



Anderson, Andrews, Barne, Bevan, Brumie,
 NUMBER OF ISLAND CITIZENS HAVE COME TOGETHER TO ESTABLISH A PLAN, AND RAISE FUNDS TO PRESERVE THE OLD PROTESTANT BURYING GROUND IN A MANNER BEFITTING THE RESTING PLACES OF MANY OF PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND'S FOUNDING CITIZENS. THIS IS BEING DONE WITH THE BACKING OF CHARLOTTETOWN CHURCHES, THE CITY OF CHARLOTTETOWN, THE PEI MUSEUM AND HERITAGE FOUNDATION AND THE PEI GENEALOGICAL SOCIETY.

MISSION STATEMENT

To preserve and maintain the Old Protestant Burying Ground

To raise funds and establish an endowment

To research the history and inform the public on the contributions of these early residents of Prince Edward Island



William Douse 1799-1864

PEIHFC

THE OLD PROTESTANT BURYING GROUND

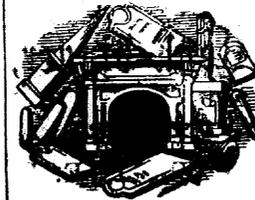
Imagine a city under the ground. It is the Charlotte Town that used to be. Here are many prominent people: Ambrose Lane, twice administrator of the early colony. Hon George Wright, Surveyor General and five times administrator of the colony. Condouly Rankin, High Sheriff. Peter MacGowan, Attorney General. Susan, Governor Ready's daughter is here, and Jane, Barrister Palmer's wife. Here are Benjamin Chappell, first postmaster of PEI, and James Coles, whose son George was a Father of Confederation. Play, the architect. Charles Binns, the attorney. Benjamin Bremner's father, JS, the bookseller is here, and his mother, who ran the bookstore after JS died, until she herself was killed in a train accident in Boston.

Here's bandleader Galbraith's wife Susan. Here are auctioneers, wheelwrights, soldiers and blacksmiths. Theophilus DesBrisay, the first Anglican rector, who served for 47 years, is here with his wife, children and grandchildren. Here are joiners, carriage builders, tinsmiths, teachers and poets. John LePage's wife and children are here. Printers and tax collectors, tavern keepers, turners, doctors, and architects are here. Isaac Smith is here. Here are butchers, bakers, stationers, millers, masons, saddlers, and harness makers. You might think work could go ahead as usual in the city under the ground. Life.

And Death. Here's Dr. Henry Johnson, the young preacher, just come over from England, liked by everyone, died within a few weeks of his arrival. Frederick Goodman, Hon. George's son, drowned along with Ann Maloney, when their skiff was hit by a sudden squall on their way back from an outing to St. Peter's Island. John Ross, the publisher, lost his young son in the same year the Charlotte Town fire took his business. Arthur Aggasiz, a young gentleman, had a seizure at the bottom of a well, where he went to retrieve a bucket and drowned despite all the servants could do. Eliza Taylor, wife of Neil Graham, the ship's carpenter, died in childbirth. His second wife died that way too.

Many women did. Many children died. But we all have our time. And it may be that they are not in this city under the ground at all, but "amidst the stars and near the throne" as one stone claims for a lost child. But should we not pay some honour to the place where they were last seen? Surely if we forget them, and their lives and deaths, their contributions and their humanity, the city above the ground will be the poorer.

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