

and of two small boys, one on each side of her, and both dressed as young sailors. And the steers-woman—she had something of a sailor-look about her too; for she was dressed in navy blue, and she wore a straw hat with a blue ribbon and letters of gold. But you would scarcely have looked at the smart straw hat when you saw the bright and laughing face, and the beautiful eyes that seemed to speak to you long before she could get to shore. And then the boat was run into a small creek; and the young lady stepped lightly out—she certainly was young-looking, by-the-way, to be the mother of those two small sailors—and she quickly and eagerly and gladly caught Queen Titania with both her hands.

"Oh, indeed, I beg your pardon," said she—and her speech was exceedingly pleasant to hear—but I did not think you could be so soon over from Stornoway."

[*Note by Queen Titania.*—It appears that, now all our voyaging is over, and we are about to retire into privacy again, I am expected, as on a previous occasion, to come forward and address to you a kind of epilogue, just as they do on the stage. This seems to me a sort of strange performance at the end of a yachting cruise, for what if a handful of salt-water were to come over the bows, and put out my trimpery foot-lights? However, what must be must, as married women know; and so I would first of all say a word to the many kind people who were so very good to us in these distant places in the north. You may think it strange to associate such things as fresh vegetables, or a basket of flowers, or a chicken, or a bottle of milk, or even a bunch of white heather, with sentiment; but people who have been sailing in the West Highlands do not think so—indeed, they know which is the most obliging and friendly and hospitable place in the whole world. And then a word to the reader. If I might hope that it is the same reader who has been with us in other climes in other years—who may have driven with us along the devious English lanes; and crossed the Atlantic, and seen the big canons of the Rocky Mountains; and lived with us among those dear old people in the Black Forest; and walked with us on Mickleham Downs in the starlight—why, then, he may forgive us for taking him on such a tremendous long holiday in these Scotch lochs. But we hope that if ever he goes into these wilds for himself, he will get as good a skipper as John of Skye, and have as pleasant and true a friend on board as the Laird of Denny-mains. Perhaps, I may add, just to explain everything, that we are all invited to Denny-mains to spend Christmas; and something is going to happen there; and the Laird says that so far from objecting to a ceremony in the Episcopal church, he will himself be present and give away the bride. It is even hinted that Mr. Tom Galbraith may come from Edinburgh, as a great compliment; and then no doubt we shall all be introduced to him. And so—good-by!—good-by!—and another message—from the heart—to all the kind people who befriended us in those places far away!—T.]

THE END.

A VISIT TO SOME CANADIAN FISHING STATIONS.

BY CLARE.

When careless passers-by glance at the unromantic cod-fish exposed in all his flattened and prosaic unloveliness in grocers' precincts, how little do they imagine what a variety of processes he has passed through, since gambolling in the Atlantic with his finny brethren. Yet quite a chequered career has been his to reduce him from his plump, oily freshness to the correct attenuation, necessary for exportation. This summer while "doing" the Gulf of St. Lawrence and Bay of Chaleur, some very pleasant days were spent by us, at several of the fishing-stations of Messrs. le Boutillier, and Messrs. Robin. These two firms, rivals albeit firmest of friends, have establishments, side by side, in several places for the capturing, drying and exporting of cod-fish, principally. The fish are caught, and partly prepared, at the stations in the Lower St. Lawrence, in the Gulf, and New Brunswick, and shipped to Brazil, West Indies and Great Britain, from Paspébiac the head station of both firms. The most interesting part of the work to an outsider, is that of the lower stations. One of the most picturesque of these, is that at Bonaventure Island, a fraction of Canada devoted, almost exclusively, to the piscatorial business. This island is occupied by an establishment of the Messrs. le Boutillier, (the Robin firm having one at Percé immediately opposite.) The fishermen's cottages cluster around the larger house occupied by members of the firm, and near the water's edge are the buildings used for the reception of the fish as it comes from the boats. The vicinity of these buildings is far from pleasing to the olfactory nerves, but to learn, one must pass through all sorts of experiences. Let us suppose we are standing on one of the cliffs at the northeast of the island—a moment as to the view. Far as the eye can reach, water to right and left, broken only at the right by Percé rock, pink in the setting sun, with millions of mewing seabirds, wheeling ceaselessly around its broad flat top, theirs by right of ages of occupation; opposite, Percé village, nestling, darkened already, early evening though it is, by the grand solitary mountain behind. Look, there come the boats; let us go and see what luck the fishermen have had since we watched the little red-

sailed fleet dance away at sunrise this morning. We hurry down the steep, pebbly path, and arrive in time to watch the men throw the fish from the boats, up through the shed windows, which have sliding planks within, down which the fish "tobogan" as one of our number said, into the men's hands who stand ready to receive them. Quick as thought their heads are cut off, the bodies passed on to others, whose province it is with a swift turn of the wrist, to remove the entrails with a grooved knife. The heads are stripped of the tongues, which are esteemed a delicacy; while the livers are put in unsavoury masses by themselves. So much for the most unpleasant part of the programme. Next day we see all the "catch" well washed and salted, laid flattened out, skin down on long tables called "flakes" in the open air to dry. Here they remain for a shorter or longer period according to the weather. A sudden unexpected shower causes a most amusing scene at any of these places. At the first alarm, all hands rush to the rescue, to turn the drying fish "skin up," before any moisture is absorbed; and we have seen the fattest and most unpromising-looking, manifest wonderful adroitness acquired by long experience of these occasions, turning over the fish ten or twenty in a second.

When the fish is ready it is carted in wheelbarrows, without any sides, to the boats and conveyed to the schooners which land it at Paspébiac or Paspéjack as the "unwashed" of those regions term it—for exportation. Paspébiac, a place unattractive in itself is rendered picturesque by the presence of the red-shuttered, red-roofed, white-walled buildings of the two fishing firms. All the "rooms," as the great sheds where the business is transacted are called, are kept in the most perfect order and cleanliness. To enter one of the strong-sheds and see the immense piles of prepared fish, towering on all sides covered with spotless canvas, one would imagine that all the world, keeping strictest Lenten diet for months to come, could scarcely consume the part of this year's catch before one. The fishing-season proper, terminates on the 15th August, on which day accounts are settled with the men, a second season entered upon by some afterwards. The beach at Paspébiac is a gay scene about this time. It was our good fortune to witness the arrival of a ship-load of men, who had spent the summer fishing at the Labrador stations. They came off in boatfuls, sun-burnt, healthy, boisterous, full of glee at a good summer's work completed, and money forthcoming; some making as much as sixty pounds by their season's work. Sadly wanting in gallantry proved the inmates of one boat holding about forty-five men, who climbed up the wharf and sprang ashore, without so much as a glance, at the solitary female who had been their companion in exile, and who meekly, and with great difficulty, reached terra-firma alone and unaided. The managers and clerks of the firms, however, do not resemble the humbler employés in this respect, as the fair inhabitants of Paspébiac and New Carlisle, its sister village, can testify. New Carlisle is a thriving and pretty little place, three miles further up the bay, whose handsome dwellings, trim gardens, pure, bracing air, and extensive sea-view would tempt many a paterfamilias to invest in building-lots for summer residences were it but better known. One day last summer a merry party of about twenty ladies and gentlemen, brought together by the kind invitation of the manager of the Robin firm, started for a sail to Caraque, there to spend a couple of days. The schooner *Two Brothers*, brilliant with many flags, left up since yesterday's launching, for to-day's is her first trip—proves the fallacy of the old superstition, that Friday is an unlucky day to start on any expedition. The wind is propitious, but gentle, so no sea-sickness damps our jollity, and our kind entertainer has spared no pains, and left nothing undone, for our comfort, that the thoughtfulness of a thorough gentleman, can suggest. Only two things are forbidden to be indulged in—Pinafore and Jersey French—the besetting sins of several of our number. Caraque is reached in about two hours, and the rest of the day is passed in viewing the lions of the oyster-abode. The "r" is hardly sufficiently in force yet, it being very early in September, and the dredging has scarcely commenced.

Next day it was purposed to visit Tracadie, the only lazaretto in America, distant some said ten, some fifteen, some even thirty miles. These conflicting statements it was resolved to put to the test the following morning. But alas! for the futility of human plans; that morning rose in mist and drizzling rain, the Tracadie excursion was abandoned and the distance of that place from Caraque, must remain forever shrouded in mystery to the writer. A treacherous break in the afternoon's rain, led the majority of the party to venture forth in boats, to visit the church and convent, about two miles distant. After having been courteously shown the interior of both we sallied forth to return, to find the elements doing their best, (or worst), to punish us for our temerity. A draggled and soaked crew of beings, presented themselves at the doors, whence they had issued in all the pride of well-dressed humanity, two short hours before, to meet the condolences, and self-gratulations of those wiser ones, who had refrained from going, but could not restrain themselves, now, from uttering Madame de Staël's "Jo l'avais bien dit!"

The nondescript costumes of an hour later would have furnished ideas to the most experienced frequenters of masquerades. Next day farewell to Caraque, with thanks to our genial

host at Messrs. Robin's house, our abode while there. The winds are averse this time, and we have a long day of it returning, but not too long, evidently, for none seem anxious to finish the voyage. All goes merrily as possible; one or two faces grow pale, as the wind freshens, but the demon of sea-sickness is exorcised by wise advice being taken, and the cabin sofas relinquished for the breezy deck. Some gold-topped bottles, that have several times made their appearance during our trip, for the last time are brought, and for the last time we are to "quaff the sparkling bowl" together. One of our number is called upon to furnish a toast for the occasion,—and it must be in rhyme, impromptu.

Unhappy youth! Equal to the occasion he proves, however; perhaps the champagne inspires him in advance, perhaps the absorption of phosphorus from the late plentiful fish diet has strengthened his brain. Be that as it may he speedily produces the following:

"May our schooner, the *Two Brothers*,
Be outvalled by no others,
May she weather many a stiff
North-easter yet,
And though we soon must sever
To meet again perhaps never,
Let us ne'er forget our trip to Caraque."

This is well received on the whole by the company, although one member led away by the excitement of the moment, ventures to murmur at the fifth line, "not even hardly ever!" The indignation felt at this offence, was covered by the applause tendered to the laureate of the occasion.

But the last tack is made. Paspébiac with its gable-fronted, red-roofed buildings crowding the level beach, and long spit of sand, stretching far into the blue, calm bay, beloved of navigators, for its freedom from treacherous rock and shifting shoal since old Jacques Cartier planted the fleur-de-lis and cross upon its shores, three hundred years and more ago,—Paspébiac is once again in view. It is a scene viewed thus for the last time, a few days later, as waving good-byes to the fast-receding shore from the deck of the *City of St. John*, we regret sincerely to leave the fish-territory where we have found such kind and genial hearts, and made such true and courteous friends.

LINCOLN'S DREAM.

On the afternoon of the day on which President Lincoln was shot, there was a Cabinet Council at which he presided. Mr. Stanton, being at the time Commander-in-Chief of the northern troops that were concentrated about Washington, arrived rather late. Indeed, they were waiting for him, and on his entering the room the President broke off in something he was saying, and remarked, "Let us proceed to business, gentlemen." Mr. Stanton then noticed with surprise that the President sat with an air of dignity in his chair, instead of loling about in the most ungainly attitudes, as his inviolable custom was; and that instead of telling irrelevant and questionable stories, he was grave and calm, and quite a different man. Mr. Stanton, on leaving the council with the Attorney-General, said to him, "That is the most satisfactory Cabinet meeting I have attended for many a long day. What an extraordinary change in Mr. Lincoln!" The Attorney-General replied, "We all saw it before you came in. While we were waiting for you, he said, with his chin down on his breast, 'Gentlemen, something very extraordinary is going to happen, and that very soon.' To which the Attorney-General had observed, 'Something good, sir, I hope?' when the President answered very gravely, 'I don't know—I don't know. But it will happen, and shortly, too.' As they were all impressed by his manner, the Attorney-General took him up again. 'Have you received any information, sir, not yet disclosed to us?' 'No,' answered the President, 'but I have had a dream. And I have now had the same dream three times. Once on the night preceding the battle of Bull Run. Once on the night preceding such another' (naming a battle also not favourable to the North). His chin sank on his breast again, and he sat reflecting. 'Might one ask the nature of the dream, sir?' said the Attorney-General. 'Well,' replied the President, without lifting his head or changing his attitude, 'I am on a great broad rolling river—and I am in a boat—and I drift! and I drift!—but this is not business'—suddenly raising his face and looking round the table as Mr. Stanton entered—"let us proceed to business, gentlemen." Mr. Stanton and the Attorney-General said, as they walked on together, it would be curious to notice whether anything ensued on this, and they agreed to do this. He was shot that night.

THE best places to find quail in the Ohio valley are along the lines of the various railroads. The birds are attracted there by the large amount of grain which sifts through the cars. They become used to the sound of the passing trains, and often run out of the way instead of flying.

DR. PERRY has written to the choir-master of St. Vedast, expressing his sympathy with Mr. Dale, making observations on the legality of the vestments for wearing, which he understands Mr. Dale to be condemned, and counselling that the Crown should be petitioned for the exercise of the Royal prerogative.

MISS GARDNER, who has achieved distinction by having evicted a good many of her tenants in Ireland, lives in a house defended by iron bars, chains, and by several policemen. She has been shot at through a window of the building, and she carries a revolver in the pocket of her shooting-jacket. Her only companion is a lady named Miss Pringle.

ABSENT FRIENDS.

BY A. MACFIE.

Absence makes my heart grow fonder
As on the past I vainly ponder,
As memory from day to day
Recalls my friends who are far away;
The friends away beyond the sea,
Whose faces I may never see.
For whom my love grows daily stronger—
Absence makes my heart grow fonder.

Al! how their accents as of yore
Still linger at my chamber door:
Their footsteps oft I vainly would hear,
Imagination keeps them near:
And tho' they're many leagues away,
Their image haunts me day by day.
Why does my love grow daily stronger?
Absence makes my heart grow fonder.

I hope, and shall my hope be vain?
Oh! will they ne'er come back again?
I love, and hope, and sigh, and wait,
Unheeded both by time and fate,
Yet daily plead to Him above
To hasten hither those I love:
And with my prayer ascends the plea,
I love my friends across the sea;
By thought and tongue I thus unfold
A love as pure as any gold,
A love that's daily growing stronger—
Absence makes the heart grow fonder.

Oh, Neptune! ruler of the sea,
In mercy can't thou not decree
A favoured breeze to gently blow—
A favoured tide to gently flow—
That my loved one's bark may glide
Homeward by the wind and tide?
Why in suspense, why keep me longer?
Can my love grow any stronger?
Hear my prayer and guide them home,
Never more abroad to roam.
Why lonely doom me thus to ponder?
Absence makes my heart grow fonder.

HISTORY OF THE WEEK.

MONDAY, Nov. 22.—Riots have occurred at Scutari.—Bismarck is seriously indisposed.—The temperature was 25° below zero at Winnipeg yesterday.—The Greek army in Epirus has moved nearer the frontier.—A Constantinople despatch says it is rumoured that Dervish Pasha entered Dulcigno yesterday.—Cape Town despatches bring news of the revolt of the Basuto tribes hitherto friendly to the British.—A riot occurred yesterday at Ballina, in connection with the arrest of a Land Leaguer by the police.—Chief Justice Coleridge, of the Common Pleas, is mentioned as likely to succeed the late Chief Justice Cockburn.—In answer to Laycock's challenge, Hanlan offers to row in six weeks for £200 and a £1,000 bet, but this not suiting the Australian, the match has fallen through.

TUESDAY, Nov. 23.—Lancashire weavers are agitating for a promised advance in wages.—There are prospects of an immediate war between Egypt and Abyssinia.—Hanlan is visiting Paris. He leaves for home by human steamer on the 2nd proximo.—Over 7,000,000 bushels of grain are said to be locked in by ice on the canals in New York State.—Land Leaguers arrested at Ballina on Monday were sentenced to three months' imprisonment.—The rumour of Dervish Pasha having entered Dulcigno proves to have been premature. Latest news from Constantinople says he has occupied the heights above the town and is hourly expected to enter Dulcigno.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 24.—Prince Melikoff has gone to Livadia.—Mails will be transmitted through the St. Gothard tunnel this winter.—Healy, Parnell's secretary, has been elected to represent Wexford in the Imperial Parliament.—Much suffering is reported in Minnesota and other North-Western States on account of the fuel famine.—Two hundred and fifty lives were lost by a collision between a Greek and a French steamer near Spezia yesterday.—A Constantinople despatch says, Dulcigno was occupied by the Montenegrins yesterday, under the protection of the allied fleets.—The Castellar garrison is to be increased, and a permanent military force stationed at Ciaremorris to facilitate the rapid distribution of troops through the West of Ireland.—The Premier of Cape Colony says the Government has no intention of applying for Imperial troops. The Colonial forces have gained further successes over the Basutos.

THURSDAY, Nov. 25.—Chicago is threatened with a coal famine.—The Imperial Parliament meets early in January.—An Athens despatch says a Ministerial crisis is imminent.—An extensive aggressive movement is being prepared by the Albanians.—Gen. De Cissey's action for libel against his traducers was commenced yesterday.—The Turkish and Montenegrin Envoys have arranged for the Montenegrins to enter Dulcigno to-day.

FRIDAY, Nov. 26.—Navigation on the Danube River is closed.—The Boycott harvesters are en route for home.—The ship *Candide*, from Quebec, is ashore at Roseneath Point, on the Clyde.—Lord Coleridge has been appointed Lord Chief Justice of the Queen's Bench.—Sir Stafford Northcote, speaking at Brecon yesterday, said he saw signs of a Conservative reaction.—The remains of Chief Justice Cockburn were interred at Kensal Green Cemetery yesterday.—The latest news from the steamship *Ottawa* is that the crew are en route for Quebec, where they will be paid off.—The large vessel reported ashore at Anticosti turns out to be the bark *Aristolion*. Captain Clements, which eluded from Quebec on the 18th instant with a timber cargo, by Messrs. J. Bursall & Co., for Port Glasgow. Four of the crew have died, and the remainder, including the captain and mate, are badly frozen, and utterly destitute. The light-keeper at North-west Point, Anticosti, telegraphs for assistance; and also reports the brig *Pamlico*, of Quebec, Captain Stone, from Quebec, November 15th, with a lumber cargo for Montevideo, ashore at L'Anse aux Fraises, crew saved; and the schooner *Wasp*, of Gaspe, ashore at Ellis Bay; crew and passengers saved.

SATURDAY, Nov. 27.—The Pope has recovered from his recent illness.—An outbreak is reported at New Calabar, attended by horrible butchery.—The King of Greece has assumed a warlike attitude on the boundary question.—It is most likely that a match will be arranged between Hanlan and Laycock.—Cape Town despatches say the Basutos have been driven from their strongholds.—Italy is demanding of the Porte redress for ill-treatment of Italian fishermen at Mytilene.—Father Gavazzi was among the passenger-jangers on board the *Algeria*, which reached New York on Sunday.—At a loud meeting at Sligo yesterday, it was discovered that preparations had been made to blow up the speakers, of whom Mr. Davitt was one.—All hope of saving the SS. *Ottawa* has been given up, and on Saturday the workmen were taken off and the vessel abandoned.