

For the Canadian Illustrated News.

MAIDS AND MATRONS.

(In reply to verses so entitled and published in the "Canadian Illustrated News," June 14th.)

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| I. | Happy thoughtless creatures,
Whimsical and wild;
Quite as full of fancies
As a dreaming child. | II. | Gentle, happy beings,
Blest with calm content,
Radiant with a gladness
Pure and heaven sent. |
| III. | Little feet and dainty
Tripping o'er the ground.
In the waltz or polka
Dancing madly round. | IV. | Sober feet and steady,
Sometimes very tired,
But always neat and tidy
As when first admired. |
| V. | Pretty little hands
Full of roguish play.
Making false pretences
At needlework all day. | VI. | Useful hands and busy
Ever swift to move,
To ease by fond caresses
The pain of those they love. |
| VII. | Arch, mischievous eyes,
Brimming o'er with fun,
Very often crying
When the mischief's done. | VIII. | Eyes as true as gentle,
Bright with steady gleam,
Mild and loving radiance
Shines in every beam. |
| IX. | Long and silken lashes
Oft with tears suffused,
Because their owner fancies
She has been ill-used. | X. | Lashes long and golden
Shading every glance,
By their modest drooping
Every charm enhance. |
| XI. | Eyebrows fine and shapely—
Dangerous are these—
Raised in scorn, or lowered
As their owner please. | XII. | Brows still clear and graceful,
Ne'er with passion stirred,
Giving fit expression
With each gentle word. |
| XIII. | Prettily shaped noses,
But too apt to turn;
Frequently <i>retournez</i>
With surprise or scorn. | XIV. | Noses, clear-cut features
For ornament and use,
Testing, savory stuffing
For turkey, duck, or goose. |
| XV. | Little ears too eager
For their owner's praise,
Pond of every scandal
Envious tongues may raise. | XVI. | Ears all alert to listen
For cry of pain or fear,
But steadfastly refusing
All tales of strife to hear. |
| XVII. | Cherry lips that tempt one
When they sweetly smile,
But, when discontented,
Pointing all the while. | XVIII. | Lips that sweetly utter
Pleasant words and kind,
Outlets for soul fondness,
Portals of the mind. |
| XIX. | Bright and charming creatures,
Matrons yet to be,
When matrimonial unions
Fulfill their destiny. | XX. | Maidens full developed;
Women now complete,
Knowing all the cares
That motherhood makes
Sweet.
"Tom Brows." |

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A TRIP IN THE "ORIOLE."

The thought of having a trip down the river St. Lawrence along the south shore to Gaspé, thence to Anticosti, and back by the north shore was too irresistible, therefore the writer readily accepted the kind invitation of one of the owners of the yacht "Oriole," of Toronto, to accompany him and his friends on the voyage, more especially as it had been the writer's lot to make the passage to England two years previously with the inviter in the good steamship "Caspian," the pleasant recollections of which are still mutual.

The sailing qualities of the "Oriole" the writer had been long familiar with, as she had won laurels on the stormy lakes of Ontario and Erie, more particularly on the latter, where she had proved herself thoroughly staunch and seaworthy, and rode out gales that might have appalled any yachtsman, unless he had been related to the commander of the "Flying Dutchman."

A classical friend, in speaking of her, used to quote from an animated little poem of Catullus, that the gay Roman had probably written upon some favourite vessel, which, after long service, he had thus consecrated to the twin stars Castor and Pollux, and laid up near his beloved house on the peninsula of Sirmio. The poem thus commences:—

Phaselus ille, quem videtis, hospites,
Aut fuisse navium celebrantibus
Neque ullius nautantis impetum trabis, &c.

Which may be translated as follows and applied to the "Oriole":—

The bark, my friends, which you see here,
Will tell you that it had no peer:
And that no skiff that swam the main,
Could get before it, strain for strain,
Whether it flew with sail or oar,
And this it says, not Adria's shore,
With all its bluster can deny,
Nor that Egean company,
Nor glorious Rhodes, nor savage Thracæ,
Nor Hellespont with either face,
Nor the tremendous Pontic bay,
Where, till it took its watery way,
It was a thing of sylvan locks,
And reed, on the Cytorian rocks,
To hiss and talk, with windy hair,
&c., &c., &c.

The party, twelve in number, consisted chiefly of Torontonians, whom, upon the first introduction, the writer admired for their enjoying temper, what the Italians call *Brio*—a certain sparkling of the animal spirits—their blood seemed to run quick through their veins, their tempers were decidedly cheerful, and he found them from the first weighing anchor to the last dropping of the same, all jovial, courteous, hospitable; in one word, jolly; or, as an old nautical friend used to express himself, "happy as a mast-maker's dog among curled shavings;" and he desires at the outset to record his grateful expression of their uniform kindness, and to state that he is not about to write a description of the lower St. Lawrence, and the places visited, nor only the incidents of the voyage—the one has been already done *ad nauseam* in the "all round

guides" and the "tourist's guides," and the other would have nothing of marked interest to the general reader.

THE START FROM QUEBEC.

On the 15th day of July, in the year of grace 1873, at the hour of "post meridian half-past twelve," we began to weigh anchor, and in half an hour afterwards we were fairly under sail, and, blest with a favouring wind, we soon passed the island of Orleans. The day was deliciously clear, the burning sun tempered by the breeze, and large masses of the ever-changing cumulus clouds. The tin roofs of the houses, convents and churches which line the banks of the island and the south shore of the river shone and glittered in the sunbeams like burnished silver, and reflected their rays with intense brightness. We were all in buoyant spirits, the ladies—for we had two on board—keenly enjoyed the beautiful scenery, and at 4 p. m. as keenly enjoyed their dinner, which was as well served and as well cooked as on board one of the gulf steamers. Some who had never before visited the lower St. Lawrence were enchanted with the mountain defiles and the lofty banks of the river, whose slopes afford soil for a great variety of umbrageous forest trees. As we approached Kamouraska, a pretty village about ninety miles from Quebec, a stiff breeze or puff came down the gorge of the Malbaie river making a lively time in the cabin, and greatly alarming one of our lady passengers, and to such an extent that she rushed on deck pale with fright, her missal in one hand and a bottle of hartshorn in the other, and implored the pilot to land her at the first convenient spot. To stop at Murray Bay or Kamouraska was impossible, the sun had gone to rest, the wind had freshened, and there was every appearance of an approaching squall. The "Oriole," unmindful of her living freight, exulting felt the auspicious wind, and heeded not the curling waves, but bounded on like a proud horse spurning the ground as he rushes on to the war-cry, or to the cry of tally-ho! The Pilgrim's Light was soon passed, and the lighted windows of the houses at Rivière du Loup were shortly after seen twinkling in the darkness. Yet no landing could be effected—nothing for it but to run to the Brandy Pots, where we anchored in smooth water for the night, sincerely regretting not only the fright of our fair passenger, but the loss of the breeze, which would in all probability have carried us by the morrow's noon as far as Matane. The little bay in which we anchored, near the light-house, we christened "Persuasion Bay," out of compliment to the lady for whose comfort we laid over, as she said it was only by the greatest persuasion that she was induced to risk her life on board the yacht, and that no persuasion, not even that of the Bishop of Rimouski, would ever induce her to put her foot on board the "Oriole," unless she was snugly moored in harbour.

After breakfast we crossed to Rivière du Loup, landed our fair friend and her husband, whom we were sorry to lose, as he was proving himself not only a good sailor but "a jolly good fellow," one who had no sympathy with the sickly fellow who wrote some verses, off the Mingan, in 1853, against the art of navigation, as follows:

"Ah, sure the greedy wretch is pent
In endless chains of deep damnation,
Who first to plague us did invent
The cursed art of navigation!"

Of all the heavy judgments passed
On Egypt for her sins renowned,
Salt water was reserved the last,
And Pharaoh and his host were drowned.

All you who on the land abide,
Our element to mourn us borrow:
Let fall of tears, a briny tide,
Salt water is the sign of sorrow.

Our fair friend evidently considered that a breeze on the "briny" was a heavy judgment, and that "salt water is the sign of sorrow" when with force the tempests blow, "and watery hills in dread succession flow." Upon saying Adieu she was loud in her protestations of gratitude to our pilot, Thomas Simard, of Quebec, than whom a more capable and cautious one does not exist. She rewarded him with a gratuity, and promised to offer up her prayers for all persons travelling by land or by water, &c., &c., more particularly for all those on board the "Oriole," and there was a faint murmuring upon her part about founding a chapel at Bic, to be dedicated to our Blessed Lady for the benefit of wind-bound pilots, where they could chant every day—

A-ve Mari-a! Car voi-ei l'heure sainte
La cloche tin-te, A-ve Mari-a!
Tous les petits anges au front radi-eux,
Chantent vos louanges, O Reine des cieux!

Our other lady passenger, although suffering from sea-sickness, showed more courage, and continued with us during the passage to Gaspé, doubtless thinking that if there was any danger she had better share it with her husband.

About 10 a.m. Wednesday we left Rivière du Loup, but unfortunately the fair breeze of the previous evening had died out, and it was nightfall ere we passed the light-house at Bic. The night was clear, the sunset was a veritable feast for our eyes; it was followed by a brilliant aurora, which seemed to invade the entire celestial vault, and was at once a delight and astonishment for our minds.

On Thursday and Friday we had strong head winds, occasionally under double reef mainsail and foresail. During this time we were beating about between Metis and Cap Chatte, the monotony was only relieved by the number of porpoises and whales which came up to look at us.

EXCHANGE OF PORK FOR FISH.

Saturday we made but little headway, and various were the speculations when we should see Cape Rosier. Pools were made for midnight, but we did not arrive there for thirty-six hours after; it seemed that we should never get out of sight of the high mountains of Ste. Anne. During the morning we got close into shore somewhere about the river Pierre, and exchanged some freshly-salted pork with a fisherman for some halibut and codfish. We were liberal in our barter, giving him about four times the amount of pork, and of infinitely better quality, that he could have got in exchange from the truck-shops or fishing schooners. He was an intelligent, good-looking fellow; there was a merry twinkle in his eye, and a frankness and joyousness in his manner which was not exhibited by other fishermen that we saw in the Gaspé district. This joyousness was not so much to be attributed to the exceedingly good bargain he had made, nor to the re-

ceipt of a plug of tobacco, but more to a light heart, youth, and a strong constitution; he was not troubled with *l'épouse, et les enfants, et la belle-mère*. As he pulled away to his fishing ground we could hear the refrain of—

En roulant, ma boule roulant.
En roulant, ma boule;
Derrière chez nous 'ya-t-un étang,
En roulant, ma boule.

How we should have liked to have seen him sitting down to his meal *au lard frit*, he would doubtless enjoy it as much as the epicure would *canard sauvage en salmis* and *truffes au vin champagne*, and perhaps much more so. The halibut and codfish that we had for dinner upon this day we would not have exchanged for the richest *menu*, even if it contained *pâtés de foie gras, salades vénitienes, saumon froid, sauce Ravigote*, and these washed down with *Johannisberg, Lafitte*, and *Tokay*. We all ate most heartily, and should have done so, like the Governor of Barataria, despite all the aphorisms of the doctor of Tirteafuera, believing with *Sancho Panza* that "the viscera uphold the heart, and the heart the belly," and that it is fit we should be well fed to keep ourselves in readiness for the hard work of a yacht voyage.

SATURDAY NIGHT.

Saturday evening, the weather being fine and the yacht under easy sail, we indulged in songs, drank to the health of Her Most Gracious Majesty to this refrain:

"Drink to the Queen, my boys, drink!
Our hearts are as full as our glasses.
Who from the challenge will shrink?
'Tis a toast that all others surpasses.
Then drink to the Queen, my boys, drink.
Your hearts in your glasses caress her:
Drink to the Queen, my boys, drink.
Here's health and long life and God bless her."

The toast of "sweethearts and wives," was most enthusiastically received; a bachelor with a fine tenor voice led off, in response to the "sweethearts," with the following spirited song:

I love thee, I love thee!
My raven-hair'd girl,
Thy lips are the rubies,
Thy teeth each a pearl:
Thine eyes are the brilliants,
In ivory set,
Transcendently gleaming
Thro' lashes of jet.

The married men, who formed the majority, in response to the "wives," sang in chorus "Home, Sweet Home!"

THE FIRST SUNDAY.

Sunday morning was ushered in with contrary winds and a rolling sea, consequently we could not conveniently have the morning service, as each man had to be at his post, more particularly the commodore, who throughout the passage evinced that cautiousness necessary for the well-being and comfort of all; therefore, as the duty of chaplain devolved upon him, we waited till 5 p.m. for the evening service, by which time the wind had abated and the sea gone down. There was no temple bell, but there was a spirit among all not to forget Him who holds the water in the hollow of His hand. There was a desire to assemble together in the little cabin "to set forth His most worthy praise, to hear His most holy Word." The commodore read in a plain and unaffected way the evening service of the church of England. The psalms of the day were not only appropriate, but they came with additional force after our three days beating against head winds.

"They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters, these see the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep."

After the service we saw many very large whales, huge monsters of the deep, which recalled to our minds the magnificent description of God's great power in the Leviathan, as recorded in the 41st chapter of Job, and made us fully realize the saying of Milton:—

"Here Leviathan,
Hugest of living creatures, on the deep
Stretch'd like a promontory, sleeps or swims,
And seems a moving land; and at his gills
Draws in, and at his trunk spouts out, a sea."

CAPE ROSIER.

On the Monday we sighted Cape Rosier; when nearly abreast we hailed a fishing-boat; the fisherman hoisted sail and soon came alongside the yacht and landed some of our party at a little fishing station about three miles west of the light-house, and adjacent to a farm-house, the residence of M. Trudeau, ex-light-house keeper at Cape Rosier. Here we were regaled with some delicious milk, home-made bread and fresh butter; while partaking of this frugal repast the rain descended heavily, much to our regret, as we were anxious to proceed on our journey. We remained for about half an hour chatting with our host, and had with him a social pipe. The old gentleman, though long past three score and ten, was very cheerful; he pressed us to remain to dinner, and his invitation was most cordially extended by his daughter and son-in-law, Mrs. and Mr. Joseph Labelle. Time would not permit us to avail ourselves of their further hospitality, knowing that the yacht would be awaiting our arrival at Grande Grève. A hay-cart was soon provided with a thick bed of straw laid on its floor, and some heavy great coats for coverlids. After hasty adieus we made ourselves as comfortable as possible, and tried to make ourselves jolly under the circumstances; but three miles over a rough concession road gave us a very uncomfortable jolting, shaking us to such an extent that had we been drinking rich cream it would have been churned into butter, and probably produced a nausea as bad as that our remaining lady passenger suffered from during all the passage; her sickness we deplored, chiefly on her account, as she was much prostrated; again, we regretted being robbed of her society. After half an hour's ride in the rain through a wretched farming country—the fields covered in some places with a little miserable grass, here and there patches of oats which may probably be in full ear by the time the harvest is ended in Ontario, the few sheep looked half starved, and, like their companion cattle, partook of that rugged meagre character so well portrayed in the pictures of Paul Potter and Berghem, probably from the luxuriant crop of thistles everywhere present—we arrived at Cape Rosier light-house, which we inspected. Mr. Auguste Trudeau, the light-house keeper, kindly explained everything connected with its construction and internal economy.

The light-house is one of Professor Kingston's meteorologi-