

THE SINGER'S PRIZE.

The tall house lowers grimly,  
Deformed by smoke and rain;  
And the bleared sunshine dimly  
Blinks on the window-pane.

Though sore and numb her fingers,  
And slowly fades the light,  
The girl nor rests nor lingers,  
But sews from morning till night.

Her bright young face is sunken,  
And falls her gentle breath;  
Her fair young form is shrunken,  
To fit the robes of death.

And I think of the woodland shadows  
That she has never seen;  
Of the wonder of song in the meadows,  
When all the world is green.

But now the close lips quiver,  
The nimble hands are slow,—  
The voice she dreams of ever  
Rings in the room below.

The mad young poet is singing,  
With only a crust to eat;  
But a fountain of light is springing  
Up from the narrow street.

And whether he sings in sorrow,  
Or whether he sings in glee,  
He hopes that the world to-morrow  
Will list to his melody.

And I think though his heart were burning  
With words no man e'er said,  
The world would be turning and turning  
If to-morrow he were dead.

Only, both late and early,  
The girl, as maidens will,  
Dreams when the voice comes clearly  
Up to her window-sill.

A brave face has she found him,  
A manner frank and gay,  
And long ago has crowned him  
With myrtle wreath or bay.

A good sword clanging loudly,  
A plume on waving hair,  
A cloak that drapes him proudly,  
Such as the players wear.

So whether in glee or sadness  
He sings, he has won the prize,  
When he brings the light of gladness  
To a dying maiden's eyes.

J. R. S.

JOTTINGS FROM THE KINGDOM OF COD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "QUEBEC PAST AND PRESENT."  
VIII.

CARLETON—MARIA—NOUVELLE—POINT SCIMINAC—CROSS POINT—THE BREECHES OF AN INDIAN CHIEF—THE MIC-MACS OF CROSS POINT—REV. MR. FAUCHER—INDIAN WRONGS—INDIAN REVENGE.

Having elsewhere described Carleton and Maria, two thriving settlements near the top of the bay, I shall not dwell further on them; the first recalls one of our most popular early administrators, Sir Guy Carleton (Lord Dorchester); the second, Maria, the accomplished daughter of the Earl of Effingham, Lady Maria Carleton, the genial hostess of the Château St. Louis, at Quebec, whose kindness of manner was commemorated in prose and in verse more than one hundred years ago, in that old repository of Canadian lore, *Nelson's Gazette*, founded in 1764. Carleton is the birth-place of two men of note—Judge Vallières and Dr. J. Landry. The road on leaving Nouvelle—a tolerably good one—at times skirts the sea-shore, at others, to cut off points, runs in the interior. We met, however, with a fallen bridge—this gave us the choice of fording the river (at low water only)—with a spot in the centre marked by a boulder surrounded by tolerably deep water; this deep water was so narrow that the horse (if smart) and waggon was expected to leap over it; or else, picking our way over a lofty and very dangerous ridge of mountains. Our horse not having been trained to "leaping with a waggon behind him," we chose the smallest of the evils, and ventured through the narrow path over the rocky ledge. Another feature of Gaspé land-travel is the scow; on a calm day, and with a sober-minded horse, there are many modes of transit worse than a scow; but with wind and rain, and a fiery, shying horse, the scow is not desirable—*evade caperto*. Sometimes "Rosinante," being dry and blown, will persist in putting his head over the side, when a lurch of the scow may precipitate him, waggon and all, in the stream. Such was the fate of a horse shortly before we crossed. With the shades of evening descending, I sought the hospitable roof of an obliging Scotchman keeping a rude hostelry at Point Sciminac, by name Daniel Brown. At dawn next day Monsieur Brown was attending to his salmon nets, from which he brought, alive and kicking, a splendid salmon, which two or three hours later was served up, fried, piping hot, a dish fit for a king. Five minutes' walk from Brown's hotel,

"In the zeazon of the year,"

there is excellent trout fishing, and in September the woods all round teem, we were told, with hares, grouse, and cariboo. Of the feathered tribe (it was then the 9th June), we heard, with break of day, some hermit thrushes singing right merrily. A most romantic drive under groves of maple, spruce and pine, skirting a delicity, with occasional glimpses of the far-reaching bay, soon brought us to the Township of Mann; we skirted a natural meadow, rich in hay, periodically watered by high tides. Much of this moist land, we were told, belonged to John Fraser, Esq., of Cross Point, the esteemed

Warden of the County, and formerly of Her Majesty's Customs at Paspebiac. Soon we debouched on the ancient rambling white dwelling of the worthy Warden. This was for long years the happy and picturesque home of our well-remembered old friend the late Robert Christie, the historian and renowned member for Gaspé. Mr. Christie, Secretary in 1823 to the Commission named to investigate the claims of the Restigouche Indians, had acquired, in 1824, this homestead at sheriff's sale from Mr. Mann, who had purchased it with money borrowed from a well-to-do Scotch settler, Mr. Ferguson. With Mr. Fraser as cicerone, I enjoyed a drive through the Indian Reserve at Mission Point. The Indians have much improved their financial position through the ready sale they found at Campbellton for their canoes, baskets, and all kinds of Indian work, whilst the Intercolonial Pactolus was flowing through the Metapedia Valley. The new Chief, whose selection was confirmed by the Department of Indian Affairs at Ottawa, resides in a very nice cottage in the centre of the settlement, green fields, flocks of sheep grazing in front of the house, and a double avenue of ornamental trees leading to the front door. These and other surroundings seemed to indicate that the wild Aborigines of the forest had at last been transformed into a civilized being. I was complimenting my kind friend Mr. Fraser on this beautiful change, when, on looking more closely, I saw the Micmac breeches and the Micmac shirt of the chief streaming to the breeze, conspicuously hung on the lawn from the limbs of a graceful maple tree. If civilization had penetrated as far as the house, they had yet to reach the breeches and shirt of the venerable sachem. A white man, owning the pretty cottage, would have established the laundry in rear, I thought. Though the census returns are not encouraging for the Restigouche Mission, there is vast improvement in the place since I first saw it in 1871. I find, in a work just published, some interesting particulars of its origin. Some fifty odd years ago, Bishop Plessis had confided the spiritual charge of the Restigouche Mission to an energetic, devoted, and athletic missionary, who seems to have completely won the heart of the Micmac warriors. Various were their modes of marking their love for their devoted and generous pastor. During his annual sojourn among them, his hut each day was most bountifully provided with salmon, venison, hares, wild ducks, grouse, &c. Life, however, was not always *couleur de rose* with his reverence.

"One day," says Mr. Faucher, "the spiritual ministrations having concluded, the *patiiache*, as he was styled, was preparing to return to Carleton, noticed around him an unusual and mysterious reserve, foreboding no good. For some years past, the tribe had loudly complained to the British authorities that the Old Country colonists, on the Restigouche, were encroaching on their rights and immunities; even to their means of subsistence which were endangered. Each season, the British, they alleged, were in the habit of closing with their salmon nets the Restigouche—which at the entrance was close to one mile wide—thus depriving them of the salmon ascending the stream—their daily food. They were consequently left to eke out an existence on the scanty supply of game they might shoot or trap in the forest. These complaints, although duly forwarded to the Government, remained unredressed. Much ill-feeling was the result. Soon another incident brought matters to a crisis. A rumor got afloat that the English were taking possession of the natural meadows created by the tide on the marshes of the *Rivière-du-Loup* stream, in the adjoining township of Mann, cutting and removing the hay therefrom without any regard to the rights of the Indians.

The time was unfortunate for such a rumor to circulate. It so happened that the warriors of the different settlements had just met at the Mission of St. Anne, on the Restigouche; the gathering was very large. A secret pow-wow of the chiefs had been called, and one dark night a unanimous vote was arrived at to make short work of all the English inhabiting the *Bain-des-Chaleurs*. This bloody resolve once settled, an order was issued to arm forthwith, to get the canoes in readiness, and in order to strike surely to lose no time. That very night, the sentry watching at the entrance of the council wigwam was struck down by a powerful arm, and next minute the gigantic form of the missionary confronted the assembled chiefs. The man of God quietly scanned the faces of the startled warriors, not a muscle moved, all stood up immovable and silent. "Chiefs and warriors," said the priest, advancing in the centre of the circle, "something strange and wicked must be going on here, since you hide from me, whom hitherto you have treated as your father. The friend of the Great Spirit, however, cannot be deceived by those over whom it is his heavenly mission to watch. I have come to beseech you to reveal me your sorrows, so that I may unite my tears with yours and help you to endure troubles in a way befitting the sons of a great tribe of the children of God." A deep shudder crept through the whole meeting, but no reply was made.

"Well, Great Chief," rejoined the missionary, crossing the circle and placing himself before the oldest and most respected of the tribe, "have you nothing to say in reply to your father? Is your tongue tied by the spirit of obstinacy, or, rather, has the demon of revenge become master of your heart? There is blood in the very air, and your glance usually so grave, so kind, now darts forth the lightning of revenge. Do not forget, great warrior, that the Deity gives old age to man merely to prepare for

his long sleep, and that before lying down to rest it is his duty to teach others experience and wisdom, instead of instilling hatred and opening up the way to hell. Speak, O Chief, 'tis yet time. I adjure you in the name of the living God to tell me what is going on here!"

The aged warrior, drawing himself up majestically, with measured and firm utterance, thus held forth: "Father our patience is exhausted. The decree has gone forth. The hour of the English has come. To-day, your place is not among us; stay behind. As to you, brother warriors, make ready. I have said."

All rush to their canoes—shove off, uttering the ominous war-whoop. The missionary remained alone, but his heart failed him not. A squaw, who knew where was the first *rendezvous* selected by the tribe, came to the missionary and told him how the work of blood was to begin at Battery Point. The man of peace, without losing a minute, seizing a paddle pushed off in a crazy old canoe, considered unfit for the expedition, and paddled vigorously in the direction taken by the infuriated savages. The dread of being too late seemed to increase tenfold the agility and muscular power of the black-robed giant. The frail craft seemed to fly with wings over the silent stream; there was death hovering over so many quiet homes. Soon he overtook the relentless host, when, with tears and entreaties, the missionary begged of the Micmacs to alter their resolve, promising in the name of God and of the great King of England that justice would be rendered to the oppressed Indians.

There was so much earnestness—such manifest truthfulness in the appeal, that the chiefs began to waver.

"Can you promise," said one of them to the missionary, "that within a year from this date our rights will be recognized and respected hereafter?"

"I do promise, my children."

"Well, Father, should we find ourselves deceived, the English of the Restigouche will have lived one year longer," rejoined, in a ferocious tone, the great chief, and the order was given to return.

True to his promise was the good missionary. The parliament of Lower Canada, shortly afterwards, passed an Act—the 4th George IV., Cap. 1. to guarantee and regulate Indian rights. This law was sanctioned on the 9th of March, 1824, and it was His Excellency the Earl of Dalhousie, our Governor-General, who himself was the bearer of the good tidings to the swarthy sons of the forest of the Restigouche, which he visited this year. Thus, through the exertions of a R. C. missionary were saved the lives of many well-to-do English colonists on the banks of the beautiful Restigouche—the most noted of whom at that time were Messrs. Mann, Ferguson, and Crawford. This worthy priest was the late Rev. M. Faucher, for thirty-three years pastor of Lotbinière, who expired at Quebec on the 11th of August, 1865, and who, before dying, went to make his adieu to his cherished neophytes on the green banks of Mission Point. Thus a promise perhaps rashly made, but loyally fulfilled by the Earl of Dalhousie, was the means of saving many, many English lives."

\*From *De Tribord à Bâbord*.—Faucher de St. Maurice.

(To be continued.)

THE GLEANER.

NOT 2 per 1,000 of the population of Roumania can read or write.

MISTRESS Martha Washington's old house in Fredericksburg has been sold for the small sum of \$1,225.

It is stated that the sales of sewing-machines since their first introduction in America in 1853 have amounted to 4,000,000.

HEARNE, the well-known cricketer, was, whilst playing at Brighton, struck with paralysis. He is progressing favourably.

THE census gave Paris, in 1876, 1,988,806 inhabitants. The number by December, 1877, will reach two millions. The next census will be in 1880.

It is reported that Baron Grant's house will probably be bought by a company to be utilized as a grand hotel with permanent residences for small families.

ONE of the novel features of next year's great exhibition at Paris will be that instead of being closed at dusk, it will be opened in the evening and illuminated by electric light.

THE Sultan of Turkey is said to show unexpected energy. Every day he attends the councils of his Ministry, and busies himself closely with military works and the docks.

THE Senate of the University of London have, by a considerable majority, decided in favour of admitting women to degrees in the other Faculties, as well as in the Faculty of Medicine.

LAST year in France, out of 300,000 young men drafted for the army, there were but from 500 to 600 who did not respond. In Germany, during the same year, out of 400,000 drafted, 40,000 failed to respond.

A RUMOUR is current that the proposed marriage between King Alfonso and Princess Mercedes has been abandoned, and that a union is arranged between the King and the second daughter of King Leopold.

A FRENCH writer has published his defence of Mary Stuart, and proves that she was a model of womanly purity, a fond and faithful wife. She never betrayed any of her husbands, but

was basely murdered for her fidelity to them and her religion.

THE Pope has expressed a wish that the American Catholic Church should be directly subject to the Pope instead of being governed through the medium of the Cardinal prefect of the Propaganda, and steps are being taken in that direction.

A CORRESPONDENT remarks that nearly all the Russian officers wear a ring with a turquoise stone. The latter is said to secure good luck. In the language of stones—for that exists, as well as one for flowers—the turquoise means protection against violent death.

THE eldest brother of a notable family has just died, Mr. Bulwer, of Heydon. He himself was not a man of genius, but he was brother to a great novelist and dramatist, and to a diplomatist of high rank, both of whom closed their political career in the House of Lords.

BANK of England notes are made from pure white linen cuttings only, never from rags that have been worn; they have been manufactured for nearly two hundred years at the same spot, Laverstoker, in Hampshire, and by the same family, the Portals, who are descended from some French Protestant refugees.

A PRIEST of Arezzo is now making, in the paper mills of Tivoli, a fire-proof fabric from the asbestos found in the valley of Aosta in the Italian Alps. This paper is manufactured at a cost of four francs per kilogramme, and it is said to be successfully used for the decorations of theatres, &c.

M. WORTH, the king of French fashions, has made up his mind that the next change in female attire shall be in the direction of very short petticoats, coloured clocked stockings, visible to the swell of the calf of the leg, and the low-cut buckled shoes of the early part of last century.

A STUD comprising twenty-five Canadian horses, recently imported from Montreal, were sold lately at Aldridge's repository, London, under the auction hammer. The horses, which were young and well-shaped for harness purposes, created a spirited competition among buyers, and realized prices varying from thirty-five to sixty-five guineas.

ST. PETER'S CHURCH, Rome, holds 54,000 people; Milan Cathedral, 37,000; St. Paul's, at Rome, 32,000; St. Paul's, at London, 35,600; San Petronio, at Bologna, 24,400; Florence Cathedral, 24,300; Antwerp Cathedral, 24,000; St. Sophia's, Constantinople, 23,000; St. John Lateran, 22,900; Notre Dame, at Paris, 21,000; Pisa Cathedral, 13,000; St. Stephen's, at Vienna, 12,400; St. Dominic, at Bologna, 12,000; St. Peter's, at Bologna, 11,400; Cathedral of Vienna, 11,000; St. Mark's, at Vienna, 7,000; Spurgeon's Tabernacle, 7,000.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions to Problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

All communications intended for this department to be addressed Chess Editor, Office of CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Student, Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 130.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Correct solution of Problem No. 130 received. Many thanks for the game, which, as you will see, was inserted in last week's Column.

M. J. M., Quebec.—Problems received. Many thanks. They shall appear very shortly.

On Tuesday next, the 21st inst., the members of the Canadian Chess Association will meet at the city of Quebec for the purpose of holding the Annual Congress and playing the usual game Tourney.

We have full confidence that there will be such a gathering of Chess votaries at the ancient capital as will prove that Canada is keeping pace with the old country and the United States in cultivating a taste for the Royal Game. We hope to be able to give in our Column an account of the meeting, and, also, particulars connected with the contest which is to take place.

The fact that the Chess match between Messrs. Blackburne and Zukertort has been interrupted, after two games have been played, will prove a great disappointment to players on both sides of the ocean. It would be injudicious to make any remarks on the cause of so unusual a termination of a long expected contest until further particulars reach us. The first game, according to some accounts, was very easily won by Mr. Blackburne, owing to careless play on the part of his antagonist, but it seems singular that either player should neglect to do his best in an encounter of such a nature. The following remarks on the contest, as far as it went, will be interesting to our readers:

THE MATCH BETWEEN MESSRS. BLACKBURNE AND ZUKERTORT.—Owing to the preparations not having been completed on Monday, the 25th ult., the players agreed to commence this highly exciting contest on the following Wednesday, when, accordingly, the first game was played in a private room of Monico's Restaurant, Tichborne Street, W., before a select number of spectators. Mr. Zukertort having won the toss for the first move, opened with P to K4, but his opponent evaded conclusions of an open game by sacrificing a piece, but both players seemed to be suffering from want of practice, and neither appeared to come up to his real force, for opportunities of gaining clear advantage were overlooked on both sides. Ultimately, however, Blackburne succeeded in forcing the game with a well-conducted, powerful attack against the adverse K side, after three-and-a-half hours' play. On the following Friday the second game was opened by Mr. Blackburne with a Ruy Lopez, which developed into a novel variation. The first player having lost time in the opening, his opponent gradually gained upon him, until, by a timely initiated counter-attack, Mr. Zukertort wrested a piece from his adversary. The game was afterwards stubbornly contested by Mr. Blackburne, who, however, could not avert defeat, and ultimately resigned, after a fight lasting four hours. Play will proceed every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday, until the conclusion of the match.—*Figaro*.

Mr. Mason recently gave an interesting exhibition of Chess skill at the Café International, New York, in which he conducted seventeen games simultaneously, winning fourteen and drawing three.