

CROSSING THE DANUBE.

BY CONSTANTINA E. BROOKS.

Hark to the feet of the giant
Riving the forest asunder!
Dawn from the north-land defiant,
Hark to the roar of the myriads!
Over the ramparts and bastions
Booms the battle in thunder.

Stamboul! thou that hast drunken
Of the best blood of thy princes,
Lo! how thy glories are shrunken!
Who, like Thyestes, hast feasted,
Now the death shadows close round thee,
Who for thee pity evinces!

Thou that didst gloat on the nations,
Boasting, "All these for my booty—
These for my sword's spoiliations!"
Lo! how the nations are standing
Far aloof, watching thy anguish,
Saying, "Be slain in thy beauty!"

Hearken! from Hellas—what city
Reaches an arm to defend thee?
Once she implored thee for pity—
Thou that didst blind her and scourge her,
Thou that didst rend like a vulture,
Now shall the black vulture rend thee.

Hearken! from Scio they reach thee,
Voices far over the waters.
Once did she pray thee—beseech thee.
Now may she enjoy in her vengeance;
Has she forgotten her children
Slain in thy pitiless slaughters?

See! where Albania's valley
Slopes toward the blue ocean vastness,
Fiercely the mountaineers rally.
Bristles each crag with their carbines,
Flashes each cliff with their bayonets,
Hurled are thy hosts from their fastness.

Soon through Bulgaria's bosom
Will the hot breath of the fiery
Musketry blight the spring blossom,
Soon will the eagles of Hæmus,
Scenting the near coming battle,
Swoop with a scream from their eyrie.

Lurid and blighting the crescent
Rose in the night of the ages,
Dropping its bale-dews incessant,
Whereas it shone on the peoples,
There crept the terror that killeth—
There swept the madness that rages.

Shorn of its beams—lo! it waneth
Saved by no weird incantations.
Never its light it regaineth;
For the broad beams of the morning,
Golden with sunlight of freedom,
Rise on the eager-eyed nations.

—N. Y. Home Journal.

JOTTINGS FROM THE KINGDOM OF COD.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "QUEBEC PAST AND PRESENT."

V.

THE MACKEREL AND SALMON QUESTION—AN ILLINOIS JUDGE THEREON—PERCÉ—PASPEBIAC.

We have now smelt salt water for close on thirty-six hours; the breakfast bell is just tolling merrily—glad tidings to all. Down to the lower saloon, young and old hurry—equal all to the emergency. Some fat mackerel, fresh salmon and cod, which but a few hours previous were roaming heedless tenants of the "vast deep," thanks to the art of that eminently respected individual, the cook, some in flat dishes, some in deep platters, ornament the table, flanked with French rolls, corn cake, crisp toast, spring butter, the whole rendered savory and fragrant by the steam of two huge urns of Mocha and Souchong. The bracing sea breeze, a cloudless sky, that irresistible overpowering feeling, which permeates those committed to the briny ocean, has instilled a new life. In silence we sit, in silence we devour. The crusty old captain exchanges a silent nod of recognition around; at one glance I take in the situation, we are there to act, not to talk. To my right sits a very tall, very dignified old judge, from Illinois; thrice his plate is pushed forward for provender, thrice it returns, well freighted with that incomparable mackerel. At last, His Honor looks round complacently; some await, as if they expected from him a deeply pondered judgment on some interesting point of international law—the Fishery question, possibly, under a new aspect; the suspense is of but short duration. The ermined sage, after stroking twice in a measured manner, a bushy, snow-white beard, straightens to its full height his herculean frame, and in a grave but silvery tone of voice, thus addresses his neighbour: "What would the parched up, asthmatic occupant of an inland city give for such a feast—for an hour of such a journey? Sir, I feel transformed; I am now a new, a better man, I hope." Why, sir," he added, "a child even, might now play with my beard;" he rose, took a pinch of snuff, and disappeared. So impressive on us had been the dignified bearing, fine countenance and athletic proportions of the grand old Judge, that the merest familiarity with his silvery beard, such as he intimated, on behalf of a child, would have seemed to one and all sacrilege.

On we steamed, past that picturesque low rocky ledge, "Plato," opposite Point Peters; in less than one hour, the swift blockade runner was under the lee of the flowing Percé Rock.

The Percé Rock is one of the most remarkable objects that meet the eye of the mariner or traveller along the entire Canadian seaboard. To the former it is an excellent beacon, and is one of those extraordinary monuments of the Omnipotent Architect, which, once seen, can never be forgotten. Its name of Percé, properly Le

Rocher Percé, or the Pierced Rock, is not derived from the hole now seen, which was very small a few years ago, but from that which formerly existed, forming the space between the Rock and its outward watch tower. The arch gave way with a terrific crash in June, 1846, and this is now called the Split. The present "Hole in the Wall" forms a perfect arch, being about sixty feet in height by eighty in width. At low water you can walk through and scan its mighty proportions, at high water fishing boats can pass through. The Rock is composed of mottled yellowish and reddish limestone (supposed to belong to the upper Silurian age), which is gradually yielding to the devastating power of the elements. Its base is accessible, at low water, on the south side, to foot passengers, who can walk the entire length to the Split. But on the opposite side the water is so deep that a line-of-battle ship could run stern on. It is distant some 200 yards from Mount Joli, on the mainland, and is about 300 feet high at this part. Its length is about 1,400 feet, its breadth, at the widest part, 300 feet. It is nearly perpendicular on all sides, and may, therefore, be considered inaccessible; but in 1818, Messrs. Moriarty and Dugay, two residents in the village, undertook the dangerous ascent, and having gained the summit, a strong rope was well secured thereon by means of which the ascent was again made during several years, for the purpose of cutting the long grass which grows on the top. The grass, being made up into bundles, was lowered into boats anchored below, and as much as three tons of hay were thus obtained annually. A by-law was ultimately passed by the Magistrates prohibiting the ascent, in consequence of a man having lost his life while making the perilous attempt.

A remarkable feature connected with the Rock is its being the resort, during the summer months, of vast numbers of sea-fowl, who make their nests on the summit; and in July and August, when the young are fledged, and the parent birds have returned in the evening from their foraging excursions, the whole surface of the rock literally swarms with thousands of birds, making a most discordant noise, which can be heard at a distance of several miles, and in dark nights or foggy weather, warns the mariner of his proximity to Percé. Captain Davidson, formerly of the steamer *Lady Hood*, subsequently of the *Secret*, has often gratified his passengers by firing a gun whilst passing. This causes a perfect cloud of gulls, gannets, cormorants, &c., to rise, and set up the most discordant and unearthly yells and screams imaginable. Each successive fall the feathered occupants of Percé Rock abandon their birth-place for some milder region, returning with the first indications of spring. Their arrival is always hailed with pleasure by the inhabitants of the locality, who are thus assured of the speedy disappearance of the ice and snow, by which they have been surrounded during the previous five months.

Surveyor-General Bouchette, in his topographical description of Lower Canada, published in 1814, speaking of Percé, says:—

"Very near the southerly point of Mal Bay there is a remarkable rock, rising about two hundred feet out of the water, and about twelve hundred feet in length, in which there are three arches completely wrought by nature: the centre one is sufficiently large to allow a boat under sail to pass through it with ease."

Abbe Ferland, in his journal of a Voyage on the shores of Gaspé, observes that "every thing would seem to indicate that in bygone ages the Rock and Mount Joli were united by similar arches, an opinion confidently expressed by Denys, who visited this spot more than two centuries back. At the period of his first visit, there was only one arch. But when he returned many years after, he found that the sea had scooped out two others, one of which, he says, disappeared through the crumbling away of a part of the rock. Percé is an awkward place to stop at for steamers or sailing vessels—and very difficult of access for them, when high easterly winds prevail. We have described it fully elsewhere. We are now fast approaching the famous Kingdom of the Robins and Le Boutillier's at Paspebiac—and shall allow the able historiographer of this curious land, Mr. Pye, to give us a photo of it:—

"In 1766, Mr. Charles Robin, the founder of the firm of Charles Robin & Co., first came to these shores, and explored the Bay Chaleurs, in a small brig called the *Seaflower*. Some Quebec houses were already established, and Mr. Robin entered into business in conjunction with Mr. William Smith, an agent of one of the Quebec firms. Two years later the failure of the Quebec houses obliged Mr. Smith to leave the country. At this period, Percé, Bonaventure Island, and the whole of the Gaspé coast were a wilderness.

On the 11th of June, 1788, two American privateers plundered Mr. Robin's stores of all his goods and furs, and seized his vessels, the *Bee* and *Hope*, which were at the time moored on Paspebiac roads. The latter vessel, which had on board fourteen hundred quintals of dry codfish, he never saw again. But the former, containing part of the plunder, was recaptured, together with the privateers, in the Restigouche, by His Majesty's ships *Hunter* and *Piper*. To the captains of these vessels Mr. Robin had to pay one-eighth of the value of the recovered ship and cargo as salvage. This untoward event caused Mr. Robin to return to Jersey, and it was only in 1793, that he again visited Paspebiac, his vessels sailing under the French flag. From this period, prosperity crowned his efforts, and he gradually extended his business. In

1802 he finally left the country, placing his nephews, Mr. James Robin, in charge at Paspebiac, and Mr. Philip Robin at Percé. The former of these gentlemen, who succeeded his uncle in the management of the business, was the father of Mr. Charles William Robin, the present head of the firm.

Previous to visiting this coast, Mr. Charles Robin had established a business in Arichat, Cape Breton, under the name of Philip Robin & Co., which still exists.

The firm of Charles Robin & Co., have now four fishing establishments on this coast—Paspebiac, Percé, Grand River, and Newport; and also another at Carquette, on the New Brunswick side. Of codfish, the yearly exports of these establishments from Canada alone, are from 40 to 50,000 quintals of dry fish, which are distributed in the Mediterranean, Italian, Spanish, Portuguese, and West India Ports. The agents and clerks are all natives of the Island of Jersey, and generally commence their apprenticeship at from fourteen to fifteen years of age. The head agent or manager of the business resides at Paspebiac, and the first who succeeded Mr. Robin's nephews, the late principals, was Mr. Fruing, the present senior partner of the firm of Messrs. Wm. Fruing & Co. The following are the names of Mr. Fruing's successors in the management of the business: John Gosset, Isaac Hilgrove Gosset, John Hardely, John Fauret, Elias De La Perrelle, Félix Briard, and Moses F. Gibaud, who is the present manager. The vessels required for the purpose of carrying their fish to market are built from time to time at Paspebiac. They own generally from 18 to 20 sail, coasters included. Not only do they build their vessels at Paspebiac, but they have their own smith's forge, sail loft, block makers, riggers, &c.

On the approach of winter, the agent, clerks, and various mechanics employed, remove from the beach to their winter premises, on the mainland, where they have a most comfortable residence, together with a large carpenter's shop, &c. They have also a farm with barn and necessary outbuildings.

THE GLEANER.

MR. TENNYSON has recently had a windfall, in the shape of a large estate in Lincolnshire.

It is reported that the Marquis of Lorne is about to be raised to the peerage, and the report in all probability is well founded.

Two thousand American firms have already made arrangements to be represented at the Paris Exposition next year.

If you go in swimming and get cramps in the leg, turn your toes toward the knee. Some one says that the movement gives instant relief.

In a ladies' school near Frome, the pupils are allowed to play cricket. They have a special dress for the purpose, and the best cricketers are said to be the best scholars.

A NOVELTY is the Salisbury cricket. It is a golden garter for the head; it raises and confines the hair, but shows the natural shape of the head instead of hiding it.

DR. SCHLIEMANN has spent a considerable time during his busy life in America. He calls St. Louis "the pearl of cities," and New York "the most wonderful city in the world."

A LATE invention is a duplex, unpickable and uncuttable pocket. It consists of a double pocket secured inside the ordinary one, and this again secured by a watch-fastener, to which chains are attached and sewn inside. A little armour-plating is all that is wanted for complete defence, except the pickpocket is provided with a torpedo.

BRELOQUES POUR DAMES.

WHAT is society, after all, but a mixture of mister-ice and miss-eries?

YOUNG ladies are like an arrow. they can't be got off without a beau.

WOMEN never truly command till they have given their promise to obey.

AN American editor heads his list of marriages, "*Noose of the week*."

It is useless to bid young men and women bear bravely up; they are always losing heart.

AN old maid, who hates the male sex venomously, cut a female acquaintance recently, who complimented her on the buoyancy of her spirits.

A MAN of rank, hearing that two of his female relations had quarrelled, asked, "Did they call each other ugly?"—"No."—"Well, well; I shall soon reconcile them."

AN Iowa paper gives a thrilling account of the effort of a young man to take home a widow and three swarms of bees at the same time in a wagon.

"My dear," inquired a young wife of her husband, as she reached up her little mouth to be kissed on his return from business, "have you seen the magnificent set of walnut furniture which the Jenkinses have just bought?"—"Hem! no, my love; but I have seen the bill, which quite satisfies me."

A GIRL screamed in a lecture audience in Lafayette, Oregon. Then all the other girls screamed. General consternation ensued, and a rush was made for the doors, people were bruised, clothes torn, and the room at length

was emptied. The first screamer had seen a rat.

An old gentleman had three daughters, all of whom were marriageable. A young fellow went wooing the youngest, and finally got her consent to take him "for better or worse." Upon application to the old gentleman for his consent, he flew into violent rage, declaring that no man should "pick his daughters in that way," and if he wished to marry one of his family, he might have the oldest, or leave the house forthwith.

THE entire female portion of one of the New Bedford schools are engaged to be married, within three months after graduating.

"Just my luck," said a waiting-maid, sadly. "Here I am in a family where every one has a love affair on hand and leaves letters lying about opened, and I can't read."

Now home comes the "sweet girl graduate," and takes off her robes of symbolic white and her accompanying smile of ineffable sweetness, and it is at once touching and beautiful to see how readily she enters upon the monotonous round of domestic duties; and boxes her little brother's ears, and scoops the bulk of the strawberries, and tells her little sister to wash the dishes, just as sweetly and unaffectedly as if she hadn't studied Greek and Latin, and as many ologies as she is years old. Who says our girls are spoiled by a college education?

CROSS HUSBANDS AND SCOLDING WIVES.

"Domestic infelicity," which newspaper reporters nowadays credit with playing such an important part in life's drama, is often the result of lingering or chronic disease. What husband or wife can be cheerful, smiling, and pleasant, when constantly suffering from the tortures of some dread disease? Perhaps the husband's liver becomes torpid, and he experiences bitter, disagreeable taste or nausea, has chilly sensations, alternating with great heat and dryness of the surface of his body, pain in his sides, shoulders, or back, eyes and skin are tinged with yellow, feels dull, indisposed, and dizzy. Through his suffering he becomes gloomy, despondent, and exceedingly irritable in temper. Instead of resorting to so reliable a remedy, as a few small doses of Dr. Pierce's Purgative Pellets, and following up their action with the use of Golden Medical Discovery, to work the billary poison out of the system and purify the blood, if he play the part of a "peevish and pound foolish" man he will attempt to economize by saving the small cost of these medicines. Continuing to suffer, his nervous system becomes impaired, and he is fretful and peevish—a fit subject to become embroiled in "domestic infelicity." Or the good wife may, from her too laborious duties or family cares, have become subject to such chronic affections as are peculiarly incident to her sex, and being reduced in blood and strength, suffer from backache, nervousness, headache, internal fever, and enduring pains too numerous to mention, she may become peevish and fretful—anything but a genial helpmate. In this deplorable condition of ill-health, should she act wisely and employ Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription, it will in due time, by its cordial, tonic and nerve properties, restore her health and transform her from the peevish, scolding, irritable-tempered invalid to a happy, cheerful wife. Laying aside levity and speaking seriously, husbands and wives, you will find the Family Medicines above mentioned reliable and potent remedies. For full particulars of their properties and uses, see Pierce's Memorandum Book, which is given away by all druggists.

OUR CHESS COLUMN.

Solutions to Problems sent in by Correspondents will be duly acknowledged.

All communications intended for this department to be addressed Chess Editor, Office of CANADIAN ILLUSTRATED NEWS, Montreal.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. S., Montreal.—Many thanks for two letters and their acceptable contents; also for problem, which shall have early insertion.

J. B., Montreal.—Check on the first move in a problem is objected to by many, but some very good positions begin with a discovered check, as we will show in a future column.

In the *Westminster Papers* for June we find the usual amount of Chess intelligence from all parts of the world, and congratulate ourselves that the noble game is to such an extent so well appreciated, and that there is a journal whose business is to record so fully its widely spread proceedings. London, and its suburbs, Croydon, Hull, &c., in England, France, Germany, New York, Sydney, and even Montreal, in this Canada of ours, all come in for a share of notice. In it, also, there is the usual amount of problems, and games, and end-games, the latter the legacy of the late Herr Lowenthal, who, not undeservedly, has the good word of all chess players, and this not altogether from his skill as a player, which admits of no denial.

The *Huddersfield Magazine* for June devotes a portion of its space to Montreal Chess news, and, also, gives a very interesting account of the annual meeting of the West Yorkshire Chess Association, in describing which the writer very graphically tells an anecdote containing a moral that might be useful in other places than Yorkshire.

The remarks on English Problem Masters are well worth careful study, especially by those who wish to obtain a good knowledge of Chess literature; and the Chess jottings will be found agreeable to all.

Land and Water every week adds a valuable column of chess to its other important matters, and in games and problems has a strong claim upon the notice of the chess-player both at home and abroad.