

JOTTINGS FROM THE KINGDOM OF COD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "QUEBEC PAST AND PRESENT."

IV.

PERCÉ—PABOS—NEWPORT—POINT AU MAQUÉREAU—L'ANSE AU GASCON—PORT DANIEL—CHEGOUAC—PASPEBIAC—NEW CARLISLE—BO-NAVENTURE—MARIA—CARLETON—NOUVELLE—RESTIGOUCHE—A DRIVE ALL AROUND.

The roads throughout the County of Gaspé are tolerably good on the whole, for a new and sparsely settled country. Those in the Township of Percé are decidedly the worst, and most of the bridges are in a very dangerous state, without railings or guard of any kind, to prevent the traveller from being precipitated into the abyss below.

The Court House and gaol at Percé being in a most dilapidated state, there is every probability that new buildings will be erected at Gaspé Basin, which will then become the shire town. The distance from Percé to Cape Cove is eight miles, and ten from thence to Grand River. The land throughout this section of the country is well adapted for agricultural purposes, comparatively level, and well watered. All the front lots are occupied, and the inhabitants are evidently paying more attention to their farms than heretofore.

Grand River is the only one in the district of Gaspé which has been bridged by the inhabitants. The money was borrowed from the Municipal Loan Fund, and it is much to be regretted that what might have been an important public benefit bids fair to become a public nuisance, in consequence of the dissensions between the inhabitants to which it has given rise. The harbour at Grand River is a bar harbour, accessible only to small vessels. The seigniorship of Pabos joins that of Grand River. Little Pabos is the next settlement, with a river of the same name, which was bridged by the Government in 1844.

Next comes Great Pabos, where a chartered English company, under the name of the Gaspé Fishery and Coal Mining Company, formerly established their headquarters and squandered the monies entrusted to them by the duped shareholders. Under the French rule, this appears to have been a well settled locality, as traces could be lately seen of what once constituted the foundations and cellar of a large house, said to be that of the Governor or Intendant. The remains of three mill-dams on the north side of the river were also visible, and the various articles found from time to time prove that a considerable number of families must have once occupied the front.

Pabos is a bar harbour, and very difficult of access. There are two rivers which empty themselves into the lagoon at a short distance from each other. A large portion of the land in Great Pabos is unfit for culture.

The Pabos as well as Grand River are the resort of large flocks of wild fowl in the spring and fall. The inhabitants are all sportsmen. The distance from Grand River to Pabos is about eight miles, thence to Newport three.

The Pabos estate may be said to be in chancery, part of the buildings have been sold and removed; the rest are going to ruin.

Newport is a snug little cove, with good anchorage for small vessels. There are two small fishing establishments here, one belonging to Messrs. Charles Robin & Co., the other to Mr. Philip Hamon, a native of Jersey, who resides here with his family. About two miles beyond are two small patches of rock, called the Newport Islands, where Captain Philip Dean, of Jersey, once had a fishing stand. A mile and a half further brings us to Point Maquereau, the eastern boundary of the County of Gaspé. This point marks the entrance to the Bay of Chaleurs, the Island of Miscou, distant about fifteen miles, being the boundary of the bay on the New Brunswick side. From the islands the road leaves the shore and passes through the woods a distance of about five miles to L'Anse au Gascon. Point Maquereau is not visible from the road, so that the traveller passes the boundary between the two counties without being aware of it. The land through this portage is rocky, and scarcely fit for settlement.

Having reached L'Anse au Gascon, the country is again broken, and you have a continuous succession of hill and dale. The scenery from this to Port Daniel is bold and romantic, and when you reach the summit of the range of Devil's Cape, (some call it Cap au Diable, others Cap à l'Enfer), the beautiful bay of Port Daniel suddenly meets the eye, and a splendid and varied panorama lies before you. As you descend the mountain on a fine summer afternoon, an interesting and amusing scene often presents itself.

The fishing boats having just returned, men, women and children are all busily engaged in landing, splitting, and carrying the fish to the stages. At the mouth of the Port Daniel River we have again the usual lagoon and bar which prevents the entrance of vessels of any size, but there is good anchorage under the Cape. On this, the east side of the river, just at the harbour's mouth, snugly ensconced under the hill, stands the Roman Catholic church. The Gaspé Fishery and Coal Mining Company commenced an establishment and built a couple of small vessels on this river, and their so-called coal field, a bed of shale, is about three miles up the stream.

Crossing the ferry, about a quarter of a mile further, is another river, on which there is a

small saw mill. A good substantial bridge, built by the Government, spanned this stream, but the approach from the westward being a sand bank, without protection of any kind, has been washed away, and no steps have been taken by the municipality to repair the damage.

This is a thriving settlement, having many good farms in and around the bay. Port Daniel is also the name of the township which commences at Point Maquereau. As you ascend the hill on the west side of the bay there is a small Presbyterian church, and on the level beyond, another place of worship belonging to the Church of England.

From this point the country assumes a level appearance, the land is better adapted for agricultural purposes, and the farms denote a higher state of cultivation.

An hour's drive from Port Daniel brings us to Chigouac, a small settlement, through which runs a good mill stream, with two grist mills erected on it. There is also a small Episcopal church and parsonage. This is the Township of Hope. About a mile and a half further is a small Roman Catholic chapel, which is in a settlement called Nouvelle. Beyond this we come to a small cove and river, with a small grist mill upon it. Having crossed the bridge, we come to a fine level tract of land called Hope Town. The settlers are chiefly Scotch, and the fine farms and good buildings prove that the owners are industrious and economical. The road from this to Paspebiac is perfectly level. The last three miles pass through what is termed Hope Town Woods, a fine piece of forest land owned by Messrs. Charles Robin & Co. But these gentlemen having sold or leased the lots along the road, for settlement, handsome cottages are springing up, and the forest is fast disappearing.

As we emerge from the woods, a number of vessels at anchor, and the fine white buildings on the low sandy beach, denote that we are approaching some important place. This is Paspebiac. From Paspebiac to New Carlisle is a beautiful drive of three miles. The Bay of Chaleurs is before you on the left, in all its beauty and grandeur. The adjacent coast of New Brunswick, which is now plainly seen, forms the back ground. On the right you have well cultivated farms and neat cottages. The whole range of land, from Nouvelle River to the Great Bonaventure, is of excellent quality for agricultural purposes. From New Carlisle to Bonaventure River, a distance of about eight miles, the road is tame and uninteresting, the only objects worthy of mention being two grist mills.

The Bonaventure is a large river, abounding in salmon and trout, and forms an excellent harbour for small vessels. Some years ago vessels of two hundred to two hundred and fifty tons could load here with timber, but the bar has increased so much of late that vessels drawing more than eight to nine feet cannot enter. An extensive business has been carried on in Bonaventure at different periods, even within the last ten years, but it appears as though some fatality attended all who have attempted to establish themselves in this locality. Nothing is done here now, and the harbour is wholly deserted, except when the coasters of Messrs. Robin or Le Boutillier Brothers come in to collect fish, or in spring or fall when a number of schooners, which winter here, are being fitted out or laid up. No extensive lumber trade could be established in this locality at present, all the rear lands from Paspebiac to New Richmond, or nearly so, being still owned by the Gaspé Company. The sale of those lands was an act of injustice to the inhabitants of the Townships of Cox and Bonaventure, who are thus almost precluded from obtaining even firewood. This river is the resort in spring of immense shoals of smelt, which enter it to spawn, and thousands of barrels are recklessly destroyed by the inhabitants for the purpose of manuring the land. Thousands of barrels of herrings, of which fabulous quantities arrive, are every spring used for the same purpose. The herring do not enter the river, but literally roll in shore along the sandy beach, which extends from here to Little Bonaventure. The inhabitants have been known to drive their cart to the water's edge, and there load by scooping the fish from the sea with a dip net.

To the westward of the harbour is a fine new Roman Catholic Church, the largest, we believe, in the District of Gaspé. Bonaventure is a populous township, originally settled by the Acadians.

Three miles further brings us to Little Bonaventure River, a small stream scarcely deserving the name of river. In 1856 the Bay of Chaleurs was completely frozen over from the Great Bonaventure to Bathurst, the whole surface of the bay being as smooth as a pond. Numbers of persons crossed over with horse and sleigh even as low as Little Bonaventure, from which forty persons went to Petit Roches, a distance of fifteen miles, for ash to make hoops. Though this is generally known as the Parish of Bonaventure, it is now the Township of Hamilton.

A couple of miles beyond Little Bonaventure the country assumes a more picturesque appearance, with a succession of hill and dale. Passing Black Capes, a Scotch settlement in the township of New Richmond, a grand coup d'œil presents itself as you reach the highest point. The village and bay of New Richmond form the foreground, with the settlement of Maria running along the base of the Carleton Mountains, which tower aloft in the rear. To the left of these you see the islands near Dalhousie, and the New Brunswick coast from thence to

Bathurst. Having crossed the Little Cascapedia, you pass the Presbyterian Church, on your left, and soon reach what may be termed the village. Here is situated the fine property owned by the heirs of the late William Cuthbert, Esq., a Scotch gentleman who carried on a large business in the lumber trade and ship building. Just beyond is the Roman Catholic church. From Black Capes to the Great Cascapedia is a good agricultural district, principally occupied by Scotch settlers. The land between the rivers is a fine level country, occupied in rear as far as the seventh concession. There is good, safe anchorage for large vessels between the two rivers. This should have been the shire town, being more central and better adapted in every respect than New Carlisle, from which it is distant about thirty miles. Both the Cascapedia rivers abound with salmon and trout.

Crossing the great Cascapedia we land in the township of Maria, which extends along the sea-shore at the side of the Carleton Mountain range. Just as we leave the river the road passes through a small Indian settlement of the Micmac tribe, and a little beyond is a grist and saw mill; about four or five miles from the ferry is a large new Roman Catholic Church. The land along the sea shore of Maria is low, the road being but little elevated above high-water mark. This is a populous township, the soil being good, some three concessions deep, to the foot of the mountains.

There is nothing worthy of notice until we reach Carleton Church, a large new building, about a mile from the village. There are no Protestant places of worship on this side of New Richmond.

Passing the village of Carleton we proceed through the township, which at this part is a narrow strip of land, scarcely one concession deep, until it touches the base of the mountain, which rises here with a steep acclivity. The summit is a fine table land. There the inhabitants of the village obtain their fire-wood, which is brought to the edge and then shot down the inclined plane. A considerable extent of land has been cleared on the summit, and good hay is raised to feed the cattle which are employed in drawing the wood during the winter months.

The next township is Nouvelle, which includes the seigniorship of Schoddbred. Nouvelle River is a considerable stream, abounding in salmon and trout, the latter being the finest fish we have ever seen. Meganacha Point, which is seen on the left, is about two miles from Dalhousie, and derives its name from the rich color of the soil, which, in the Micmac language, means a long time red.

We cross the river by a bridge at some distance from Nouvelle Basin. An hour's drive brings us to the township of Mann, in which is situated the Micmac colony known as Mission Point. The total number of Indians in the county of Bonaventure at the last census was 641, of whom about 500 are located at this place. They have their own church; and a Roman Catholic missionary, who speaks their own language, is stationed here. They have turned their attention to agriculture—a large tract of land being specially reserved for them—and some of them are in tolerably easy circumstances. One of the tribe, known as Peter Basket, paid a visit to Her Majesty Queen Victoria some fifteen years since, and returned with numerous presents which he had received from the hands of our Gracious Sovereign and the lamented Prince Consort.

The Indian settlement is on the River Restigouche, nearly opposite Campbellton on the New Brunswick side. Restigouche is the next township, then Metapedia—the last in the county of Bonaventure. These townships are but sparsely settled, but the land is good and well situated for cultivation. The land throughout this county is little inferior on an average to that of some of the best English counties, and as good grain, peas, beans, potatoes, turnips, and vegetables of all kinds can be raised as in the old country, in proof of which we need only state that wheat grown in New Richmond took a first prize at the Paris Exhibition.

BURLESQUE.

SHE ONLY WANTED TO KNOW!—A man was yesterday pushing an iron lawn roller around a yard on Woodward avenue, when an old lady came along, leaned up against the fence, and watched him for awhile, and then called out—

"Say, mister, what are you pushing that around for?"

"To roll the lawn," he answered.

"What do you want to roll the lawn for?"

"To make it level."

"What do you want to make it level for?" she continued.

"That's what I was ordered to do," he answered, as he wiped away the perspiration.

"But what did they order you to do it for?"

"Why, they think a smooth lawn looks the best, I suppose."

"Why do they think a smooth lawn looks the best," she persisted.

"I haven't time to talk," he said, as he started up again.

"Why haven't you time to talk?" she shouted.

"Go'n ask the boss?"

"Why shall I go'n and ask the boss?" she screamed.

He disappeared behind the house to get rid of her, and after waiting five minutes for him to re-appear, she slowly sauntered off, muttering—

"Some folks are so smart and stuck up that

you can't get within a mile of 'em unless you blaze all over with diamonds."

DINNER TABLE HINTS.—When taking a lady down, do not ask if she is "peckish" or "sharp-set."

Do not say, "I hope they will give us a good tuck out!"

When you are seated, keep calm, whatever there is for dinner.

Soup should not be chewed; you must swallow it whole.

Never hammer with your feet for the next course, or shout "waiter!"

When anything nice is put on the table, do not chuckle or rub your chest.

When the entrées come round, make a free choice, but don't pocket.

Never take more than four helps of anything.

Do not sponge your gravy with your bread and squeeze it down your throat; it has an uneducated look.

Never speak with your mouth full: first, because it's vulgar; and secondly, because you can't.

If you feel uncomfortable symptoms arising from repletion, you must dissemble; do not call for brandy and peppermint drops.

If your fair neighbour asks what is the matter with you, has en to assure her that it's not catching.

Crack nuts for your hostess—if your teeth are good.

Do not say "I'm chock full!" when dinner is over; it has a foreign air about it.

Before joining the ladies, wash your hands in the bowls provided for the purpose; you should not call for soap or bath towels.

MAKING HIM HEAR.—A hand-organ man was making his way up Adams Avenue, yesterday, when a boy met him and asked:

"How many tunes do you play?"

"Sixteen shunes—nice, sweet shunes," replied the man.

"My father is fond of music, but he is a little deaf," continued the boy.

"Oh, dat make no deference—I mak a him hear."

The boy led the way up the street to where a plaster bust of Sir Isaac Newton had been arranged in a bay window to look like a living man, and the Italian spit on his hands and began on the crank. He ground out all the tunes in rotation, and then began at the bottom and ground back up the scale till he got all the tunes in the garret of the box again. The man in the bay window didn't move a hair, and the Italian drew a long breath and signed:

"Play moar muzek—mak a him hear soon."

He ran out eight tunes, and then threw some gravel at the window. The bust didn't even work its ears, and the Italian leaned the organ on the fence and loudly sang:

"Oh! who shall dinks of me som moar
When I am far a-w-a-y!"

The other seven tunes were rattled off at a lively pace, while the man coughed, whistled, kicked on the fence, and encouraged a dog-fight, in order to attract the deaf man's attention.

"Sing louder—play harder!" called the boy from the next street corner.

The grinder secured a brace for his feet, unbuttoned his vest, and the way he roared brought out the citizens by the score. He kept his eye on the bust, and gave no heed to the crowd, and the organ box was smoking hot when he let up on the grind. Resting the music on the ground, he leaped over the fence and got a square look at his victim. His quiet grin faded into a look of woe, and misery, and murder, and getting his eyes on the boy with the red neck-tie, he ran him four blocks and under a carpenter shop before a still, small voice whispered that he had better hold on.

THE GLEANER.

It has been discovered in Paris that the little yellow marks upon certain brands of Havana cigars, which causes them to be highly prized by smokers, are created by the sprinkling of acids.

THE POPE is still able to joke. It is related that to a German princess, who is immensely rich, his Holiness was complaining recently that out of so many splendid offerings none of the donors had guessed the gift which would have been most acceptable to him. The princess was, of course, anxious to supply the deficiency, but she was obliged to renounce her intention when his Holiness smilingly informed her that what he most wanted was a pair of new legs.

Of all the sons of Queen Victoria none so much takes after his father, the great and good Prince Albert—for he was a great and a very good man—as the Prince Leopold. His health is weak, but his brain is strong, his tastes artistic, his intellectual aims lofty and his interest in mental culture keen and sincere. It is in this regard he resembles his good father. The other sons partake of the Bœtian George rather than of the courtly prince, their father. Queen Victoria is passionately devoted to this son.

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