

"Why,
what the
deuce
is the
matter
Billy"



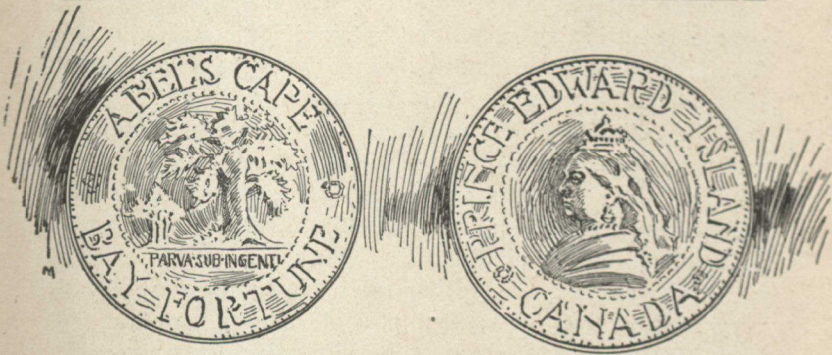
See "The Ghost," page 353.

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KIDD'S TREASURE.

I AM not going to ask anyone to believe what I have to tell; neither do I care if it is pooh-poohed as fiction. I came here for health and recreation, and not for adventure. Nor did I expect to encounter, personally, any of the traditions of the Island. But I have done so, as the bitter disappointment experienced can amply testify.

I can't say that I was ignorant of the Island's history, but it did not come into my mind again until long after my arrival; when I was slyly questioned by the inhabitants if I had come for the treasure—a local joke they spring on all visitors. I soon disabused their minds of being a treasure-seeker by roaming in the water with rod and creel in quest of fish, being well rewarded for my long journey by the daily feasts of royal sea-trout, the beautiful scenery and the welcome knowledge that my health and strength were returning in speedy and ponderous proportions.

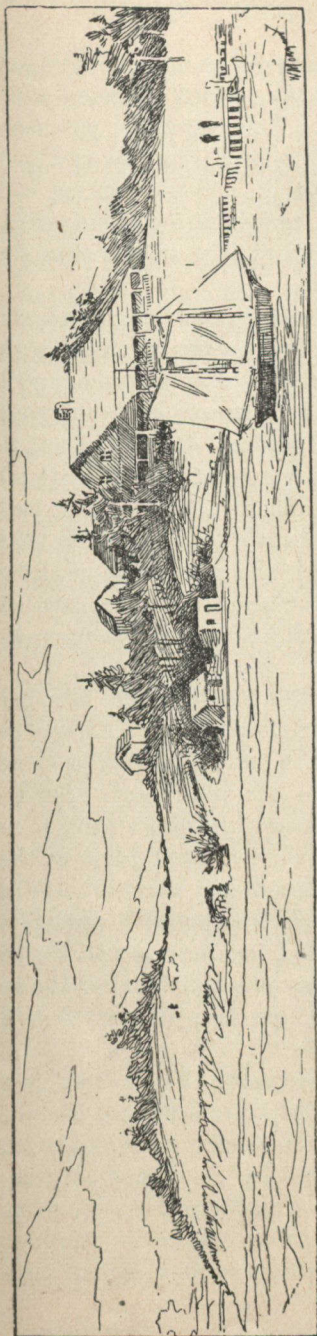
But I have not yet stated where I am. This is Prince



Edward Island, made famous by the novelist as the receptacle and hiding place of Captain Kidd's stolen hoards. The particular Cape I located on is the home of an old and dear friend, known to his intimates as "Flockie." It is called Abel's Cape. It runs into the sea from the mainland and rears itself by degrees out of the water to a height of fifty or sixty feet, its red rock and sand crowned with densely-growing fir, juniper and birch, making a gorgeous picture against the vivid sky and many tinted clouds.

Only during the spring tides, when they are either very high or very low, is it possible to walk around the Cape by the beach, for with these exceptions the waves beat its base, washing away its body and undermining its green crown, which day by day drops off into the angry depths, carrying with it cords of its richly-scented timber. Periodically it is visited by wiseacres with divining rods, who have been prompted by dreams and prognostications to dig for Kidd's gold, many holes proving how firm is the belief that the treasure is buried here. The diggers, though, have not found it—they are always unsuccessful, and are usually scared away by the ghosts of Kidd and his crew.

That it is buried here is now an undisputed fact, and that it is not on the Cape at the present time my story shall divulge. Sailing, fishing and working, I had passed many delightful weeks, drinking in the invigorating air and gaining flesh and strength every day. Late one afternoon, about the fourth week of my stay, I reached the opening to the bay after whipping a mile or two of the river. My creel was full of beautiful fish, for which I knew the cook was waiting, but, noticing how unusually low was the tide, I strolled along the beach beneath the cliffs and gave myself up to admiration of all their peculiarities,



SUMMER RESIDENCE OF MR. C. F. FLOCTON, NEAR ABEL'S CAPE.

accentuated as they were by the kaleidoscopic rays of the evening sun, bursting upon them across acres of placid, reflecting water, broken here and there by the jumping trout. All the mysteries of the domestic economy of crab and lobster were clearly revealed, the only sounds breaking the superb silence being the bark of the stork and the plaintive, excited cry of the graceful harbor gull. Slowly wandering along, I gave no attention to where I was moving and cleared the point by a mile before I was aware that the tide was returning rapidly and would bar my way back.

The sun had set, leaving the atmosphere one glowing cauldron of roseate splendor. At the extreme point I found it was impossible to pass without getting wet up to the elbows. There was nothing to do but climb the cliff and work my way along its broken surface. The task was easy at first, but it took time, and long before I cleared the point it was evident I should have to stay where I was or climb the perpendicular to the top. The tide was now rushing over the rocks below, the spray making my foothold slippery and uncertain; but I struggled on and gradually

ascended until I arrived at a smooth, flat, perpendicular space without the slightest projection, which extended some five or six feet above my head. This, however, was soon overcome by cutting several niches for my feet about a foot apart, and I rose higher and higher. While digging out the upper one my blade struck against a metal substance and brought to light an old-fashioned iron handle strongly welded to a flat iron plate.

Fate was kind, I thought: it was the one thing necessary to assist my ascent. It was rusty and deeply encrusted with earth, but it afforded sufficient hold for my purpose, and I clutched it, thinking of it only as a means of deliverance from a wet skin at least. As I did so, the flat block to which it was attached moved and the soil broke away in all directions, revealing a surface about a foot and a half square, confined at the sides by heavy iron bands studded with strong bolts. My surprise was great, but nothing convincing entered my mind. Its whole appearance denoted great age the rust and discoloration suggesting many restful years in its novel grave.

Another wrench to prove if the handle would bear my weight showed me that the rusty bolts were all loose in their rotten sockets, from which a heavy pull would part them, and perhaps hurl me into the roarin sea. Simultaneously with this thought came another, and I realized to what I was clinging. My heart gave a great jump as the stories I had heard rushed through my mind—"Abel's Cape," "Divining rods," "Moonlight diggings," "Kidd's Treasure." Yes, the old-fashioned handle was attached to a wooden chest. Time and moisture had weakened the boards and loosened its bindings, and here it was reserved for me to find.

I tore away the iron from the rotten wood, and let it fall with heavy splashes into the sea, disclosing the interior of the chest filled with objects that made me giddy with joy. I hardly realized I was standing on almost nothing, but knocked away the dirt above it and clung heavily to its lid while investigating its contents; delicious thoughts flying through me, the like of which until now had been

mine. But let me tell it calmly or I shall be accused of romance and perjury.

The first things I noticed were several leathern bags at the bottom of the chest; half buried in shreds and dust. As I clutched one it broke in pieces like an eggshell and disclosed a heap of golden coins, larger than I had ever seen and of greater value than any I had ever owned. There must have been forty of these heaps in all, each containing two hundred pieces. This alone was fortune, but in addition were massive pieces of plate, golden goblets, diamond-studded sword-hilts and crucifixes, boxes containing necklaces and bracelets of precious stones and rings; while among the dust and shreds were hundreds of loose pearls, evidently the trimming of some decayed fabric, many of them of great size and beauty, and worth fabulous sums. Long before I realized the value of my find, my head was whirling. Here was wealth a king might envy.

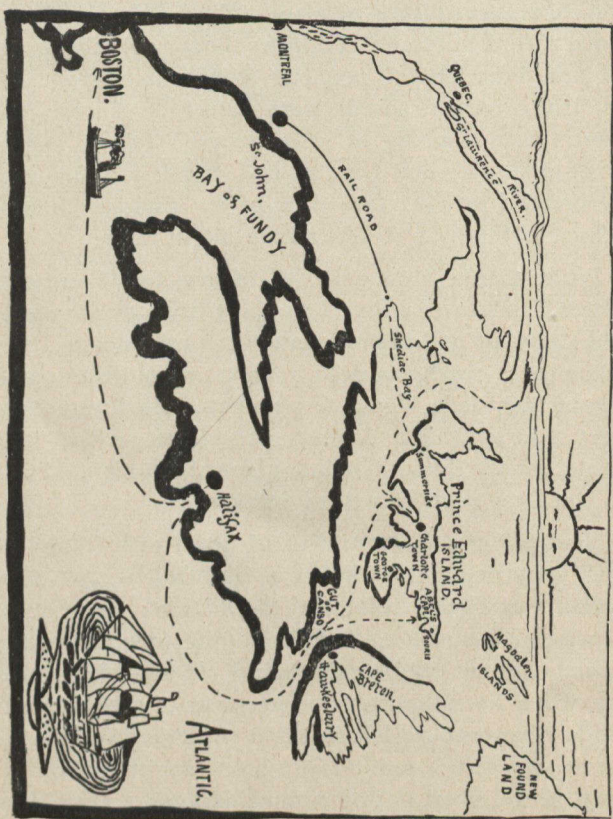
What should I do with it? I who had slaved all my life from hand to mouth. I would gratify every wish. I would study art and improve my poor profession. I would do some great charitable deed to cover my multitude of sins and hand my name down to posterity. And yet, how to protect it for all this? It must not be left in the cliff. I must get it secretly to a hiding place of my own. I didn't want the Cape overrun with sightseers.

Hastily I emptied my creel of its silver fish, and filled it with glittering gold. What a frightful weight it was, but what a glorious burden! This all took time, working as I was with one hand. I had quite forgotten where I was, and thought only of Captain Kidd and his generosity to me, when I was brought to the sense of my danger by a wave dashing over my left foot and washing away the lower niche on which it rested. My whole weight was on it and the top of the chest. The sudden jerk as I slipped made the lid cave in. It was a miracle that I did not loose my hold. Another wave released my right foot and left me hanging by both hands to the chest's rotten timbers. The waves crept higher, lashing me furiously as though they knew I

was desecrating the grave they had guarded so carefully.

The gulls flew by like lightning, grazing my head with their sharp wings, and piercing my ears with their shrill cries. The wind howled, and the rain began to beat down savagely. The ghosts were indeed out but I was not even nervous. It was right that I should pay something for such a treasure. To gain it by labour and danger seemed only natural. How long, though, could I hold on? To ascend was out of the question. I must hang until the

MAP SHOWING THE GEOGRAPHICAL POSITION OF ABEL'S CAVE



tide turned. But, with the great weight choking me, could I hold till then? All spinal action was prevented by my glorious burden. My arms were becoming cramped, my

breath came short, my extremities were chilled by the water. My head was dizzy, and seemed on fire in spite of the wet. Again and again was I drenched by the waves, One, larger than the rest, broke right over my hands, and freed the lid. My grasp relaxed, and I was hurled like a bullet to the bottom of the foaming sea.

At first I was comparatively easy: the heavy gold held me still, but I had to free myself or drown. The moment I did so, my body was at the mercy of the waves, I shot to the surface and madly tried to swim. Useless. They were punishing me for my presumption, and hurled me about with glee as they washed the precious contents from the chest. Suddenly all was black. My struggles were over, my danger and my fortune alike forgotten.

Early the following morning I came to myself, stretched upon a flat rock, stiff and bruised, my head matted with coagulated blood, the placid waters rippling on the beach yards and yards below me. I was carried home by an early seaweed gatherer, and for two weeks remained in bed, my attendants attributing my story to delirious fancies. No one would believe me. Their jeers, laughs and silly humors chafed me exceedingly and precluded my recovery. I could think of nothing but my find; and long before I should have left my bed I was on the beach hunting for my golden-lined creel. But nowhere could I find it. Every vestige of the chest, too, had been washed away—only a nearly square hole in the cliff indicating where it had been. For weeks I have searched and delved in the sand, but all to no purpose save the amusement of the islanders. Incredible though it is, my treasure is gone; Kidd's spirit knows how to protect it.

CHARLES KENT.

The Murder of Abel.

My muse by no means deals in fiction;
 She gathers a repertory of facts,
 Of course with some reserve and slight restriction,
 But mostly traits of human things and acts.

—DON JUAN.

AT the close of a long theatrical season we actors welcome the opportunity to betake ourselves to remote places for long draughts of fresh air and immunity from rehearsals, which, in my case, have been of almost daily occurrence. We seek a spot whose environments shall allay the feverish unrest of the season's work, and where, with pipe and recreation of individual freedom of selection, we can dream and refresh and expand our ideals. But, however much we may desire, we cannot get away from the dramatic side of life.

As I gaze, dreamily, through the half-open door of my rugged old cottage or lie idly upon the deck of my weather schooner, "The Stroller," and allow my eyes to roam over the length of the lovely coast line which stretches far away into the gray distance, fanciful dreams of by-gone days and long-forgotten dwellers on this old Island steal o'er me.

With half shut eyes ever to seem
 Falling to sleep in a sad half-dream.

Only last night, while over the cup with cheers, but does not inebriate and the pipe that soothes, the oldest inhabitant happened to drop in, in a friendly way. This was no less a personage than Joe Brown, whose well authenticated age is one hundred and three, still hale and hearty, and he delighted us with his ancient stories, also well authenticated, of "The Capes." After carefully removing the ashes from his pipe into the palm of his hand, and filling it from our keg of choice Virginia tobacco, which I grieve to say had eluded the vigilance of His Majesty's customs, but nevertheless delighted the dear old fellow, and taking a hot brand carefully from the log fire with the tongs and

proceeding to light up, he slowly dived into the capacious inner pocket of his pea-jacket and produced a well-thumbed and yellow-looking copy of an old gazette published on the Island in 1816, wherein was advertised a reward of £50 for the apprehension of one Pat Pierce for murder.

Now, as from the old fellow's subsequent statement the murderer actually lived under the very roof I now occupy, it may interest some of my friends to hear his account of the tragedy. Crossing his ancient legs and setting himself easily in his chair, after a few preliminaries whiffs from his pipe he commenced his yarn :

“ This 'ere paper brings back to mind the story of the murder of Abel many long years ago. Now I hain't much scholared myself, but my son is desperate good, and 'ee's got a book writ by a sea capting, Marryat I think it was, or some sich name; it's called 'Frank Mildmay.' Now, sir, if you 'appen to 'ave that 'ere book, you find a story bearin' on this 'ere wery Cape.”

As I luckily possessed, in my modest library of odd volumes, the novel; I produced it, and we soon found the following passage in which Frank Midmay says :

“ The frigate that I was to join came into the harbor soon after I reached Halifax. This I was sorry for, as I found myself in very good quarters. I had letters of introduction to the best families. The place is proverbial for hospitality; and the society of the young ladies, who are both virtuous and lovely, tended in some degree to reform and polish the rough and libertine manners which I contracted in my career. I had many sweethearts; I was a great flirt among them, and would willingly have spent more time in their company; but my fate or fortune was to be accomplished, and I went on board the frigate, where I presented my introductory letters to the nobleman who commanded her. I expected him to have been an effeminate young man, much too refined to learn his business; but I was mistaken. Lord Edward was a sailor every inch of him; he knew a ship from stem to stern, understood the character of seamen and gained their confidence. He was, besides, a good mechanic, a carpenter, ropemaker, sailmaker and cooper. He could hand, reef and steer, knot and splice; but he was no orator; he read little and spoke less. He was a man of no show, nor could you ever perceive any assumption of consequence from his title of nobility. We

were not allowed to remain long in this paradise of sailors, being ordered suddenly to Quebec. I ran round to say good bye to all my dear Acadian friends. A tearful eye, a lock of hair, a hearty shake of a fair hand were all the spoils with which I was loaded when I quitted the shore, and I cast many longing, lingering looks behind as the ship glided out of the harbor; white handkerchiefs were waved from the beach, and many a silent prayer put up for our safe return, from snowy bosoms and from aching hearts. I dispensed my usual quantum of vows of eternal love and fidelity before I left them, and my departure was marked in the calendar of Halifax as a black day by at least seven or eight pairs of blue eyes.

"We had not been long at sea before we spoke an Irish Guineaman from Belfast, loaded with emigrants for the

United States; about seventeen families. These were contraband. Our captain had some twenty thousand acres on the Island of St. John's or Prince Edward's, as it is now called, a grant to some of his ancestors which had been bequeathed to him, and from which he had never received one shilling of rent, for the very best reason in the world, because there were no tenants to cultivate the soil. It occurred to our noble captain that this was the very sort of cargo he wanted, and that these Irish people would make good clearers of his land



He made the proposal, and as they saw no chance of getting to the United States, and provided they could get nourishment for their families it was a matter of indifference to them where they colonized, the proposal was accepted, and

the captain obtained permission of the admiral to accompany them to the Island, to see them housed and settled. Indeed nothing could have been more advantageous for all parties: they increased the scanty population of our own colony, instead of adding to the number of our enemies. We sailed again from Halifax a few hours after we had obtained the sanction of the admiral, and, passing through the beautiful passage between Nova Scotia and the Island of Cape Breton known by the name of the Gut of Canso, we soon reached Prince Edward's Island.

"We anchored in a small harbor near the estate, on which we found a man residing with his wife and family: *this fellow called himself the steward, and from all I could see of him during our three weeks' stay he appeared to be rascal enough for the stewardship of any nobleman's estate in England. The captain landed, and took me as his aide-de-camp. A bed was prepared for his lordship in the steward's house, but he preferred sleeping on clean hay in the barn.† This noble lord was a man whose thoughts seldom gave much labor to his tongue; he had three different expletives or ejaculations, 'Hum' 'Eh' and 'Ah!' I shall give one instance of our colloquial pastime. His Lordship, after we had taken up our quarters for the night on the soft, dry hay, thus began:

" 'I say'—a pause.

" 'My lord?'

" 'What would they say in England at our taking up such quarters?'

" 'I think, my lord, that as far as regards myself, they would say nothing; but as regards your lordship they would say it was very indifferent accomodation for a nobleman.'

" 'Hum,'

" 'This I knew was the signal for a new version. 'I was observing, my lord, that a person of your rank taking up his quarters in a barn would excite suspicion among your friends in England.'

" 'Eh?' says his lordship.

" 'That did not do. 'Either your lordship's head or mine is very thick,' thinks I. 'I'll try again, though dying for sleep.' I said: 'My lord, if the people in England knew what a good sailor you are, they would be surprised at nothing you did; but those who know nothing would think it odd that you should be contented with such quarters.'

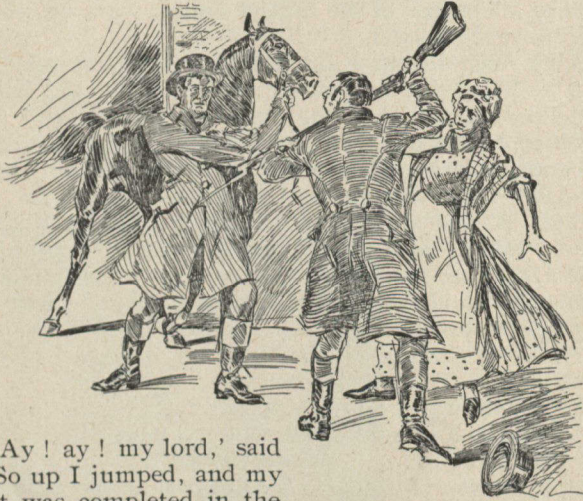
" 'Ah!' said his lordship, triumphantly. What further observations he was pleased to make that night I know not,

*This man's name was Abel.

†This was Abel's barn.

for I fell fast asleep and did not wake till the cocks and hens began to fly down from their roosts and make a confounded clamor for their breakfast, when his lordship jumped up, gave himself a good shake, and then gave me another of a different sort.

“‘Come, rouse out, you d—— lazy chap,’ said my captain, ‘Do you mean to sleep all day? We have got plenty to do.’



“‘Ay! ay! my lord,’ said I. So up I jumped, and my toilet was completed in the same time, and by the same operation, as that of a Newfoundland dog—namely, a good shake. A large party of the ship’s company came on shore with the carpenter, bringing with them every implement useful in cutting down trees and building log-houses. Such was to be our occupation, in order to house these poor emigrants. Our men began to clear a patch of land by cutting down a number of pine trees, the almost exclusive natives of the wood; and, having selected a spot for the foundation, we placed four stems in a parallelogram, having a deep notch in each end, mutually to fit and embrace each other. When the walls, by this repeated operation, were high enough, we laid on the rafters, and covered the roof with boughs of the fir and bark of the birch tree, filling the interstices with moss and mud. By practice I became a very expert engineer, and with the assistance of thirty or forty men I could build a very good house in a day.

“‘We next cleared, by burning and rooting up, as much land as would serve to sustain the colony for the

ensuing season; and, having planted a crop of corn and potatoes, and given the settlers many articles useful in their new abode, we left them agreeably to our orders."

Now to my story, the gist of which, given to me by the oldest inhabitant, I am about to relate in my own words.* It may fairly be surmised that much of the trouble between landlord and tenant that so long agitated the people of Prince Edward's Island and which makes up so large a portion of the history of the Province was due to the harshness of land agents in enforcing the payment of rents, much of which is supposed, in many cases, never to have reached the owners of the land, who were led to believe that the land was of little value.

Edward Abel enjoyed as one of these land-agents a most unsavory reputation, but many of his high-handed and outrageous acts can be traced directly to his wife's influence. She was a veritable virago, and urged her husband to commit many acts of oppression.

Art thou afraid
To be the same in thine own act and valour
As thou art in desire?

He was weak enough to submit,

Letting *I dare not* wait upon *I would*
Like the poor cat i' the adage,

and she finally drove him to his doom. Pat Pierce, an honest, good fellow, owned what was very rare in those days, a thoroughbred horse. Mrs. Abel was violently jealous of this ownership, and set her wicked wits to compass its possession. Ready money was a rare thing among the farmers, so when Abel came down on Pierce unexpectedly for the payment of his rent, a sum of £5 11s. 2d., for his few acres, Pierce was put to some straits to raise the money—there were no pawnbrokers on the Island in those days. He first disposed of many articles of comfort and necessity, and then sought among his neighbors to raise the balance. They willingly came to his assistance, for he was a good neighbor, and so he presented himself with the

*Culled from suggestions kindly given to me by J. C. Underhay, of Bay Fortune.
C. P. F.

money at Abel's house, much to the disappointment of Abel's wife ; but her covetous soul was equal to the occasion, it seems, for the money was refused on the ground that some of the coins were worthless. There being no bank in that part of the country, poor Pat was obliged to start on another pilgrimage to exchange the money. On his return to his house his eyes met something that chilled his heart and fired his Irish temper. Edward Abel had seized his precious horse, and led him out by the halter. Pierce presented the money and demanded the horse. The former was refused and Abel held on to the horse.

Pierce protested earnestly, but Abel was obdurate, and determined that the horse was now his, forfeit for unpaid rent. This was the grossest injustice, and more than Pierce's Irish blood could endure, for he saw through Abel's outrageous act the hateful purpose of the wife. He dropped the battle of words and went into the house, whence he immediately returned with one of those old French muskets with bayonet* attached with which every settler was furnished by the Government. He gave Abel one more chance to take the money and release the horse. This he refused to do, and his high-handed and cruel nature got the check it richly deserved, for Pierce in a burst of indignation rushed at him with the bayonet and stabbed him twice—the last thrust a mortal wound through the groin.

Edward Abel's work of oppression and thieving was at an end. He managed to get as far as the Red House, which now gives its name to a locality near by. From this place a neighbor carried him home to his wife. It is to be hoped that the result of her wicked instigation brought home to this woman a lesson of humanity.

Pat Pierce made good his escape, and the glittering temptation of the reward of £50 found no neighbor willing to betray Pat and accept the blood money.

C. P. FLOCTON.

*I am the proud possessor of this very bayonet (authenticated). It adorns my ingle.
C. P. F.



The Ghost.

| | | |
|--------------------------|---|-------------|
| BILLIE ROYSTON, | } | Characters. |
| HERBERT MILLWARD, | | |
| CHARLIE KENT, | | |
| “ FLOCKIE.” | | |
| JOHN DAVIDSON (Steward). | | |

N. B.—All “ bits,” no star part. Centre of stage open to all comers. No souvenirs will be presented after the one hundredth performance of this tragedy.

COSTUMES: Bohemian and eccentric—evening dress not admissible.

Scene: Flockie’s “ Den ” at Abel’s Cape; night, Fire-place, C.; Door, R.; Casement window, R.; Log fire (real) burning on hearth, C.; Oak table, C.; Various old fashioned chairs, settle, etc.: On table, two candles, in candlesticks burning; Brick-a-brac, pictures, musical instruments, including a yellow flageolet; Fishing net and tackle; Saddle and bridle; Warming pan; Boot-jacks hanging on walls. Scattered about are books, magazines, various “ junk ” and other flotsam and jetsam. On table, church-warden pipes and tobacco, flagon of whisky (native still), flagon of old home-brewed beer, tankards, glasses, teapot, cups and saucers.

HERBERT MILLWARD, CHARLIE KENT, and FLOCKIE discovered, seated in various easy attitudes, FLOCKIE at zither. A noise as of a stumble and a crash is heard. Enter (rather hurriedly) door R. BILLIE ROYSTON in mackintosh, stable lantern in hand. He is pale and disheveled, evidently near a nervous collapse. He stands—rather inclined to lean—against the doorway.

CHARLIE KENT: Why, what the deuce is the matter, Billie? (*All look at Billie, curiously*). Dinner’s all over; we were much too hungry to wait. Where on earth have you been meandering?

BILLIE: Well, you know I went to the post-office (by the way, there’s no mail—don’t expect anything for a week), and starting to return I saw lights on the point. Knowing Flockie’s dread of fire in the woods, I didn’t stop

to go 'round by the road, but took the shorter cut. The tide was low. I knew the small boat was at this side of the creek, so I rowed across and rushed over the beach. Keeping the light well in view, I climbed the cliff stealthily and where, boys, do you think it led me? Right to the old Treasure holes.

The moon was up—I took off my tackinmosh, I mean mackintosh (*all exchange glances*), to conceal the light, which I had got from the old fish hut.

OMNES (*impatiently*): Well? Well?

FLOCKIE: Take time, old man; don't get "rattled."

BILLIE: And I saw something that chilled the very marrow in my bones!

HERBERT: "Take a sup of this, lad" (*pushing flagon toward him. A door slams violently, as if closed by wind; BILLIE, thoroughly unnerved, appears ready to faint; he clutches at nearest thing for support. His features work spasmodically.*)

CHARLIE (*in a deep voice*): "Leave thy damnable faces and begin. The croaking raven doth—what is it? Is—Is——"

FLOCKIE: "Is eager for the fray" (*All laugh.*)

BILLIE: Come, I say, you fellows, this is serious.

HERBERT: Yes, we're "The Serious Family."

BILLIE: The men disappeared.

OMNES: What men?

BILLIE: As I told you—the men I saw!

FLOCKIE: Why, you never said a word about the men; did he boys?

BILLIE: Well, if I didn't, I ought to. You fellows do put a chap out so (*resuming very intensely.*) By light of the moon, which was now up——

HERBERT (*interrupting*): That's why he took the lantern, to find the moon.

BILLIE: (*not noticing, intensely*): I saw two men digging as hard as they could. But now comes the horror of the scene. Suddenly, just in front of them, appeared the awful figure of Captain Kidd!

FLOCKIE: Now, "no kid."

BILLIE : He looked just like you, Flockie, as the Flying Dutchman—same sort of “make up” (*all laugh*), only



THE GHOST

'round him and all over him was a white kind of phosphorescent exhalation.

CHARLIE : Perhaps it was a white Polar bear that floated down to these parts on an iceberg.

BILLIE : Now, do listen. The two fellows looked up and saw it. Just then it lifted up its foot as if it would give one of them a tremendous kick, when its bucket boot flew off, clean overhead, and landed—

CHARLIE (*eagerly*) : In the nearest well ?

FLOCKIE: That's the proper place for a bucket, certainly (*all laugh*).

BILLIE: It's all very well for you fellows to make a joke of it, but you wouldn't have seen the joke had you been there; it was awful—awful!

HERBERT: You seem terribly unstrung, old chap; cheer up!

BILLIE: Suddenly the ghost vanished and four fellows—

CHARLIE: Why, you said *two* just now!

FLOCKIE: There were "seven men in buckram," you know.

BILLIE: Well, then two, if you must be so precise—the two fellows ran violently—

CHARLIE: "Down a steep place into the sea."

HERBERT: Like "the swine" in the ancient story.

BILLIE (*much nettled*): Look here, boys, if you interrupt me again I won't speak another word.

CHARLIE: Well, then, sing it, old man.

HERBERT: Yes! Flockie, you've got the zither there; give him the key.

CHARLIE: No don't; he'll lock himself up.

FLOCKIE: And save the local constabulary the trouble.

BILLIE: Now, you fellows, do be serious. I have seen the ghost of Captain Kidd—you'll all agree!

CHARLIE (*interrupting*): "When we do agree, our unanimity is wonderful."

BILLIE (*to Flockie*): Let me call in your man, John Davidson! (*Calls.*)

(*Enter John D. with tray on which is cold lamb, pickles, etc., and flagon of home brew. Which he sets before Billie.*)

BILLIE: Now, John, is it not a fact that you have seen the ghost of Captain Kidd?

JOHN: Yes, sir; most surely, as I am standing here. I'll take my affidavit to the same before any Justice of Peace (*about to exit, returns*). For God's sake, gentlemen, don't tell my wife, for she's that nervous—

FLOCKIE: No! No! John, she's too good a cook and housekeeper to ruffle her nerves with ghost stories. (*Exit JOHN.*)

BILLIE: For Heaven's sake, Flockie, burn your yellow flageolet.

FLOCKIE: Not much; that flageolet, yellow though it be, was given to me by poor Phifling, a personal friend, now deceased. God rest his soul and bring comfort to all who heard his notes. By the way, boys, I'll tell you a long story about (*all rise hurriedly*)——

BILLIE: No, no; not to-night! I, for one, am too tired, and we are all too much upset over the ghost, at least I am, so I'll proceed to refresh the inner man (*begins to eat*). I'll tell you what, old man, we cannot say that "the ghost doesn't walk" on Abel's Cape, as other ghosts, more material, occasionally fail to do in other parts of the country.

FLOCKIE: Don't suppose for a moment, Billie, that I'm upset, as you say, by the ghost. I'm only too delighted to think that my humble estate harbors a ghostly visitant, that many a nobleman, with gorgeous castle, would be proud to have wandering, phosphorescent light and all, 'round his stately walls. That's if he did not happen to have a well authenticated family of ghosts of his own.

OMNES (*clinking glasses*): Hear! hear! Three cheers for the ghost of Captain Kid, and may its shadow never grow less; eh Billie!

BILLIE: It can go to the devil for me—I'm weary of ghosts and of relating ghostly experiences to a lot of skeptics.

OMNES: Hear! Hear! (*BILLIE finishes his meal and presently goes to sleep in easy chair. The other characters move silently about, blowing out candles, slowly and solemnly stealing away. The sound of heavy boots, dropped one after another, on the floor overhead is heard, and all is still, save the sobbing of the wind through the neighboring pines. BILLIE sleeps calmly in chair by fire, whose ruddy glow faintly illumines "The Den."*)

(I am indebted to the superb art of my friend, James Herne, for the last effect.—AUTHOR,)



The Acadian Exile.

Not justified, but yet, perhaps, explained.

Y^E who admire the pure Evangeline,
And sympathise with manly Gabriel,
Who in the Cambridge poet's lay have seen
That which has deeply stirred your inmost soul,—
Who, reading romance as cold history,
Condemn that crime as ruthless wantonness
Which caused the *habitants*¹ of Acadie
Such heart-breaks, desolation and distress,—

A comrade bids you hear the tale retold,
That all may know of those *coureurs-des-bois*
Who, British-born, and thirty-five years old,
Still fought to hold Acadie for France:

Though France agreed with England at
Utrecht
That all the mainland, and all Newfound-
land
Excepting what remains the French
Shore yet,
Passed at that moment into Britain's
hand.

France still retained the Islands and that
shore,

Reserved that epicures might fast in Lent
And there her fishers cast their lines for more,

As if still fishing for the continent;⁴
Though threatening bergs, whose chill forms groan
with hate,
Plough through the banks they build in fiendish
sport,⁵
Already adding friction to the weight.
Upon our counsels in the world's great court.



Evangeline

1 "habitant" Fr. peasant

2 A French officer wrote home from Louisburg: "They have supplied many of the Acadians for more than thirty-five years with the necessaries of life, and have not troubled them by forcing them to pay." Then, referring to the hostilities of the Acadiens, he adds: "Judge what will be the wrath and vengeance of this cruel nation."

3 Though this was the ostensible reason, the real reason was no doubt that France might not lose her splendid training school for naval reserves.

4 Note the aggressiveness of the French fishermen, who, conscious of the fact that they are in training to recruit the navy, have taken possession of the shore permanently and built lobster factories, etc., though the treaty at first simply gave them permission to erect flakes for drying their codfish.

5 The gradual building up of the French supremacy, extending from Cape Ray to Cape St. John, may perhaps not inaptly be compared with the building-up

Paging

Longsuffering Newfoundland the menace feels,
 And, while she plays the duteous daughter's part,
 Impatient 'neath the scourge again appeals
 To Britain's shielding arm and mother-heart.
 Let not Great Britain wait too long again,
 Lest stern necessity pronouuce decree
 Harsh in its nature and enforced by men
 Such as depopulated Acadie.

Time gave to Britain in the days long gone
 Saint Jean, now called Prince Edward, and Royale,
 Yet left to France Saint Pierre and Miquelon ;⁸
 But these have slight connection with my tale.
 The wild laud knew not, cared not if it knew
 The treaties had been signed and envoys sent ;
 The Micmac found the seas and skys as blue,
 And all the world approved the settlement.

I

When war was over, and the world at peace,
 Strange deeds were done by bold *coureurs-des-bois*
 Beneath the dense Acadian forest shade,
 Wherever British settlers' homes were found ⁹
 These "bushmen" ¹⁰ fought to serve a jealous God
 And cover up a multitude of sins, ¹¹
 Besmeared with blood of British heretics ;
 Forgetful of the peaceful Gaspereau,
 And frowning dark like mighty Blomidon
 When storms are brewing on the Fundy shore,—
 Mad as those storms themselves when on they come,

II.

See base *Le Loutre*, and his frenzied pack,
 Red men, with French arrayed as Micmac braves, ¹²
 Horrid with paint, and knife, and tomahawk,
 Rush naked from the forest, bearing death ⁵⁵

of the Newfoundland Banks themselves by ice-bergs from Arctic regions ; and as each individual berg grides and grinds along, colliding and overturning, with crashes and groans in the chill air, so may individual instances of murder, the destruction of the red native race, which is not held to be murder,—and other crimes be regarded as fiendish sport.

⁸ The islands of St. Pierre and Miquelon still belong to France.

⁹ In the year 1745 a number of Acadian peasants were forced to take up arms against the British, while others had to furnish supplies to the garrisons. England now sent a fleet of transports laden with immigrants to build a fort in Chedabucto (now Halifax) harbor.

It is worthy of note that the city which covers the site from which these settlers removed the primeval forest, still maintains the dignity of Lord Cornwallis and his Royal patents : and that the *ukche-booket*, or Great Harbor, of the Micmacs is still the winter port of Canada

¹⁰ *Coureurs-des-bois*, Fr. bushmen. ¹¹ Charity is yet a matter of investment with many.

¹² *Le Loutre*, a French priest, organized a band of Micmac braves, and kept them on the war-path harassing the British ; but, as many of the number fell, and recruits did not rush to the standard, youths from Acadian homes became knights of the tomahawk.

In awful forms to peaceful British homes,
 New-made amid the howling wilderness,
 Where, as along the meadows of Grand Pre,
 Here also dwelt in love a simple folk,
 The pioneers of what we are to-day.

III.

Go picture, ye who can, the bloody strife
 That followed when the savage war-cry rose !
 As from an Alpine peak the avalanche
 Speeds down to crash into some peasant's home,
 So did the frenzied warriors creep, then rush
 With brandished tomahawk and horrid yell,
 Like ghouls or fiends, to strike their quarry down ;
 Forestalling death, by making earth a hell, ¹³

IV.

The dying settler clears his sight to see.—
 Oh ghastly sight to greet death's closing eye !
 His wife and daughters struggling hopelessly ; ¹⁴
 And there a mother, with her unborn babe
 Fast in the throes of death ere full alive,
 Both scalped, and weltering in each other's blood
 While writhing in death's latest agony. ¹⁵

V.

Yet base Le Loutre hounds the wretches on,
 Le Loutre, pedagogue and magistrate,
 Priest above all, and confessor, sole law
 To all who were committed to his care,
 As Father Felix to Evangeline ! ¹⁶
 Yet more,—a secret spy, paid by the French,
 To hinder every movement Britain made
 With ministrations hidden in the shade.

VI.

And well he carried on the border war,
 Unflinchingly destroying heretics,
 Until the Micmacs, being peaceful men,
 Refused to further aid the butchery ;
 Though coaxed by presents, and by those condemned
 Who claimed all power in heaven and on earth,
 And seemed, on earth at least, to prove their claim.

¹³ The terrors of savage warfare need not be referred to at length ; the greater Pitt in the British House of Parliament once spoke volumes in five words when he said " Those horrid hounds of war."

¹⁴ The helpless ones and the loot became the spoil of the conquerors ; and what could not be used or carried off went up in smoke.

¹⁵ Instances of such fiendish practices are not few in the records of such barbarous times.

¹⁶ The French Government was careful to send out emigrants professing the Roman Catholic faith, whose priests still exercised the same authority in Acadia as their contemporaries in the provinces of France.

VII.

With wondrous patience, thirty-five long years
 Great Britain calmly held her power in check,
 And spent her strength by peaceful means to gain
 Acknowledgement that France held sway no more.
 The King of France, when told by trusty spies
 How British subjects murdered Britain's sons,
 Sent greater gifts to aid the cause, ¹⁷ and said :
 " I am well pleased with all that you have done. " ¹⁸

VIII.

So, on a pretext of not bearing arms, ¹⁹
 In case of war against their countrymen,
 And having all religious rites maintained,
 Which Britain granted more than France had done, ²⁰
 They still rebelled, and pleased the king of France :
 Who hoped that British counsel would advise
 Abandonment of such a wretched cause :
 That France, by keeping foothold, yet might hope
 To conquer once again fair Canada.

IX.

If one ask why Acadians left their homes,
 Whose sleeping inmates never barred the doors,
 Where maidens loved to live, and lived to love,
 And peace and plenty smiled on every side, ²¹
 Left these to don the red man's plumes, and swoop
 Transfixing citizens of different faith.—
 It was a war against an alien race,
 Especially against an alien creed ;
 When creeds and races battle, that is war !

X.

The church was losing hold along the Seine ;
 Her dearest hope was in the colonies,
 Where heroes lived and taught, and martyrs died ²²
 Where in the freedom of a mighty realm
 Her factions might unite or separate ; ²³

¹⁷ See Note 2. ¹⁸ In the year 1750 a despatch was sent to the French king, informing him of the work carried on by Le Loutre and his braves against the British; which brought the reply: "I am well pleased with all that you have done."

¹⁹ Twenty years after the first oath had been demanded, Lord Cornwallis again made a proclamation to which he received a reply signed by the crosses of a thousand of the twelve thousand Acadians, declaring that they would not take the oath unless it provided that they should not be required to bear arms.

²⁰ Some French Protestants had found their way to Canada from Rochelle. Readers are referred to Parkman's description of the treatment accorded to them, as well as to no less a man than the Sieur de Rochelle, and his proposed expedition from that enterprising city.

²¹ Longfellow's ideal portrait did not include the whole twelve months of the year.

²² There are few if any missions having such records of true Christian heroism as the earliest Jesuit missions to Nouvelle France.

²³ The factions of Protestants provide a continual source of discussion, as compared with the unity of Rome; but if we had no records except those of early Canadian history, we could ask for no darker picture of factional intrigue and strife.

So France must save her fair child Nouvelle France
 From heathendom and British heretics,²⁴
 Although a thoughtful son of France wrote home :
 " Judge what will be the wrath and vengeance of
 This cruel nation." ²⁵ And the raids went on,
 Till ruin reigned where happy homes had been.

XI.

Thus faithful souls broke faith with heretics,
 A crime which, though it be a "venial" sin²⁶
 And easily absolved by penances,
 Yet heaped up wrath against a day of wrath,
 Until the reek, condensing, fell and flowed,²⁷
 And as a torrent speeds toward the sea,
 The frantic, maddening, rending deluge came;
 And strewed the settlement on distant shores.²⁸

XII.

A bloodless revolution, in whose trail,
 To some more sad than many lives destroyed,
 Was strewn the wreckage of a hundred homes,—
 A revolution such as mother France
 Herself has witnessed at her capital,
 Yet lacking all the murderous elements.²⁹
 Oh, may our land be spared another such !
 Such fury always kills Evangeline,
 By lingering torture or by cruel steel,
 Although that maiden's soul and beaming eye
 Reflect undimmed Heaven's love and purity.³⁰

XIII.

But all Acadians did not take up arms,
 A paltry few were fighting for the French !
 And yet, they formed a base of discontent,
 A basis of supply for Louisburg ;³¹
 Alike refusing to subscribe their names
 Save to petitions, praying leniency,
 With broken promises renewed in each.
 Is he who serves two masters therefore free !³²

²⁴ At this time French heretics had been effectually disposed of, to whom reference is made in Note 20.

²⁵ See Note 2.

²⁶ This remark may provoke resentment, but it was the teaching, nevertheless, which led up to the Exile.

²⁷ In some Swiss villages the moisture evaporated during the heat of the day condenses at approach of evening, and rain falls from a cloudless sky, to trickle down the mountain side in tiny streamlets, and unite further down in roaring torrents that carry all before them to the sea.

²⁸ The last straw may be the most insignificant of the whole load, but the blame of breaking the camel's back has always been heaped upon it until its individuality has become notorious.

²⁹ Read accounts of the French revolution or "The Tale of Two Cities" by Dickens.

³⁰ "The iniquities of the fathers inflicted upon the children," one of the unalterable laws of nature.

³¹ See Note 9.

³² "No man can serve two masters."

XIV

France threatened that Le Loutre and his braves
 Would treat as British all who took the oath,
 Condemning them to slaughter and rapine ;
 That menace, near at hand, urged by the church,
 Obscured all other power however great, ³²
 And led them blindly on toward the brink.
 'Tis said that those who could not read the oath
 Were misinformed regarding its intent,
 By those, whose place it was to know and teach,
 Declaring it involved a change of faith. ³⁴
 All honor to the men who would not swear,
 If it be true that they believed it so ;
 But obloquy, and every kindred shame,
 Be heaped on those whose actions caused the woe. ³⁵

XV,

The British Governors of Acadie
 Made hast to carry out the stern decree
 Which drove the exiles from their happy homes ;
 The deed was done without authority,
 Because they knew that word would never come
 From mother England far across the sea,
 To ruthlessly destroy a hundred homes.

XVI.

They planned to push the matter and succeed,
 Then front the world as Clive and Hastings did :
 As Jamieson and Rhodes had hoped to do,—
 As thousands do in business every day :
 That man is still a hero who succeeds !
 And he who fails ! “ There's no such word as fail ! ” ³⁶
 They hastened, that the work might all be done,
 And quickly done, as Judas work should be, ³⁷
 Before a counter-order came from home
 To stay that mighty arm, and ragged lash,
 That Nemesis ³⁸ was poised to lay on.

XVII.

The brothers of those bold *coureurs-des-bois*

³³ A single club held before the eyes hides a forest.

³⁴ The writer has been told recently by Acadians whose ancestors escaped to the woods at the time of the exile, that England tried to make protestants of them by law' long ago; and, when she failed, turned them out because she was stronger than they.

³⁵ On the 10th of August 1749, Lord Cornwallis issued an order declaring that the British Government would not interfere with the exercise of the Roman Catholic religion in any way; but required the priests as well as the people to take the oath of allegiance to Great Britain.

³⁶ See Shakespeare's " Macbeth.

³⁷ " what thou doest do quickly " Words of Christ to Judas.

³⁸ Nemesis, the stern avenging goddess of the Greeks.

Who heard their loose-mouthed boast in Basil's forge, 39
 And envied them the licence of the woods,
 The hairy trophies, and the general loot,—
 The fathers, too, who year by year maintained
 One settled purpose, that could strangely blend
 With "modest stillness and humility"—40
 All who would not acknowledge Britain's sway
 Together were embarked and sent away,
 With maidens in their bloom, and matrons gray;
 And the lone land remained a helpless prey.41

XVIII,

A silent Micmac, come to trade his wares
 Before he starts upon the winter hunt,
 Awed by the stillness, stands in mute amaze,
 And reads the record of that tragedy
 He could not say: "Behold how these men loved."
 Perhaps his thoughts go back to other times,
 And words like these are forming on his tongue:—
 Might not great Glooscap 42 now come back again
 To make his home once more on Blomidon?



Alas, it cannot be, can never be :
 He will not come till all shall honor truth ;
 He sailed away on Fundy's ebbing tide,
 And in the sunset land has made a home,
 Where all may go to him until he come.

39 If there was a Basil with a forge, there were also loafers, for "since the birth of time," etc.

40 See Shakespeare's "Henry III"

41 The Acadians were bundled aboard the transports as if they had been so many cattle, without due regard to family ties; and they were left at different parts along the American seaboard from Maine to Florida; the farms and cattle being confiscated and disposed of by Lawrence and his associates.

42 Glooscap, the great mythological sage of the Micmacs, resembled in many ways the great Confucius of China and the East. The natives tell how the first

XIX

What other thoughts may fill the Micmac's soul,
 As his lank form stands out against the sky?
 Does he recall the sachem's warning threat
 That thunder-clubs⁴³ should smite the thunderers,
 And fire-water⁴⁴ sear the dealer's soul,—
 Or does he speculate on mysteries
 That ever contradict plain reasoning,
 And prove that over all there must be One,
Nesulk, or *Nikskam*,—*Ukche-sakumow*,⁴⁵
 Whose thoughts are not the thoughts of human minds.
 Perhaps he finds that two and two make five
 When human feelings influence the sum :⁴⁶
 But why 'perhaps'? an awful deed is done,
 And reason, blinded, stares into the sun.

XX.

Ye, who condemned the Exile as a crime :
 Pause but a moment,—think,—and then pass on;
 Know that no mortal man is wholly free
 From racial or religious prejudice;
 Know too, that of the thousands who have read
 The thrilling romance of Evangeline,
 And suffered with the suffering portrayed,—
 But few will read in heavy history
 The pros and cons, and with impartial minds
 Deliberately weigh the evidence.
 Then,—feeling that this essay has a place,
 Accept this feeble effort to explain
 What in a thousand manuscripts⁴⁷ lies buried deep;
 While treasuries of dry historic facts,
 By skilful men impartially arrayed,
 Must still confound what they elucidate;
 For twice the human lens refracts the light,⁴⁸

French explorers tried by every means to capture him and take him home to France. Not only did he have the strength of Samson with the wisdom of Solomon, but he was a deity who went about doing good, and would be among his people yet, were it not for the treachery of the foreigner and the deceit of the nations of Megamagee, the Acadie, or desirable place of the Micmacs.

⁴³ The poetical epithet bestowed on the old flint-lock which replaced the war-club.

⁴⁴ Fire-water was one of the first commodities brought, the blighting, withering curse of the pale-face, which could not be resisted when once it had kindled an appetite heretofore unknown in nervous constitutions of the sons of the forest.

⁴⁵ *Nesulk*, Micmac for maker, creator; *Nikskam*, Micmac for Father of us all; *Ukche-sakumow*, Micmac for Great Chief.

⁴⁶ The personal equation is a prime factor in every problem, and must be reckoned with.

⁴⁷ In the Archives at Paris, Quebec, British Museum, etc. many of which are referred to by Parkman.

⁴⁸ The deceptive refraction of light is well known. Compare also Pope's couplet " 'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none go just alike, yet each believes his own."

And they who read see more than they who write.

XXI.

One superficial glance shows but the crime;
 Another shows the former crime more grave;
 So be not hasty to condemn what seems
 Man's greatest "inhumanity to man."⁴⁹
 Go, love and help the suffering and oppressed :
 The One who was the Truth did not condemn.⁵⁰

XXII.

Find, if you will, among the histories,
 How Canada was fettered by her friends,
 And knew no freedom till the British came;
 Then find from every source how, step by step,
 Our native country rose to where she stands :
 The mistress of a million happy homes,
 With open arm for many millions more.
 Know that an empire soon shall rest upon
 What you and I are building now to-day,
 Then build your part for all eternity.

XXIII.

"Our Lady of the Snows,"⁵¹ and fruitful fields!
 So let us stand for purity and strength,
 Our watchword being : ' Godlike manliness,'
 For then, and only then, shall we be strong
 In that which every man must most admire;
 And in the world's great councils, Canada,
 Dame England's eldest⁵² daughter, ever be
 An honour to her mother and herself.
 Long may she stand for purity and strength,
 "Our Lady of the Snows," and fruitful fields,
 Our Canada, our own fair Canada !

JEREMIAH S. CLARK.

Kirkclawn, Bay View, P. E. I.

⁴⁹ Which, according to Burns, "makes countless thousands mourn."

⁵⁰ "Neither do I condemn thee." Christ to the sinful woman.

⁵¹ See epithet by Kipling, the Laureate of the Empire.

⁵² It is true that the United States of America is the eldest daughter of England; but, in darker times, mistakes led to separation and a severance of the family tie; so that now Miss Canada usurps the title of eldest daughter while Kipling racily makes her say: "Daughter am I in my mother's house, But mistress of my own."





“Cautiously coming in our direction was a man on horseback”

The Field Cornet's Child—A South African Christmas Story.

LAST Christmas night a family gathering met in one of our Canadian homes. The night was very stormy and the cheerfulness of the party contrasted with the wild snow storm that was beating against the windows. After a while, the gaiety being somewhat spent, one of the family, bronzed and weather-beaten from a year's exposure in the South African war, was called upon to tell how he had spent the previous Christmas on the African veldt.

The company having gathered around the sparkling fire, he told the following story:—

The day before last Christmas we were encamped at Belmont the scene of a fierce battle that had been fought between Lord Methuen and the Boers. We had been there for some time guarding the railway line from attack. On one side of us were the brown tents of the Munster Fusiliers and Royal Artillery, and on the other the green camps of the Queensland Mounted Infantry. I had just returned from

outpost duty at Scotch Ridge and was therefore entitled to twelve hour's rest from any duty. Taking advantage of this fact, my friend, Harold, who was afterwards killed at Paardeberg, and myself determined to visit the house of Thomas, a Boer farmer who lived about two and a half miles south of the camp. This was not strictly allowable, but as we were not wanted for any duty our absence would not be noticed.

We accordingly set out about eleven o'clock; promising the boys in our tent that we would procure, if possible, some fowls with which to celebrate the next day. Having passed the Australian lines, we set off over the burning desert, the air shimmering with the intense heat of an African summer; for you must remember that when it is winter here it is summer there. After walking a short distance we came to a row of Boer trenches in which piles of empty cartridges spoke eloquently of the fight that had taken place. An almost overpowering stench greeted us from the dead horses lying around which had fallen victims to our shrapnel shells.

Having passed these grisly relics we were soon close to the orchard surrounding the farm house, a veritable oasis in the desert; a spring at the bottom of a deep donga supplied a pond with water, from which in turn little channels conducted the life-giving fluid to the orchard and garden. Having had a refreshing drink of this cool water, we went to the door of the farm house; on knocking, a negro servant opened the door and asked us, in broken English, to walk in. We found the parlor a fine large room, well furnished in hardwood and haircloth and having a square piano in one corner.

But most attractive of all, seated on a stool in front of the piano, was a sweet-looking little flaxen-haired girl of about ten years old accompanying herself as she sang the soul-stirring Volkslied—the Boer national anthem. Harold inadvertently knocked a book off the table by which we were standing and the little maid turning suddenly saw before her, two of the soldiers who had come from away across the seas to fight her people. Harold in

no way abashed, advanced smiling and held out his hand to the little Dutch girl; after hesitating a moment and looking defiantly into his eyes, she stretched out her hand. In a few minutes we were all quite at our ease and we then learned the child's story.

Her father, a wealthy farmer in the Orange Free State had sent his daughter Wilhemina to be educated at the school that was kept in connection with the Thomas farm house. When the war broke out all the pupils with the exception of herself had managed to return home, but the sudden advance of Lord Methuen and the occupation of that part of the country by the British had rendered her return impossible. She spoke proudly of her father, and said he was a Field Cornet with General Cronje who would soon come sweeping south and drive the wicked English into the sea so that the Vierkleur would wave from Cape Town to Pretoria and all the people in South Africa would sing the Volkslied. Harold asked her if she did not think the English soldiers were nice, whereupon she jumped up, her blue eyes flashing, and said, "all the English are bad, bad men," then suddenly relenting she said, looking archly at us, "but I think I like you—a little." At this moment Thomas, the proprietor of the farm, entered, and in response to our request he said that he would sell us a dinner each, and have one of his boys kill us some fowls. After dinner, Harold and I took a walk through the garden, admiring the unusual vegetable growth, the hanging nests of the tailor birds and other sights to which our Canadian eyes were unaccustomed.

Just after leaving an arched passage-way of grape vines, we came to a peach tree, the lower branches of which, with their thick foliage of glossy leaves, bent to the ground.

We were somewhat surprised to hear sounds of sobbing apparently proceeding from some one under the tree. Pushing the branches aside, we looked in and saw seated on a low bench around the trunk, none other than our little Wilhemina and her Basuto nurse. The little one was saying that her papa was a long way off and that she would not have any Christmas, and there would be no Santa Claus that

night. The good old negro nurse tried to sooth her charge as best she could. Harold and I felt a lump in our throats as we thought of our homes a long way off in distant Canada and, carefully replacing the branches, we stole softly away, and started on our return.

When we were near the camp I took off my tunic and wrapped it around the fowls we were carrying and thus brought them to our tent. Harold was the first to enter and as he did so a chorus of voices shouted to him 'You are for it!' meaning that he would be made a prisoner and be brought up before the commanding officer. A feeling of apprehension crossed me as I followed him into the tent and the nervousness caused thereby made me trip over a foot rope as I entered thus pitching me forward and throwing my coat and the four nice fat ducks among the boys. No sooner did they see this promise of a merry Christmas than they seized Harold and myself by the hands and told us we were the champion raiders of the Royal Canadians and that they were only joking when they said that we were "for it."

Everyone was then in good humor and as the fourteen occupants of the tent squatted around the tent pole we had to relate the story of our adventure. After we had finished Albert Fraser, one of the most popular boys in our crowd, suggested that we make some little Christmas presents for the little Boer girl and take them out to her that night. This suggestion was seized with boisterous approval which only subsided when a practical Scotchman asked us where we would get presents that would suit a little girl and even if we had them, how could we get to the farm house through the pickets and patrols who would be on guard during the night.

Nevertheless Malony suggested that we make some candy out of our sugar rations and our little Frenchman, who had been a tailor, said that if we gave him the material he would make a doll. Another volunteered to make jumping-jack with his army knife and a piece of biscuit box; these suggestions were unanimously acceded to and the boys overhauled their knapsacks and brought forth bits of cloth, handkerchiefs and other material from which, to

manufacture a doll while one of them started to work on a grotesque jumping-jack. Maloney got the sugar ration and taking his canteen he went to the cooks' fires to make candy. Everything prospered and by sundown all had been completed. The candy was rather rough-looking and contained considerably more sand than is to be found in the civilized article. The jumping-jack would throw up its arms and legs when a string was pulled in great style, but it lacked the brilliant colors with which Santa Claus usually endows that interesting article.

But *par excellence* here was a wonderful doll, and even Worth never turned out a more gorgeous dress nor fitted a more remarkable figure; the doll glared at the beholder with a pair of bright nickel eyes taken from the ends of two bullets. The nose consisted of a strip of brass off a cartridge case, while the mouth was artistically worked with some red yarn from one of the boys' socks. The dress was made of pieces of blue and yellow handkerchiefs, the trimmings of almost every color. The question of conducting the presents to the little girl now came up for discussion and the following plan was finally determined on. Albert, Harold and myself were to dress up in full patrol order with our bandoliers full of cartridges; we were to start at about twenty minutes after eleven having first found out, if possible, what the countersign for the night would be, Malony promising to attend to this part of the work. We were then to proceed down the track and whenever we met pickets to pass ourselves off as special patrols. Maloney after a little difficulty succeeded in finding out the countersign for the night which was "Saskatchewan."

Amid all kinds of whispered advice we quietly slipped from the tent with our trusty rifles in our hands on that never-to-be-forgotten Christmas Eve. We first struck out to the rear of the camp and watching our chance slipped past the sentry on guard there and making a wide detour turned our backs on the streaming pencil of fire which was flashing ceaselessly across the northern sky from the beleaguered city of Kimberly and set our faces towards the distant farm house lying beneath the Southern Cross. After

travelling about a mile we came to the railway track and marched between the two gleaming lines of rails towards our destination. In a short time a sharp order of "Halt, who comes there?" brought us to a sudden standstill. I answered "Patrol." The reply came: "stand patrol, advance one and give the countersign." Fraser and Harold stood still while I advanced and found a sharp-eyed sentry crouching down behind a parapet of stones and watching lest the line might be blown up or the camp attacked by the enemy. I gave the countersign "Saskatchewan" and he said: "Pass patrol, all is well." We had almost reached the house without further misadventure when Harold seized me by the shoulder and pressed me to the ground, at the same time throwing himself on his face. A short distance off and cautiously coming in our direction was a man on horseback

Even in the weird uncertain light of an African night we recognized him as a Boer. I whispered to Harold to move off to the right in a small donga and Fraser to take cover behind a rock to the left and to take careful aim at the stranger's horse but not to fire until I gave the word. They crept noiselessly to their positions. I stood up and challenged the horseman with "Halt, who comes there?" Instead of halting, he suddenly wheeled his horse and I again shouted, this time in Dutch patois "Stoph! of ik shiet!" He did not stop but plunged spurs into his horse and in a moment more would have been out of reach. Instantly I commanded "fire" and spurts of flame shot simultaneously from the donga on my right and the rock on my left. The horse, with a neigh of fear, sprang forward for a moment and fell over dead. The Boer vaulted from his saddle as his horse fell, threw himself behind it, and taking swift aim with his Mauser he fired at me before I could get cover. The bullet cut through the doll in my haversack at my side, and strange to say embedded itself in the package of candy. Harold and Fraser at once opened fire, but the stranger in no way dismayed by the whistling bullets fired four more shots in rapid succession at us. We then knew that our chance had come as a Mauser rifle can

only fire five shots without reloading so we rushed forward. Before he could insert another clip of five cartridges, we were on him with fixed bayonets. Our enemy seeing that he was worsted called out that he surrendered and throwing down his rifle held up his hands. I found that we had made prisoner a fine stalwart-looking burgher with flowing beard apparently armed to the teeth. On telling him to stand up we found that he had been wounded in the leg. Fraser took out his first aid field dressing which is kept in a small pocket in the bottom corner of the front of the tunic and carefully bound up the wound. I suspected that this man was a spy and told him that he could not expect much mercy when he was taken into camp. He protested however that he had come on a peaceful mission from Cronje's army which lay between us and Kimberly. On questioning him closely as to what peaceful mission he could come on, armed as he was, he finally made the surprising statement that he had run the dangers of the English pickets and had entered the English lines in the hope that he might on this Christmas night, visit his little daughter who was staying at the Thomas farm house. In corroboration of this he opened his saddle bag and showed us some little presents he had managed to get from Pretoria and which he was taking as a Christmas gift to his child. As he told us this the frame of the stalwart Field Cornet shook with emotion: he begged us as the only favor he wished that we should take these gifts to his child. Our astonishment was only equaled by his when we told him that we were on the same errand and showed him the presents we had prepared.

Kind-hearted Harold at once suggested that I should go with him to the farm house and let him see his little girl. I agreed to this. First I sent Fraser up the track and instructed him to tell the first patrol he met, for the distant hum showed that the camp had been aroused by the firing, that the shots were discharged at an ostrich which had been mistaken in the night time for the enemy.

Harold and I with Vanzyl, for such was the stranger's name, proceeded to the farm house.

After a little knocking Thomas was aroused and came

to the front door I told him that the father of the little girl was with me and that we wanted him to show us the way to her room and to leave the door open so as not to compromise himself in case of any trouble and if he missed a horse in the morning not to say anything about it. Thomas called out a few words in Dutch to which Vanzyl answered from the veranda on which he was standing; I recognized some of the words as a Masonic formula and surprised them both by making myself known as a Mason also. My task then became easy as I knew we could all trust each other. Vanzyl went to the door of the room, for there is only one storey in a Boer farm house, and opening it he limped softly in. As I glanced through the open door I saw the golden light from the African moon which had just risen, shine on the face of the rugged father and bright countenance of the little girl when, with sudden opening eyes she saw the beloved features of the parent she had thought of so lovingly. As they clasped each other in close embrace the old Dutch clock in the kitchen struck the hour of twelve and Christmas day had dawned on that war-weary land and with it in our little party came, "Peace on earth and good will to men."

I need add little further; Harold and I were invited to come into the bedroom and her father told her that we two Canadians had brought him there. So Wilhemina gave us both a hearty kiss and in the softest of tones wished us a Merry Christmas.

We procured a horse from Thomas' stable and assisting our wounded prisoner on it, we deliberately broke the rules of war, for we sent our captive away a free man. And that is how we began Christmas of the year 1899.

LIEUT. ARTHUR J. B. MELLISH.



A Scottish Legend.

MY bonnie Maud your cheek is pale,
The tear drap's in your 'ee,
We'll launch the boat and hoist the sail,
And skim yon rippling sea.
The rose will wae the fresh'ning breeze
Spring to your cheek again;
For sair's my bosom when it sees,
My bonnie niece in pain."

So spake the King, and ower the Firth
By Crammond wood they dance—
But frae the maiden's heart nae mirth
Shot thro' her tearfu' glance—
For King's command, o' house and land
Kept him she lo'ed so dear,
And made him thole that dule o' soul
That's a' the exile's cheer.

The storm is on, the wee boat's tossed
Frae angry wave tae wave—
"Protect us Heaven, or we are lost,
Come holy saints and save;
And I shall build' on Inchcolm Isle,
If we land safely there,
A church, and bold monastic pile,
And shrines for holy prayer."

So vowed the King—the isle they reach,
And there, wae blessings holy,
The hermit led them frae the beach
Up tae his cell sae lowly—
His humble fare wae decent care
Afore them he has spread,
And by them stands wae folded hands
And meekly drooping head.

Outspake the King: "Good hermit, we
Have vowed upon this isle,
To set a convent and thou'lt be
First abbot of that pile."
The hermit sighed, "thanks: thanks," he said,
"Good King if thou would'st prove,
Thy grateful heart, give this fair maid,
To my long cherished love.

Restore my name to honest fame,
 Restore to me my land—
 For I'm the Lord of Elverly,
 You marked with felon's brand !"
 It was, I ween, a pleasing sight
 The good King nothing loth,
 Gave Maud's fair hand to that bold knight
 And warmly blessed them both.

JOHN CAVEN.

My Sweetheart.

L OVELY, laughing, smiling, sweet,
 Fairy face and flying feet,
 Sparkling eyes of bluest blue.
 Tangled curls of flaxen hue;

Witching ways and merry air,
 Quick and cute and debonnair;
 Ruling, with unquestioned sway,
 Eld and youth and grave and gay.

Is she young, or is she old,
 What the tale her years have told—
 Thirty? Twenty? Sweet sixteen?—
 She's my little daughter Jean.

J. M.

On the North Shore.

H ERE by the North Shore on the drifted sands
 That reach for miles in wind-blown dune and bar,
 The great sea-tides come thundering from afar;
 Bearing rich tribute in their stormy hands
 Of shells, and dank sea-growth, and broken spar

Here fresher blows the sea-breeze, bearing on
 To inland fields the salt breath of the deep;
 The waves that break in tumult at our feet,
 Come rushing from the portals of the dawn
 With nought for leagues to break their onward sweep,

Along its edge the bare-brown sand dunes form
 The outer boundary to the sea's domain;
 Treeless—unsheltered to the winds and rain,
 And fashioned by the fingers of the storm,
 They lift along the coast their broken chain.

Across the shifting hills that eastward turn,
 The lighthouse stands; by night a blazing crown
 Blessed by the mariner, when tempests frown
 And through the gloom he sees the signal burn,
 As o'er the waste the black night closes down.

Oh Island Province! much we owe to Thee
 For all thy beauties—all thy many charms
 The soil that fails not, and the fruitful farms:
 Along thy border breaks the eternal sea,
 And round about Thee are its rocking arms!

ALLAN MATTHEWS.

V a r i a .

W E have combined two numbers in the present issue of The Magazine in order to save time and so be enabled by degrees to publish hereafter each issue at the beginning, instead of at the end of each month as heretofore. At the same time we have done what we could to present our readers, in time for Christmas, with what we trust they will consider an interesting number of THE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE.

H ERE is a suggestion if you care for it. Suppose you send this magazine for the year 1902 to someone whom you are desirous of remembering at this season. It will be a reminder of you each month as it arrives, and when we send the first number we will send with it a card explaining that the magazine is being forwarded according to your orders. The subscription price is fifty cents per year to any place in Canada or the United States. If desired subscriptions may begin with this number. Orders should be brought or mailed to the office of publication or left at either Carter's, Haszard & Moore's or R. H. Mason's Bookstores.

F O R the year 1902 we feel that we can promise that THE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE will show a continued advance. A number of valuable historical articles are now in the editor's possession and the list of contributors has grown of late to such a degree that it assures a good supply of manuscripts bound to be of interest to our readers.

T O the many who have contributed to the success of THE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE during the past year and to the hundreds from whom we have received assistance and good wishes, the editor most heartily and sincerely wishes a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

New Books Received.

"The Cavalier"*

I MUST confess to feeling a little disappointed in Mr George W. Cable's new book "The Cavalier." It contains few of the strong features that made his "Dr. Sevier" famous, little of its vivid character drawing—and none of its depth.

It certainly possesses merits of its own, nevertheless. It is not dull, the story moves with a rush from start to finish, and is as rich in adventurous incident as may be expected in a tale of the hottest period of the civil war. The interest centres round Ned Ferry, the dashing commander of Ferry's scouts, Charlotte Oliver, the war correspondent and spy, and Richard Thorndyke Smith, who tells the tale.

There is a very satisfactory villain—whose career closes in a manner almost melodramatic, and abundance of fighting and love-making, both of a vigorous sort, keep the characters busy—and the reader absorbed.

Well-executed illustrations by Howard Chandler Christy and excellent press work by the publishers give the book a most attractive appearance.—G.

"The Right of Way"*

THAT Canada may count among her sons, an artist possessing the talent revealed in this powerful new book of Gilbert Parker's, "The Right of Way" should be a matter of pride to us all. Mr Parker's work has always been brilliant—and in this last book he has not only done his own finest piece of writing, but has, I think, produced about the strongest novel published during the last three or four years.

It would be hardly fair to the prospective reader, to give a resume of the tale—even had I space so to do: suffice it to say that it is very largely a powerful analysis and description of the character development of the hero—Charley Steele—in his many roles of lawyer, well dressed fop, "man about town" and last and strongest, as assistant to the tailor of a little village on the Chaudiere.

In many ways this caustically insolent, brilliant and seemingly heartless individual is one of the most interesting characters of recent fiction.

The story is in the main both bright and convincing, although it might be urged that one or two of the literary devices Mr. Parker employs are scarcely worthy of so great an artist.

The habitants of the little Quebec village, the sweet and beautiful Rosalie Evanturel, the charming cure, the quaint old seigneur,—and all the others are sketched with the same vivid deftness that has distinguished "Pierre and his People."

The book contains one of the most powerful death scenes described by any recent writer—one indeed that will be discussed and upon which there will be many differences of opinion.

Altogether it is no more than fair to say that had Mr. Parker written nothing else this book would suffice to give him a position among the first writers of his time.—G.

"Circumstance,"*

THIS is a book by Dr. S. Weir Mitchell, but the high expectations with which one begins the story are more than likely to be disappointed. In many particulars the tale reveals the force of this re-

*Published by The Copp Clark Co., Limited, Toronto.

markably popular writer; but the flashes of genius are too few to illumine the novel with the same brilliancy that characterizes some of Dr. Mitchell's other stories. Of course the story is readable—it is a relation of the career of a society adventuress who worked her way into an aristocratic Philadelphia family home, and the characters introduced are exceptionally well drawn and brought together. But the tale is not up to the mark his admirers have set for Dr. Mitchell.

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“Warwick of the Knobs.”†

A SPLENDID character sketch, by John Uri Lloyd,—the novelist made famous by his “Stringtown Novels,”—this story is well worth critical reading. Begin at the preface, which is usually skipped, for the preface to “Warwick of The Knobs” gives a charmingly told description of the peculiar country in which the scene of the story is pitched, Warwick, the Hardshell Baptist preacher, is drawn with great power, and the accessory incidents that surround the central figure and combine to make a finished and almost perfect tale will reward every lover of fiction who reads the pages through,

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“The Acadian Exile and Sea Shell Essays.”

MR. JEREMIAH S. CLARK has in press at this office a small volume of his verses, including “The Acadian Exile,” first published in this issue of the PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE, and a number of other poems. The book will be issued during Christmas week.

❖

“New Canterbury Tales.”*

THESE “New Canterbury Tales” will delight readers. The hypercritical might point out little faults—such as relapses from the old forms of speech in the relating of the tales—but there is much pleasure in these stories. They are a refreshing change from the historical and society romances that have furnished the bulk of late fiction.

❖

“Scouting With Buller.”

HERE is a grand story of the terrible struggle that Buller encountered on the way to Ladysmith, graphically written, yet so simply, that one is enabled to follow the moves and the war game with ease and thrilling interest. A grand book for a Xmas Gift for a boy; a book, too, that will interest older people as well. Published by the Thomas Nelson & Sons, London, Edinburgh and New York; to be obtained from the Copp Clark Co., Toronto.

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Exchanges.

The Canadian Magazine has put forth an extra effort and in the December number we have a book that can be placed side by side with any magazine published and suffer not one whit by comparison. The editor is to be complimented.

Lippincott's “New” Magazine is, as it always is, a feast for readers who wish to be amused and interested—the complete novel this month is exceptionally good.

*Published by the Copp, Clark Co., Limited, Toronto.

†Published by the W. J. Gage Co., Ltd., Toronto.

The Criterion, in a beautiful cover design, comes filled with delightful contributions. The varied charm and excellence of the articles contained each month in *The Criterion*, are such as to make it almost indispensable to those who are eager to leave the beaten track in magazine literature.

The Saturday Evening Post Xmas number is really most deserving of credit. How the publishers manage to issue such an excellent weekly periodical at one dollar a year, is a wonder. We advise our readers to secure a copy of this splendid Xmas number.

The Scientific American has added of late a most interesting Natural History department to its pages. This adds to its already great value to studious readers for besides mere technical details there is much of interest in its pages each week.

The Commonwealth, published monthly at Ottawa is a valuable help to all who are anxious to keep themselves posted on the current events of the day, especially with regard to our own Dominion and to the Empire at large.

The Canadian Housekeeper is rapidly growing in attractiveness and its table of contents each month contains much of interest.

Next to an actual outing with rod and gun we would prescribe, for the man who would like to go, but cannot, a year's subscription to *Forest and Stream*. Its different departments, are even better edited than ever before, which is saying a good deal.



Correspondence.

Chickadees and Nuthatches.

PROF. MACOUN concludes a letter, received lately as follows:—
 "In the August number you speak of Chickadees and mention some facts about the Hudsonian species that raise a question in my mind. The Chickadees and Nuthatches are residents in my opinion, and instead of going south, I would say they retire into the deeper woods and swamps for the winter. Let me know what you think of this idea."

I am inclined to defer to the opinion of so high an authority as Prof. Macoun, whose knowledge of the life histories of birds has been enlarged by observation in every part of Canada. My experience is limited to a small area, chiefly to the neighborhood of Charlottetown which is not an ideal locality for the study of birds, I have formed the opinion that the Chickadees and Nuthatches are migratory from the fact that I have seen the Blackcapped Chickadee here in winter only, excepting two pairs that I saw last summer; and I have seen the Hudsonian in Spring and Fall only. Unless they retire into the deeper woods Winter or Summer, as Prof. Macoun believes, they must be migratory. I have seen so few of the White-breasted Nuthatches that I can form no opinion as to their being residents, but the Red-breasted Nuthatches are seen or have been seen by me in Spring and Fall. I have no data to determine whether they retire to the depths of the forests in Winter or Summer.

JOHN MACSWAIN.

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