also presented the ordination prayer, after having put the usual questions. The charge to the minister was given by the Rev. John Kier, and the charge to the people by the Rev. William M'Gregor, and the concluding sermon was preached by the Rev. Robert S. Patterson. The large number of people assembled, and the marked attention displayed, was highly gratifying to the friends of religion. We trust that the labours of Mr.

Geddie, through the divine blessing, may prove abundantly useful among the people of his charge. At the conclusion of the ordination, a Bible and Missionary Society was formed, and a considerable number came forward and enrolled their names as members.

— *The Colonial Herald, March 24, 1838.*

HIGHLAND SOCIETY FORMED AT ANTIGONISH.

At a meeting of a considerable portion of the inhabitants at the County Court House, Antigonish, about the 20th June, Alexander MacDougall, Esq., M.P.P., having been called to the chair, and having explained to the meeting the liberal intentions of the Highland Society of London, and the general objects of the Societies in Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island, in endeavouring as far as those Colonies are concerned to assist in rendering those intentions available, it was resolved to form a Highland Society at Antigonish, in connection with the one recently established at Halifax. A Committee was then appointed to draw up rules for the governance of the Society. Roderick C. MacDonald, of Castle Tioram, Esq., in consideration of the sense entertained by the Society of his useful and persevering exertions in behalf of their countrymen, was appointed their Chief; Alexander MacDougall, Esq., M.P.P., was appointed President, and Hugh MacDonald, J.C.P., and Alexander Chisholm, Esq., Vice Presidents. The population of the County of Sydney is supposed to be about 13,000, principally Highlanders or their descendants; and as there are many hundreds of their children without the means of education, the Society will have a wide field for its exertions.

A similar Society has also been established, under very promising circumstances, at Pictou.

— *The Colonial Herald, July 14, 1838.*

Reviews.

Twenty-five years ago, when "Elbow Room" and "Out of the Hurly-Burly" were the successes of the day, Max Adeler suddenly ceased writing. For a quarter of a century he was proof against the blandishments of editors, but within a few weeks he has completed a new series of humorous stories which show him at his best.

Tales of Old Turley, which will appear in early numbers of *The Saturday Evening Post*, are wonderfully droll stories of the quaint characters in an old-fashioned country town before the war.

Local politics, school committee fights, church squabbles and

women's clubs lend themselves admirably to Max Adeler's humorous touch, and form the basis of some of the cleverest stories that have been written for many a day.

We have at hand a bound volume, entitled "Duty and Other Poems," by Rev. Archibald Ross, printed by the Raeburn Book Co., of New York. Mr. Ross was born in Charlottetown, in 1835, and came as he says, "of a hardy Scotch stock." This will be quite evident by reading the following verses, which, apart from their merit, show no little skill in adapting the clan names to rhythm:—

GATHERING OF THE SCOTTISH CLANS.

Fair Scotland, thou land of the brave !
 Thou hast given the best trophies to Time,
 And blazoned them forth where their prestige might save
 Newborn nations from bondage and crime.
 Come, Scotsmen, rejoice then to-day !
 Come, ye clansmen, of vigor and brain !
 Come, Highlander, Lowlander, all in array !
 We have honor and peace to maintain.

CHORUS.

In gladness and triumph we gather to-day,
 Our ties of regard shall not sever.
 We have wandered afar, yet one is our way,
 And our song shall be Scotland forever.

Famed Scotland of Wallace and Bruce !
 Heroes swift for thy freedom and right.
 When Leslie, Buchanan and Malcolm sang truce,
 Then thy genius shone well in the light.
 Come Campbell and Cameron, come !
 Welcome, Murray, MacDonald, MacLeod !
 Sing, Sutherland, Gordon and Graham, of the home
 That your valour has nobly endowed.

MacKenzie, MacDuff and Munro,
 With the Douglas, rejoice in our prime,
 Fraser, MacIntosh, Ogilvie, Drummond, still glow
 With the blessings of peace in each clime.
 Rose, Forbes, Ross, MacPherson and Grant,
 You have wrought for the good of our race
 What Ferguson, Brodie, MacNeil adamant,
 What MacKay, MacPhail, Davidson grace !

Hail, Erskine, opposer of wrong !
 Brave MacDougall, MacGregor, MacLean !
 Scott, Logan, MacAulay, whose letters and song
 Are still coursing o'er mountain and main.
 MacFarlane, MacNaughton, unite
 With stern Stewart, MacAlpine and Kerr.
 MacLeay, Chisholm, Robertson, stand for the right
 In dethroning the demons of war.

Ho ! Johnston, Dundas and Colquhoun !
 Stout MacGillivray, Gunn, MacIntosh.
 MacInnes, MacKinlay and Sinclair keep tune
 With the Lindsays of mount and of vale.
 Bold Cumin, MacMillan, MacQueen,
 Lamond, Mathewson, Menzies appear !
 MacNabb and MacArthur, MacAllister, Skene.
 Raise the old Caledonian cheer !

Still Elliott and Urquhart aspire
 With MacKinnon, MacLachlan, Macrae ;
 Still Farquharson, Maxwell and brave MacIntyre,
 With MacBean and MacBeth, cheer our way.
 Awake, O ye Scotsmen, awake !
 Sound your pibroch—be valiant and strong.
 Rejoice in the light, and for liberty's sake
 Open wide the rich portals of song !



There are more hearty laughs in "*The Abandoned Farmer*," published by the Copp, Clarke Co., Toronto, than in any story of its length that we have read for some time. The troubles that ensued when a newspaper man decided that he would make his fortune by farming are funnily told, and while there are one or two dull places they only make the going all the merrier when we come to the genuine fun that sparkles in every chapter.



Max Pemberton is an author whose work in the sensational line is well known and eagerly looked for. In *Pro Patria*, published by the Copp, Clark Co. the old scare of a French invasion of England is made to do duty for a plot which, though ingeniously elaborated, falls short of the success attained by many of Mr. Pemberton's other stories. But those who like the morbidly sensational will like *Pro Patria*.

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CULLED FROM EXCHANGES

The Soul's Discovery.

I have found Thee, O God!
Not in cold temples made with human
hands,
But in the broad beneficence of skies,
And in the flowering-time of meadow lands.

I have heard Thy Voice,
Not in the pauses of a priestly prayer,
But in the tender whispering of the leaves
And in the daily breathings of the air.

I have felt Thy Touch,
Not in the rush of world's delight or gain,
But in the heart-breaking agony and tears,
And in the slow pulsation of strong pain.

I have known Thy Love,
Not when earth's flattering friends around
me smiled,
But in deep solitude of desolate days—
Then wast thou very gentle with Thy
child.

I have seen Thy Face,
Not only in the Great Light of the Cross,
But through the darkness of forgotten graves,
And in the dawning recompense of loss.

Yes, I have found Thee, God,
Thy breath doth fill me with a fire divine—
And were a thousand worlds like this my
foes,

The battle would be brief—the victory
mine!

MARIE CORELLI

Facts About the Mosquito.

Our interesting friend the mosquito has
lately been the subject of much scientific
research. In "Forest and Stream" occurs
the following interesting facts:—

"The life history of the mosquito is far
from uninteresting. The female lays her
eggs in the spring and early summer. I
have never seen the act performed, but it
has been stated by an entomologist, who
witnessed it that she rests on a bit of grass
or leaf on the top of the water, clinging to it
by her first and second pair of legs; the third
pair she crosses behind her like the letter X.
The first egg is caught and held between her
legs, then another and another are fastened
to the first by the gum that covers them,
until fifteen or twenty have been arranged
side by side like seeds in the head of a sun-
flower. The writer further states that when
the mass becomes too heavy for her to sup-
port, she lowers it upon the water, but still
holds it by putting her feet on either side,
until two or three hundred eggs have been
laid. The whole mass is shaped somewhat
like a canoe, and is about as large as a grain
of wheat. We can often see these tiny black

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pint bottles

BEER & GOFF

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CULLED FROM EXCHANGES--Cont'd

boats floating on the top of a stagnant pool of water; the life within the eggs is not destroyed even if the water freezes.

If the weather is warm, the eggs hatch in three or four days, and each one sends a wiggler down into the water through a hole in the bottom. The little mite or larvae swims about and ever and anon hangs himself by his tail to the surface, leaving the tip out of the water. The reason it does this is, the tube through which it breathes is not in its head, but at the tip of its tail; this ends in a few hairs, which spread out in a star-like form and are oiled to repel the water.

The larvae mosquito soon changes into the pupa form. It now breathes through its ears, or rather tubes that look like ears, which are thrust a little out of the water; its tail resembles that of a fish, and by it it can move at will through the water. In this stage of its existence it remains about fifteen days, and then another change takes place. The pupa rises to the surface and thrusts out its head and shoulders, and then bursts its skin. The filmy wings now appear, but the insect instinctively remains quiet until they and its slender legs are dry. When they are ready for use it leaps into the air, a singing, full-fledged insect.

Punished and Pardoned

Last night I sent my little son

Unkissed to bed, with angry eyes

And lips that pouted wilful-wise;

This was his mother's punishment—

A gentler woman doth not live,

But yet she tarried to forgive.

The childish fault, the passionate deed,

They must be checked; so in the gloom

He stumbled to his little room;

He was too proud to weep or plead,

I saw his mother's eyes grow dim,

In tender yearning following him.

But in the silence when he slept,

Undried the tears lay on his cheek,

The little face seemed very meek.

How piteously, perchance, he wept

Before he took to slumberland

The grief he could not understand!

Then tenderly his mother smoothed

The fair-tossed hair back from his brow,

And kissed the lips so passive now,

But woke him not, since he was soothed,

And there beside the little bed,

She knelt and prayed a while instead.

Ah! so, dear God, when at the last

We lie with closed and tear-stained eyes,

And lips too dumb for prayers or sighs,

Sorry and punished for the past,

Surely Thou wilt forgive and bless,

Being pitiful for our distress.

—Boston Gazette.

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CULLED FROM EXCHANGES--Cont'd

"Fur an' Wide."

"Have you spent all of your life right here in this one place?" asked a stranger of an old fellow he came across seated on a rail fence whittling in front of a log and slab cabin in one of the back counties of Arkansas.

"Not by a durned sight," was the terse reply. "I been hyar the better part o' the time, but, la, I hev travelled fur an' wide."

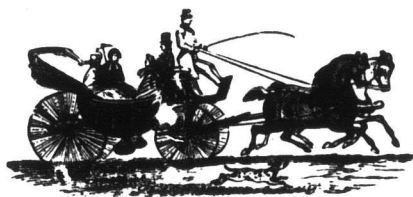
"Ever been abroad?"

"Wal, not eggzackly to say abroad, onless ye call it goin' abroad to go from here way over to Petersville. I hev been over thar twice in the last forty year. It's thirty-six an' a half mile to Petersville, an' I been furdur than that, fer my ole woman an' me went clean to Hogback Ridge on our weddin' tower, an' that's forty-one mile from here. Then I been over in Pettis County to see my wife's folks twice, and that's twenty odd mile from ere. Then I've been over to Rocky Hill ez menny ez four times, an' that's eighteen mile. Ez I say, I've been here most o' the time, but then I've travelled fur an' wide all the same. I've seen the big four-story mill over to Petersville an' the engine kyars over to Peaville. I rid three mile on 'em an' it's all I want o' the pesky things. I've seen a calf with two heads an' a feller what could eat fire an' dance on broken glass in his bare feet. I see a man hung once, an' a hoss-race fer a purse o' sixty-five dollars; Yes, sir; I've been fur an' wide, an' I reckon I've seen the biggest part o' what there is to see in this world, an' I don't lot on doin' no more gaddin' about."—July "New" Lippincott.

The Summer Man.

Consider now the summer man, who heaveh into sight;
About his form wave gorgeous ties in colors rich and bright,
He weareth dinky little hats and smoketh at a pipe,
And murmureth at divers times that "carries now are ripe."
He hath no care upon his head, nor any woes to fret,
And all his days are full of joy, likewise his nights, you bet.
He smileth with a smile that is most glad-some, blithe and bland, and honied nothings whispereth to maidens on the sand.

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CULLED FROM EXCHANGES--Cont'd

Much flippant, buoyant caroling he putteth in his speech, and telleth every damsel she's the pebble of the beach.

He goeth forth at break of day and playeth golf and things,

And through the watches of the night he seeks to fill on kings.

He runneth up the hotel bill at Wet-spot-by-the-sea, and when you speak of where he works, "Now, what is work?" asks he.

And through the weeks of parching heat he dangleth at the side of some fair maid, and urgeth her that she become his bride.

Yea, verily, the summer maid is she for whom he longs, and every day and every night he singeth dreamy songs.

He telleth her his papa hath so many banks that he cannot but claim that Pierpont M. is only one-two-three.

And that his rich old uncle holdeth bonds and coins and notes, and on a pool of Standard oil the little homestead floats.

Likewise the summer maid asserts, with shy and downcast eye, that popper has such wondrous wealth there is no use to try,

To spend the same in one short life, with no time off for meals, and that is why the summer man is ever at her heels.

He buyeth for her dainty things and candies in a box, and sends her flowers every morn, and at the florist mocks.

He taketh her on buggy rides and holdeth to her hand, and playeth like a Romeo in style to beat the band.

Yet on a time the summer maid returneth to her home, and then the summer man remains to curse the ocean's foam.

For he hath spent his little all, and now must softly slip away from Wet-spot-by-the-sea, and leave his trunk and grip.

Because the heartless hotel man no more his bill will chalk, and voweth that his ears are deaf to all but money talk.

Yea, surely, thus it is that he, the summer man returns

He walketh o'er the railroad ties, whose heat most fiercelp burns;

He cometh to his native town, and humbly he doth seek his ancient job of selling silk at nine-fifteen per week.

And with surprise he noteth at the counter next to his the lady whom he knew as "Ethelinda"—now she's "Liz."

And each upon the other smiles, and either looks at each, but neither giveth voice to thoughts that are too deep for speech.



HARDWARE

—FOR THE—

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Hardware for the Workshop

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But in the inmost heart of each such thoughts as this there be:

"Pooh! Pooh! That party's badly off. Their actions fooled not me."

And when the summer comes again they'll hie to hills or shore, and play the blase millionaire and heiress great some more.

Behold, is not this writing true as it is here displayed?

Ah, gentle reader, know'st thou not the summer man and maid?—Josh Wink in the Baltimore American.

So Many.

So many stars in the infinite space—
So many worlds in the light of God's face.
So many storms ere the thunders shall cease—
So many paths to the portals of Peace
So many years, so many tears—
Sighs and sorrows and pangs and prayers
So many ships in the desolate night—
So many harbors, and only one Light.
So many creeds like the weeds in the sod—
So many temples, and only one God.

Frank L. Stanton in Atlanta Constitution

Contempt of Court—"Thomas Wilson, of Washington, was arguing a case of some importance in the United States Supreme Court," says the St. Paul Globe, "and was dwelling upon propositions that were known to and accepted by every law student in the country, when he was interrupted by the late Justice Miller, saying: 'Cannot the counsel safely assume that this court understands the rudiments of law?' 'I made that mistake in the lower court,' retorted Mr. Wilson, 'or this case would not have been here on appeal.'"

This calls to mind the story of the lawyer who, disgruntled at a decision, crammed his papers into his green bag and started out of the court-room, giving vent to very uncomplimentary sentiments under his breath. The presiding Judge, nettled at such behavior, called him back. "I cannot permit counsel to show contempt of the court over which I preside," he said sharply. "I beg your Honor's pardon," came the retort. "I was doing my best to conceal the contempt I felt for the court."

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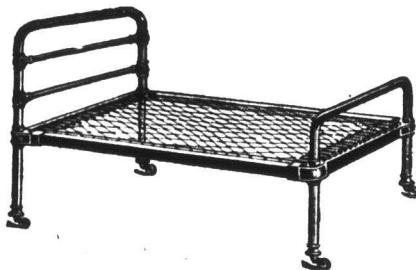
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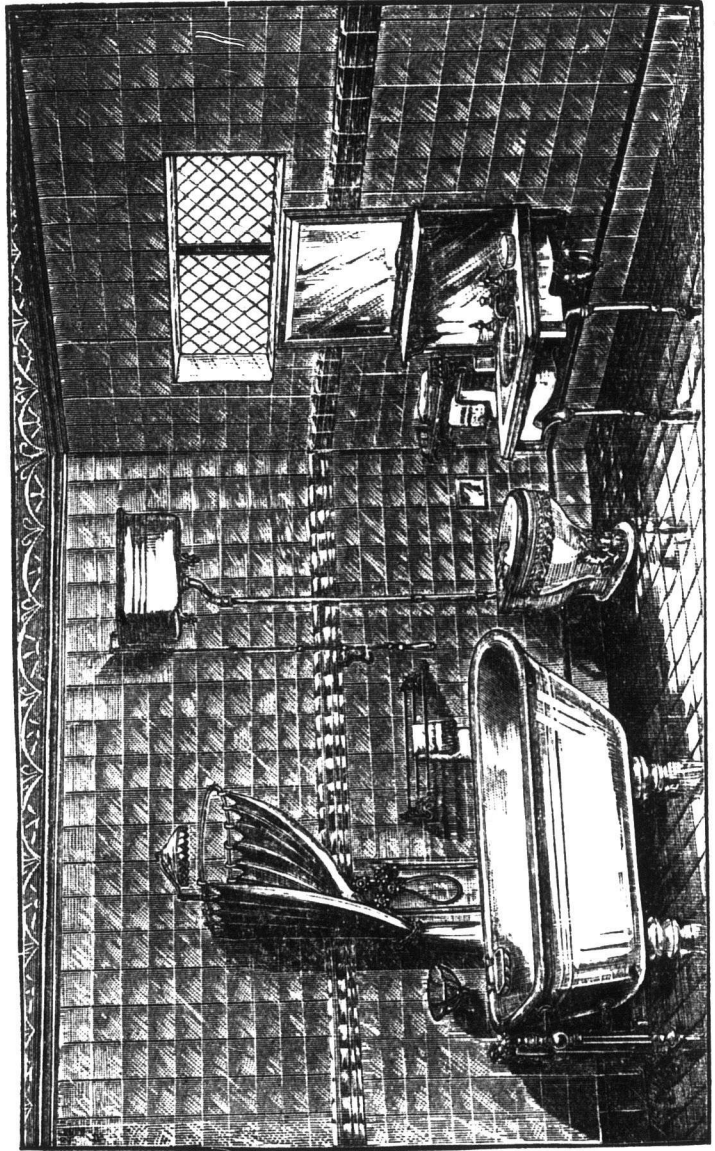
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