

JOTTINGS FROM THE KINGDOM OF COD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "QUEBEC PAST AND PRESENT."

VIII.

DALHOUSIE ON A CIRCUS DAY.—CAMPELTON.
—THE MICMACS OF CROSS POINT.

Dalhousie, Aug. 14

It was our fate to see this little town rather under a cloud. The railway navies were thronging every hotel: a circus was momentarily expected: everywhere reigned noise—hustle upward; a man in authority, has told us, that at times the place is quiet, even to dullness: he ought to know.

Dalhousie, N. B. with broad streets laid out at right angles is tastefully built on the slope of a fertile ridge. It seemingly dates—about half a century back to those peaceful, halcyon days, of the good Earl of Dalhousie—at one governor of Nova Scotia—on the 16th June 1820, Governor General of Canada—from whom it took its name. During this half-century striking changes have taken place. Where you might have seen fifty years ago an Indian encampment on the green banks of the Restigouche, now stands a growing town of 110 families; where clustered birch bark wigwams, flourish churches and bar-rooms. Piety and Whisky. Yes bars and bar-rooms—and many can you count, from the timbercribs and piles of sawn lumber, on the beach towards the heights, raising their blithing heads amongst the houses of the laboring class and the stores of the traders. I found it a pandemonium of tumult and noise. The railway navies shouted—the boys shouted—the bar-keeper shouted and louder than others—Mumby Jumbo, the Ethiopian, shouted; amidst these shoutings, barking of curs and cracking of whips by owners of trotting horses, I realized what glorious times king alcohol can establish when nothing, not even the municipality, nor a female temperance crusade arrest his sway.

As a sunbeam amidst this gloom, the eye gathers in the contour of comely dwellings and churches, lining the tops of the hill, without forgetting a spacious public hall in course of erection, destined to become quite an ornament. The houses themselves, are what we could call in Quebec, paste board shells—some totell unfit to keep out January frosts. Their design though pleases the eye. If the number of churches be taken as a criterion, the Dalhousies, make up a good show in the spiritual line. One end of the town, embosomed in green foliage, like a birds nest, is perceptible the dwelling of a mill owner; a few roods up the hill peers out, from under the trees, the homestead of Hon. Mr. Hamilton; higher up still a monument erected to his sire one of the founders of the settlement—it also serves as a landmark to seamen. Formerly, the leading industry here was—lumbering and the Restigouche salmon fishery, but the Intercolonial has of late, shaken its golden fleece amongst the labouring class. Railways are great civilisers—granted. Railway laborers, navies and whiskey are not; inflated wages, that pink of modern institutions—the strike—bar-room rows, some are some of the evils, which the construction of a railway line brings in a heretofore quiet locality on pay day.

Our popular Viceroy once honored Dalhousie with a morning call, at a very short notice. This naturally elicited an outburst of loyalty the local celebrities came to the front.

Dalhousie then rejoiced in an unusually big black Ethiopian of the name of Charley; many and curious are the privileges daft Charley enjoyed in the commonwealth. Charley, a black prince of blood royal, was bent on asserting his right to meet familiarly white Princes, no matter how long their pedigree may be. Charley, withal is loyal to the back-bone and in order that no misconception might arise on this point, he on hearing of the coming visit of the great cal hurried home, decked himself in his Sunday's best, added a waving plume to his bonnet, and with much dignity of mien, rushed down to the beach, in advance of the dedutation. As this humorous incident may yet, for ought we know, find its place in some future chapter on the "Lights and Shades of Colonial Life," if sketched by that magic pen, to which we owe the photo of "Dismal Wilson" of the *Forum*, we shall not enlarge. Sixteen miles of pleasant tavel takes you from Dalhousie, to the next settlement on the Restigouche, Campbellton a thriving village, with three churches, Presbyterian, Methodist and Roman Catholic, the last a new structure prettily located on a hill. It contains an office for the Intercolonial railway, presided over by an official, in whom we recognised with pleasure an old Quebecer as polite and obliging as if he still was one of the denizens of the ancient capital, D. Busted Esq. The general features of Campbellton reminds of Dalhousie; abundance of bar-rooms, with occasionally a few sons and daughters of the forest, perambulating the streets—the placid waters of the Restigouche in full view of the village and serving as a line of demarcation between the Campbelltonites and the Mic-Mac Indian mission at Cross Point opposite.

It would be wrong to imagine that Campbellton, in Canada, means superior whisky. That ambrosial usquebaugh, known in the land of cakes, as Campbellton weisky, has neither a habitation nor a name in these localities. "Forty Rod" is the name of the wine of the country—the balm of Gilead of the railway navy, on a Saturday night.

Campbelton derives its name from General Campbell, at one time Governor of New Brunswick. It's a pretty village, with nothing Indian about it, save the occasional presence in its streets of a couple of tawny warriors and some smoke dried Pochontas from the Mic-Mac reserve across the river, at Cross Point on the Canada side of the Restigouche. At Cross Point the Government has allotted 1000 acres of land, on the lovely banks of the Restigouche, for whatnow survives, of the once powerful tribe of Mic-Mac or Souriquais Indians, and offshoot of the Algonquins; at one time the masters of the country. They number eighty-six families. Each family owns a small wooden house 20 x 20 feet to which attached a few acres of arable land. Their chief business seems to be to hoe potatoes, build birch bark canoes—eat, smoke and sleep. A resident missionary christens, marries and buries them. The red skin withdrawn from his former modes of subsistence—spiced and served up into a civilized being—does not appear to flourish better at Mission Point than elsewhere. The R. C. clergyman,* who manages the temporal and spiritual concern of his Indian flock, appeared to be both beloved by his parishioners, as well as much attached to them. His church register showed for the year ending 31st December, 1872, forty-one births and forty-six deaths—with this melancholy result the ultimate fate of the mission can not long be uncertain.

Whilst death had knocked nearly at every second door, the angel of fecundity had passed by more than the half without entering. We were invited to pay our respects to the chief man and interpreter of the mission—old Sam Sook. Sam with his piercing black eyes, intelligent face and fluent discourse, makes a very respectable chief; he speaks MicMac, French and English. Old Sam, with your kind MicMac wife, keep up your spirits, there will be a cosy spot for you in the happy hunting grounds, towards which time and age are hurrying you!

In the neighbourhood of the mission there is a very rich quarry of sandstone, which the contractors for the Intercolonial have opened up and from which magnificent blocks for the culverts have been shaped. Mr. Busted's house contains several interesting relics of former times—substantial mementoes of the strife which in 1690 and 1758-9 raged between the navies of France and England. At the entrance of the Restigouche—Admiral Byron sunk a French frigate close to Cross Point—a few miles lower down, Percé and Bonaventure had been mercilessly pillaged in 1690. The hulls of the French vessels can yet be seen in very low tides, from one of which a massive cannon was procured some years back, and now ornaments the fire-place of Mr. Busted's dwelling, as was shown to us. A piece of oak in excellent preservation, was presented to us as having been cut from the timbers of the vessel sunk by the fiery admiral. This prized trophy we intend to convert into a walking stick.

HEARTH AND HOME.

CHILDREN OF PECULIAR TEMPERAMENTS.—There are children of peculiar temperaments whose whole lives are rendered a burden to them by the fact that the person set over them, either parents, guardians, or teachers, are destitute of sympathy for them, and do not think it worth while to try what a change in the plan of managing them would do. There are hundreds, nay, thousands of children set down as sullen, dogged, obstinate, and treated with harshness, who live lives of dull wretchedness because they do not know what is wrong with them and no one takes pains enough to try to set things straight for them and make them happier.

PROFANITY.—We are emphatically in the age of profanity, and it seems to us that we are on the topmost current. One cannot go on the streets anywhere without having his ears offended with the vilest words, and his reverence shocked by the most profane use of sacred names. Nor does it come from the old or middle-aged alone, for it is a fact, as alarming as it is true, that the younger portion of the community are most proficient in degrading language. Boys have an idea it is smart to swear; that it makes them manly; but there was never a greater mistake in the world. Men, even those who swear themselves, are disgusted with profanity in a young man, because they know how, of all bad habits, this thing is the most insidious of habits, growing on so invisibly that almost before one is aware he becomes an accomplished curser.

CIVILITY AND CEREMONY.—Nothing is more honourable and pleasant than civility, and nothing more ridiculous and burdensome than ceremony. Civility teaches us to behave with proportionate respect to every one, according as their rank requires and their merit demands. In other words, civility is the science of men of the world. A woman of good address, who conducts herself with due circumspection, conciliates the love and esteem of society, because every one finds herself at ease in her company; but a ceremonious woman is the plague of her acquaintance. Such a one requires too much attention to be a pleasant associate, is too seldom satisfied with what is said her, and every moment feels her pride hurt by the want of some frivolous etiquette. You cannot be too formal to her, nor can she dispense with her formalities to others. In short, ceremony was invented by pride to harass us with puerile solicitudes which we should blush to be conversant with.

* Rev. Mr. Leonhard.

GIRLS AND BOYS.—In mind as well as in body the girl differs from the boy. His pastimes are ephemeral; hers are prospective. The boy, becoming a man, will put away his balls and marbles; but the girl's chief plaything, in new developments, will always engage her heart. For what, in fact, is her staple amusement but maternity in prospect? Her housekeeping instinct demands and delights in her baby house, and she will one day devote herself to her real babies, as she now gives her heart and hands to her dolls. Thus early do the sexes assert themselves; thus early do they show instinctively and unconsciously that "man's love is of man's life, a thing apart; 'tis the woman's whole existence;" for the blind intuition of the maternal tenderness, stirred into action by imitations of mamma herself, underlies the one pastime which is the serious pursuit of every little girl's life. Her doll is, as her child will be, at once her comfort and her care.

CHARACTER.—We are apt to consider character as a bundle of qualities, varying in degree of good and evil, and requiring to be fostered or restrained as the case may be. In our efforts to do this, whether for ourselves or others, we forget that there is a fundamental disposition lying at the root of all these qualities, influencing and determining them and making the character a unity, however it may be made up of heterogeneous materials. The word character, in Greek, signifies stamp, and this secret principle within a man sets its stamp upon all his actions. Just as the tree, whatever be its soil or surroundings, maintains its individual nature, and blossoms forth into fruit and flower according to the law of its being, so each man is developing his individuality in all the details of his daily life. We become so busied in these details, in trying to form or reform them, that we forget the spirit which animates them all with its own nature. Qualities lie behind actions, but this controlling principle lies behind qualities, and forms the unity of character, which no deep insight into human nature will even overlook.

ART OF TALKING.—The man who is continually talking seldom says anything of importance; more than half the time he talks because he loves the sound of his own voice, and his remarks are superficial and valueless. The reserved man, on the contrary, finds it difficult to give utterance to his thoughts which rush forward to the portals of his mouth in such crowds that they, in fact, block it up. Whenever you meet with a man of this kind give him time, and do not mistake his tardiness for ignorance or imbecility of mind. In nine cases out of ten he has lived in solitude, and because he has not been habituated to conversation, his tongue grows so rusty that, when he does venture into society, no one will wait till he is drawn out, and therefore his reserve continues to increase. Do not contemptuously turn your back upon him, but listen, and he will, in all likelihood, repay your civility with interest. The man who talks but little generally has something to say when he does speak; his ideas have been polished by the observation of years, and sink forcibly into the minds of his hearers.

CONSCIENCE AN AVENGER.—Conscience is an avenger. It stands at its post ready to vindicate the majesty of broken law: it rebukes sin with stern voice, and passes its sentence on the transgressor: it is man's best friend or his dreadful enemy. There is a torture of regret felt for evil deeds, neglected duties, corrupted minds, and wasted lives, which in depth and keenness surpasses all other suffering. It haunts a man everywhere. It is a flame kindled within his soul, which inwardly torments and consumes him. It is an eternal fact that he cannot reject the guardian care of conscience, or escape the pangs of its avenging lash. It is a gnawing worm, which secretly preys on his vitals. Though its avenging power may not be felt at once and though we may sin, and seem to prosper, and be absorbed in the engrossing excitements of the world, despite demands upon us until we think we have conquered conscience, it will come and have its debt of us, and it will claim its prerogative; it will rake over the ashes of our indifference, and rekindle the extinguished fire. In some season of thoughtfulness, in some day of disappointment and trouble, when our vanities and pride are thrown down—in some restless hour, when sleep flies from the pillow, when gain and ambition must fail to excite the heart, that outraged friend will rise up and do its office, and lift its avenging hand.

MOTHERS-IN-LAW.—We cannot take up a paper without encountering some senseless witicism flung at the women who, of all others, are worthy of respect—our mothers—some other people's mothers-in-law. "When the young laugh at the old they laugh at themselves beforehand." This is particularly so in this case. For instance, how could I, with any regard to my future, throw slurs at my mother-in-law when I myself am a mother? How will it please me, after all the weary, sleepless nights, and anxious days, which every true mother bestows upon her little ones, after all the kisses, and caresses, and loving care lavished upon them, after I have subjected myself to innumerable toils and privations that they may enjoy life—how will it please me, I say, after a few more years of love, and toil, and care have fled, and my heart is as full of love for my children as ever, to be stigmatized as an obnoxious creature, whose death—speaking according to the sentiments of our witty friends—would be the signal for a general jubilee? And all this because to a stranger I shall have given up my tenderly-nurtured ones! How any man or woman who

has ever loved a dear mother, how any man who loves or even respects his wife, how any sensible woman can be guilty of such unkindness and glaring injustice, passes my understanding. We talk of the disrespect the children of the day manifest towards old people; how can it be otherwise when their eldest publicly set them so bad an example?

INSIDIOUSNESS.—One can forgive a person who tells him a lie, if it be told with a hesitating utterance, a downcast look, a trembling voice, a reluctant delivery, a quick retreat; and one must forgive him who has an open brow, a natural air, a smile on his face, a good word on his tongue, and a bad purpose in his heart; for how can we, who are all sinners, expect forgiveness, if we will not forgive each other? Yet it is a hard struggle to forgive those who betray with a kiss, and are ready to do the same thing again, not only to you but to your neighbour. For the good of society, for the peace of the community, by the obligations of the social compact, and by the duty you owe, ought you not to reprobate the crime as you pity the criminal, and to pray, for his sake, that he may be delivered from that most subtle, most dangerous, most besetting sin, because the most handy to be used, the most convenient to be shifted, and the most difficult to be detected—the sin of hypocrisy, practised under the name of friendship, and comprehending much that is wicked, and everything that is mean? Prying and meddling, and listening; artful conversation, and false reports of confidential matters, drawn out by the inquisitive impertinence of the tale-bearer himself; double-facedness, and downright lying, obtruded without apology for purposes within hail of anything like honesty, will qualify a man to be what might be called insidious. We are happy to say that we have no such friends, but we have friends who have.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

TAMBERLISK is to be the director of the Theatre Italien at Paris.

MR. ARTHUR SULLIVAN has composed music for Shakespeare's "Henry VIII."

MADAME TITIENS has been obliged to undergo another operation, and is in a state of great exhaustion.

THE library of the late John Oxenford has just been brought to the hammer. It was very rich in dramatic literature.

MR. SIMS REEVES has studying in Italy a son who has a very fine voice, and the English tenor will visit him at Milan.

RUMOUR refers specially to the fine voice of a daughter of Mme. Jenny Lind and Herr Otto Goldschmidt; and it is expected that the young lady will adopt a professional career.

REINSTEIN, the gifted composer, who has lately been conducting a series of concerts for the benefit of benevolent associations for the care of the sick and wounded, has, at the request of the Grand Duchess Catherine Michaelovna, been raised by the Czar to noble rank.

BEN DE BAR, proprietor of the De Bar Opera House, St. Louis, and lessee for many years of the Theatre Royal, Montreal, had a stroke of paralysis while visiting New York lately, and although strong enough to be taken to St. Louis, his case is serious. He is the eldest theatre manager in this country, and the oldest actor in the world, except "Bedford Buckaline," of London, having been on the stage forty-six years.

IN the Adeline Patti divorce case at Paris, her petition has been denied, the Court ordering her to pay the cost. Her husband's application for divorce was granted. Neither party can marry again. The sentence states that Madame Patti does not even offer to bring forward any proofs of the facts she alleges. On the other hand, the documents placed before the tribunal, particularly correspondence addressed to Madame Patti by a third person, show that her conduct did the gravest injury to her husband.

A CONTEMPORARY says that the following criticism on Wagner's March composed for the opening of the Philadelphia Exhibition is from the pen of a lady:—"As far as I could understand, it began with a *mélée* and fight of aboriginal savages, and ended with an intensified description of American civilisation, which culminates in tall disasters and big accidents; then comes a general and indiscriminate smash of railway passengers and carriages, till at length all are promiscuously rolled into Niagara, and finally swept away by the torrent."

"ARISTARCHUS" tells, in the *Whitchall Review*, this story from Her Majesty's Theatre. Every Thursday an opportunity is given to all comers to try their voices at the newly-opened opera-house. Lately there appeared at the theatre a lady, who took up her position at the piano, and sang "Ah! che la voce" so well as to arouse the enthusiasm of the music-master, usually inflexible adamant. When the lady rose to go, "Pray, madam," said he, "give me your address, that Mr. Mapleson may communicate with you;" and he was astonished to see on the card which the vocalist placed in his hand the name of the Countess of Cardigan and Lancastre.

THE waves at one of the London opera-houses on a recent occasion were so unsuccessfully worked that at times they recalled a story told by Poole, the dramatist, of an occurrence at one of the theatres. The sea was made of loose painted canvas, and two sets of boys—one short and the other tall—were employed to stoop and rise alternately beneath the canvas, and thus to give the idea of waves. One night the ocean was in a singular commotion, and all the waves seemed to be in the middle of the stage; fearful noises were also heard. The affrighted lessee rushed behind the scenes to seek an explanation, and was told by his stage manager, "It's all right now, sir; the eighteenpenny waves were giving the shilling waves a licking."

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