

THE  
PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND  
MAGAZINE

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EDITORIAL, ETC.

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THE  
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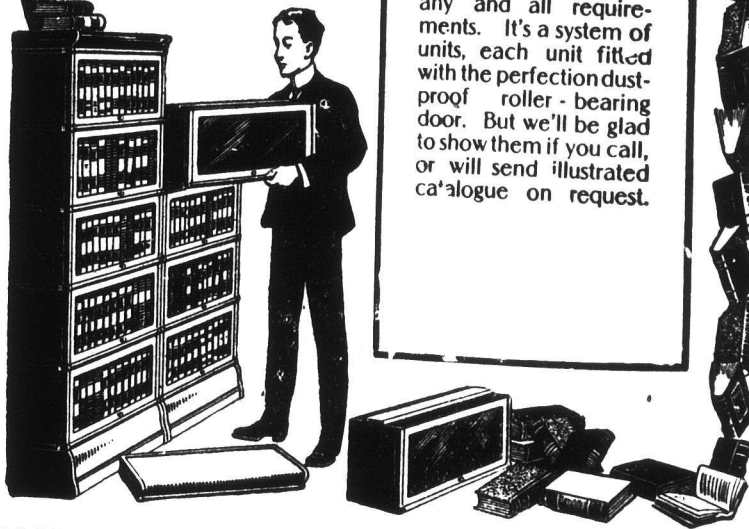
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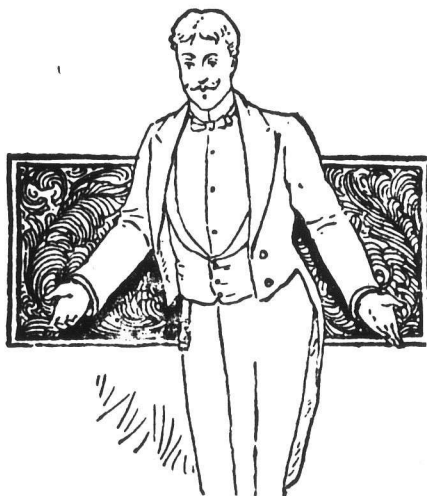


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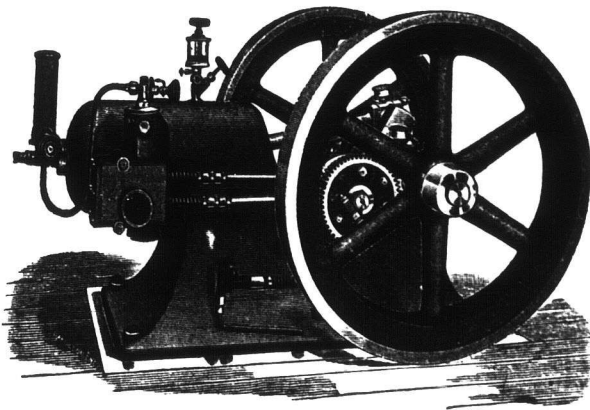
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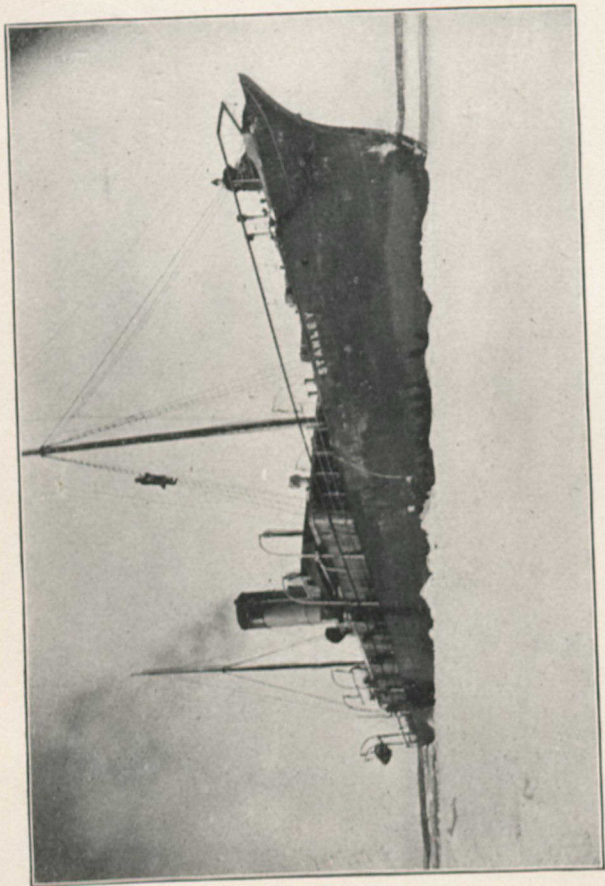


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Publisher P. E. I. Magazine



OUR WINTER STEAMERS—THE STANLEY

Photo by W. S. Leuson.

(See page 33)

The  
Prince Edward Island  
Magazine

Vol. 5

March, 1903

No. 1

An Adventure in North Africa.

EVERYBODY has read and heard so much about South Africa the past three or four years, it occurred to me that a short account of an incident that took place in the North of Africa some years ago, in which the writer was a participant, might interest your readers.

It was in June, 1869, whilst the Ship of War in which I was serving was lying at anchor in Valetta Harbour, Malta, that we received orders to proceed to the coast of Tunis, and make a special survey of the coastline and soundings of that coast lying between Tunis or Cape Carthage and the boundary of Algiers.

We were warned before leaving that the natives along the coast were very hostile towards foreigners, owing to the harsh treatment of them by the French in Algiers.

Our Captain considered that inasmuch as our work would necessitate the landing and traversing of nearly the whole coastline, it would be prudent to secure the good will and assistance of the Bey of Tunis. Consequently after leaving Malta we crossed over and anchored in the Bay of Carthage—just outside the little harbor where once Cæsar wintered his fleet.

The Captain accompanied by the writer, proceeded from here by boat up the Lagoon, a distance of about seven miles, arriving at the City of Tunis, which we found to be walled and quaint-looking, more Oriental in appearance and its



inhabitants more mixed, than even Jerusalem itself.

First we called upon the British Minister and explained the object of our visit, and by him we were taken to the Palace and introduced to the Bey who received us very cordially, and at once gave orders that we be furnished with a "Firman," or pass, on receipt of which we found to be written on parchment and in the Arab language. It was quite a formidable looking document, and was addressed to the several Shieks residing along the coast between Tunis and Algiers.

After we returned to the ship we took a day's recreation in going over the ruins of Carthage, of which once great city little is left to be seen except the old reservoirs—some of which were intact; otherwise the site of the city was nearly all one large wheat field. We had some good quail shooting over these fields later on.

We then left for the coast to the west, and arriving at Bizerta, spent a day or two exploring the place and its surroundings. Here we found a mixed community of French, Italians, Greeks and Arabs, in all perhaps 1500 of a population. It has since then been fortified, and made a very important Naval base by the French Government.

Next we proceeded to a place called Barca, and anchored in the roadstead partly protected on the west by a small, high uninhabited island. On the mainland we could see the scattered canvas huts of the natives, and here and there patches of wheat. The captain decided to take Star observations on this island at night, but before landing—as a matter of precaution—he called upon the Sheik of the Tribe, and exhibited the pass obtained from the Bey of Tunis, and returned on board with the Sheik's assurance that all was right.

About 8 p.m. we landed on the island. There were three of us Lieut. Tizard, Dr. Cannon and the writer, besides four blue-jackets and "Paolo," a Maltese interpreter, who spoke



Arabic fluently. The night was bright starlight, but as the Island was very rugged, rocky and precipitous, we took lanterns with us, and ascended the hillside, leaving two blue-jackets to look after the boat. We had no arms. There was only about four feet of water in depth between the Island and the mainland, and the crossing was easily fordable.

On reaching the summit of the island, we found an old deserted (Saracen) fort. About this time we heard horns blowing all about the Arab village on the mainland, and concluded it must be a "feast day" amongst the natives. We were soon to be undeceived however, and to know the real meaning of the horn-blowing was the calling of the Tribe together. We prepared to take the star observations, and as our particular star would not pass its meridian until about half-past ten, our interpreter "Paolo" had brought a tea kettle with water, coffee and other ingredients, had lighted a fire against the wall of the old fort to boil the kettle, and we lay down on a little knoll close by to smoke and chat, until such time as the time for our observations would come on. We had not been there more than thirty or forty minutes, when all at once, without the least intimation by noise or otherwise, we heard surrounding us on all sides in the dark, the jabbering of natives, and the click, click, click, of muskets; at the same time Paolo, the interpreter, who was boiling the kettle, shouted at the top of his voice an unearthly howl in Arabic, gesticulated wildly to the crowd, and roared to us in English *to hold up our hands and show that we were unarmed.* This of course was quickly done, when the ragged, jabbering, wild mob of natives, about one hundred and fifty in all, trembling and excited, closed cautiously in on us, covering each of our party with dozens of muskets, as they approached. Here was a bewildering predicament for us, and although we had not time to think of what might happen, our feelings can better be imagined than described.



As the natives closed in around us, our interpreter closed in too, shouting and excited, and after an hour of threatening, jabbering and questioning it was decided that the interpreter go over to the Natives' camp on the Mainland with a portion of the attacking mob, and interview the Sheik. After stationing about forty of their number around us, the others, with "Paolo" went over to the camp, leaving our guards sitting with cocked muskets covering each one of us, and in this unpleasant position we sat through the weary hours of the night, waiting the return of the delegation, not in the least knowing what the result might be. But during this thrilling time we succeeded in taking our star observations. And here we sat, watching and listening for their return, and it was only when the morning sun was beginning to lighten up the eastern sky with golden streaks over the hills of Tunis, that we heard them approaching. As may be supposed while this wretched mob scrambled up the rugged hill-side towards us, we had anxious thoughts. So great was the strain on the nerves of one of our party, that he has not recovered from its effects to this day.

At last our interpreter, in front of the crowd, reached our little knoll, and with cap in hand, came forward. "What is the word, Paolo?" shouted our Lieutenant. "Sir," said he, "the Sheik, after a long palaver, says, if you will go off at once, and promise not to land here again you may go; but if not, the order is to kill us all."

Unprotected as we were I need hardly say we lost little time in getting down to our boat, feeling terribly humiliated, as, although our ship and certain relief was almost within hailing distance, those on board were wholly ignorant of what we were undergoing on shore, and we had to submit to the indignity of obeying these ragged savages, which it can easily be understood, was most galling to our feelings.

When we arrived alongside the ship, the sun was merg-



ing over the hills, and the "Sentry" and "Watch" were the only persons on deck. All on board had "turned in" with no thought of trouble to us on shore. When the captain learned our story at breakfast, he like ourselves felt an inclination to punish the ruffians, but after consultation, and being reminded of the doings of "Exeter Hall" after the Jamaica Rebellion, he decided to leave them alone, and we got under weigh and proceeded to another part of the coast to continue our work.

We learned from our interpreter that the whole Tribe, with the exception of the Sheik, were determined to destroy us, but fortunately for us, the Sheik's wishes prevailed—or this little story would never have been written.

FRED W. HYNDMAN.

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### How the School was Started.

**B**EFORE British rule was on this Island, the French had, so far as traces might justify, small settlements at French Village and Point de Roche in Lot 37; the former situated on a small stream which empties into the western arm of Savage Harbor Bay, the latter was on the north shore. Along the site of their occupations at French Village may still be found evidences of their having engaged in the building of small vessels, either for fishing or trading to the neighboring colonies while the north shore site must have been selected as a more suitable locality for farming and fishing off shore in small boats.

Between these places, which were only about two miles distant, there was a narrow road taking such courses as served best to avoid the hills, swamps and heavy forests that intervened. This continued to be called, at least,

while any traces of it could be discerned, the old French road, and passed through the district still called by the geographically misleading name of North Side.

The holding of these places by the old French pioneers did not survive British settlement; they evacuated them so soon as they thought their safety was menaced by the approach of their successful rivals.

Almost in the wake of French departure from Point de Roche, there settled there some few families of Highlanders, the McCormacks, and secured, free from landlordism, a tract of country stretching along shore west from the eastern limits of late French occupation to the line of Lot 36, and inland for such distance as was needed to comprise nine hundred acres.

There can be no doubt that those families shared in the disadvantages of their time; had to face the difficulties attending pioneer life, yet it was said by those, whose memories somewhat extended to a knowledge of this period, that they progressed to an extent equalled by very few of the earliest settlers on this Island. Much of this lay in the natural advantage which that section of country then presented. The high sand dunes, which lay along shore eastward from Tracadie Bay almost to the western limit of their settlement, covered with a mixture of wild pea and silicious grass, together with the low-lying ground adjacent abounding in native clover, afforded excellent pasturage. These pastures during the summer months together with the large amount of intervale hay, which could then be obtained on their own premises, gave to those settlers the means of keeping a fairly large herd of cattle even during the early years of settlements. That they became prosperous and independent, and that this place was, as tradition obtains, the granary of this part of the country there are many reasons to concede.

However, these conditions were only short-lived. The



cattle, roaming over the sandhills, broke the surface held somewhat firm by the roots of its vegetation, and with the high west winds of autumn and early winter it hurriedly sped, covering deep the soil of the rich district in its course, so those unfortunate families were obliged to move upward to the southern portion of their estate. So, due probably to want of a proper appreciation of the importance of keeping the surface of the sandhills undisturbed, they suffered the loss of happy homes, and had to begin anew, under much less favourable circumstances, to found new ones.

Almost co-eval with this event the settlement of North Side, to which I have already incidentally referred, was begun by three families of Irish whose name the writer bears.

Possibilities were in a great many instances increased on the Island at this period. Ship-building was started in almost all places suitably situated, and the settlers, here as elsewhere, found employment during the winter in supplying the yards with ship-timber, and a ready sale for fish especially mackerel, as well as higher prices for farm products were obtainable, consequent upon the free trade arrangements with the United States following the year 1854.

It cannot be said however that commendable progress was shown in either of the adjoining districts. Industry was not directed to ensure continuous development; it was rather more intended for the accomplishment of some great feat which gave to the performer a prominence, which in the then status of social rectitude, some applauded, some disputed, some disparaged either by way of making it appear to wear less merit, or by relating a greater by some one else more in their favor. Thus, as may be observed, ambition was not far-reaching in character, or a spirit of advancement and general goalfeaditiveness was never dominant; it was rather to do hurriedly such operations as for the moment



seemed absolute, and so, in too many cases, this work-a-day, idle-a-day policy has left its impress on these districts, from which they are only slowly emerging.

Concurrent with the progress of material affairs large families grew up in the adjoining neighborhood. A school there was not. The education of the grown-up youth, who pre-lived the advantage, was such, that perhaps their individual interests or dispositions led them to acquire the prejudices, superstitions, fallacies and conceits of the hour. As to where and how they spent their school-age term of life I have not a thorough knowledge; even, if I had it would be somewhat extraneous to my subject to relate it, but the generation to which the writer belongs spent more time, than due home<sup>l</sup> vigilance would seemingly justify, on the sand-flats—that wide waste stretching between the present settlement of Point du Roche and the shore—where opportunities for wild sport offered themselves in the way of catching horses and riding them bridleless until exhausted, with often as many as five of us clinging on, some even by the mane the others astride; by driving into the pond, which lies along its southern border, a number of young cattle which, like the horses, were usually allowed to go free over this common, and thus keep them from returning back to the shore; and the one amongst us, who did not show sufficient cleverness in stampeding the number which fell to our lot, did not escape without lasting censure and instant imprecations. Our time was spent in other ways by scouring everywhere for whatever wild fruits the confines of this territory afforded, and which was never allowed to ripen unless by the unusual accident of our not having observed them; in gathering, during the early summer months, the eggs laid by the gulls on the hot sand which serves them as an incubator; by destroying the nests of the sand-martins, and whatever other sport that rudeness of spirit cherished or general incivility promoted.



But, that which engaged our attention on most occasions was the rivalry which, almost without cessation, existed between us on one side and the boys of Point de Roche on the other. We both met on this same campus. No place else offered like attractions, and also it was partially shut from view by encircling skirts of wood and low hills and enough removed from the homes of all to prevent observation of our doings. They often confronted us with the impropriety of intruding on what they called their fathers' property. We retorted by saying: "only your ancestors killed the poor Frenchmen you would never have had any claim to it." To the demand to leave a ready defiance was given. Force was met by force. Often hand to hand conflicts took place between the most stalwart representatives of both; it oftener culminated in a general fight with varying results. To be worsted once, twice, or oftener did not damper the spirit of any one of good metal. A determination to fight and win was dominant, even though the prowess of the antagonist was already shown. A challenge was never refused. It simply meant off coat then;—but it is not off coat now, which is a signal for some one to hold our to-day puglist till he tells what he can do. As I have said the results of these engagements were varying, and disputes occasionally arose as to who showed general superiority. Both were imbued with like feelings and evenly prided in their imaginary laurels. When debate and insolence, even though we had a vocabulary of our own, were employed to decide this it only resulted in a state more aggravated. Finally it was decided that we should with all our forces meet upon a certain day and have it out. No unfair advantage in numbers was to be allowed and secrecy was to be observed, so that no possibility of prevention on the part of parents might occur to shut off the reward which both ardently expected. Our rendezvous was to be near the old French Road, selected because it was deemed midway between



settlements. And now the day came. We were there first, and that not one absented himself is only placing emphasis on the general valour and eagerness which distinguished all of us on that occasion. Nor had we long to wait, for soon we heard the slogan of our adversaries and presently they came in sight. But what was our consternation to behold in their ranks an over-grown youth, whom we had never before encountered, and whose exterior appearance might well daunt the ardour of our whole force? Some of us ventured to remark that he only accompanied them to merely view the fight, but the majority were opposed to this opinion—and rightly so—for, as soon as he came within a short distance, he announced his ability to thrash us all in less time—to use his own words—than it would take to tell it. We were now no longer in doubt as to the motive of the stranger whose looks alone might be well calculated upon to inspire cowardice in our ranks. His head, large enough to be even disproportionate to a bulky body, was heavily covered with a coat of brown hair, long, tangled and bearing no evidence of its ever being combed; his face which, could be ruddy, if clean, was covered with a beard which grew unevenly—almost approaching whisker length at the chin and lower points of the molars. His body was supported by short elephant-shaped legs terminating in his feet, which, bare—likely the greater part of his life—as well on this occasion—were not long but of unusual width, the fore toe alone as wide as an ordinary foot.

Our opponents, somewhat exultant in the acquisition of such a formidable warrior showed eagerness to momentarily push matters. Our manager remonstrated with them on the unfairness of getting a monster to help them out. "One of our fellows was hindered from coming," said they, "and we coaxed 'His Majesty' to take his place." "And you selected wisely, if looks count," said one of our lot.

"Did you say anything about my looks?" asked the



giant. "Not yet, but it would furnish a good subject," coolly replied the same. A loud laugh from our boys followed and its sound had scarcely died away before the fight was on.

Sudden as was the outset the caution was observed that only the very best one in our force should pit himself against the bully, and although it appeared a task too great for him to attempt, our unbounded faith in his cleverness and fighting qualities buoyed us with the belief that he could keep him too busily engaged to think of anything else. Our hope was more than realized, for strength and even ugliness added could not successfully encounter an acquired knowledge of fighting agility, and effective hitting powers. The lesser combatants injured to fight used due coldness and caution, but a vindictive purpose incensed all this day to tussle gallantly and make a supreme effort to win. In the meantime something happened which terminated the battle earlier than either side expected. One of our boys spied at some little distance a pile of stones; he hurried thither and brought back one heavy enough for him to handle with a little ease. He instantly went up to within easy reach of "His Majesty," whose great endurance to stand punishment was his truest quality, and pitched the stone with all his force upon his great toe, completely crushing it. He instantly collapsed and exclaimed with all the breath he could command: "Oh! my toe is bruk! it is bruk! it is bruk!" "Run baies," or "they will murder us! run!" So, suiting the action to the word, holding the injured foot up, he turned on the other big one toward home, but he hardly made a couple of hops when the same instrument of war was thrown again striking the heel of the one now alone depended on, when, regardless of the pain of both, he bolted into a run shouting alternately: "Follow me, baies, or you'll be stoned to death!" "Oh! my toe is bruk!" Our adversaries, though they showed more than usual pluck in the combat, seeing that he, in whom



they staked their best hopes, had deserted, manfully withdrew and joined in the general laughter which the peculiar flight of "His Majesty" provoked.

Hitherto we had used every precaution to conceal our wild acts. Slight disclosures of course often happened, but we were, on the whole, very respectful in this respect. But, alas! the tattered and bruised appearance of "His Majesty" on his hastened return to home gave instant cause for his parents to question him on what they at once presumed to be an attempt to kill their poor, innocent, harmless boy. This view they took, and needless to say it was strengthened by the giant's own story and this with very little modification they for a long time were only willing to entertain, which added fuel to the crusade now hotly waged on us from all sides. To vindicate our position was out of the question, to even give voice to say that, even at worst, it could only be manslaughter could only be hazarded, so much were all prejudiced against us. Yes! an attempt to murder was proclaimed and we were coerced for a while to let vengeance use its own terms. In addition, at this juncture, all secrecy seemed to have exploded; persons whose horses were never jockeyed told pitiful stories of their abuse; cattle were drowned that never existed, that which happened was enumerated with that which had not—all done to lower us still more in the scale of civilization.

Finally when the atmosphere redolent with accusation and denuncings of our wildness cleared, and the rays of a proper understanding of its cause pierced through, our denouncers began more coolly to reason that they were the greater culprits.

The building of a school-house was at once begun, and in a short time following the event mentioned, the door of Point de Roche school-house closed on the wildest yet happiest portion of our lives.

JOSEPH F. DOYLE.



SOME keep the Sabbath going to Church;  
 I keep it staying at home,  
 With a bobolink for a chorister  
 And an orchard for a dome.  
 Some keep the Sabbath in surplice;  
 I just wear my wings;  
 And instead of tolling the bell for church,  
 Our little sexton sings.  
 God preaches, a noted clergyman,  
 And the sermon is never long;  
 So instead of getting to Heaven at last,  
 I'm going all along!

(Selected)

EMILY DICKINSON.

### The Wreck of the Fairy Queen.—Concluded.

THE following evidence, taken before the magistrates of Pictou, after Captain Bulyea's examination, is of interest. The testimony of Trainor, the mate, most assuredly convicts him of the criminal act of letting go the painter of the boat and thereby leaving the passengers on the wreck to their melancholy fate.

<sup>1197</sup>Patrick Trainor, called, said he was acting as mate of the steamer. Had been in her twelve or thirteen days. Thinks he is something of a sailor. He was shipped as the mate's substitute who had gone to see his sick wife. They left Charlottetown about 12 o'clock. He was at the wheel. Does not know whether she made any water before the wheel-ropes broke. But after they cast anchor they had to bail with buckets. He worked some time at this and then went on deck and began to lower away one of the boats. When the boat was down he and one of the clerks jumped in. After they were in the mail bags were thrown in, he thinks by the captain. Did not see them. But he



heard them fall down by him, and stooped down and put them away. The boat was dropped astern and he remained in her. When she was hauled up again and the Captain fell into her he, Trainor, had hold of the painter. The captain took it, and Trainor feared he would have her staved to pieces. He told the captain to go aft and he would hold on. When the captain got aft, he, Trainor, lost hold of the painter, and the boat drifted off. Does not know how it was made fast to the boat. When the captain got in Trainor held the ends in his hands. Perhaps he let it go on purpose. Would not say he did not. Anyhow the boat got adrift. Does not know whether the hands tried to pull back to the steamer. He did not, but tried to get her away. He would not have gone alongside again for five hundred pounds, nor for all Pictou. His life was as much to him as any other person's. He thinks the steamer had made some water before this voyage. Heard she was aground at Shediac. There were only the four oars for the two boats. Thinks with more he could not have reached the steamer, but did not try. It would have been of no use. There were more oars on board but a short time ago some of them were taken away at Charlottetown by some of Mr. Lord's people, They sent a man up for them but they could not be got.

"James Webster, called, said he was second engineer. The engine was in a pretty good state. The boilers were leaky, but answered very well. A fortnight or three weeks ago the steamer was aground at Shediac. Has made water since that from being strained, but the engine pumps were sufficient to keep her dry. The wheel ropes broke once before—perhaps six weeks ago. They were not replaced by new ones. After the ship had become unmanageable he went into the ladies' cabin. One of them was completing her dressing. The others were on their knees at prayer. One of them asked him to go to her trunk and take care of some money in it. He told her not to mind her money. They asked whether the danger was great. He told them they were in danger but hoped all would soon be right again. He got into the boat about five minutes after this. Does not know whether any of the officers tried to get the ladies into the boats. After the boats were off he heard some gentlemen cry out: 'Can't you come back and save the ladies.' Wilkins called and asked him to come and save him. But they could not pull up again. Had to keep the boat head to the wind and pull for the shore. Recollects that in the gale referred to by Dr. Evans, the steamer leaked until the water under the furnaces so damped the fire as to stop the engine several times. The firemen stood in the water shovelling coal. Does not know whether there was water on the cabin floor that day."



The following testimony, given by Mr. Lydiard, portrays in a more vivid light the cruel and heartless conduct of the officers and crew towards the poor passengers than any other before given. I quote from the *Eastern Chronicle*:

“The steamer left Charlottetown between 11 and 12 o'clock Friday. When, after getting clear of Point Prim, the steamer shipped a sea which broke open the gangway and did some other slight damage. With this exception they had proceeded very comfortably for nearly five hours, at which time they were near Pictou Island, when the tiller rope broke, and the boat immediately broached to, and shipped another sea. Some of the passengers immediately laid hold and assisted the mate and others to splice it. It was made fast by knotting it, but had to be untied again and fastened further aft in consequence of the knot having been placed too far forward to admit the proper working of the wheel. An attempt was made to get her before the wind with the jib, but she would not work, owing to her peculiar build. After the tiller-rope was repaired the vessel was again got under way on her course, but she appeared to go very slowly: the passengers were not aware of the cause neither were they aware of any danger for some time afterwards. On enquiry they were informed that the engineers were not able to get up steam, and hearing it said that there was a want of fuel, some of them went to work carrying down a quantity of wood that was lying on the forward part of the deck. They did succeed in getting up the steam a little more briskly, but only for a short time, when the engines ceased working altogether, the fires having been put out by the water. Previous to the engine stopping finally, the captain, who appeared to be on duty most of the time at the wheel, gave it in charge to the mate. The vessel during this time, and before the passengers generally were aware of the real danger, continued gradually to settle, and broached to frequently. When all became aware of the danger, I proposed to the mate to run the boat ashore on Pictou Island; the mate said that it could not be done on account of a reef that was near the shore. Various attempts were made to get the ship under way before the wind but all failed. At length the passengers all began to work at bailing, and endeavored by their example to arouse the crew to act with energy. A few of the crew worked well, but generally speaking they could not be got to work, except only at short intervals, ceasing as soon as the passengers backs were turned. The crew appeared to be in an undisciplined condition, the captain having no command over them. The passengers express their firm belief that had the crew worked as they should



have done, and aided the efforts of the passengers, the vessel could have been kept afloat until daylight by bailing.

A great deal of confusion prevailed during the whole time. It was proposed by a passenger to Mr. Turner, the clerk, to hoist a signal light, but it was not attended to. After the first boat was lowered four or five of the crew got into it and remained there, towing astern, at least an hour and a half before leaving the steamer. The boats could have been kept there without any difficulty until the steamer broke up. Had the boats remained by the vessel, in all human probability every soul might have been saved. It was believed that the captain was willing and anxious to have put the ladies into the boats, and as many more persons as the boats might carry, and after getting into the boat, on being hailed from the steamer, he returned an answer to that effect. The boats were distinctly seen when they went adrift, and no efforts appeared to be made by the parties in them to reach the steamer although requested so to do. They quietly drifted away—had their oars out, but apparently used them only for the purpose of keeping the boats steady, and head to the wind.

Mr. Power and Mr. Lydiard used every entreaty to induce those in the boats to pull up alongside the steamer and take the ladies with them, at the same time assuring them that none but the ladies would be allowed to enter the boats unless they desired it; and that, if any more could be taken, lots would be drawn to determine who should remain. To this proposal, and to every other they refused to give any answers. All the male passengers could have got into the boats but refused to do so, until they could get the ladies in before them. On perceiving that the boats were leaving the steamer, Mr. Lydiard cried out to the men in the boats, 'You are not going to leave us;—I cannot curse you; I hope you may live to repent of your guilt; but if God in his providence should preserve my life, which I feel assured He will, I will meet you again.'

After being deserted by the boats, the passengers once more commenced bailing, but found their labours of no effect. They got a light upon the wheelhouse and commenced ringing the bell in hopes that it possibly be heard by some one who might be able and willing to render assistance. The greater number now assembled together on the upper deck, conscious that no efforts of their own could avail them, and endeavoured to await their fate with fortitude. The steamer at length settled down, with a list to leeward, until more than half of the main deck was under water. Two men were seen floating from the side of the wreck on pieces of plank. Dr. McKenzie and another passenger were washed overboard but succeeded in catching hold of ropes that



were thrown them and got on deck again. The upper works of the steamer at length began to give way, something breaking with the surge of each wave, until about one o'clock, and it might be an hour and a half, or three-quarters after the boats leaving the vessel, she was struck by a wave, gave a tremendous lurch and appeared to part in the middle, precipitating all the passengers into the sea, except Mr. Pinceo, and Mr. Parker, who were well aft on the upper deck, and succeeded in holding on, that part of the vessel having become detached from the wreck and floating off. Mrs. Marshall was shortly after thrown by a wave on this deck, now converted into a raft, and Mr. Wilkins, Mr. Lydiard, the two boys and one of the hands, also succeeded in getting upon it. None of the rest were seen afterwards, except Mr. Cameron, and it supposed they all perished. The whole of the upper deck abaft the paddle boxes remained in one piece, and was large enough to have floated all the passengers left behind by the boats. It was composed of thin spruce planks, carefully fastened together, covered with tarred and painted canvass, firmly tacked on, and with a hand railing or bannister running around three sides of it. From the moment of getting upon the raft, so firm did it appear, that they all felt confident of their ultimate escape, and finally after eight hours of exposure to the storm and cold, they were cast ashore on the north side of Merigomish Island, some twelve or fifteen miles from the scene of their disaster."

The evidence of the others was unimportant, being largely embodied in the foregoing.

A public meeting was held in Charlottetown on the 19th of the month after the catastrophe, at which strong resolutions were passed condemnatory of the "base and inhuman conduct of the captain and others of the crew of the steamer Fairy Queen, who treacherously took away the two boats, capable of containing all the passengers and crew when the steamer was in a sinking state."

The Hon. Edward Whelan, at the time Queen's Printer, said in the Royal Gazette: "The deplorable loss of life which attended that casualty was owing to the criminal neglect, the cowardice and inhumanity of the crew, rather than to the weakness or rottenness of the vessel. The captain, it appears, exercised no control over his companions, but this fact was not known to the public until the evidence



which has since been published, described the insubordination that existed on the night of the disaster. Had there been but one generous feeling in the breasts of the crew, the captain would have been saved from disgrace, invaluable lives preserved, and the painful excitement, and bad feelings, which have since arisen, been averted.

JAMES D. LAWSON.

### Sidney Lanier

O Spirit to a kingly holding born !  
 As beautiful as any southern morn  
     That wakes to woo the willing hills,  
     Thy life was hedged about by ills  
 As pitiless as any Northern night ;  
 Yet thou didst make it as thy "Sunrise" bright

WAITMAN BARBE.

**O**F the little group of poets who sang the hope of the Confederacy, the youngest was Sidney Lanier. He was born in Macon, Georgia, in 1842, and was descended from a line of artist ancestors, of Huguenot origin, from whom he inherited great musical talents. Sidney Lanier's father was a lawyer. His mother, Mary Anderson, was a Virginian of Scotch descent. Sidney when even a child was very fond of music, and could play several kinds of musical instruments. The violin was his favourite, but because it had such a powerful, almost dangerous fascination, he gave it up, and devoted himself to the flute, which was his constant companion all through his life.

At the age of fourteen he entered Oglethorpe College, an institution under Presbyterian control. He graduated in

1860 with the first honors of his class. The same year in which he graduated, he accepted a tutorship in the college, which position he held till the outbreak of the war.

He entered the Confederate army in April 1861, and served through the entire war. He shared in the seven day's fighting before Richmond, served with the signal corps in various parts of the south, was captured, and for several months remained a prisoner of war. His adventures during the period are recorded in his "Tiger Lilies," a novel written at the close of the rebellion.

After the war he returned to his home, with his strength utterly exhausted. During this time his mother died from consumption, and he himself, after six weeks of illness, arose from his sick-bed with congestion of one lung.

In 1867 he was married to Miss Mary Day, a lady who, as his faithful companion and helper became the subject of his brightest and tenderest poems, such as, "In Absence," "My Springs."

His "Science of English Verse" shows the strength of his intellect, and it is said to be a new and valuable addition to the study of poetry, but one must be a Lanier to use his system. Like Poe's "Philosophy of Composition," Lanier's "Science of English verse" may have been a light to the writer but is of little use to others. Accepting originality as the highest test of poetic genius, it seems futile for any to offer his own mental process as a guide to others. It is however fair to Lanier to add that his parting word with the reader is "For the artist in verse there is no law: the perception and love of beauty constitute the whole outfit." Lanier's system in his own hands resulted in producing poems of great beauty, elegance and originality. His flight was too high for popular contemporary opinion, but he is now receiving a measure of the appreciation which is his due.

His best poem is "Sunrise" It forms one of a series called the "Hymns of the Marshes" which he did not com-



plete. It furnishes a very slight basis of comparison with any other composition. The voice is his own. Starting from the midst of sleep, in the dark hour which precedes the day, the poet, amidst the whispering of the leaves, the ebbing of the tide, and the gossip of the owl, introduces the dawn, then gray morning approaches and finally the sun appears above the horizon. His apostrophe to the sun suffers nothing from comparison with Byron's apostrophe to the ocean.

"O artisan born in the purple,—Workman Heat  
 Parter of passionate atoms that travail to meet  
 And be mixed in the death-cold oneness—inmost Guest  
 At the marriage of elements,—fellow of publicans,—blest  
 King in the blouse of flame, that loiterest o'er  
 The idle skies yet laborest fast evermore,—  
 Thou, in the fine forge-thunder, thou, in the beat  
 Of the heart of a man, thou Motive,—Laborer Heat :  
 Yea, artist, thou, of whose art yon sea's all news,  
 With his inshore greens and manifold mid-sea blues,  
 Pearl-glint, shell-tint, ancientest perfectest hues  
 Ever shaming the maidens,—lily and rose  
 Confess thee, and each mild flame that glows  
 In the clarified virginal bosoms of stones that shine,

It is thine, it is thine

Thou chemist of storms, whether driving the winds a-swirl  
 Or a-flicker the subtler essences polar that whirl  
 In the magnet earth,—yea, thou with a storm for a heart,  
 Rent with debate, many-spotted with question, part  
 From part oft sundered, yet ever a globed light  
 Yet ever the artist, ever more large and bright  
 Than the eye of a man may avail of"

"The Centennial Meditation of Columbia" was written for the opening of the Centennial Exhibition at Philadelphia on the Fourth of July 1876. A poem was wanted, which would serve as the text for a Cantata for that occasion.



Bayard Taylor brought Lanier under the notice of the Commission, and as they were anxious to secure hearty participation by the Southern States, he was asked to write the poem. He accepted the task, and the Cantata was the result of his work. It was somewhat unusual in style and character, that is to say it was original and charmingly so. A part of the vision which Columbia sees, is the coming of the "Mayflower" The wind which filled her sails, resounded vainly to the farewell sighs of the emigrants. The waves opposed their landing as we see by the words "No it shall not be." Then from Jamestown, Plymouth and Albany, came the discouraging shrieks of Winter, Fever, Hunger and Vengeance. Then came religious, political and social struggles, wars with the Indians and with the French, and the wars of the Revolution and that of Secession. Now Columbia's ear catches a word of hope and she breaks out into a Psalm of Praise, that she has become a great united land, and she appeals to the good angel to say how long this shall continue :

"Now praise to God's oft-granted grace  
 Now praise to man's undaunted face  
 Despite the land, despite the sea,  
 I was, I am: and I shall be  
 How long, Good Angel, O how long?  
 Sing me from Heaven a man's own song!"

The reply is worthy of an angel:

"Long as thine Art shall love true love,  
 Long as thy Science truth shall know,  
 Long as thine Eagle harms no Dove,  
 Long as thy Law by law shall grow.  
 Long as thy God is God above,  
 Thy brother every man below,  
 So long, dear Land of all my love,  
 Thy name shall shine, thy fame shall glow!"

The angel's song is finer than Whittier's closing lines



of the Centennial Hymn, written for the same occasion. It is finer than Tennyson's much praised closing stanza of his ode for the London International Exhibition. The angel only promises Columbia, that she shall continue great, so long as she continues good. Her art must be pure, her science must be based on knowledge and truth, her power must be exercised with mercy, her laws must be framed on right, her faith must abide in God and her love must extend to brotherhood.

Columbia having listened to the angel's song, bursts into an invocation to music, to unroll its chords and to wave the welcome of Columbia as "the world's best lover" to all the world.

Another beautiful poem is the "Song of the Chattahoochee." None can fail to notice in it, the time-spirit, the land-song, and the true poetic touch of the author.

The water tells of its purpose to hurry out of the hills and valley. Then the plants, trees and stones, all try to allure her to remain, but she gives her final "no" and rushes on to the call of duty, namely to refresh the fields, turn the mills, water the flowers and replenish the sea.

"But oh, not the hills of Habersham,  
 And oh, not the valleys of Hall  
 Avail: I am fain for to water the plain.  
 Downward the voices of Duty call--  
 Downward, to toil and be mixed with the main,  
 The dry fields burn, and the mills are to turn,  
 And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,  
 And the lordly main from beyond the plain  
 Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,  
 Calls through the valleys of Hall."

The "Song of the Chattahoochee," bears favorable comparison with Tennyson's "Brook," and deserves a place alongside of it. It strikes a higher key and is scarcely

less musical, and someone has declared it to have more dignity than the "Brook."

The "Revenge of Hamish" is a strong ballad which as a portrayal of human passions, and their fatal consequences, ranks with Campbell's "Lord Ullin's Daughter."

Lanier's work was handicapped by ill health. The seeds of consumption were sown, when he was a prisoner at the time of the war, and the remainder of his life was a struggle for existence. All these years he was without regular income and necessarily made frequent and expensive journeys in search of health, working all the harder, that he might sing the songs he felt called on to utter before death should bid him cease. With a fever temperature of one hundred and four degrees, and when he was too feeble to raise a spoon to his mouth, his masterpiece "Sunrise" was composed.

Another serious handicap in his life, was the crushing of the spirit of the South by the war. In a letter to Bayard Taylor in 1875, he said: "Perhaps you know that, with us of the younger generation in the South since the war, pretty much the whole of life has been merely not dying."

Lanier's aim was to bring poetry within musical rule. He had a profound opinion of the sacredness of Art. "Beauty is holiness and holiness is beauty," was a favorite remark with him on the subject of art. His writings as well as his personal character were as pure as the notes of his flute.

In 1881, his friends took him to North Carolina in the hope that amid the pines of that region he might at least, breathe out his life with less pain, than in his adopted home in Baltimore. There on the 7th of September, he died, at the early age of thirty-nine.

HELENA J. FERGUSON.





## The First Families of Canada.—Continued

IN 1535, Jacques Cartier, with two ships, manned by a hundred and twenty men, who had sailed from St. Malo, in Brittany, explored the cold and sterile shores of Labrador and Newfoundland. Cartier thought that this barren and uninviting country might be taken for the country assigned to Cain; and considered one acre of the Magdalen Islands, which he reached next, as worth the whole of Newfoundland.

As the sailors rowed their boats close in shore, coasting along bays and inlets, they could see the naked savages moving about on the beach, or paddling their bark canoes along the shores; after a time they managed to hold some intercourse with them, by means of signs and gifts of hatchets, knives, beads and toys, often having as many as fifty canoes about them. The Indians were delighted to exchange their fish for the knives and hatchets which they coveted so much, and a red cap for their chief sent them away happy.

Cartier sailed east and northward along the coast of Gaspé Bay. Here on its rocky headland he landed and set up a large wooden cross, thirty feet high, carved with three *fleurs-de-lis*, and bearing the inscription in French, "Long live the King of France." By this means he formally took possession of the land for his sovereign Francis I. In order to impress the savages the more, the French knelt around the cross, and made signs by pointing to the sky, to show that it was connected with the salvation of man. The chief showed them, by expressive signs, that he did not like their setting up the cross on his territory without his permission. Cartier easily persuaded him that the cross had



been set up merely as a beacon to point the way to the harbour.

Cartier spent the winters of 1535 and 1536 with the natives, who had seen with almost stolid indifference the Frenchman plant the tall cross at Stadacona. Their untrained fingers may have gone over the marking on it; but who among them knew or cared that a new king owned the land. The palefaces had now gone, taking two of the chief's sons with them; the river rolled, as it had ever done swift and dark, through the *kebbec*, far down past the rock-ribbed Cape Diamond.

In 1541, a small French colony was established in Cape Breton by De Roberval, but food was almost entirely lacking, and when the stores brought with them were exhausted, there were no means of replenishing them. The winter drew on, and found the colonists half starving. They made what shift they could to support life, bought all the fish the Indians could supply, and even dug up roots and boiled them in seal oil by aid from the natives; who brought to De Roberval their maimed, sick, and infirm, to cure; and paid him well for it. They existed till the spring of 1542, when those that remained returned to France.

In 1604, the Indians of Nova Scotia received De Monts with expressions of friendship. The chief of the Micmacs, Memberton, remembered Cartier's visit of seventy years before and hastened to renew his friendship with the Frenchmen. The chief and his family were entertained at his own table; those of a lower note were feasted outside. A Jesuit priest, named La Fleche, at once began to instruct Memberton and his tribe, and ere long he had confessed his sins and renounced the service of the devil, whom, as he said, he had served for one hundred and ten years. He and his entire family—twenty-one in all—were baptized on the shore, in the presence of the whole colony, while the *Te Deum* was chanted and a roar of cannon announced this first bap-



tism in the Acadian wilderness. The new converts received the names of the Royal Family of France, but in the spring of 1607, this colony was abandoned because of the turn of affairs in France. In 1610, the French again came to Acadia, with a fresh band of colonists who prospered well in the new land, till in 1612, when the English claimed all this region by virtue of its discovery by Cabot more than one hundred years before; and Samuel Argall, a colonist from Virginia, uprooted Port Royal as a encroachment of British soil. At this date the Micmac population of Acadia numbered about five thousand. During this century the Indian tribes always had war between themselves.

Sieur Doublet received a grant of the Isle of St. John, in 1663, but it was not until the year 1701 that it was colonized by the French, who founded Port La Joie, and fortified it against the English without and the Micmacs within; in 1713, we find two French families at Three Rivers, and Indian encampments at Malepuex, Kildare and an isle in Richmond Bay.

In 1719, the first treaty between the Indians and the English was signed at Annapolis, all the chiefs of the Micmac tribe being present, but some of these same Indians in 1724, attacked Annapolis and scalped and killed two Englishmen, also in the same year a large number of braves from the Island of St. John and Shubenacdie assembled at Minas, bent on mischief, murdering three men and pillaging the village of Jedore and Liscombs Harbour. The Indians strongly believed that they had territorial rights; they claimed to "own the woods." If "love of country" incited the Micmacs to war on the English they should be called patriots, and rank with Tell, Wallace and Bruce.

About 1741, a leader, energetic, unscrupulous, and ambitious, founded a mission on the Shubenacdie, and soon had a large band of Indians around him, ready to be led into an earthly kingdom, ere they sought a heavenly. The

Abbe De Le Loutre came from Paris, by the way of Quebec, and had plenty of money: and as vicar-general had control of all the priests and people of Acadia and the Isle of St. John. He paid a visit to all the French and Indian missions in his diocese. He met the chief of St. John's Isle at Fort La Joie, where the chief and his followers swore allegiance to France, and received at his hands, a large silver medal, as a gift from Louis xv. This medal is now the property of Chief John Sark, it being handed down from chief to chief; and bears on the obverse the head of the king, encircled with this inscription: *Ludovicus XV Rex. Christimessimus*, while the reverse has on it some religious emblem.

In 1744, war was declared between France and England and de Loutre living under the British Government busied himself as an active partisan of France, and with three hundred Micmacs besieged Annapolis, but by aid reaching the garrison from Halifax they were forced to retire. DeLoutre and five chiefs left for Quebec; whence was sent to the Indians of the mission four thousand pounds of powder and lead in proportion, ten webs of red cloth and two hundred francs in specie; presents were the never failing resource of those who sought to guide the Micmac. As guide, courier or assailant, under De Loutre, the Micmac played a prominent part in every murder or foray.

These Indians had seen the wreck of D'Anvill's fleet; that had come to their succour, and a cargo of ammunition and provisions from Quebec en route to them was captured by an English privateer and many other plans failed; but when a new town was founded at Chebucto their exertions were redoubled, their claim for half the country was rejected. Notwithstanding How was shot beneath the white flag; Payzant and others murdered and their families sent captives to Quebec; yet forts were built at Bedford, Windsor and on the Shubenacdie. In spite of their frantic efforts the English step by step steadily strengthened their



hold of the country and offered the Indians many inducements to make peace.

Chief Jean Baptiste from the Shubenacadie, came to Halifax to talk peace for his tribe, and after being given a gold laced belt and hats for himself and son, he signed terms of peace, which displeased de Loutre.

In 1775, Beausejour, de Loutre's stronghold, fell before the English, he fled and his Micmac flock was left without a shepherd. Five years after Paul Laurent, chief of La Have, Michael Augustine, chief of Richibucto, Claude Bene, chief of the Musquodoboit and Shubenacadie, Francis Snake, chief of the Island of St. John, signed a treaty of peace with the Governor-in-council at Halifax, and drew up a scale of prices for Indian wares. The unit of value was a pound of spring beaver, value five shillings. An otter, three martens, six minks, ten musquash, five pounds of deer, ten ermine, six pounds of feathers; each were equal to a pound of spring beaver; large blanket, two pound of spring beaver, two gallons of rum, two and a half gallons of molasses, thirty pounds of flour, fourteen pounds of pork each equal to two pounds of spring beaver; and other articles in the same proportion. Twice a year they were to receive presents from the government. Thus the generation of Micmacs trained to war and plunder gradually passed away.

J. EDWARD RENDLE.

(To be Continued.)



### “Brier”—Good Friday.

**B**ECAUSE, dear Christ, your tender, wounded arm  
 Bends back the brier that edges life's long way,  
 That no hurt comes to heart, to soul no harm,  
 I do not feel the thorns so much to-day.

Because I never knew your care to tire,  
 Your hand to weary guiding me aright,  
 Because you walk before and crush the brier,  
 It does not pierce my feet so much to-night.

Because so often you have hearkened to  
 My selfish prayers, I ask but one thing now:  
 That these harsh hands of mine add not unto  
 The crown of thorns upon your bleeding brow.

E. PAULINE JOHNSON. (Tekahionwake)

### The Selkirk Settlers in P. E. Island—V.

(Continuation of G. F. Owen's "Voyage of the Polly.")

“**A**MONG all those on board the Polly, next to the Captain, the most important was Sandy, the Earl's Agent. He had fought the King's battles in Ireland, had been wounded in actual warfare, and now received the King's pay. He had twice crossed the great ocean on which they were afloat; had spent some years in the unknown country to which they were bound; and above all, he was believed to stand high in the good graces of the landlord they left behind, to whom they were accustomed all their lives to pay deference due only to superior beings. Besides all this, he was known to be a man of reading; he had studied the great books of the common law; he had read the Scriptures, if not for the purpose of regulating his life by



their sublime precepts, at least to furnish his mind with texts for controversy. He was known to have beaten the minister in one of the outlying parishes of Galloway, in an argument on predestination and the final perseverance of the saints; and none of the magistrates or baillies of Kircudbright would venture to discuss a point of Scottish or British law with the learned tailor, so it was no wonder that he was looked up to on board the Polly by men, many of whom had never been farther from home than perhaps the nearest market town, and whose only reading was the Bible, the Shorter Catechism and the Psalms of David.

“For the first fortnight the winds were favorable. The ship made good headway and was nearing the Banks of Newfoundland. The passengers had not suffered much from sea-sickness, and were for the most part in good health and spirits.

“There were several Kirk elders on board, and they had religious exercise every morning and evening—a psalm was sung, a chapter read and explained by some one of the elders, and the Divine blessing was asked for all on board. Sandy would gladly have taken his turn in these devotional exercises; but his speech was noticed on some occasions to be a little unsavory, and it was quietly hinted amongst the passengers that he indulged in occasional bursts of profanity among the crew.

“These deviations from the right line of devotional propriety, excluded the agent, as he was still called by his fellow-passengers, from taking a leading part on those occasions. But as he knelt with the rest and joined in the singing of the psalms, his prestige was not materially affected; and as he quoted scripture texts with great readiness, in endless controversies he had with the elders on board—with whom he debated morning, noon and night on the doctrine of election and kindred difficult theological subjects—he was still regarded as a man who might yet make good his claim to an inheritance among the saints.

“On the evening of the 15th of June, a long, low strip of cloud-like shape and bluish color was observed on the distant horizon. It extended from northwest to southwest, and gradually faded away in the dim distance, as the eye traced its course from north to south between these two points.

“It was a beautiful fine day. Many of the passengers who lingered around the decks had heard the sailors on several occasions talk about the banks of Newfoundland. They, consequently deceived themselves with the notion that they were now rapidly approaching the end of

their voyage; and they hastened below to communicate the joyful news to their relatives and friends.

"The captain, however, was not deceived. A glance was sufficient to convince him that the appearance before them was neither land nor cloud, but an immense field of ice drifting with the current of the Atlantic in a direction contrary to their course. He ordered all the passengers below; the sails were close reefed, and the light spars and top hamper of the vessel were stowed on deck; and such other precautions were taken to ensure the safety of the ship as lay in his power.

"About twelve o'clock, detached lumps of ice floated past the vessel mere skirmishers from the main body; and by three o'clock the next morning nothing but ice could be seen ahead, astern, and on the star-board and larboard beam.

"Contrary, however, to his expectations the weather continued calm for several days: but the ship lay helpless, fast jammed in that moving continent of ice, and drifting along in the opposite direction to that which led to her destination. The captain foresaw a long and tedious voyage, even if the ship had the good fortune to get clear of the ice and being apprehensive that the water and provisions on board would run short, he resolved to put the crew and passengers on short allowance."

This circumstance of the Polly having been detained by ice, I have never heard alluded to by any of the people by whom information for these articles has been furnished—it probably is true.

Owen, in relating the further events of the voyage, states that, after the ship became jammed in the ice, the captain—foreseeing a long voyage before him—determined to put his passengers on reduced rations. Our friend the agent was not taken into the captain's confidence; and, as the provisions had been supplied by Lord Selkirk, Williams felt somewhat hurt at not being consulted. The relations between the two had never been very cordial, but that the quarrel between them assumed the proportions which are given in Mr. Owens relation, is open to doubt. Owen says that Williams "accordingly raised a commotion among the passengers. The captain was now the object of their sus-



pcion and distrust," and so thoroughly were the Highlanders aroused that Williams found some difficulty in preventing them from breaking out in mutiny. To avoid this, he proposed that the captain should be waited upon and presented with a petition asking for redress.

"A paper, according to the ancient form of the Scottish Courts, was drawn up. It contained many quaint expressions, now obsolete, and was profusely intercolated with Latin law terms. It was the work of the agent and an old schoolmaster, who formerly presided over one of the parish schools of Galloway, but who had resolved to seek his fortune with his friend Sandy in America. The master supplied the Latin, and the agent duly set forth the grievances. The document was a formidable one. Its composition occupied the pair a whole day and night, and much argument and controversy were expended about the construction of the sentences and the placing of the Latin terms. On being presented to the passengers the memorial met with a general approval, and obtained the signature of all the leading men among them."

Some time and some consideration was expended in the composition of the committee. Williams, and the schoolmaster were both nominated and "then a discussion arose as whether one of the Elders or Hector Campbell, the piper, who claimed kinship with the McCallum More himself, would be the most eligible. The Elder, however, declined to act—and the kirk was not represented on that memorable occasion. Hector consented on condition that he would be allowed to take the pipes and play "The Campbells are Coming," on the march from the forecastle to the cabin. This wild proposal was over-ruled, and Hector finally consented to go as a citizen emigrant."

The Captain, received the delegation courteously, and "the memorial was read by the schoolmaster; the laws to which it referred were duly explained by the agent. Hector does not appear to have distinguished himself on this occasion. Music was his forte, and deprived of his instrument, he was nobody. He knew but little English and less Latin, and as neither Gælic nor music were required in the cabin,

he merely stood by and allowed his more active and learned co-delegates to despatch the business in hand. "When the delegation had completed their task the Captain promised instant redress as soon as the ship was out of the ice; but until then he civilly, but firmly, declined increasing their present allowance. Something about the Captain's manner convinced the agent that it would be as well for him not to push his remonstrances too far, and he took his leave, in apparent good humor, but far from feeling satisfied. The Elders counselled patience and submission to the chief officer and the passengers soon had something else to think about."

To be continued.

## EDITORIAL

### Correspondence, Queries, Reviews, etc.

THE condition of affairs governing our winter steamers, as referred to last month has—with time—improved. After over two months' imprisonment in the ice-pack, the *Stanley* was finally, on the 17th of March, delivered by the aid of mild weather, dynamite, and the exertions of a large relief party. Her first duty was to tow the *Minto*—which, in going to the Stanley's relief had all the blades broken off her propeller—into Pictou where the latter remained, undergoing repairs, until the 28th of March, on which day she steamed to Georgetown. The *Stanley* since her release made regular trips between Pictou and Georgetown, meeting with no delay whatever. On the 31st of March the *Princess* of the Charlottetown Steam Navigation Co., left Charlottetown and reached Pictou without any trouble.

It does not appear, from all that has taken place in connection with the Winter Service that the advice tendered by the gentlemen



from the western end of the Island was of any great value. It is positively certain that the expenditure of "wind" in the way of advice to the commanders of the steamers would not have availed, if made use of, to extricate the boats from their close quarters in the ice. What has been well proved is that the management of the boats was in good hands, and that the mischievous interference therewith is alone to be blamed for the loss of money, and trade, and the inconvenience that resulted in consequence of such interference. A much more powerful boat than either of the present boats will have to be provided if any other route than the Georgetown-Pictou one is to be tried.



"In the last issue of that splendid little magazine, the Prince Edward Island, there is a very readable article, signed H. T. F., on the writings of the Rev. Francis Sylvester Mahony, known to the literary world of his time under the nom de plume, Father Prout.

"For obvious reasons, says the writer, 'Mahony has received scant notice as a literary man from writers of the Roman Catholic faith, who are, naturally disinclined to eulogize very highly the genius of one who did not fully live up to his clerical obligations.'

"This statement is not strictly accurate and is apt to leave a wrong impression. To one educated in the schools of the Christian Brothers, where the poetry of Prout was among the first to be memorized and recited, and who writes this in a library where Catholic, especially Irish Catholic authors, are fairly well represented, and where every book, from Hayes' *Ballad Poetry* (published while the poet still lived) to T. P. O'Connor's *Gems of Irish Literature*, speak of him with loving respect and in the most appreciative manner, there is something involved in the assertion not consonant with the fact.

"It is true that Mahony was a priest and that he abandoned his sacred calling to become, as he styles himself, a Bohemian. But there was no scandal attached to it, and he lived and died in the communion of the Church in which he was born and whose ordained minister he was.

What motives moved him to turn his back to the altar it is not possible to fully determine, so divers are the opinions concerning his action of those most intimate with him; and even they admit that their conclusions are but conjectures as he never enlightened them on the subject. He was certainly eccentric and, we are told, genius is very near akin to madness."—*St. John Freeman*.



We again have been forced to print our Magazine on inferior paper, owing to the fact that the winter loats had not resumed their work until after part of this number had gone to press.

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## CULLED FROM EXCHANGES

### A MIDNIGHT MISHAP.

UNCLE NED returned from his 'possum-hunt about midnight, bringing with him a fine, fat 'possum. He built a glowing fire, dressed the 'possum, pared and split the sweet potatoes, and pretty soon he had the " 'possum and 'taters" in the oven. While the meal was cooking Uncle Ned amused himself with his favorite old banjo. When the 'possum had been baked brown and crisp, he took it out of the oven and sat it on the hearth to give it time to cool. Mentally congratulating himself upon the glorious repast he thought soon to enjoy, he sat silently for awhile in the old arm-chair, but presently was snugly wrapped in the arms of "tired nature's sweet restorer—balmy sleep."

It happened that two young fellows who were pretty well acquainted with Uncle Ned's habits had been stealthily watching about the house, waiting this particular chance. As soon as they were convinced that the old man was safe in the arms of Morpheus, they crept into the house and hurriedly helped themselves to Uncle Ned's supper, including even the coffee and bread. When they finished the hasty meal, by way of attempting to cover up their tracks they smeared Uncle Ned's hands and mouth with the 'possum gravy and then beat a retreat.

After a time Uncle Ned aroused from his peaceful slumber. It is needless to say that he had dreamed about his supper. At once he dived down to inspect the viands, when, lo and behold, the hearth was empty! Uncle Ned steadied himself and studied awhile.

"Well," said he finally, "I must 'a' et dat 'possum; I must 'a' et dat 'possum in my sleep!"

He looked at his hands. They were greasy. He smelt his hands. As he did o he said:



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## COOLED FROM EXCHANGES—Cont'd.

"Dat smells lak 'possum grease! I sho must 'a' et dat 'possum."

He discovered grease on his lips. Out went his tongue.

"Dat tas'es lak 'possum grease," he said. He got up. He looked about the room. There was no sign of intruders. He rubbed his stomach. He resumed his seat, and, giving up all for lost, he said:

"Well, ef I did eat dat 'possum, it sets lightah on my appertite dan any 'possum I eveh et befo'."—*Lippincott's*

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DEAR MADAM:

I am a stenographer, and last week my employer invited me out for luncheon. I went. Yesterday his wife waited for me at the door and grabbed me by the pompadour, which fortunately gave way, and she disappeared with my rat. Do you think she is jealous? What shall I do?

"DOTTIE."

Do not be too quick to jump to conclusions. She may have needed the rat. If she comes back for the rest of your hair, you will be reasonably, in believing her to be annoyed with you, in which case, Dottie, you would better hunt another job.

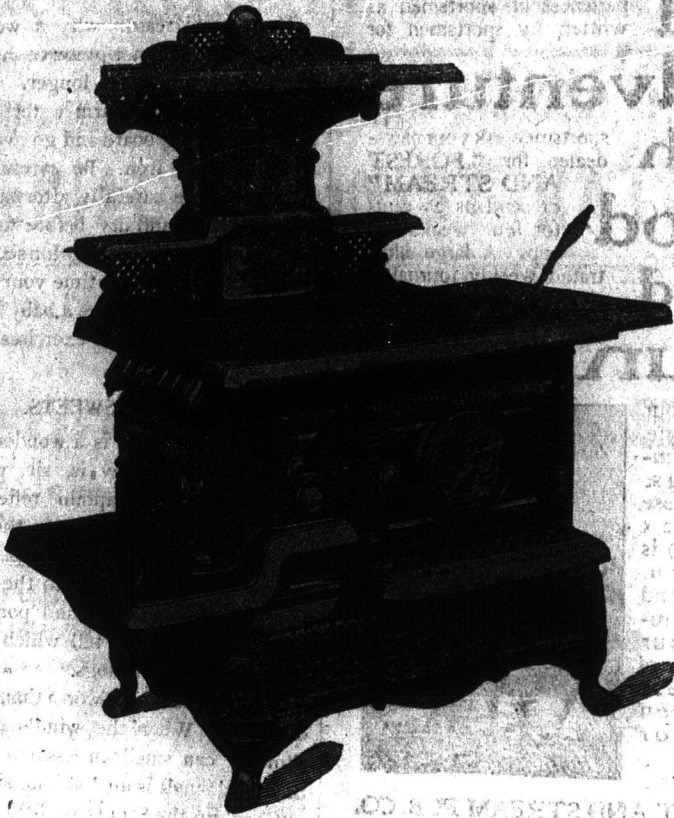
DEAR MADAM:

Although I am still a young woman, seventy-six my next birthday, I find that my face is growing very wrinkled. This worries me a great deal, as I believe it is every woman's duty to make herself as attractive-looking as possible. I do not dissipate. I ride ten miles every day on my bicycle, and drink a quart of hot water before every meal. In spite of my care, my skin is not what it was, and I realize that I am going off in my looks.

"NANNIE DAVIS"

P. S.—The lines about my mouth





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Charlottetown, P. E. I.

## CULLED FROM EXCHANGES—Cont'd.

around deck. 'No accountin' fer tastes,' says I, as I picked 'em up and et 'em myself."—*Lippincott's*.

### THE SPRING GARDENER

**F**IRST the garden should be cleaned. Remove the winter crop of tin cans and throw them over into the next yard. Although you do not need them, somebody else may.

The garden must be dug. To have it done right you must do it yourself. If your neighbors raise (with your help) chickens, or if you support a dog, you may consider that the garden will not require to be touched with a fork at all. However, chickens and dog are apt to work unevenly, and more to suit their own ends than the garden's.

Put in your sunflowers early, so that you may be fortified against cold snaps and cloudy days; and if you are wise enough to get your moonvines to going, you can potter about 'nights whenever you feel disposed or your deeds demand it.

It is well to devote one corner of the garden to chickweed, for through thus doing you will be independent in the way of Sunday dinners. Although neighbors are very careless as to their live chickens, they are peculiarly sensitive as to their dead ones.

Or, better still, set out some egg-plant. With a thrifty egg-plant one may be perfectly indifferent to the cold-storage trust.

Oyster plants are nice to have. They demand plenty of water. I have known an oyster-plant, well watered, to supply the church sociables of a community through all a fall and winter and not be exhausted. In making your garden do not forget your church.

—*Lippincott's*.



5

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