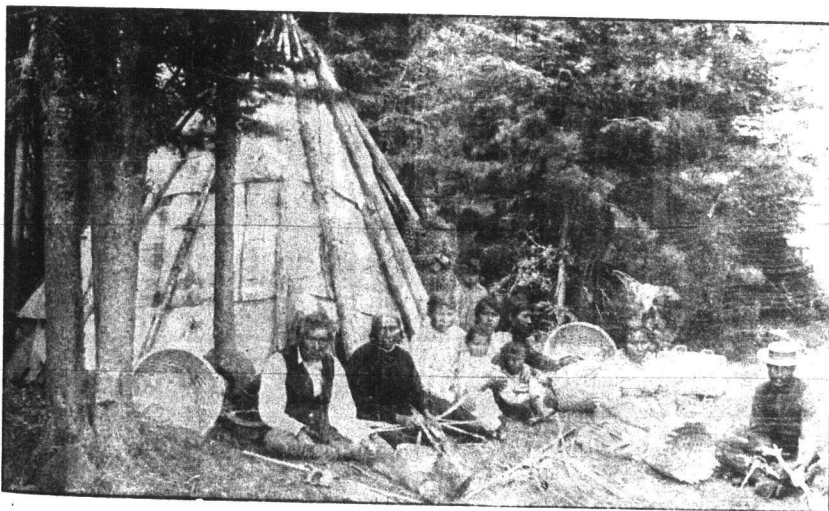


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MAGAZINE

VOL. I ❁

SEPTEMBER, 1899

❁ NO. 7



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The Prince Edward Island Magazine.

✿ Contents of this Number. ✿

	PAGE
A P. E. Island Harvest Scene - - - - -	Frontispiece
Foregleamings (a poem) - - - - - Late Thos. A. LePage	233
Fox Hunting in P. E. Island - - - - - Rev. M. Swabey	233
A Ride on an All Night "Bus" - - - - - A. E. Arsenault	237
Lines Written on Re-visiting Tryon River - James Macdonald	240
"Oh, the Birds, the Pretty Birds!" - - - - - Topsy	241
About Pownal Bay—Acorn's Mill - J. T. Mellish, M. A., LL. B.	245
Captain Holland's Survey - - - - - H. J. C.	250
A Story of Newfoundland - - - - - Benjamin Davies	253
A Reckless Adventure - - - - - J. H. Fletcher	255
In the City Streets—(a poem) - - - - - May Carroll	259
A Year in a Teacher's Life - - - - - D. J. M.	259
The Loss of the Portia—(a poem) - - - - - W. C.	262
Notes and Queries, etc. - - - - -	263

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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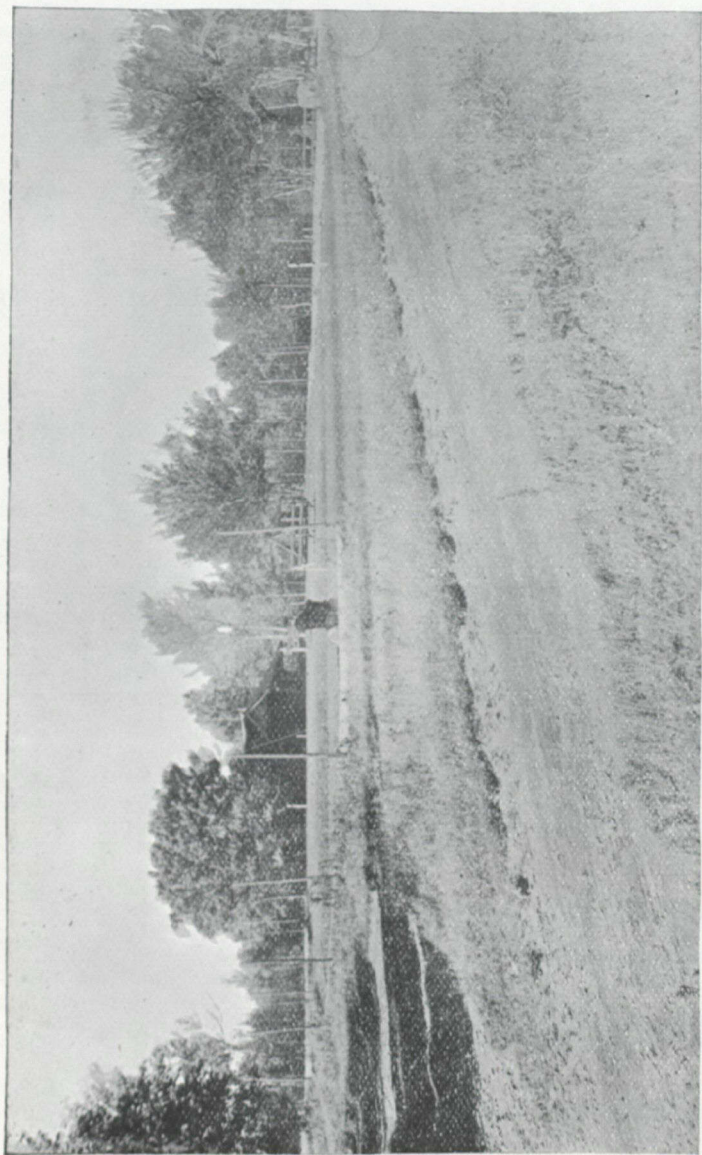
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TENNIS GROUNDS, VICTORIA PARK, CHARLOTTETOWN.

- THE -
Prince Edward Island Magazine

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Foregleanings.

BY THE LATE THOMAS A. LEPAGE.

Westward I chanced to look, ere yet the night
Fell on a day of clouds, to note what sign,
If any, on the horizon might outshine
Of a fair morrow, and there met my sight
Astonished, a long line of silver light,—
Off in whose soundless ae'ry depths divine
Peeped the faint stars, and drew these eyes of mine
Far hence, as native to some orb more bright.
So sometimes come to the tired spirit of man
Glimpses of rest and home; and for a space
He feels the breath of Heaven upon his face.
Glad earnest of the glory yet to be,
When Light and Love shall compass earth's round span
Even as the waters fill the hollow sea.

Fox Hunting in Prince Edward Island—1840-1845.

BY REV. M. SWABEY, EXETER, ENGLAND.

THIS sport, which has such a fascination for people in the old country, was indulged in, to a moderate extent, a little over a half a century ago, by residents in Charlottetown and vicinity. The circumflex accents of the huntsman's horn were then no unusual sounds in the pretty groves and the rural lanes of the Royalty.

Between "Falconwood" (then part of the estate of the late

Mr. Grubb) and Mr. Henry Longworth's thickets, or "Newstead" covers, across the Winsloe Road, then owned by the late Hon. Charles Hensley, R. N., many votaries of the chase, of both sexes, (for Charlottetown had then some ladies who lent grace and glamour to the hunting field) might be seen on an autumn day, urging their steeds along the lanes, or leisurely "taking" the longer fences, in the hope of being in at the death of Reynard, and perhaps securing as a trophy the coveted "brush."

Sir Charles A. Fitzroy, son-in-law of the fourth Duke of Richmond, was then at Government House, and he was always present in the field with one or two of his sons, and was the chief promoter of the sport. The hounds, consisting of some six or seven couples, had been carefully selected from the pack of his near relative, the Duke of Grafton, and were, at his suggestion, brought out in 1840 by his old friend and brother officer, the late Captain Swabey, R. H. A. (who had himself been for many years an active member of the "Oakley Hunt," in the County of Bucks). When Sir Charles resigned the Governorship and was transferred to Antigua, prior to his assuming the duties of Governor-in-chief of New South Wales, the pack was still kept up by subscription. At that period the hounds were removed (to the no small relief of the neighbors) from their kennels in the rear of Government House, to a building and open court prepared for them, on what was then Captain Swabey's farm, beyond Spring Park, to the northwest of the Royalty. The "meet" in those days (and we speak of the years between 1840 and 1845) formed a very attractive scene, and no one had a keener appreciation of the sport than the captains and subalterns of detachments of regiments of the line, then quartered at the old barracks; or the officers of Her Majesty's ships, from time to time stationed in Charlottetown harbor. Not to speak of "middies," astride of hacks hired at the livery stables, and likely to come to grief at the first ditch or five-barred gate, there were, in successive seasons, Captain Milne of the "Crocodile" (afterwards Sir Alexander Milne, G. C. B., First Naval Lord at the Admiralty), Captain Francis Scott, R. N., of the "Hycinth," and Captain Hon. C. G. Elliot—a brother, we believe, of the third Earl of Minto,—(the latter clad in green cut-away

coat and buckskin breeches), all mounted on the Governour's choicest horses, and clearing the longer fences in top gallant style.

The huntsman's cry, "Gone away, *Heroine!" "Hark away, *Melody!" "Gone away, *Valorous!" set the whole field in motion, and whip and spur were speedily in request. The writer could shut his eyes and fancy he still sees Doctors Poole and Hobkirk, Sir Henry V. Huntley (Lieutenant Governour), Edward Haythorne, Esq., Mr. (afterwards the Hon. George) Coles, who was always well mounted and a fearless rider; his late father, Mr. Coles, sr., and numerous others, all hurrying forward, as fast as their cattle could carry them, in the wake of the hounds. In addition to those whose names we have given, the late Hon. W. W. Irving, of Bonshaw, was probably occasionally in the field. This gentleman, who took great interest in fox hunting, had imported one or two well-bred hounds, about 1840, on his own account. He was a man of fine presence, but neither to him nor Lieutenant Marsden of the 8th, King's Regiment, who was an equally tall cavalier (though perchance a *habit* occasionally detained them in the shady lanes), could be fairly applied the soubriquet bestowed upon a gigantic member of a certain English Hunt—who preferred the king's highway to the fences—namely "The Colossus of *Roads!*"

Charlottetown Central Academy also furnished its contingent, and it is more than likely that paterfamilias had his secret misgivings when, ere the hands of his watch indicated 3 p. m., he encountered one of his boys flying over the fences—on a hired nag. If, however, he doubted whether Messrs. Brown and Waddell had proclaimed a half-holiday, and pointed their pupils to the hunting field, he probably took a lenient view of the situation, remembering his own youthful aberrations, and the snatch of the old English school song:

"'Tis Horace's sentiment, who doesn't laud it?
Equis et canibus juvenis gaudet."

It goes without saying that fox hunting in P. E. Island—particularly in the forties—was pursued under conditions very

*Names of some of the hounds.

different from those which govern the same popular pastime in England. In illustration of this we may mention an incident which was related to the Prince of Wales by one of the eye-witnesses many years afterwards, and evoked from His Royal Highness, and the members of his suite, a hearty laugh at the Governour's dinner table in Charlottetown.

On one occasion, in a wood beyond the limits of the Royalty, the scent seemed utterly lost; at least, after a hard run, the foremost members of the hunt found all the hounds gathered together at the foot of a hollow tree, or—in P. E. I. parlance—an enormous "rampike." Neither threats nor coaxing could induce them to move from the spot, and the huntsmen began to think that the fox had found some hole, and by taking to earth had eluded his pursuers. Far loftier, however, were Mr. Reynard's aims, and his cat-like powers had not been taken fully into calculation; for, on glancing at the top of the old rampike, he was discovered by the baffled sportsmen, looking down with proud disdain upon the congregation! As no ladders, guns or axes were available, the cunning fugitive remained master of the situation; and no doubt cocked his brush with profound relief when he saw men and hounds beating a retreat, and heard the dying echoes of the huntsman's horn in the distance!

As we have already hinted, fox hunting in Prince Edward Island had only an ephemeral existence. The farmers, as a rule, never took kindly to the invasion of their fields and the disarrangement of their fences, and it was not thought expedient to run counter to their prejudices. Added to this was the expense of the long winters' keep of the hounds—which bore so heavily on the subscribers that it was at last decided that "the game was not worth the candle." The pack was therefore dispersed or destroyed, and in a few years only one of the pure imported breed was to be met with in the neighborhood of Charlottetown. This graceful creature, the gem of the whole pack, was beautifully marked, and bore the name of "Vanity." Was there not something of the irony of fate in the fact that so far as Abegweit is concerned, fox hunting with hounds ended in *Vanity*?

A Ride on an All Night "Bus" and the Consequences.

BY A. E. ARSENAULT.

"Lest you think this story true I merely mention I evolved it lately. 'Tis a most unmitigated misstatement."—Kipling.

I CANNOT say that I ever was possessed of an ambition to become a London bus driver; and yet I have not only driven a bus, but am actually a member of the Omnibus Conductors and Drivers' Association.

I may here say that an omnibus or "bus" as it is commonly called, is a two horse carriage, in shape not unlike a railway car, with accommodation for twelve passengers inside and fourteen on the top.

Far be it from me in this article to desire in any way to dim the glory of the bus driver; indeed, in my opinion, he is in many ways a superior *genus homo*. Always calm and serene, and with a certain amount of dignity which his last year's top hat lends, nothing ever ruffles him, except it may be the stupid action of a drayman trying to cut the street ahead of him, and even then a judicious draft on his reserve fund of "emphatic adjectives" effectually restores his equanimity. Possessed of an inexhaustible store of information about London, its history, its streets, and its many places of interest, he is ever ready to share it, for a consideration, with the front seat passengers whilst guiding his steeds through the intricate maze that throng a London thoroughfare. His weakness for the ardent cup, however, is proverbial, and, if rarely, yet it sometimes places him in an uncomfortable position.

I had been attending a "smoker" of the —— Club, near Whitehall, and was returning home at an early hour of the morning. I was just about whistling for a hansom when I noticed a late bus approaching. The color of the light told me that it passed quite near my "diggings." I accordingly stood aside, and as it passed swung myself on and took a seat inside. I was the only passenger, and as I did not see the conductor in his usual place, I supposed he was on the top, and having some

distance to go, I proceeded to make myself comfortable by leaning back and stretching my legs along the seat. My rest was not destined to be of long duration. The first intimation I had that anything was wrong was the gradual increase in the speed of the horses, but this did not greatly disturb me, for the night being far advanced, I supposed the driver was anxious to finish his run; but when the trot became a gallop I jumped up and began to look around for the conductor. Seeing that he had not returned to his platform I passed out to see if he was on the top. I grasped the stair-rail and began the perilous ascent. Perilous, for now the horses were going at a break-neck pace, and there was danger every moment of colliding with the numerous lamp posts and other obstructions along the street. I reached the top, but still no sign of anybody could I see. I started forward, convinced that the driver must be asleep or drunk, but such was the swaying of the carriage that it was with the greatest difficulty that I reached the front, only to find the driver's seat empty and the reins hanging from it. What was to be done? Jumping was out of the question, and yet I felt that it was now almost useless to try to stop the horses. This was no time for debate, however; immediate action was imperative. At the risk of breaking my neck I quickly jumped down into the driver's seat, and seizing the reins with one hand, I passed the seat strap around me with the other, and hooked it at the back, and thus made sure of not being pitched off my high perch. Thus secured, my next step was to try and get the horses under control. But it was too late; they had made a circuit at Charing Cross and were now rushing down Northumberland Avenue towards the Thames. I pulled and tugged at the reins, but to no purpose, the horses still dashed on furiously, the incline now adding to the momentum of the bus; and I realized that I must either drive into the river or turn at the sharp angle at the bottom of the street to follow along the embankment. The latter course would have been madness, as at the rate we were going the omnibus would have been upset by the sharp turn, and I dashed against the stone pavement. Nothing remained but to guide the horses for the river, which was now not a hundred yards off, and take the risk of swimming ashore. Again I braced myself for a last effort,

and in so doing my foot struck against something — the brake! My God! why had I not thought of it before? Is it now too late? Yes, yes, too late, for we are already on the embankment. But no! the horses answer to the rein; they have seen the river; the brake grasps the wheel; we are stopping. One more strong pull, one hard pressure on the brake, and the horses, panting and covered with foam, stand still, but not a moment too soon, for not two feet in front is the edge of the embankment.

Though there is no longer any fear, for the horses realize the danger, I still hold them in, till two policemen, who have seen the wild ride, come to the rescue. They take down my name and address, and with an intimation that I will be wanted at the Magistrate's Court next morning, they call a cab and I drive home. I attend the Police Magistrate's Court next morning and tell my story. The conductor and driver explained that as the night was cold they stepped into a bar to get a "hot Scotch," and when they came out the horses were gone. I did not wait to learn their fate, but on my being dismissed I walked away, thinking I had heard the last of the incident. On my return home that evening a surprise awaited me in the form of a pass over all London Omnibus Company's lines, with the compliments of the President. Nor was this the end of the affair. Two days later another surprise greeted me in the shape of a document in parchment, which informed me that I had been elected an honorary member of the Bus Drivers' Association. This was accompanied by the silver badge of the Association. And this is why all drivers, as they pass me by on their "busses," dip their whip in token of brotherhood.

THE LETTER KILLETH.

"Some men do read the Vedas four,
And many a book of sacred lore,
And know their spirit, by my troth,
As ladle knows the taste of broth."

Lines Written on Re-visiting Tryon River After an Absence
of Many Years.

BY JAMES MACDONALD.

Noble River! swiftly gliding,
Hurryng onward, fast and free,
Never tired nor languid, growing
Till thy waters reach the sea;
And the music of thy waters,
As they journey on with glee,
Time seems not in tone to alter
Since I wandered first by thee.

Now the groves thy marge adorning
Are as green as long ago,
When in Life's gay, happy morning,
Did my future brightly glow—
Little deeming that in sadness
I should view thy banks again;
Then my heart was lit with gladness,
And a stranger was to pain.

Here in friendship's social union
Swiftly passed the happy hours,
And the sweets of Love's communion
First I knew within thy bowers;
Now, alas! is lost Love's token,
And no friends their smiles bestow,
For the hand of Time has broken
Bliss I never more can know.

Yet thy waters gliding swiftly,
Flow as constant as before,
And their music sounds as sweetly
As when heard in days of yore;
Would that Love and Friendship lasted,
Constant as thy gentle flow,
Then the hopes had not been blasted—
Fondly cherished long ago.

But farewell! thou gentle river,
And thy banks and braes, adieu!
"Thou hast been a generous giver,"
Thou art still to Nature true;
Hopes may fail and friends may falter,
Love be but an empty name,
Yet however these may alter
Still thou rollest on the same.

"Oh the Birds, the Pretty Birds!"

NATURE has perfected her summer vesture of flower and foliage in our fair Island. Field and forest have burst forth into a living panorama of witching loveliness, touched by the breath of life that pulses in a summer air and awakens into being its myriad beauties. He who has watched the silent unfolding of leaf and blossom, who has waited for the coming of countless forms of beauty to grace with their fulness of verdure dismantled branch and barren woodland, who has beheld the sombre hues of an unawakened earth transformed into richest coloring and radiant life, has heart and mind unconsciously attuned to the joyous notes of our happy songsters.

I do love birds, they are such dear, vagrant, wayward darlings. Fitful, feathery, fleeting things they are, that defy our earth-bound humanity with the glorious curves of their upward, onward sweep, thrilling us with their songs of winsome, warbling beauty.

How delightful to the lover of nature—who lacks the untiring energy necessary to the man of science, and who will probably grow disheartened after a ten minutes' unfruitful search for a bird whose alluring melody has enticed him through bush and bramble—if these feathered songsters did not see fit to wing their flight to the blue of heaven, just as one longed to catch a glimpse of them, or provokingly conceal themselves, in the density of a wood whose shades seem portentous of snakes or wood-nymphs.

One morning, before four, I awoke, or was awakened—one never knows which—to hear the hideous yelping of some ill-natured dog that seemingly delighted to assert his only prerogative of spleen, while weary man assayed to quiet the restless pulse of care. Oh canine malice, how uncouth, how unkind! Would he ever stop? It seemed that the fountain of his wrath must first bark itself dry. Anxiously I awaited the final spasm, when delightfully on my ear there fell the crowing of a cock. One could picture him, as with lordly gait and haughty mien his heaving breast poured forth his contempt of such unkenelled

discourtesy; and, ever and anon, as his rhapsody rose and fell in its wonted prolonged cadence, there came the "peek-peek" of the night hawk. How enthusiastic one can grow over this bird after a dastardly assault of some vicious mosquito has raised the frenzy in one's blood. When "a' the house are sleeping," and the insect world is less in evidence, and on the roof apparently this night-errant songster has fluttered into quietude, to serenade one with his ever persistent "peek," one's enthusiasm over his mottled coat pales somewhat, and one could wish that he would develop more his domestic instincts.

And now beneath my window, from a lordly lime, where Robin, gay Robin, has defiantly waived poetic sentiment, and ministers the morning worm to "little robins three," all snug in last year's nest, come the matins of the Redbreast. A saucy bird is Robin; it is, perhaps, his very boldness that has grown into the sociability that so endears him to us. What self-assertive character there is in his hop, and how accented with egoism the turn of his head as he views a possible intruder in his domain.

But what sings Robin at this early hour? It seems an unfamiliar strain. Eagerly I listen to catch the burden of his song. Can I believe it? Would Robin say that? Oft repeated came the words, "Curious persons peep," Oh Robin, you naughty bird, are you maligning me who waited for you with such hungry eyes all through a dreary March? Robin, I'm not curious,—some one who knew me quite well said so; and as for peeping—shame Robin! I never peep, unless indeed, in the murky hours, a wily member of the mordant species give evidence of his skill on my bureau, when feminine fear naturally produces a half smothered effort of my optic nerves to ascertain the movements of this intruder on my peace of mind. Robin hearkens not; on he keeps. Shall I appeal to his mercy and let him know how the dog and the night-hawk have disquieted me? No, I shall test his vanity. Earnestly I beg him to sing one of the songs he can sing so delightfully, "Tril-la-ree, Tril-la-raa," or the one beginning "Cheer-up." Robin is good at heart, it was only a misunderstanding; and as he

"tunes his sweetest strain,
and blithely sings his glad refrain,"

I vow that never again shall I doubt the sincerity of my red-breasted knight.

Yesterday I saw a bird very like Robin in size and shape, but his chestnut breast was speckled with black, his bill was dark and his voice quite shrill. He flew away very clumsily as though too heavy to enjoy flying.

What shall one say of the English sparrows? How many one sees—sparrows here, sparrows there, sparrows everywhere. What a cantata they keep up in the crannies of the woodbine; and how they romp, and rollic, and fairly roll in the dusty highway. Shocking birds! One could forgive them everthing if they would but give up those horrid dust baths. Quarrelsome, too, you say, and anyone who has been pleased to watch them in their daily walk and conversation must admit that they are at times pugnacious. I blame Mr. Sparrow, of course, for the sparring. Those guttural notes of unamiability proceed from him, I feel sure. The very expression of his face as he looks at you over his black cravat and white wing-bars is anything but peaceable. One feels sorry for Mrs. Sparrow in being so unhappily mated, and for the little Sparrows, whom one fears are threatened rather than cajoled into the sweet graces of bird life. In winter, when a frozen severity affects our streets, one feels kindly to the little gray feathered mites that chirp half drearily in an inclement clime; but when bright spring days have come, and sweet voiced warblers from the sunny south tune again their notes of joyous music, how stale sounds their unvaried chirp, and how unseasonable seem their unattractive coats. I wonder if these birds could be induced to give up the publicity and noisy unrefinement of the streets and take kindly to shady groves and quiet woodlands: if a pleasing environment would not influence their dispositions.

What a delightful contrast to the monotonous chirp of these birds are the exquisite notes of the Song Sparrow. Not unlike his ill-favored cousin he looks, until one notices the speckled breast. A long walk in a scorching July sun was amply repaid by hearing the sweet clear song of this bird from a hawthorne hedge in the suburbs of the city. Quite pleased he seemed in

enrapturing his audience, and half reluctantly flew away as though he knew the pleasure his music must confer.

How the sunshiny feathers of the Yellow Warbler brighten the trees of our city. No dusty revels mar the delicacy of his coat. A shower-bath of delicately perfumed rose petals suits better the dainty refinement of his taste. A bird of the trees is he, darting so swiftly through the leafy branches that one can scarcely tell whence come the clearly warbled notes "sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet, sweeter, sweeter sweet." And yet the most friendly of the family he is said to be.

The most exquisite bird song I ever heard came, I think, from the White Throated Sparrow. It was a glorious August day, the kind of day when nature seems fairly intoxicated with her own luxuriousness, and one feels the temptation to be lazy quite irresistible. In the heart of a raspberry thicket, a carnal greed furnished me with just sufficient energy to pick what berries were close at hand, when overhead came the song that seemed so perfectly in harmony with nature's mood that day. Two notes of ringing ecstasy were followed by a recitative so dreamily plaintive that one could sit under its spell and regard the large ripe berries on the next bush quite indifferently.

What a pity that more of our pretty songsters do not come to the city. There are so many of them that we are quite unfamiliar with. Occasionally we see one that we have never seen before, and wonder where it came from, and what its name is, and, as it flies off, we feel that it has done us a great injustice in refusing to let us know the details of its history.

One can readily tell Mrs. Blue Jay by her gay gown and bonnet, and the chattering laugh of the Kingfisher, as perchance we go a-picnicing by some happy stream, ill serves to conceal his bright plumage. The rap of the Woodpecker is amiably undisguised, while the attractive feathers of Mr. Goldfinch, as he thrusts his bill into some downy ball, leave us in no uncertainty as to their owner. The birds of majestic flight that we see in our rural drives need not to show us their steel-blue feathers that we may name them; but up on the telegraph wire, some distance away, who can tell whether that be a Kingbird? One can see that his tail is nicely edged with white, but how is one to know

whether a flame colored spot adorns his head, or what he may think of flies as a delicacy for luncheon.

How delightful if the Nightingale of our woods, the modestly plumed Hermit Thrush, would visit our public gardens some evening and "in the holy stillness of the sunset hour," pour forth the strains of song so divinely beautiful as to merit their being termed "sacred."

Watch in the Autumn for the Pine Grosbeaks. They came in large numbers last year, and were seen on mild days in winter feeding on mountain-ash berries. They are lovely birds, the tamest I have ever seen. Their coats are a dainty gray, Mrs. Grosbeak wearing a trimming of yellow, while her mate is gay with carmine red. Their notes are peculiarly gentle.

I saw some boys, last fall, who seemed happy in the act of throwing stones at these beautiful birds. Shall we blame them? They were, I think, quite unconscious of wrong-doing. St. Francis of Assisi used to call the birds his sisters, and they came to him while he spoke to them, and gave them his blessing. St. Francis had realized the truth that

"He liveth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small."

I found a dear little Junco dead at my door.

TOPSY.

About Pownal Bay—Acorn's Mill—The Acorn Family.

BY J. T. MELLISH, M. A., LL. B.

ACORN'S MILL is one of the old land-marks of the province. It is situate on Mill Creek, a beautiful tidal stream flowing along the southern side of Pownal village and emptying into the northern side of Pownal Bay. The Georgetown Road crosses the Creek at the southern side of the Mill. Ships were built in the days of yore along this Creek and the north side of the bay. Several were built by members of

the Acorn family, and many were launched from the shipyards of Nicholas Jenkins, Dennis Reddin, William Heard, James Duncan, James, Charles, and Robert Moore, George Bollum and other builders.

The Mill dates back to the time of the French occupation, and many old mill irons have been found about the place. Indeed the French must have been settled in considerable numbers around the shores of Pownal Bay. Early in this century the site of one of their blacksmiths' forges was discovered on the northwest corner of the Mellish farm near the shore, and several French silver coins were found near the mouth of McGillivray's Creek. Until quite recently many old cellars dug by the French were to be seen on the banks of Wright's Creek, where they also had a mill; and mounds are still visible in their ancient burying ground on the Beers farm, near Christ Church, Cherry Valley.

John Acorn, the founder of the Acorn family of this Island, arrived here in 1782, when quite a young man. Having been a soldier on the British side in the American war, he was considered a "deserving person" by Governor Patterson who gave him one hundred acres of land at Vernon River, Lot 50, adjoining Lot 49. Here, near the mouth of the same stream on which Hayden's Mill is built, Acorn started a mill about 1786, using as mill-stones two hand querns to which he applied water power. Governor Fanning confirmed this grant to Acorn by deed bearing date March 16th, 1795.

Lot or township number 49 was granted in 1767 to Lieut. Col. Christie and Capt. James Stevenson, but afterwards came into the hands of Robert Clark, a London merchant. This gentleman came to the Island by the ship "Elizabeth Snow," in 1774, and with a partner named Campbell carried on business for some years in New London. In 1790 Clark sold to Cornelius Rhodes a tract of land fronting on Pownal Bay at the mouth of Mill Creek, and running back to the boundary between Lots 48 and 49. As part of the consideration Rhodes engaged to build for Clark a mill farther up the stream covenanting in the deed to "well and faithfully build a country grist mill at or upon said Mill Creek, where a saw mill and a grist mill were formerly erected and built (the remains whereof are now apparent)

together with a dam across said Mill Creek sufficient for the intent and purpose of said grist mill on or before the 12th of April, which will be in year 1792 — the same grist mill to have one cog wheel and one trunnel head with a pair of stones not less than four feet in diameter nor less than eighteen inches thick, together with a water-wheel having two iron gudgeons and one hoop at each end of the shot thereof." He was also to build a house 18 feet by 20 feet near by.

The old saw-mill and grist mill, the remains of which were thus apparent in 1792, were of course built by the French. It is said that some of the material or gear for the new mill was taken from the old French mill at Wright's Creek.

Robert Clark died in 1794. By deed dated Dec. 1st 1795, Ann Clark, his widow, conveyed to Acorn 200 acres of land situate on the east of Rhodes' land, and running from the Mill Creek back to the Lot 48 boundary. The new mill together with one hundred acres of land was leased for 99 years by Mrs. Clark to James Lewis Hayden—the lease bearing date April 7th, 1796. On the 7th of April 1801 Hayden assigned this lease to John Acorn who seems to have abandoned his Vernon River property on account of some defect in the title. Acorn soon had both a grist mill and saw mill in full running order at Mill Creek; and ever since the "Mill at Forty Nine," has been kept running and has remained in possession of the Acorn family. There was no other grist mill within many miles. At first grain was brought to the mill in various ways and from a great distance. Sometimes a man carried a small grist on his back; sacks were carried on the backs of horses or oxen; the slide car was often used for the purpose, for as yet there were few or no carts. A great many brought their grain in boats or canoes not only from the surrounding shores near by, but from Belle Creek, Flat River, Pinette, Charlottetown, and even from Wallace, Pugwash, Tatmagouche, and other places across the Straits.

As time passed on improvements were made at the mill. The undershot wheel and the breast wheel gave place to the overshot wheel. Shipbuilding increased the demand for sawn lumber, and an additional saw mill was built still farther up the stream.

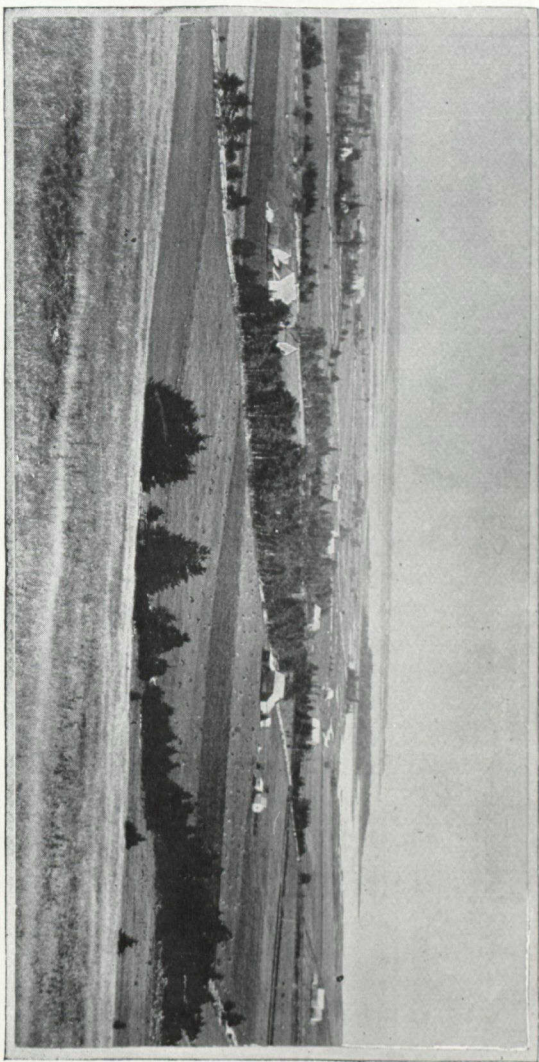
This upper mill was burnt down about twenty-five years ago and was never rebuilt.

Like many other Loyalist settlers, John Acorn was blest with a numerous family, and lived to a great age. He was born near Danforth, in the State of Maine, and was a miller "to the manner born." His father, Matthias Acorn, who built and operated the first mill near Danforth, was a native of Hesse Darmstadt, Germany, where his ancestors had owned a mill from time immemorial. When in the prime of life he was accidentally drowned at Moose Head Rapids, Maine.

In September, 1788, John Acorn, whose home was then at Vernon River, married Eleanor Williams, daughter of Captain Williams, a retired officer of the British army who settled in Nova Scotia. The bride was seventeen and the groom was twenty-seven. Thirteen children—seven sons and six daughters—were born to them. The sons married as follows:—John married Jane Jetson, secondly, Eleanor Moore; George, Ann Sentner; Joseph, Sarah Gray; William, Jane Bollum; James, Ann Gray; Benjamin, Ann Burhoe; Samuel, Rebecca Mutch. The daughters were:—Eleanor, married to William Jenkins; Margaret, to George Jenkins; Bridget, to William Jetson; Elizabeth, to John Weatherby; Jane, to William Weatherby; and Mary, to Edward Burke.

John Acorn died in 1857 at the advanced age of ninety-six. He had survived his wife many years. The worthy couple, who were devout Methodists, lie buried in the Pownal Churchyard. Their thirteen children have also been gathered to their fathers, but as they all left large families behind, there are probably more than a thousand living descendants of the venerable patriarch, John Acorn, and Eleanor Williams, his wife.

On the death of his father, William Acorn succeeded to the mill property, but in fact he had been the chief or sole manager for many years before. He introduced various improvements, and retained the confidence of the numerous patrons of the mill. His death occurred in 1876, much to the regret of all who knew him, for he was a worthy, kind-hearted man. He left a widow, three sons—Nathanael, William and John—and five daughters—



VIEW OF COUNTRY NEAR POWNAL.

Rebecca, wife of George Jenkins, Pownal; Jane, wife of E. J. Weatherby of Prince Albert; May, wife of E. M. McIntosh, M.D., Pownal; Ina, wife of J. N. Robertson, of the Post Office, Charlottetown; and Amelia, wife of D. G. Cameron, J.P., Montague Bridge. The widow, Mrs. Acorn, and Dr. and Mrs. McIntosh are now dead.

The eldest son, Nathanael, "took to the sea," and for many years sailed his own vessels, but afterwards removed to the Northwest, where he is now farming extensively. The mill was left to the second and third sons, William and John. Several years ago John sold out his interest and also went west. With the exception of a year or two spent abroad, William has remained at home all his life, carefully and efficiently attending to the business of the mill; and what Mr. William Acorn, of Mill Creek, Pownal, does not know about a mill is not worth knowing. Having reached later middle life, he is able to take the world easier than formerly, and with his amiable wife (formerly Miss Brown) enjoys looking after the interests of their children and grand-children growing up around them. Their son, Mr. Seaforth Acorn, a capable and energetic young man, has been installed proprietor of the ancestral mill, and his prospects of success are well assured. The facilities for sawing are equal to the demands of the time. The grist mill is now fitted up with all the modern appliances, including the Leffel system of gear, and holds its own as one of the best flour mills on the Island. Business is brisk. From all the country round about the people still bring their grain to be ground and get good satisfaction. The old toll plan is still followed. Plover, yellow-legs, black duck, cranes, gulls and other wild birds come up the creek, and there is good fishing in the pond. During the long years of the century no serious accident has occurred at the mill, and no life has ever been lost there—facts indicating care and good management.

Let us hope that the "Mill at Forty-nine" may continue to be Acorn's Mill for other centuries yet to come.

[Mr. Nathanael Acorn married Miss Hannah Brown, and his brother, Mr. John Acorn, who now runs a mill in Washington State, married Miss Harriet Moore. They were both popular men, and their friends are glad to know that they and their families are doing well in the distant west.]

Captain Holland's Survey.

[The following information was contained in a letter furnished to the press several years ago by H. J. Cundall, Esq., to whom THE PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND MAGAZINE is indebted for permission to re-publish it.]

ON the fall of Louisburg in 1758, Lord Rollo, with the 35th regiment and two battalions of the Sixtieth, was sent to Isle St. Jean where he received the submission of the inhabitants and tried to remove them, but with small success, for out of more than four thousand he could catch but seven hundred. According to Admiral Boscawen's official report the inhabitants were then as follows :

Point le Prince	-	-	-	-	-	700
N. E. River	-	-	-	-	-	2,000
S. Peter's	-	-	-	-	-	700
North Point	-	-	-	-	-	500
West and North River	-	-	-	-	-	200
Total	-	-	-	-	-	4,100

The Admiral's letter further contains "that by the best accounts he can get, the Island of St. John (P. E. I.) has been the only supply for Quebec of corn and beef since the war, except what has been brought from Europe, having at present above 10,000 horned cattle; and many of the inhabitants declare that they grow, each of them, 1,200 bushels of corn annually. They have no other market for it but Quebec. It has been an asylum for the French inhabitants from Nova Scotia; and from this Island has been constantly carried on the inhuman practice of killing the English inhabitants of Nova Scotia for the sake of carrying their scalps to the French, who pay for the same. Several scalps were found in the Governor's quarters when Lord Rollo took possession."

By a proclamation dated St. James, 7th October, 1763, King George III, with the advice of the Privy Council, annexed the islands of St. John and Cape Breton with the lesser islands adjacent thereto to the Government of Nova Scotia. In the following year the British Government decided upon having a

survey made of these newly-acquired possessions. Accordingly, Captain Samuel Holland, who had served in the army at the siege of Louisbourg, received a commission from the King, on the 23rd March as Surveyor General, "for making an accurate survey of the northern district upon the Continent of America," and was to receive his instructions from the Lords Commissioners of Trades and Plantations. By these instructions this district was to comprehend "all His Majesty's territories in North America which lie to the north of the Potomac River and of a line drawn due west from the head of the main branch of that River, as far as His Majesty's dominions extend." The Island of Cape Breton, St. John's, and the Madelaines being of the greatest importance with respect to the fishery, were to be surveyed first, beginning with St. John's and the Madelaines. The instructions further state that in the survey "the greatest precision and exactness will be required and expected, the latitudes and longitudes of the most important places must be settled by just astronomical observations, the depths of water and soundings, as well on the coast as within the harbors, must be taken with the greatest care, and every remark made which can tend to the security, and information of such of His Majesty's subjects as may navigate those seas." A full report, giving a careful description of the country and its capabilities, was to accompany the map. It was also pointed out how the Island was to be divided, and approximately what should be the area of the townships, parishes and counties. Lieutenants Robinson, Haldimand and Carleton, and Mr. Thomas Wright (afterwards Surveyor-General of P. E. Island), were appointed Assistant Surveyors to accompany Capt. Holland, and as soon as the vessel assigned for the service was ready, he was to embark for Quebec, preparatory to entering upon the survey. This vessel, called "the armed vessel Canceaux," was apparently a merchant vessel of 200 tons, armed for the occasion and manned with forty men, and was commanded by Lieutenant Henry Mowatt. They most likely sailed from Portsmouth, for we find them passing through the Needles of the Isle of Wight on 26th May. On the 11th July they had arrived near Scatara, Cape Breton, when a thick fog came on, which Capt. Holland informs us "had like to prove

fatal to us all. The fog was excessive thick, and all on a sudden, when we expected the least, we were surprised with the report of a musket, and the people crying out 'breakers ahead' within a cable's length of us. An open fishing boat (the first we had seen since our departure from England, and which Providence put in our way,) apprised us of our danger, and we had just time to steer clear of them."

In the River St. Lawrence they met with gales and head winds, and being anxious to deliver his despatches to General Murray, Capt. Holland left the ship on the 19th July, accompanied by Lieut. Robinson, one of his assistants, and Capt. Hope and Mr. Lodbiniere, two passengers, and set out in a six-oared open boat, in which they proceeded for some distance; he then tried horseback, but finding their horses had much to do to get through the mud and swamps, they took an Indian canoe with two Canadians to paddle them, and lastly they procured caleches and arrived in Quebec on the 2nd August, ten days ahead of the *Canceaux*. General Murray supposing him lost, was much pleased with his arrival and a few days afterwards appointed him one of His Majesty's Council for Quebec. Here Capt. Holland met Capt. Dean, of the *Mermaid*, who had that summer been on the Island and told him that it would be necessary to take all sorts of materials and provisions with them, as there was nothing left on the Island but a detachment posted at Fort Amherst, who were indifferently provided, and could not furnish them with lodgings. The *Canceaux* had to undergo some repairs, so that it was the 14th September before she sailed again, and owing to contrary winds she only arrived at the north-west part of the Island on the 5th October. As might be expected Capt. Holland had at this time no clear conception as to the size of the Island, or the number of its bays and rivers. Being assured by an Acadian guide on board the vessel that it was only 18 leagues (54 miles) to Fort Amherst, he landed a party in charge of Lieut. Haldimand with one week's provisions but no boat, to survey along the coast to Port la Joie (Ch'town Harbor). On the arrival of the vessel there, two days after, Captain Holland found he had been deceived by his guide as to the distance, and sent Lieut. Robinson and Mr Wright with a small boat and provisions, to survey and try to

meet them, but again having received further information as to the bays and inlets to be passed, he applied to Captain Hill, the commanding officer at Fort Amherst, to send a small schooner belonging to the fort with provisions for them. She sailed immediately, but was lost in a storm near where Lieut Robinson was. The men were saved with as much provisions as enabled both parties to return to the Fort. When met with, Lieut Haldimand and his party were in great distress, having been for three days without provisions. Capt Holland had previously applied to Lieut. Mowatt for one large boat and two small ones, manned with seamen from the Canceaux, to assist in the survey and soundings, but he was told by this commander that his orders were to carry him with the ship where he desired, and that he (Lieut. M.) had orders from the Admiralty to make observations and survey himself, and that he could give neither boats nor men. Holland thought this very odd, as he considered the ship was fitted out to assist him, and seemed to have doubts as to Mowatt's capability to survey or make observations.

NOTE.—Lieut. Carleton died when in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

Fort Amherst stood on the west side of the entrance to Charlottetown harbor, near the shore, and about midway between the bay and the harbor.

H. J. C.

A Story of Newfoundland—Concluded.

BY BENJAMIN DAVIES.

"When Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war."

THE following morning opened out fine. A brisk breeze ruffled the waters, hundreds of the citizens of Boston lined the coast in expectation of witnessing the coming engagement, and no doubt a glorious victory.

In a short time we noticed a ship sailing out of the harbor

into the bay and standing towards us. It was the frigate Chesapeake ; a beautiful sight to see under canvas what was said to be the finest ship in the American Navy. The Shannon stood towards her and as the rival vessels approached they opened the fire of their broadsides, then tacked, and ran into and grappled each other.

This was what Captain Brooke ardently desired—the long looked for opportunity was now before him—to wipe away the dishonor the arms of his country had suffered from the brave men of her once American Dependencies. Brooke and his boarders were now arranged along the ship's bulwarks in the most favorable places for springing on board the deck of the enemy. Stripped naked to the waist, in the old English fashion, with the sword only for action, the men, with bated breath, waited the word of command. Brooke gave the word, "Now, boys, board!" He was answered with a loud cheer; then our men leaped on the American deck and were courageously received. For some moments it appeared that they were about to be driven back, but nothing could withstand their impetuosity; they rallied, and with loud cries and imprecations hurled themselves on their adversaries, clearing all before them. It was a most deadly and savage fight, or rather slaughter. It is said that five minutes decided the action, when victory "perched on our banners." At this moment one of our brave officers was shot through the heart while in the act of hauling down the American ensign. He was immediately succeeded by another. Then went up triumphantly in the breeze the grand old flag of Britain—"the flag of Liberty, of England, and St. George"—that for "a thousand years has braved the battle and the breeze."

Our men had won the fight, but at a fearful cost. The deck was strewed with the dead, the dying, the wounded; and their blood flooded the deck. Brooke was mortally wounded, and the generous and gallant American captain was numbered with the dead. But the victory was ours. The ships were uncoupled, the Chesapeake taken in tow, and the victorious Shannon made sail and arrived with her prize in a couple of days at Halifax.

"This is my story," said Mr. Benning, "as it has been detailed to me by three of the survivors. I have no doubt of its

truth—there is not a word of fiction in it. It was a bloody fight between Christians—a sight that made the angels weep and hell rejoice.”

I beg leave to add, that in looking over an account of this action written by an American naval officer and published in a late number of the “Puritan,” he says: “The victory of the Shannon over the Chesapeake cost the English 24 killed and 59 wounded. The Americans lost 47 killed and 98 wounded. The action was decided by the English boarding with the sword. The American captain was killed; the English captain mortally wounded,”—from which he never recovered.

A Reckless Adventure.

BY J. H. FLETCHER.

AS near as I can now fix it, I taught school at Cavendish, Prince Edward Island, in the year 1859. I was then in my teens. I do not imagine that I was a very good teacher, for I then loved fun better than figures, and games better than grammar. The old settlers of Cavendish were sensible and sedate, Christian and conservative, and I often wonder that they tolerated my youthful peccadilloes with so little protest. But they did. I was popular with the young people, and I suppose they looked lightly upon my transgressions on their account.

At that time, every second Saturday only was a school holiday. I sometimes think that it is a pity the custom was ever changed. Life is too precious and the season for improvement too short to throw away the one-seventh of our time doing nothing—at least nothing that is any good. I suppose the change was made out of consideration for the pupils' health. But let me say just here that I never saw a child's health injured by too much study. What children require is the lash, rather than the rein. But be that as it may, I only enjoyed a holiday once a fortnight. At that time it came entirely too seldom to suit my taste. At Cavendish, I usually spent it fishing

mackerel with Alexander McNeill, Esq., father of the Rev. Leander, or with Andrew Lockerby, a son of the late John Lockerby of Charlottetown. I had no use for the fish I caught; but I did love to haul them in. I remember on one occasion of raising such an immense school that the excitement became intense—so intense that James McNeill, a brother of Alexander, ran a mackerel hook through his nose. The barb on one end and the big piece of lead on the other would not let it come out any way. But the fish bit so viciously, and the excitement grew so intense that the poor man continued fishing with one hook and paid no attention to the other, while it and two feet of line hung from the end of his nose. When the mackerel let up a little we had just time to ask him how "he liked fishing with one hook," or if there was "any danger of throwing himself out of the boat at the end of his line." And he replied with a moan, and then drew in another shining "denizen of the deep." But it pained the poor fellow all the same, and when we came ashore he walked over to the Rev. Isaac Murray's, to see if he could not remove it. The reverend gentleman took a handsaw file, and then began rasping at the hook, but the pain was so great McNeill could not stand it, and so his brother-in-law—George Harper—drove him all the way to Charlottetown in order to have a doctor remove the hook scientifically. I really felt sorry for poor McNeill; but when I saw him driving along the road with that huge mackerel hook hanging from his nose, I had to squeeze my sides and bite my lips to keep from raising the dust on the road with laughter. Well, to make a long story short, when McNeill reached the city and found the doctor, that distinguished disciple of Esculapius simply took a file and proceeded to remove it in precisely the same way that the Rev. Mr. Murray proposed doing it—only in a much rougher and more unfeeling manner. And Jim forever after declared that medical science was a failure and a fraud.

Andrew Lockerby, the other man with whom I frequently spent a Saturday fishing was a different type of man from Alexander McNeill. To be candid about it, Andrew did not love work. He seemed to be born tired, and never outgrew it. His highest earthly enjoyment was to stretch out on the bank

and sleep it out "waiting for the turn of the tide." And now that it is a long time since this happened it may not be a crime to say that the tide often turned and Andrew knew nothing about it. But he was always glad to see me coming, not that he particularly cared for my society but he could utilize me in helping him to launch the boat and clean the fish. And when we got out on the fishing ground, and the mackerel refused to bite, Andrew would often fall asleep, and I would have the fun of fishing all to myself. Andrew, however, was a good-natured fellow, cold but courageous, frank and fearless, stalwart as an elephant and as strong as a lion.

At this time I boarded on the Cavendish road with a man named James Gillespie, now living, I believe, in Pictou, N. S. Our next door neighbor was the widow Jack. This estimable old lady had two sons—David and Willie. Willie had a pretty high opinion of his prowess as an athlete, and he was very fond of telling the other boys what wonderful things he did at other times and in other places. David imagined that he was a great mechanic and although he did not talk so much as Willie, yet he had a most extraordinary opinion of his own ability as a mechanic. He accordingly decided, one spring, to build himself a good large fishing boat, a little larger than anything else in the Gulf. He laid the keel in March and kept at it right along until it was finished in July. The neighbors all laughed at him. They said he did not know enough to build a boat; that the boat and its builder, like McGinty, would go to the bottom of the sea the moment it touched water. But he paid no attention to the jeers and laughter of the crowd. He replied that he was not the first man that was hooted and scoffed at for building a boat that the said hooters and scoffers would, when the great freshet came, have given all they owned in the world to have gotten aboard. And it would not take him a hundred years to build it either. And it would be just as good in proportion to its size as the boat of Captain Noah. He promised that as soon as he launched it and put in its masts and sails, that he would invite Mr. Gillespie, his brother Willie and myself to take the first sail in it, on some Saturday when there would be no school, and that he would fill the natives with envy

by sailing up and down the shore. We all agreed to accept the invitation, and I must say that we longed for the great event to take place. Neither of us knew how to manage a boat, but David Jack said that it stood to reason that the man who had the genius to build a boat, ought certainly to have the ability to sail one. This seemed to be pretty sound logic.

I think it was on Saturday, the 14th day of July, that my holiday came, and I notified Captain Jack to be in readiness on that date. He replied that the time was short, but he would hurry things up and get her rigged in some kind of way by that time. So on the appointed morning she stood out in the water not far from the fishing establishment of Alexander McNeill. It was a beautiful Saturday morning in July, but the wind was blowing slightly from the south east. When we were ready to wade out to the boat, Alexander McNeill came over to me and said: "Master (for all pedagogues in those days went by the name, master) if I were you I would not venture out in that death trap."

David Jack overheard the remark and when McNeill went away he said to me: "That's the way with these McNeills. They think that nobody knows anything but themselves. They are jealous of me and that's all there is to it."

And so I decided to stay with Captain David Jack and give him a chance to show what he was made of. Then we waded out and crawled into the new boat. She looked clean and comfortable, but I noticed that she leaked a good deal. Captain Jack quieted our fears by saying that she would soon swell up in the water and become as tight as a bottle. Her crew consisted of the four persons already mentioned and a dog owned by Willie. Her rigging consisted of a mainsail, a foresail and a jib. She was also supplied with an empty can which was to be used for bailing purposes, one oar, one piece of rope and a stone which was intended for an anchor. Strange to say our captain never thought of putting any ballast aboard, and the rest of us did not even know that it was required. Notwithstanding our poor equipment however, there were never more happy or hilarious fellows on earth, and David Jack was the greatest and happiest man of all.

(To be Continued)

In The City Streets.

BY MAY CARROLL.

Jostling crowds that struggle hard and bravely,
 Weary hearts that ache with hidden pain,
 Quiet lives that meet life's pleasures gravely,
 Hopeless ones who deem repentance vain.

Faces furrowed deep with lines of sorrow,
 Crafty faces, masking ill their wiles,
 Careless ones who reck not of the morrow,
 Happy ones who meet earth's frowns with smiles.

Tear-wet eyes and eyes that sparkle brightly,
 Broken hearts and hearts with hope aglow,
 Faces lovely, visages unsightly,
 Pass in ceaseless action to and fro.

Crowds meet crowds,—in every face a story,
 Soul-sad eyes that thrill with mute appeal,—
 Some are humble, others boast of glory
 'Neath whose mask they cankered hearts conceal.

Toilers all : the starved ones and the thriving,
 Struggling for the pittance earth deems meet,—
 Heaven help us all, for all are striving,
 Just like they who throng the city street.

A Year in a Teacher's Life.

By D. J. M.

[N our public schools at the present state of intellectual development the main ambition is to obtain a teacher's certificate, which enrolls the possessor in the stupendous list of government officials.

At an early age I had become possessed with this desire,

and having passed a successful examination for teacher's license, I stepped boldly into the arena of the critical public as a full-fledged pedagogue. It is needless to say that, like the majority of my co-labourers, I had a very exalted idea of my dignity, and had a strong belief in the profession of the teacher. Within a year those notions had vanished, as I soon found that my dignity was not invulnerable and that the public in general is the most severe of all task-masters.

Armed with my "sheepskin" and a few letters of recommendation, I set out in search of a school. Many and various were the disappointments I met with in that search; I seemed, like the Indian maiden, to be pursuing a phantom. I would no sooner bring a trustee to halt than he would tell me that they had hired a teacher only a few hours before. Disappointments of this kind would sometimes take a more serious turn, as the trustees would keep me travelling from one to the other and finally tell me that they were well satisfied for me to have the school. On these encouraging prospects I would return home only to be notified in a few days that another teacher had been hired in my place.

Having heard of a vacant school about eighteen miles from home, I hired a horse and set out with the determination that this would be my last venture. As I was starting, I learned to my dismay that another applicant had started for that school an hour before. At this, I had almost given up hope, but I thought there was one chance remaining — of reaching the trustees before him.

I drove very hard for the first half of the distance, and not seeing any sign of him, I decided he must have called at some house or taken a different road, and as this one was the shortest, I knew I was almost safe. When I arrived in the district my troubles were by no means ended. In fact they were only beginning as the trustees were widely separated and slightly not in favor of me—one in particular having my rival as a candidate. With some difficulty I separated the two most neutral and used all my force of argument and persuasion to such good result that they signed my papers. Returning to take the road for home I met my rival. He was wholly unconscious that he was checkmated,

and no doubt fondly dreaming of a very fat pocket book at the end of the quarter. My good fortune was too precious to share, and not caring to break in on his reverie, I let him go on his way rejoicing. I afterwards learned that he had taken a different road, and, as being forewarned is being forearmed, I had made better progress.

A few days before the school year commenced, I returned to the district, and after due deliberation I obtained the privilege of boarding with a family, situated about a mile from the school-house. This walk was pleasant during the summer months, but I found that it was almost impassable during the winter. I had to take my lunch and eat it during the school dinner-hour.

My scholars numbered in all twenty seven, and I may safely say that there were not two alike; they showed almost every degree of human nature. The study of these respective characters was the most interesting and productive work to me in my school teaching.

The curriculum was very general, running from the alphabet to the highest grade of city schools, but this was its redeeming trait, as the monotony of the work would otherwise make it very irksome.

The social condition of the district was not very high, but it soothed one's vanity to find himself numbered among the best even there. So called society here lacked the depressing effect of the city; it was not stratified, and every one so wishing could rise to the top.

There was very good fishing and shooting in the locality, and as I thoroughly enjoyed this kind of sport, I spent most of my time "toting" a rod or gun. Very often, after a day's outing the only thing I would find myself in possession of would be an extraordinary appetite, which I must confess was not a "*rara avis*" with me. In winter, if the weather was at all bearable, I enjoyed good skating or sleigh driving. The long winter nights were the most trying, as it was difficult to obtain reading matter and then "visiting" was the order of events. If you wished to hold your own among the young folks it was necessary to have a "girl." Before you would make known your intentions in that line there would be great speculation on

that subject, and your nocturnal rambles would be closely followed. Very often the boys and girls of the district would collect at some house and have a dance with plenty of music, as there was no lack of "fiddlers." Of course fancy dancing was out of the question, but lots of fun was obtained from the old fashioned "break down." At the close of the year I found the balance of events and results were largely in my favor; and I would strongly advise any young man who is starting in life to spend a year or two in teaching. It is the best school, for more than the pupil, for common sense and human nature.

The Loss of the Portia.

The fog hung thick and choking,
 And a fate without revoking
 Lay beneath the trait'rous brooding of its ghastly canopy;
 When a stately ship was battered,
 Was broken, pierced and shattered,
 By the cruel rocks that tear the cruel sea.

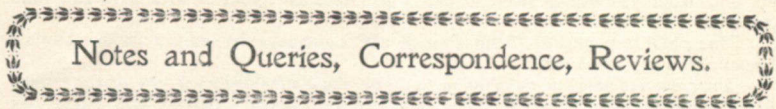
At the first destructive shaking,
 The hoarse sea-echoes waking
 Through every man, and woman, and child, fear sent a thrill;
 But asleep in all the din
 Of kith in quest of kin,
 An Assyrian boy lay silent, calm and still.

Terrified, they all assembled,
 And many quaked and trembled,
 And prayed for the safety of loved ones from the wreck;
 Father, sister, child and mother,
 Wildly clung to one another,
 And friends kept close together on the deck.

But none disturbed the sleep,
 So peaceful and so deep,
 Of the lone Assyrian stranger—the friendless little waif;
 There was no kind voice to wake him,—
 There was no strong friend to take him,
 And in this hour of peril keep him safe.

Where now he lies a-sleeping,
 Guardian angels watch are keeping,
 Till the last world-shaking trumpet note shall blow;
 And the angels then shall wake him,
 And in their arms they'll take him,
 And the Friend of little children he will know.

—W. C.



Notes and Queries, Correspondence, Reviews.

Kipling's Curse upon the United States.

Our New York correspondent writes :— I send you the following clipping from the Sunday World. I have often wondered, as I heard the cabmen cry out "Kyab," "Kyab" and the more highly educated Americans murdering other ordinary words in the English language, who was responsible for it all. I have watched processions of thousands of begrimed sons of Italy and Ireland, and of a score of other lands marching upon the eve of an election to the music of Tammany Hall. I have tried in vain to find the origin of some of the every day slangs and twangs used by Americans, and not until I came across the following item had I any idea that an Englishman was responsible for it all :—

Before Rudyard Kipling had ever seen the United States he saw in Japan a cheap American reprint of a British Book—just such a reprint as British publishers made of American books in those days before international copyright. Then he cursed the United States with this curse, which is omitted from his book "From Sea to Sea," but which is kindly printed in the Bookman by Luther S. Livingston. It is a very good curse, as you will see :—

Then I cursed the Seaside Library and the United States that bred it very copiously, in these terms and others unreported :

Because you steal the property of a man's head, which is more his peculiar property than his pipe, his horse or his wife, and because you glory in your theft and have the indecency to praise or criticise the author from whom you steal, and because your ignorance, which is as dense as a pickpocket's ignorance of anything outside his calling, leads you to trifle with his spelling, and because you print the stolen property aforesaid very vilely and uncleanly, you shall be cursed with this curse from Alaska to Florida and back again.

Your women shall scream like peacocks when they talk, and your men neigh like horses when they laugh. You shall call "round" "raound," and "very" "varry," and "news" "noos" till the end of time.

You shall be governed by the Irishman and the German, the vender of drinks and the keeper of vile dens, that your streets may be filthy in your midst and your sewage arrangements filthier.

You shall be given over to the cult of tin-pot secret societies and the organizing of "tupenny-ha'penny" processions, the spouting of nonsense and the perpetration thereof.

You shall be governed by laws that you cannot enforce and sentiments that you cannot control, that the murderer may walk among you a vision of delight to young women and the darling of old maids while you are engaged in shooting the wrong man.

You shall prostitute and pervert the English language till an Englishman has neither power nor desire to understand you any more.

You shall be cursed State by State, Territory by Territory, with a provincialism beyond the provincialism of an English country town—you and your govern-

ors and what you are pleased to call your literature, your newsdealers and your politics.

You shall buy your art from France and considerably spoil it in the buying because you are dishonest.

Your hearts shall be so blinded that you shall consider each one of the curses foregoing a blessing to you as it comes about, and finally I myself will curse you more elaborately later on.

* * *

Letter from a Reader.

Mr. Neil Shaw, a native of the West River, but now domiciled at Peabody Mass, writes to the Magazine :—

“I received your Magazine and think it fine. Most of the people who contribute I used to know years ago, when a boy, though many changes have taken place and many of the old people have bassed away.

It is very nearly fifty years since five of us boys left my father's home for Boston, and then separated, going to different parts of the States. My oldest brother, Malcolm, died in California ; another, Colin, was killed at the battle of Gettysburg, and is buried down the Gap, at Sandwich Mass. ; another named Robert is buried at Salem, Mass. ; another is buried at Norwich, Conn. Of my other brothers, Ewen is living in Philadelphia ; Ronald is buried at home at West River ; and two brothers, Alexander and John, and a sister, Mrs. W. P. Hodgson are also at home. So you see we have been very much separated. Quite often I think longingly of Prince Edward Island, where I was born in 1835.”



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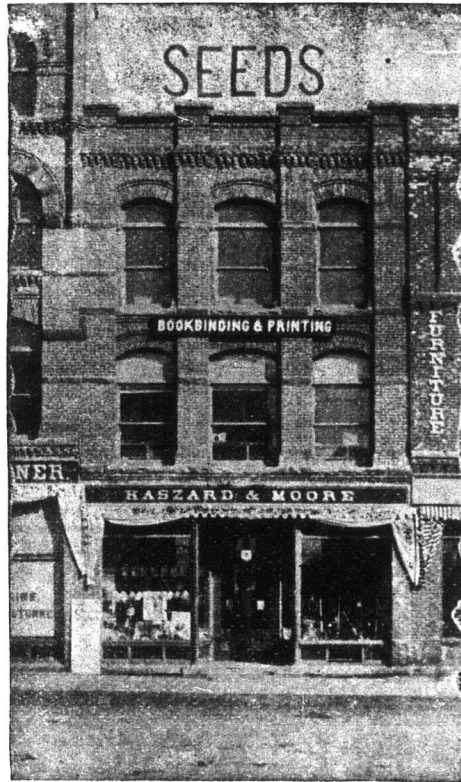
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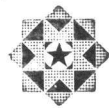
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