

# The Seaview Gazette.

VOL. 11.

BELLEVILLE, JANUARY, 1894.

NO. 6

## TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

Per Annum, in advance.....\$1.00.  
Single Copies.....10cts.  
Published the last Friday of each month

## • Staff. •

MRS. J. J. B. FLINT, . . MAN. EDITOR.  
MISS EDITH P. JONES, ASSIST. EDITOR.  
MISS MARY A. HOLTON, . . BUS. MAN.

## EDITORIAL.

The SEAVIEW wishes its friends and patrons a very "HAPPY NEW YEAR". We have had a delightful gathering of the Clan; but we wanted those who were with us last year to complete our happiness; we thought and spoke of you so often, "Letter from Boston" by Carrie Kendig Kellogg will appear in our next issue

## ITEMS

Our dear old relatives, Mr. Flint, Mrs. N. Jones and Mr. Sawyer, took their New Year's dinner with the Misses Holden, George Street. Mr. Thos. Ritchie left for England Dec 28th not feeling very well.

Mrs. Ritchie is recovering from an attack of lagrippe.

At an "At Home" given by Miss Sawyer, Dec. 27th, the youngest child of Harry and Nelly Holden of Detroit, was baptised Marion Sawyer.

Mr Henry Holden, of Portland, Ore., is recovering from rather a severe illness, under the careful nursing of his mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Harrison and their two sons were to have been at the gathering of the Clan, but typhoid pneumonia, following lagrippe, attacked the boys, thus preventing the attendance of the family.

The newspapers gave a most flattering account of the violin obligato performed by Miss Edith Jones at a philharmonic concert recently given.

Hon. McKenzie Bowell spent Xmas with his daughter, Mrs. C. P. Holton. He brought with him a number of most interesting curios.

We are pleased to notice in the chess columns of a recent number of the Illustrated London News a problem composed by W. Flint Jones.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Holden and children have returned to Detroit.

## BIRTH.

On December 16th, Albert street, Belleville, the wife of W. E. Holton, of a daughter.

## MONTREAL.

Mr. Arthur Holden is completely recovered from typhoid fever.

Mr J. C. Holden has purchased the entire interest of Mr. E. F. Ames.

The gentlemen forming the new company are Messrs J. C. Holden. R. C. Holden. A. R. Holden. and others.

The provisional directors are J. C. Holden, E. F. Ames and W. A. Maltby.

The firm of Ames, Holden & Co. have been in buisness since 1853. The new company will operate under the old firm's name.

## XMAS OF 1893.

Xmas has come and gone, and left with us many sweet and fragrant memories long to be treasured when bright eyes have become dimmed, and ravens flecked with the snowy flowers of the almond tree—when voices that thrilled us as they sang the old sweet songs shall be heard no more; and forms as stately as the lordly pine shall be bent and withered. "But come what may, we shall have had our day," and a joyous day it has been for old and young—a glad some, merry time. The Clan and their guests assembled at the home of Mr. J. J. B. Flint on the evening of the 27th December. A choice entertainment had been provided. The Misses M. and L. Holden rendered a duet "Scotch Reels and Strathspeys," and later on "The March of the Men of Harloch." Miss Lucy Holton sang a lovely song, and was accompanied by Misses Florence and Edie Jones on the piano and violin. Miss Belle Holton captivated the audience with a vocal solo, and Miss Florence Jones gave a piano solo with much taste and expression. Miss Edie Jones favored the audience with an exquisite solo on the violin. Lagrippe prevented Mr. E. W. Holton and others from participating in the first part of the programme.

A number of beautiful tableaux were placed on the very pretty stage, which had been attractively arranged for the occasion. Among them were: Execution of Mary Queen of Scots, Miss Lucy Holton admirably personating the queen. A series of three, representing a sailor boy leaving his mother, sister, and his old home—the illness of the mother, and the daughter writing a letter to her brother informing him of the sad news, the desertion of the lad in order that he might see his mother once more, his capture in the old homestead by the soldiers. The "The Ada Rehan Statue of Justice," which was greatly admired, Miss Edie Jones personating Justice. "The Child's Prayer," by Edna Holton. The "Consuls,

etc.," By the rosy tints of the flash lights the tableaux appeared realistic and beautiful. A military band formed by the juveniles, gave a selection resembling the music of China, conducted by Ethel Jones. The third portion of the entertainment consisted in the presentation of a very enjoyable farce entitled "My Turn Next." For this farce great preparations had been made and expectation was on tip toe. It proved to be a brilliant success, full of rollicking harmless fun, which everybody enjoyed. The characters were taken as follows: "Taraxocum Twitters," a druggist somewhat advanced in years, Mr. J. J. B. Flint, his newly wedded wife, Miss Lucy Holton, her sister, Miss Belle Holton, Peggy, the housekeeper of Mr. Twitters—very much opposed to the marriage, "Tim," the druggist's boy, who was not only head clerk, confidential coachman, but also pharmaceutical dispenser. "Tom Trap," a smart commercial traveller. Miss Mary Holton took the part of "Peggy," Alfred S. Holton "Tim," E. W. Holton "Tom Trap," and W. E. Holton "Farmer Whitear." The play ran smoothly and elicited roars of laughter and unstinted applause. The general verdict was that everybody played well.

The second night's festival was held at Mr. Flint's, and the entire evening was occupied by a grand banquet. Toasts and songs kept everybody in good humor, and the younger members of the Clan performed prodigies in the stowage line, rendering their respective mothers somewhat anxious.

Absent members of the Clan were toasted and enthusiastic applause greeted the kind letters, which a number of friends sent expressing their sorrow at not being present, and wishing each and all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. After the dinner, games and songs protracted the festivities to a late hour.

Upon Friday night the Clan assembled at the residence of L. W. Yeomans, Esq. By a bright fire the young



ladies and the "wee toddlin" little ones sat on the floor and presented a picture once seen, never to be forgotten. The quaint, old-fashioned dresses worn by the young girls, the fire light crimsoning their cheeks, the bright eyes filled with wonder as story after story was told about enchanted princesses, and Whitcomb Ryly's "Raggy Man," and experiences narrated of thrilling events, etc. The evening passed rapidly with stories, games and jests, and at last just at the wee sma' hour ayont the thral was approaching the happy party broke up, by singing in good old clan style—Auld Lang Syne.

J. J. B. F.

#### OUR WEDDING TRIP

On the tenth of September, 1827, I left Brockville at 1.30 p.m. and walked two miles to the house of Philip Clement. Shortly after my arrival Rev. Wm. Smart and wife came to the house. My father and Mr. Lothrop also arrived at three o'clock p.m. The ceremony which united the second daughter of Mr. Clement and myself in wedlock took place, the Rev Mr. Smart, pronounced us man and wife. Mr Lothrop acting as groomsmen. The eldest daughter acted as bridesmaid and Billa Flint and Phoebe Sawyer Clement became man and wife. After a sumptuous dinner and a \$10 bill to the minister, we left in my father's carriage at 4.30 p.m. for Prescott 10 miles, by another carriage 28 miles to Williamsburg, by stage to Cornwall 22 miles, by steamboat to Coutau-de-lac 40 miles, by stage to the Cascades 14 miles, steamboat to La-Chien 18 miles, by stage to Montreal 9 miles, arriving at Exchange Hotel in time for dinner or 6 p.m. Friday 2 p.m. drove to the wharf and took steamboat for La Prairie 9 miles, then by stage 18 miles to St. Johns, then steamboat to Burlington 90 miles, by stage then to Brandon, Vermont. Arriving at my uncle Nathan Flint's Saturday at 2 p.m. we had an early tea not having had dinner and here we eat our first piece of rye and

Indian bread and found it very good.

My uncle grew 22 bushels of wheat that season sold 12 kept 10 to make flour for cakes and pastry, using no wheat bread. My aunt's name was Jurs'it, she was rather delicate, only weighing 309 lbs. My uncle barely turned scales at 99 lbs. We with our uncle visited my cousin Nathan and returned on Sunday and walked to the Presbyterian Church where we heard services from 10 to 12 noon. Then intermission for 15 minutes services again for two hours more when we returned to uncle's and dined. At 2 o'clock Monday we left and travelled all night to Albany. From Albany steamed to New York arriving there Wednesday morning, then by stage reached Utica, Rome and other places to Morristown crossed the river at Brockville arrived home about 10 o'clock a.m. All of our clothing was packed in a small leather trunk which answered our purpose very well. How different from the present day when a married couple can reach New York via Montreal in 24 hours, the husband carrying a good size grip and carpet bag and the wife a 2½ story trunk in which she can pack her wardrobes have plenty of room to spare for borrowed clothing from her various female friends. I was 22 years 7 months and one day old, my wife 19 years 1 month and 8 days old when we married. We lived together 58 years 8 months; I will be 89 years old on 9th February next.

BILLA FLINT.

We clip the following item from our contemporary, The Intelligencer :

"The Columbian At Home" entertainment was attended by an enthusiastic audience. J. J. B. Flint, P.M., in his own brilliant and masterly style, minutely described the great exposition, prefacing the entertainment proper by a short word picture in a flow of such perfect oratory that the audience were frequently moved to loud and prolonged applause. The lecture was the best of the kind ever heard within the walls of the Queen's Opera House."

#### FOUR AUTHORS THAT A BANCROFT SHOULD READ

BOSTON.

DEAR SEAVIEW GAZETTE:

At Jamaica Plains, one of the beautiful suburbs of Boston, there resided as neighbours four Americans who by their pens have enriched the literature of their country and rendered their names illustrious throughout the world. During school days they were warm personal friends, there later homes side by side afforded them opportunity of enjoying an interchange of thought that moulded their minds and influenced their field of work.

The four authors, George Bancroft, Francis Parkman, Wm. H. Prescott and John Lothrop Motley, have each selected history as the theme of their writings, and their portrayal of character narration of thrilling adventure, recital of heroism and endurance, has been so well performed that their works read with more than the fascination of a romance.

To the American and Canadian these histories do much to surround our country with the charm of noble association and enable us to comprehend the questions that are stirring it to-day; while the sublime self denial that inspired their heroes compels us to bow in reverence as their departed greatness rises before us in the pages of these works.

Our admiration for these four eminent writers is still further heightened when we learn of the magnitude of the work each one has performed in collecting the material for his writing. The volumes they have given us are the result of many years research among state papers in England, Spain, France, and the Netherlands, of private letters, and dusty documents. With Prescott and Parkman the work was performed when suffering from great physical weakness and loss of sight; certainly an example to those of us who are prone to triviality or self indulgence. Many of the Clan are already familiar with these works, but for any who have not read them a great pleasure is still in store.

L. W. YEOMANS.

Many, perhaps most of your readers, are familiar with our city, which proudly calls herself "The Hub of the Universe," but is more justly dubbed "The Athens of America." You have strolled through her grand Old Common and the Public Garden, gorgeous with flowers, you have climbed Beacon Hill and visited the State House as well as other places of historical interest, you have driven along Beacon St. and Commonwealth Ave, have lingered in Copley Square to drink in the beauties of Trinity and the Old South Churches and have spent many pleasant hours wandering through the galleries of the art museum; you have been charmed with her symphony concerts and stirred by the eloquence of her great preachers. But I may be able to tell you something new, and I trust of interest, about her charitable work. There are four homes in our city into which I should be pleased to take you for a brief visit, and these are all of my own denomination, simply because I am most familiar with them.

1. The "Little Wanderers' Home," while not being denominational, has a Methodist minister at its head, and so comes in my list. This is situated at the south end on Newton Street and the present home being only about six years old, is complete in every particular, Dormitories with large airy play rooms for the older children, and a sunny Nursery for the well ones. Here about one hundred Orphan children find a home and christian training until they are old enough to be placed in permanent homes in the west, and are thus saved from the poverty, misery and degradation of city life. Come with me here for a call on Thanksgiving Day, as that New England Holiday is so near! First we have exercises in the chapel, when the children sing sweet songs, speak patriotic pieces, and finally to the sound of music and with the star spangled banner carried triumphantly before,

CONTINUED IN NEXT ISSUE.