

JOTTINGS FROM THE KINGDOM OF COD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "QUEBEC PAST AND PRESENT."

III.

GASPÉ—BAIE DES CHALEURS—THEIR SCENERY, ROADS, SETTLEMENTS.

ON BOARD THE G. P. S. "SECRET."

In order to disclose at one glance Gaspesia and its sea shore, we shall follow Mr. Pye's programme:—

The district of Gaspé forms the eastern extremity of the Province of Quebec. It is bounded on the west by the county of Rimouski, north by the river St. Lawrence, east by the Gulf, south by the Bay of Chaleurs and the Province of New Brunswick, and lies between the parallels of 47° 20' and 49° 10' north latitude, and 64° and 66° 30' longitude west from Greenwich.

From Cape Chat, the western limit on the St. Lawrence, the sea-board extends to the river Restigouche, a distance of about 280 miles. This district formerly constituted one county, sending only one member to Parliament, and was generally known as the "Inferior District of Gaspé." The late Mr. Robert Christie, the historian of Canada, who was many years member for Gaspé, often stated that "it was a complete terra incognita, Kamschatka being better known to the majority of the reading portion of the community, even of these Provinces, than the Inferior District."

Gaspé is now divided into two counties, Gaspé and Bonaventure, each sending a member to the Legislative Assembly. The former extends from Cape Chat to Point au Maquereau, the latter from Point au Maquereau to the Restigouche. These counties, united with Rimouski, form the Gulf division, which elects a Legislative Councillor. According to the census of 1861, the total population of the county of Gaspé was 14,077 souls; this includes Bonaventure Island and the Magdalen Island group, all of which form part of the county for judicial and elective purposes.

The population of Bonaventure at the same time amounted to 13,092—giving a total of 27,169 for the entire district. Of this population 6,558 are Protestants, and 20,611 Roman Catholics. From Cape Chat to Ship Head (Gaspé), the coast is for the most part wild and mountainous, and so precipitous, in many places, that travellers must walk along the sea shore.

There is a good carriage road from Quebec to Ste. Anne des Monts, where a point has been recently connected to Gaspé Basin, by a good road made by order of Government, in rear of the mountains which skirt the shore of Fox river. Ste. Anne is a Seignior, owned by the son of the late Hon. John LeBoutillier (Horace LeBoutillier, Esq.), who has a good fishing establishment at the mouth of the river, of the same name, which flows through the Seignior. There is a large tract of good land in this locality, which is well settled, the population in 1861 being 869 souls. The difficulty of access to Percé has caused this portion of the county of Gaspé to be united to the county of Rimouski for all judicial purposes, except in criminal cases, and there is also a separate Registry office at Ste. Anne des Monts.

Mont Louis is the next important settlement. This is also a Seignior, owned by Mr. Thomas Fraser, of Quebec.

The next Seignior is Magdelaine, a small settlement; then Grande Vallée des Monts, where Messrs. William Irving & Co. have a fishing station. Fifthly, Ance de l'Etang, commonly known as Grand Etang. There are thus five Seigniors between Cape Chat and Fox River. The last is owned by the Messrs. L'Esperance, of St. Thomas, who have established there a well conducted and profitable fishery, combined with which they have a fine farm. These gentlemen, like Alexander Selkirk, may truly say that they are "monarchs of all they survey," and what is more to their credit is, that they are, we believe, the only French Canadian merchants who have been eminently successful in this branch of business on the Gaspé coast. Fox River is the next settlement, and here the postal road, which follows the line of coast until it reaches Restigouche, commences. The Government road, which is now open, enables a traveller to descend along the south shore of the St. Lawrence, ascend the Bay of Chaleurs, and regain the starting points *via* the Intercolonial and Grand Trunk Railway.

Following the line of coast from Fox River we come to Griffin Cove, thence to Cape Rosier, that Scylla of the St. Lawrence. An excellent light-house has been erected on the Cape to warn the mariner of his danger, and a gun is fired every half-hour in thick foggy weather. The next point is Ship Head, which brings us to the Bay of Gaspé; from thence we proceed along the southern shore of the bay, which is well settled and is known as Sandy Beach. Here we have a neat Protestant church and comfortable parsonage, which though standing on an eminence, are nearly concealed from view by a fine grove of trees. From this we reach Douglas Town Ferry, distant from the Basin seven miles. This is the mouth of the River St. John, a noted salmon stream, fished this year by the Earl and Countess of Dufferin. Like all the rivers on this coast, the River St. John has at its entrance a large lagoon, divided from the sea by a low sand bank, forming a safe harbor for small schooners. There is good anchorage in the bay for vessels of the largest size, and it was here that the

Royal Squadron first anchored on the occasion of the Prince of Wales' visit to Canada in 1860.

The site of Douglas Town was originally selected by a Scotch surveyor of the name of Douglas, and intended by the Government as a place of settlement for United Empire Loyalists. The inhabitants are all engaged in the fishery, and are principally Irish and French Canadians. It is a town in name only, the sole public building being a Roman Catholic church. The high road from Douglas Town still skirts the line of coast as far as Seal Cove, where it strikes through the forest to Belle Ance, in Malbay, a distance of about eight miles. This *portage*, the Canadian name for all forest roads, is partially towards Malbay, but the first four miles, on the opposite side, will afford the traveller a fair idea of the primeval forest. On reaching Belle Ance, the high-road joins the portage at right angles, branching off on the left to Point St. Peter's, and on the right to the mouth of the river and ferry. As you emerge from the portage road on a fine clear day, a grand tableau meets the eye, well worthy of an artist's pencil. The whole range of the Percé mountains rise, in all their majesty, before you, the village of Percé being partly visible. Mount Joli and Percé form striking objects to the left, both the arch and split in the rock being plainly seen. Beyond these, Bonaventure Island stretches out, not unlike a gigantic whale, resting on the bosom of the vasty deep. The ocean dotted with vessels and fishing boats, perhaps a steamer ploughing its smooth surface, complete the sea view, while to the right, are hill upon hill, and mountain upon mountain, crowned with the evergreen forest.

The Bay of Malbay is a splendid sheet of water, bounded by Percé on one side and Point St. Peter's on the other. When you arrive at the mouth of the river of the same name the ferryman is again in requisition. A few hundred yards beyond the ferry is a large Roman Catholic church. The river is well settled along the bank a considerable distance up the stream. The harbour is accessible for small craft only, on account of the sand bar at the mouth of the river; the lagoon is very extensive, forming a beautiful sheet of water when the tide is high. On this river there is also good salmon and trout fishing, and abundance of wild fowl in spring and fall. Having crossed the ferry, the road runs along the same bank which divides the sea from the lagoon, a distance of four miles, to the corner of the beach, a small settlement, consisting of a few respectable families. Here the road commences which winds in rear of the St. Anne range to Percé, a distance of about five and a half miles. The scenery through this gorge is truly grand, and the contemplation of its beauties will more than compensate the tourist for the difficulties of the road. About a mile from the highest point you pass immediately by the base of a stupendous wall of conglomerate, which appears as though it had been upheaved by another Atlas. There are indications all around Percé that at some distant period the mountains have been rent, and vast masses dislodged from their original position by some violent convulsions of nature. A few miles out of Percé the country assumes a level appearance; the mountain ranges gradually disappear from the background, and there is evidently a wide extent of land in the interior suited for agricultural purposes.

BURLESQUE.

A LITTLE BEHIND ON THE NEWS.—A South Carolina resident came down out of the mountains one day, lately, and asked of the first man he met: "What's the news from the war?"

"Oh, it's booming right along," said the stranger.

"Richmond keeps holdin' her own, then?" quizzed the mountain man.

"Richmond!" yelled the stranger; "there isn't any war in Richmond—it's on the Danube and around Baboum and Erzeroum, and pointing on towards Constantinople."

"Oh, yaas," observed the mountain man, hesitatingly, "it's drifted round to them 'ere places, has it?"

And as he passed on around a cliff, the amazed stranger heard that mountaineer uttering to himself: "I hadn't read the papers much lately, that's so, and I reckon I'm gittin' a little behind on the news."

JOSH BILLINGS ON GRANDPAS.—The grandpa is an individual aged somewhere between fifty and one hundred years, and is a common occurrence in most well-regulated families. Next to a healthy mother-in-law, they have no more bizness on hand than any other party in the household. They are the standard authority on all leading topics, and what they don't know about things that happened sixty-five years ago, or what will happen for the next three years to come, is a damage for everybody to know. Grandpas are not entirely useless; they are handy to hold babies, and feed pigs, and are very smart at mending broken broomhandles or putting up the clothes line on washing days. I've seen grandpas that churn good, but I consider it a mighty mean trick to set an old man over eighty years to churning butter. I am willing to rock the baby while wimmen folks are biling soap; I am ready to kut rags to work into rag carpets; they can keep me hunting hen's eggs, or picking green kurrants; or I will even dip kandles or kore apples for sss, but I won't churn. I have examined myself on the subject, and will bet a jackknife that Josh Billings won't churn. Grandpas are poor help at bringing up children; they

are full of precept and catechism, but the young ones all seem to understand that grandpa minds them a heap more than they mind grandpa.

EXPANSION AND CONTRACTION.—John Henry was with Julia the other evening when she observed:

"John, dear, what is all this talk about contracting and expanding the currency, and which do you believe in?"

"Well, my sweet," said John, pulling up his collar, "that depends upon circumstances. In some cases I should advocate contraction of the currency, and in others an expansion of it. It is according to the circumstances—that is the condition of things."

"But what is the difference between the two, and how does circumstances affect them? That's what I want to know, John?"

"Oh, that's easily explained," said John, in a tone of great cheerfulness. "For instance—when we are alone we both sit on one chair, don't we?"

"Yes."

"Well, that's contraction. But when we hear your pa or ma coming we get on two chairs, don't we?"

"I should say we did."

"Well, my love, that is expansion. So you see it is according to circumstances."

"John," said she, very softly, burrowing under his ear, "we are contracting now, ain't we?"

"You bet," said John, with increased cheerfulness.

SHE GOT MAD.—A tall woman with a sharp nose was raking up a yard on Masonic street one day last week. She had her dress tucked up, a ridiculous handkerchief tied over her head and looked like a fright generally. A cross-eyed man dressed in a suit of light clothes came up the street, and noticing the woman, leaned over the fence and remarked:

"How sweet is the rosy-pops."

"Eh? what's that?" exclaimed the tall woman, looking up.

"How appears the lovely popsy-wopsy with its dress tucked up," replied the cross-eyed man.

"Who're you talking to, any way?" said the tall woman, in great surprise, and turning red in the face.

"My own duck-lucky is exquisitely transcendental with the handkerchief," observed the cross-eyed man, winking mysteriously with his straight eye.

"It's my opinion you're drunk," exclaimed the tall woman, in a rage; "clear out, or I'll call the police."

"And would my sweet cherry-blossom set the wicked police on her own lovey-povey?" said the cross-eyed man.

"Clear out, you great overgrown windmill," screamed the tall woman, wrathfully, "or I'll claw you with this rake."

"Would my pinky-winky claw her darling tootsy-pootsy with a kerwell rake?" continued the cross-eyed man; "I never thought!"

Here the tall woman threw down her rake in a great passion, and rushed into the house slamming the door so hard that it broke the knob. And the cross-eyed man moved off, softly muttering—

"What dreadful tempers some sweet looking women have."

ICE CREAM.—"We sell more vanilla than anything else," said a prominent confectioner of Norristown, in answer to a question respecting his sales of ice cream, "more vanilla than all other flavors put together. After vanilla, in this season, comes strawberry, and after strawberry is pineapple. Chocolate is a standard flavor and runs all through the season. It is a good deal in demand, but there is more call at times for such flavors as strawberry and pineapple because they have their season. You cannot always get them."

"Do we ever get 'stuck'?" Yes, sometimes. We were never so badly stuck as to have to throw any cream away. We know not what our custom is and if anybody wants an order filled for a hundred quarts they must give us a day's notice. We have that much on hand of course at almost any time in hot weather, but we want it for sale in our saloon. It makes no difference if there is some left over when we close up. It can be sold next day. It will keep. It ought not to be kept more than two days, as it then gets stale. I have known it to happen sometimes that we would have two hundred quarts on hand on Saturday night, and there would come up a rain that would last all the evening. Very little would be sold, but the rest kept over Sunday and was sold on Monday. As long as the weather is hot there is always a demand that will take the cream before it spoils.

Towards the close of the season, when the weather gets cooler, the demand is uncertain. The cream does not keep any better then, either. It keeps just as well in the hottest weather as when it is cooler. The only difference is that it takes a little more ice and salt. Ice is ice, you know, and always has the same temperature.

"The demand for water ices depends upon the weather; the hotter it is the more water ices are called for. Orange is the standard flavor. But the demand never bears any proportion to that for ice cream. It is about one water ice to twenty creams."

WHERE HE WAS GOING.—Boggs is a very social man, and he likes to talk with any person he happens to be travelling with. He made a

trip up the Little Miami railroad the other day, and found a seat alongside of a solemn looking man who kept his gaze out of the window. Boggs tried to catch his eye so as to open conversation with him, but he couldn't do it; it's hard to catch a man's eye travelling at the rate of thirty-five miles an hour. Boggs offered the man his paper to read, but he shook his head without looking around. The conductor came along and Boggs thought surely he must look around now, but he didn't. A man in front handed out two tickets, and pointed silently to Boggs' companion. Boggs began to grow uneasy. It was the longest time he had ever been in a stranger's company without finding out something about him—where he was pointing for, at least. The brakeman came that way with some water, at length, and the man turned around to get some. Boggs immediately availed himself of the opportunity to say—

"Going 's far east as New York?"

"No," growled the man, as he removed his tobacco preparatory to drinking.

Boggs waited until the stranger had quaffed a pretty liberal quaff, when he remarked—

"New York is a dull place at this time a year, anyhow. Mebbe you're striking for Philadelphia to see whether the old town's changed any since the Exposition?"

The surly man gave an impatient shake of the head.

"P'raps Cleveland's your destination?" put in Boggs, not at all disconcerted.

"No," the man growled.

"Can't be you're going this round-about way to Chicago?"

The stranger didn't deign a reply of any kind to this. Then Boggs raised up and twisted around a little, fronting the stranger, and said: "I s'pose you've no objection to telling where you are going?"

"D—n it," cried the man, "I am going for seven years!"

Then the deputy sheriff in front told Boggs that he'd rather not have folks talking to his prisoners, and Boggs hadn't anything further to say.

LITERARY.

M. VICTOR HUGO has addressed a letter to Mr. Tennyson, acknowledging the sonnet in "The Nineteenth Century," the manuscript of which the Poet Laureate communicated to his brother poet.

MR. SULLIVAN, M. P., is now engaged in writing a work "On New Ireland," which will contain a review from his peculiar point of view of the changes made in recent years, and it will be published in the autumn.

MR. GEORGE BANCROFT, the veteran historian and diplomat, rides a jet black steed at Newport, his straight-visored cap, erect figure and flowing beard giving him the appearance of a knight-errant of the olden times, to the great admiration of the boys and of the ladies. He is said to have almost a woman's passion for cultivating roses.

THE exhibition of the "Byroniana," in London, is one which to those who admire the genius of the poet possesses unspeakable interest. There are the slips of old pieces of paper on which he wrote "Childe Harold" from day to day on the road to Venice, in 1816, just as they were forwarded to Mr. Murray, with several others of the same work, and "The Bride of Abydos," given by Byron to Mr. Samuel Rogers, with his pencil notes and alterations on it.

JOHN FOSTER often spent hours on a single sentence.

Ten years elapsed between Goldsmith's "Traveller" and its completion.

Moore thought it quick work if he wrote seventy lines of "Lalla Rookh" in a week.

La Rochefoucauld spent fifteen years in preparing his little book of maxims, altering some of them, Segar's says, nearly thirty times.

Rogers showed Crab Robinson a note to his "Italy," which, he said, took him two weeks to write. It consists of a very few lines.

We all know how Sheridan polished his wit and finished his jokes, the same things being found on different bits of paper, differently expressed.

Dickens, when he intended to write a Christmas story, shut himself up for six weeks, living the life of a hermit, and came out as haggard as a murderer.

Lamb's most sportive essays were the result of most intense brain labor; he used to spend a week at a time in elaborating a single humorous letter to a friend.

Addison, we are told, wore out the patience of his printer; frequently, when nearly a whole impression of the *Spectator* was worked off, he would stop the press to insert some new proposition.

Kinglake's "Eothen" we are told, was rewritten five or six times, and was kept in the author's writing-desk almost as long as Wordsworth kept the "White Doe of Rylstone," and kept like that, to be taken out for review and correction almost every day.

Tennyson is reported to have written "Come into the garden, Maud," more than fifty times before it pleased him; and "Locksley Hall," the first draught of which was written in two days, he spent the better part of six weeks, for eight hours a day, in altering and polishing.

Buffon's "Story of Nature" cost him fifty years of labor, before he sent it to the printer. He composed it in a singular manner, writing on large sized paper, in which as in a ledger, five distinct columns were ruled. In the first column he wrote down the first thoughts; in the second he corrected, enlarged and pruned it; and so on until he reached the fifth column within which he finally wrote the results of his labor. But even after this he would compose a sentence twenty times, and once devoted fourteen hours in finding the proper word to round off a period.

Balzac, after he had thought out thoroughly one of his philosophical romances, and amassed his materials in a most laborious manner, retired to his study, and from that time until his hook went to press society saw him no more. When he appeared among his friends, said the publisher, in the popular phrase, he was like his own ghost. The manuscript was afterward altered and copied when it passed into the hands of the printer, from whose slips the book was rewritten the third time. Again it went into the hands of the printer, two, three, and sometimes four separate proofs being required before the author's leave could be got to send the perpetually rewritten book to press at last to have it done. He was literally the terror of all printers and editors.