

JOTTINGS FROM THE KINGDOM OF GOD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "QUEBEC PAST AND PRESENT."

I.

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

I can recall the time when the only mode of transit between Quebec and the Lower St. Lawrence, in summer, was by the medium of coasting vessels, ranging in size from forty to one hundred tons; this of course takes one back to a rude, primitive era in the colony, when, according to Hon. Mr. Fabre, of the *Ecclement*, the members returned to parliament by the Lower St. Lawrence constituencies came up in schooners to take their seats, boarding occasionally within these floating hotels when circumstances permitted, or else putting up at some of the *Cul de sac* hotelries of the period, and dispensing *à toto* with any kind of polish on their red heel and round-toe moccasins. Gaspé was then in verity a *terra incognita* during the long and dreary months of frost and snow. The mail service was performed monthly and consisted, for Gaspé, of one solitary strong leather bag strapped to the back of a sturdy Indian who went forth on snow-shoes; when tired he would transfer his despatches to a sledge drawn by his faithful Indian dog. Later on, rough paths having been hewn through the woods by the Government, the mail matter went through the parishes, drawn by horses, to meet the Halifax packet, when not sent *via* New York. Quebecers, in these days, used each morning to cast an enquiring look towards the telegraph crowning the dizzy heights of Cape Diamond to ascertain when the long looked for letters might reach; several balls hoisted to a yard across a lofty post, such was the system of telegraphing then in use. The signals were carefully repeated from headland to headland—from parish to parish—from Bic to Quebec, a distance of some 180 miles. To the simple denizens of the country a trip to Gaspé, or the maritime provinces, was a serious undertaking, and never lightly talked of. Its duration to and through at the shortest, covered four or five weeks. The route was not reckoned safe; the river not lighted, nor properly buoyed. There were many dreaded spots where superstition had hung more than one wild legend—where shipwrecks had spread innumerable harrowing memories. It was not unusual for the proudest amongst the country travellers to call in the village notary to draw up in legal form the last will of an anxious father or of a rich uncle; the demure official of course took care to add his mite to the terrors possible or even probable of the intended trip. Those who go down to the sea in ships witness many sights, it is well known, which are denied to timorous landmen.

Indeed, a trip to Gaspé had trouble at its very threshold. Before smelling salt water, one day's sail from the city plunged the traveller in the tumultuous surges of the *Gouffre*—the maelstrom once so dreaded between *Île aux Coudres* and *Île St. Paul*—where the unlucky craft, often gyrating thirteen times or more in the balling eddies of the *Gouffre*, if not swallowed up at once, had a fair chance of being cast ashore on the ledges of *Pointe à la Prairie*, on the west end of the *Île aux Coudres*. The *Gouffre*, however, by the shifting of its sand banks, or other causes, has lost much of its terrors; the merest tyro now ventures through it without "vowing a candle" to *La Bonne Ste. Anne*, the patroness of mariners, whose chapel, decorated with ex-votos and crutches, is in view from St. Joachim. Opposite to the *Gouffre* at *St. Roch des Abatteux*, was the shallow *Traverse* and its mill sluice racing tide, disclosing amongst other dreaded landmarks *la Roche Aiguille*, where the Allan steamer "Canadian" came to grief a few years back. No spot, however, was more feared than the entrance of the river *Madeline*, lower than *Mataue*; there, during easterly storms, was heard the *Bravillard de la Madeleine*—the wailings of an un baptized child, whose unquiet spirit hovered over this rocky shore ever since the date of *Le Grand Naufrage Anglais*, 1711. Not even the dismal shores of Anticosti, where shipwrecked seamen had been compelled to live on one another's flesh, and where the fearful pirate Ganache held undisputed sway, caused more alarm than the idea of being becalmed opposite to the river *Madeline*. Then again, what could that fantastic rock at Cape Gaspé, THE OLD WOMAN, portend when its quasi-human shape loomed out in the dusk of the evening during a stiff northwestern breeze? Rock had also its ominous and death presaging sights. Had not several noticed many white objects moving about on its verdant summit in deep twilight? They could not be gulls hatching there—but were more than likely the souls of the departed whose boats had been shattered against this lofty rock at night during storms. Such were some of the subjects of alarm for the simple-minded generation of fishermen which formerly constituted the bulk of travel between Quebec and the Lower Ports. Of the protracted duration of one of those Gaspé trips I can speak from experience. In October, 1843, it took me seventeen days to reach, in a coaster of 43 tons, "La Marie Louise," Capt. Cayen, of Islet, from *Pointe Peters*, Gaspé, to the then capacious harbor of the Palais, Quebec. Of storms, bilge water, pea soup, and junk pork fried I had a lion's share—of comfort not a shadow. On emerging from the close cabin and unwashed berth it necessitated, need I say, more than one ablution to fit a traveller for the drawing room. How quickly our respected fathers might have ended their misery had a little bird whispered to them to get up a Gulf Port line of steamers!

The idea of navigating the Lower St. Lawrence by steamships had originated as early as 1831. On the 28th April of that year, at a cost of \$84,000, the *Royal William*, steam and sailing ship of 180 horse power and 1,000 tons burden, had been launched at Quebec, from the shipyard of the late George Black. This vessel, the pioneer of our early steam marine, was intended to ply, and did ply two years, between Quebec and Halifax. For many a long day the name of the late Capt. John McDougall, her commander, was a household word amongst Quebecers. This vessel, we are told, was purchased in London by the Spanish Government and became the *Isabella Segunda*, ship of war. It is sometimes stated that the *Savannah*, built at New York, first crossed the ocean by steam. She did not use her engine in crossing, whereas the *Royal William* steamed all the way from Quebec to London. English as well as American books of reference ignore the *Royal William*—she was only "colonial." Let us come to a later period, about 1843. A generation still exists which can look back to the palmy days of the good ship *Unicorn* and her experienced commander, Captain Walter Douglas. The *Unicorn* was the pioneer of the Cunard fleet to Halifax, and after accomplishing the first voyage, proceeded to take her place on the route from Quebec to Pictou, which she held for several years, aided occasionally by the *Margaret*. The *Unicorn* was intended to be the connecting link between the ocean line to Halifax and Canada.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

A PECULIAR phase of the social economy is that a girl often marries a loss, while a widow always marries again.

"Tom, what in the world put matrimony into your head?" "Well, the fact is, Joe, I was getting short of shirts."

A WOMAN thinks a man brave if he only picks up a cockroach with his fingers, but she doesn't think it requires any courage to swear off for three weeks.

A MERCHANT advertised for a boy who was "quick at figures." A darling youth appeared, bringing his mother's certificate of his agility in the lancers and the polka.

A WRITER says, "The boys must help themselves." Most boys do, until the old man admonishes them by a thump on the head that somebody else likes cake as well as they.

THE young man who cannot afford to keep his girl stuffed full of ice-cream and strawberries can invite her into the garden and show her how to cull the sportive potato bug.

SOME atrocious cynic says that going to be married is very much like going to be hanged, and observes that there is only the difference of an aspirate between the altar and the halter.

PEACE hath her victories no less than war, and no one realizes this more fully than the fond husband who, from a safe retreat in the barn loft, watches his wife bringing in water for the Monday's washing.

MRS. QUINNESS advises young men to marry the women they love, and to love women, not 'cause they are han'sum or know how to play the pianer, but because they can cook an' air satisfied to eat a plain dinner and hev an idee of religion and the vaily of truth.

A WISCONSIN man put his arm around a girl while they were out riding together and within two minutes it was paralyzed. Paralysis is a bad thing, but around here it is considered a pretty mean sort of man who isn't willing to risk both arms if necessary.

"Ah love!" she murmured, as they wandered through the moonlight, "ah! dearest, why do the summer roses fade?" He happened to be a young chemist of a practical turn of mind, and he replied that it was owing to the insufficiency of oxygen in the atmosphere.

"Ah," said a Sunday-school teacher—"ah, Caroline Jones, what do you think you would have been without your good father and pious mother?"—"I suppose, mum," said Caroline, who was very much struck with the soft appeal, "I suppose, mum, as I should ha' been a hor-phan."

A lady whose cook went to a wake was given notice by her a fortnight afterwards that she was going to be married. "Whom to?" asked the mistress. "Please, ma'am, to the husband of the corpse."—"Why—does he love you?" was the next question.—"Oh, yes, ma'am; he said I was the light of the funeral."

It happened the other day that our wife got hold of a war map, representing the Black Sea and Russian and Turkish armies, and when we got home she had cut out two new dresses and a neat basque by it, and was beginning on a new fashioned coat for ourselves. She thought 'twas a fashion cut—and she believes so yet.

It being reported that Lady Caroline Lamb had, in a moment of passion, knocked down one of her pages with a stool, the poet Moore, to whom this was told by Lord Strangford, observed, "Oh, nothing is more natural for a literary lady than to double down a page."—"I would rather," replied his lordship, "advise Lady Caroline to turn over a new leaf."

A NORWICH man who went to the Black Hills a year ago has written home that he has been captured by the Indians, and probably will be unable to return for fifteen or twenty years. His wife believes it, and is trying to get the Government to organize an expedition to

save him from torture and death. Woman's confidence in man seems at times too beautiful to be exposed to the rude criticism of the world.

WE were crossing an alley on East Mansfield street when our attention was called by some boys drumming on a tight board fence. Suddenly a little fellow on the opposite side on tip-toes called out, "Stop yer noise, boys."—"Hello, Tommy, is that you?" said one of the boys. "Yes, and we've got a new baby; he is orful tired, walked all the way from heaven last night; don't want any row kicked up round here now."

THE wise daughter is the pride of her father; yea, her mother also doth delight in her; but the foolish maiden bringeth sorrow. She hangeth on the front gate; she tippeth up her hat over her left ear. Her eye is full of old Nick. She glanceeth over her shoulder when she promenades on Dominick street. Her handkerchief also is seen. Then the dry goods clerk says, "Ha! ha!" He smileth to himself; he makes mistakes in the measure of calico.

A poor young man once fell in love with an heiress, and the passion being returned, it only wanted the parents' consent to make them happy. At length, meeting the father, he asked for the daughter's hand. "How much money can you command?" asked the millionaire, gruffly.—"I cannot command much," was the reply.—"What are your prospects?"—"Well, to tell the truth, I expect to run away with your daughter, and marry her, if you don't give your consent!"

"Who was that Kate Harding you came down from Boston with?" inquired a north end woman of her husband.—"What's that?" returned the surprised spouse.—"Oh, you can't fool me," said the north end woman; "I heard you telling Mr. Barter about your Kate Harding."—"You don't mean the Katahdin, do you?" said the husband, as a light broke over him; "she's the steamboat, you know." The north end woman offered to do all the house cleaning without hiring any help, if he wouldn't tell of her mistake. He told us, but we promised not to say a word about it.

THE GLEANER.

THE Turks in Armenia are very weak in cavalry.

THE Czar has ordered all the adult Imperial Princes to join the army.

DR. SCHLEIMANN holds it as certain that the ancient Trojans spoke Greek.

MR. GLADSTONE opposes strongly the law making vaccination compulsory. Take note Dr. Coderre.

A STEWARDESS of the Cunard line is about to retire with a fortune of \$25,000, the result of 20 years service.

MR. DIXON's agent has obtained absolute possession of Cleopatra's Needle from M. Demetrio. The operations for the removal have commenced.

THE family of Mr. George Macdonald, the novelist, announces that they are ready to make engagements for private theatricals in drawing-rooms or at garden parties.

H. R. H. THE Prince of Wales, it is said, expressed his strong desire to be allowed to accompany the army to the "front," whenever that may be, in the event of England going to war.

It has been rumoured that the Turkish Government have tried to get Captain Shaw, of the London brigade, over to Constantinople to form and indoctrinate a Fire Brigade.

MR. GLADSTONE has revised for publication the two speeches he delivered in the recent debate on the Eastern Question. They will be issued in a popular form almost immediately.

SCOTLAND is also to have its "University Boat Race," the Glasgow and Edinburgh University Boat Clubs having all but decided to try their strength on the Clyde towards the close of the summer session.

HER Majesty has recently adopted a new monogram to be impressed on note paper for private use. It consists of the letters "V. R. I." (in different colours), surmounted by a crown in gold.

ON the 24th ult. the last of what was so long known as Table Rock, at Niagara, broke off and fell into the river. The mass weighed nearly sixty tons, and up to 1876 over four thousand names of visitors had been carved upon it.

MR. JEFFERSON DAVIS now lives near Mississippi City on the border of Ponchartrain, between New Orleans and Mobile. He is writing his memoirs, is in excellent health, and looks younger than he did a few years ago.

A LETTER from the Russian headquarters states that the red cross begins to be seen again and many ladies of high rank have enlisted to serve under it. Nurses who have no private means receive a monthly stipend. Deaconesses and kind sisters are already in full activity.

It is a notable circumstance that the Earl of Beaconsfield was almost the only Peer of any eminence who did not pay a visit to the House of Commons during the recent five nights' debate on the Eastern Question. The noble Lord has never set foot in the House since his elevation to the Peerage.

QUEEN VICTORIA is fifty-eight years old. There are only twelve out of the thirty-eight

reigning sovereigns of Christendom who have reached that age. The oldest of all is the Pope, who is eighty-five; Emperor William is eighty, the Czar is fifty-nine, Victor Emanuel is fifty-seven, Emperor Francis Joseph is nearly forty-seven. The youngest of the sovereigns is Alphonso, of Spain.

THE armaments of Europe in the present year are described as follows in a little tract published by the Peace Society:—

	Popula- tion	Army peace	Army war	Navy	National Debt
Millions.	footing.	footing.	Tons.	Millions.	
Russian (European).....	80	800,000	1,600,000	80,000	200
Germany.....	45	800,000	1,400,000	85,000	150
France.....	37	750,000	1,300,000	100,000	780
Austria.....	38	400,000	800,000	65,000	360
Italy.....	28	200,000	450,000	100,000	400
Great Britain.....	53	150,000	400,000	200,000	730

A DECIDEDLY fishy individual turns up in San Francisco who pretends to have in his possession the log book of the schooner *Osprey*, which the claimant Tichborne said picked him up while adrift in the Atlantic Ocean. His name is Captain Mitchell Owens, and he has answered an advertisement in the San Francisco *Call* for information as to the crew. The captain has not appeared personally, but uses an agent, and wants money or he will keep eternally silent.

A CONSIDERABLE trade is being done in Birmingham in American boots and shoes, and there is every reason to believe that it will grow and seriously interfere with the home manufacture, unless machinery is more extensively employed in the production of the articles, so as to enable the makers to sell as cheaply as the Americans. Within the last two or three months upwards of £3000 worth of boots and shoes have been imported from Canada and the United States into Birmingham.

THE suit of black for evening dress is being silently abandoned to butlers and waiters; coloured costumes are taking its place. Flowers are not worn for evening dress; but in the morning a plain rosebud, a sprig of lilac or lily of the valley is not out of place in a buttonhole. Yellow gloves are the mode in the day-time, and Swedish of a very light shade are preferred for the evening. These with a good supply of toothpicks constitute a fashionable turn-out for what modern society, aping English, calls a "swill."

THE CANADIAN TROPHY.—The Canadian Wimbledon team will this year bring with them a magnificent trophy which the Dominion Rifle Association has offered for competition at the meeting. This is added to the prize list, and the feeling with which it is regarded in Britain may be inferred from the language used by H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge, Commander-in-Chief of the Army, when addressing a meeting of the National Rifle Association. Referring to the prize list, H. R. H. said:—"They had appropriated to it as a challenge prize the magnificent trophy given by the Canadians, and His Royal Highness took that opportunity of expressing the warm thanks of the Association for this splendid gift. He might mention that he understood that a Canadian team would again come to Wimbledon this July. This he considered to be not only advantageous to the National Rifle Association, but to the country at large. It was very gratifying to see the Colonies taking so much interest in the proceedings of the Mother Country, and proving that they considered themselves as part and parcel of this great Empire."

MR. DIOGENES.

This singular man lived in Greece. He was distinguished for his eccentricities, bad manners, and bad disposition. It was his chief business to find fault. For example he took a lantern one day when the sun was shining brightly and went out to search for an honest man, thereby insinuating that were exceedingly scarce. When Alexander, a distinguished military gentleman, paid him a visit, and inquired what he could do for him, he had the impudence to tell him to "get out of his sunshine." To cap the climax of his oddities, he dressed like a beggar and lived in a tub! He was a sour, crabbed, crusty old bachelor. We infer that he had no wife, first, because history does not mention her; second, because no woman would take kindly to one of his habits, dress, or manners, or aspire to become mistress of his mansion. "There was an old woman who lived in a shoe," it is true, but the woman who would live in a tub, and especially with such a companion, has not been heard from. The misanthropic spirit which possessed this man was doubtless due to disordered digestion, biliousness, one of the prominent symptoms of which is a morose, fault-finding disposition. The tongue is heavily coated, giving rise to a bad taste, the appetite is not good, and the patient feels dull, sleepy, or dizzy, and is apt to be fretful. Unfortunately, Mr. Diogenes lived several centuries before Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Purgative Pellets were invented, a few doses of which would have relieved him of his "bile," and enabled him to find scores of "honest men," without the aid of his lantern. Under their magic influence, combined with that of the Golden Medical Discovery, to cleanse his blood, he might have been led to "spruce up" in personal appearance, and at last have taken a wife to mend his clothes and his manners, both of which were in evident need of repairs, and become the happy sire of little Diogenesses who would have handed down to posterity the name, not of a cynic philosopher, but of a cheerful, healthy, happy, virtuous man!!