

The elder sister and the infant were engulfed by the cruel waters, and the poor father, springing to their rescue, with his boy, shared their fate. In the fore-castle a number of terrified creatures huddled for safety. The cold, hunger, thirst and fear they endured may be imagined, but my pen fails in the description. Finally, they were rescued by the inhabitants.

The beach presented a gruesome spectacle, being strewn for a mile-and-a-half with dead bodies. The inhabitants were falsely accused of robbery, but I was creditably informed that they were innocent of the charge. If any pillaging was done, the crew were the perpetrators.

Heaps of five and six persons were common. For a whole day two ox-carts carried the dead to two great deep trenches which had been dug near the scene of the shipwreck. In autumn the heavy storms sweep over their graves; thus peacefully, with no sound excepting those of the winds and waves which play a wild requiem over them, they rest awaiting the call of the Resurrection Morn.

The discovery of oil in Gaspé excited considerable interest. Messrs. Kendall & Campbell were the first who began operations, using a horse-power and ordinary well-digging apparatus. They drilled shallow wells two or three hundred feet deep. The encouraging report of Sir William Logan resulted in the formation of the "Petroleum Oil Trust," a company, composed of French and Irish capitalists, organized about twenty years ago. Wells were drilled five miles apart, till forty were placed, and roads cleared through the woods. The Canadian Petroleum Company also placed six wells.

A wooden derrick was erected; the drilling was done by means of a machine called a walking-beam attached to an engine of from twenty to twenty-four horse-power. A rope was fastened by a temper screw to the end of the walking beam, while the tools were attached to the other end. When the tools stuck, as sometimes happened, they were loosened by jars fastened to the top. A hole fourteen inches in diameter was drilled, into which a wooden conductor leading to the rock was placed. Below this a hole eight inches in diameter was drilled, till the surface water to the depth of seven or eight hundred feet was shut off. The drilling for oil was done with a six-inch hole. Layers of shale, sandstone and lime were passed in succession. At some places, as at Mississippi oil-well on the Mississippi Brook, the oil was discovered between fifteen hundred and two thousand feet below the surface. In other places it was necessary to go as deep as three thousand feet. The deepest well in Gaspé is 3,646 feet deep, and required a year to dig. Other wells yielded from one to twenty gallons a day, steadily through the year, which would indicate that there must be oil somewhere in Gaspé. In a number the oil gas flowed over the derrick, and was exceedingly dangerous, as on one occasion two workmen barely succeeded in getting out when an explosion took place, blowing up the belt-house; a fire ensued and the whole thing was burnt up.

The usual method was to drill six feet, turning the tools with a temper screw, water being poured in to mix the sand, which, with the mud, was removed by a pipe called a "Bailer." It was cleaned out every six feet and the tools changed; the worn-out tools were repaired by the tool-dresser in readiness for the next change. A distance of six inches in twenty twenty-four hours was the usual speed accomplished. Hope was high when as much as two thousand barrels were taken from one well, of which a large percentage was kerosene.

One of the wells is thirty miles distant from Gaspé village. All the outfit was hauled with teams, and the inhabitants still speak of the opportunity for work afforded and the good wages paid by the Company. Six men were employed in each well, viz., two drillers, two tool-dressers, a cook and a stableman, who also attended the drilling well. The managers were Messrs. Foley and Carpenter.

Fifteen years ago the oil-wells were in full bloom, but about seven years ago the work was discontinued, to the great regret of the inhabitants.

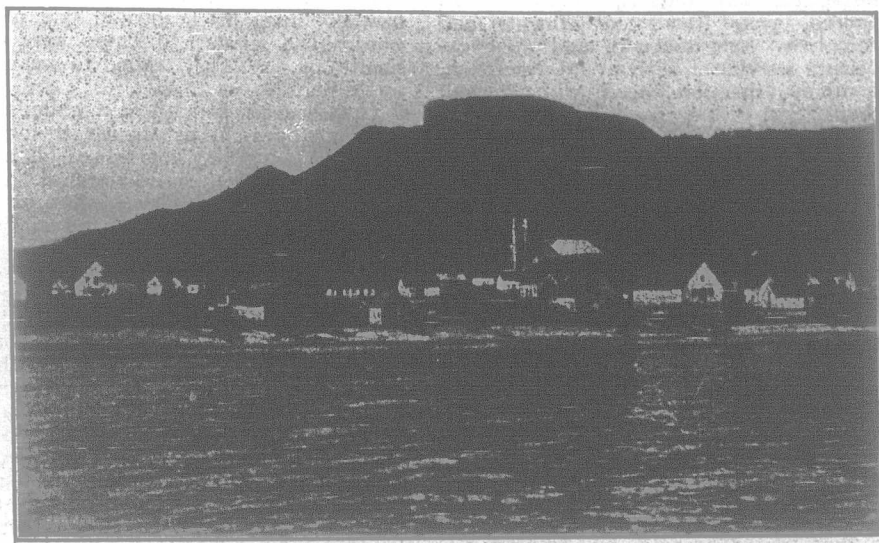
During the oil-fever in Gaspé a man embraced the opportunity to play a practical joke upon a man who was having a water-well dug. Securing a bottle of coal

oil, he poured it down the well. Kerosene was very much in evidence when work was resumed. Pressed for his price, the owner was in no hurry to sell—at least, not under value. Unfortunately, for visions of future wealth, the output was short-lived.

Gaspé has extensive lumbering industries. Among those engaged in war upon the woods are The York, The Calhoun, and The Gaspé Lumber Companies.

Gaspé Basin is also essentially a seaport. Many craft of differing kinds and various uses cast anchor in its waters or draw up to its wharves. Among the vessels which are regular visitants are:

The Str. "Princess," with Commander Wakenham in charge, employed in the



Mt. St. Anne, Percé, Que.

Fishery Protection Service; the s.s. "Cascapedia," "The Lady of Gaspé," "The Gaspesian" and the "Canada." These all carry passengers and freight to various points in the Gulf and Bay Chaleur. The officers of both the "Canada" and the "Senlac" showed great kindness to the homeless people of Campbellton, the "Canada" feeding and conveying twelve hundred persons free of charge to various points on the Bay de Chaleur.

The railway—the Quebec and Oriental—has reached Gaspé, which is at last connected with the outside world by the iron road. Her isolation is over, and, if the wharves of the new steamship company to England are built there, what may not the future hold in store for this rock-bound and hitherto isolated peninsula? Her undeveloped mineral wealth, the products of forest and water, the increased advantages and facilities for tourist travel, will make it possible for this promotory of Eastern Quebec to yield her resources as



Percé Village, Que.

well as receive more readily the gifts of the world abroad.

Nature has done much for Gaspé. With no niggardly hand has she bestowed her gifts of scenery—mountain and plain, river and head-land, grassy slopes and wooded ridges—which combine a scene of beauty and grandeur not often surpassed.

Here dwells a kind and courteous people to whose readiness to lend a hand I am indebted for much of the information contained in this paper.

That the opening up of this country may bring prosperity to its people is the wish of all who have been the recipients of their courtesy.

Browsings Among the Books.

SOLITUDE.

(By John Burroughs, the veteran Naturalist and Author who visited Toronto recently.)

Emerson says, "Now and then a man exquisitely made can live alone, and must; but coop up most men and you undo them." Solitude tries a man in a way society does not; it throws him upon his own resources, and if these resources be meagre, if the ground he occupies in and of himself be poor and narrow, he will have a sorry time of it. Hence, we readily attribute some extra virtue to

more simple and refined taste loves the seriousness and sobriety of the country.

People find country life dull because they are empty and frivolous; having only themselves on their hands, they can extract no entertainment from such a subject. How can a man profitably commune with himself if the self is small and frivolous and unworthy? He will not go to his own garden for fruit if there be only thorns there.

The finest spirits are not gregarious they do not love a crowd. Crows and wolves go in flocks and packs, but the eagle and the lion are solitary in their habits.

Solitude is not for the young—the young have no thoughts or experience, but only unsatisfied desires—it is for the middle-aged and the old—for a man when he has ripened and wants time to mellow his thoughts. A man who retires into solitude must have a capital of thought and experience to live upon, or his soul will perish of want. This capital must be reinvested in the things about him, or it will not suffice. Either as a farmer or as a student and lover of nature, or as both, can he live, as it were, on the interest of his stored-up wisdom.

"There are things that never show themselves till you are alone," said an old recluse in Mexico to an American traveler who had claimed the hospitality of his hut; "but if you once make up your mind that there is no harm in them, you find out that they are pretty good company."

The old recluse knew what he was saying. Things do show themselves when one is alone; they emerge on all sides; they come in troops from all points of the compass, and one is only master of the situation when he can make good company of them. How your misdeeds find you out! the still small voice of conscience, which you could not hear amid the roar of the town, makes itself heard now; all the past beleaguers you—whether with an army of angels or of demons depends upon what your past has been.

The old recluse, above referred to, the traveler found living in a hut alone in the mountains. He had lived there many years, with no companionship but his dogs. An Irishman by birth, he had tried many parts of the world, and seen many phases of life, and had at last found his place in the solitude of the Mexican mountains. He had learned the art of dreaming with his eyes open, which is the charm of solitude. A man who cannot dream with his eyes open had better not court solitude. Such an old dreamer was found the other day by some railway surveyors on a mountain in North Carolina. He had lived there in his hut for fifty years. He, too, had for companion a dog. If Thoreau had made friends with a dog to share his bed and board in his retreat by Walden Pond, one would have had more faith in his sincerity. The dog would have been the seal and authentication of his retreat. A man who has no heart for a dog—how can he have a heart for nature itself? For many reasons women seldom voluntarily face solitude, but in my boyhood I knew an aged widow who lived all alone on her little farm, in her little brown house, for many years. She kept five or six cows, which she took care of herself, winter and summer. She hired her hay gathered, her wood cut, and that was all. She was a gentle and pious little woman, and her house was as neat as a pin. But think of the long years of solitary life; the nights, the mornings, the meals, the Sundays, the week-days, and no sound but what you made yourself! How intimately acquainted with one's self one must become in such a life! If one's self was not a pretty good fellow, how cordially one would learn to dislike his company! One Sunday, as my people were passing the house on their way to church, they saw her washing. "Hello, Aunt Debby! don't you know it is Sunday?" Behold the consternation of the old dame. She had lost her reckoning and had kept Sabbath on Saturday. The last time I passed that way I saw only a little grassy mound where Aunt Debby's house used to stand.

The poet of solitude is Wordsworth. What a sense of the privacy of fields and woods there is over all his poetry; what stillness, what lonesome dells, what sounds of distant waterfalls! How fondly he lingers upon the simple objects of nature, upon rural scenes and events, and how perpetually he returns upon his own heart! His companionship with hills and trees and rocks and shepherds does not relieve, but rather sets off, his loneliness. He is encompassed with solitude wherever he goes: