THE Prince Edward Island MAGAZINE

VOL. II JULY, 1900 NO. 5

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar.

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The Prince Edward Island Magazine.

Contents of this Number.

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.

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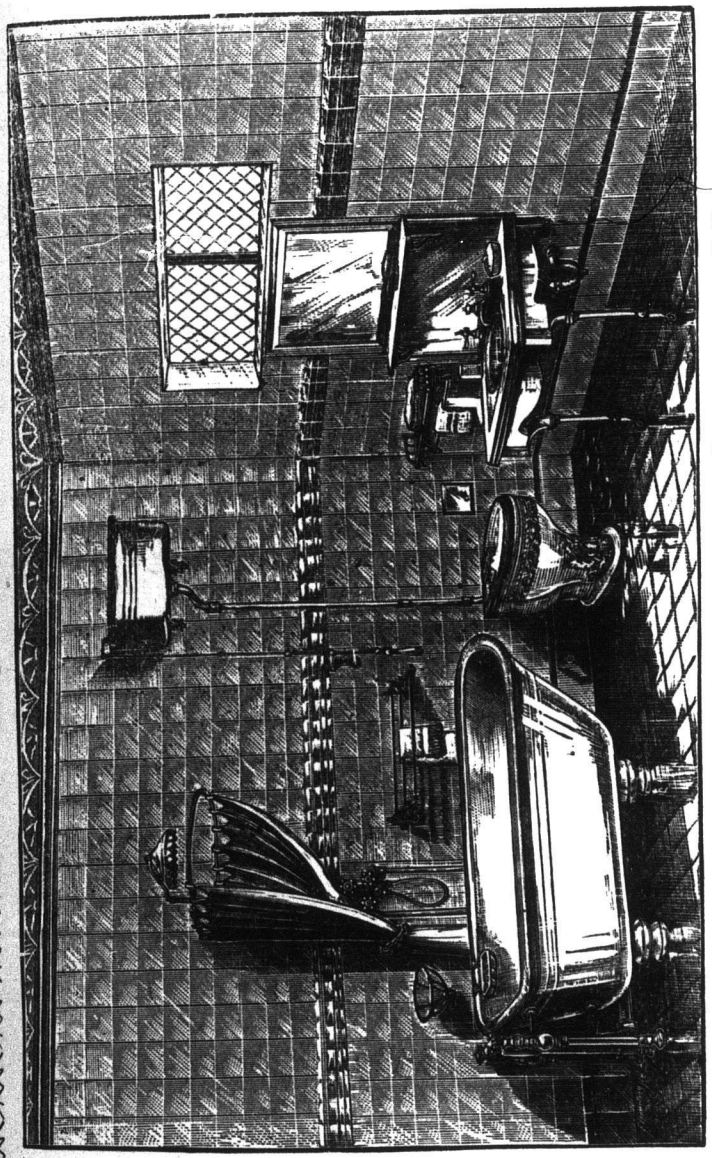


Bath Room Supplies

(See opposite page.)

BOYS' HIGHLAND BRIGADE

In Connection with St. James' Church, Charlottetown

- THE -

Prince Edward Island Magazine

Vol. II JULY, 1900 No. 5

A Life Sketch.

A SILVERY brooklet, kissed by the smiling sunbeams, ripples and purls in elfish glee through the mossy paths and by-ways, and o'er its dainty bosom a pure-browed, laughing child skips mirthfully along. His tiny feet touch caressingly the moss-clad stones, and a song of pure, unalloyed happiness rings clear on the summer air. The birds warble till their tiny throats are nigh aburst with melody, and still the boy trips on.

The streamlet broadens. He seizes a frail-built skiff, and o'er the sparkling river waves he speeds, his boat bounding light as a bird on the wing, and still he sings. In richer, clearer notes the song rings out, awakening as it speeds the slumbering echoes. Heaven smiles on him, earth reflects her smile, and sends it beaming across the bosom of the waters. His arm grows stronger, as with a firmer grasp he seizes the oar and steers for the open sea. The land-lights fade in the distance, the land-bird's song falls faint on the stilly air, and fainter still float the echoes of the song his heart still sings.

The broad-bosomed sea lies before him, and his tiny craft pants wearily along over the restless waves. Stout of heart and firm of hand he struggles on, the winds of Heaven playing 'mid his lengthened tresses, and the salt sea spray on his bronze-tanned brow.

A storm gathers in the sky above him. The artillery of Heaven sends boom after boom across the watery waste, forked

lightnings flash their death-tipped prongs across the leaden sky, and through the open flood-gates pours a blackened, driving rain. The swollen sea mourns and mutters as it rudely lashes the frail-built craft, but the lonely sailor struggles on, his form drenched with the driving storm.

* * * * * * *

The storm is past. The golden beams of the setting sun gild the placid bosom of the waters, as the shades of evening gather o'er the deep. A holy calm pervades the chastened air, and a prayer of mute thanksgiving rises from the quiet sea.

In a fragile, weather-beaten craft, a frail old man, with snowy locks and palsied hand, feebly steers through the misty shades, 'yond which afar in the distance gleam the beacon lights of "Home."

MAY CARROLL.

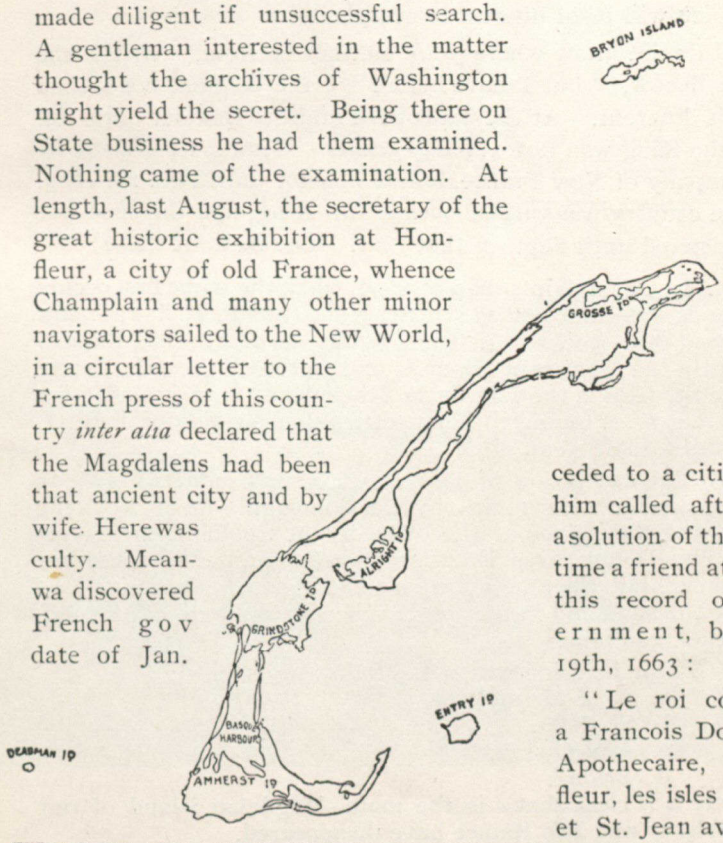
Who Named the Magdalens?

BY REV. A. E. BURKE.

WHEN I was writing those fugitive sketches of the Magdalens a year or so ago I tried to discover some competent authority for their group name, but without avail. Jacques Cartier had certainly named Brion Island after his friend and patron, Admiral Chabot, Sieur De Brion ; he had called the Bird Rocks Isles des Margoux, Gannet Islands,—which was later changed to Isles aux Oiseaux, by the French, and easily assumed their present appellation with Englishmen ; he had given particular names to others of the group also such as Isle Ramee and Alezay, but nowhere could be found in his narrative any mention of La Madeleine. As it was his wont to name the places discovered after the Saints' Day of the discovery a search into the Roman Calendar seemed to promise success, but no feast of that name or anything approaching it fitted at all into the dates upon which he was in or about these islands. An examination of the old maps afforded an important clew. The name Magdalene first

occurs in Champlain's map of 1632—nearly a century after Cartier's discovery of the Magdalens, and, therefore, some later circumstance must have conferred the new name. But how was the record of this change to be secured?

First I wrote to Ottawa where friends made diligent if unsuccessful search. A gentleman interested in the matter thought the archives of Washington might yield the secret. Being there on State business he had them examined. Nothing came of the examination. At length, last August, the secretary of the great historic exhibition at Honfleur, a city of old France, whence Champlain and many other minor navigators sailed to the New World, in a circular letter to the French press of this country *inter alia* declared that the Magdalens had been ceded to a citizen of that ancient city and by him called after his wife. Here was a solution of the difficulty. Meantime a friend at Ottawa discovered this record of the French government, bearing date of Jan. 19th, 1663:



THE MAGDALEN GROUP REDUCED FROM THE ADMIRALITY CHART.

"Le roi concede a Francois Doublet, Apothecaire, Honfleur, les isles Brion et St. Jean avec la permission de changer le nom de ces isles en celui de Madeliene, qui etait le nom de sa femme, Madeleine Fontaine."

Which being turned into English reads:

"The King concedes to Francis Doublet, Apothecary, Honfleur, the Brion and St. John Islands with the permission to change the names of those islands into that of Madeleine which

was the name of his wife, Madeleine Fontaine." This certainly seemed to confirm the contention of the Honfleurian. Having occasion to write Dr. Dawson, than whom no man in Canada is better posted on those matters, I sent him a copy of the above rescipt and was rewarded in return by much valuable information which will be of interest to everybody.

"I do not know where your citation is from," writes the learned doctor, "but I have before me the original concession and it is different. At the date of the grant to Doublet (Jan. 19, 1663) the King was not making grants. Grants were made by the Company of New France, and it was not until Feb. 24, 1663, that the country was turned over to the King, and the deed was not registered until Sept. of that year. The facts are these :

"1. In Champlain's map of 1632, when the name first occurs the islands are thus named : I. St. Jean, (our P. E. I.) ; I. aux Oiseaux (Bird Rocks) ; I. Brion, (same as now) ; Isle Ramee, apparently the long main Island) ; and between the Isle Ramee and Isle St. Jean is the Isle de la Magdalene, as if intended for the old Alezay of Cartier. That settles the question of P. E. I. having been I. St. Jean.

"2. The concession of Jan. 19, 1663, was made to le Sieur Doublet, capitaine de navire, by La Compagnie de la Nouvelle France, and was signed at the office by A. Cheffaut, the Secretary. This Doublet was Francois Doublet—he was apothecary at Honfleur, but when he got up a company to explore his grant he sank the shop and in the deed figures as captain of the ship St. Michel, 200 tons.

3. The concession was of the following islands :
   a. de la Magdeleine.
   b. St. Jean.
   c. Aux Oiseaux.
   d. Brion.

Here it is clear that *a* is the main Magdalen island of our day. Alezay and Isle Ramee have disappeared.

"4. The Miscou Company became parties to the concession for they held a prior grant to all that region and Doublet was to have held as their vassal.

"5. Francois Doublet formed an association to settle and work the grant on April 23, 1663, with Philippe Gaignard at Honfleur.

"The above are established facts. Now I come to matters

not so certain, but yet on record by Jean Doublet the Corsair, and are in his autobiography. He says that the grant was from 'le Conseil les concessions et patentes du Roy avec des privileges accordes et de porter dans l' ecasson de leurs armes avant pour saports deax sauvages avec leurs Massues, &c., &c. Et il fut promis a mon pere de changer les noms des isles Brion ex celui de la Madelaine comme le nomoit (normait) ma mere.'

"This I do not believe, for the reasons given elsewhere and on account of the facts given above. My belief is that Jean Doublet who had been successful as a Corsair against the English, and had attained the position of lieutenant of a man of war, magnified all these matters to make his father a noble holding a fief direct from the King.

FISHING STAGES, ETANG DU NORD, MAGDALENS.

"Jean Doublet says he sailed with his father and that Isle Brion "la grande isle Brion" was renamed by them "la Madelaine.

"The above must be taken cautiously.

"What probably happened was that about that time the isle de la Madelaine was transferred to the isle Ramee. Aleray was too insignificant an island to survive."

Whatever may be said of the documents cited and conclusions deduced from them it will be clear to everybody that Doublet the Apothecary of Honfleur gave the name to the Magdalens which they bear to-day. It will be of further interest to Islanders to know that our own comparatively important Island was in the original concession of the King of France to Doublet, and came near being involved in greater confusion as one of the Magdalen group.

Our Feathered Friends.—II.

BY JOHN McSWAIN.

SPARROWS.

IN writing of our early birds of spring I gave some account of two Sparrows—the Song-sparrow and Junco. Though the latter differs much from the other sparrows, this difference is chiefly in color. He has the stout, strong bill and the robust form of a sparrow. Besides these two, there are many other sparrows which are resident here during the summer or pass over our Province on their way to their more northern nesting-grounds. The White-throated Sparrow, which I have heard for the first time this year on the fourteenth of May, has, besides this name, two others. In one locality, he is known as the Peabody-bird; in another, the Kennedy-bird. The fine song of this bird has led some to confound it with the Song-sparrow. The birds are, however, quite distinct and are easily separated. One of our Canadian poets, in a paraphrase of its song, indulges in a license beyond that customarily granted to poets, in adding to the many phrases into which this song has been rendered. These phrases show clearly the error of the poet, and though we may not expect a poet to be a naturalist, we have a right to expect that nothing be admitted into our school readers which states an error in Natural History. The error to which I refer occurs as the title of a short poem on page 227, No. 3 of the Canadian Readers.

This Sparrow is slightly larger than the Song-sparrow. It

is, I believe, next to the Fox-sparrow, the largest of our sparrows. When singing, it generally takes a position on an upper branch of a lofty spruce or fir, and is, in such a position, invisible to an ordinary observer. From this circumstance has perhaps arisen the popular belief that the White-throated sparrow takes particular pains to conceal itself. Excepting the difficulty due to the habit I have mentioned, it is just as accessible and easily seen as almost any of the sparrows. The white spot on the throat will enable anyone to recognize it, even though this spot is not quite so conspicuous in the female, not being so strongly contrasted with the duller ash of the surrounding parts, for in the male bird the white is surrounded by dark ash.

A few years ago, while passing through a large uncleared field with trees here and there over the field and small piles of brush, a white-throat flew out of one of the brush heaps and took its place beside another bird, a male white throat perching on the branch of a tree. Knowing that the nest was concealed somewhere in the brush heap, I sat down on a hillock near at hand and watched the actions of the sparrows. After some time as I made no hostile demonstration, the male bird pecked with his bill at his companion, which, acting on the suggestion apparently conveyed in this manner, returned to her nest in the brush heap, manifesting no alarm though the nest was only a few yards distant from me.

The Savanna Sparrow is much like the Song Sparrow. It has dusky, brown-edged arrow-shaped spots along the sides. The spots are often aggregated in a blotch on the breast, but this blotch is not quite so distinct as the Song Sparrow's. Notwithstanding its close resemblance to the Song Sparrow, it may be distinguished by a yellow line above the eye, and an obscure yellowish suffusion about the head which is often present. No yellow is seen upon the Song Sparrow. The Savanna is rather an abundant species. It may be seen in the fields, along our roadsides and in groves near fields. It makes its nest in a deep hole which it lines with fine grass.

The Vesper Sparrow, also known as the Grass Finch and the Bay-winged Bunting is another of those "Gray Birds" which are so difficult to identify, but with regard to this one,

this difficulty vanishes when you see it in flight, for it then displays its white tail feathers, the outer feathers being white, like the corresponding feathers in Junco's tail. Like the Savanna Sparrow, it is often found on fences along the roads and fields, where it chiefly lives, builds its nest and rears its young. Its sweet song is heard most frequently in the evening about sundown, and from this it has obtained the name of Vesper Sparrow. It is said to be a timid and shy little bird, and this, no doubt, is the reason that it is not seen in the vicinity of the city. I have never seen it within three miles of Charlottetown. Beyond that distance it is often met with. The nest, like the Savanna Sparrow's, is a deep hole in the ground, lined with grass and hair.

Three sparrows which, besides the resemblance general to all described in this paper, have other points in common that make the resemblance closer, are the Tree Sparrow, the Chipping Sparrow and the Field Sparrow. All have chestnut crowns, and are below of a light color, either white or whitish ash. The Tree Sparrow has on the middle of the breast a dusky blotch like the Song Sparrow. But the pectoral blotch of the Song Sparrow is formed of converging dusky brown streaks while that of the Tree Sparrow shows no lines and is merely a darker hue of the ash-tinged feathers of the breast. The bill is black above and yellow below. This sparrow is, I believe, rare here. At least I have seen it only on a few occasions, and then only in the spring. Its nest, built on the ground or in a tree or bush is formed of mud, grass and hair. Whether it nests here or not, I do not know. Perhaps it is here only when on its way north and south. McIlwraith, in his account of the birds of Ontario, states that they do not rear their young in that Province, but proceed farther north for that purpose, and that many pass the winter there.

The Chipping Sparrow is a darker bird than the Tree Sparrow. The crown is a dark chestnut or brown and the extreme forehead is black. Both have a grayish white line over the eye. Below, the Tree Sparrow is almost white excepting the dark blotch on the breast, while the Chipping Sparrow has all below the brown of the upper parts of a uniform ash and the upper and

lower mandibles of the bill are alike in color. Chippy's feet are pale; the Tree Sparrow's are brown. They differ also in habits. The Chipping Sparrow is the social sparrow that approaches our homes and builds its nest in the bushes or shrubbery near dwellings and outhouses, and if permitted, will come and pick up the crumbs of food that may be found in the yard. Besides these names of Chipbird or Chippy, Chipping Sparrow and Social Sparrow, it has another name, the Hair Bird. The latter name has been given because it lines its nest with horse or cow hair.

The Field Sparrow is the third of those which I said resemble one another very much. He does not appear as tidy as the other two, his feathers are ruffled up carelessly. There is no white or black about the head. The back is a bright bay, the bill is pale brown or cinnamon, and the feet are very pale. The color of the bill is perhaps the mark by which it can be most readily distingnished. It is seen most frequently on fences along the roadsides and in fields. The nest is made of grass and rootlets lined with hair and is built on the ground or near it, in a bush.

There are other sparrows which visit us during the summer but not in such numbers as those described. They are the Seaside Sparrow, the Sharp-tailed Sparrow, the Fox Sparrow, and the Black-throated Bunting. A few of these may be seen as they migrate in spring or autumn. A summer may pass without your getting a glimpse of even one of the four last named species unless you are particularly watchful, or reside or sojourn in a locality favored as the retreat of these birds. I will not then, at the present time at least, describe them. If the descriptions given here will aid in the identification of our commoner sparrows, one of my objects in writing of them will be attained. The descriptions might have been enlarged by giving the more minute and less noticeable markings, but then they would be of service only to an observer using a field or opera glass. Such as can be seen by a keen-eyed person at a distance of fifteen or twenty feet with his ordinary means of vision, has been given; and such as will most readily enable him to distinguish, without confusion, the different species named and described.

THE WOOD WARBLERS.

The sparrows, as we have seen, are plainly dressed birds, interesting indeed on account of their lively, cheerful manners, but more particularly for the melody of their songs. In this respect they excel the warblers. The warblers, however, challenge our admiration for their magnificent coloring in which blue black, orange, yellow, olive, carmine and some other colors are found, two or more, frequently combined, to give brilliancy and splendor to those fleeting, feathered gems of the forest. Their home is the forest. Few are seen, unless in flight, beyond the confines of forest or grove where they conceal themselves in the leafy shade, and flitting about from branch to branch, are, on account of their restlessness and activity, difficult to recognize, in spite of their brilliant and distinct colors. Even those showing plain colors have these so commingled and contrasted as to appear almost as beautiful as the more brilliantly attired ones. Their bright colors will help in distinguishing them from the sparrows which are about the same size, but independently of this, a warbler is known by its slender bill and slighter form.

The first to arrive here is the Myrtle Warbler, which is also known as the Yellow-rumped Warbler. It has a bright yellow spot on its rump, one on its crown, and one on each side of its breast, four yellow spots in all. The general color is, above, dark blue ; below, it has a good deal of white, the throat particularly being of the latter color. It exhibits, sometimes at least the habits of a fly-catcher. Before I had approached near enough to distinguish the first I had seen this summer, I thought I had a fly catcher in view. Perched on one of the upper limbs of a tall leafless tree, it made frequent forays after the passing insects, fluttering its wings and returning to its former perch in the manner of a fly-catcher. A nearer view showed the unmistakeable markings of the Myrtle Warbler. A few days afterwards I had my first sight this year, of the Redstart. It is not so easily examined for its discriminating marks as the Myrtle Warbler. It keeps well within the close foliage and moves about continuously in its pursuit of insect food. But anyone who has a few times seen its glossy black head, the fiery orange spots on the sides of

the breast, the bases of the wings, and on the outer tail feathers near the base and has noticed the spreading and closing of the tail feathers as it moves from branch to branch, will instantly recognize it with even the cursory examination which it is often possible to make. The Redstart is found here in considerable numbers. There is scarcely a grove in which you will not find one or more. The female is not so brightly dressed as the male. Her head is brown and his bright orange marks are replaced by a light yellow.

The summer Yellow-bird or the Yellow Warbler frequents low bushes in gardens and orchards, its favorite haunt being a lilac bush. It is found quite often in the shrubbery about dwellings in the city as well as in the country. It may be known by the places it frequents and by its golden yellow color, tinged on the back with olive and by the dusky tail with yellow spots. It nests in a small tree or bush.

The Blackburnian Warbler is accounted by many the handsomest of all the warblers. The back is black ; there is an orange patch on the crown, through the eye there is a broad, black stripe ; the rest of the head with the throat is the most brilliant orange, and it has a white blotch on each wing. It frequents lofty trees, flitting about in the thick foliage. On this account it is hard to get even a glimpse of this bird, but when you do get a good view of the Blackburnian, the sight of the gorgeous flame-tinged orange of head and throat contrasted with the black of the head, back and sides, and the white of the wings repays you for your trouble and the exercise of your patience. Judging by the few I have seen, it is not common.

Equally handsome is the Magnolia Warbler. Indeed when first I saw it I believed it to be the handsomest of all our warblers and I still continue in that belief. The back is black, rump yellow, the crown ash, with a black border in front, under the eyelids white. Under parts rich yellow, thickly streaked on the breast and along the sides with black, wings with white bars. I have seen it on two or more occasions within the city, moving actively in pursuit of insects in the thick foliage of lime trees.

I have seen the Pine Warbler twice only, once near Charlottetown, again a few miles from the town. It is yellowish

olive or yellowish green above ; below, a purer yellow on the breast, shading off to white posteriorly and the bill is black.

The Parula Warbler, also called the Blue Yellow-backed Warbler I have seen only in a Taxidermist's collection and in the collection of Island birds in the Provincial Building. The second name indicates the colors of the upper parts, namely blue with a golden patch on the back ; breast yellow with a black patch, the yellow changing to white towards the tail.

The Tennessee Warbler does not appear to be common. I have seen it on three different occasions this summer and once last summer, but it was only on the last time of seeing it that I was able to identify it. I had a good view of it as it fluttered about near the ground amongst some low bushes and perched on a branch in stillness for a few moments before it darted off in pursuit of an insect. It is a plain bird, compared with the other warblers I have mentioned, still, though not brilliant, it is pretty, as all the warblers are. Light in color, much lighter than any other I know, it is a light olive green above, shading to a light ash on the crown ; below it is white with a slight yellowish tint on the breast.

I may include amongst our Warblers the Black and White Warbler, for though I have not seen it near the city I have found it on a few occasions in other localities, and it may perhaps be common in some parts of the Province. It is marked black and white and these colors are mostly in stripes of different lengths. Though not attired in such brilliant colors as are many other warblers, it is really a beautiful bird. It has been and sometimes is still called the Black and White Creeper, from its habit of creeping spirally up the trunks of trees in search of insects.

Several other Warblers undoubtedly visit the Island. The few I have named and described are those which I have personally seen and identified. They are the commoner birds of this family, and there are I believe, few localities in which they may not be found during their season of migration. Since their colors are so bright and distinct, much more so than are the colors of the sparrows, we would perhaps conclude that there is little difficulty in separating and identifying the warblers. But the difficulty is just in ascertaining correctly the colors of a particular

warbler. They are not so easily approached within a distance at which the colors can be surely determined as the sparrows are. The light and the observer's position may affect the accuracy of the examination. They certainly will if you are facing the sun. To see the more brilliant colors as they are, you must get between the sun and the bird you are studying.

The warblers are without exception insect eaters and the number of insects destroyed by them must be very great. An entomologist in Illinois asserts that but for birds there would be an insect to every square inch of land in that state. Notwithstanding the repeated warnings of naturalists there is a reckless destruction of bird life. Only a few weeks ago, a contract was made in the United States according to which eight thousand skins of warblers were to be delivered. And this is only one of many similar contracts. This slaughter of birds is for millinery purposes. It is strange, very strange that this business is fostered by the wearing of bird skins and feathers for personal adornment, and by those to whom we look for kindness of nature and nobility of purpose. Be assured, ladies, that no face with the impress of goodness and worth, needs a setting of bird skins or feathers, however gay they may appear.

The Lighthouse.

Night-fall, and beckoning light
Beyond a sheet of sea:
The glittering skies, and all immensity;

Soul weariness, soul dreariness,
The dead and dreamless night-time,
When heart's day is fled.

Oh tireless light! flinging thy glory wide,
Over the wanderings of a questless tide.
A whispered hope, thy radiant quiet breathes
Of some still port, beyond the stormy seas.

—Marie.

Cavendish in the Olden Time—V.

BY WALTER SIMPSON.

AWAY back in the earlier days of the century, in Governor Smith's time, when wars were much more frequent than now, and when rumors of war had more terror for the people than in these comparatively peaceful times, Cavendish had its militia company. This company had been drilling for some time without muskets. There was another company in Rustico that had muskets. An order came from headquarters in Charlottetown that the Cavendish Company was to muster and march to Rustico and get the muskets from the French Company there, while at the same time the Rustico Company should march to Charlottetown and get new ones in their stead. This order was somewhat distasteful to Captain Malcolm McNeill of the Cavendish Company. He refused to obey it, and was courtmartialed for insubordination and taken to town and lodged in jail for a short time. His brother, Speaker McNeill, interceded with Governor Smith for his release. He was answered thus: "It will do the young man good," and perhaps it did, but it never made a soldier of him. He afterwards gave his undivided attention to peaceful pursuits. This little episode here recorded covers about all of the military history of Cavendish, except that in the year 1866, when the Fenians were raiding Canada, we had a few militia musters here.

In the year 1848, the then Governor, Sir Donald Campbell, and the late Judge Peters paid a visit to this place. They came on a shooting excursion, and were the guests of the writer's father during their stay. Wild pigeons were very plentiful in those days. Hundreds of them could be seen at any time during harvest, feeding on the grain stooks. Partridges were also to be found in great numbers. The Governor and Judge got all the game they wanted. The late Judge had the reputation at that time of being one of the very best shots in the province. It is said that he hardly ever missed a bird on the wing when within range. A little episode in connection with their visit may be

mentioned. They arrived at Cavendish on the last day of August and the shooting season for partridge began on September first. Strolling out on the evening of their arrival with their host, they spied a partridge taking his evening meal from the edge of a grain field. Having their guns with them the first thought was to shoot it. But second thoughts suggested that it would be breaking a law of their country which they were sworn to uphold. They appealed the case to their host who was a magistrate for decision, and the consequence was that Mr. Partridge enjoyed his evening meal in peace, and had at least another night added to its mortal career. Speaking of game we are reminded that it is now nearly forty years since the last wild pigeon was seen here, and partridge, once so plenty, are now exceedingly scarce.

Perhaps the event fraught with the most tragic interest that the people here ever had anything to do with was the "Yankee storm." This took place in October, 1851. On the day preceding the storm there were more than a hundred sail of American fishing-schooners within sight of Cavendish Capes. The evening was fine and there had been a very heavy catch of mackerel during the day. It was a fine sight these handsome crafts made, as they sailed back and forth, within a couple of miles of the shore. But next morning the scene had changed. During the night a terrible storm had arisen which continued with little abatement for two days, and many of the schooners were driven ashore and completely wrecked and a great number of lives lost. From some of the vessels that came ashore early in the storm, on the sand beach, the crews were saved, but those that struck on the rocky coast went to pieces, and all hands were lost.

The "Ornament," "Oscar Coles" and "Lion," came in on the sandhills just west of Cavendish. The crews of the first two were saved, but the men in the latter all perished, several bodies being taken out of her after she came ashore. The "Ornament" was afterwards taken off and repaired, and engaged in the coasting trade for some years. The remains of the "Lion" are yet to be seen on the beach. I have in my possession a ship's time-piece that Captain Frisby of the "Oscar Coles" gave to my father. A schooner named the "Mount Hope" came ashore below

Cavendish and all hands were saved. Further east at McLure's Cape the "Franklin Dexter" struck on the rocks and all hands perished. At Arthur's Cove, Rustico, the "Mary Moulton" went to pieces and her crew found a watery grave. At Robinson's Island the "Skip Jack" met her fate with the loss of all hands. The "Liberator" was wrecked at Park Corner, and there were twenty-five stranded in Malpeque Harbor.

The names of these vessels will recall to the minds of the older people many sad scenes connected with this terrible storm. A New London vessel, in command of the late Benjamin Bell, with a New London crew, barely succeeded in weathering North Cape during the storm. They just escaped, for as soon as they cleared the reef their sails were blown away.

There were about one hundred lives lost on the north side of the Island during the storm. Quite a number of the drowned were buried in Cavendish cemetery. Some of them were afterwards claimed by relatives and taken up to be carried home for burial, but a number of them still sleep in the cemetry with no stone to mark the spot nor any inscription to tell the story of their tragic end.

A schooner named the "Seth Hall" went ashore at Malpeque during the storm and was taken off and afterwards loaded at Bay View with produce for Boston. The Captain's name was also Seth Hall, and he came from Maine. Some of the bodies of the drowned that had been buried in Cavendish were taken up and put on board of this schooner to be taken home for burial. This Captain Hall was a terribly profane man, and the oaths he swore, to say the least, were blood-curdling. It was late in the fall when the schooner was ready to sail, and the north side is considered at that time a treacherous shore. The Captain swore a wicked oath that "If he got past East Point God Almighty would not catch him." He did get past East Point, was caught in another storm and went down with all hands, the dead and living finding a watery grave together.

Newspaper Life and Newspaper Men.

(CONTINUED)

BY J. H. FLETCHER.

ON the death of Mr. Edward Rielly, Professor John Caven became editor of the Herald. The Professor was a native of Scotland, and a recent arrival at that. But he was a ripe scholar and a versatile writer. His longer articles, however, were better adapted for the magazine than for the ordinary newspaper. He was a fine logician, a careful thinker, and many of his productions were conspicuous for their vigor and erudition. Moreover, he wielded a sarcastic pen when he chose to indulge in that vein, which, under the pressure of party excitement, he sometimes did. Yet, notwithstanding his college training and circumspect bearing, he was as "full of fun as a kitten." He enjoyed a joke and actually fattened on a keen piece of satire. He never troubled himself with figures' but relied more upon his power of sarcasm, irony and fine analytical skill in demoralizing an antagonist than by any manipulation of the multiplication table. The professor had a tender heart and a kind disposition. He was also a most jovial and entertaining companion, and Island journalism lost one of its brightest ornaments when he left it for college work.

Henry Lawson, now deceased, was a well-known newspaper writer in my day, and when I left the Island was editor of the Patriot. When the Argus first started he was editor of the Summerside Progress. While on the Island, Mr. Lawson always belonged to the Liberal, or Grit party, but when he removed to Canada he became a pronounced Conservative. When I knew him most intimately he was a devoted follower of Hon. David Laird. Mr. Lawson was a very poor public speaker, but he was a very smooth and versatile writer. For several years we published papers side by side. Sometimes we saw eye to eye, and sometimes we did not. When we did we were as sociable as lovers; when we didn't we quarrelled like strange cats. Now that our fighting is over, and he has gone to join the great majority, I desire to go on record as testifying to his nobility of

soul and honesty of purpose. I once thought he was a dangerous man, but when I saw his attachment to his home and family, and love for children, I knew he could not be a bad man. The place to take the true measure of a man is not in the market or the forum, or in the battle-field, but at his own fireside. It is there that he lays his mask aside and there you will discover whether he is an imp or an angel, a hero or a humbug. The world may crown him with bays or pelt him with stale eggs, I care not what his religion, reputation or politics may be, if his babes dread his home-coming, and his wife swallows her heart every time she asks him for a dollar, he is a fraud and a despot, even if he shouts "hallelujah" till he shakes the everlasting hills.

Mr. Lawson was a man of great intelligence. He prized a good book above rubies and riches. His style of writing was elaborate and graceful, racy and smooth, but neither particularly vigorous nor original. But he was unquestionably one of the most prolific editorial writers in the Maritime Provinces. Mr. Lawson's make up was intellectual rather than spiritual. He possessed an extraordinary capacity for literary drudgery, and was never happier than when poring over a bundle of exchanges. Of him it can truthfully be said: "He lived to bless and benefit his race, and he died leaving the world better than he found it."

Mr. P. R. Bowers played a rather important part in Prince Edward Island journalism in my day. I understand that he now lives in Newfoundland. He was at one period Printer to Her Majesty the Queen, which gave him some standing in the community, and he sought to take advantage of it by running for the legislature on two occasions but was defeated each time.

Mr. Bowers was a writer of considerable merit, but lacked energy and the will to work as hard as he might. In other words he never gave his abilities a "fair shake" for the want of endeavor. If his willingness to work had been equal to his intellectual capacity, he might have become a man of considerable power and influence. But he was a well-read man and passionately fond of music. He was not an industrious gatherer of news, but relied upon his ability as a writer of editorials to produce a popular newspaper. In some situations, Mr. Bowers

would have been a success, but he should never undertake to supervise the details of a large business, for the simple reason that he is not a business man.

My article would not be complete if I omitted to mention another light that appeared at this time like a comet in the journalistic sky—I refer to the Rev. Stephen G. Lawson. Mr. Lawson was for some years a Presbyterian minister. He was Liberal in name, but a Tory in actions. He founded a Presbyterian newspaper with the avowed object of setting the world right. He was going to purify politics and make all men Christians according to his ideas of Christianity. He wasn't long at work until he discovered that the party he supported was as "rotten" as the other, and that the church he adhered to wouldn't adhere to him when he thundered his phillipics against others. Mr. Lawson was a singular compound. He was hard to understand. His convictions were sincere, but he took a strange way to impress them on others. He had no love for Catholicism, and yet his best friends were Catholics. He was a faithful disciple of John Calvin, and if he had been present when that old gentleman burned Servetus, he would have stood by and joined in singing, "Praise God from whom all blessings flow."

Mr. Lawson was a large man, powerful and courageous. Physically, he was a prodigy; intellectually a curiosity and religiously a conundrum. Although he would pursue a political rival with an unrelenting severity, yet he was not without the "milk of human kindness." He believed in "muscular Christianity," and looked upon every man who opposed him as "an enemy." Some one once insulted him at a public meeting, and the present Chief Justice afterward said to him in the way of a joke, "Mr. Lawson, I am surprised that a big man like you would take that insult." "Well," replied Stephen, "if it were not for the love of God in my heart I would have put a hole through him in a minute." On another occasion, when a political meeting was held in the Uigg school-house, Mr. William Welsh, afterward a member of Parliament, publicly pledged himself to whip Mr. Lawson when he returned to Charlottetown, if he did not retract a certain statement which he made through his paper. Mr. Lawson heard of this threat and anxiously waited

the return of Mr. Welsh. As soon as he got back Mr. Lawson went over to Mr. Welsh's office and said : "Mr. Welsh, I hear that you pledged yourself, at a public meeting at Uigg, to whip me if I did not retract a certain statement which appeared in the Presbyterian. Now, sir, I wish to inform you that I have no retraction to make and that you will never have a better opportunity to begin your whipping operation than now. You can draw your whip and strike me on one cheek, then I will turn the other to you, but when that is struck I shall have complied with the command of Scripture and then it will be 'let slip the dogs of war.'" Mr. Welsh did not think it best to carry out his threat and the battle ended.

As a writer, Mr. Lawson was rough and vigorous. There was no polish in his sentences and no order or symmetry in his style. It was strong, rough-hewn and bitter. He was not particular in the choice of his language, but generally used the first word that occurred to his mind. I do not know that I would criticise Mr. Lawson in this manner if I lived near him, but at this distance it is a safe undertaking ; therefore I speak freely.

When I concluded to leave the Island for good I sold the Argus to the Examiner, then managed and edited by W. L. Cotton, Esq. Mr. Cotton, at that time, was coming into prominence as a writer, and good all-round newspaper man. His articles were always characterized by good, strong commonsense. They were moderate in tone and invariably clear and to the point. Mr. Cotton was also an excellent business man, careful, methodical, reliable and conscientious. I am glad to know that his energy and perseverance have been amply recognized and suitably rewarded.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Little Island of the Brudenell.

ON that Island of the river, where the blue waves come and go, and the sea-gull passing over, calls a message to the shore,—sleeps James Maclaren. If you listen there in summer when the winds are low, the aspen poplars, with their restless, tapping leaves, will tell you many a story of the long ago.

They will tell you that before the tall trees were slain, the sun-flecked shadows of their boughs made beautiful the rude walls of a little church that stood among them there. And that he who heeds no more the coming or the going of the tide, or any changes of the year, then preached, and prayed, and sang the praises of the Lord.

I do not know whether his father, Donald Maclaren, Laird of Invernentz, preached or sang—no doubt he prayed—but whatever else he did, he fought for Prince Charlie, and for that reason his head was in demand. He saved it, however, by joining it to his feet, thus making a wheel of himself, and taking a spin over a precipice into a hollow below called "The Devil's Beeftub." On arriving there, rather hurriedly, he dumped himself into a hole from which peat had been taken, and pulled a large sod over his head, which he was not polite enough to remove,—though he must have heard many complimentary remarks about himself, by some of his late military escort who visited him shortly afterward.

At the time the soldiers burned Maclaren's home the papers belonging to the family history were destroyed. Nothing seems to have been saved but a little of the cheese, which the soldiers in sport tossed down a hill when they were destroying the dairy. Some of this lodged near a rock which hid the entrance to a cave where Maclaren's wife and her children, a little girl of four, and a boy of two had taken refuge. A maid who was with them succeeded in getting some of the cheese without being discovered. This was the means of keeping them from starving. I do not remember to have heard the name of the brave girl.

Maclaren's wife was Elizabeth Stewart, daughter of the Laird of Strathgerz, in Perthshire.

At the battle of Culloden, Maclaren was severely wounded, but was carried from the battlefield by his faithful servant, on one of the enemy's horses. I do not know the name of that man. He might have been the brother, or the lover, of the brave girl who rescued the cheese. Maclaren did not go to France as many of his friends did. Going to France, for a while seems to have been a way some of the Scotch used to have when they were in trouble. He remained in hiding among the

hills for a year before he was taken. It was when on his way to Carlisle to be tried that he escaped in such a wonderful manner.

It seems that the officer of the soldiers who had Maclaren in charge was an old acquaintance of his, and for that reason allowed him to ride by his side, a little apart from the rest. As they were going along, Maclaren suddenly leaped from his horse, and disappeared over a precipice at the side of the road. The soldiers were soon after him and could not understand why he was not to be found.

It was said that they wore the hair from the top of his head by tramping about on the sod that hid him from sight.

Maclaren's strange escape gave rise to many stories about him. One was that he got safely home to his family and lived for many years. The truth was that he took a severe chill from being nearly two days and a night in that fearful place which was nearly full of mud and water. As soon as he could he made his way to a hut on the hillside where some poor people lived, where he lay down and was never able to go about again, but died shortly afterward.

There was a story in the family about a belt, in which jewels and gold were sewn, that he wore about his waist under his clothing and which could never be found. It was supposed that the people with whom he died had come into possession of it, as they showed signs of wealth after a time. Very likely Maclaren gave them the belt, or lent it to them, as some of his descendants had a marked tendency toward giving things away, or lending them to their neighbors.

Before Maclaren "came out in the '45," he transferred his estates to the Laird of Appin, a relative of his wife, in order to secure them to his heirs in case of trouble. Appin died soon after Maclaren, without arranging about the property, and Appin's heir refused to give it up. Afterward there was a long lawsuit in the Court of Chancery, lasting about twenty years. Maclaren's son gained the suit, but the estates had to be sold to pay expenses, and there was very little left for the man, who as a child, had only a little cheese from the abundance that was wasted.

In 1803 James Maclaren, with his family and some friends

came to America. It was in Virginia they were intending to make their home, but the winds and the waves, and the women weary of the sea, changed all that and brought them to another and a colder shore.

He had married Isabella Macdonald, a distant relative of his own, in 1763. They had four sons, Donald, William, John and James, and four daughters, Janet, Christiana, Isabella, and Elizabeth. Janet married James Stewart, of the Grandtully Stewarts, Perthshire; Isabella married Donald Gordon; and Elizabeth married James Macfarlane after the family came to America. I do not know whether the sister who was with James Maclaren in the cave, or the other who was born shortly afterward, came over with him or not. The younger sister was called Robena for some friend whose name was Robert, and who showed the family great kindness in their time of trouble and distress. The name Robena was respected in the family for that reason. The mother, widow of the laird of Invernentz, came with her son and lived many a year, indeed until she saw at least one daughter of the fifth generation. She was affectionately called she used to tell about Prince Charlie's time, but none but the "The Little Grandmother." I wish we had some of the stories poplar leaves can tell them now, and we cannot quite understand them.

So far as I have been able to judge, very few of the people who came to Prince Edward Island in the early years, intended to land there when they started to cross the ocean. Some wind, good or ill, drove them near its shore and changed their fates. The ship in which James Maclaren sailed came into Pictou, Nova Scotia, for some cause, and many of the people on board were so tired of the sea that they would go no further. He and his families crossed over to Prince Edward Island in some old unseaworthy craft which they hired for the occasion, and which nearly cost them their lives. Indeed it was the cause of the death of the beautiful Isabella Maclaren, wife of Donald Gordon. When the men were almost exhausted and discouraged, the water gaining on them so fast, she insisted on helping by going down into the hold where she stood in the water handing up buckets. It was she who exclaimed when she first saw the little Island in

the river: "What a lovely place to be buried in." And she, with a little child belonging to one of the other families were the first to be laid there to rest.

Among the people who were going up the river in the boat with her that day was a woman who saw a shadow picture of a woman and a child moving toward the Island. No doubt some atmospheric photograph, made up of lights and shadows of the sky and shore, as it was to be seen there years afterward. At that time it was thought an omen and was remembered when Mrs. Gordon died.

James Maclaren and his sons and sons-in-law bought land on both sides of the Brudenell and began their battle with the soldiers of the greenwood. The work was new to them, and they were much discouraged; particularly as they had spent the greater part of their waning money buying provisions when they first landed, and before they began their farming.

There is a tradition in the family that they had to pay ninepence a quart for skim-milk. The nourishing quality of skim-milk was not then spoken of in the newspapers as being so great as it is now, and it seems these people had mortal longings for a little cream on theirs. Later on, too, they had a good many drawbacks in various ways. One was that their hospitalities were always greater than their agricultural achievements.

After the '45's, many of the followers of Prince Charlie and their children had, so to speak, to beat their swords into shuttles, and learn to weave. Some of the Maclarens showed marked ability in that direction. One of them was said to be able to weave a shirt in such a masterly way, even forming the buttons and buttonholes, in his hand-loom, that his relatives regarded him with pride and admiration.

So they tilled the land, and they cut the grain. They spun and they wove, and they wound the thread, and ever they sang of "Bonnie Prince Charlie." Perhaps it was not he who died in Italy. That Prince may have died at Culloden when his heart was broken. What lived afterward might not have been he. Who can tell? The Prince they loved, and of whom they talked and sang, was the prince of their own loyal hearts: the kind of

prince or king whose image you cannot efface, though you break the heart that holds it.

Notwithstanding all the drawbacks, James Maclaren built his little church and preached in it himself. This family had been Episcopalians ever since the Reformation, and that was the form of worship which he conducted.

Some of his descendants are living in the old homes on the banks of the Brudenell, but others are scattered in far away lands. He holds his island still.

O little island of the river,
Sad eyes have longed for sight of thee,
Dull ears have heard thy poplars quiver
In dreams that float across the sea.

J. S. B.

My Forte.

BY JEREMIAH S. CLARK, B. A.

II. RANGE LIGHTS.

"Our times are in his hand
Who saith: a whole I planned."—Browning.

YOUNG bones will bend and spring again, where old ones only break; we ought to use our vigour well, before the aches and wrinkles come. Someone thoughtfully remarked that as the twig is bent the tree will grow, and the remark applies to noses and characters as aptly as to the hackneyed twig. The statement: I am a part of all that I have met, must be taken provisionally, yet it must be taken, for you and I grow in body and mind only as we inwardly digest: if we gorge ourselves with all that we have met, while we neglect the necessary process of assimilation, then the chaotic mass becomes insupportable. If we tolerate slip-shod methods now, we both fail in present attempts, and form habits that lead to greater failure farther on. To do with our might whatever our hands

find to do, is a source of present satisfaction, and also preparation for life, while mere dabbling in a dozen occupations,—this jack-of-all-trade-and-master-of-none business, certainly tends to unfit us for any honourable life-work.

It is so much easier to be entertained and directed than to think independently that many of us would rather slave all day than deliberately think along any definite line for one full hour, and so it is no wonder that we find it difficult, as we saw in the Storm and Stress section last month, for a youth to wrestle with the problem of his life-work. It does make a real difference in the realm of nature whether you and I conquer, or succumb beneath the pressure of the struggle, for Nature knows no waste, and our reason, though the greatest gift of the Creator, is, like other gifts, atrophied and withdrawn if it is not used, or thoughtlessly abused. It is nobler to wear out than to rust out; nothing worth getting is got without struggling; and no man is beaten until he acknowledges himself defeated.

"Old times are changed, old manners gone." In the good old days every home was a manufacturing community, practically supplying all its wants within itself; while we of to-day have learned that our mode of civilization compels dependence, and the wary savage has found it to his advantage to trust others whom he never knew, while he turns his own qualifications to better advantage because he is no longer hampered by a thousand distracting cares. Gone are the good old days! Indeed, they always were a memory; for it took centuries of silent colouring before a poet arose to record the glorious deeds of King Arthur and his knights, who "cut down the forest and let in the sun, and made a realm and reigned."

But the noblemen are not all dead; though the old order changes, the so-called days of chivalry are not past or forgotten; and the foundation principles of right and truth remain. Britain under good King Arthur has become Great Britain and her Colonies under Victoria the good,—and Canada, joining hand in hand with India and Australia, is glad to assist the Motherland in shouldering the burden of oppressed humanity beneath our African skies. If it was bliss to be alive but heaven to be young

at the dawning of the day of liberty in Europe, as Wordsworth assures us, what a privilege is ours to be alive and young in these days of Colonial expansion and federation!

Then let us rise to the dignity of stirling manhood, and never for a moment be content to make a mere living, when it is our privilege to enjoy the fulness of a life,—to speak across continents and oceans, not through mere machines, but through the strengthened life of every soul that feels the full pulsations of our own. We are encouraged to be true to ourselves, and to find our place, and fill it, for we know that He who arranged the sweep of all the stars throughout their mazy courses, would never have given such powers for good or ill to you and me, if He had not also provided scope for ample use of every power. Well may the conscientious toiler rejoice to find it written that we are laborers together with God. And it becomes us, young men, to live so that if Paul were writing now after nineteen centuries, he could also say: I write unto you young men because you are strong.

My forte, my strong point, or my talent. Then there is something that I can do for my neighbor and myself,—something that is worth the doing, even if it compels isolation more or less splendid. We young men see and feel realities without the intervening cushion of conventionality. We abhor kid-glove methods of dealing with life-questions. So-called society would teach us to perfect the æsthetic feelings as the ideal of life, even while the body welters in sin. An unfailing remedy is advocated for every ill, and the restless soul is commanded to swallow his pill in silence. And now, if any reader would complain that these essays, these poor attempts, do not consent to be swallowed whole and give immediate results, then he gives satisfaction to the writer, for the list of patent medicines is unwholesomely large, and we can never be well in body, mind, or spirit, until we learn the better way,—until we fall into line with the forces of nature, and think for ourselves, as we use our strength in making other lives happier.

Kirklawn, Bay View.

The Work of Nurses in Schools and Colleges.

BY MISS MATTIE BARR.

THE Carlisle Indian Industrial School was founded in the year 1879 by Major R. H. Pratt of the United States Army. He arrived at the school with about sixty Sioux Indians. Each year there has been a steady increase, until we now have over one thousand pupils representing seventy-five different tribes, coming from Maine, New York, Arizona, New Mexico, Indian Territory, California, Alaska, and Porto Rico,—over six hundred boys and about four hundred and twenty girls.

At the school, as well as at every other large school or college, a trained nurse is of great value and advantage, for who has not witnessed the desolateness of a sick pupil in an institution where there are no accommodations for the sick, the hallooing of the students, the incessant knocking at the doors by comrades, the confusion, the absence of comforts necessary for the sick room, the irregular and untrained nursing, and the absence of the family and home surroundings. The kind, gentle ministrations of the trained nurse are to such a soothing balm, and make them, like the captive bird, pour forth their souls in melody.

The school hospital at Carlisle accommodates comfortably about sixty, but it is not often that we are called upon to nurse so many at a time, unless an epidemic of measles or chicken-pox breaks out. The hospital is supported by the Government and the sick pupils have almost every wish gratified. Every morning at seven o'clock and every evening at four o'clock we have a sick call, and if any pupil complains of not being well, he or she is immediately sent to the hospital, received by the nurse in charge and cared for until the arrival of the doctor. A physician from Carlisle, Dr. S. L. Diven, comes out to the school every morning and remains until the morning work is finished. After that the nurse is often called upon to use her own judgment in many cases, and at times is kept busy attending to the many cuts, scratches, and bruises which occur during the day. By reason of her experience with accidents and sickness, not only

the pupils, but the teachers and heads of departments, and the superintendent learn to depend upon the nurse, and are thus saved responsibility and worry. Nearly all young people are at times imprudent, and sickness incident to their years is constantly presented and requires proper and intelligent supervision. Cases are thus quickly detected and classified, and proper preliminary treatment pursued ; dangers are averted and often disease shortened. We believe this same to be true of every school and college to a greater or less degree. Without a trained nurse and without a hospital, be it ever so small, and without easy access to skilled advice, premonitory symptoms are often unheeded, contagion is fostered, and disease allowed to become critical which might not have been so.

The trained nurse is accustomed to stand by her post and is not easily frightened. One year since, the author of this paper was confronted with a case of smallpox. This disease in the midst of eight hundred or a thousand pupils demands quick judgment, hard work and plenty of it, or submission to overwhelmning disaster. Rigid isolation, thorough cleanliness and the liberal use of the torch soon rid us of the disease. Any fright or parley, or neglect of duty, would have made our tale of woe long and lamentable ; but we depended upon thorough ventilation with windows and doors wide open, perfect cleanliness of patients and surroundings, liberal diet and very little medicine, and in a few weeks were allowed to mingle with the world.

We have to meet and treat the same class of diseases here as in other schools,—indigestion, dyspepsia, exanthemata, diphtheria, pneumonia, consumption, and accidents in athletics.

We claim then that trained nurses are needed in schools for these reasons, viz. :—

The early detection of disease.

The easy medium of application for the doctor.

The detection and prevention of contagious disease.

The skillful and successful management of patients and diseases.

The comfort derived from sympathetic and orderly nursing treatments.

The Tenant League Articles.

In a cleverly written article under the head of "Chips" the author deals rather severely with Mr. Ross in his history of the Tenant League. He says "Your tenant league articles are not worthy of your magazine. They are inaccurate, and worse, they covertly attempt to excuse wrong-doing."

Now I do not agree fully in the denunciation. The tenant league was called into existence because our local government were unable to obtain any redress from the Home government in relation to the collection of rents, and were informed that if the civil authorities were insufficient the Lieutenant Governor had authority to call on the military at Halifax to enforce it.

Therefore Mr. Secretary Pope, finding the civil power at his command unable to carry out the law, called out the Posse Comitatus; that failing, he then called on the military.

Before this took place, Messrs. Coles, Whelan, and Davies called on the Leaguers to advise with them to show that no good could possibly arise in opposing the law of the land. After asking to be received, they were refused and told that the leaguers had lost confidence in the legislature, and that they were determined to oppose payment of rents. With respect to Mr. Ross' definition of the League as far as my memory goes it is generally correct and gives a pretty accurate idea of its actions; at the same time I agree with Mr. Celt that there was a great deal of wrong-doing in resisting the actions of Law.

The misfortune on the part of the league was that its president, Mr. George Adams, was not well informed of the constitution of his country, and that redress for grievances could only be obtained in a legitimate way, and that Mr. Ross and other gentleman of the faction thought that by resisting the payment of rent they would force the proprietors either to dispose of their estates at the price dictated by the League or that they should not receive rent.

It was evident to the leaders of the Liberal party that their friends the Tenant Leaguers had gone astray, and therefore the leaders of the government desired to offer them their opinion on the question, which the league derided.

People laughed at Mr Secretary Pope when he called out the Posse Comitatus, but well informed men knew that the Government could not call on the military to enforce the law until the civil power had been set at nought.

So it turned out. The military arrived, and when Master George Adams learned that he had misconducted himself he absconded and left Ross and his friends in the lurch.

There were no other than civilians composing the Posse Comitatus. Although Mr. Davies was there, he was not as a military man, and I would add there was much in the song he started that referred to a settlement from another country, because England at that time considered the colonies an incumbrance. The song was wonderfully responded to, its echo being clear at Charlottetown.

RAMBLER.

A Legend of Hollow River.

OF the many tales of supernatural manifestations, connected with sequestered spots in P. E. Island, one of the most notable is, I think, that which I am about to relate. The place is situated alongside a small stream which empties into the Gulf of St. Lawrence and is known as Hollow River. A great many of the streams flowing into the Gulf should not have been called rivers at all, but creeks, as their supply of water is so small.

At one time, in the early history of this place, the public road was situated about ten chains from the coast, and although closed in late years, it can yet be traced very plainly. The present public road is located about one mile inland. On one night somewhere about the year 1840, in the month of March, just before "Jack Frost" had withdrawn his command over land and sea, the ground on the slope towards the above mentioned stream and about one chain from the old road was taken out in two lots, exactly the size of two graves and placed on the ice which covered the stream. The pits were each about seven feet long, two feet and a half wide, and four feet deep. The most peculiar circumstances connected with the affair was that the soil which was dug out was deposited on the ice in compact blocks exactly the size of the pits, not a particle being loosened. A space of about one foot divided the pits. There were also three other pits marked, about the same dimensions in length and breadth but the soil had not been raised. The blocks which had been taken out held their form until the April thaw, then they lost their square shape and became mere piles of earth.

When the news of this wonderful event was made known, a great many visited the place and many were the remarks of wonder. It was considered no work of human power, but what or who did the deed remains a mystery to this day.

As events of curious happenings are sure to circulate in all directions, who chanced to hear of it but Donald Gordon. I need make no more reference to him than his name, as P. E. I. Magazine readers have already read an account of him, in the January number, by J. H. Fletcher, Esq. He at once came to see the place and thought that there must be gold buried underneath the dug pits. He therefore procured instruments for digging from the people living near at hand. He dug for some time till water came into the pit and he nearly perished. So he had to give up what he expected to prove a profitable discovery. It is not surprising that poor Donald Gordon failed in the discovery of gold, for, although Klondyke was not at that time known, he did not undergo such hardships as some who have gone thither and with no better results.

When all wonder in reference to the occurrence had died away, the owner of the property, fearing that wandering animals might chance to fall into the pits, closed them up, so that at the present day no one can tell the remarkable spot, unless he is accompanied by some of the oldest inhabitants of the place. Hence the reason this strange circumstance never was recorded anywhere.

At the time this affair happened few near the coast could either read or write—the same is true of other localities at that date—and as there was no attraction there for the sportsman or the angler, no visitor ever ascertained the old

legend connected with Hollow River. Nearly all who saw the pits have gone to their just rewards. I suppose some will hardly give credence to this story, but the oldest people of the described place will testify as to the truth of it. Many were eye-witnesses, and it is to these the writer is indebted for the information. Thus I have endeavored to give a brief account of this interesting event, which, if it prove too short and unsatisfactory, must be excused because of my inexperience in this branch of literature. Can any one offer an explanation of the phenomenon?

—Senachie.

Spring Dreams.

Dreams of the Spring!
What is that we dream?
  Blue tides, fair tides, reaching far away,
White, glistening sails,
Where the long vessels swing
  On through the shadows of a silent day.

Strange fading dreams!
What is it that we dream?
  That we may never speak, and never know;
So faint, so sweet,
Vague, dimming, fleeing things;
  Something of worlds where we may never go.

—Marie.

To the Rose.

Queenly rose, one mother holds us,
  Thee and me, upon her breast;
All-sustaining nature folds us
  In eternal arms at rest.

Little rose, our beauties perish;
  Storms will strip both thee and me:
But the life seed that we cherish
  Still will bud eternally.

Translation of Charles H. Genung. HOLDERLIN.

Bedeque and its People.—II.

BY L. U. FOWLER.

THE proprietors had built a grist mill on the Dunk River, above what is now the old mill bridge, and from which it derives its name. The picture given in our first number on page 119 of the June Magazine, was taken from the lower side of the bridge from McBride's Shore.

The first miller was William Taylor, the grandfather of William, Thomas, Caleb and Peter Taylor, of Freetown. He came from Newfoundland in 1807, but was a native of England. The mill was known as Taylor's mill. Near the mills he bought 300 acres of land, which now comprises the farms of Messrs. Solomon and Albert Schurman, Samuel and Rufus Bagnall, and the Ewen Clark farm now owned by Mr. M. Webster. Mr.

THE OLDEST TWO-STORY HOUSE.

Taylor built a log house, which until very recently was an outbuilding on Mr. Albert Schurman's farm. Afterwards, with the assistance of his son John—the father of the Taylors above mentioned, he built a two-story house which is now about seventy years old, and is the oldest two-story house in Bedeque, and the residence of Messrs. Solomon Schurman and his son Albert.

Mr. Taylor sold the land to Alexander Stewart, Esq., to whom the Morsons of Dundas and Charlottetown are related, and he in turn sold to Isaac Schurman, father of one of the present occupants, Solomon Schurman, Esq.

There were born to Mr. and Mrs. William Schurman, after they came to Bedeque, the following children :

Jane, born 1785, married Joseph Scilliker.
Sarah, born 1788, married Jesse Baker.
William, born 1793, married Mary Maxfield.
Elizabeth, born 1795, married Ralph Thompson.
John, born 1796, married Phebe Hewson.

As we gave the death of Peter, the oldest son, who married Mary Bremble, we will here give the names of his family :

Jane, born 1799, married John Wright.
Benjamin, born 1800, married Judith Baker.
Elizabeth, born 1802, married Nathaniel Strang.
Sarah, born 1804, married William Wright.
David, born 1806, married Janet Glover.
Mary, born 1808, never married.
Peter, born 1810, married Jessie Cairns.
William, born 1813, married his cousin Sophia, only daughter of Caleb Schurman.
Lucy Ann, born 1815, married Peter Campbell.

On August 8th, 1808, Mr. Schurman, senior, bought from Alexander McDonald, Esq., who then owned one half (the north side) of Lot 25, 6500 acres of land. Five hundred and thirty acres of this comprises Schurman's Point, part of which is the farm of Mr. William Schurman, one of the most charming homesteads to be found in any part of the country. Five thousand nine hundred and seventy acres was a solid block of land beginning with the farms of Messrs William and James A. Taylor, and extending to Lot 67, a distance of 670 chains.

Mr. McDonald had sold 500 acres—between the two lots sold to Mr. Schurman—to Alexander Campbell, Esquire, part of which is the Laird farm, now owned by Mr. R. C. McLeod. Campbell was an important man at that time, farmer, justice of the peace, merchant, ship-builder, etc. He was also for some time Island Treasurer. He had a large house and visitors to the settlement always put up at Campbell's. Rev. Dr. Tupper, father of Sir Charles Tupper, while pastor of the Baptist congregation, boarded for a year at Campbell's. A number of people maintain that Sir Charles Tupper was born while his

parents lived at Campbell's. This is, however, not correct, as Sir Charles was born at Amherst, N. S., and was about nine years old when the family lived at Campbell's.

It would fill a book to write all the stories that are told of the time when Campbell was the merchant. What is now Summerside was at that time simply Green's Shore, without harborage or accommodation of any kind, while there was good anchorage at the foot of Campbell's farm. Here for many years vessels landed cargoes of general merchandise, including iron, dry goods and rum, and were loaded with lumber for the markets of Nova Scotia and Great Britain by Mr. Campbell, or Mr. Schurman. In the absence of telegraphic or other modern communications, and with a very inefficient and irregular mail service, it quite frequently happened that vessels arrived for lumber without any intimation to the shippers of their coming. On such occasions, so abundant was the lumber, a sufficient number of men could be collected to cut down, hew into timber and load a vessel in one day. On one occasion, a large cargo of salt—in bulk—was imported. Mr. Campbell had no building large enough to store it. After some delay it was hauled up and piled in a field. Brush was placed all over and around it. The brush was then burned, the heat from the fire melting the salt, thus forming a crust, and serving as a protection from the weather.

The land bought from Mr. McDonald by Mr. Schurman, for which he gave eight hundred pounds, was covered with the best of pine and hardwood trees. A large number of men were constantly employed cutting, hewing, hauling or rolling the timber into the river.

The men drank plenty of what they called good rum, and it is told for a fact that years after, when the land was being cleared for the plow, a goodly number of empty bottles were found among the trees and stumps. (It is just possible that some of these may have come in more recent days from our own Summerside.)

The deed of conveyance of the 6500 acres of land to Mr. Schurman from Alexander McDonald and Margaret his wife, is an interesting document. It is well written on three sheets of parchment paper of an excellent quality, 30x24 inches. It is in

possession of Mr. Joseph Schurman, who has many such evidences of by-gone days. One part of the deed reads as follows :

"Together with all houses, outhouses, buildings, fences, yards, gardens, orchards, trees, woods, underwoods, ways, waters, watercourses, easements, liberties, priviledges, profits, advantages and appurtenances whatsoever to the said primises, belonging, or in any way or wise appertaining, and the revision and revisions, remander and remanders, rents and profits thereto."

Mr. Schurman had saw mills where Clarke's Mills are now, and large quantities of lumber were sawn at the mills and shipped abroad.

We said that at the burning of the house in 1793 Mr. Schurman saved his account book. It has been preserved all those years and handed down to the present. It is highly p ized by Mr. Peter Schurman of Summerside, who was kind enough to loan it to the writer. Some of the leaves are scorched, but otherwise the book is in good condition. On the inside of the first cover there is written : " The account book of William Schurman on the Island of St. John." The first entry is dated 20th Nov., 1784, and reads as follows :

	£.	s.	d.
to 3 days work done for William Warren	0	9	0
to making two thousand of shingles and finding half the stuff	1	17	6
two silk handkerchiefs		10	0
one paper of ink powder	0	1	0
half quire of paper	0	1	0
three nutmegs	0	1	6
five pound & half of sope	0	5	6
one pair of soles and thread	0	1	6

On the same date there is charged to Thomas Reynolds:—

	£.	s.	d.
To cash in town	0	5	0
to two pair of socks	0	5	6
to half suit of close	1	5	0

On another page there is charged to Dugel McGinnis:—

		£.	s.	d.
May 1785,	to 1 pound of powder	0	6	0
	1 pound of shot	0	2	0
June 15	1 gall of rum	0	10	0
	5 yds of calico	0	15	0
	1 paper of pins	0	1	
	1½ doz of buttons	0	2	6
	1 pound of tea	0	6	0
	1 oz. of thread	0	1	3
	1 gallon of salt	0	1	0
July 1	½ pint of rum	0	0	10

On May 12th there is charged to Jonothan Palmer:—

	£.	s.	d.
3 knives and forks	0	3	3
1 nutmeg	0	1	0
1 lb of tobacco	0	2	0
1 lb of tea	0	6	0
1 lay of steel	0	1	6

And so the accounts go on to the end of the book. Most of the customers bought rum. It was evidently considered a necessary article in those days.

On one page the distances from Charlottetown to several places on the Island are given :—From Charlottetown to Cascumpec, 78 miles ; from Charlottetown to Princetown, 38 miles ; to Bedeque by Tryon, 40 miles ; by the new road, 33 miles.

The last entry is dated 1823, which was made by some of the family after Mr. Schurman's death.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Prince Edward Island Magazine is making very satisfactory progress. The subscription list is steadily increasing. But there is still plenty of room for it to grow. Any assistance which present subscribers may give in recommending the Magazine to their friends will be greatly appreciated. Subscribing is the most satisfactory way of getting the Magazine. Subscribers get the first copies each month, and they have them sent right to their post office address. And the more subscribers the Magazine has, the better a magazine it will be possible for the publishers to put out. Give the Magazine a good word whenever and wherever you can. If, although a reader, you are not now a subscriber, send in a year's or a six months' subscription at once. Articles on any subject likely to prove interesting are always thankfully received. All correspondence, subscriptions, etc., should be addressed to The P. E. I. Magazine, P. O. Box 698, Charlottetown, P. E. Island.

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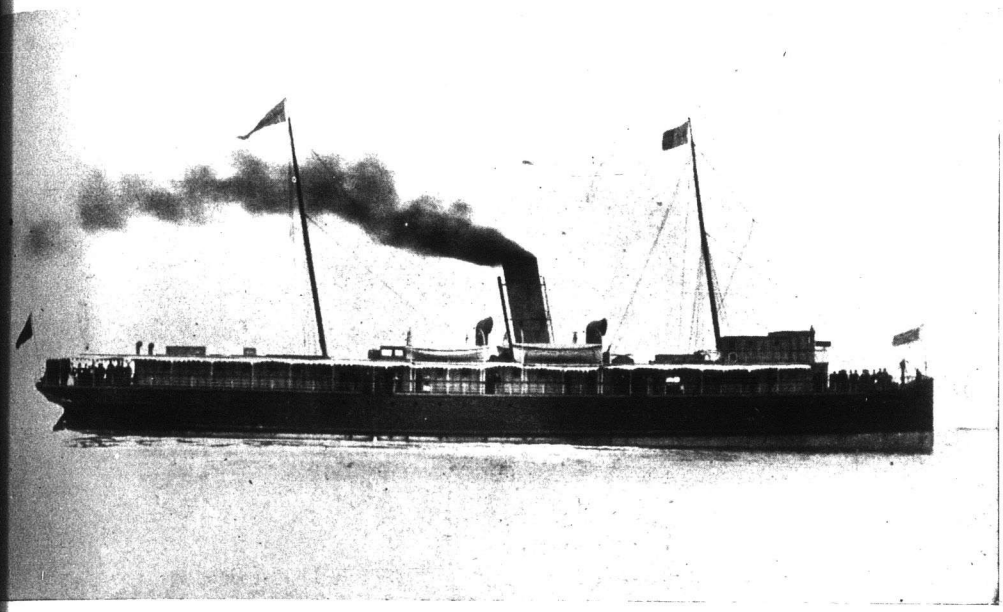

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