

AN OLD-FASHIONED CITY.

The recent destruction of the little city of Windsor, Nova Scotia, carries me back to the days of my boyhood. I was in Windsor over fifty years ago. It was, as I remember it, a small town with its principal business houses built along the bank of a river, the name of which I cannot recall, but which I would be glad to have some Salt Lake school boy or girl name for me. My most vivid recollections are of the strong odor of West India molasses and the various spices, and rum, carried in all the stores, for Windsor made its imports chiefly from the West Indies, and I presume it has not changed much in half a century.

The river upon whose bank Windsor was built is really an arm of the Basin of Minas, not the "Basin of Mines," as the telegraphic dispatches gave it in their news of the fire.

The Basin of Minas is a body of water about sixty miles long and possibly twenty-five miles wide at its widest point. It is the vermiform appendix, so to speak, of the Bay of Fundy. The latter runs up between the island of Grand Manan and Nova Scotia on the south, and New Brunswick to Cumberland Bay on the north, ever narrowing like a wedge. The distance from lips to larynx of this wonderful bay is possibly 250 miles. Owing to the conformation of the coast of New England the force of the flood tide along the Atlantic shores of North America is gathered up and forced into the Bay of Fundy with a velocity that is increased by the funnel shape of the bay. At the extreme eastern end of the bay the two coasts close in to a point not more than a mile or two wide, and through that narrow space, which is called "the gut," the Atlantic flow forces itself up and down twice every twenty-four hours at a velocity of from twelve to twenty miles per hour, as the tides are "high" or "low."

Immediately above "the gut" the waters find a paunch, so to speak, in which to spread and loose themselves. But the ride through that "gut" is a whirl, and no mistake!

The Basin of Minas is set between shores that rise, here precipitously and there across salt marshes of great extent to mountains and hills that make a most beautiful outline of shores. For miles and miles along the Basin the ebb tide lays bare vast areas of sand or mud along which the fishermen build wiers in summer for the impounding of fish. Fifty years ago the Basin of Minas was the finest shad fishery in the world, but the provincial government has taken no care of it. It has had no "Brother Musser" to stock it, and I believe the shad have been exhausted. But as a land-and-water beauty under summer sun the Basin of Minas has no superior on the earth. It is not only the land of natural beauty, but is also the home of the mirage, whose wierd deceptions are there most marvellous.

About fifty miles northwest of Windsor is the scene of Longfellow's "Evangeline." I have been all over it. It is just such a land as was necessary to produce a quiet, dreamy, faithful girl like "Evangeline." It is a land where, I think, even a "husy bee" might fall asleep and dream while sucking sweetness from the flowers in the long, luxurious summer days.

Between Windsor and the Gaspé, or Gaspereaux, on which Evangeline was born, lies a vast salt marsh that was dyked by the French in the seventeenth century. I have seen their old dykes. The soil is a deposit by the tides that rushed up through that "gut" for centuries loaded with slime and deposit it, little by little, in the quiet of "slack tide" or "high water," and

gradually formed the richest ground in North America. I have examined land there that had, year after year for forty years, raised crops of potatoes that would put Utah and Colorado spuds into the second rate quality every year.

Windsor, as I remember it on a revisit some twenty years ago, was a quaint old place. It is famous, and must long remain so, as the home of one who laid the foundation for the work of American humorist writers. The man to whom I allude was Judge Halliburton, who, over the nom de plume of "Sam Slick," originated the old stories of the Yankee clock peddler and those yarns about Connecticut nutmegs made of out of wood.

I believe the town of Windsor will not soon be rebuilt. As a county seat it must assume some importance. But until all that wonderfully rich country becomes a part of the United States, which it will some day, the people will simply exist, but not progress, like our Indians. Yet the day is coming when the Basin of Minas will be a recognized bit of the world's most charming ground—and water.

CHARLES ELLIS.

LEWIS FAMILY ASSOCIATION.

Lewiston, Utah, Oct. 21, 1897.

October 21, 1897, marked a very important date in the history of the Lewis family. A few members of the family who were present at the late Conference, felt inspired to arrange a family gathering. In view of this a few notices were written inviting relatives to meet at 10 a. m. on the above date, at Bishop Wm. H. Lewis', at Lewiston, Cache county, Utah.

Arrivals, introductions and a general old-fashioned visit was the order of the forenoon. About fifty were present and did justice to the feast that was spread by the good sisters.

It was noted that there were present a son and a daughter, several grandchildren, nephews and nieces, besides other blood relatives of Benjamin Lewis, the martyr of Haun's Mill. There were representatives from Utah, Idaho and Arizona, among whom were three Bishops, two presidents of Seventies, one Stake superintendent of Sunday schools, two presidents of Relief Societies, one secretary of the Y. M. M. I. A. and a counselor and secretary of the Primary association, so it seems there is some valuable timber in the family.

Dinner over, we assembled in the parlor and after singing and prayer the meeting was addressed by Bishop Wm. H. Lewis. He stated that the object of the gathering was to draw us closer together that we might unite upon plans for securing genealogy and doing our Temple work. We wish to enlist in this labor all who feel sufficiently interested to assist. Some had been overlooked in sending out notices but no slight was intended.

Several from both sides of the house spoke and each expressed "attitude for the privilege of being present, and for the start that had been made in this most worthy cause. The best of feelings prevailed and there was not a single jar to mar the whole day's enjoyment. If the interest shown is a true index, a great labor will undoubtedly grow out of this small gathering. Those of our family on the other side must have rejoiced, for truly "the hearts of the children were turned to the fathers."

The following organization was effected: Bishop Wm. H. Lewis of Lewiston, Utah, president and treasurer; Wm. C. Lewis, of Richmond, Utah, first vice-president; Bishop Benjamin Bingham, of Trenton, Utah, second vice-president; Mrs. Rebecca

Rawlins, of Lewiston, Utah, recording secretary; Mrs. Laura Fisher, of Logan, Utah, corresponding secretary, George W. Lewis, of Mesa City, Ariz., assistant corresponding secretary.

The first three named were made the executive committee for the organization. It was decided to hold an annual reunion and after the benediction the meeting adjourned to meet on date to be named by the president. The shades of night came far too soon and we fain would have continued together longer, but other duties called us away. The day will live in our memories as one in which the Spirit of God dictated all that was said and done. Trusting that the Lord will approve our future labors as He did this day's, and ever praying for Zion's interests, I am your brother,

GEORGE W. LEWIS.

SEVERE SNOW STORM

Fillmore, Oct. 27.—We here in southern Utah appear to have been in the late storm belt, while our neighbors a few miles north of us are wondering what has happened to the telegraph lines, as they have seen nothing of the unusually heavy snowstorm which has prostrated quite a number of telegraph poles and strewn our streets and orchards with broken limbs from shade and fruit trees.

On Sunday morning last Mr. John Mitchell started out about 10 o'clock to visit his boy who is herding sheep for Mr. Nichols. The parents learning that the boy had a sore throat, the father started off with a small bottle of coal oil and a piece of bacon to apply to the throat. The mother feared that it might develop into a case of diphtheria, and about an hour and a half after the father had started for the mountains just above town, she followed to find her boy, which she did, as he was out with the feeding sheep. She informed the boy of his father leaving home before she did to find him, and the lad concluded that his father had gone to the sheep camp, and told his mother to go there also, and he would soon be there and get a fire and something to eat, but the woman could not find the camp and therefore started for home again. In the meantime the rain commenced falling, soon followed by large flakes of snow, but the brave little mother reached her home and other small children wet, cold, and bedraggled, and thinking her husband was all right at the sheep camps. Towards evening the boy arrived and told that his father had not been seen, and as a terrific snowstorm was now raging the citizens became alarmed for the safety of Mr. Mitchell, and the court house bell was rung and a posse of hunters left for the hills to search for the missing man. It was a dreadful night, but fresh recruits were constantly joining the little army of human hunters, but not until nearly noon on Monday did they find the well nigh exhausted man, who, being deaf, could not hear the calls of friends nor the sounds of discharged firearms. He had tramped until he dare not move farther, and then stopped and tramped around tree after tree all night. He was without matches and his usual pipe, and fortunately the night, though wet, was not so intensely cold as last night, or the man might have perished. He thinks now that he was within about one hundred yards of the sheep camps, but could not hear, and the blinding snow, followed by a heavy fog, prevented him seeing the otherwise familiar points of guidance.

An immense amount of snow has fallen, and the grand, old mountains are peacefully clad in the pure glory of hopefulness and blessings to mankind. While the valleys below now kissed by the glorious orb of life, are trans-