

Devoted to the Literature, History Folk-lore and best Interests of Prince Edward Island

# THE MAGAZINE GUARDIAN

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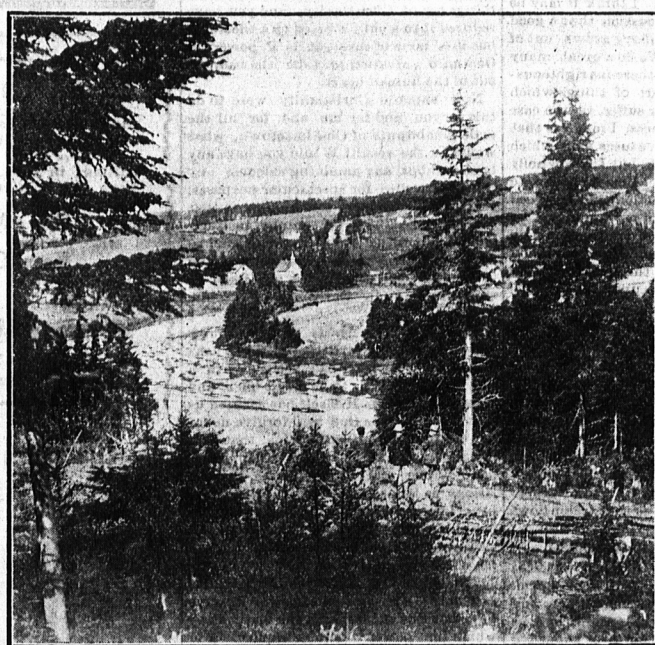
Beautiful Bonshaw—Fishing at Crosby's Mill-dam  
Photo by W. S. Louison

## BEAUTIFUL BONSHAW

An Ideal Place to Spend a Holiday



Beautiful Bonshaw—Looking Down From the Road  
Photo by W. S. Louison



Beautiful Bonshaw—A View of the Village  
Photo by W. S. Louison

(Continued)  
The tales of former fishing exploits made those of us who were unfamiliar with the possibilities of Bonshaw eager to try their rods, and we set out with more or less eagerness. The Micmac took us all in his boat and on the way upstream from our camp to Crosby's Mills two rods were kept busy. But only one fish of diminutive size answered the invitation and it, with regret and some scorn, was cast back into the water.

At the mill, however, better luck was in store and a jolly afternoon was spent, the efforts of all who fished being rewarded by good catches of trout, which though not large enough to write stories about, were of a size sufficient to be discussed with relish at the breakfast table next morning.

There is not a much prettier spot in the Province than the neighborhood of Crosby's Mill.

The old romantic, over shot water wheel has passed away giving place to turbines which turn the machinery for the saw-mill and for the fine new flour mill where a modern roller process has displaced the old machinery which constituted the "grist mill" of Bonshaw's early history.

Of Crosby's Mill there will be more later on. On that afternoon the fishing and the scenery, as we went up and down the river, engrossed our attention.

None of us are likely soon to forget that trip. Bonshaw was looking at its best. The full beauty of summer was upon the field and forest and the waters of the river trembled and glowed as they reflected the light of the sunshine.

Now and then would be heard the usual variations of the old familiar fishing exclamations.

A line would switch and the angler would remark with a mildly disappointed inflection: "My, but I think that was a big fellow!" and so on—if you've been fishing you will know what it means.

In the meantime our Micmac guide was exercising those natural attributes of wood craft which have come down to him through a pure-blooded descent from a good Micmac ancestry. He told us he was thirty years old, was six feet one inch tall, weighed 230 lbs; and was a pure blooded Micmac. His looks bear out all he says; he is one of the finest Micmacs that yet remain upon this Island to indicate what kind of men here roamed the wild ere civilization transformed the wilderness into a "pale-faces' dwelling place."

In many ways he showed that the instincts of his race were strong within him. Did a musk rat poke the tip of its nose above the surface of the stream and mark the water with a V shaped trail, the Indian's eye perceived it before any other. Seemingly quiet and unobservant he was always on the alert, and nothing escaped him. He was full of information about the life on stream and land.

He it was who found a quicker

way of procuring trout than by whipping the stream for them. Noticing some flashes of light ascending the weir by which the waste waters of the mill-dam escaped he soon perceived they were caused by trout jumping up from the pool below and struggling along the slippery inclined sluice way until they got into the higher and calm waters of the dam above. No sooner was the Micmac aware of this than he grabbed the landing net and began to take toll of the ascending fish. He was greatly chagrined to learn that his method could not be countenanced either by us or by the Fish and Game Protective Association.

There followed the sail back to the camping place along the lovely river, with a stop at Bonshaw bridge while some of us visited the village and made purchases at the store. A pleasant interruption this, affording an opportunity to amaze as well instruct the people of the place by the display of the latest fashions in male fishing costume as exhibited on our persons.

When we got back to our tents the tide had retired leaving the shore exposed. It was a muddy bottom and the Indian was in doubt where to turn the boat in so that we might gain high water mark without inconvenience. One of our party, however, being eager to land and clothed in waders became ambitious to lead the way. He left the boat and made a bee line for the tents. But he had not taken a preliminary survey of the approach to the shore and after a few steps, each of which was into softer mud than before he finally landed in a boghole and commenced to sink gently but surely from our view. It happened that his progress had been such as to make none of the others eager to follow in his footsteps.

His predicament was one of no danger but it called for more sympathy than it received. Why is it that the pleasures one enjoys on an outdoor trip make him absolutely callous to any physical discomforts that may befall. All that can be said in this case, is that as the half dozen in the boat watched their comrade drilling a hole in the morass with both feet and sinking all the while, while the evil smelling ooze came gradually higher upon him till at last it reached over the tops of his waders, they gave way to roars of laughter, nor offered the least help to their companion in his unfortunate plight. There they stood in the boat all looking on and shaking with mirth. Even the Indian at last became infected and joined in the general chorus.

By means of a plank thrown to him from the boat the unlucky one extricated himself from his slimy trap. It would be hard to tell what vexed him most, the accident of falling into the boghole or the fire of chaff with which he was bombarded. There was little sympathy apparently, but, nevertheless, all did what they could to provide him with dry garments while his own were drying and being relieved of

the tenacious and highly-flavored mud which plastered them.

The rest of us found a better place to land and soon were ready for the meal which was spread. How the food did disappear before the appetites which only one day on the open had engendered.

After tea a roaring campfire was made. All gathered around and enjoyed its cheerful warmth till the shades of evening fell. Then beds were made up in the tents and all turned in and slept. By-the-way, here is a bit of advice for those who go "camping-out." Put lots of spruce boughs underneath you, and a blanket or two on top of them. Then cover yourself with plenty of clothes if you want to be warm—for except on the warmest night in our summer you will feel the need of warm covering. Those who slept close to the ground even with a lot of clothes beneath them complained of feeling cold through the night.

The Indian scored over us all. When he was asked if he was warm in bed he coolly replied that he had heated some stones, placed them in his tent and slept most comfortably.

At dawn we awoke—the notes of many birds proclaiming, without ceasing, that day had come. And this brings to mind the variety and abundance of the bird life along the river. This alone makes the place an attractive one to nature-lovers. Kingfishers were the most numerous. All along the miles of river shore they abounded; apparently passing their time between fishing, and then sitting contentedly on some perch of vantage, waiting till some unsuspecting fish would come within the range of their keen vision. At any time these beautiful birds might have been seen; some perched on overhanging trees above the water waiting for their prey; others poised in the air, maintaining by some miraculous power of their wings a stationary place until the moment came for them to plunge and capture a fish; others flitting up and down, uttering their harsh and protracted cry. Then there were cranes or herons as they are variously called. They were at all times in evidence, lazily flapping

their way slowly from one point to another, or standing in the shallow water, waiting with tireless patience till some unwary member of the finny tribe came within reach of their banyonet-like bills. There were ducks, though not many of them, were but of plover and sand-piper rthere always many in sight,—flitting along close to the shore or running on the sand, looking eagerly for food that the tide had cast up. Robins and flycatchers were, everywhere, and members of all the different species of sparrows that come to us in the summer season. One bird, which used to be very familiar years ago, we looked vainly for on this trip—that is the blue-jay. Not a single member of this noisy and bright-plumaged family did we see—and we speculated much as to its disappearance.

Fishing was the chief amusement for the majority of the party, but there were other pleasant diversions. Very delightful were the walks along the beautiful roads, or to the tops of the highest hills, from which magnificent views could be obtained many of which our devoted photographer has caught with his camera to add to the numerous pictures he has already made of Prince Edward Island scenery.

There were walks to the village of Bonshaw and talks to the people, which repaid one with interest for the trouble it took.

Bonshaw, by the way, is typical of most of the villages throughout this Province. It enjoys a distinction, shared by only a few others, because of the fact that it possesses a Court House—where, periodically, sessions of the County Court are held. There are two churches, two stores, the school the smithy, a doctor, and the other conveniences of a modern village community.

Mail comes every day, and it was a surprise and pleasure to find The Daily Guardian delivered to subscribers by nine o'clock each morning. We had seemed to have secluded ourselves so far from the City's work that it was almost a shock to read in the mornings after our breakfast, of the latest happenings at home and throughout the wide world of the night before.

Telephone communication places Bonshaw in connection with the splendid system now general throughout the province.

Bonshaw was named by the Hon. W. W. Irving, who early in the last century, settled there, having acquired a grant of most of the land thereabout. For some years he maintained a good deal of state, as became a large landed proprietor, and did a great deal to found a model village, but he finally retired from Bonshaw and his property passed into other hands.

Of the hospitality of the people one cannot speak but in words of highest praise. With all of us who spent that holiday camping out amid its hills and vales the beauty of Bonshaw's surroundings and the kindness of its residents will ever remain fresh in memory.

It may interest many readers to learn the following facts about the Irvings of Bonshaw, in Scotland. They are taken from a paper read recently before a Scottish historical society. The name of Bonshaw, in this Province was a member of this clan:—

"The Irvings originally came from Ayrshire. When Duncan, afterwards King Duncan I., was appointed King or Prince of Cumberland by his grandfather, King Malcolm II., he took with him several of the Scots clans to the Borders to defend them. With him went the clan of the Ervines or Irvings, under Crine Ervines' brother. About 1024 they took up their first habitation upon the river Esk, between the white and black Esk. There they built their first habitation, Castle Irving, below Langholm. The burn and wood do still carry the name of Irving Wood and Irving Burn. The ruins of the castle existed till the close of the seventeenth century. On the same spot now stands Irvine House, belonging to the Duke of Buccleuch, and inhabited by his chamberlain. From this Castle Irving the eldest of the family acquired by marriage the tower and lands of Bonshaw. In this Bonshaw tower, on the right bank of the Kirtle Water, ever since has continued to reside the acknowledged head of this clan. Boneschaw, etc., is derived from schaw, the Saxon for wood or woodland, and bon, the Norman for good or fair. It was written in Latin as Bonbosum. Sometimes the name was written, as it was vulgarly pronounced as Bon-hall or Bonshank. I do not know definitely when the tower was built, though there are many rumours. But I think we may fairly conclude that there

was a tower on this spot when we got it in about 1024, as we made it our principal residence. Bonshaw is of the usual square shape of most of the border peile towers. The tower stands on an almost sheer rocky precipice about 100 feet above Kirtle Water. In front is a terrace now armed with six old guns; on the right a deep ravine, with a burn flowing through it, and a waterfall. In old days it was possible to surround the place with water. The tower is built of a mixture of red and white sandstone rock, quarried in the ravine a little above the tower. The walls are six feet thick in the thickest place. Over the old yett (or entrance door) is carved the sacred motto in raised letters—

SOLI DEO HONOR ET GLORIA.

King Robert the Bruce, in 1306, when flying from the pursuit of Edward Longshanks, came one stormy night to Bonshaw to take refuge, it being the first dwelling house he entered in Scotland. When he left he took one of the laird's younger sons, Sir William De Irwin of Woodhouse, and made him his Secretary and armour bearer. He was with him in all his troubles and prosperity till his death. The King, when firmly seated on his throne, gave him for his fidelity in 1323 the Castle and lands of Drum, in Aberdeenshire, which the Irvines still have. The original parchment signed by Robert the Bruce is still extant. I saw it when at Drum. Another son of Irving

of Bonshaw, Roger de Irwin, was Keeper of King Robert's Robes. In 1513, at the battle of Flodden, on 9th September, under James IV., Christopher Irving of Bonshaw commanded the Light Horsemen of the Scottish Army. He fell in the first engagement with all his sons but one and a very large number of his clansmen. He was succeeded by his son William. Henry VIII. of England, in 1544 sent the Earl of Hertford and Lord Wharton with an army to effect the complete subjugation of Dumfriesshire, which was looked upon as offering the chief barrier to the conquest of the Kingdom of Scotland. The chieftains and proprietors were obliged to submit, as they were overpowered by numbers. Christopher Irving of Bonshaw and Cuthbert Irving of Robhill continued in arms with those who offered patriotic resistance. In order to avoid submitting to the English, and in hopes of saving Bonshaw which he could not defend successfully, he made it over to his sons Edward (instrument of sasine of Edward Irving of Bonshaw, dated June 3rd, 1544. Deed among the family papers). But the English took Bonshaw, and plundered and burnt it and devastated all the Irving lands about the Kirtle. Christopher Irving of Bonshaw died 1555. His son Edward, to whom he had made over Bonshaw in the time of the English domination, succeeded him. This warrior, made peace with England in 1550, which lasted to the end of the century."

### THE RETURN

(Alfred Noyes, in London Daily Mail.)  
O hedges white with laughing may,  
O meadows where we met,  
This heart of mine must break today  
Unless ye, too, forget.

Breathe not so sweet, breathe not so sweet,  
But swiftly let me pass  
Across the fields that felt her feet  
In the old time that was.

A year ago, but one brief year  
O, happy flowering land,  
We wandered here and whispered there  
And hand was warm in hand.

O, crisp white clouds beyond the hill,  
O, lavender in the skies,  
Why do ye all remember still  
Her bright up-lifted eyes?

Red heather on the windy moor,  
Wild thyme beside the way,  
White jasmine by the cottage door  
Harden your hearts today.

Smile not so kind, smile not so kind,  
Thou happy haunted place,  
Or thou wilt strike these poor eyes blind,  
With her remembered face.

### TRICKS OF GENIUS

Men of great ability, says a writer discussing the habits of men of genius, cannot keep their pipes alight when at work. He is referring particularly to authors, and he gives one the impression that by the time an exceptionally brilliant writer has knocked off a story or a poem, he has to climb on his chair and jump out over the barrier of lucifers and vestas with which he has surrounded himself. But we would feel more obliged to authority if he told us how genius may be induced—not recognized—by some simple rule of thumb. Does the secret lie in any of these little tricks to which men of great ability appear to be so prone? How splendid, for example, to sit down to write without an idea in your head, deliberately to let your pipe go out after every three puffs, and to feel, each time you strike a match, a positive jolt of genius.

### THOSE WICKED TYPES

"Are you the managing editor?"  
"I am."  
"I presume, then, that on you rests the responsibility for referring to my daughter Fattie as Fattie." Take that!"

### OUR IDEALS

Here's to the home that was never, never ours!  
Toast it full and fairly when the winter lowers.  
Speak ye low, my merry men, sitting at your ease;  
Harken to the drift in the roaring of the seas.

Here's to the life we shall never live on earth!  
Cut for us awry, awry, ages ere the birth,  
Set the teeth and meet it well, wind upon the shore;  
Like a lion, in the face look the Never more!

Here's to the love we were never meant to win!  
What of that? A many shells have a pearl within;  
Some are mated with the gold in the light of day,  
Some are buried fathoms deep in the seas away.

Here's to the selves we shall never, never be!  
We're the drift of the world and the tangle of the sea.  
It's far beyond the Pleiad, it's out beyond the sun,  
Where the rootless shall be rooted when the wander-year is done!  
—Jessie Mackay, in Everybody's

### REASSURED

The conductor was inclined to seek for sympathy.  
"Do you see that woman on the left hand side of the car, up near the front?" he asked the thin man on the back platform.  
"Yes, I see her."  
"The one with the dizzy hat?"  
"Yes."

"Well I think she's tryin' to beat me out of a fare. When I went in to collect she never looked around; an' I in't quite sure that she didn't pay me before—although I'm almost positive about it. She looks to me like a woman who'd be glad to stir up a fuss. I can pick'em out as far as I can see em. You never spot a woman with a face like that who isn't ready to bluff her way anywhere. I wish to thunder I know whether she had paid her fare or not."  
"I wouldn't worry about it any more," said the thin man. "I paid the lady's fare some time ago—she's my wife."