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• Staff. •

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MISS MARY A. HOLTON, ..BUS. MAN.

DETROIT.

EDITORIAL.

"Correcting does much, but encouragement does more."

CONGRATULATIONS.

We congratulate our clansman, Miss Belle Holton of Quincy, Ill., upon her appointment as soloist in a quartette choir; and most heartily congratulate her a second time as we have learned of her success and popularity upon her first appearance, on Sunday, 20th.

TORONTO ITEMS.

Mr. and Mrs. John Wanless, Jr. sail for Europe on 26th of May by way of Gibraltar and Genoa. They expect to remain abroad several months and will visit the British Isles.

Miss Belle Gregg spent a week recently in Thorold and put in a very enjoyable time, she expects shortly to visit her brother at Long Branch.

Mr. and Mrs W. R. Gregg and family are now occupying their summer residence in Long Branch.

OTTAWA.

DAKOTA.

MONTREAL.

BELLEVILLE ITEMS.

On Tuesday the 1st of May, and good-byes were said to our cousins as they left for their new home in Quincy. A goodly representation of the clan gathered at the depot to say the last farewells, as the train moved off and words could no longer be spoken, handkerchiefs were drawn from pockets and heartily waved, once more wishing the last good-bye and a safe journey.

We hope our cousins will soon return to their native town, if not to remain at least to pay us a visit.

We are expecting our city to be placed in quite a state of excitement on Tuesday, the twenty-ninth day of May when we are looking for a visit from our Gov. Gen., Lord Aberdeen, who, we understand, is to be entertained by one of our clansmen, Mr. Thos. Ritchie.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN ITEMS.

Dr. Burns and family received a brief but most enjoyable visit from Miss Louie Burns of Belfast.

Mrs. R. F. Burns recently attended an all day meeting of the Women's Missionary Society of the Presbyterian Church in England, one of the conferences of which she addressed.

While on his way from London to Leipzig J. A. Stead Burns recently paid a flying visit to Amsterdam. The narrow, winding streets, many broad and handsome canals and picturesque costumes of the people of this quaint city make it a very interesting place to visit, while its art collections particularly those relating to Dutch Art, are justly famous. Mr. Burns is now studying Agricultural Chemistry under Professor Dr. Stohman.

WEDDING BELLS.

Married in Belleville by the Rev. E. N. Baker on the twenty third of May at the residence of the bride's father, Miss Alice A. Booth, only daughter of Jas. Booth, Esq., to David Gibson, head clerk with Haines & Locke. We extend congratulations.

AN EVENTFUL VOYAGE TO SOUTH AMERICA.

I had just graduated from College, my exhausted frame required recuperation. I do not wish to convey the idea that it needed a super-human effort to struggle through my undergraduate course, but rather that the brilliancy of my career and the constant use of the midnight oil had reduced my physical frame to the proportions of a first class skeleton. I am not, at the best of times, remarkable for that comfortable state expressed by the terribly unpronounceable word *embonpoint* but in July, 1882 I was as thin as a ram rod. Behold me then (if you could see me at all) at Bridgewater, N.S., bidding farewell "to my own native land," mid streaming tears and weeping friends and trunks full of good cheer in the shape of limitless supplies of jam, biscuits, cheese, pickles, fowls, Worcester sauce and all that a half starved graduate could want.

The good fortune "Vindicta" set sail upon her destined course to Monte Video in the Republic of Uruguay, a voyage which lasted just sixty seven (67) days. Our captain was as enthusiastic a sailor as he was a Baptist (being fond of water at all times,) his arguments in support of his faith were sometimes startling in spite of the fact that I had just spent five years in a Baptist University. He insisted on one occasion that the Baptist denomination existed before Christ's time for did we not read in scripture of John the Baptist.

Our mate was a funny little Dutchman with crossed eyes and crooked fingers, about four feet five in height and as perverse as Judas Iscariot. In his opinion it would be better to do away with compasses altogether and steer the ship by the stars, he himself would guarantee to sail her round the world guided by a needle resting across two straws floating in a tumbler of water. In spite of his ideas we stuck to the compass. He was constantly quarrelling with everybody and when he was in the wrong would always argue the point to the bitter end. Into that little Dutchman was crammed all the obstinacy and

crookedness that could be concentrated in ten times the space.

To vary the monotony of the sea voyage we often had recourse to deep sea fishing and successfully hauled in a large supply of slippery porpoises, wiggling dolphins and frisky flying fish, not to mention sharks, our greatest excitement was the pulling of a seventeen (17) foot shark about four o'clock one lovely afternoon which occasioned a perfect furore among the crew as he snapped right and left with his tremendous jaws and lashed the deck with his weighty tail. A huge iron hook with an immense peice of beef was the delicate bait offered and voraciously devoured, and then a block and tackle to the main yard and all hands pulling landed the monster on the deck, shark steak was the staple diet of our bill of fare for days after and good food it is too.

I shall never forget those lovely days and glorious moonlight nights that we had as we ran down the coast of South America before the trade winds hardly touching a rope or a sheet for two weeks. However two days before arriving at Monte Video came suddenly one of those terrible pamperos or cyclones peculiar to the pampas or plains of South America. It came like a thunder clap in a clear sky, the first thing we noticed was a cloud coming from off the land, in an instant all sheets were let go and clew lines manned (to be technical) and then on it came and struck the ship like the report of a cannon, in 15 minutes all was over and behold our deck was covered with bees, grasshoppers, ants, insects, leaves and sand, these creatures swarmed about the deck until we had them washed overboard, after landing our cargo of lumber at Monte Video we sailed up the Uruguay for our return cargo of bones, and indeed we ourselves were so many parcels of bones by the time we landed in New York, but of that more anon. From Monte Video I journeyed on to Buenos Ayres taking advantage of the palatial steamers which cross Rio de la Plata, there I got my first

view of Southern magnificence in the broad streets, airy squares and dazzlingly white and red limestone buildings superior in design and grandeur to anything I had seen in my trips through America. The sense of breeziness and exhilaration I never had felt to the same degree as when two days I joined an uncle who was living in the pampas 75 miles beyond. For a week we almost lived upon horse back and roamed at will over the boundless prairies surely enough to stock any man with health and bring color to his cheeks for the rest of his days, but alas as I shall now relate color fled on our homeward trip. In January we set sail for New York taking Ching Ling, a Chinaman as steward and thereby hangs a tale, our old steward who should have provided our return stores had gone off in a huff the day before we discovered like old Mother Hubbard that when we got there the cupboard was bare. The home voyage lasted sixty three (63) days the famine set in about two weeks before we landed in New York, the first things that gave out were the meat and vegetables, then sugar and biscuits and all we had left in very small quantities were flour, tea and onions, with these we eked out a miserable subsistence through the first week and then the prospect became alarming for a heavy gale from the land drove us off the coast and snow storms made it bitterly cold. I said to the mate one day in fun, "if this goes on one of us will have to be cooked to feed the rest" instantly his face became as white as a sheet and I saw that starvation was nearer even than I had thought it. That last week is a horrible night-mare, a thimble full of tea, a roll no larger than a 50 cent peice and a small raw onion were all we were allowed for each meal and three days of such scanty fare knocks the poetry out of existence. We began to feel weaker and weaker and could not have stood it much longer, then as we neared the coast again to our great joy a pilot boat brought us potatoes, beans, tea, sugar and condensed milk which were indeed

a God send. Two days after we were landed in New York where nothing could appease our hunger and where a too liberal supply sent me to my bed for two days, a sadder but a wiser man.

When my family beheld me 48 hours later my improved (?) condition did not seem to impress them and they were still less impressed when I sought my downy couch and did not waken up for two whole days and nights and when I was able to explain they concluded with me that there are sea voyages and sea voyages.

A. G. TROOP.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

MY DEAR EDITOR,—

Ever since I read that little message in the Gazette from old friends in Detroit asking for a line from me I have had it in my mind to write something for the Gazette and now I must put it off no longer although what I have to say may not prove very exciting, one of the clan having heard of a certain autograph album I possess has asked me to tell something about it. It began in this way; on coming over to this side to live I happened to find one day a pile of very interesting letters lying promiscuously among my husband's papers which I felt sure would make a very good collection if gathered together and pasted in a book. This I forthwith did with the result that I have given a great deal of pleasure to a number of people who found no little interest both in the contents of the letters and in the signatures of the writers. In the collection are letters from the following well known statesmen, the Earl of Rosebery, the Prime Minister of England, the Duke of Argyll, Marquis of Lorne, late Earl of Dalhousie, Marquis of Ripon (sec. of colonies in pres. govt) Lord Wolseley, Lord Randolph Churchill, Lord Reay the head of the Clan MacKay and many other titled persons whose names I need not give.

Among the distinguished representa-

tives of literature and science are letters from the following, Ruskin, the late Matthew Arnold, Prof. Hindley, the late Prof. Tyndall, John Morley, the late James Russell Lowell, and B. Lowett Naster of Balliol, Bret Harte, Walter Besant, Sir Morrell McKenzie, Max Miller, Froude, Cardinal Manning, Archdeacon Farrar, Du Maurier of Punch, the late Amelia B. Edwards, Mrs. Fawcett, Lady Theodore Martin, and Mary Moore. I have a very interesting autograph from Edward H. Bickersteth, Bishop of Exeter, which was presented to me along with a copy of two of his well known hymns, "Peace perfect Peace" and "Pray always Pray," I must quote his little memento on the cover as this autograph is the only one in the collection presented to myself and I am naturally rather proud of it, "Mrs. MacKay in grateful remembrance of her music from the author."

E. H. EXON.

21st August, 1891.

Another most interesting autograph letter is by Thomas Chalmers the first great leader of the Free Church of Scotland and is dated Edinburgh, June 1831.

In the collection by an interesting coincidence there is also a letter from the great living leader of the Free Church, Principal Rainy. Still another interesting letter is from the late Marquis Tseng a distinguished Chinese statesman and once ambassador for his nation to England.

It would take up too much of your paper either to give extracts from the letters or to describe them, their special interest to my friends as to myself is that they are not a collection gathered from a number of sources but were addressed with one or two exceptions to my husband in connection with addresses given or invited during the past dozen years.

If any of the clan find their way to this part of the world I need hardly say they will receive a hearty welcome from their far away Scotch cousins.

EDITH H. MACKAY.