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ACROSS THE ISLAND

Gold Mine Try At Cape Wolf

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A GOLD mining effort at Cape Wolfe 80 years ago was unsuccessful but it attracted enough interest to involve a number of prominent Charlottetown families. Arthur Peters, whose daughter Mrs. J. R. Paton resides in Charlottetown, and his brother, Fred Peters, were later premiers of this province.

The others are listed merely as "the Warburtons and the Hughes" and I have been unable to trace their identity. The Parliamentary Guide tells me that A.B. Warburton was premier in 1897 and 1898, immediately after Fred Peters, and I'm wondering if he was the man referred to, though Mrs. Paton tells me of two brothers George and James Warburton who were doctors.

I thought possibly the Hughes family might be forebears of Gordon Hughes, but he told me yesterday that is not correct.

THE CITY families purchased more than 370 acres of land in Cape Wolfe, I found on a recent visit. Gold was found but the percentage of precious metal was so small and the crushing and extraction so costly, the operation did not pay, I was told by William Fish who showed on a Meecham's Atlas, 1888, where the land had been bought from Sam Kinley, Henry Baker, Sam Birch Rix and a Mrs. VanBuskirk.

An Examiner clipping of May 23, 1882 reports that one and one-half pennyweight of gold and one-eighth ounce silver were refined from 250 pounds of conglomerate.

Mrs. William Stewart showed me the deed of the United Church land - it was Methodist then - purchased in 1883 from Fred and Arthur Peters. Cape Wolfe signatures included those of James F. Stewart, Samuel Lidstone, John Dordon, Edward Lidstone and William Fish, grandfather of the man I visited. William Stewart bought their property, Mrs. Stewart told me, from Warburton sometime between 1885 and 1890.

Wolfe's Landing Place Is Unmarked

MR. FISH told me the Hughes people came back to build a lobster factory, and that he also built a slaughter house and canned meat there. "That would be in the late 1880's. I would be about 10 then", said Mr. Fish who is in his 88<sup>th</sup> year now.

We stopped - Keith Matheson, O'Leary was with me - a few minutes at Wolfe's Cove where the English general stopped to replenish his fresh water supply on his way to take Quebec in 1759. The stream is still there and it runs past an old lobster factory that was operated for years by Bernard Riley who lives in a nearby house. I wonder why the spot is not marked so visitors can recognize it. Wolfe's visit to the spot is recorded on our tourist maps.

## Brick Clay Healed Stubborn Sore

I HAVE several stories this week from the Malcolm Buchannans who are observing today their 65<sup>th</sup> wedding anniversary at Breadalbane. An application of brick clay from the MacKenzie brickyard in Rose Valley, healed a running sore on Mr. Buchanan's leg some 60 years ago, though six months' treatment in a Maine hospital had proved useless. The treatment was prescribed by Dr. H. W. Robertson, Crapaud who died in August 1905, I learned in an old newspaper shown me by Gordon Waddell, Kelly's Cross.

Mr. Buchanan whose eyes still twinkle with mischief - he'll be 96 November 10 - recalls the time several practical jokers packed a drunken man into a coffin at the back of a store in Breadalbane owned by Murdock Kennedy, a former Conservative member of the legislature and one time minister without portfolio, who was an undertaker as well as a merchant. Can you imagine a man waking up in a coffin after a drinking spree? The story is true and I knew the victim in my boyhood days. It's a good thing he did not have a weak heart, or he would have died of shock.

MRS. BUCHANNAN who helped serve lunches at the 1895 Strathalbyn Jubilee - she was 22 at the time - recalls that an old gentleman left the hall in disgust that evening when someone started to show pictures or lantern slides, as they were formerly called. It was "evil work" or "the work of the devil", the man charged as he stalked angrily from the hall. I often wonder what our forefathers would say if they could come back and hear and watch radio and television.

Resistance to change has often been strong and I recall there was often strong opposition in churches to the introduction of organ music into the service of worship. Mrs. Buchanan recalls that an old gentleman who was asked to "lead in prayer" at a meeting one night replied "ask that machine to pray for you".

WHEN OUR talk drifted to strong man stories, Mr. Buchanan recalled a tale that Donald Hugh MacDonald, Breadalbane had carried a fanners on his back for approximately a mile. He was also credited with taking a tremendously heavy load of oats on his back in an old tick, (It was the casing, or cover, for a straw mattress in former years) to be ground into oatmeal in the mill.

Mrs. Buchanan had some other stories for me, but I'm saving them for the next series of ghost stories.

## First Acadian Priest Ordained Here

I HAVE to thank Peter Gallant, Egmont Bay for the story of Rev. Sylvain Poirier, 1801-87, a Tignish son who was the first Acadian priest ordained in this province, and who served most of Prince County, Mr. Gallant believes. Father Poirier spent his declining years with his brother, Felix, on the farm where Mr. Gallant and his son, Urban, now reside.

The old house was turned into a granary and an old story says "a figure in Clerical garb was sometimes seen wandering through the old house and then would disappear." The belief was that it was the ghost of their beloved priest whose contribution to the early religious history of the province is forever secure in the inscription on the

magnificent monument in the churchyard. "He has lived in virtue. He now lives in memory. He will live in Glory."

URBAN GALLANT entered his pasture in provincial competition this year and I saw poles in his pasture fence that are more than 100 years old, and are still sound as a new pin. They are "twisted cedar" and Lincoln Dewar, who was with me at the time, says "when Cedar grows curled like that, it is practically indestructible."