

FROM BELLE-ISLE TO QUEBEC.

Where Tory Island's, rugged cliffs sank below the wave crests of a stormy Atlantic day it was with much reluctance that we put away our sketching materials, thinking to a certainty they were done with for the remaining days of our midsummer holidays and consequently our surprise was great when the fog lifting ten days after disclosed Belle-Isle, the Newfoundland and Labrador shores with clear weather beyond. Our surprise was scarcely equal to that of the skipper for it is at very rare intervals that really clear weather meets the trouble-tired gaze of the ship-master in this part of the rangable world, and as on our outward bound trip from Quebec till the day we bade farewell to Belle-Isle's dismal portals we had nothing but a glimpse of Gaspé and the thickest variety of a Newfoundland fog, we were quite ready to agree to his assertions. We had rambled about the highlands of the west coast of Scotland, had visited the magnificent "black and white" exhibition held last August in Glasgow, our sketch-books were comfortably filled and with minds containing enlarged ideas in matters of fine scenery and methods of sketching the same, had determined to accept the opinion of the Scotch officers aboard and report on our arrival home that the shores of the Gulf region were utterly destitute of fine appearances, and that for beauty our own noble St. Lawrence bore no comparison to the Clyde and the West coast. A view of Belle-Isle, devoid of all verdure and of native mosses and hardy berry plants viewed yet in the fast dissolving haze was transferred to our sketch books and though the shores of Labrador to the right and Newfoundland to the left were, at times, grand and imposing, the generally unvaried contour of the coast line was so marked that the only drawings made was one of Amour point light and a promontory to the north of it on the Labrador side, and another of a group of dirty, dingy fishing smacks which were lazily rising and falling on the heavy dead swell whilst their skippers chattered over fishy exchanges. At sunset our sunset man was busily engrossed mixing his lakes and carmines in the vain attempt to capture a bit of the sky glory, and the vivid colors finally fading left us in the dusk longing for the morrow. On Sunday the 15th of August, we met many vessels of all sizes and classes, among them a slow, but staunch cattle-laden Bristol Steamer cleaving the transparent waters at the enlivening rate of 8 miles an hour, and finally getting clear of the Straits laid our course for Anticosti. We are going to see the Island? How far off would we pass? History and atlas were brought out to aid in finding relative information and a collection of sight sick sight seers again evinced the old enthusiasm which so openly manifested at the commencement of a voyage moves so surely towards the termination. We would see East Point, and we would pass within three miles of Heath Point seven or eight miles southwest of it. Evening again, a school of sporting whales in the copy ground, coming to the surface frequently and playing their natural fountains vigorously: in the background, a low rocky point quickly recognized and located as East Point, and in the extreme distance to the left a bright twinkle resembling that of a star informed the steersmen of the whereabouts of the dangerous Heath Point reef. This was very agreeable but when with the moonrise the blue mist—that the artist soul revels in—settled on the land, things looked still pleasanter; the outlines of the two capes were immediately traced and the embryonic historian had evolved the interesting fact that the day was the actual anniversary of the discovery of the Island by Cartier and the day also on which in the name of his sovereign he took possession of the loneliest of all lonely islands. This was very agreeable, but when with a terrible shock we felt the rocks ripping the iron plating of the steamer's bottom and saw the breakers sweep over the bows our sensations were quite disagreeable; we had indeed celebrated the day and we were neither proud or glad of it. We remained a week on Anticosti thus affording plenty of leisure to discourse the frailty of human hopes and Clyde-built bottoms, and make many interesting observations but as the News published sketches of the surroundings and a description of the occurrence it behooves us not to weary the readers with tiresome repetition. We were taken to Gaspé basin by the wrecking tug sent by the Quebec underwriters, and having succeeded in reducing our brain excitement so as to permit combing our hitherto erect and startled hair, we resumed the habiliments of civilization which for convenience sake we had discarded during the period of our misfortunes and examined with interest the lovely situation along with the quaintness and lively history of the ancient hamlet. We stayed but a day and the steamer being ordered home, we sailed away reluctantly, bringing numerous souvenirs from this the only seaside watering-place in Canada deserving of the name; not forgetting to sketch the mouth of the York river, the entrance to the harbour, and Cape's Gaspé and St. Peter. The latter is historic and will doubtless be always remembered with veneration, as it was at the extreme end of the point that Cartier planted the cross and unfolded the fleur de lis banner when proclaiming the entire country the property of Francis I. Dashing over the bright sparkling wavelets at a brisk rate sent the weak stomachs below and reminded us that we were again nearing home, while in succession we passed Cape Rosier, Griffin Cove, and at night-fall Cape Magdalaine. On the 25th our diary

reads: "Up at 7 A. M., found a heavy sea on, after breakfast went below and slept till dinner-time. The land was sterile appearing throughout the forenoon, but changed after and became partly the whitewashed villages of Metis, St. Luce, and Rimouski with the Bic highlands looking as well as many famous foreign scenes. When abreast the Sandy Hook of Canada, Father Point, the signal station hoisted a tricoloured flag—the captain called it the rendezvous signal—meaning "do you wish to be reported? We did; and a long blast from our whistle signified our wish. We had heard in our infancy of Father Point almost as soon as Quebec, and accordingly the station with Rimouski and Bic were added to the portfolio. Land was now to be seen on both bows and meeting many strangers the rest of day-light departed on the wings of the wind, and all going well we will make Quebec to-morrow morning. The wind and sea mutually subsided at sundown and all was calm and serene. The mouth of the Saguenay was abreast at evening, a purple mantle was hanging over it and we never remember witnessing a finer spectacle. The trim, cosy villas of Cacoua could just be discerned as nine o'clock struck and we turned in. It was a home-sick crowd that grouped together on the dirty hurricane deck of the tug as the sun stepped from his eastern bed of rosy clouds and threw his burning light on Gross Isle and Isle Orleans, gilding the mountains on the north shore, and the feeling within, as the scene below was mentally contrasted with those of Scotia's distant vales, was one of exultation. Weary and travel-stained we vowed not to cross the pond again in search of the picturesque. Below the bar waiting for the rising tide lay the clumsy Norwegian timber ships, their economical skippers driving close bargains with the business-like energetic Canadian tug captains who were negotiating to tow them to the city; behind, almost within speaking distance steamed the Saguenay Mail boat laden with dandified tourists of all sizes, grades, and nations, and then ahead we could see as the course was changed the dockyards of Point Lévis and closely following, cannon-crowned Cape Diamond. The glittering spires of Beauport and the Montmorency falls were now added sources of inspiration, the shipping in the harbor with gaily colored bunting, dallying with the faint breeze and the Union Jack on the Citadel incited our already inflated spirits and when accompanied with a shrill toot our own colors were run up, the resounding cheers sufficiently indicated the rejoicing of our hearts.

We were home at last, and though on the succeeding day as we landed on the Mail steamer in the shadow of the Bonsecour market we were nearer our friends, yet the ancient town was for the present the recognized harbor and when we rushed for the hotel and subsequent bath-tub the changed condition of things was quite manifest. There was now time and knowledge to decide for ourselves the question so vexatious to some "was our Canadian coast and river scenery comparable with the European," and after producing the sketches it was by the entire party unanimously conceded that the old country possessions had the advantage over us in matters of softened outlines, but that in transparency of skies as well as actual grandeur there was nothing we had observed on the summer's jaunt to exhibit along with Saguenay, lake Superior or St. Lawrence glories. The prominent and the sublime seen by the traveller during this trip have so frequently been portrayed with pen and pencil that like a certain unfortunate landscape painter who—Washington Irving says—disappointed and angered his friends by sketching on a continental tour only in nooks, corners and by places, ignoring completely the great sights, we will pass over those quietly and mainly illustrate those scenes which interested us most, and which have been kept by others in obscurity.

THE AGONY COLUMN OF THE LONDON "TIMES."

It was an excellent idea that moved Miss Alice Clay to the collection and publication of the most curious advertisements which appeared in the second column of the first page of the London Times, between 1800 and 1880, the compilation ceasing then, probably through a laudable desire to spare the feelings of the people now living who may have a deep interest in some of the "personals" of more recent dates. For it should be said that the "agony column" of the English journal is much more dignified, earnest and interesting, than the "personal" column of the average American newspaper. And it is further characterized by more eccentricity. No mortal man can write as funnily with intention as the stupid man who sets out to be grave or poetical, and the "personal" advertisement concocted for the sake of amusement falls far behind the "agony" item prepared in all seriousness by an advertiser whose brain was a little touched—say, on the subject of eggs, decimals and Bismarck's foreign policy. It must be said that four-score years ago the advertiser was more stately and eloquent, than concise. For instance, here is a card from the Times of December 18, 1880: If the lady who a gentleman handed into her carriage from Covent Garden Theatre, on Wednesday, the third of this month, will oblige the advertiser with a line to Z. Z., Spring Garden Coffee House, saying if married or single, she will quiet the mind of a young nobleman, who has tried but in vain to find the lady. The carriage was

ordered to Bond Street. The lady may depend on honor and secrecy. Nothing but the most honorable interview is intended. The lady was in mourning, and sufficiently clothed to distinguish her for possessing every virtue and charm that man could desire in a female that he would make choice of for a wife. Deception will be detected as the lady's person can never be forgot." That seems long-winded to people of this age of telegrams and postal cards; but its earnestness and honesty can hardly be questioned. Did the young nobleman meet the lady in mourning, and was she single, and did he make choice of her for a wife, and did she possess all the virtues and charms he thought he saw in her? Who knows? But to some other loves revealed in the "agony column," there is no such pleasant doubt. Thus, four times in July, 1850, was this advertisement published: "The One-Winged Dove must die, unless the Crane returns to be a shield against her enemies." No answer was returned till the 23rd. and 26th. of November, when this card appeared, suggesting a whole tragedy: "Somerset, S. B.—The Mate of the Dove must take wing from England forever, unless a material change takes place.—I. B." "Kent, J. B.—The Mate of the Dove bids a final farewell, adieu, to the British Isles, although such resolution cannot be accomplished without poignant grief." A tragedy of another sort is indicated in this (November 7, 1816): "Would Philip like to hear of his mother's death?" or this (May 29, 1850): "To A. . . . If humanity has not intirely fled from your breast, return, oh, return, ere it is too late, to the heart-broken, distracted wife you have forsaken,—ere the expression of those soft eyes that won you be lost in the bewildered state of insanity,—ere they may gaze on you and know you not; write, tell her, oh, tell her where you are, that she may follow you,—her own, her all,—and die. See her once more." Or here is another (July 15-16, 1851): "William, thou wilt go to sea—thou shalt go; but oh, return, and first receive the blessings of a heart-broken father, of a heart-broken mother! Oh my son, William, my son, my son William!" "Would God I had died for thee! oh, William, my son!" Per contra (October 3, 1851): "The Minstrel Boy," "dressed in a rusty black surtout coat, common cloth waistcoat, trowsers marked with ink, and an old Caen hat, is urged to return to his discousolate friends. All will be forgiven and Charlie will give up the front room." At the same time (October-November, 1851), appeared a touching series of advertisements, addressed to a lady who had left her husband and children, and who was urged repeatedly to return, and seems to have made appointments but never to have kept them, renewing his hopes day after day, only to dash them.

There is apparently a love story under these dispatches of May 28-30, 1850: "A. W.—The Dog Wolf is dead. The experiment has fully succeeded. The Bear mourns. *Filus rale anteus.*" "A. W.—The Wolf is not dead, but has been dangerously ill. Letters are intercepted. I trust no one. Break not your pledge. Communicate personally. B. . . . ts." Another curious story of separated lovers and Argus-eyed guardians is told in a series of cards, April 12-June 24, 1856, where a lady advertised thrice for her lover believing him to be ill, and then received an answer directing her to advertise again and give her initials. But she warily suspected a fraud and announced her suspicions, while simultaneously the lover corroborated them by repudiating the reply, and arranging for a safe correspondence. "Do this at once," he said: "grief and anxiety are rapidly doing their work. My idol is indeed a rare combination of tenderness, talent and every virtue. Love and admiration, represented now by two sweet cherubs."

There are agony advertisements in all the languages—French, (and, as a rule, very bad French,) German, Italian, Swansh, Latin, Greek. There are scores of them in cipher, more or less easy to read. Thus (Oct. 28, 1870,) there is a communication beginning: "E rave ramap eh of kve devh qu eqzv. wahlav," which with considerable difficulty has been deciphered as follows: Very vexed at every part of your letter. Why not take interest in your appearance? Heiress be—Have more trust. Shall always remain as usual yours only." The reply four days later, further bears out the theory that the advertisers had a marriage in view. "On prowl and near game. Party scrofulous but got the brass Parker!! Family very soft and come from Leeds. Make enquiries. Trust is broken reed. Ready wanted to swagger withal. Help Jones usually."

Of a gayer sort are such "personals" as these: May 10, 1870. "Wooloomooloo. Shout!" rapidly and royally. Varmint all vanished. Impetuous Popsey impetuous." Dec. 18-21-23, 1869. "Curly Feather—Wet or dry, must I never see you more? Disconsolate Umbrella." Dec. 30. "Curly Feather cannot tell." June 1, 1843. "A Newfoundland dog has teeth." May 28, 1851. "Door-mat to-night." March 20, 1852. Door-mat and Beans to-night." June 23, 1852. "I am an ass. A letter is sent to your P. O., directed to any bird's name." Oct. 6, 1855. "J. B. R. The monkey is home. Where is the man of Ross? G. G." Dec. 6 1856. "Each villa un'the Bosphorus looks a screen new painted, or a pretty opera scene. Don Juan R. B." Nov. 11, 1855. "Standlynch, 1811, the comet. Paris, E. Ct., 1858, the comet!" April 22, 1859. "Cocceagee!" Oct. 8, 1859. K—Pott. Splice! Lak! The mutability!" Sept. 6, 1861. "Lorelei—The Anthrophagous didn't gobble the partridges."

Sept. 10, 1861. "S. to L., the 8 R. and W. Charles Urquardt Newport Tinley has not suffered from the Eels!" Dec. 6, 1866. "Penny Land to Will. Paper, pockey, hanki hi? Would you not like to see little Gussie again?" Jan. 12, 1867. "Fat Oxen! Starving people! The Fat Oxen are gone from their glass palace, and are eaten by the rich; the starving people remain in their overcrowded fever dens, and are being eaten by disease. Fat oxen! Starving People!"

A remarkable series of "agony" advertisements,—probably the most singular that has appeared during the century, began in 1851, and appeared continually till 1857; then, after an intermission was resumed and continued till 1870. The correspondent was a Mr. E. J. Wilson, of Ennis, Ireland, who advertised under fifty different names, such as "Rouge et Noir," "Indigo Blue," "To the Equator," "Decimals to Cheops," "Double Fin," "Spurs and Skirts," "Honest Alexis," "My Dearest Alice," "X. Gunins X," etc. His numerous appeals in the "agony" column had reference now to the loss of his fortune, and now to the loss of his daughter Alice, who was taken from him by some one of evil intent. The first of these appeared February 15, 1851: To D.—Thanks for your communication. As the clothes are ready, I am ready to wear them. Always the same; the bar of iron. Pray communicate.—E. W. These advertisements in 1859 show his troubles: —January 10.—"To Contre-coup.—I am puzzled what to do with my daughter when I get her. I had the guarantee of a London school-mistress of twenty-three years' standing and yet she was not safe. You know what happened to my money and papers in the heart of the city of London." February 7.—"To Contre-coup.—To terminate this disgraceful business, I had made arrangements to place my daughter at school at Boxmoor, Herts; but I cannot get her. Now, what am I to do? The money that I relied on for my old age alienated, my child lost forever, myself in the most miserable part of the land of misery, with a miserable salary." Again, February 14.—"The author of the decimal system at Her Majesty's customs, which pours pure gold every day into the coffers of the nation, earning a miserable subsistence in the worst part of Paddy's land." April 16.—A reward of £200 is offered for the return of his daughter, Alice Jane Wilson. May 9.—"I have never seen any of my money from the day I nobly signed it away, and I did not see my child for 5 years; and yet I respected the laws of humanity, and you see the return. I have lost my daughter a second time." "£10,000 sterling!" says another advertisement: "Bih, I claim £250,000 on eggs alone, to say nothing of that costly national antique (Long R. Joey), and on decimals £100,000." The last advertisements, published in July, 1870, gave no indication as to whether or not the tide of misfortune had turned for him at last.

"IT WAS I THAT IT INTOXICATED."

I am happy to give my humble opinion with regard to the above sentence. "The verb 'to be' takes the same case after it as before it," is a rule of Syntax laid down not only by Lindley Murray, but by, I believe, every compiler of English grammar, and it is needless here to remark that these gentlemen were the greatest abilities in the English nation. Morell says: "The verb 'to be' takes two nominatives, the one before, and the other after it, custom as yet has not affected this rule. Thou it must be confessed that by changing it one becomes a critic in language without the trouble of studying it. The sentence, according to the connection reads "It was me," when it is clear the above rule is violated, so if you read "It intoxicated I," then another rule is violated. Suppose we substitute the relative pronoun whom for that, and read it so "It was I whom it intoxicated," then the word whom becomes objective governed by the transitive verb intoxicated, and the rule remains unaltered.

ELIZABETH.

Sorel, 21st May, 1881.

VARIETIES.

SIR ROBERT PEEL possessed a brilliant command of sarcasm. In 1848 Feargus O'Connor was charged in the British Parliament with being a Republican. He denied the charge, declaring that he did not care whether the Queen or the devil was on the throne. Peel replied: "When the honourable gentleman sees the sovereign of his choice on the throne of these realms, I hope he'll enjoy, and I'm sure he'll deserve the confidence of the crown."

A CLERGYMAN'S CALL.—A good story is told of Dean Stanley, who travelled extensively through the United States a year and a half ago. He was spending the night with some New England friends, and desired to be called at an early hour, in order to proceed on his journey. The task was assigned to a boy employed in the house, who was instructed especially, that after rapping at the Dean's door and hearing the question, "Who is there?" he should reply, "The boy, my lord," and then discharge his errand. The boy was at the Dean's room at the exact moment, and rapped softly at the door. Upon hearing the question, "Who is there?" he answered, "The Lord, my boy," the transposition of words occasioning a peal of laughter from the distinguished visitor. The Dean considered the incident a capital one, and told of it with a great deal of amusement.