

A DEAD WOMAN.

(Translated from Alfred De Musset.)

"I know he must have encountered some very harsh, unjust, and injurious treatment on the day when he came home resolved to break with this lady for ever. In the mood of mind which I have described, he wrote the verses 'Sur une morte.' The rupture was complete and irremediable. In order to judge whether the writer of those verses was to blame, one should understand the wound which he resented: and no one knows how deep that was."—Paul de Musset's 'Life of A. de Musset,' p. 228.

Yes, she was beautiful, if the Night By Michael's chisel wrought. A marble monument asleep, Can beautiful be thought.

And she was good, if goodness be Devoid of heart and cold; If love be shown by aims alone, If charity be gold.

She thought—if words in dulcet tones, Significant of thought, Vague as the murmur of a stream, Deserve the name of thought.

She prayed—if prayer it can be call'd, To fix two lustrous eyes Now, meekly downward on the earth, Now, upwards on the skies.

She smiled—if e'er the virgin bud, With heart unclenched as yet, Smiles to the Zephyrs of the spring That pass it—and forget.

She might have wept—if dew's divine, That softens human clay, Could ever to her chilly breast, Have found some secret way.

She might have loved—but scorn and pride Kept watch about her heart, Like lamps that o'er a coffin form Their useless radiance dart.

Now, she who only seemed to live But had no life, is dead, And from her hands the book has dropp'd In which she never read!

GEO. MURRAY.

Montreal.

JOTTINGS FROM THE KINGDOM OF COD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "QUEBEC PAST AND PRESENT."

THE ISLE OF MISCOU AT THE ENTRANCE OF LAKE DES CHALEURS—ITS EARLY HISTORY—FISHERIES—GAME—LIGHT HOUSES, &c.—ONE OF CHAMPLAIN'S FISHERY STORIES—THE GOUGON.

THE CHALEUR BAY, 1874.

(After Father Prout's 'Shannon Bells'.)

With deep affection, And recollection, I often think of the Chaleur Bay; Whose river wild would, In age or childhood, Cast round men's fancies its taagic sway."

D. ARCHIE PELL.

Baie des Chaleurs has not only its teeming salmon rivers, Cacapedia, Bonaventure, Port Daniel, &c., many picturesque headlands, enchanted islands sleep on the heaving bosom of its waters. Of the latter class is the island of Miscon at the entrance of the bay; its early chronicles teem with the marvellous history of the most conspicuous landmarks and harbours of refuge for the bay fishermen, caught on the banks by a north-east storm. It lies contiguous to the dreaded Orphan's Bank, so famous under French domination, for its cod-fish, in size ranking nearly as high as that of the great banks of Newfoundland. Miscon also has its record of wrecks; a memorable marine disaster occurred here as early as the 31st Oct., 1685, the loss at Pointe aux Bouleaux of the French ship carrying the Intendant de Meulle.

Here at this point our Government has constructed an octagonal wooden tower crowned by a red light; three hundred and twenty-one feet to the east may be seen a powerful steam fog whistle which during thick weather and snow-storms sounds its note of alarm twice per minute at intervals of twenty-five seconds, with a duration of five seconds. On the western side of Miscon blazes forth another beacon for mariners, a white light which takes two minutes to revolve. Frail fishing cobbles, unable to return through stress of weather to the north-eastern side of the bay, before losing hope, try to catch the point of Miscon; if they miss, a watery grave is likely to be the result. Of late the island has been shorn of prestige, population and importance.

At present the finny tribes frequenting its shores, hardly suffice to keep life and soul together in about a dozen of families located there, even with the adventitious profit accruing from the rich harvest of wild hay grown on its saline beaches. More than a century back a Jesuit missionary wrote to his Superior: "The soil of Miscon is poor; its supply of fresh water is unwholesome; its trees are dwarfed—stunted, compared to those of the mainland, but it swarms with hares, grouse, and formerly it contained moose deer (elans), but they have since all been destroyed. It is remarkable for its vast meadows which the tide gaily overflows and for its game." "The soil," adds Deny, "quakes under one's feet for fifty yards all round you; here sejourns cranes, white geese, thrushes (grices), like those of France; here the Canada goose (ontarde) incubates and nestles in security during the mantling season of spring." The old Governor of the Maritime Provinces, it would seem, made a singular discovery here, in one of his exploring expeditions.

A few hundred yards from the beach there spurts from the briny sea a gush of fresh water

as big as your two fists, which retains its freshness for a space of twenty yards without in any wise blending with the surrounding salt liquid, either at high or low tide. The fishermen come there in boats to fill their casks and draw it up; as if it were from the reservoir of a fountain, at this singular spot, at low tide, the sea is but one fathom in depth: it is surrounded by water as salt as that of the rest of the ocean. The truthfulness of Governor Deny's narrative has been vouched for to me by seafaring people frequenting these shores, "and more than one," says Mr. Faucher, "has told me of his having drunk from Governor Deny's spring."

In early days Miscon was a post of importance and gave its name to the surrounding districts of Miscon. It comprised all the Indian tribes of Gaspeia, of Miramichi, and of the Nipisiguit. De la Ralle in 1627, and Desdames had been in command, and Deny had erected here a habitation where he had planted "many peach and other fruit trees, together with the grape vine; they all thrived." But the spirit of discord rife among the Acadian magnates, reached even here; in a single day d'Aubray de Charmong destroyed this flourishing settlement.

Labour and fishing establishments had made of Miscon a spot advantageously known all over New France. During the open season of summer, a regular packet, the ship 'Ange Gardien,' sailed between Miscon and Quebec. The summer months were spent fishing and trading; each fall the fishing crafts returned to France; in the spring the catch of the autumn previous was sent from France to Quebec, the population of the city being too scanty to furnish men for this branch of commerce. Miscon, shorn of its inhabitants in the fall, assumed a solitary and sullen aspect with the approach of winter; a few fishermen remained in charge of the buildings, and during the cold and dismal nights of December the sparse residents had to encounter foes more terrible yet than desertion. Champlain has traced the horrors of the winter of 1627, when from now to April following more than eight feet of snow fell at Miscon. Du Ralle that year had left behind a few Frenchmen to trade off some goods he was unwilling to bring back to France; these unfortunates nearly all died of scurvy. The next year was not more fortunate for the settlement. One morning David Kerthe's ship of war, the 'Veuille,' anchored near the island and took possession of the house, coasting craft and small boats of the place. On the return of Miscon by the English to France, with Quebec, in 1692, the banner of the "HUNDRED PARTNERS," whose fleet fished or traded from Cape Breton to Tadousac, again floated over the lonely, but prolific shores of Miscon.

This branch of commerce and brisk business had induced the Jesuits to found, in 1635, the mission of Saint Charles, in the island 'Saint Louis de Miscon.' Innumerable savage hordes brought here, each spring, for barter their packages of furs; here these fleets of light canoes rendezvoused previous to levying war against the Birsimis Indians of the Novette Shore; here they sought shelter from the deadly and ubiquitous Iroquois; here indeed existed the seed for an abundant harvest of souls, which was reaped by devoted missionaries. Fathers Charles Turgis and Charles du Marché were sent to look after the spiritual welfare of twenty-three Frenchmen, the nucleus of a missionary settlement, but physical suffering was about the only occupation of these poor people, says the 'Relations of 1647.' Disease and death decimated the settlement. Father du Marché was obliged to return to France. Father Turgis, for sometime, fought the unequal contest, consoling some, administering the last rites of the Church to others, before committing them to the earth, after death. He too, at last, had to give in; fatigued, malaria, brought him low. Before enjoying the long sleep, he buried the captain, the clerk, the surgeon of the settlement, together with all the officers and some nine laboring hands. Having prepared for death, the only sick man surviving, he yielded up in peace his brave spirit. ('Relations of 1637.')

On the sad news of his end reaching Quebec, Fathers Jacques de la Place and Nicholas Goudoin were sent to continue the missionary labours of Father Turgis. They found the habitation desolate; the duty of removing the dead bodies from their couches to their new-made graves devolved on the Indians; the French being too emaciated to do so. Some, of a more barbarous turn of mind, seeing the universal ruin of all their hopes, wished to pillage the store-houses, but the survivors, putting a good face on things, arrested them in their evil designs. According to the 'Relations' the Miscon mission was terrible to encounter. Father Goudoin had to quit it, and Father Claude Quentin had recovered his health then, after having to bury his assistant, a lad he had with him. Father Jean Dollant lost then the use of his limbs, and on his way to France in quest of more genial air, the powder magazine of the ship which conveyed him, having ignited, he was blown into heaven. "Quaintly," says the 'Relations,' "Father André Richard and Father de Lyonne could alone withstand the severity of the climate; they succeeded in getting up a small church, which for a time seemed to prosper, but which disappeared when the island was abandoned.

Miscon of old we think ourselves safe in considering anything but a genial place of abode; not even to the most sanguine fisher has it an earthly paradise. In addition to its traditions of sickness, desolation, death, war, and piracy, Champlain, the great historiographer, peoples it

with forms uncanny and unlovely, calculated, if possible, to enhance the weird interest the spot already possesses."

In sketching it, he winds up rather jocosely, we are inclined to think, by marking it out as the headquarters of a Satanic fiend—a female devil, who delighted in torturing the sons of men.

What was the female devil like? "Old Harry" has ever, from our tenderest years, to our mind, typified a male devil; that is admitted on all hands to be bad enough, but what his lady, or any female member of the brood might be, this we, unhesitatingly, admit to be beyond our knowledge. According to the text of the illustrious discoverer, a fearful monster, in shape and size like a female giant, without, seemingly, the least affinity to fish, flesh, or fowl, haunted the humid margin of Miscon. The terror-stricken Indians knew it as the "Gougou." Of its sex, in their minds, no uncertainty existed—it ranked under the feminine gender. Had it anything of the Syren about it? Nothing indicates it had a tail, like a Syren, with those soft, womanly attractions sung by poets:

"Desinit in piscem, mulier formosa superne."

It was amphibious, and sometimes, like that famed Syren, the Goddess Calypso, it inhabited an island. Like Ulysses' charmer, it was keen after men, red Indians especially, not to enlist them, however, as lovers, but merely as tid-bits for its morning meal—a *bonne bouche* previous, probably, to retiring to the "Orphan Bank," where a few porpoises, or an adult whale, would constitute its dinner. From Champlain's testimony, plainly it was an uncomely, nay, a repulsive monster—an *monstre effroyable*—and the founder of Quebec, the happy spouse of the blooming Helene Boulé, the prettiest woman in New France, was of an appreciative turn of mind. The "Gougou," for all that, in shape resembled a woman—"un monstre qui avait la forme d'une femme, mais fort effroyable." Had any one except those devoured ever been close enough to the giantess to form a correct opinion? We are again left in the dark. At St. Malo Mines, it is true, le Sieur Prevret, while "prospecting for a pocket," had passed so close to the abode of the *monstre effroyable* that he had heard the extraordinary hissing, *sifflements étranges*, of the fiend. However, whilst thus in quest of a "Big Bonanza," whether a pocket or a vein, le Sieur Prevret, together with his ship's crew and some Indians, was fortunate enough to escape a pocket he was not looking for, the *grande poche*, great pocket, described by Champlain as the receptacle of Madame Gougou's booty. Sieur Prevret, be it remembered, was a miner, and unless his story had been corroborated to Champlain previously by Indians, we confess we would be inclined, like the stories of other miners, to accept it *enm grano*. There is a fishy flavour about it, requiring many "grains of salt" to render it palatable.

But again this Gougou haunts us. Where, then, was the alleged resemblance to one of the softer sex? The Gougou, we are told, when seen by men, uttered "extraordinary hissings," *sifflements étranges*. Will any one dare pretend it might not have been a fashionable Syren—Syrens, it is well known, are most common on the sea shore—showing off, before so many Ulysses, her powerful *staccatobrills*, like a fast girl of that period might be expected to do! What, in verity, constitutes a female "monstre effroyable"? Did Madame Gougou, out of her teens, sport high-heeled shoes, a Grecian bend, a crinoline like Mont Blanc, a chignon Alpine in its dimensions? Here again cimmerian darkness awaits us.

Still, in this age of inquiry and intellectual development, shall we throw up the sponge and proclaim our inability to explain what sort of creature might be the Miscon Giantess, who could swallow red Indians like shrimps or doughnuts? Which "missing link" would the venerable Darwin assign to it? If it was not a "mermaid fair," could it be

That great sea snake under the sea.

who From his coiled trails in the central deeps Would slowly creep himself seven fold.

Or else, would it be a gigantic specimen of Victor Hugo's Devil Fish (like he of Newfoundland) who still lived in the popular mind, from having drawn beneath the seething sea, to its slimy and deadly embrace, some noted Indian warrior, whilst bathing, &c.

Or else, again, shall we adopt the more pro-

(\*) "Il y a, disait-il, une chose étrange, digne de réciter, que plusieurs sauvages m'ont accusé d'être vraie, c'est que proche de la Baie des Chaleurs, étant au sud, est une île où fait résidence un monstre qui avait la forme d'une femme mais fort effroyable, et d'une telle grandeur qu'elle me disait que le bout des mains de notre vaisseau ne lui fit pas venir jusqu'à la ceinture. De le pelgnet grand; il a dévoré et dévore beaucoup de sauvages lesquels il met dedans une grande poche, quand il peut les attraper, puis les mange, et disaient ceux qui avaient évité le péril de cette malheureuse bête, que sa poche était tellement grande qu'il y eût pu mettre notre vaisseau. Ce monstre fait des bruits horribles devant cette île, que les sauvages appellent le Gougou et quand ils en parlent ce n'est qu'avec une peur si étrange qu'il ne se peut dire ce plus et m'ont assuré plusieurs l'avoir vu. Même le Sieur Provost de Saint Malo, en allant à la découverte des Mines, m'a dit avoir passé si proche de la demeure de cette effroyable bête que lui et tous ceux de son vaisseau, entendait les sifflements étranges des bruits qu'elle faisait et que les sauvages qu'il avait avec lui, lui dire qu'elle était la même bête et avinait une telle peur qu'ils se cachèrent de toute part, craignant qu'elle fut venu à eux pour les emporter." Je tiens, disait Champlain, en terminant cette description du Gougou par cette réflexion pleine de logique, "que l'île soit la résidence de quelque diable qui les tourmente de cette façon."—(Voyages de Champlain.)

bable theory, that in Champlain's day a morose old sea-cow—the Morse—had elected domicile at Miscon? It is well known that the Morse inhabited the Magdalen Islands, close by, and other isles in the St. Lawrence, until the end of the last century, and that their beaten paths are visible to this day at the Magdalen Group. Who will unravel the mystery? Is it, therefore, a subject of surprise that Miscon, with its far-reaching memories of scurvy, suffering and death, its solitary, woodless marshes, for six months in the year the home of the wintry blast, at all times fruitful in malaria, with its Avernian boiling spring, should have seemed to the father of New France a fitting symposium for a dreaded giantess—the Gougou? For us, scudding past its shores, under a lowering sky, with the equinoctial gale howling over our frail steamer, which also carried to the God-forsaken land of Tracadie a squad of close-shorn, devoted Trappist Monks, to take charge of the Lazaretto, the island did appear as a not uncongenial resting place, where the last of the order, an ascetic anchorite, made holy by prisons, and a long road and fish diet, might, on one of those "murky December nights" described by Champlain, have closed creditably his Lenten tenure of life. Could not Campbell's "Last Man" find on this forlorn isle many subjects of reflection before bidding adieu to the sorrows of the sorrowful planet?

J. M. LEMOINE.

Sillery, near Quebec, Dec., 1877.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

CAMILLE URSO has reappeared in New England with great success.

"CHIMES of Normandy" bids fair to rival "Bohemian Girl" in popularity.

\$10,000 was the sum made by the managers on Kellogg and Cary in California. Pretty good!

THE musical profession in Germany includes this year twelve young men of noble birth and fourteen women who have a right to the title of countess.

It is said that the "Dime Concerts" in New York have seriously affected the patronage of other places of amusement in that city, on the same night.

THE monument mania continues in Italy. The latest has been the monument to Grassi, the inventor of thorough bass, (1605,) erected in the town of Viadana.

MISS LOUISA visited the insane asylum in Philadelphia recently, danced and sang for the inmates, and gave away a great heap of little presents to make the unfortunates happy.

MADAME ADELINA PATTI has resolved to sing on the French lyric stage, and M. Halévy has succeeded in securing her to make her debut at the National Opera House, in Paris, in M. Gounod's "Polyeucte."

THEODORE THOMAS has reorganized his orchestra, and is giving highly artistic programs in New York and Boston. While there is a deduction from his high, classical standard, we think there is a disposition to cater to the universal love of melodious works in the arrangement of his tempting bills of fare.

DR. EDEN TOURNEE has planned for next year a musical and educational excursion to Europe, including Northern Ireland, Scotland, England, France, Belgium, the Rhine district, Northern Prussia, Switzerland, and supplementary tours in Italy and a visit to the Paris Exposition. The price of tickets, including everything, will be \$400 (in gold).

ARTISTIC.

THE Queen has promised to lend to the Academy the noble collection of Raphael's and Michael Angelo's drawings from Windsor for the Winter Exhibition of 1879.

Mlle. SARAH BERNHARDT, the actress, has received from the Government an order to execute a bust of the composer, Felicien David, for the Versailles Musée. Mlle. Bernhardt has achieved a reputation as a sculptor of talent.

HUGUES MERLE is painting a Charlotte Corlay for the next Paris Salon. The moment is when she knocks for admittance at the door of Marat's house, and holds the letter in one hand and a knife half concealed in the other.

MARRET'S immense picture of Catherine Cornaro has been bought for the Berlin National Gallery for the sum of 20,000 marks. It will henceforth find a suitable resting-place on the staircase of the new gallery, where the light falls upon it in the most effective manner.

THE full-length picture of Mary Queen of Scots, reputed to have been the work of Zuchero, and the likeness of William IV., painted and presented by Sir David Wilkie, were among the historical art treasures burnt at the fire which recently destroyed the Scottish Hospital, Crane Court, Fleet Street.

FASHION NOTES.

THE Alexandria costume is most stylish and well adapted for winter materials. The back is cut in one, with the small gorge let in at the bottom to give a full flow, over which is a deep reverse let in at the side and finished across the back with a large bow; the front has a deep jacket bodice, and the skirt is trimmed to form a polonaise slightly drawn at the side; the sleeves are neatly light to the arm, with full drawn cuff. Many of the bodices are being trimmed from the neck to the arm-hole and brought square across the bust. This style, although not too elaborate, is quite new and very becoming for winter materials.

Another style, much admired, is the new Persian polonaise; it is quite a different garment from any we have hitherto offered. The front is deep, fastened slightly across, and open about twelve inches at the bottom; the back has five seams, falls over the skirt at the bottom in two deep points, and is caught up and finished with two bows. There is a pointed cuff to match the collar, which finishes the neck; the sleeves is almost tight. This polonaise is exceedingly stylish in silk or any winter materials, dark myrtle-green being the prevailing colour this season, with trimming of braid and frotage.

For out-of-door wear, the new piletot called the Queen will be a great favourite either in light or in dark cloth; ribbed cloth has much taken the place of matelasse, and wears much better. This piletot fastens diagonally across the front, and the back is cut with a reverse which is carried across the side-piece, giving a novel effect; if faced with silk or velvet, the article has a rich appearance.