

ral's sword, particularly as it had been obtained on the battle-ground."

This is pretty well for an ignorant common soldier.

Mr. W. W. Walkem has written:—"Dr. Anderson would be very much surprised, perhaps, were I to produce another MS. agreeing with the one handed in by me, and dated much earlier than the so-called but spurious original." Dr. Anderson would not be surprised; on the contrary, he has reason to know that there are a good many copies of Mr. Thompson's journal similar to the one initialled "P. M." For fifty years the journal now in my possession has been circulated among his friends by Mr. Thompson, with the following notification:—"Requested to be returned, after perusal, to James Thompson." I have no doubt more than one copy has been taken. How did Mr. Walkem, senior, come to copy the manuscript initialled "P. M."? What was his object? But what conclusion would Mr. W. W. Walkem wish me to draw from the question he has put? How could any manuscript bear an earlier date than that of Mr. Thompson's *Journal*, which commences in April, 1759, and terminates with the surrender and occupation of Quebec?

Mr. Editor, you will please to bear in mind that in my communications to you I made no allusion to either of the Walkems, but gave a simple narration of what I have reason to believe are facts. Mr. Walkem, junior, has thought proper to use very unbecoming language in reference to myself. I might retaliate very effectually; but no good could result from it: these are matters which can best be settled between him and myself. I am not aware that I have used any "pathetic allusions to the late Mr. Thompson" which were "irrelative" to my subject, and "should not have been brought in;" but this I can also fairly leave to your readers. But I take occasion to say that my recollection of the examination of the "P. M." manuscript is entirely different from that of Mr. W., sen., and he never showed me any evidence of there having been an original in the R. E. Office "bearing on the title-page the name of Major Moncrief, an engineer of the expedition, as the author of the narrative."

I may safely leave to you and your readers to decide whether you shall believe the statements of the Messrs. Walkem in reference to these worthy men, the Thompsons. For myself, I prefer to follow in the faith which I have never heard doubted by any but these two; and I fully concur in the notice which appeared in the *Chronicle* of 8th December, 1869, of the death of Mr. Thompson, junior:—"Mr. Thompson served long in the Commissariat, and on his retirement settled in Quebec, where he has been known and respected by a large circle of friends. He has died full of years, being, we believe, the senior of Quebec, and full of honour, if honour consists in a life spent in unblemished integrity."

I remain very faithfully,

WM. JAS. ANDERSON.

Quebec, Grand Allée, Feb. 16, 1872.

To the Editor of the "CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS."

MONTREAL, 20th Feb., 1872.

SIR.—In reading Saturday's edition of the *Canadian Illustrated News*, I see W. Wymond Walkem writes thus: "I really cannot imagine how Thompson senior was capable of keeping a daily journal, for which, from his position as a common soldier and his education, he was unfitted." Now, Sir, I wish W. W. would be kind enough to state what he means by a *common soldier*, for I have been in the army myself, and was obliged to enlist as a private soldier, and I never heard the word "common" made use of, only by some stuck-up snob or dandy, who thought those below him in position as dirt. And whenever I see or hear the word made use of I cannot help asking the question, "what is a common soldier?" If he means a private soldier, why does he not say so, and leave out the other detestable word? because I for one do not like to see or hear it mentioned. And the writer, I presume, would be greatly shocked if any person were to tell him that his father at one time was nothing but a common soldier, or that he himself was only the son of a common soldier. I question if it would not touch his dignity. And as for education, there are thousands of private soldiers capable of keeping a daily journal. Also a good round number who have studied for the medical profession, and are gentlemen in every sense of the word. By inserting the above, Sir, you will perhaps get an explanation from the three W.'s, and greatly oblige

AN EX-PRIVATE SOLDIER,
J. W.

NEWFOUNDLAND CORRESPONDENCE.

ST. JOHN'S, Nfld., Jan. 24, 1872.

OUR TOILERS OF THE SEA "AT HOME."

For the most part, the business of working the silvery quarries of the sea is suspended here during the winter months. Excepting in a few sheltered spots, in some of the bays, or on some peculiarly favoured ledges near the coast, no cod is taken from November to May. In St. John's, during these months, we never see a fresh cod, unless a few should be brought, in a frozen state, from Halifax, or in a fishing-boat from a western harbour. In the Bay of Islands, St. George's Bay and Bonne Bay, herring of the finest quality are taken during the winter months by cutting holes in the ice, through which nets are sunk. The cod-fishers, however, are entirely idle. Their boats are drawn ashore, turned bottom up and protected with spruce-boughs or some other covering. The fishermen employ themselves in cutting and hauling fuel, having sometimes to go four or five miles to reach the woods; or they build new boats, repair the old ones, and overhaul their nets and fishing-gear. This is their season of rest and enjoyment—of sweet-heating, marrying and giving in marriage. Their great farm, the sea, now lies fallow. The "voiceless dwellers in the deep" are no longer vexed with the destructive net and seine, the murderous "bultow," and the

treacherous "hook and line." Round the blazing ingle, the fisher-folk now bask in tranquil enjoyment, and in the long winter nights have their homely joys and amusements—their merry dances, in which vigour in "wetting the floor," with heel and toe, is more appreciated than grace,—their cozy tea-parties, social and domestic, at which the usual amount of feminine gossip is heard, and the character and doings of friends and neighbours, the progress of various flirtations and approaching matrimonial ventures are all discussed, and receive a pretty "free handling." What would life be worth if we could not remark with freedom on the doings and misdoings, fortunes and misfortunes of our neighbours? Half its zest would be gone. It is no use railing against "gossip." It began around Eve's first fire, and will be heard as long as there are women and hearthstones. The old fishermen draw together on the winter nights and talk over their fishing adventures, the price of cod and the character of the "supplies" issued by the "marchants," and mourn over the "old times" when the fish were far more abundant, and the supplies more generous. Their short and simple annals have often a tinge of melancholy—there is a "skeleton in every closet." This decrepit, old weather-beaten fisherman, on whose seamed face many a storm has left its traces, has his tale of woe to tell—how his two fine "boys," returning from Labrador, were caught in the great gale of October, '57, and were swallowed up in the pitiless sea, leaving him and the "old woman" to battle along unhelped in their old age. Annals of storm and wrecks and chronicles of death and disaster form a large portion of their talk; for there is hardly a household but has to mourn the loss at sea of a father, son or relative. Many of the fishermen's cottages are snug and tidy; and when the wife is thrifty and industrious, they look clean and cosy, and show that the fishwife's chief delight is to secure the comfort of her "skipper" on his return from labour on the wild and dangerous deep. All good Newfoundland housewives pride themselves in having a well-furnished "dresser." It stands generally opposite the door, and the array of plates, bowls, cups and saucers is wonderful. The more glowing the colours the better; and the favourite pattern is fish with their fins spread out and painted on the crockery-ware in all attitudes. The logs of wood crackle and blaze on the "dog-irons" in a huge open chimney, up which a coach and pair might be driven, so far as width is concerned. In many of the cottages cooking stoves are now introduced; and the huge chimneys are closed in. The result is increased warmth and a saving of fuel, but when the apartment is small a close, unwholesome atmosphere is created; which is far less favourable to health than the cheerful log-fire. All round the walls of the cottage hang the paraphernalia of the fisherman—his "properties," as an actor would call them—his nets, lines, oilskin coat and unmentionables—blue stockings and sou' wester. In small lockers underneath the settle which is close to the fire are stowed away many of the domestic necessities. Here the bread is kept to preserve it from being frozen at night. It is said that in some of the more uncivilized settlements, where the cottages are badly built, and far north where the cold is very intense, the housewife takes the loaf to bed with her and carefully rolls it in the blankets, otherwise in the morning she would find it hard as iron. A squeamish stomach might object to this, but use is everything. Winter is the time for the children to enjoy themselves. Sliding, skating, performing the "Russian Mountain," driving the "catamaran," drawn by dogs—hauling fuel—thus the youngsters amuse themselves when not under the eye of the schoolmaster, and thus they grow up hardy and robust, to hunt the seal on the ice-fields, and capture the cod and salmon along our iron-bound shores, and on "the bleak coast of savage Labrador." Quaint and peculiar are the people who gather in the sea-harvest, and they and their industries and history form a most curious and interesting study. In their little fishing hamlets, cut off from intercourse with the outside world, only hearing of what is passing elsewhere at long intervals, and then in garbled and exaggerated rumours, they grow up in a narrow circle of ideas, and are content with their simple unvarying round of labours and pleasures. The distribution of happiness is wonderfully equalized. Perhaps these simple fisher-folk who

"Think the rustic cackle of their bourg
The murmur of the world."

and who, to one accustomed to the luxuries and refinements of life, seem to lead a wretched existence, have, after all, more real happiness than the sons and daughters of wealth. With all their privations, their condition is far preferable to that of the urban labouring class, shut up in filthy lanes and alleys, to be decimated by typhus and cholera, and to leave behind them a stunted degenerate offspring. Rosy women and children and stalwart men, robust and healthy, are the dwellers in our quaint, picturesque fishing hamlets. Their descendants will emerge out of their condition of poverty; obtain education; and, in many instances, will be the energetic, strong-brained merchants, lawyers, statesmen, divines, and doctors who will carry off the prizes in the public arena. In this hardy, healthy mode of existence, the iron passes into their blood, their nerves are steel and their muscles whipcord. Add only brain-culture and you have the victors in the battle of life. It is noted already that when Newfoundlanders settle in other countries, as many of them do, from want of home-industries, they frequently take a distinguished place in the mercantile, professional and literary walks of life. When this is the case, even with the meagre education parents can command here for their children, what will it be when we obtain educational establishments in which a higher culture shall be imparted. It is not generally known that one of the most distinguished naturalists of England, whose writings have attained an immense popularity, is a Newfoundlander. I refer to Philip Henry Gosse, F.R.S., a native of this country, who took his first lessons in Natural History when rambling around these shores; and, in his charming books, introduces frequently his early experiences in the land of his birth.

WHERE ARE THE COD IN WINTER?

But while our fishermen are taking their ease at home during winter, what has become of "their best friends," the codfish? They, too, have gone into their winter quarters. No longer are they swarming along the shores, and in the bays and inlets, as in summer. They would be sought for in vain now on the fishing-grounds which are their usual haunts. When the water is chilled by the blasts of winter they retire

into the "dark, unfathomed caves of ocean," at some distance from the shore, where the temperature is higher; but where their winter habitation lies "no man knoweth." Moved by that universal instinct—that law of sympathy between the sexes which pervades all animal existence, and secures the continuation of each species, they leave their winter abode in spring, when the warm breath of summer re-kindles their dormant energies; and they approach the shores in order to deposit their spawn in shallower waters, where the sun's rays can reach and vivify it. Doubtless, too, they are attracted by the presence of the caplin and other bait, which they greedily devour. Thus are they brought within reach of our fishermen's hooks and nets. In the deeper waters they could not reach the cod. How simple in essence, but how prolific in their results are Nature's great laws! It is the very same instinct that in its lowest manifestations draws the vast shoals of cod from the depths of the ocean, so as to bring them within man's reach, which develops into the great passions of love and maternity in the human species, forming the sacred and affectionate family relationships, and furnishing an imperishable foundation for human society.

MIGRATIONS OF THE COD.—POETRY OF THE FISH-WORLD.

It is not at all probable that the migrations of the cod are of any great extent; and they are confined to their movements from the deeper to the shallower waters. It was once a universal theory among naturalists, that all fishes were endowed with a migratory instinct, which afflicted them with perpetual motion and made them ceaseless wanderers from sea to sea, and from shore to shore. More accurate and extended observation of fishes has entirely exploded this theory; and the best naturalists have now arrived at the conclusion that the migratory instinct in fish is very limited, and that the generality of the different species merely move from their feeding-ground to their spawning-ground,—from deep to shallow water. In the case of the herring, it was once believed that they came periodically, in one enormous shoal, from the Arctic regions, and divided themselves into grand battalions, each of which was destined to visit a certain locality. It is now agreed that the herring, like all others, is a local fish; and, like the cod, is confined to certain seas, moving in on the shore to spawn; each kind having its own locality and never visiting any other. In the case of our cod the same holds good. All around our shores are those enormous submarine elevations called "Banks"—with their corresponding depressions or valleys. Here vast colonies of cod find a home; and, just as on the land, there are great seats of population at certain spots, so are there great cod-centres, where colonies form and are stationary, having, comparatively, each but a limited range of water in which to live and die. The cod keep to their own colony; and when spawning time arrives, they invariably seek the same spot on the shore, and that the place of their birth. Hence it is that each locality has its own kind of cod which are quite distinguishable. Those taken in the southern and western bays differ from those which frequent the great northern inlets, as much as a South-down sheep from a Cheviot, or a Loch Fyne herring from a Yarmouth bloater. A fisherman can tell, at a glance, where any particular cod has been taken. No doubt there are cases in which individual fish are found wandering from home. Fish from the Great Bank are sometimes taken in—those having French hooks in their jaws, which had been snapped off the "bultows" of the French "Bankers." But these are rare exceptions. These are the wild prodigals of the colony who "seldom live at home," and wanting to see a little "life" turn their backs on the paternal residence, and, like all prodigals, come to no good. Or, perhaps some of them have been banished the colony for some serious misconduct, and, Cain-like, are compelled to wander about. But all respectable, well-conducted cod return to their own waters, just as the salmon finds its way from the ocean to its procreant cradle, hundreds of miles inland.

MYSTERIES OF THE OCEAN.

It is marvellous to think of the myriads of millions of cod that must be dwelling amid our submarine hills and valleys. Perhaps two hundred millions of them are captured every year; but on these "Banks" no "run" seems to make any impression,—draft after draft honoured and the coffers are full as ever. Very probably the winter habitat of all our cod is confined to the recesses of the shelving bases of these "Banks," or submarine elevations; and thus they never venture very far from the shore. Certain it is that they do not dwell in the great ocean-depths. Under a continually increasing pressure, in proportion to the depth of the superior cumbeant column of water, life must, at a given point, reach the limit where eternal darkness renders the organs of sight unavailing, and consequently the power of obtaining or avoiding prey impossible. It seems certain, then, that fish must live many atmospheres of water above this region of darkness, and possibly not far below one hundred fathoms. At such depths perhaps our cod are to be found, in their winter retreats, grovelling in inaction, or torpid equilibrium, till the summer-heat recommences their period of activity.

Three Frenchmen, a father and two sons, were lately indicted for robbery with violence at the assizes of Rouen. It appeared from the evidence that these most unpatriotic individuals had managed to procure Prussian uniforms from one of the battle-fields, and, disguised in these, broke open unprotected farmhouses at night, and demanded money, watches, or jewellery, with threats of murder if refused. The whole district was in terror for some time, which was kept up by the pretended Prussians firing shots at night as they passed along the roads, and sometimes sending a stray bullet into an exposed window. At last, a farmer whose house they were breaking into found courage enough to fire at them and put them to flight, wounding the foremost, one of the sons. The miscreant was deserted by his father and brother in their haste to escape, and, being taken by the pursuers, his identification led to the discovery of the means by which the whole neighbourhood had been laid under contribution by three of its own residents, and to the trial of the culprits, who were justly sentenced to a long term of penal servitude. This whole story was first furnished to a Dresden journal by its local correspondent, and has naturally been largely copied in Germany. But the inference drawn by the German papers that such acts were common in the occupied districts, and that the stories of Teutonic exaction may thus be all explained into a new edition of Gallic rapacity, seems to be beyond reason. Such crimes it would be far more natural to suppose were first suggested by the impunity which the petty violences of the foreign garrison enjoyed.—*Pall Mall Gazette*.