

cal stations, and is fitted up with a barometer, thermometer, rain gauge, and an anemometer for getting the force and direction of the wind, which can be fully and accurately determined, as the wind-gauge is placed on the point of a long, low, and flat promontory which juts out into the sea some considerable distance from the surrounding high mountains, thus possessing advantages over the wind instruments at the "Montreal Observatory," which are placed immediately under one of the steepest ledges of Mount Royal. Our inspection over, and having thanked the keeper for his courtesy, hospitality and kindness in forwarding telegrams of our safe arrival to our friends in Toronto and Montreal, whom we thought would be naturally anxious about us, as it had taken the "Oriole" six days to perform a passage which is done by the steamer "Secret" in thirty-six hours, we started on foot for Grande Grève, a small fishing settlement beautifully situated on Gaspé Bay, and separated from Cape Rosier Bay by a mountainous range.

THE ROAD FROM CAPE ROSIER TO GRANDE GRÈVE.

The first two miles was along the beach, by the margin of which we sauntered leisurely, picking up a few star fish, echinæ, and brachiopoda, stopping at intervals to watch the process of preparing and curing the codfish, which by next Lent may be seen under the shadow of the Dogana and Piazza di San Marco at Venice; or under the shadow of the Castle of St. Angelo, and the vast and wondrous dome of St. Peter's at Rome; or at the base of the marble statue of St. Januarius, the patron saint of Naples, giving a relish to the poor man's pumpkin seed and macaroni. In the preparing and curing the codfish the fishermen are assisted by their wives and daughters, whose labours are not accompanied with a merry song or cheery laugh, but rather with the sobs of weariness; instead of sunny cheeks and lightsome eyes there was to be seen only the pale and spirit-broken look of ceaseless toil and hopeless degradation—a degradation from which there will be little chance of redemption until the abominable and iniquitous truck system is abolished; there will be no kind hand ministered to them, nor cheerful voices making music in their homes, until this is consummated. The lives of the fishermen between Fox River and Percé being worse than that of the negro in the West Indies before emancipation, or the beggarly lazzaroni of Southern Italy; the labour of the negro being cheered by the luxurious vegetation of the cocoa-nut palm, the orange tree, the tamarind and the sugar cane; and that of the Italian by its olive groves, its sunny hills covered with vines and flowers, its monuments of past and mightier ages—wonders of art no longer to be equalled—fragments of an older and greater world! its scenes where genius and valour carried their patriotic daring and achievements to the highest summits of human greatness and devotion; its glorious shrines, temples, palaces and churches.

THE TRUCK SYSTEM.

The truck system is a system of bondage, a serfdom. The writer knows of no spot in Canada where human nature—manhood—is in a greater state of social degradation than on the shores of the cod-fishing grounds between Magdeline and the Bay of Chaleurs, and he commends these wretched toilers of the seas to the notice of the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, the Hon. Peter Mitchell, whose Christian name doubtless was given him by pious parents in remembrance of the Peter, from whose fettered limbs the Angel of God struck his chains and led him forth from the dungeon of the prison house to life and liberty,—the Peter who in his first general epistle says, "Above all things have fervent charity amongst yourselves—have compassion one of another, love as brethren, be pitiful."

The petition of these fishermen is to you, the Minister of Marine and Fisheries, and it says: "Good sir, deliver us from the bondage of hard task-masters. This truck system is a hidden oppression which weighs heavily but silently upon our souls, sometimes upon our lives. It is an oppression which our tribunals do not punish, neither does philanthropy, which exercises itself in large cities for the prevention of cruelty to animals, attempt to mitigate, nor the Legislature to arrest. It is the indifference to our position we complain of. No song accompanies our labour; if we listen, we only hear a sound of dull and lagging footsteps, as of those that are weary in body and sick at heart. Have mercy upon us—let us have liberty."

It may truly be said that "night's daughter, Ignorance, have wrapt, and wraps" all round the district. At Cape Rosier and Grande Grève we cannot say of the poor fishermen—

with little blast
Patient of labour when the end was rest.
Indulged the day that housed their annual gain
With feasts and offerings, and a thankful strain.
The joys their wives, their sons, their daughters share.
Eased of their toil and partners of their care,
The laugh, the jest, attendants on the bowl,
Smoothed every brow and opened every soul.

Not they seem to be ground down by abject poverty.

DESCRIPTION OF A MOUNTAIN PASS AND MORALIZING THEREON.

Here is a long halt by the way, we must now proceed on our journey. After leaving the huts of the fishermen the rest of the road lies through a mountain pass or gorge hemmed in by bold rocks about 1000 feet high—the ascent from the beach is sudden and abrupt—these rocks are sometimes covered with the dark green foliage of the fir, anon they are naked and ragged, fitting altars for the sacrifice of the ignorance and poverty of the neighbourhood, where the children look melancholy, and the pigs are attenuated, half-starved looking animals, with sharp pointed snouts, their chief food being the refuse and entrails of the codfish. The look and habits of the pigs which are probably infested with trichinae, made us realize more fully the extra-brightening up of the fisherman's countenance off River Pierre, when we gave him some of the best mess pork that could be procured. There are few spots in Lower Canada where the eye can rest on wilder and more romantic scenery—yet without the rugged grandeur of the Saguenay district—than is to be found in this mountain pass, the top of which is about 800 feet high, exceedingly narrow, and beetles perpendicularly over the sea. It made us dizzy to cast our eyes so low; the sea-gulls that winged the midway air showed scarce as gross as sea-swallows, and the fishermen upon the beach appeared no larger than the inhabitants described in the interesting travels of Captain Lemuel Gulliver, more particularly the illustrious *houyhnhnms*, who were cut off from all commerce with other people, and

whose buildings were very rude and simple, and who had no occasion of bribery, or flattering, or pimping to procure the favour of any great man or of his minion; nor where there amongst them bullies and drunkards (as no spirituous liquor can be obtained at Cape Rosier from the truck-shops, without a certificate from the priest that it is wanted for medicinal purposes), neither were there to be found physicians to destroy their bodies, nor lawyers to ruin their fortunes, nor scoundrels raised from the dust for the sake of their vices, nor fiddlers, judges, and dancing masters. Would we could add they wanted no fence against the fraud and oppression of the factors who are the upholders of the degrading truck-system to which we have alluded.

In an umbrageous valley of this mountain pass, which is eminently beautiful we revelled; in it we collected a number of lichens, mosses, luxuriant ferns, and wild flora. At one turn a narrow path with crumbled rocks, then a deep glen with its bright green trees, filled up at the mouth with the bright azure sheet of the bay below, it looked but a step out of the leafy covert into blank infinity. Every turn of the valley was replete with beauty; to describe it wants the word painting of Ruskin, or the brush of a Creswick, or the poetry of a Wordsworth. It was green and woody and refreshed the eye:

"It was a spot which you might aptly call
The valley of seclusion."

Its very stillness was almost oppressive, there was no sound of birds, no lark at heaven's gate singing, no rosignols, no warblers of the wood, no exquisite harmony from the shrill treble of a flock of birds; no flocks or herds, no bleating of sheep or lowing of cattle; nothing but the soft melancholy of the alto of the moaning trees commingled with the bass of the unseen surge below. It was solitude—a solitude which is sometimes the best society—a solitude where the mind unburthens itself with ease and freedom—a sort of Vancluse wherein we could, in imagination, conjure up Petrarch retired from Love and Avignon, enduring the absence of his beloved Laura, and relieving himself from the false joys of a vicious and corrupted court—or the forest of Arden where the Duke with the melancholy Jacques and his co-mates and brothers in exile,

"Exempt from public haunt
Found tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything."

The very stones preached to us, they seemed to say:—"Cry aloud, spare not the avarice and greed of those merchant-fishmongers—hard task-masters who permit in some instances the wives of the fishermen to salt down the flesh of the whale (whack) for winter food, and charge them exorbitant prices for the necessities of life, so that the poor are always deeply in debt, and must either starve or fish." There is no escape—no competition for labour like that in the corn fields of Ontario; on the wharves of Montreal or Quebec; and in the wood-forests of Ottawa; no competition in open market where prices are regulated by supply and demand;—but they are doomed to live where the merchant buys the fish at his own valuation, and also barter out the goods sold at his truck-shop at his price, so that if fish is bought from the fisherman at half its value and the necessities of life are sold to them at double their value, the merchant becomes rich and the fisherman becomes poor—miserably poor—there's no help for it.—Dives and Lazarus—the parable may occasionally be read with profit. The truck system is fraught with most awful consequences to the independence and moral condition of the poor fisherman. There can be no doubt that the moral and social condition of the poor of the district of Gaspé has been for a long period becoming degraded and deteriorated, and the writer believes that if the truck system were abolished and the fishermen were paid a fair price for their fish, or proper money wages for their daily labour, they would soon become more respectable in station, independent in feelings, and comfortable in circumstances. How can these poor Gaspé fishermen ever better their condition if by unfair means they are compelled to expend the whole of their earnings at the merchant's shop? There is no doubt that much injustice is done to them, and that great misery results to their wives and families.

If the fishmonger-merchant kept his shop for the purpose of securing good articles, at fair prices, to the fishermen, and he afforded no inducement to purchase at his shop except the superior cheapness and quality of his articles, there would be no reason to complain; but the cruelty which is at present inflicted on the fishermen by the purchase of his fish in goods, is often very severe—and the severity is proven by the horrible condition of the people.

The subject is commended to those merchants and traders who signed a requisition for an indignation meeting in Montreal against the "Pacific Scandal." It is further commended to the leaders of the Opposition,

"Whose ardent minds
Shape goodliest plans of happiness on earth,
And peace, and liberty, and reform."

Assuredly men whose political eyes are too pure to behold an infringement of the liberties of the people's representatives, ought not to wink at the perpetuation of a system which depraves and degrades the poor fisherman. But let us now leave the topic, and let us most fervently hope that the attention of the Prime Minister may be called to it, for without descending to political abstractions it is the duty of a Prime Minister, more particularly if he adopts a conservative policy, to see that the voice of disaffection is not heard, and that the misery of depressive circumstances should be forgotten in the midst of physical enjoyment; and to consult the public interest, and to provide for the public good.

(To be concluded in our next.)

THE MAGAZINES.

The *Penn Monthly* is late this month and hardly up to its usual standard. The most notable features are sections eleven and twelve of The Conquest of Spain by the Arab-Moors relating to the counter-movement produced by the rising of the Christians in the Asturias and the events which led to the establishment of the independent khalifate of Cordova; a neat verse translation of Horace's Ode to Thaliarchus; and a paper on the use of glazed tiles for mural decoration.

One of Colby's Pills will often prove sufficient.

(For the Canadian Illustrated News.)

FLOWN.

"Wild, rebellious heart! be still, be still!
The flesh is so weak and the devil so strong,
And she was so fair,
Teach me, O Lord, submission to thy will,
O God! from off this bier, can it be wrong
To take this little relic of her hair?"

If 'tis wicked to worship a spirit so pure,
Or to press the pale lips be accounted a sin—
The lips of a saint!
Take courage, faint heart, to the end to endure,
Though thou perish, thy fellows to save and to win,
Lord, succour thy servant, whose faith is so faint!

O spirit glorified, canst thou look down,
Compassionate, from the pure angel band,
Kneel at God's throne,
Praying that my long patience win its crown,
And that my spirit join thee in that land,
Where thine, released from sin and pain, has flown!
N. P. Mox.

Montreal.

Miscellaneous.

Turkey a Naval Power.

Turkey now takes third place on the roll of naval countries. While England has 50, and France 30 ironclads or iron ships, Turkey has 19. The Turkish navy consists of the following vessels:—Five ironclad frigates, 5 wooden frigates, 7 ironclad corvettes, 2 monitors, 5 unarmoured frigates, 7 unarmoured corvettes, 6 unarmoured despatch boats, 4 wooden gunboats, 5 armoured gunboats, 56 transports, and 3 steam dredges. Four of the ironclad frigates are steamers of 550-horse-power, and carry 16 guns. Four of the ironclad corvettes carry 4 guns, 300 pounders. The monitors each carry 4 guns, 250 pounders. Several ironclad frigates are in course of construction, and will shortly be added to this considerable naval force.

Lord Westbury's wit.

Lord Westbury, ex-Lord Chancellor of England, recently deceased, was the author of that sarcastic remark to a barister with whom he was in consultation: "You had better turn this over again in what you are pleased to call your mind;" and not long since he addressed the Peers as "your lordships, who are still by courtesy called learned." He was a short, stout man, with a round, rosy face, on which there usually played a soft, complacent smile. He was fond of yachting, and affected nautical ways—pilot coat, turned-down collar, and bare throat. He spoke with unctuous softness and deliberation, his words dropping from his lips like drops of honey, but the honey was always a little bitter. One of his most famous decisions was that in favour of the theological essays and reviews which made so much stir a dozen years ago. A sarcastic epitaph, composed about that time, thus commemorated him: "He abolished hell with costs, and took away from pious members of the Church of England their last hope of everlasting damnation."

Cardinals' Physiognomies.

The London *Spectator* has been studying from photographs the physiognomy of the members of the College of Cardinals. Its judgment from the faces of the whole group is that they are "simple old men, with handsome, gentlemanly features, and very moderate brains. There is no one among them with a face quite so intellectual as Father Newman; no one with the true ascetic face of Dr. Manning; no dreamer, unless it be Bonaparte; no real Torquemada. There is but one strong aggressive face, with the fighting peasant beneath its steadiness (Cardinal Cullen); but one physically bad face, Casati, who looks like a turf-man of the lower grade; and but one who would be taken for an English bishop, Filippo de Sorso. There are but three who surpass the usual type—Monaco de Valetta, a superb face; Bonaparte, exactly like the first Napoleon, seminized; and Riario-Sforza, the imaginative man, who would, it is said, shake Europe by declaring for the democracies of the earth as against its kings. His face, with its steady eyes, clear-cut features, and broad determined chin, is that of a man who would have wielded the temporal power and saved Rome."

Costly Piety.

The general practicality of things which becomes apparent when two fond hearts are suddenly severed is illustrated by a late sad affair in England. A young and pleasing widower of 63 met and wooed a lady of the flighty and immature age of 45. For a time each seemed all that fancy painted, and their path was strewn with poetry and all that sort of thing. But the widower, alas! became estranged, and signified it in a letter to the lady. "I have had a good deal of unpleasantness," he observed, "since I saw you in the family circle, and it is a dayley dish from the publick until I am hartley sick of it. Dear Aggie, do not let angry temper arise, nor animosity prevail against me for this, for I shall always entertain a friendly feeling towards you and all family, and when we meet each other may it be with a friendly feeling until we meet in heaven, where parting shall be no more." Anybody would think that a kind and Christian statement like this should awake in reply sentiments equally pleasant. But no; that spinster did let animosity prevail, and having warmly remarked in answer, "You old hypocrite, how dare you write such stuff to me about us meeting in heaven?" she straightway began a breach-of-promise suit, and the widower's gentle piety cost him \$2,500.

Costly Beverage.

The City of Bremen possesses twelve hogsheds of what, according to certain calculations undertaken by the *Neue Free Presse*, must be the most expensive beverage in the world. The town purchased in 1624 twelve hogsheds of Rudesheimer at 300 gold thalers each. These were placed in the municipal cellars, where they still remain. At the end of next year these hogsheds will be 250 years old, and will, reckoning the interest on the original price at five per cent., have cost 790,680,000 Prussian thalers. The waste of wine from evaporation is always estimated at five per cent. per annum; there remain, consequently, only 465 bottles of the original supply. This annual loss has been made up by means of old wine found in the cellar. Calculating the price of a bottle of this wine at one thaler only, the 216,000 bottles which will have