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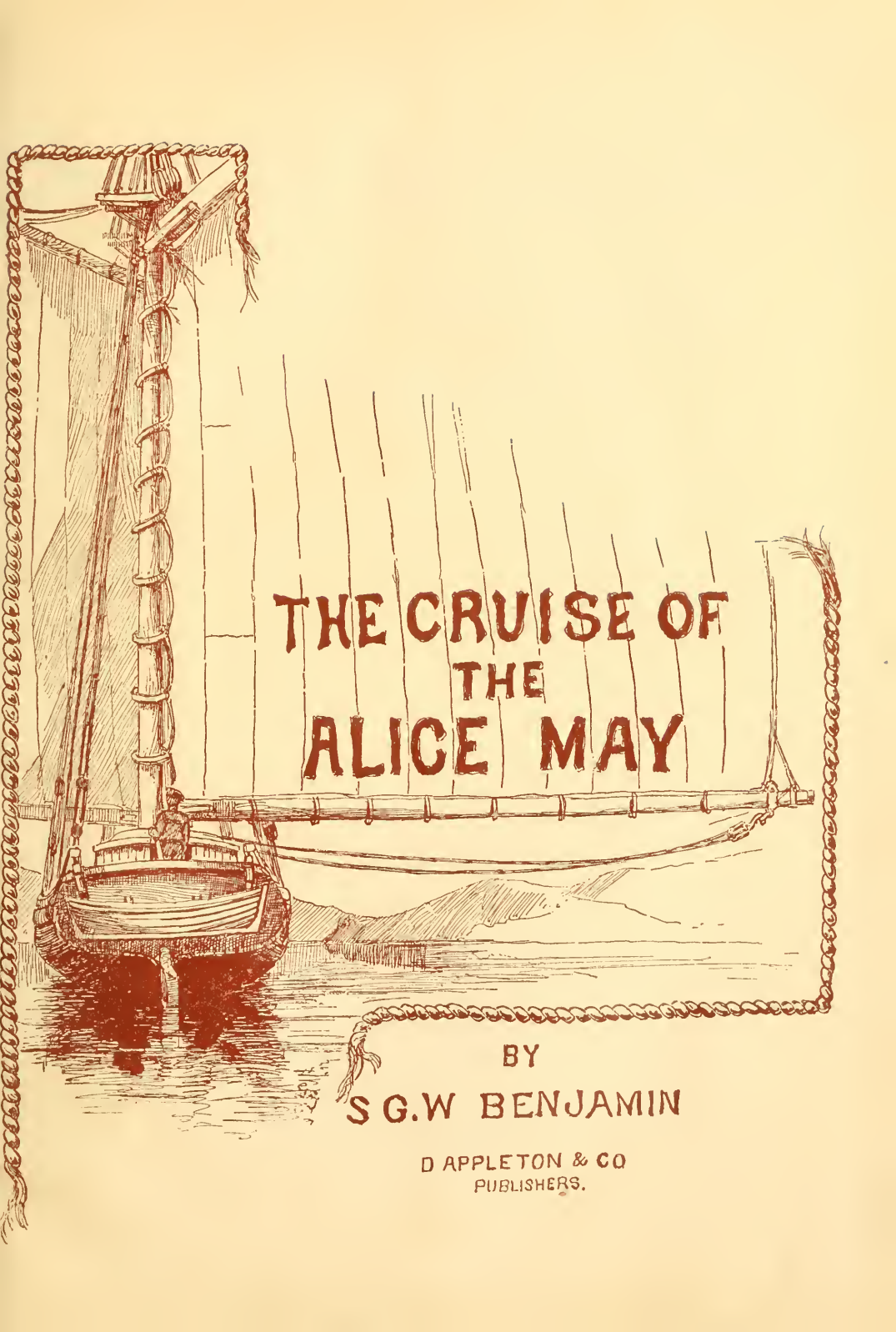
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**THE CRUISE OF
THE
ALICE MAY**

BY
S. G. W. BENJAMIN

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PUBLISHERS.

THE
CRUISE OF THE ALICE MAY

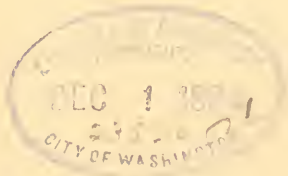
IN THE GULF OF ST. LAWRENCE
AND ADJACENT WATERS.

WITH NUMEROUS ILLUSTRATIONS.

REPRINTED FROM THE "CENTURY MAGAZINE."

BY

S. G. W. BENJAMIN.



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LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

FROM ORIGINAL DRAWINGS BY M. J. BURNS.

	PAGE
OFF PASPEBIAC	6
BEACH AT TRACADIE	7
THE MAIL-BOAT AT PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND	8
MIDSHIP FRAME OF THE "NORTHERN LIGHT"	9
THE STEAMER "ARCTIC" CROSSING FROM THE MAINLAND TO THE ISLAND	10
A FISHER-BOY	11
ON DECK.—OUR COOK	12
AMATEUR COOKING	14
BURNING REFUSE FROM THE LUMBER MILLS	16
MILLSTONE QUARRIES	19
OUR FIRST FISH	21
OUR CREW AT SUPPER	22
FISHERMEN AT PASPEBIAC	30
THE BEACH AT PASPEBIAC.—A VIEW OF THE BAY	32
A FISH ESTABLISHMENT AT PASPEBIAC	33
CAPE GASPÉ.—FISHING-HOUSES AT CAPE GASPÉ	35
HEAD OF AN OLD PILOT.—UP GASPÉ BAY	37
PERCÉ ROCK	39
CROSSING THE FERRY AT GASPÉ.—AN OLD OVEN	40
CURING FISH AT PERCÉ	41
RETURNING FROM CHURCH	42
PERCÉ ROCK. (Drawn by Thomas Moran.)	43
THE DASH TO AMHERST	55
THE OLD SKIPPER	56
ÉTANG DU NORD	58
THE FIDDLER	59
CROSSING THE FORD TO AMHERST	61
A FEW OF THE NATIVES	64
OLD FIRE-PLACE AT ENTRY ISLAND	66
THE GALE AT ENTRY ISLAND	67
OFF DEADMAN ISLAND	71

	PAGE
GUERNSEY ISLAND	75
THE BAY OF ISLANDS	76
CAPE BLOMIDON.—PROSPECTING	77
UP THE RIVER HUMBER	81
FISHING OFF THE BAY OF ISLANDS	82
THE MAIL-CARRIER	85
THE DANCE AT PETIPAS	87
A STREET IN ST. PIERRE	93
A FISHING GANG AT ST. PIERRE	94
GOVERNMENT HOUSES AND TOWN PUMPS AT ST. PIERRE	96
A STREET CORNER	98
A SKETCH OFF ST. PIERRE.—A ST. PIERRE FISHING-BOAT	99
THE CATHEDRAL	102
FISHING FOR SQUID	104
CURING FISH AT ST. PIERRE	106
THE TOWN CRIER	107
STRUCK BY A SQUALL	109
THE BRAS D'OR LAKES, CAPE BRETON ISLAND	113
INDIAN CAMP AT BADDECK.—A WIGWAM CRADLE	116
ON THE ROAD TO BADDECK	117
CAPE PORCUPINE.—CAPE ST. GEORGE, FROM HASTINGS	122
LOVERS' LANE, HASTINGS	124
A STREET AT ARICHAT	126
AN OLD COTTAGE AT ARICHAT	127
THE OLDEST HOUSE IN PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND	128
HEAVING THE LOG	129

LIST OF MAPS.

CRUISE OF THE ALICE MAY	18
MAP OF THE TRIP FROM CHARLOTTETOWN TO PASPEBIAC	27
MAP OF THE CRUISE. (PASPEBIAC TO THE MAGDALEN ISLES.)	45
MAP OF THE CRUISE FROM THE MAGDALEN ISLANDS TO CAPE ST. GEORGE	53
THE CRUISE OF THE ALICE MAY THROUGH THE BAY OF ISLANDS	74
MAP OF THE CRUISE FROM THE BAY OF ISLANDS TO ST. PIERRE	90
FROM ST. PIERRE TO GEORGETOWN	119

THE CRUISE OF THE ALICE MAY.

I.



EVERY one has heard of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, but few are aware of the variety and beauty of the attractions it offers to the tourist and the artist. Even to such as have given it some thought it generally appears to be a region of mists, snow, and storms, and more or less enveloped in hyperborean glooms. But recently sportsmen and yacht-sailors have begun to visit the western shores of the gulf, and a suspicion is dawning on the mind of the summer rambler that this part of the world has been maligned, and that

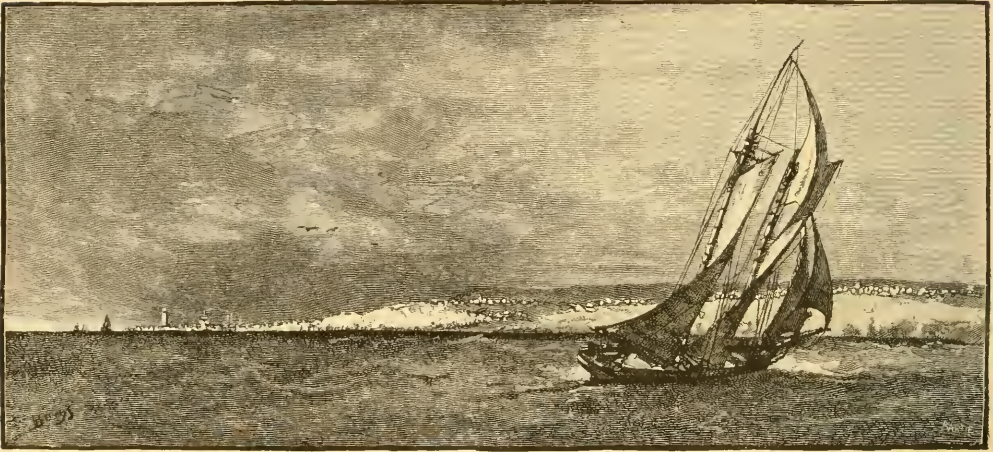
during the summer solstice it offers a variety of attractions up to this time all but unknown.

Anxious to see for ourselves the truth of the matter, and to view some of these points of interest before the tide of summer travel had worn away the novelty, we prepared a cruise round the Gulf of St. Lawrence and the adjacent waters.

The point of departure was Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island. Through the kindness of a friend residing there, a suitable schooner was chartered. But when the day for taking possession arrived, the schooner failed to put in an appearance. Here, at the very outset, we encountered one of the most common annoyances which a punctual man and a Yankee is forced to endure in the maritime provinces. Punctuality or appreciation of the value of time is scarcely understood

there. Without delay, we threw out scouts in every direction to report on the matter of available schooners. Long search was attended by many pleasant incidents. It gave us an opportunity to see much of this charming island, and to enjoy the genial hospitality of its people, especially the kind folk of Charlottetown. This is a quiet but attractive place of some ten thousand inhabitants. On the outskirts, especially in the neighborhood of the Governor's mansion, there is much beauty in the residences, which are surrounded by shrubbery and situated by the water-side.

Tuesdays and Fridays are the days when Charlottetown shows the most evidence of activity and commercial prosperity. The market-house occupies a prominent place in the square where the Government buildings

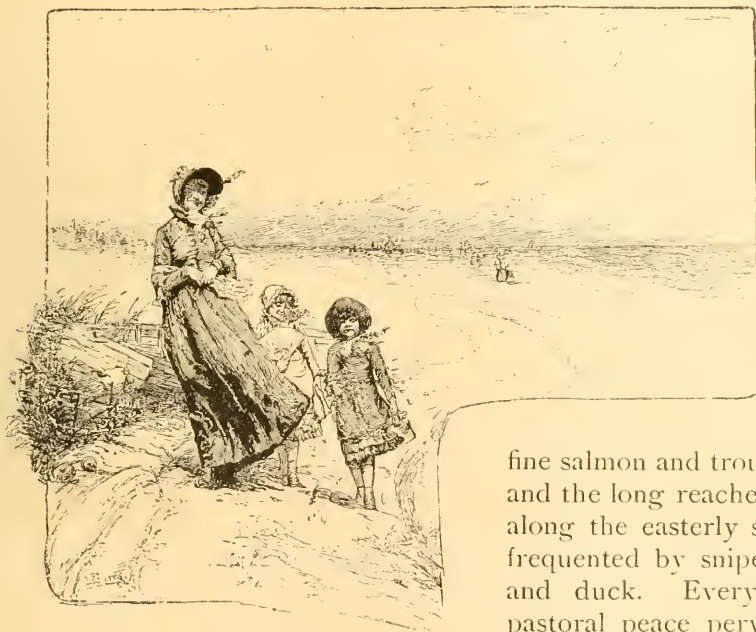


Off Paspébiac.

are situated. On these days it is crowded by both the city and country folk, the latter including a few Indians. An active barter in provisions takes place between the towns-people and the farmers, while that part of the city bears the appearance of a gala-day.

Two causes have recently produced great commercial depression on the island. These are the failure of the Prince Edward Island Bank, through the—what shall we call it?—of the directors, and the decline in ship-building, which, until the primeval forests had been cut down, was a great source of revenue to the island. The failure of the fisheries and the absence of American fishermen from the Gulf, partly caused by the short-sighted policy of the Dominion Government, have also affected the pros-

perity of this province. In summer time Prince Edward Island enjoys a delightful temperature: the mercury ranges for three months from sixty to seventy-six degrees, rarely varying from those figures. The air is dry and free from fogs, and, as the wind invariably comes off the sea, the island is exceedingly healthful. The advantages for summer visitors are increased by the abundance of fresh meat and other provisions, the cheapness of living, and the loveliness of the drives in every direction over a country that is gently undulating, verdurous, and always in sight of the sea. The rivers, notably the Dunk, the Hunter, and the Morell rivers, abound with



Beach at Tracadie.

fine salmon and trout fishing, and the long reaches of sand along the easterly shore are frequented by snipe, plover, and duck. Everywhere a pastoral peace pervades the farms on the edge of the forests. Fine droves of horses

enliven the fields, and remind one of Thessaly, the land of fleet-footed steeds.

It is not singular that these attractions have begun to draw the attention of summer tourists, who find comfortable accommodations at the farm-houses or at the hotels erected at such charming resorts as Rustico and Tracadie. Houses may also be rented by the season on very moderate terms. It is to the influx of such visitors, with pockets popularly supposed to be lined with gold, that the island may reasonably look for a return of

some of its vanished prosperity. The facilities for observing the scenery of Prince Edward Island are greatly aided by a narrow-gauge railroad, which is always sure to be used, as the Dominion agreed to keep it going when the island entered into the confederation; but no one expects it ever to pay its expenses. The lobster-canning business, which has also assumed great dimensions in Prince Edward Island, might likewise be considered a powerful means of driving the wolf from the door, if but the uncertain crustaceans could be depended upon. But they take no interest whatever in the designs of capitalists and fishermen to ship them to the markets of



The Mail-Boat at Prince Edward Island.

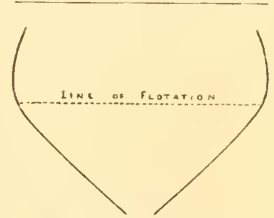
the world in elegantly labeled tin cases, and, declining to co-operate in these schemes when the season comes around, may take a notion to forsake their haunts for parts unknown. Then the canning factory is closed, and the fisherman's dory lies bleaching on the shore while he anxiously smokes his pipe and talks of emigrating to the United States, maligning the day when the island entered the Dominion. In default of any better cause, the people generally agree in tracing their ills to this union; but the sequence is by no means self-evident.

Gazing over these pleasant landscapes and breathing the soft southern

breeze, it is difficult to realize that for many months the island is not only covered with snow to an enormous depth, but also well-nigh shut out from the rest of the world by a tremendous barrier of ice. From January until May, at least, Northumberland Strait is frozen over. The mails are carried across at the narrowest part, near Cape Tormentine, or Jourimain, a distance of nine miles. The carriers drag a boat over the hummocks of ice which is provided with runners like a double keel.

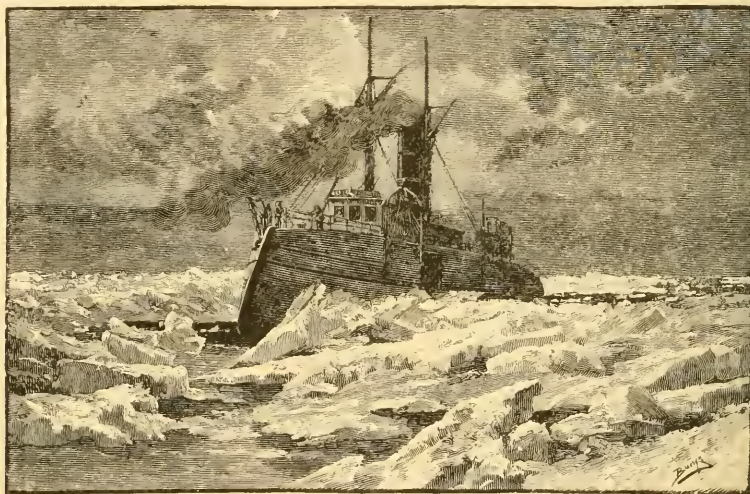
When they come to open water they cross in the boat. It is a dangerous and arduous journey, and few undertake it besides the hardy mail-carriers. For two or three winters past the passage has been made sometimes by the steamer *Northern Light*, constructed especially for this service. She has a frame of enormous strength, somewhat of a wedge form, with a solid shoe of iron at the bow; everything about her was planned to enable her to crush her way through the ice, which is often from two

to four feet thick. Her course is from Pictou to Georgetown, a distance of some eighty miles, although she often has to go over two or three times that distance to reach her port. In all the annals of steam navigation there is no such packet service recorded as this of the *Northern Light*. Sometimes the ice is so dense that she can make no headway, but is jammed fast for days and weeks, or carried to and fro by the combined fury of ice and storms. The passenger who starts in her for Prince Edward Island in March has before him the horrors of polar solitude and hazard. In the spring of 1882 the *Northern Light* was three weeks making this brief passage, fast locked in the ice-packs. Sometimes she was carried close to the shore, but no one could bring aid to the starving passengers, owing to the threatening condition of the ice. It was only after burning all the woodwork in the cabin for fuel, and being reduced to the last biscuit, that the worn-out and hopeless passengers reached the destined port. Think of a civilized and enlightened people, in this age, shut off from the rest of the world by such a frightful siege of ice and tempest and snow! Nor is this an occasional thing. As regularly as the winter comes around, the islanders look forward to this long hibernation and isolation. Were it not for this drawback, the island might be a paradise. During the long winter the people contrive to exist with some comfort, and find compensations for their solitude. Sleigh-rides and skating are followed with much zest, and there is a good deal of merriment and festivity.



Midship Frame of the
"Northern Light."

Charlottetown is, of course, the center of life in Prince Edward Island, but the social distinctions are drawn with considerable and, perhaps, unnecessary emphasis. Lying as it does on an arm of the sea which extends east and west some forty miles like a river, this city enjoys fine facilities for aquatic sports, while the drives in the neighborhood are, during the summer, very agreeable. Everything here is, however, on a reduced scale, except the land and water, and the ideas of the country people are on a level with their environment. They tell a good story of a country lout who had never seen any larger place than Souris, at the eastern end of the island, not even Charlottetown. Souris has about two thousand inhabitants. One of his companions made a trip to New York,



The Steamer "Arctic" crossing from the Mainland to the Island.

and on his return expatiated on the vastness of that great city. "And now, and isn't as large as Souris, then?" inquired the former, incredulously.

Money goes far here, because it is scarce, and time and provisions, the chief commodities, are cheap. The people are mostly of Scotch descent. The remnants of a tribe of Micmacs, civilized almost out of existence, still occupy a reservation on Indian Island, in Richmond Bay, and sell baskets and bead-work at the weekly market. Descendants of the original Acadian French yet farm the lands about Rustico and Ingonish. They have a convent at the latter place. By far the most numerous people on Prince Edward Island are the Highland Scotch. They came here originally from



A Fish-Boy.

the Hebrides, driven from home, it is said, by the religious oppression of the lairds. They have increased and multiplied, and, with the addition of the French habitans, nearly half the population is Roman Catholic. There are, however, many Protestant Scotch mingled with the others, and, with the exception of the annually recurring public school question, they appear to live together very peaceably.

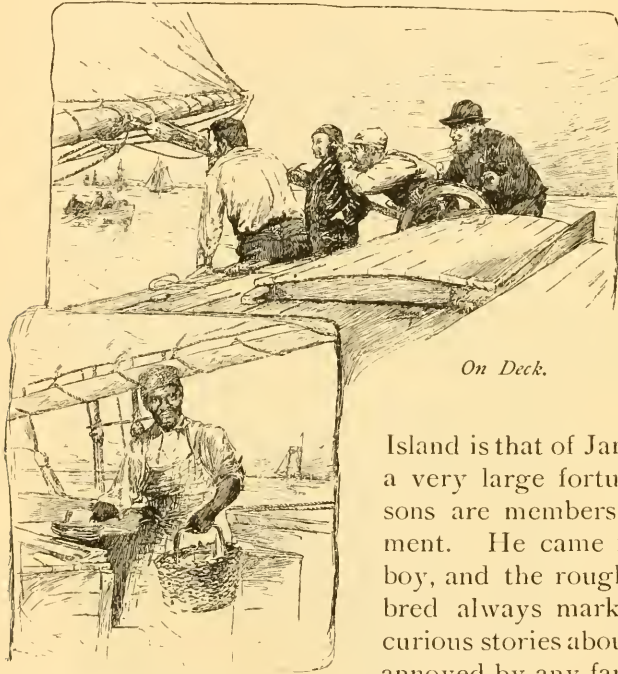
The Scotch have a Caledonian Club at Charlottetown, and once a year there is a great gathering of the clans, with a corresponding display of

plaids. The same clan names reappear so constantly that, in order to avoid confusion, curious sobriquets are often attached to a person's name; as, for example, a certain McDonald is called Red Angus McDonald, to distinguish him from White Angus McDonald. One of the most prominent families of Prince Edward

Island is that of James Yeo, who accumulated a very large fortune in ship-building. His sons are members of the Dominion Parliament. He came from England as a cabin-boy, and the rough school in which he was bred always marked his character. Many curious stories about him are current. When annoyed by any family jar, he would secrete himself in the cuddy of an old schooner with a keg of rum and remain there until it was

exhausted. He once lost a brig, and three of the crew also perished; when alluding to the misfortune he exclaimed, "Poor things! two souls and an Irishman!"

Prince Edward Island was first discovered by Cabot, who called it St. John's Island, which name it retained until 1800; and the French still call it Isle St. Jean. Verrazzano took possession of it for France in 1523, and the French at once established a number of fishing stations there. But the island was ceded to England by the treaty of Fontainebleau, and Lord



Our Cook.

On Deck.

Egmont was appointed to draw up a form of colonial government. Assuming that the Micmac Indians were ferocious savages, instead of the inoffensive beings they proved to be, he laid out an absurd plan to divide the 2,000,000 acres at his disposal into fifty parts, called baronies, of which forty were to be granted to as many colonists, bearing the title of lords of hundreds. They were to owe allegiance to him as lord paramount. The baronies were in turn to be subdivided into manors. Fairs were to occur four times yearly in each barony, and markets twice weekly. Feudal castles were to be built likewise to protect the colonists in a place of which it was said, "The settler can scarce straggle from his habitation five hundred yards, even in times of peace, without risk of being intercepted, scalped, and murdered."

This was indeed a narrow escape from a preposterous attempt to import to the New World an exploded system of the past. But, although Lord Egmont's plan was finally rejected, a scarcely less objectionable one was adopted, by whose provisions the island was divided into sixty-one lots. One of these went to the Crown, and the others were sold in one day to the highest bidders. It is only recently, and after a long struggle, that Prince Edward Island has become independent of this system.

While picking up these notes by the way, we were pursuing our indefatigable search for a schooner, as the season was well advanced, and the time to cruise in those waters is before the September equinoctial. At last we heard of a desirable craft at Miminegash, an obscure port but little known to fame. A bargain was closed after much chaffering with the owner, an owre canny Scot, and the vessel was brought around to Charlottetown to be manned and provisioned. The *Alice May*, of Miminegash, was fifty-nine feet long and sixteen feet wide, and with a full set of ballast drew seven feet aft. She registered fifty-six tons, and, being intended for a freighter, had a flat floor and could hardly be called a clipper. But she was very strong and reasonably safe. Being heavily sparred for a coaster, and carrying sail well, she was properly fitted to grapple with the variable weather we expected to encounter.

The *Alice May* had no fore-castle for the crew, but only a small cuddy aft, with bunks for four men. This also served for a galley, after the manner of small coasters. We therefore turned the hold into a cabin, and a very comfortable and spacious place it proved to be. By fixing two bulk-heads of deal fore and aft, we obtained a "saloon" eighteen feet long by sixteen feet wide, exactly amidships. A small trunk or booby-hatch with a slide was arranged over the main hatch for a companion-way. Plain bunks were fixed to each side, ample as a divan, thus serving alternately

for berth, sofa, or lounge, as circumstances might suggest. Our table was at the after end, and a cylindrical stove, which is indispensable for a cruiser in those waters, even in midsummer, was at the opposite end. Under the bunks were lockers for our stores. Numerous cleats, nails, and shelves were soon festooned with coats, caps, sou'westers, storm-boots, spy-glasses, charts, fowling-pieces, water-jugs, pipes, fishing-rods, and the indispensable looking-glass and barometer. There was no paint anywhere except such as we daubed in artistic dabs during the cruise, with the pa-



Amateur Cooking.

lette knife when cleaning a palette. But the general effect was not by any means unattractive. It certainly suggested comfort, and preparation for any emergency that might occur.

Our crew consisted of a captain, a mate, and one man before the mast. It was thought this would be sufficient with the cook, who might bear a hand on occasion; and we were able, in case of need, to stand a watch in bad weather ourselves. These coasters generally get along with one man on deck in good weather to steer and to keep a lookout. Sometimes even

he falls asleep at the wheel, and everything is left to chance. It is a happy-go-lucky way, which works very well until something happens. A majority of the accidents to coasting vessels from collision or squalls are the result of gross laziness or culpable carelessness.

Captain Welch had in his day been master of square-rigged vessels, but, being now well along in years, was forced to put up with fore-and-afters. It requires a special experience to sail a schooner well; but still the sailing of a square-rigged vessel is more complicated, and is, at any rate, considered a grade higher in seamanship. The captain's white beard, the far-off look in his wrinkled eyes, the poetic speech in which he indulged, and his nervous temperament, easily elated or depressed, would far more easily have made him pass for a Celtic bard than an old man of the sea. John, the mate, was a Frenchman, short, quick, and of mercurial disposition. Bill, who in his single person represented the crew, was every inch a sailor, large, lithe, powerful, and efficient if well commanded; he had the real seaman's grip that would enable him to hang on to a foot-rope with his eyelids, and the nonchalant recklessness or stupid dare-deviltry which made him careless of dangers with which he was familiar, while cowardly in the presence of new forms of peril. Fond he was, too, of his grog, and of handling his knife when half-seas-over, and was never without the everlasting quid pressing out his cheek like a walnut in a squirrel's mouth. In a word, Bill was a representative blue-water sailor.

It is needless to go into the details of the provisions stored in the schooner for a cruise of two months. Everything was ready, the rigging overhauled, the last nail pounded in; the winds were favorable; and yet we were detained at Charlottetown day after day, unable to sail. It was a cook that we waited for: what was the use of having provisions, fuel, or galley, without a cook? A sea-cook is a peculiar character, requiring a special training. He must know how to prepare a sea hash out of salt horse flavored with onions, incrusting with the variegated browns of polished mahogany, and savory enough to create an appetite in a stomach that the tossing waves have rendered as sensitive as the needle of a compass. He must also understand how to make eatable bread, and take his duff out of the kettle on Sunday as light as cotton and as delicate as sponge-cake. Besides this, he must know how to economize in the use of water and provisions; and, more difficult yet, he must contrive to keep the crew satisfied with the mess he cooks for them, while at the same time he looks out sharply for the interests of his employer and the captain. He must also be proof against the worst weather, and undeviatingly punctual to the hours of meals. It goes without saying that it is not an easy

thing to find such a paragon in the galley ; but when he is there, he is, next to the captain, by far the most important character on board. We had made up our minds that it would be difficult to find a cook in Charlottetown, combining such exalted qualifications, who would be will-



Burning Refuse from the Lumber Mills.

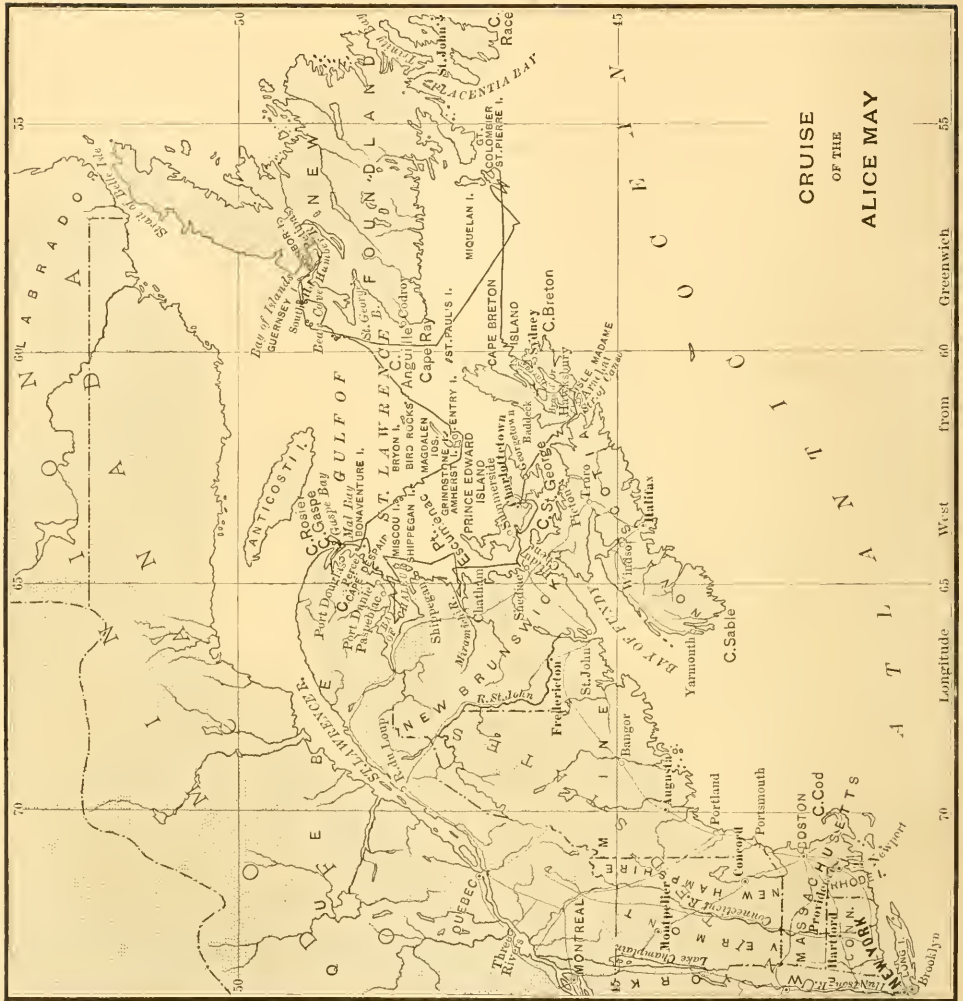
ing to go for such a brief cruise, and were prepared to take up almost any one that offered. But we were not prepared to meet such a gang of shiftless, shuffling, vacillating, prevaricating, self-complacent, exorbitant, and utterly good-for-nothing varlets as those who applied for the

position, or whom we discovered after chasing through the lanes, sailors' boarding-houses, and purlieus of Charlottetown. Over and over again we thought we had engaged a man; but when the time came to sail, he was not to be found. At last, out of all patience with the whole business, we telegraphed to a friend in St. John, New Brunswick, to send us a cook, and that we would pick him up at Point du Chêne. No reply had arrived to the telegram when we sailed, and thus we started without a cook, in a sort of vain hope of stumbling across one at some port.

A group of our good friends at Charlottetown came down to the wharf to give us a send-off. Healths were exchanged, the canvas was spread, and we shoved off. As the little vessel gathered way before the southerly breeze, they gave a parting hurrah, and we returned the salute by emptying our revolvers and dipping the red colors and jack of old England, which flew at the mast-head.

With light and variable winds, we reached Summerside the next afternoon. There we came to anchor, and went on shore to learn if there was any telegram regarding a cook. To our intense relief, we learned that we should find one at Point du Chêne, waiting for us. Here we also made some of those final purchases of stores which are likely to be forgotten on starting. Then we hurried on board and made sail. There was really but little to detain us at Summerside. It is a new place, which sprang up mushroom-like, and soon threatened with its bustling prosperity to overtop every other port in the island. But its growth stopped before it could become beautified by the slow growth of verdure, and it is now a mere naked cluster of warehouses and uninteresting, cheaply-constructed dwellings. But it is situated on Bedecque Bay, a lovely estuary into which empties the Dunk River, whose waters are the delight of the disciples of the gentle craft. Midway in the bay lies Park Island. Some years ago a capitalist of Summerside conceived the idea of making this island a summer resort. He purchased it, and in its center built a commodious hotel, the largest in Prince Edward Island. Charming walks and drives were cut through the groves, bathing-houses were put up on the beach, and numerous other attractions were offered to guests. A small steamer was bought expressly to carry them over, and it seemed as if the place ought to bring a profit to the enterprising proprietor who had such confidence in the charms of his native isle. But he sunk all his fortune in this ill-starred enterprise, and his anxieties brought him to an early grave. The hotel, standing on the islet, empty and deserted, adds a tinge of dreariness to an otherwise pleasing picture.

As we ran up the strait that evening, we had an exciting race with a



schooner bound the same way, having a number of boisterous workmen on board going to the mines. She was close alongside, and as we gained on her and were passing, she luffed up, being able to shave the wind a little closer than the *Alice May*, and tried to run us down. We escaped a collision by putting the helm down quickly. Then keeping away, we passed her as a strong puff gave us increased headway; and as we left them astern, they gave a wild, mocking peal of laughter that had in it a touch of devilry as

it rang over the sea. It blew fresh that night, with squalls, and we took in the kites. We found the schooner stiff and able to carry sail hard. That night, as the previous night, we stood our watch on deck. But this was interesting, compared with the responsibility of preparing meals. There were four of us in the main saloon, as we styled it, or three besides the writer of this log. The junior member of the party, a youth of sixteen, was nicknamed the Infant. Pependennis, the tallest of the party, went by the affectionate sobriquet of the Cherub, probably because of the remoteness



Millstone Quarries.

of the resemblance. Then there was my companion Burns, who was already familiar with sea life. We took turns in preparing the meals, one of the crew being delegated to light the fire. We found it convenient to cultivate a taste for ham and eggs or plain boiled eggs, little art being required to cook them. The cook for the time being was expected to get his wages in chaff, of which he received an unlimited amount from the others. Fortunately, we all knew how to brew a good cup of tea, not so easy an accomplishment as some might imagine.

It began to blow hard after midnight, from the southwest. The morn-

ing broke with a very wild offing and the promise of a stormy day. But we were near to Point du Chêne, the line of the long, low shore blending with the scurrying scud and a yeast of white caps flashing angrily in the fierce rays that shot through a rift in the clouds. Lying well over to the blasts, the *Alice May* beat up toward the land, and there was every prospect of soon reaching a snug anchorage, when with a violent shock she struck on a shoal. The first thought that flashed on us was, Can it be that the cruise is going to end just as it begins? But the emergency called for instant action rather than for deliberation. The tide had yet a foot to rise, and we must float her then or perhaps never, because she lay in a very exposed position, and a shift of the wind to southeast would have finished her. We got out the boat, carried an anchor well out to starboard, and bowsed on it for two hours with no result. Meantime, the wind had shifted into nor'west and was blowing a perfect screecher. By keeping canvas up, the vessel was finally pressed well over on her side, tending to move the keel and float her, and at length she suddenly started. Then it was, "Heave away, boys; be smart, now!" in order that she might not overrun the anchor as she slued into deep water and began to gather way like a bird released from its cage.

We now ran up and anchored at Point du Chêne, and went ashore to get the cook. But no cook was there. We learned that he had arrived, but, not finding us, had unwisely gone on in the boat the previous day to Charlottetown, and could not return until Monday. Disappointment is a feeble word to express our chagrin. Point du Chêne, with its neighbor Shediac, offers few attractions to the tourist. It is merely the terminus of the railroad, where the steamboat plying to Prince Edward Island comes during the summer. But we procured some fresh meat, took in a little more ballast to counteract a list to starboard, and shipped another hand, who proved to be Tom, the son of Captain Welch, who was there in a schooner. We were now able to have two men in a watch, which relieved us from the necessity of passing the night on deck. Monday morning we rowed in the boat up the river to Shediac, a delightful sail. There we found the tide so low we could not come within a hundred yards of the beach, even with our sixteen-foot yawl. Seeing our predicament, a crowd of bare-legged urchins, about the age and shape of cupids, floated a miniature punt off to us; then, seizing the painter with great glee and noisy splashing, they towed us one by one to the shore. The air rang with peals of laughter from the bystanders; and it was indeed a merry sight, and comical also, for the punt was in constant danger of spilling out its occupant.

At one o'clock we were all on the lookout for the arrival of the steamer



Our First Fish.

from Summerside. The burning question of the hour was to cook or not to cook. Would the cook be on board? Was he white, black, or yellow, and would he know his business if he actually came? The excitement grew as the hour approached. The steamer hove in sight; she ranged

up to the pier; the passengers stepped ashore, and after a brief interval our boat was seen coming off with a third man in the stern sheets. It must be the cook. As he drew nearer, his sable complexion not only settled the question, but also added a strong probability, amounting almost to certainty, that he was a good cook. Our surmises proved to be correct in just one minute after he stepped on deck. It had already struck eight bells.

“Have you had your dinner yet, sir?” he inquired.



Our Crew at Supper.

“No; we have been waiting for you.”

“All right, sir; you shall have dinner right away.”

Stepping into the galley in a trice, he stripped off his coat, rolled up his sleeves, and in half an hour we sat down to the best meal that had ever been seen on board the *Alice May* since she left the stocks. From that day to the hour we landed again in Charlottetown, Henry Richards proved himself a capital cook, provided with no end of inventive culinary resources; he was indefatigable in the discharge of his duties, sober and

faithful to the interests of his employers. Happy the ship that sails with such a cook, and happy the diners who batten on his beefsteak and onions, hash, roly-poly, and tea.

At sea, action and reflection go hand in hand. One minute after he boarded us Henry was getting dinner, and three minutes later the crew manned the windlass, hove the anchor short, made sail, and we put to sea. We had a staving breeze from southeast and by south, and bowled away merrily for Miramichi. After night-fall the sky became very dark, and it blew heavily. We flew before sea and wind, and made the Escumencac light in the middle watch, but could not run in with such weather without a pilot. We hove to with a tremendous sea running, the darkness aflame with flashing phosphorus, and the little schooner pitching her jib-boom under and knocking passengers and furniture about the cabin without ceremony. It does not take long to raise a high, wall-like swell in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, owing to the shoal water. The lights of other vessels in our neighborhood, bobbing like will-o'-the-wisps in the gloom, and, like us, waiting for dawn, suggested a sharp lookout. At intervals the long, melancholy cry of the loons floated down the wind like the wail of lost spirits—a sign of east wind, in the opinion of some—which led Captain Welch to observe the next morning: “The loons was a-crying for the east wind all night.”

A dapper little pilot schooner left a pilot with us at daylight, and we ran across the bar, where a vessel was lost with all on board a year or two ago in a gale. It was a long but delightful beat up the Miramichi River that day. After leaving the broad entrance, we found the river winding, and closed in with lovely overhanging cliffs, crested with verdure which festooned the caves that honeycomb the rocks. Picturesque farms on the slopes, surrounded by natural groves of pine and spruce, and fishermen's huts and boats under the cliffs, gave life to what is really an enchanting stream.

Thirty miles from the sea, we at last anchored at Chatham, the wind blowing in violent squalls, which terminated in a tremendous thunderstorm, attended by terrific gloom. When the clouds cleared away, the glow of the setting sun illumined the wet roofs and shipping of this bustling little place with wonderful splendor. Chatham, as well as Newcastle, two miles farther up on the opposite bank, was once a great ship-building port. This business has left it; but a great lumber trade has sprung up instead, which brings profit to the neighborhood, while it is rapidly stripping the noble primeval woods of New Brunswick. Upward of three hundred square-rigged vessels arrive there during the summer

for lumber, chiefly for the foreign market. The appearance of the town is therefore very animated, with its rafts of logs, its stagings and saw-mills, and wharves lined with large vessels two or three abreast. In 1881 the feet of lumber brought down the southwest boom of the Miramichi reached 140,000,000. At night-time, the river front of the town is lurid with the vivid flames of refuse wood burning in brick-lined furnaces along the river. Another large business here is the salmon fishery. Chatham is on the railroad, and the fish, packed in ice, are sent directly to the United States. Six car-loads have been forwarded from this place alone in one day. The time for catching the fish is from May 1st to August 15th. Every farmer by the river spreads his own nets in the water opposite his land, and owns a dug-out to land the fish. During the winter large numbers of smelts and bass are also caught through the ice, and sent by rail to our markets.

July 12th we filled our water-casks, and, in company with a fleet of Swedish and Norwegian lumber-laden barks, started down the river. The beauty of the shores induced us to land where a gang of laborers was engaged in cutting out mill-stones, which are an important source of profit at Miramichi. They were at work in a romantic spot under a cliff, and the click of their mallets rang musically with the plashing of the dashing current. A little farther on, our boat glided into a fairy-like cove. A farmer was just returning from his nets with some very fine salmon. If we were like some fishermen, we might say we caught salmon ourselves on this river. But truth compels the more prosaic statement that all the salmon we caught on the Miramichi we bought from this farmer. He asked us to climb the cliff to his house, which we found superbly situated on the brow of a noble lawn, terminating at the river in a precipice. The chubby, flaxen-haired children, bareheaded and barefooted, gathered round to stare at us, with their hands uneasily clasped behind them, as we sat in the "best room." The venerable grandmother brought us a large jug full of fresh milk in her shaking hand. While drinking it, we could see the upper sails of the lumber fleet above the cliff as they glided close by the land. It reminded me of many a similar and familiar scene on the Bosphorus. I could not but marvel that some of our people in search of summer resorts, who are willing to go to the River St. Lawrence, do not build or hire houses for the summer on this charming spot, the air being delightful, the scenery exceptionally attractive, salmon and trout abundant, and the cost of living moderate. "It would do us a great deal of good, sir, if some of your folks in the States who have money would but come here and buy our lands and provisions,"

remarked the old grandmother, with a twinkle in her gray eyes, as we bid her good-by.

With a leading wind, we sailed down the tortuous channel of the Miramichi and crossed the bar, with a rosy light of evening flushing the sails of the lumber fleet. One of them we left behind. She grounded in the channel at high water, and probably had to throw over part of her cargo. We headed now for the Bay of Chaleurs. The weather being fine, the crew began this evening the habit of taking their meals on deck, which they did after this whenever the weather permitted. It was an interesting sight to watch them clustered around the dishes, which were placed on the after part of the trunk. The captain had a separate seat at the head of this unique table, where he presided with patriarchal dignity, entertaining the crew with yarns from his own varied experience. There is not much attempt at discipline on these down-east coasters, but the crew are controlled by a sort of family arrangement. The captain gives the orders in an easy fashion, and the men sometimes give suggestions regarding the working of the ship which would procure them a broken head if attempted on a square-rigged vessel. Captain Welch and the mate had an animated and by no means amiable discussion one day regarding the course to be followed, without any other result than a continuous muttering on both sides, until eight bells called all hands to supper. The southwest wind prevails in the Gulf of St. Lawrence during the summer time. This is favorable to yachts cruising northward, but must be taken into calculation when they shape a course for home. This wind is generally quite steady, freshening up at night; but sometimes it increases to a gale, followed by a strong westerly wind for a day or two. But no dependence whatever can be placed upon the Gulf weather after the last of August. Favored by this southerly wind, we flew northward all night, and the tight little schooner put in her "best licks," as her speed was tested better with a free wind. The wake was a mass of gleaming foam interwoven with magical green, white, and red sparkles that seemed to come up like stars from the black, mysterious depths below. The galaxy, or "milkmaid's path" as sailors call it, and the northern lights gleamed at the opposite poles. It fell calm before breakfast, and we caught a number of cod. The low shore of New Brunswick was on the port beam, and numerous fishing boats were out. As we passed near one of them laden with lobsters, we hailed her crew in French, and threw them ten cents fixed in the split end of a stick. In return they hurled a shower of lobsters on board, which came so fast on deck that we were forced to duck our heads below the rail to avoid being hit by the ugly monsters. We thus obtained many more

lobsters than we could possibly eat. Never have I seen lobsters cheaper or fresher than these.

At noon of July 12th, we passed the octagonal light-house on the low, sandy point at the northern end of Shipigan Island, and were fairly in the Bay of Chaleurs. Twenty miles across loomed the lofty northern shores of the bay, beautiful ranges of mountains with jagged peaks melting dreamily into the thunderous clouds brooding ominously in the north. The southern shores of the bay are much lower and less interesting, and offer only one safe harbor, Bathurst; and that is exposed to northerly gales. Caraquette is only good for light-draught fishing craft. The glass was now falling, and the baffling winds indicated a blow by night-time. The Bay of Chaleurs is ninety miles long, and is a dangerous sheet of water in easterly winds. But it is free from shoals, and has a good bottom excepting near the southern entrance, and there is good holding ground everywhere near to the northern coast. The famous Restigouche River, coming from the gorges of Gaspé county, empties into the bay at its western end, near Dalhousie. A number of other streams, such as the Charlot, the Bass, and Tête à Gauche, also find an outlet here. They abound in fine trout and salmon—a fact which renders this region important for sportsmen, who are already beginning to flock thither during the summer. The bay has also been a noted resort of American fishermen on account of its mackerel. But the fish are now scarce, which, together with the restrictions of the treaty laws, has drawn away the American fishing schooners which once resorted to these waters by hundreds. Owing to its size, it has been a disputed question between the two governments whether the Bay of Chaleurs should be considered a bay or part of the open sea—a matter of importance in the sea fisheries. The bay was discovered by Jacques Cartier, who probably suffered from the heat there, judging from the name he gave it. It was the scene of the defeat of a French fleet by the English in 1760.

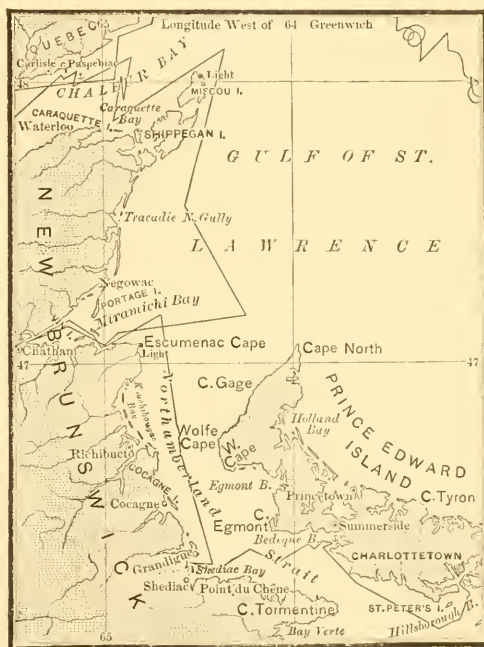
The weather became very thick after sunset, with a strong easterly breeze. We kept a good lookout, and had a narrow escape from collision with a French schooner. As they swept by they hailed us in French, and our mate flung a few choice French epithets in return. At midnight the wind shifted into the nor'west and blew a fresh gale, with a nasty sea. The *Alice May* beat up against it nobly. It was now a clear starlight, and it was exciting to see the little vessel bending over to her scuppers in the gray sea and flinging sheets of spray over her cat-heads.

A magnificent dawn succeeded this variable night, and as the sun burst above the sea, it revealed a truly remarkable scene. A slope of

extraordinary regularity, as if it had been smoothed with a roller, was discovered extending some fifteen miles along the sea, where it terminated in an unbroken line of red cliffs from forty to one hundred feet high. This fine slope was covered with a carpet of a vivid emerald hue. At the base of the red, cavern-hollowed cliffs rolled the sea, deep-purple and blue. This slope was outlined against a distant range of violet-tinted mountains limned against an opalescent sky. It was indeed a noble and exhilarating prospect. But it was rendered yet more remarkable by a line of houses extending for nearly six miles along the crest of the slope. The rising sun smote full on these dwellings, and, at the distance we were from them, they looked like the tents of an army encamped there; and, indeed, I thought at first it might be the camp of militia taking their summer exercises. But when the sun struck the windows of these houses, they flashed like stars over the sea or like beaten gold.

As we drew nearer to the land, we made out a long, low point, covered with white buildings and terminating in a lighthouse, the effect being that of a sea-walled town in the Mediterranean. Then we knew that we were off the French town of Paspébiac. It had all the rapture of a surprise for us, because never before that morning had

I heard of the place. It really seemed as if it might be an exhalation from the sea, a vision of the morning, doomed to fade away as the sun rose higher in the heavens. But the keen gusts off the land, singing through the rigging of our bending barkie, soon brought us so near there was no longer any room to doubt that we had hit upon an important and beautiful town. We anchored off the spit, but soon slipped around to the other side, where we again anchored in a roadstead protected from easterly winds, and reasonably safe in summer from winds blowing in other



Map of the Trip from Charlottetown to Paspébiac.

quarters. With our usual expedition we immediately had the boat put into the water and went on shore. The light-house and an old wreck bleaching near to it on the sandy beach first impressed us as being artistically available, as the genial editor would say regarding a manuscript upon which he is disposed to bestow the smile of acceptance. Having sketched these objects, we adjourned to the Lion Inn to dine. This quaint little hostel is on the point, with water close on either hand. A one-time much gilded lion, but now somewhat rusty, wagged his tufted tail ferociously over the door, and a green settle on either side invited the guest to an out-of-door seat overlooking the bay. The buxom landlady was a fair-complexioned, tidy, blue-eyed dame from the isle of Jersey. Wearing a huge sun-bonnet, she was feeding her chickens in the road as we approached. She served us a simple but savory repast in a cozy, low-roofed dining-room resembling a ship's cabin; through the open windows the sea-breeze wafted the roar of the sea, and we could look on the blue of the ocean fading away to distant lands. Everything was delightfully unexpected and charming. Sea life is made up of such contrasts. But a few hours before, we were groping in a fog, grappling with a storm and shortening sail; and now we were enjoying this peaceful hour in a tranquil haven.

II.

AT the close of the preceding chapter we were about entering upon an inspection of Paspébiac. As the name indicates, this was, first of all, an Indian settlement, probably of the Gaspesian tribe. The terminal *ac* is indicative of place, like the affixes *eck* or *ecque* and *adic* employed by the Micmacs. The French came next, followed by the Normans of the Channel Islands. It is to these that this straggling, thriving town of three thousand people owes its present existence and success. We had never heard of the place before, and yet here it has existed for centuries, a center of business and a wonder of beauty, on the supposed bleak shores of the Bay of Chaleurs. We found the key-note of the whole matter immediately on landing. One hundred and forty years ago some capitalists of St. Helier's came over from Jersey and established a depot for cod-

fishing on the inner shore of the point of Paspebiac, where boats could land with safety in ordinary weather. Since then, empires have arisen and fallen, our own great republic has come into existence and has grown to its present dimensions, and still the firm of Robin & Co. carries on its business with the vitality of youth, and with steadiness of purpose and entire unconcern regarding the rest of the world and its affairs. Not only does the original family of Robin maintain itself at Paspebiac to this day, but it has thirteen other establishments as complete as this one at various points in the maritime provinces, all conducted with the same system and discipline. We saw several of these depots at other ports during our cruise, and can therefore say that the one at Paspebiac is typical of the whole. A lofty fence with gates incloses the establishment. Within are immense buildings for storing the fish and storehouses for all the materials that go to the building and victualing of ships, besides smithies and carpenters' shops, a large kitchen and eating-hall, a telegraph office, and the houses of the overseer and chief employés. On the harbor side are extensive wharves, landings, cranes, and the like, built of solid masonry and iron. There is nothing flimsy about the materials and construction of any object about the place. The extraordinary neatness of everything is like that of a Dutch house. There is not even the odor of stale fish, or of any fish at all. The workmen wear a uniform—consisting of white trousers and blue blouse and cap—and thereby strengthen the first thought that occurs on seeing the place, that it must be an arsenal. This impression is re-enforced by the cannon ranged on the quay, and by the fierce figure of a Scotch Highlander brandishing his claymore from the gable of the central building, which was once the figure-head of one of the company's ships. The discipline of a man-of-war is also strictly preserved here. The employés enter in boyhood and work their way up. Here it is, in this yard, that the firm builds the fleet which it employs to carry the fish to the markets of Europe and South America. No finer fish leave the shores of North America for the feeding of good Roman Catholics on fast days. Few people have reflected on the fact that one of the most important occupations followed by men is almost wholly dependent on the religious beliefs of one sect. The small amount of salt cod eaten by Protestants is not worth mentioning compared with the amount absorbed by Roman Catholics. Besides their ships for foreign transportation, the Robins also have a large number of schooners and boats directly engaged in catching the fish. Most of the fishermen in their employ are poor, and, as they are paid in kind, they are largely in the power of this great monopoly. As one result, it is very difficult to purchase land at Paspebiac, because a large part of

the freeholds there are mortgaged to Robin & Co. on account of advances made to the fishermen.

Adjoining the establishment of Robin & Co. is a similar but less extensive fish depot, belonging to the firm of Le Boutillier, who are also a Jersey company, transacting their affairs in the Dominion by means of experienced factors. The original founder of the house was trained by Robin & Co., and, having a difference with them, started a rival house, which is conducted with similar system and owns three or four stations. The



Fishermen at Paspébiac.

gradual dying out of the Le Boutillier family indicates, however, the approaching extinction of this firm. To an American familiar with the fishing business of Gloucester, Massachusetts, who imagines that the enterprise of that thriving port has contrived to absorb a monopoly of the cod-fisheries of the world, there is something rather mortifying in considering for the first time such an establishment as the one I have described; for it shows that we have yet a few things to learn in regard to making a business

at once prosperous and permanent. I met a man once in England who was traveling for a tobacco house that was established in the time of Queen Elizabeth and was still engaged in making money. After all, there is a majesty and dignity in the grand fact of permanency that is worth striving for, in a world and an age that is ever shifting. We like to dream sometimes that not "virtue alone outlives the Pyramids."

After having been shown about the establishment of Robin & Co., we turned our attention to other matters of interest at Paspébiac, and found that it abounds in natural attractions. The sandy point is really an island at high water, and a substantial bridge connects it with the main-land. Near to the bridge are the residences occupied by the members of the two fishing firms, when at Paspébiac, or by their agents. The Robin mansion is near the foot of the slope, completely surrounded by a lovely grove agreeably intersected with winding paths. The Le Boutillier house, on the other hand, is on the brow of the rich brown cliff, superbly situated, and commanding an outlook over the Bay of Chaleurs. It is approached from the road through a double avenue of noble willows, which were imported, we were informed, from Jersey. There is not a private residence in the Dominion which occupies a finer site for a summer villa. From the bridge, the road rises abruptly until it reaches the crest of the slope. There it meets a post road, or street, running along that height for twenty miles toward Dalhousie. It is along this road that the town of Paspébiac, occupied by French habitants, is laid out in an extended street, which continues until it reaches the charming semi-aristocratic hamlet of New Carlisle, which is occupied by Scotch people, and is the seat of a court-house, a jail, and the residence of the judge.

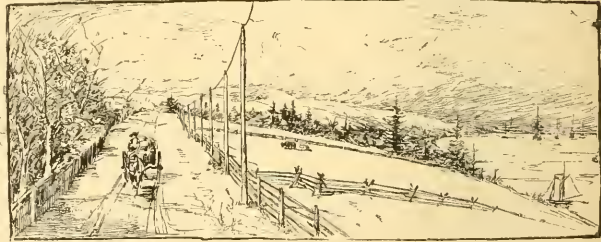
We decided that we could get over more ground that afternoon by means of a carriage than on foot. But the only vehicle to be found was a ramshackle open carry-all belonging to the postmaster—a jolly, vivacious little Frenchman, whose excellent English speech was yet curiously characterized by an accent. The horse was a fit subject for the attention of Henry Bergh, and the carriage was so ancient and dilapidated that the spring broke down and the floor split with the weight of five healthy men. But we had a delightful ride to New Carlisle, for all that. The afternoon was so fine that it seemed to have an invigorating effect on the piety of the local clergy. We met the Presbyterian minister, the Episcopal vicar, and the *curé*, all engaged in making pastoral visits. The first was in a buggy accompanied by his wife. The other gentlemen, in spotless garb, trudged along the highway, alone and on foot, after apostolic fashion. The physician was also making his rounds on a buckboard. On our return, the

postmaster invited us into his humble cottage, which was typical of all the houses at Paspébiac. His best room was decorated with cheap images and prints of the Virgin. The office was in a small adjoining apartment. When a letter was to be mailed, it was taken at the door by some one of the family. We noticed here, as well as in almost every other house in the town, and, in fact, throughout that region, that the windows were always kept tightly closed, even at midday with the mercury at seventy-five to eighty-five degrees. Consequently, the air inside is stuffy and oppressive.

For those who may like to visit Paspébiac, it may be well to add that it can be reached by the stage-coach from Dalhousie, which makes the dis-



The Beach at Paspébiac.



A View of the Bay.

tance of eighty-two miles thrice a week; time, twenty-two hours. Better still, there is a steamer from Dalhousie semi-weekly, which touches there in its trip around the Bay of Chaleurs. As we were passing along the road at four o'clock, the village school broke up and the children bounded forth full of glee, the boys separating into one group and the girls into another. But it was beautiful to see them come to a sudden stop when they met us, the boys in a row on one side of the road and the girls on the other. Then, with the utmost respect, the former bowed, while the latter demurely courtesied. Having accomplished this feat, they all ran off again in a de-

lightful manner. After all, we can learn a little from the Latins, without being untrue to our Anglo-Saxon convictions.

The following day being Saturday, we had a capital opportunity to see the habitants of Paspebiac in their best attire, for that is their market day. This really means, in that place, that on that day the two fishing firms make advances of goods to the families of the fishermen they employ. The women came in groups, the matrons garrulous with gossip as they straggled down the road with the heavy swinging gait which they have inherited from the peasants of France. It is curious how the peasant classes change their step with age, the light tripping of the young maiden turning into a long, ungainly stride. The piquant brunettes, still in the morning of life, also collected thither in clusters, toiled in their best, and



A Fish Establishment at Paspebiac.

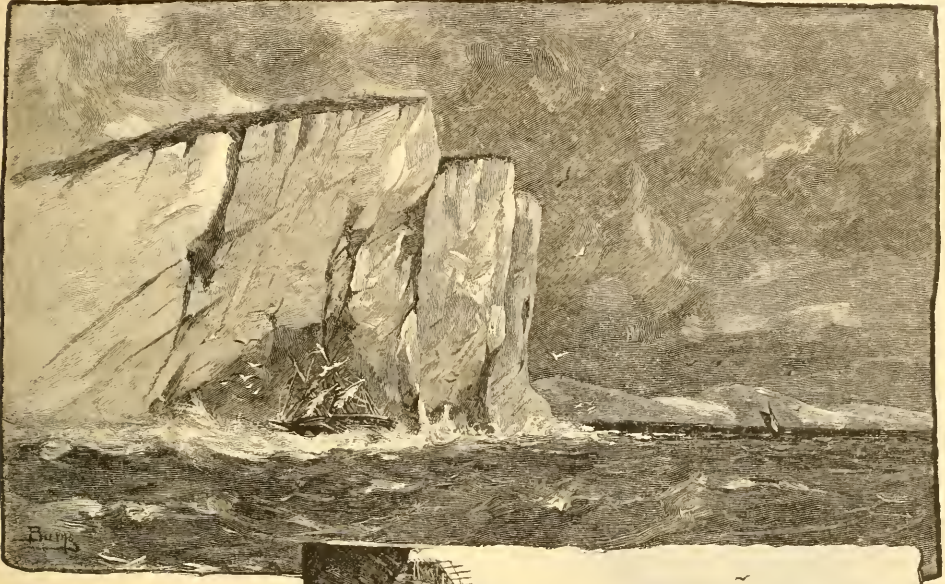
giggling and blushing with zest when some handsome young fisherman went by, throwing a sentimental glance in their direction, or venturing some sally of rustic wit. Many came in rude carts, drawn by oxen or mares followed by their colts. Across the bridge or fording the inlet, these simple folk came in a steady stream until toward noon. It was, for all the world, like a bit of France, for these French habitants change far less from the original type than the English settlers. Later in the day there was a general movement to the other end of the point, where the fish-market was held on the beach. Dogs, swine, geese, fowls, men, women, children, carts and oxen were here gathered indiscriminately on the sand by the surf, in a promiscuous and chattering crowd around the stands,

where fresh fish were being cleaned for sale. A merry sensation was produced when a boisterous youth dashed by at a tearing gallop on horse-back, shouting Yankee Doodle at the top of his voice. This was intended as a salvo for us, the first American tourists, possibly, who had ever been to Paspébiac. A gentleman connected with the custom-house, which is a wee bit of a hut, officiates as United States consular agent, and was very polite to us. But it is a question whether his annual fees amount to enough to pay for the matches for lighting his pipe.

Some of our party were enthusiastic anglers, and the afternoon was therefore devoted to a long and heated walk to a trout brook, where those sportive fish were reported to be actually pining to be caught. The rods and flies were of the best quality, and they were wielded by fishermen of skill and experience. The net results of the trip amounted, however, to only half a dozen five-inch trout. We were told that, in a lake beyond, the trout were so numerous there was hardly room for them to swim without scraping the scales off their backs as they jostled each other. But the enthusiasm of our fishermen being now at its ebb, we returned to the schooner and ordered the captain to make sail.

If the wind had been favorable, we should have continued up to the head of the Bay of Chaleurs. But it was a long beat with the stiff north-west wind that was blowing at the time, and other and more distant scenes forbade us to linger here. Therefore we put the helm up and ran to the eastward. The wind was fresh, and the schooner was staggering under the pressure of her kites, and required delicate steering. Rapidly we flew past the beautiful northern shore of the bay, the jagged peaks assuming the loveliest of tints in the light of the sun, now nearing the west. But our race was suddenly checked. I was looking through the glass at a schooner two miles away, when I saw that she was sailing with a different wind. Hardly had I time to sing out to the captain, "The wind's coming out ahead!" than our vessel was taken sharp aback. Everything was at once in confusion. "Let go the guy tackle!" "Take in the stay-sail!" "Haul aft the main-sheet!" were orders quickly given, and in another minute the *Alice May* was heeling well over, and pitching in a head-sea. Now occurred a series of magnificent marine effects. Brief squalls of wind and rain followed in quick succession; the cliffs and the sea were alternately black with brooding gloom or gleaming with blinding bursts of sunlight; rainbows hung on the skirts of the clouds in the offing, and the driving masses of cumuli were warmed by glorious hues. Then succeeded a sight not uncommon in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, but which, wherever seen, inspires the beholder with awe. The sea in the distance appeared

suddenly to roll up with a high, angry surge, advancing rapidly toward us as if it would overwhelm the vessel, and naturally suggesting that a very strong wind was coming. But it advanced no farther, always preserving the same appearance, as if held back by some mysterious agency ; and we



Cape Gaspe.

now perceived that it was a form of mirage, probably reflecting the surf breaking on a distant shore. The turbulence of the elements subsided almost as soon as it had arisen, and then we had barely enough wind to waft us to



Fishing-Houses at Cape Gaspe.

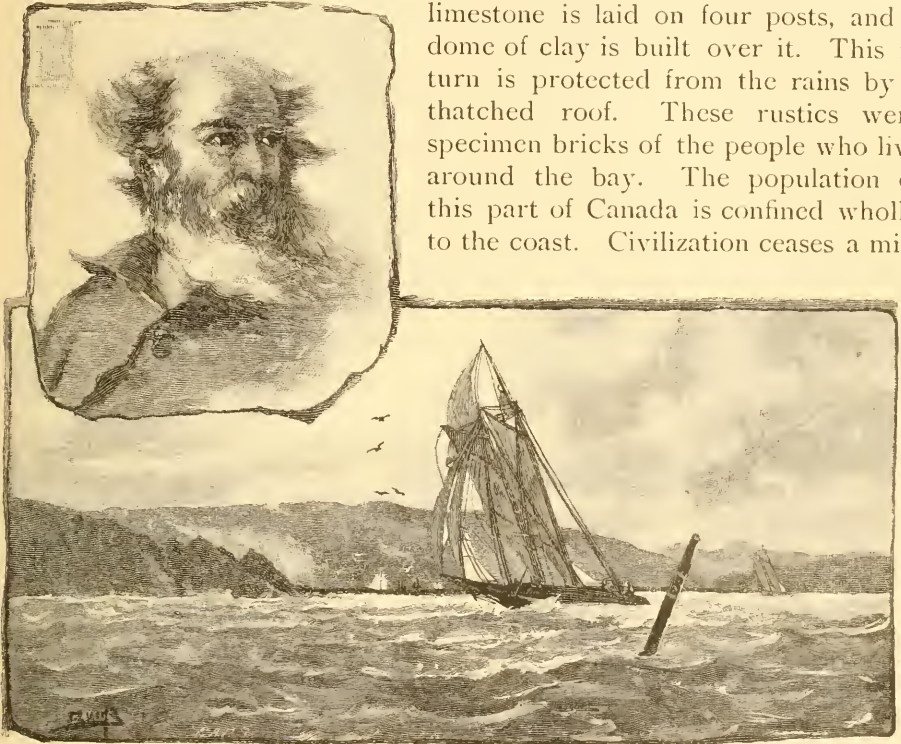
Port Daniel. The anchorage here being very exposed, we did not remain there, but only "looked in," as sailors say. This is a fishing village, situated around a deep cove, which lies at the foot of one of the highest and most abrupt peaks on the bay. The church occupies a hillock at the

bottom of the cove, and the houses are beautifully situated on precipitous slopes and ledges.

Light and baffling airs now followed, and we spent the greater part of Sunday off Cape Despair. There was a most exasperating glassy swell, which tumbled the vessel about unmercifully. It is said that this swell very rarely goes down at this part of the Gulf. In the morning Captain Welsh sat at the wheel reading his prayer-book while steering. He was in one of his communicative moods, and spun yarn for some time. He expressed the emphatic opinion that "tobacco is good for some folks." He was sure it had been a benefit to him in the long night watches and the life struggle with storms. All day long, the grandly bold, abrupt precipices of Mt. St. Anne at Percé towered before us like a mighty fortress, guarding the double entrance to the Bay of Chaleurs and the River St. Lawrence. At its foot is the lofty island of Bonaventure, around which we passed with a light air on the night of July 17. At sunrise we were close to the tremendous rock of Percé, and could see the long, low outline of Anticosti in the north like a gray wall. In the opinion of our captain, the heavy swell made it inexpedient to anchor at Percé, which is very exposed. We kept on across Mal Bay, past a low, flat islet which the French call Plateau, and the English fishermen Plato, which is evidently a corruption of the former word. A number of large fishing stations are here, and the fleet of fishing boats was now seen shooting out from the coves after the cod which abound in this bay. These boats are large, and are manned by two men; they are rigged with three spritsails and a jib, which gives them the jauntiest look of all the fishing boats on the coast of America. This matter of the rig and build of fishing boats is very curious. It is easy to see that the character of a certain beach or of the prevailing weather may in a given locality affect the shape of the boat; but why there should be such differences in rig is incomprehensible. The fishing boats of every port we visited had their peculiar rig and sails. We can understand how whim may incline this or that man to prefer one rig to another; but why all the boats of one port should uniformly have one rig, while in the very port adjoining all the boats have entirely another rig, is a matter which is not easily explained.

As the wind died away, we anchored near the southern side of Gaspé Bay to avoid drifting. Water-fowl abounded. In endless flocks the ducks fly at morning to the fen-lands at the head of the bay, and return at night to roost amid the rocks of Percé. We went on shore and succeeded in bagging a few ducks and sea-pigeons under the cliffs; after which we climbed up the heights to a farmhouse and procured some milk. The

people could not speak English. The babies and the sucking pigs were tumbling over each other under the table in affectionate embrace. Outside was the oven, a characteristic feature of domestic civilization in Gaspé County. It is built thus: A flat slab of limestone is laid on four posts, and a dome of clay is built over it. This in turn is protected from the rains by a thatched roof. These rustics were specimen bricks of the people who live around the bay. The population of this part of Canada is confined wholly to the coast. Civilization ceases a mile



Head of an Old Pilot.

Up Gaspé Bay.

or two inland, and the bear, the caribou, and the panther still roam through the primeval woods which cover the mountain ranges of the interior. The aborigines of this region were the Gaspesian Indians, who now appear to be entirely extinct.

A breeze springing up toward noon, we stood across the bay to Cape Gaspé, a noble gray headland three hundred feet high, which from one point looks like the front of a Gothic cathedral. By keeping past it a short distance, we entered the River St. Lawrence and saw Cape Rozier, a tremendous precipice soaring seven hundred feet vertically. Cape Gaspé takes the full brunt of all the gales of the St. Lawrence, and has been the scene of many wild and appalling wrecks. Some years ago, on a stormy

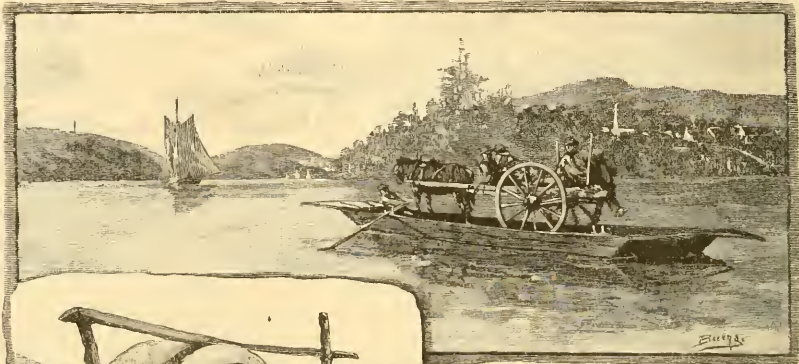
night, the tide being unusually high, a vessel was swept against the cliff, and, of course, entirely destroyed. The event never would have been known if the bowsprit had not been discovered in a cleft of the rock, far above the usual level of the sea, together with remains of the bodies of the crew. After this we stood up the bay, along the northern shore. For several miles the cliffs are seamed with deep fissures, as if the beach had been partitioned off by walls into retired marine alcoves with soft, sandy floors, where the mermaids could perform their toilets in seclusion. But, generally, these recesses are occupied by curious and often highly picturesque fish-drying houses, built over the water on extensive stagings. An extraordinary accident occurred here thirty years ago. A ship bound up to Quebec grounded off these cliffs in a fog. The wind was light, but there was a high swell, which made it dangerous to land. Fifteen gentlemen, however, concluded to go on shore, and with the boat's crew got into the boat before it was lowered. One of the poles broke, and they were all precipitated into the water. The tide drew them under the ship, and they were all drowned before the very eyes of their wives and children. Some weeks after, a fisherman caught a cod in whose maw was a man's finger, with the diamond ring yet glittering on the severed joint.

Here we landed to sketch the fish-houses. The shores were very precipitous, and it required some circumspection to climb up where the houses of the country folk are perched. We had some difficulty on returning to the schooner, as the wind had risen, creating a high sea rolling in from the Gulf, and the schooner was handled in such a clumsy manner that the boat was in serious danger of being run down. Our crew were not accustomed to this sort of service. There was yet time to reach Gaspé before dark if the strong breeze held, which was sweeping us up the bay. Near Port Douglas, where General Wolfe anchored his fleet on his way to Quebec, the scenery began to develop extraordinary beauty. Nothing of the sort has so impressed me except the neighborhood of Lake George. The shores were gradually closing in, and on either hand and ahead of us were mountains descending to the sea, draped in the dark-green mantle of the densest woods. Here and there a little church might be seen perched on a height. At last we reached the light-ship, and in a few minutes we would have been clear of the bar and heading directly into Gaspé Basin. "Are you sure you are heading right, captain? Aren't you keeping too near inside?" we said to the captain. "Oh, no; there's plenty of water; I guess we are going all right," he replied. At that instant the schooner struck on the bar, and ran her bow up on the sand, with a dull grating sound that made us sufficiently disgusted. A ship is only good afloat. A

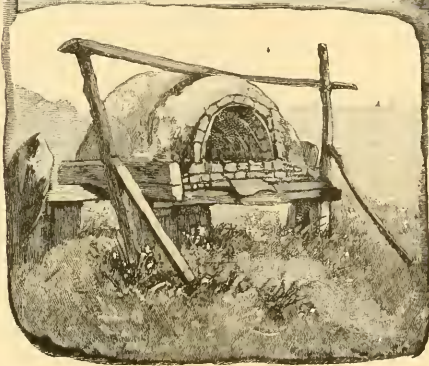


Percé Rock.

ship on shore is like an eagle with a broken pinion. We were in for it this time, there was too much reason to believe, for it was about high water, and the breeze was making a chop on the bar. Two circumstances were in our favor: the night promised to be fine, and Captain Asca, the light-house keeper, who now came on board, was an experienced skipper, and was thoroughly acquainted with the bay. Every effort to haul the schooner off the shoal proving of no avail, we should have been obliged to heave out her ballast if the next tide had not promised to be unusually high, the change of the moon being at hand. Since nothing more could



Crossing the Ferry at Gaspé.



An Old Oven.

be done until the next tide, we therefore accepted Captain Asca's invitation to go to his house. The hour and the scene were so enchanting that we were quite compensated for the inauspicious circumstances that detained us there.

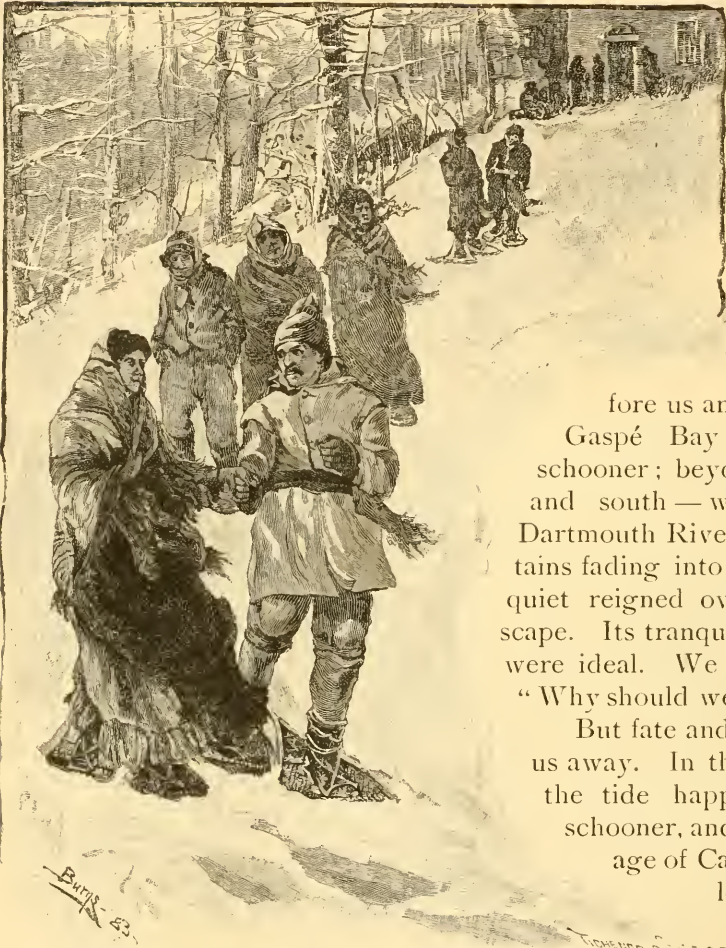
Captain Asca was a fine specimen of a Scotchman; tall and large-limbed; his tawny, flowing beard was tinged with the snow of sixty winters, but his keen, steel-gray eye had in it the fire of youth, and his voice rang across the ship with the firmness of one born to command. And yet his life had been passed in coasters and fishermen. Both of his grandfathers were in the army which stormed Quebec under Wolte. His relation to the light-ship was an anomaly in the history of harbor lighting,

for he both built the vessel and owned it, besides keeping it for a meager allowance granted by the Dominion. A curious way, this, for a government to light a harbor by private enterprise! His father's grist-mill was on the seaside, romantically filling the entrance of a ravine, where a mountain stream dashed down near a bar, over which we rowed across the rolling foam. The new moon hung in the west, and the deep glow of twilight yet throbbled over the mountains, as we climbed a winding, wooded



Curing Fish at Percé.

path to Captain Asca's house. His pet parrot had come down to meet him, and was waiting on the stile for his master, on whose shoulder it alighted, while the dog, with a bark of welcome for his master and a suspicious sniff for us, bounded down the slope to meet us. We were cordially invited to enter the house, and were pleased to see an immense fire-place across one third of the kitchen wall; but we preferred to sit on



Returning from Church.

the door-step, where the light-keeper's daughter brought us a pitcher of fresh milk. Behind the house the dark woods arose, clothed with shadows; be-

fore us and at our feet lay Gaspé Bay and our little schooner; beyond—north, east, and south—were Gaspé, the Dartmouth River, and the mountains fading into night. A great quiet reigned over all the landscape. Its tranquillity and beauty were ideal. We felt like saying, "Why should we longer roam?"

But fate and the ship called us away. In the middle watch the tide happily floated the schooner, and under the pilotage of Captain Asca, who left the light-ship in charge of an assistant, we glided into the harbor

of Gaspé, called the basin, as it is so snug and sheltered. Gaspé is built on the sloping sides of the Basin. It has eight hundred inhabitants, a mayor, and a United States consul. The houses are embowered in shrubbery, and the little town is really very attractive. All business has left it, and it is now in a state of somnolence. But, like places which have had a period of prosperity, it retains a certain aristocratic air, and the society is agreeable and refined. The people are largely descended from loyalists of the Revolution. The place is three days' ride from the nearest railway

station. A railway would doubtless greatly add to its prosperity by bringing tourists there, for at present it has only a semi-weekly steamer and a daily stage-coach. The winters are long and the snows deep, and the people of both sexes go to church on snow-shoes, which they leave stacked up in the porch during the services. But the summer is temperate, while the scenery, the fishing, and the moderate cost of living combine to make Gaspé a place of unusual attraction. I am thoroughly assured that no one would be disappointed who should make it a summer resort. The fisheries of Gaspé are chiefly in the hands of the Le Boutilliers, who have the finest residence there. The fish are chiefly exported to Brazil. They are not packed in tierces, but in tubs, to suit the mode of transportation in South America. Two of these tubs make a mule load.

The good people of Gaspé are greatly moved to devise some scheme to restore their departed prosperity. They are agreed in the opinion that a railroad would do it, and the matter comes up before each political election. Theodolites, chains, spirit-levels, pickaxes, surveyors, and laborers appear, and the candidate is profuse in his enthusiasm for the railroad. After the election is over, the question is laid on the shelf, and the enthusiasm is bottled up and kept to help the candidate into office another year. Human nature is pretty much the same, the world over.

Our consul, Mr. Holt, was very courteous toward us, and exerted himself to entertain us. We decided to spend a day in trout-fishing, for which the neighborhood is noted, and all the consular influence was brought to bear to procure a suitable vehicle to carry us to the fishing stream six miles distant. But horses and carriages seemed to be the scarcest articles in Gaspé County. We had about given up expectation of finding a conveyance, but were still discussing the question in the shady street, when a wood-cart came by.

Our party presented a truly backwoods aspect as we rode through the streets of Gaspé down to the ferry, coiled up on the floor of this rude vehicle. The St. John's, to which we were bound, lies on the side of Gaspé Basin opposite the town, and the cart had to be taken over in the ferry-boat. The grasping owner of the Gaspé ferry-boat line had not only contrived to obtain a monopoly of the business, but had also managed to get all the stock into his own hands. Judging from the leakiness of the boat, the stock seemed to have been pretty well "watered." The propelling power of this crazy flat-boat was represented by a lad of thirteen and a mere shaver of seven or eight summers. But they managed to get us over without accident, which was more than I anticipated. The monopolist aforementioned had grown so wealthy off the business that he had

built himself a house, which commanded a fine view of the river. In order to save ground-rent or taxes in a country which is now so densely populated that there is probably one inhabitant to every ten square miles, he had built his mansion on a raft anchored by the shore. The house was twelve feet square, and was divided into two ample apartments. There, in quiet, unmolested, and luxurious seclusion, this aquatic Cræsus was seen smoking his clay pipe in his own door, while his faithful wife and daughter cooked his meals, and his boys raked in the dividends for him by rowing the ferry-boat.

We had a warm ride of two hours through the spruce forests on a mountainous road. The air was redolent of the fragrance of the gum exuding from the trees. I could not avoid noticing how much more rare singing birds were in these forests than in New England. But the moun-



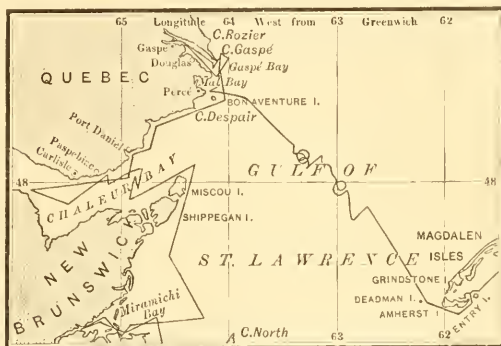
Percé Rock. (Drawn by Thomas Moran.)

tain glens abounded, we were told, with game. An English sportsman killed forty-eight caribou in these wilds during one season.

The St. John's is one of the three rivers emptying into Gaspé Bay. The others are the York, which empties into Gaspé Basin, and the Dartmouth, which finds an outlet at the head of the bay. Each of these rivers has a romantic beauty of its own, and all are said to abound in trout and salmon. These reports are given for what they are worth. My own belief in the trout-yielding properties of a stream depends upon actual and personal observation. I have found that so enormous is the capacity for exaggeration of the so-called "trout-liar," that I would sooner believe a horse-jockey or the captain of a yacht. I therefore decline to assume responsibility for any of the rumors I may quote regarding fresh-water fishing in the Dominion.

At midday our expedition at last stood on the banks of the St. John's,

and gazed with exultation upon its rushing current. The stream is a hundred yards wide at that point. There were woods on each bank, which echoed back the musical carillon of the rapids. We found a boat-keeper's lodge there and a number of canoes. The canoes used now by the sportsmen in that region are shaped exactly like the typical Indian birch-bark canoe; they are not made of bark, however, but of thin cedar planking, on a light frame of oak or ash. Two of the party went down the stream in a canoe with the guides, whom we found living in the lodge, while Burns and I whipped the stream from the banks. After



Map of the Cruise. (Paspébiac to the Magdalen Isles.)

a protracted trial, neither attempt was attended with such success as to kindle the enthusiasm of which we were capable under favorable circumstances. The guides assured us, however, that farther up the stream there was no end of large trout. This assurance failed to make the impression it might have done if we had been at liberty to cast a fly in that part of the river. But it was leased to a number of Boston gentlemen, and not even the proprietor of the adjoining banks could fish there without being liable for trespass. It may be seriously doubted whether so much money goes into the Dominion, annually, by the leasing of the streams as if all tourists were allowed to fish anywhere during the season. Each tourist and sportsman brings money into the country, which is, indeed, sadly in need of it. Now, I maintain that the large number of sportsmen who would come there during a season if allowed to fish without restriction, would bring more money into the country than the revenue now derived from leasing the streams to a few dozen gentlemen. Of course, this view of the question must be to a degree hypothetical. But there can be no question that it is a monstrous usurpation of the rights of property for a government to usurp the power to lease away the riparian rights of an owner to the half of a non-navigable stream that runs by or through his own lands.

We found compensation for our poor luck with the rod in the ravenous appetite with which we returned to the good supper awaiting us on the schooner. The weather being fine, we decided to move, and ordered the captain to make sail and drop down the bay toward Percé, when the land

breeze arose with the turn of the tide. Being becalmed off Point Epitre, we anchored to avoid being drawn ashore by the swell. The time was well spent in visiting the extensive fishing establishments, one of which belongs to a clergyman. The following night a breeze sprang up, but it was accompanied by a dense fog. The fates seemed to be opposed to our visiting Percé. But we had taken Captain Asca with us as pilot, until we should leave Gaspé Bay, and felt confident that his familiarity with those shores would get us safely to Percé. He was certainly feeling his way by the aid of some sixth sense, for at sunrise it was impossible to imagine that we were near land except from the vast, unbroken procession of water-fowl trending northwest to their feeding grounds at the head of Gaspé Bay. But, firmly grasping the wheel, and gazing with eagle eye into the fog, Captain Asca kept the schooner going, until we could hear the dull boom of surf tumbling into the caves of the cliffs. There is sometimes about the effects of nature an apparent sensationalism which would be highly censured if attempted by any reputable artist; but she carries it off so well that we accept it and readily admit that she does it in a way that "defies competition." We had a striking example of this fact on this very morning. For just as the pilot said, "I guess we are getting in pretty handy to it; we'll take a cast of the lead," the fog parted as if by magic, rolling away on either hand like a curtain, and where, one instant, nothing was to be seen, the next a superb spectacle lay revealed before us. The village of Percé lay not half a mile distant, reposing at the foot of the grand overhanging precipices of Mount St. Anne, whose base terminated at the shore in mighty, precipitous, sea-beaten cliffs; while on the other side soared the tremendous bulk of the famous Percé Rock, dun and terrible against the morning sun, presenting altogether the most varied and effective view on the Atlantic coast of North America.

"Let go the anchor," cried the pilot at once, and down rattled the cable, in fifteen fathoms. At last we had arrived at Percé.

There is no harbor there. The mountain range of Gaspé County terminates with Mount St. Anne, which makes to a point, rounded off by a low cliff. Directly off this point, and detached from it at high water, is the rock. Ships can make a lee of it in good weather, dodging from one side to the other according to the changes of the wind; but it is not long enough to make a lee in severe weather, and the sea rolls around it. A ship lying there, which it would only do in summer, must therefore watch carefully every shift of the wind.

Percé is a shire town. The houses are cheap wooden structures, but the appearance of the place from the water is foreign. It is shut in by the

mountains on the land side. The large Roman Catholic church occupies an eminence in the center of the town; and the court-house is also a prominent object. Mount St. Anne is peculiarly shaped. A steep, densely wooded slope rises from the town to a height of nearly one thousand feet, and terminates in a perpendicular cliff richly hued with iron tints, which crowns it like a Roman fortress and soars to a height of fourteen hundred feet. Percé Rock derives its name, as any one familiar with the French language would at once perceive, from the immense arch which pierces it near the eastern end. There was yet another arch thirty years ago; but it fell in during an earthquake, and left one side of it a separate rock. A columnar rock called the "Old Woman," off Cape Gaspé, was overthrown by the same convulsion. Before this event it was possible to reach the summit of Percé Rock, but at present it must be considered inaccessible. One or two daring fishermen have succeeded in performing the feat; but several have been killed in the attempt, and to try to scale it is now forbidden. There is a legend that the rock is haunted by a spirit, who may be seen on stormy nights hovering over the summit. Of this I do not feel at liberty to speak with certainty, not having seen this water-wraith myself. Perhaps it was to counteract the unceasing influence of this mysterious being that an immense iron cross was erected on the point immediately adjoining the rock. But whatever the facts regarding its supernatural denizens, this can be affirmed with certainty—the summit is peopled by an innumerable and loquacious colony of sea-birds. Their clanging never ceases until dark, and may be heard for miles and miles, blending with the roar of the tireless surf. Percé rock is about a furlong in length and three hundred and twenty feet high. The abruptness of its shape makes it seem much more lofty. The rock is sublime in shadow—a dark and tremendous bulk. But it is gloriously beautiful in the sunlight. The former conveys an effect of grandeur, the latter brings out the variety and brilliance of the coloring. It abounds in ferruginous tints. Golden-yellow, copper-reds, ochres, leaden and roseate grays are either distinct or deliciously blended in a grand mosaic on this marvelous wall, where Nature has shown what she dares in the way of color. On a clear afternoon, when the sky and sea are a deep, dreamy purple and azure, the beauty of Percé Rock baffles description. A foil or background to the picture is the isle of Bonaventure, a mile distant. The afternoon light bathes its bold outline with the most ethereal roseate grays, which affect the soul like the strains of tender song. The time is coming when Perce will be painted and sung and celebrated like the already famed resorts of the Old World.

While we were at Percé we climbed up to the summit of Mount St. Anne. It is a long afternoon walk; but there is nothing difficult about it until within three or four hundred feet of the top, when it becomes very steep. The prospect is one of great extent and of enchanting loveliness. On one side one gazes down on Percé and the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and on the other he looks down the gorges of the Canadian mountains, which fade away in unexplored solitude into the distant west.

The fisheries at Percé give to it the animation of human life. But, excepting for the picturesqueness of the fleet of boats going out and returning, I should greatly prefer the whole business at another place; for the smell of the decaying fish on the north beach is not an inspiring odor, although it is a curious and interesting sight when the boats come home to watch the women and children flocking to the beach and helping the sterner sex to clean the cod. The women sometimes protect their skirts when cleaning fish by getting into empty barrels! The occasion is also one of mirth and sly sparking; we detected our crew engaged in this profitless pursuit when they were sent ashore to fill the water-casks. A sailor is never quite so comical as when he is making love to a girl on shore. There is a massive bluntness to his speech, a self-confident diffidence in his manner which is exceedingly funny. Giving another turn to the quid in his cheek, and cocking his cap on the back of his head, to gain an appearance of nonchalance, Bill sidled up toward a tittering girl who, with knife in hand, was splitting fresh cod, and could not get away from him at once, because she was buried up to her armpits in a fish-barrel. Before long they had struck up a brisk confabulation. Finally, Bill lifted the girl out of her cage, and helped to carry home her basket of fish. The south beach of Percé is more neat, and far less inodorous. Robin & Co. have one of their fine establishments there; and to say that, is equivalent to giving the synonym of neatness. Their drying-yard is spread with pebbles brought from the shores of Jersey, which are preferable to a bed of sand, as it allows the air to steal under the fish, and hastens the process of drying. When the fish are brought in they are thrown into pens, one for each boat. Thus the respective quantity belonging to each is easily ascertained. When the fish are salted, they are carefully laid in separate rows; and after they have been dried on the stages or lath platforms, they are piled in neat stacks, protected by birch bark. One can not fully realize what an extensive and laborious occupation the cod-fisheries are, and how large is the number of men and the amount of capital employed in them, until he has cruised over the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Robin & Co. also have an establishment at Bonaventure Island.

The sweetest hour at Percé is when the sun has just set, and the tips of the ruddy cliffs are yet warmed by its glow. The hyaline swell languidly kisses the shore; the new moon hangs in the west; the shadows creep like a mantle over St. Anne's velvet-like slopes, and cast a veil over the town; the toll of the angelus from the church tower floats musically over the sea, and the lights quiver on the ocean's tranquil bosom. Easily could we have lingered at this delightful spot for months, but the wind shifted so as to place us on the weather side of the Rock, bringing with it a dangerous swell. A dark cloud, brooding intensely over Mount St. Anne at midnight, also suggested a possible squall, a thing to be carefully avoided at Percé, where the flaws from the mountain are sudden and violent. The watch was called, and we made sail and put to sea.

Hitherto our cruising had been along the western coast of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. But now, with a fresh northwest breeze, we headed east by south for the Magdalen Islands, which lie nearly in the center of the Gulf, about two hundred miles from Percé. At daybreak we were out of sight of land, and the wind fell almost to a calm. We were now out of the track of vessels, and saw none. But there were plenty of whales sporting clumsily about us. Toward night we sighted a water-logged wreck at a great distance. We were at supper when it was discovered. On learning of it when we went on deck, we at once ordered the helm to be put down, and turned back in hope of reaching the wreck before the long twilight should conceal it from view. But the wind was so light we made little progress. There were no evidences of life about the wreck, which was probably a schooner; only the stump of the foremast remained above the deck. The hulk lay very deep in the water, and wallowed in the languid swell as if liable to go down at any moment. There is something indescribably melancholy about an abandoned wreck at sea. We kept up the slow chase for several hours, in the bare hope that, if any one was yet lingering on board, we might rescue him. But we lost sight of the wreck before we could reach it; probably it sunk. Soon after, the moon went down, and a mysterious starry gloaming settled over the sea. The night was superb. Never were the stars more brilliant, or the silvery clouds of the Galaxy more sublime in the southern heavens. Above a dark bank of cloud in the north, the northern lights flashed like a greenish fire. The eerie chattering of Mother Cary's chickens in our wake was all the sound that blended with the ripple of the water as the schooner fanned along with a light air in her serge-like sails. At midnight a sighing wind from the south piped up in the shrouds. Deeming it useless to grope longer for the wreck, and anxious to take advantage of a fair wind,

we headed once more on our course. At dawn the *Alice May* was tumbling headlong over the heavy seas, staggering under a press of sail, and taking in torrents of water through her lee ports and scuppers. Every one was on the lookout for land, alow and aloft. As the sun burst over the sea, a faint hazy line was discerned, looming above the horizon. It proved to be Deadman's Island, the most westerly of the group for which we were heading. It is indeed a singular rock, about a mile long. Not a herb, nor a bush, nor a blade of grass is to be seen on its rocky sides, which rise to a sharp, razor-like ridge in the center. Seen from its side, the island bears a vivid resemblance to a giant body laid on its back and covered by a sheet, and is a fit subject to inspire the wild fancies of superstitious mariners. Toward noon we slacked off the main-sheet, and ran for the narrow passage over the bar which makes between Amherst and Entry islands. We kept the lead going constantly, and, as Captain Welsh was not familiar with the channel, we did not feel at all easy when we saw the rollers taking a pale green tint, while the lead announced only two fathoms under our keel. It was a narrow squeak we had; the schooner was lifted over the shoalest part on the top of a sea, or she would have struck heavily and bilged! The truth was that we were a little out of our course. But once past that point, the water deepened rapidly, although it is never more than a few fathoms in the neighborhood of the Magdalen Islands. We would advise no ship, unaccompanied by a pilot, to try this passage without a leading wind and clear weather. It is better to go around Entry Island, even although that would involve two or three hours more of sailing. This advice is the more pertinent, because the sand from the dunes of Sandy Hook, the extreme end of Amherst Island, is gradually filling up the channel.

III.

HAVING arrived at the Magdalen Islands, we anchored at Havre Aubert, the chief town. There is a small, snug port here, but difficult to enter, and the channel is narrow and only good for small vessels. The roads are formed by the bight inside of the group, which are so situated as to resemble a boot. This anchorage is reasonably secure in good weather, but is open to northerly and easterly winds. Vessels caught there in a gale of wind dodge around the islands, unless the wind shifts too rapidly for this manœuvre to be accomplished.

In the memorable cyclone of 1873 a large fleet of American mackerel schooners were making a lee at Amherst, when the storm suddenly shifted from southwest to northeast. Thirty-one schooners were driven on shore at their anchors in an hour, and proved a total loss.

There is nothing very inspiring about the insular metropolis called Havre Aubert. It receives character from the lofty eminence called *Demoiselle Hill*, which springs vertically from the sea. But there is an extraordinary air of solitude and woe-begoneness over the place, which grows on one, because there are no trees or shrubs, and the wrecks bleaching in the slime or on the beach seem to suggest that this is the grand central spot to which decayed vessels come, a sort of hospital for disabled and superannuated ships. And indeed, no place in the world is responsible for more shipwrecks than this savage, solitary cluster of sand dunes in the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

The Magdalen Islands extend about sixty miles north and south. The main group is practically one island; that is, it consists of several islands composed of real soil or rocks more or less covered with trees, connected by long stretches of sand which are broken at intervals by inlets. Between are shallow lagoons, generally not deep enough for a boat. Thus Amherst is connected with Grindstone Island, and Grindstone and Alright are connected with Coffin Island. Were it not for the inlets, one might go continuously dry-shod from Amherst to Coffin Island. But the water in the inlets is so shoal that in places they can be forded—not, however, without some danger, as quicksands abound. Several detached islands lie outside of the main group. These are Deadman Island, Entry, Bird Rock,

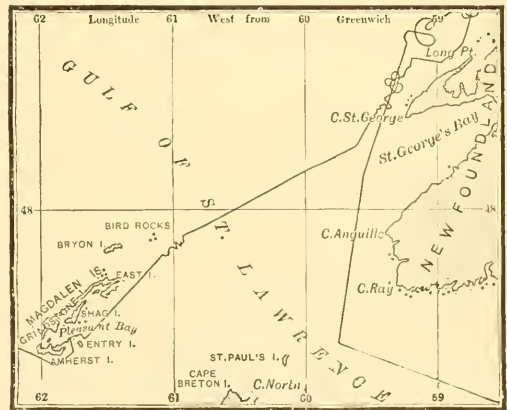
and Bryon islands. The last is a great resort of sea-birds, and offers manifold attractions to naturalists and sportsmen.

These islands were a royal grant to Admiral Coffin in the last century. They are peopled, with the exception of Entry Island, by Acadian French, who retain all the characteristics of their race. The present population is 4,316. It is curious that, although the French were but a short time in Acadie, yet the impression of the life there and their subsequent expulsion is yet so vivid that the good people of these islands visit Canada as an American returns to England, as though it were the old home. They are a quiet, well-behaved folk, somewhat inclined to indolence. But they can hardly be blamed for lack of enterprise and spirit when the circumstances in which their lives have been cast are so forbidding. For six months in the year they are shut out from the rest of the world by the ice which incloses the islands. They might as well be at the south pole. Two years ago a cable was laid to Prince Edward Island, but it does not extend to the detached islands, and does not appear to be of much use to any of them. When we were there, the operator at Havre Aubert was absent; he had actually left for the main-land, to be gone several weeks. During the summer a steamer runs from Pictou to Amherst. She is old as the "remainder biscuit after a voyage," and plies twice monthly on this course when really unfit for service, probably because the good people of these islands are charitably supposed to be more ready to go to heaven by sea than most travelers. Almost the sole means of livelihood is found in the fisheries, and when these fail, which is not rarely, life becomes a burden. Last year a famine occurred which came within an ace of decimating the population. The fisheries had been a failure; then the ship which was expected to bring the winter's supply of flour before the ice formed foundered in a storm. By the time spring came, starvation stared the people in the face. Many would have died if it had not been that a large ship with produce was wrecked on the ice off Coffin Island. The news spread like wild-fire. The whole population turned out, and from the cargo of a shipwrecked vessel drew a new lease of life. But these repeated calamities are at last having their effect. The people are attached to these naked isles, for here is their home. But fate is against them, and, scraping together a few dollars, they are gradually emigrating to Labrador or Canada. During the long winters they sometimes catch seals on the ice, occasionally upwards of 30,000 in one season. The hunt after seals is one of the most exciting incidents of winter-life at these desolate isles. The ice forms for several miles entirely around the group, besides welding them fast together with its iron-like grip. The seals have no regular haunt, but

are liable to appear at any spot. A keen lookout is kept for them, and from the hills their dark forms can be discerned for a long distance away on the ice. When they are discovered the news spreads rapidly. From every quarter the people hasten toward the prey in feverish excitement, armed with knives, clubs, and spears. In their eagerness these sportsmen often forget all caution, and venture out a long distance from the shore. But this is attended with great hazard, as a sudden wind is liable to break up the ice, which is, in any case, brittle along its outside barrier. Every winter one or two men are lost in the seal hunt. A year or two ago three poor fellows were carried off on a cake of floating ice before the eyes of their neighbors, who were helpless to aid.

Another winter occupation here is to go to the forests of dwarf spruce at Amherst and Grindstone islands and build fishing boats and small schooners. When the vessel is completed, the owner invites his neighbors to help him haul her to the beach; she is drawn thither on rollers and launched on the ice. After that follows a dance, for which he provides simple refreshments. Liquors, it may be added, are little drunk here, chiefly because of a prohibitory law. Seven lobster canneries have been established quite recently which give employment to a number; 434,758 lobsters were exported in 1881. But the continuance of even this business is precarious,

as it depends upon the lobsters, which are liable to take a sudden whim, like the mackerel, and leave for other parts. The cannery of our courteous consular agent, Mr. Ogilby, at Amherst, is a very well regulated establishment, and due regard seems to be given to the condition and cleanliness of the lobster before it is canned, which is a matter very little considered at some lobster factories which we might name. Capitalists have repeatedly offered to purchase the Magdalen Islands of Colonel Coffin, their present owner. There is considerable coloring matter in the soil, which it is thought might be turned to account for pigments. But the proprietor justly reasons that, if any one is willing to give \$30,000,



Map of the Cruise from the Magdalen Islands to Cape St. George.

the sum offered, the islands must undoubtedly be worth more. The revenue from the islands is trifling; but to a man of large fortune like him, it is interesting to be called Lord of the Magdalen Islands, and to hold them, as it were, in fief to the Crown. He charges a mere nominal annual rent of one shilling the acre, and does not press his tenants for immediate payment. It would, therefore, be difficult to foment rebellion here.

The Magdalen Islands were a few years ago one of the most frequented resorts of the Gloucester fishermen. Sometimes one hundred and fifty sail might be seen fishing there at one time. At night or in foul weather they would run in and make a lee in the bight of the islands. At such times there have been upward of ten hundred fishermen on shore. Often they were noisy and "flown" with liquor, and great merriment and rioting, as one might easily imagine, was the result, frequently to the annoyance of the inhabitants, among whom there were not all told that number of male adults. But these fishermen were, on the other hand, an appreciable source of revenue, the loss of which is greatly felt since our schooners ceased to frequent the Gulf. The great storm previously alluded to appears to have had a depressing influence on the mackerel.

Havre aux Maisons, or House Harbor, is next in size to Havre Aubert, and the only other inclosed port in the group. But the entrance is tortuous and difficult; and in order to avoid getting the *Alice May* again aground, we decided to leave her at Amherst, with directions to run her into the inner harbor in case it came on to blow from the northeast, while we proceeded to Grindstone Island in one of the large schooner-rigged fishing-boats of Amherst. It was thirty feet long and shaped somewhat like a whale-boat. She was manned by a highly respectable old French fisherman, whose hair was grizzled, and whose features were seamed and bronzed by a life of hardship and danger. His son accompanied us. We were privately informed that they belonged to upper society at Amherst, for the sister of the old man lived in one of the best houses there, and kept a boarding-house, although boarders must be rather scarce. There was much quiet dignity in the bearing of this venerable habitant, albeit he wore a sou'wester and smoked a spliced clay pipe. The crow's feet in the corners of his dimmed eyes, the hard look as he gazed over the sea, and the pursed-up mouth indicated the struggles of a long life of sea toil and suffering. We started with a strong breeze at early morning. It was blowing half a gale, and our sails were reefed down. But the wind moderated as the sun rose higher, and the distance of nine miles across the bay was made in good season.

Things were apparently more quiet at Havre aux Maisons than at Amherst. The liveliest object there was the sail-boat which ferried across the inlet from Grindstone to Alright. But in reality there is more commercial activity here than at any other port in the Magdalens. This is due, in part, to the energy of M. Nelson Arseneaux, who owns several schooners and a trading establishment, besides vats for trying out seal oil. He is a man of frank and hearty disposition and of hospitable bent. He



The Dash to Amherst.

is ever ready to extend a welcome to travelers; and those who have experienced his courtesy will always remember him and his amiable family with lively interest.

We found a comfortable lodging and capital board at the house of Madame Baudreau, a native of Nova Scotia, whose Highland origin is unmistakably evident in her matronly features, her galliard manner, ready wit, and keen intelligence. If a beneficent Providence had placed her in

a more active society, she would have been a woman of affairs. Her husband superintended a lobster cannery at Grand Entry Island, while she remained at home and gave a lodging to such stray wanderers as might come there during the summer. She had the history of the island and its every inhabitant at her fingers' ends. Excellent, also, were the meals she served. It is a fact worth remembering that women of masculine strength of character are generally good cooks. The islands are so poor that any attempt at an elaborate *menu* must prove a failure there. There is much,



The Old Skipper.

however, in cooking well what is at hand, and in this quality our hostess excelled. The chops were admirable; the wild strawberries and cream were delicious; the tea was steeped just enough, and the potatoes were mealy and toothsome.

To cap the climax, Madame gave us at breakfast trout that Lucullus might have envied. Noble three- and four-pound trout they were, and cooked as if Izaak Walton himself had been there to give directions.

There was no difficulty in swallowing these beautiful fish; but when it came to swallowing the account of the manner in which they were caught, there was some demur. I tell the story, but do not vouch for it; although, as I heard it elsewhere also, without any collusion between the narrators, it would seem to have some basis in fact. These fish were caught by hand; not with a net or a gaff, but actually by grasping them with the bare hand, and taking them out of the water! No fly-makers or rod-fashioners need expect custom for their wares in places where trout are caught by hand. The explanation given is that the streams are very small, which is perfectly true; and that, when the fish get up near the head of the brook, it becomes so narrow and shallow that a three-pound trout finds it hard work to turn around. While the fish are in this predicament, an active lad can get a fast hold of them and land them on the grass.

After returning from mass, Madame Baudreau placed her carriage at our disposal. It was after the latest style of phaeton in use at the islands; to be sure, it looked like a very primitive sort of a cart, but it was the only sort of vehicle to be had; and although its jolting made our teeth chatter, we had a very jolly ride to the fishing village of *Étang du Nord*. The distance was five miles over a very broken country. This village is by far the most bustling of any settlement in the group. It appears even more populous than it is, because the shore of the semicircular harbor is lined with fish-houses built on piles, which look very much like the huts of the lake-dwellers of Switzerland. A large fleet of fishing-boats belong to this place, and when they are at anchor on a holiday, or during a westerly gale, the little port has a most animated appearance.

At a cost which it would seem must be altogether beyond the means of the poverty-stricken people, a breakwater is in course of construction across the mouth of the harbor, which lies exposed to north and west winds. The great drawback to *Étang du Nord* is the unspeakable filth around the fish-houses. The stench of decaying fish exceeds belief. A board of health would seem a prime requisite at this place.

It was pleasant to turn from these fish-houses to a characteristic scene, to which we were attracted by the sweet strains of a violin floating on the calm summer air. On proceeding in the direction from which it came, we discovered the village musician seated bare-headed on the door-step of a small house, absorbed in the harmonies of the fiddle-bow. He was a character whose fine cranial development and sapient eye might have enabled him easily to pass himself off for a philosopher. We set him down as the village pedagogue, if there be one—a question we did not ask. Around him a group of eager listeners had collected. Some were seated on chairs

or stools; others had planted themselves on the ground; while the younger members of this rustic audience lay on their stomachs, supporting their faces on their elbows and flourishing their feet in the air. It was a delicious bit of nature, unaffected by the restraints of city life. A far greater musician might envy the uncritical delight with which the audience testified their appreciation of the pleasure afforded them.

The following day opened with a gale of wind, which sang wildly over the lonely wolds of Grindstone Island. As it was blowing too hard for the boat, and we had no time to lose, we decided to return to Havre



Étang du Nord.

Aubert by land along the sand dunes. The fords had been shifted by recent storms, and we were told that the passage was more hazardous than it had been for years. But a man had been over the road the previous week without accident, and we decided to take the risk. After scouring the neighborhood, we succeeded in obtaining two carts and a guide, who would also bring back the vehicles. Passing again through Étang du Nord, we entered on the dunes, and for some ten miles the course lay along a beach of sand, through which the wheels were dragged with difficulty. The strong northwest wind drove the

great breakers shoreward on our right with deafening thunder. At times the surf encroached on our path and splashed over the wheels. Wrecks, or the skeletons of ill-fated vessels, were seen frequently, either entirely exposed or deeply embedded in the sand. Many a poor ship has been picked up by these dunes at night, or driven on them by the fury of irresistible tempests. Water was on either hand—the open sea on the right and a great lagoon on the left. The gusts swept furiously over that scene of solitude and desolation. The air was misty with



The Fiddler.

spray, and the screaming fish-hawks and cormorants wheeled past us like lightning borne down on the wind. Like a gray cloud, Deadman Island loomed faintly in the southern horizon. Not a soul was in sight on that desolate shore. Alone, we labored slowly over the sand toward Amherst, which looked far enough away directly ahead. At last we arrived at a place where a long break occurred in the beach on which we were traveling. Before us rolled the sea. We could reach

the opposite shore only by venturing to try a shoal which lay across the inlet, curving inward, and somewhat removed from direct exposure to the surf, or it would have been impassable. The ford was marked by twigs fixed in the bottom at rare intervals, and also by land bearings known to the guide. But it was narrow, and great care was necessary to avoid getting into deep water. The water came up repeatedly over the hubs into the bottom of the carts. The poor horses panted with the exertion. The passage was successfully accomplished after we had proceeded a distance of a mile through the water. From that point there were no further difficulties to encounter, and we stopped to rest the horses and partake of the lunch we had brought. What we had most apprehended was the quicksands, exceedingly subtle foes, which take one unawares, and out of which there is no escape. Having passed this danger, we were able to enjoy our sandwiches and pipes with unusual zest, as we sat under the lee of a great white sand-hill, over which the wind whistled with a shrill wail.

The shores of Amherst Island, to which we had crossed, were quite different from those of Grindstone Island. There we traversed a bare beach of fine sand; but here we found a line of high and very picturesque sand-hills, covered with long salt grass, running along the coast like a breastwork erected to protect the land from the ravages of the sea. Many highly pictorial effects, replete with sentiment, presented themselves as we slowly rode toward the hills of Amherst. When we reached there we found a soil sufficiently rich to support forests of dwarf spruce and pine, and farther on, to yield potatoes and cabbages. From these spruce trees the islanders brew spruce beer, which is the chief beverage in the Magdalen Islands.

At Anse aux Cabanes the cliffs became abrupt, and we found a small cove where a group of fishing-boats were drawn up on the beach. A little beyond this we came to a lake, forming the foreground of a very agreeable landscape, whose features were so combined as to suggest some fair prospect in southern seas instead of an actual scene in the bleak Magdalen Isles. In the extreme distance the noble outline of Entry Island loomed up beyond the blue sea, suffused with a deep, warm lilac hue; the water was of a superb azure, like amethyst and turquoise. Demoiselle Hill gave emphasis to the middle distance, and a lawn-like slope, clothed in verdure, encircled the small lake which formed the foreground of an exquisite natural composition.

We reached Havre Aubert without further incident, and went on board our schooner hungry as wolves. We found calkers in possession

of the deck. The heat at Gaspé had melted the tar out of the seams, and our cabin had for several days leaked badly. Captain Welsh had succeeded in engaging calkers when at mass on the previous Sabbath. It was difficult to get them at this season, as it was the time for making hay at the Magdalen Islands—that is, for catching fish, which is the chief harvest of the people.

On the following day the sky was reasonably clear, but looked smoky in the southwest, and the glass was falling; but we concluded to run over to Entry Island at least, where we could make a lee if it



· *Crossing the Ford to Amherst.*

should blow hard. Before starting we laid in a supply of eggs and salt herrings, and were lucky enough to meet a woman with a bucket full of wild strawberries. They were so ridiculously cheap, that for two days all on board luxuriated on the berry of which Walton said, "Doubtless God might have made a better berry, but doubtless He never did."

A boat having come over from Entry Island to trade, we secured one of her crew to pilot us to a good anchorage there, and made sail.

A very fresh breeze of wind drove us rapidly across the bay. We came to anchor under the lee of a sandy point and bar. The appearance of Entry Island is very impressive, differing altogether from that of the islands already described. It stands entirely isolated, ten miles from Havre Aubert. It is about three miles long, and in proportion to its size as mountainous as Madeira. Abrupt and magnificently shaped cliffs, beautifully tinted red and brown, are to be seen in its entire circuit, which at the eastern end are over four hundred feet high. A most beautiful undulating plateau, covered with long waving grass, breast high, on the western half of the island, rises, first gradually, then rapidly, into a central range, terminating in twin peaks, the loftiest of which is called St. Lawrence Hill, and is about six hundred feet high. The adjoining height is absurdly called Pig Hill. The slopes are partly covered by a miniature forest of dwarf cedars and spruces, which look like forest trees of larger growth. The soil is arable, and affords fine grazing. The summit of St. Lawrence Hill was whitened by a flock of nibbling sheep.

We landed on a sand beach near two lofty columnar red rocks, grotesquely shaped and called the Old Man and Old Woman. These names frequently occur in the nomenclature of those waters. From the frequent repetition of geographical epithets in the Gulf of St. Lawrence, one has a right to infer paucity of invention or verbal weakness among the early navigators who opened those regions. It was a good two miles' walk to the settlement, which is near the center of the island. The general aspect of things at Entry seemed like Pitcairn's Island, and I was constantly haunted by the idea that I was there. Entry Island is shaped something like a tadpole, a long point running out toward the west. We first went to the light-house. It is kept by Mr. James Cassidy, a very civil and intelligent man, who has been there since the light was first erected. He invited us into his house, which adjoins the tower. Mrs. Cassidy also received us with refined affability. Books and magazines were abundant on the tables, and there was a true home-like aspect to everything about the house which seemed very attractive, and was almost unexpected in that solitary spot. Mrs. Cassidy lamented the lack of educational advantages at Entry Island, and said she had been obliged to send her children to Nova Scotia for a schooling. She seemed to occupy an unusually lonely position, because the house is a mile from any other, and the Cassidys are entirely unrelated to the other residents at Entry.

After buying a sheep from Mr. Cassidy, we rambled over to Mrs.

Dixon's house. This is the oldest of the ten dwellings on the islet, and she is both the oldest inhabitant and the first settler. Mrs. Dixon is now eighty-eight years of age, and came to Entry Island with her husband in 1822, sixty years ago. Still hale and hearty, she is full of animation and keen observation, and is virtually the queen of Entry Island, for she has twelve children and forty-seven grandchildren, besides a number of great-grandchildren, all of whom, with one or two exceptions, live there. There are ten families at Entry, all but one of whom are related to her; she is looked up to by all with reverence, her advice is asked and her counsels are followed, and she rules by a sort of mild patriarchal sway.

On reaching Mrs. Dixon's, we were cordially invited to enter, and bowls of fresh milk were brought to us. A flock of rosy, barefooted grandchildren clustered by the door and gazed at the strangers, until gradually they gathered courage to come in and talk with us. Mrs. Dixon welcomed us to her old home with a hearty cordiality, in which one could discern a certain air of authority natural to one who was at once an uncrowned sovereign and the progenitor of the subjects who peopled her insular realm. Had she ever wearied of such a lonely existence? we asked. Oh, no, she replied. She had been once off the island in sixty years; but there was always plenty to do, and with her children about her she was content. During the long winters they threshed grain, or made butter, or spun yarn, and wove the cloth they wore. Sometimes they had a fiddle and a dance, and at any rate there was always something to be done. She regretted that only during the summer could they have religious services, when a clergyman would come over two or three times and baptize the babies or confirm the young. From December to February Entry Island is cut off from all communication with the other isles of the group. In February or March the broken ice generally becomes solid, and people can then cross over to Grindstone Island until May, when the ice disappears.

The old lady sat in the ample smoke-blackened chimney corner of her kitchen, while entertaining us, knitting a stocking. There was no dimness in her eyes, no quavering in her utterance. Her voice was clear and strong, and her speech was spiced with shrewd and witty remarks. She was evidently a woman of remarkable strength of character. It was with great interest that I heard her talk, for it is not often in this age that a woman is found occupying such a position, the virtual sovereign of an island which for six months in the year is shut out from the world. It was interesting to see the deference shown to the old lady by her sons when they entered the room where she was seated. A large family Bible

was a prominent object in the best room; and from all we could gather, these people are honest and piously inclined.

From Mrs. Dixon's we made our way through the long grass to the grand precipices at the eastern end of the island. These cliffs are upward of four hundred feet above the sea, and are remarkable for their



A few of the Natives.

color and form. At the extreme easterly point there is a small inaccessible peninsula connected with the main island by a narrow curtain of rock, which comes up into a very sharp edge, four hundred feet high. A few foxes hide on this point, and at night creep over on this sharp edge, and make a raid on the hen-roosts. There seems to be no way of reaching these stealthy rogues, without great risk of destruction to the hunter.

The highest of the Entry Island cliffs is four hundred and forty feet high, and comes to a point like a turret erected to watch the coast. It is, in fact, called the Watch Tower. As we gazed over the edge of the precipices on the sea side of these cliffs, I was vividly reminded of the celebrated rocks of the Channel Islands.

There is great beauty and variety in the formation of Entry Island. Its surface is so broken into miniature valleys, gorges, and plateaus, that it seems very much larger than it is. There are several deep pits near the east end, to which one must give a wide berth, for they contain water to an unknown depth, while the mouths are almost concealed by a growth

of rank grass. Everything about the interior of Entry Island suggested pastoral ease and happiness. The flocks and herds grazed on the hills. Healthy children, fowls, calves, geese, and pigs jostled together before the farm-houses in good-natured rivalry of friendship. If there were no evidences of wealth among the good people, there were also no signs of squalor or discontent. As the day declined, and the shadows grew long, the cattle from all parts of the island gathered to a common stock-yard or byre. It was pleasing to hear the bells tinkling as the cattle wended home. When they had all come, the milkmaids entered the inclosure with their pails.

After purchasing a supply of eggs, we turned our faces toward our floating home riding in the bay. The ramble of the afternoon and the keen sea-wind had whetted our appetites. But the state of the weather also warned us to hasten on board without further delay. All the afternoon the wind had been rising, until now it blew a gale from the southwest, with every prospect of increasing in violence. It swept over the hills in shrill blasts, and the reefs were white with the foam of the beating surges. Vessels could also be discerned putting back to make a lee behind the island. A great bank of cloud had gathered in the west like a smoke, and fully an hour before sundown the sun had buried itself in this cloud, and an early and ominous twilight came on apace. Hastening our steps, we at last reached the boat. Mr. Cassidy was waiting there with the sheep. He advised us to remain on shore, and offered us a lodging at his house. Although protected from the direct force of the waves, the cove where the *Alice May* was anchored showed the influence of the under-tow escaping around the bar. She was rolling heavily, surrounded by a fleet of schooners which had collected there during our absence, seeking a shelter.

We found our boat's crew in bad humor, because they had been detained so long after eight bells, or supper-time. Punctuality at meals is one of the important points in a sailor's life; his fare may be poor, but it is the best he has, and he looks forward to it. Nothing irritates Jack more than to be late to meals. We desired to go aboard without delay. The fury of the wind soon drove the boat out to the vessel, but it required great caution to round to and get aboard without swamping the boat. As we had but one boat, and it was now dark, it would be all up with us if the yawl capsized. To make matters worse, the men were scared as well as cross, and I found it no small matter to bring her to with the steering oar.

"Keep cool; one at a time, boys," was the word as we lay alongside

and grasped the line which was thrown to us. As the schooner rolled her side down toward us, there was a general scramble, and we all grasped the rail at once and leaped safely on board.

“ Well, Henry, is supper ready yet?”

“ Yes, sir, all ready ; it’s waiting for you below, sir.”

The faithful fellow had kept the supper warm, and, as soon as he saw us coming off, knowing our eagerness for something warm, he lighted the lamp and laid the dishes on the table. Out from the wind, we stepped below into our homely but cozy cabin, and were greeted with the grateful fragrance of a savory meal. Among other dishes was a mess that was new



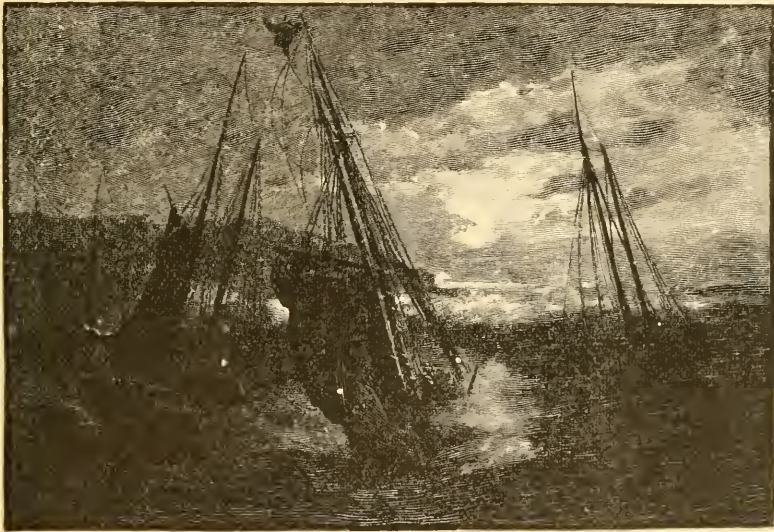
Old Fire-Place at Entry Island.

to us. A ragout of lamb, highly seasoned, was surrounded by a wall of potatoes, mashed and richly browned.

Many were the expressions of ecstasy and impatience with which we hailed the supper, and especially this dish. It was frequently encored until it was exhausted. Whenever a new dish appeared, we gave it an appropriate name. Bean soup we called “ Potage à la Pompadour ”; then, too, we had a *fricassee au cheval de maître d’hôtel*, which was composed of salt beef. Our favorite dish was *aufs au dindon du Cap Cod*, which, freely translated, means fishballs garnished with poached eggs. This dish was, perhaps, Henry’s *chef d’œuvre*.

But while we were enjoying our supper with such zest, the little schooner was rolling more heavily, and the hum of the wind in the rigging showed that the force of the gale was increasing.

When the moon rose, it added to the wildness and splendor of the night. The sky was clear from clouds, but a thin haze slightly obscured the stars. A tremendous surf was breaking on the low spit which protected us from the brunt of the gale. As the spray shot high up in vast sheets of foam, it caught the light of the moon, and was turned into molten silver. Before us loomed the dark mass of Entry Island, vague and mysterious. From time to time the dark outline of a schooner could be seen coming around



The Gale at Entry Island.

the island under short sail to make a lee. Then would be heard the rattle of the cable, and soon the schooner would add the gleam of her anchor light to those already twinkling and bobbing in the roads.

The glass was still falling, and if the wind should shift to the northeast or northwest we were in a nice box. But we preferred to regard this as a summer blow that would die out before morning, and accordingly enjoyed the grandeur of the night without apprehension. About midnight the wind began to cant, with that whiffling uneasiness of direction which always demands a sharp lookout. It was preparing to shift. All hands were called, close reefs were put in the fore and main sails, and the crew

manned the windlass. This preparation had come none too quickly, for, with a flurry of rain and several vivid flashes of lightning, the wind suddenly came out of the west-northwest. Quickly hoisting the reefed mainsail and jib, we hastened away from an anchorage which, from being a safe lee, had become a lee shore. As we passed from the shelter of the island, we encountered a wild, tumultuous sea, which decided us to head on our original course, instead of running to the leeward of Entry Island. If it should come on to blow hard, we considered that it would beat down the old sea, and we could then run for the southern side of Entry; while, if the wind moderated, we were gaining in every mile we sailed. Cruising among the Magdalen Islands is not a trifling sport; it requires judgment and caution, for there are no harbors accessible in bad weather, and the lee under the land made with one wind may become a deadly foe the next hour, while the seas which the winds raise in the Gulf are exceedingly dangerous, not because they are unusually high, but because they are short and steep—just the sort of waves which trip vessels rolling in a calm, or cause them to founder when hove to.

But the wind soon began to moderate, and we headed northeast for the Bay of Islands, two hundred and fifty miles away. It was with enthusiasm that we saw the *Alice May* at last shaping a course for what promised to be one of the most interesting points in our cruise. The reports we had heard regarding the grandeur of the scenery on the west coast of Newfoundland, together with the savage reputation of the cliffs and people, had fired our imagination. Bryon Island and Bird Rock bore about west at noon; the latter was only two miles distant. It is indeed a lonely spot, entirely bare, and occupied only by the three light-keepers. Access can be had to it only by a crane overhanging the water from the precipice. A chair is lowered, and visitors are hoisted from the boat. The Rock has been the scene of two disasters within the last fifteen months. When the keepers were firing the fog-gun it exploded and killed two of them on the spot. It was several days before the poor survivor could contrive to induce a passing sail to touch there and carry the news to the main-land. Previous to this sad event, Bird Rock was at one time destitute of provisions after a prevalence of long bad weather, and the light-keepers were forced to consider seriously the possibility that one of the Magdalen Islands might become a cannibal island. But their signals were finally seen when the weather moderated, and a passing ship came to their aid at the last moment. It is dreadful that such a condition of things should be possible so near to civilized life. There is not the slightest excuse for a light-house to be allowed to run out of provisions. In this day of canned and pre-

served meats and hard bread, a supply sufficient for a year would not spoil, and would prevent peril from starvation. No light-house, difficult of access in bad weather, should be at any time left with less than a double supply of light-keepers, and stores for fully six months. The smaller Bird Rock lies about half a mile distant from the one on which the light-house stands. It is a low, jagged, dangerous ledge. There is a passage between the two islands, or rocks, but no vessel should try it, unless pressed by the wind too near the rocks without the ability to tack or claw off from such perilous proximity. Although the wind was light, there was still such a high swell that we did not think it expedient to attempt to try landing on Bird Rock. Bryon Island resembles Entry Island, being well fitted for pasturage; it is occupied by several English farmers. But it is more flat than Entry Island, and every way less interesting, except for its large variety of sea-fowl. Owing to its distance from the other islands of the group, and the entire absence of harbors, Bryon Island is rarely visited by boats or ships. A party of naturalists and sportsmen from Boston were there during our visit to the Magdalen Islands.

The sunset was superb, the colors being brilliant, but tender, and finally merging in a deep orange hue, lasting for hours, until imperceptibly absorbed in the purple veil of night. It was emphatically a fair-weather sky, which was exactly what we hoped for when cruising along the tremendous coast of the west of Newfoundland. A light wind fanned the schooner on her course all night, and at sunrise land was made out on the lee bow. Never does the first sight of a new coast, or in fact of any coast, become a commonplace event, even to the most experienced old salt. All the senses seem at once on the alert to ascertain what point it can be. The various bearings are considered, the chart is studied afresh, and each one has his own opinion to express. Of course there are times when the characteristics of the land are so salient, or so well known, that there can be no question as to its identity. But, as a rule, when land is first descried at sea, its whereabouts continues for a while a matter of speculation. Then, too, the imagination is stimulated, and actively surmises the nature of the country, its people, and special peculiarities. Particularly is this the case when one approaches an island he has not seen before. When one travels by rail, the social or topographical changes come by gradation, and there is rarely a striking contrast apparent at any one point. But when one arrives in sight of a new country by sea, the transition from the one to the other is rapid, and often violent. When he lands on the new shore, it seems to be like coming to another planet, and he is constantly saying to himself, "How strange it appears to see these people. Here they have

been existing for ages; they are real human beings, marrying and giving in marriage, and engaged in human pursuits, and going through the endless round of destiny like my own people, and yet I never saw them or heard of them before. They seem quite able to do without the rest of the world!"

We made out the land in sight to be Cape St. George. It was yet very distant, and loomed like a gray cloud in the offing. A long and lofty and forbidding coast-line gradually came into view, trending north and south for a great distance. The larger part of the day a calm prevailed. Numerous whales were to be seen sporting in schools, their smoke-like spouting suggesting the firing of muskets. One of these unwieldy leviathans passed under our stern near enough to strike the schooner with a stroke of the tail, if he had so chosen. The high westerly swell drifted the vessel shoreward quite near to the inaccessible precipices of Cape St. George. This is a terrible coast in stormy weather. For sixty miles there is not a place where a ship attacked by westerly gales could make a lee or get an anchorage. The coast is many hundreds of feet high, without any beach at the foot except at rare intervals. When south of Cape St. George, a ship can make a lee of it in a nor'wester or run into Georgetown. A lee can also be made in the bight of the cape, which is shaped not unlike a fish-hook. But this bight, or bay, is dangerous in a northeast wind, and the entrance is at best hazardous, as it is beset with reefs which are not buoyed. A very precarious lee resembling a forlorn hope may be made behind Red Island, a rock near the outer angle of Cape St. George. Red Island, by the way, is a summer station of the large French cod-fishing firm of Camolet Frères et les Fils de l'ainé, whose headquarters are at St. Pierre.

What adds to the perils of this coast is the scarcity of the population and the desperate character of those who live there, occupying rough shanties among the rocks. It is a matter of fact and not of rumor that, when a shipwrecked vessel happens to be so situated that the crew can not escape, they are in great danger from these ruffians of the sea, whose object is to plunder the ship. It is most disgraceful that such miscreants should be permitted to live on any part of the British or French dominions. The perils of the sea are already sufficient without adding to them, by allowing the coast to be infested with sea-pirates. Probably each government would shirk the responsibility on the other, because the western and southern shores of Newfoundland are debatable ground, where each claims, but fails to obtain, unrestricted jurisdiction.

It is also very discreditable to somebody that there is no light-house

between Cape Ray and the straits of Belle Isle, a distance of four hundred miles, on a coast passed by many vessels during six months of the year. Some would reply to this that the coast is high, and is easily discernible in all weathers, and that the entrances to the bays are free from shoals. This is true enough; but this very boldness of the coast makes it difficult to distinguish the ports until a ship is very close in, while it is quite impossible at night. The few ports are likewise so very far apart that it is highly dangerous for a ship to make a mistake in a gale of wind, for she is sure to be driven on shore before she can make the next port; whereas, with four or five prominent light-houses, this danger might be mitigated to a considerable degree. Two years ago a fleet of six schooners came out of the Bay of Islands in the afternoon. As it was late in the season, there were many passengers on board who were leaving the bay before the in-



Off Deadman Island.

clemency of the season should close navigation. It came on to blow hard from the westward during the night. The schooners could not carry sail against the savage wind and sea; under their lee was a pitiless coast without anchorage or harbor, and haunted by demons in human shape. Before morning every one of this fleet had struck on the rocks and all hands perished; whether any of them came to land and were murdered remains a matter of conjecture.

Three winters ago a square-rigged vessel struck on the coast north of the Bay of Islands and lodged high up in a hollow of the cliff. All the crew but two were lost in trying to get to land. The survivors lingered on board, looking for a chance to get off safely or to be rescued by the inhabitants. After some weeks the fuel gave out, or at least the means for kindling a fire. Then one of the men died. For two months the single

survivor lived in this appalling situation, with only a frozen corpse for companionship and without fire, while the deafening din of the breakers constantly reminded him of his own impending doom. In the spring, when navigation opened, the wreck was discovered by some fishermen. They boarded her, and found a man alive lying by the side of a corpse, and in the last stages of despair and glimmering vitality. After receiving sustenance he revived, and was able to narrate the details of an experience never surpassed by the most harrowing tales of suffering at sea.

It was a fact attracting attention that, although the weather was fine, we saw no sea-birds in this region excepting Mother Carey's chickens. Even the noisy and ubiquitous gull failed to put in an appearance.

IV.

THREE days we were becalmed off the coast of Newfoundland, making scarcely any progress. The weather was too fine for those waters, and suggested that it might prove a weather-breeder preceding a storm, while we were yet distant from port on a perilous coast. At this time, and in fact through the entire voyage, we found the mornings and evenings cool, and often needed a fire in our stove to take off the chill. We stood in toward Bear Cove on the third morning, and a glimpse was revealed to us of the ranges which give such grandeur to the west coast of Newfoundland. A coast-range of mountains, reaching in places a height of three thousand feet, trends north and south. The abruptness of the slopes, and the savage character of the numerous ravines which intersect these mountains, add greatly to the formidable aspect they present from the sea. At Bear Cove these heights approach the water with a regularity resembling stupendous fortifications, opening here and there like mighty embrasures. They are almost as bare as if constructed of masonry, but their grim and forbidding effect is slightly modified by the variety of colors that beautify the rocky ledges of which they are composed. Nowhere did we discern, far as the eye could reach, the faintest sign of human or animal life, but over land and sea brooded solitude.

All day the dead calm continued. The slatting of the sails, the jerking of the booms, and the groaning of the timbers, the livelong hours as we

tossed helplessly on the regular roll of the westerly swell, were most exasperating, especially also because the sea was gradually setting the schooner close in under the cliffs. In fact, we were so far in that we lost the influence of a light breeze from the eastward, which the highlands prevented from reaching our sails. We were almost in blue water, having passed off the bank which shoals the water in the center of the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

After dinner we took soundings, and finding that the vessel had drifted into shallower water, the cod-lines were brought out and dropped over the side. The results were very gratifying. Scarcely had the first line reached bottom before a strong bite was felt. The heavy tug on the line indicated large fish, and two cod of unusual size were found attached to it. For several hours all hands were occupied drawing in cod. The fish caught that afternoon averaged a size more than common, and the after-deck was soon heaped up with a fine supply of fresh meat. Barrels were brought out from the fore-peak, and the fish were cleaned, salted, and barreled for future use, reserving a supply for present needs. A cod-fish purchased in the market is not to be compared, when cooked, with one just out of water.

As the day wore on, light puffs from the southward and eastward carried us slowly toward the entrance to the Bay of Islands, which we earnestly hoped to enter before another night should close in. South Head, part of Lark Mountain lying at the lower side of the port, now towered up sublimely, revealing the vast chasm which is hollowed out on its western or sea side. This chasm resembles a crater which has been depressed on one side, and gives a volcanic aspect to a coast which otherwise shows little trace of igneous action in its forms. A singular peak was also opened up in the interior, fixed in the edge of a vertical precipice. It was difficult not to believe it a feudal tower of the dark ages.

But the aspect of the weather was not encouraging; for the sky was becoming overcast, and a foreboding gloom accompanied by fog was gathering in the south. The mists dropped over the precipices like waterfalls, and the prospect of entering the Bay of Islands not only grew beautifully less, but just as we were able, as it were, to look in, there was every reason to apprehend that we should have to make an offing. A night of intense silence and gloom succeeded. Occasionally we heard the dull echo of the surf beating in the caves of South Head. Although the weather continued calm, it was a night when one prefers not to sleep too soundly. Lest we should drift on the rocks, we headed out to sea, but toward morning a southerly breeze sprang up.

"Head her in for the bay, Captain Welsh. We want to get in before the wind changes and blows us out to sea again."

But Captain Welsh was a "blue-water" man. He liked plenty of sea-room, and hesitated.

"Now's our chance, captain. It'll be daylight before we are up with the entrance to the bay, and then we can see our way in. At any rate, we've got to get there to-day; we've fooled out here long enough. It's to-day or never. You better set the gaff-topsail and stay-sail, and make all we can before it comes on to blow."

With visible reluctance the captain sung out: "Put your helm up! Here, Tom, slack out the main-sheet! Bill, you go aloft and loose the top-sail!"

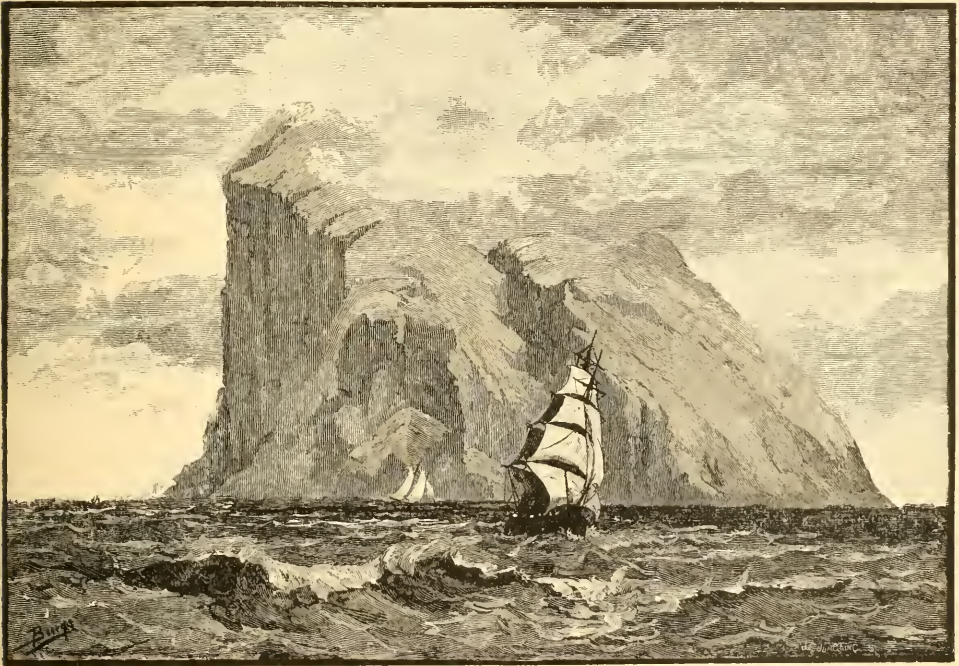
But there was no spirit in the breeze; it was capricious and inefficient, although it took us to within five miles of the entrance before it died away. The gray dawn now showed us a grim outlook. The cliffs were half hidden in driving clouds, and the sun seemed to take no interest in lighting up what promised to be a very dubious day. As the light increased we perceived a line of angry foam rapidly coming toward us dead ahead.



The Cruise of the "Alice May" through the Bay of Islands.

"There's where it's coming out," said the captain, taking the wheel and keeping a sharp lookout. As the vessel payed off to meet the wind, it struck her with great violence, laying her almost on her beam ends. In came one sail after another in rapid succession, and the schooner was soon in fighting trim, battling with a furious northeaster. A short, violent sea swept often over the deck, and every timber quivered as the little craft jumped from billow to billow. The wind was accompanied by heavy sheets of rain, which at times completely shut out the land. Our only course was to keep hammering away at it, and do our best to beat into the bay, at least so long as it did not blow too hard to carry sail. The squalls off the highland were frequent and violent, although, following the instructions of the navigation guide-book, we took good care not to get too close under its lee.

I never shall forget how Guernsey Island looked that morning as the little schooner ran under its tremendous cliffs and tacked. One thousand feet above us it towered, a vertical rock over which the mists drove like smoke. Although we were fully a mile from it, it fairly seemed but a stone's throw from the ship. This Gibraltar-like rock lies midway in the channel. Although it is two full miles from South Head, it was impossible to believe it. The cliffs on each side were so vast, it was only by timing the distance as we tacked from side to side that I could credit



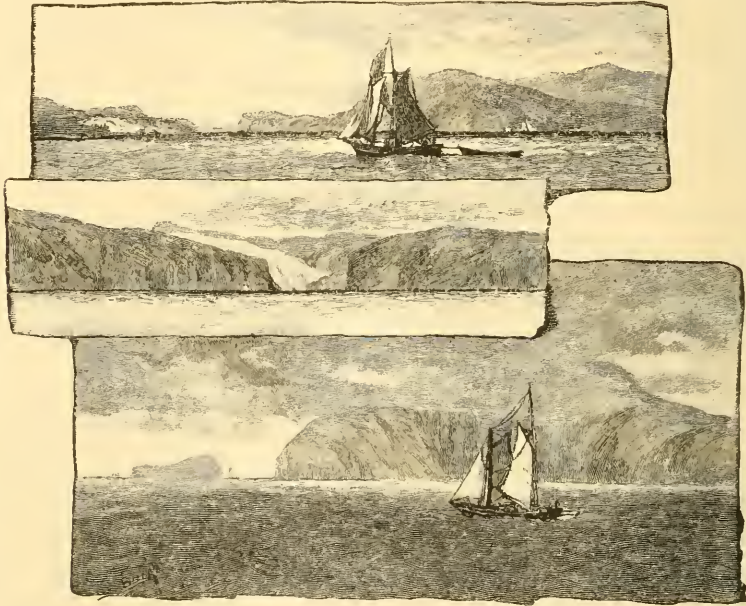
Guernsey Island.

what the chart and dividers stated. But even after I was convinced that it was two long miles between the headlands, I could not realize it until I had seen the heights at all times of the day and in all states of the atmosphere.

After struggling at her task all the morning, the *Alice May* finally reached into the Bay of Islands and came abreast of Lark Harbor. The wind now capriciously died away, and she was in danger of losing all she had gained, owing to the rapid tide and current running out of the

bay, when a sea-wind sprung up and wafted us where we could anchor, if necessary. The sun also came out; the clouds rolled away, and the magnificent scenery of the Bay of Islands lay around us. We felt more than repaid for the effort required to reach it. The coast scenery of the world offers few prospects more grand, more varied, more enchantingly beautiful than this. Certainly on the Atlantic coast of North America its equal is not to be found.

The Bay of Islands is about twelve miles square. Its entrance is guarded by Guernsey, Pearl, and Tweed Islands, which are all exceed-



The Bay of Islands.

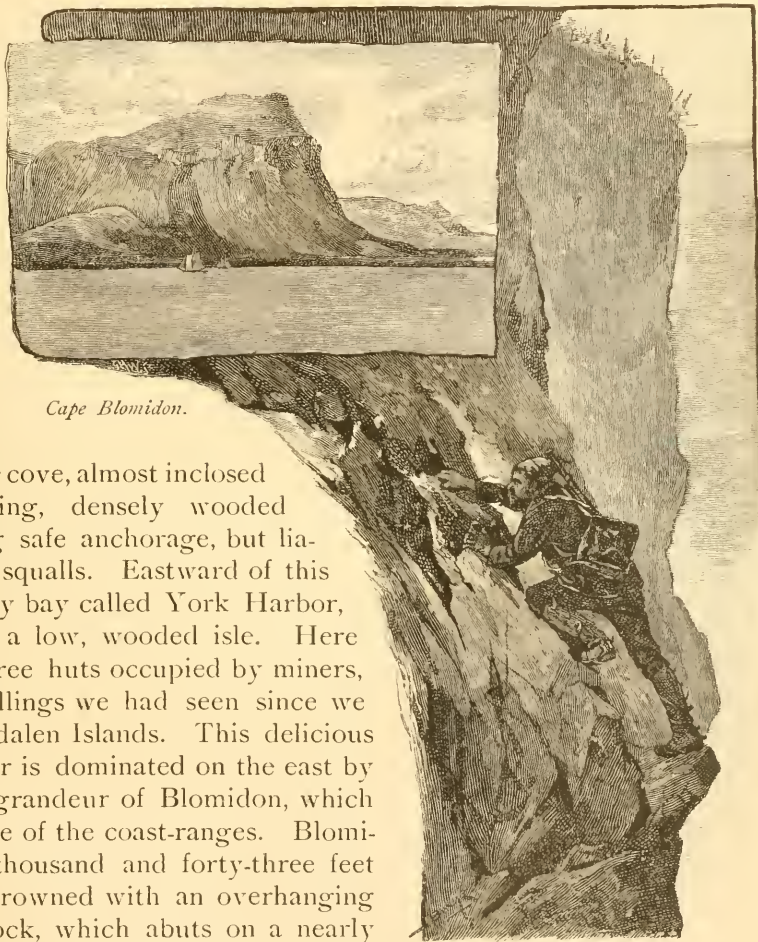
ingly lofty. Guernsey is also called Ouibol by the French. Opposite Guernsey is Lark Mountain; it is isolated and rises one thousand three hundred and six feet, terminating in what is called South Head. This was the scene of a remarkable incident some years ago. In a heated altercation the mate of a French ship killed the captain. A sort of drum-head court-martial held on deck condemned the wretch to die. But he was given his choice either to be swung from the yard-arm, or climb to the top of South Head and leap over the precipice. He chose the latter. With his arms pinioned he was conducted to the brow of the fearful

precipice, and when the word was given, boldly sprang into the air. His body never was found, having probably lodged in a cleft in the side of the cliff. Such a death seems to suggest that the doomed man was conscious of being not wholly in the wrong in the quarrel which thus resulted in the death

of two men. No ordinary criminal could have deliberately accepted death in such a form.

Adjoining Lark Mountain is Lark Harbor, a deep, narrow, and most romantic cove, almost inclosed by overhanging, densely wooded crags, offering safe anchorage, but liable to furious squalls. Eastward of this opens a lovely bay called York Harbor, protected by a low, wooded isle. Here are two or three huts occupied by miners, the first dwellings we had seen since we left the Magdalen Islands. This delicious sheet of water is dominated on the east by the sublime grandeur of Blomidon, which terminates one of the coast-ranges. Blomidon is two thousand and forty-three feet high, and is crowned with an overhanging rampart of rock, which abuts on a nearly vertical slope that plunges fifteen hundred feet. In one spot the crags take the form

Cape Blomidon.



Prospecting.

of an enormous eagle's claw, burying its talons in the side of the mountain. From the summit a waterfall slips over the edge of the cliff and dangles downward, like a flexible band of silver, until lost in the impenetrable forests which clothe the base of Blomidon. These forests form one

of the most remarkable features of the Bay of Islands. The southern side of the bay is a mass of tangled woods, generally spruce, birch, and fir, interlocking their boughs, and intertwined by an almost impenetrable thicket. There are tracts in that solitude where the axe has never rung since the creation. Bear, deer, beaver, partridges, and hare abound in these woods. The hunters of the beaver assume the right to a certain region, and others venturing to hunt on this claim are liable to get into trouble. The flanking ranges of Blomidon are wild in form, presenting abrupt peaks springing out of the woods, and valleys bathed in delicate hues. Comparisons are considered odious, but I could not help comparing this part of the shores of the bay to the shores of the Clyde and the adjoining Trosachs.

Blomidon may almost be said to be a solid mass of copper. It abounds in that mineral. It is well known that copper ore has been exported from the northern coast of Newfoundland to the smelting furnaces of Swansea for many years past. But the explorations recently made at the Bay of Islands have shown that these shores are rich in undeveloped mineral wealth. Ore containing silver has been found in some quantity, and gold, it is stated; but of this the evidence is less satisfactory. The land at the foot of Blomidon has been marked out, and a company is now running shafts into the mountain and prospecting. A claim of three square miles may be obtained for six pounds, good for three years. But the Government of Newfoundland has a claim on two-thirds, or two miles of each claim. The Swansea Company is working the ore, or rather furnishing the capital to develop the veins. The time is not very distant when the world will awake to a consciousness of the mineral wealth and abundant timber resources of Newfoundland.

The southern side of the Bay of Islands is lined with lofty ranges of precipices, more bare than those already described, but rivaling them in beauty. Their stern and sterile character really enhances the loveliness of the tints in which an afternoon light suffuses them. They are clear-cut in outline, and rose-gray and tender purple in color. Frequently among the higher crags of these mountains of Newfoundland patches of snow, many acres in extent, were seen, although it was now the month of August. We were assured that this snow never leaves these spots, where it lies even in midsummer thirty to fifty feet deep at no greater altitude than fifteen hundred feet above the sea. The north shore is cleft by wonderful fiords, called the North and South Arms. The cliffs which inclose them rise perpendicularly from the water for many hundred feet.

About the center of the bay lies Harbor Island. We headed for it,

proposing to find an anchorage there, the water elsewhere being generally of great depth. We found the wind baffling, and the schooner was repeatedly seized by swirling eddies, and driven back, even with a fresh breeze filling her sails. This was exceedingly perplexing, and drove Captain Welsh to his wits' ends. The full moon arose superbly while we were drifting in the channel between Harbor Island and Blomidon, and we finally anchored near Frenchman's Cove, at the foot of this sublime mountain. We seemed to be in a fabled region peopled by giants. The scenery we had seen during the day produced such impressions of grandeur and primeval solitude that I should not have been in the least surprised if gigantic cyclopean beings had waded out from the vast overhanging forests which draped the cliffs under which our little ship was anchored.

The following day opened calm and lovely. Far away, a number of schooners could be seen at the mouth of the Humber River. It was fortunate we saw them there, for it gave us an opportunity of gauging the height of the cliffs which skirt the bay. Vessels with masts ninety feet high were mere white specks against the cliffs when miles this side of them. Having already lost so much time, we concluded to take advantage of the fine weather to run to the southward, and stood again toward the mouth of the bay. But we had not gone far when vessels were seen running in, bringing with them a strong westerly wind and a high sea. A short trial with the rapidly rising waves proved that we should simply lose time in trying to beat out in so small a vessel. Therefore we put the helm up, and decided to run to the head of navigation on the Humber. It was a wild, exciting sail of some twenty miles, between lofty shores of novel and remarkable loveliness.

At the very entrance to the river we began to see houses and clearings, and realized that we were entering upon altogether a distinct phase of the attractions of the Bay of Islands. Clusters of houses, enlarging sometimes into hamlets, were frequent; and new houses were in process of construction in many places, indicating activity and a growing population. At Benoit's Cove and Beechy Cove, pretty chapels were seen, and a number of important dwellings. At the latter place Mr. Evans, the only American in the bay, has a trading and fishing establishment. But we were unable to give undivided attention to the beauty unfolded at each point we passed, for the schooner required careful watching. In company with several other schooners, we were running wing-and-wing before a very fresh and puffy wind. But in spite of the force of the breeze, counter-flaws would come off the land with great suddenness, taking the sails all aback, and threatening to carry away the masts or capsize the vessel. In one of these

flaws our mainsail jibed with such force as to carry away the boom gytackle and belaying-pin. It is a wonder the head of the mast was not carried away, as happened to a schooner which was alongside of us. At another time the *Alice May* would strike an eddy, and be completely turned around, while the other ships would sail past her as if she were aground. At the same moment, perhaps within the space of half a mile, several schooners might be seen running with a stiff breeze, or tacking or becalmed; and yet all were bound in the same direction. The westerly wind finally succeeded in carrying all before it, and we anchored at Petipas, the head of navigation, as the setting sun was mantling the shores and gorge of the Humber with indescribable splendor. We were obliged to anchor within a cable's length, or one hundred and fifty yards, from the shore, as in almost every other part of the Humber below Petipas the water has great depth. In mid-channel it is rarely under sixty fathoms, and often reaches ninety fathoms. If we give what to some may seem too many topographical details, it is partly with a view of aiding those who may think of cruising in those waters in a yacht.

Petipas, pronounced Petipaw by the natives, is named after a Jersey Islander who was the first important settler at the Bay of Islands. He started a fishing establishment, and opened a thriving trade. But he is now with "the majority," and since his death the family has become embarrassed, and the establishment is closed. There is no street in this little settlement. It consists of a simple aggregation of houses, perched here and there, wherever a foothold could be obtained among the rocky ledges which compose the precipitous hill on which the hamlet has found a lodgment. To reach these houses, one may land anywhere, and climb over rocks and fences, and scramble up and down rough goat-paths. One of the prettiest spots at Petipas is the old saw-mill, just at the water's edge, at the foot of a picturesque ravine, musical with the dashing of a merry trout-brook overgrown with sedge. Near to this, on the smoothest piece of land in the settlement, stands the Roman Catholic church, rejoicing in a new coat of paint and some stained glass. Near the church is the commodious mansion of Mr. Carter, at present the magnate of the place, who enjoys a monopoly of its business. A small place like Petipas always has its leading citizen, who acts the part of an uncrowned chief. His will is law; for by force of character he has succeeded in getting the business of the place mostly into his own hands, and the poor, who form by far the largest number in such a community, look to him for advances and supplies, which results, if he is shrewd, in placing them in his power. Mr. Carter is a typical example of this class of local despots, exactly fitted to rule among

the desperate characters with whom he has to deal. His head is set on enormous shoulders with a short thick neck; a shaggy beard, intensely black, flows down to his waist, and his quick, keen, eagle eye carries terror to any so daring as openly to cross his will or question the unwritten code by which he reigns at Petipas and regulates its trade. Probably such rule is better than none in a place like this.

“Have you seen our police force?” inquired Mr. Carter one morning, when we were in his store. “No? Well, here it is!” and suiting the action to the word, he drew out a massive piece of tarred, three-inch rope,



Up the River Humber.

about four feet long, and brought it down on the counter with a resounding blow. “Oh, many’s the time I’ve had to use that,” he added, “when this store’s been full of fishermen, sailors, half-breeds, and Indians, half drunk and full of deviltry. There was no authority to call in to keep the peace, and I’ve had to lay about with this bit of twine, and clear the room by hitting right and left! It isn’t quite so bad as that now, you see, since the herring fishery failed; there are not so many fishermen about; our people, too, are getting to be a little more civilized. But this is a sort of a Botany Bay, you know, with little regular government, and where it won’t do to ask too much about a man’s antecedents.”

The western and southern coasts of Newfoundland are a constant source of entanglement between the English and the French government. The matter is sufficiently complicated, various treaties having failed to settle the question so that it can stay settled. As the matter now stands,



Fishing off the Bay of Islands.

it seems that the French have a right to put up fish-stages and temporary huts for summer use immediately by the water. But they can not erect permanent dwellings, nor are they permitted to purchase land unless they become British citizens. French men-of-war may cruise on the coast and

have stations, while no French courts of justice are allowed. On the other hand, the Government of Newfoundland has at last taken steps to assert its authority on the Humber. A fine residence has been erected at Benoit's Cove, opposite Petipas, for the judge; and when we were there, a member from that district was to be elected for the first time to represent it in the Legislature at St. John's. But while claiming legislative and judicial rights at the Bay of Islands, the English do not yet dare to give a title to land, and it is impossible for any one to acquire the fee-simple of even enough to build upon. The English Government can only say to the settler, "Turn squatter, and build wherever you like. So long as the French do not claim it for fishing purposes, it is yours; but we can not sell outright land already liable to the claims of the French fishermen."

Such a condition of things has naturally made this a safe refuge for outlaws, and the population on the Humber is, therefore, such as one might expect under the circumstances. The herring fisheries and the lumber trade have, however, attracted hither a number of reputable and enterprising adventurers, who contrive that order shall come out of chaos, and the community is for the most part orderly. The people are English, Irish, French, and Indians. The latter are few in number and peaceable.

The herring fishery on the Humber was at one time very profitable. The fish were caught mostly in nets let down through the ice in winter. It was not uncommon to see a hundred schooners, barks, and steamers lying off Petipas in the height of the season. Six years ago the herring suddenly left for parts unknown, and the prosperity of the place came to a stop. But a year ago the herring returned, and meantime a thriving lumber trade has sprung up, and the tide of prosperity again sets up the Humber.

Another source of income is also gradually coming to the worthy Humberites. Two miles above Petipas is the tremendous gorge of the Humber. Here the banks contract to a narrow channel, overhung on either hand, for a space of nine miles, by vertical precipices, between which the river dashes down roaring rapids. Although the current here is dangerous, it is safely passed by the long canoes of the Indian *courcurs des bois*. Beyond this the river widens again until it meets Deer Lake, a long, narrow sheet of water thirty miles in length, lying in a flat country covered with forests. The river and lake abound with trout and salmon, and the forests fairly teem with game. Already gentlemen of leisure from Canada and Great Britain have begun to visit the Bay of Islands and the Humber for the purpose of hunting and fishing, and there is no question that this is destined to be ere long a favorite hunting-ground.

Directly opposite Petipas, a mile and a half across the river, lies the very pretty settlement called Benoit's Cove. It is situated on richer ground, is larger, and is peopled by a better class. Some very neat cottages are to be seen here, nestling amid clusters of shrubbery and birches. Here are two or three fishing establishments, the magistrate's residence, the telegraph-office, and an Episcopal church. Mr. Curling, the rector, is a gentleman of large fortune, who has built himself an extensive, many-gabled mansion. He is also a practical sailor, infected with a mania for the sea, and has a yacht of forty tons which he constructed there, and in which he cruises in all weathers, having the reputation of being a sort of Flying Dutchman who defies the storms.

The settlers of the Humber must needs find means of entertainment at home, for they have but little communication with the rest of the world; their own island even is almost as far off as if it were the other side of the Atlantic. Until within ten years only one white man had been known to cross the Island of Newfoundland; and to this day a large part of the interior is unknown. A telegraph wire now runs through the woods from Benoit's Cove to Hall's Bay, and a foot traveler, by following the road cut for the wire, can proceed from Deer Lake to Hall's Bay, on the northern coast, a distance of one hundred and fifty miles. In summer a steamer arrives from St. John's once a month by way of Cape Ray, or, as the natives call it, through the channel. This is the only mail communication for that season. For the seven months of winter the mails are still more infrequent. About once every six weeks an Indian comes from Hall's Bay on snow-shoes and stops at Petipas. There he takes the mail-bags and carries them to Codroy in the channel, where he meets the steamer. The bags are carried on a sledge drawn by dogs, and from the time the carrier leaves Hall's Bay he sees houses only twice.

The second day after our arrival at Petipas it came on to rain and blow. Captain Andrews, the superintendent of the copper mines at Blomidon, a man of large experience and intelligence, visited our schooner and dined with us. As it was still raining, it was suggested after dinner that, donning waterproofs and sou'westers, we should cross to Benoit's Cove and see some of the traders. During the season when navigation is open, there is a class of traders who, hiring schooners or owning them, cruise among the out-of-the-way ports of Labrador and Newfoundland, exchanging pork, sugar, tea, tobacco, cotton cloth, sea-boots, and the like, for dried fish. They are a shrewd and enterprising class, accustomed to see a great deal of the rough side of life, and willing to run any risk for the sake of earning a few dollars. They might well be called

nautical peddlers. Most of the schooners that sailed in our company up the Humber were traders. We ordered out the boat and crossed to Benoit's Cove, and were introduced by Captain Andrews to Captain Shelley, who invited us aboard of his schooner.

Stepping below, out of the drenching torrents of rain, we found our-



The Mail-Carrier.

Evans. sc.

selves among a crowd of traders and skippers seeking shelter in a noisome cuddy, old and dirty and paintless, piled with wares and reeking with the fragrance of bilge water, wet boots, bad rum, and bad tobacco. But although there were evidences that the one glass in the cuddy had

been circulating pretty freely, washed out at each drink by the more fastidious with cold tea out of a rusty tea-kettle, yet no one appeared the worse for the liquor excepting Captain Shelley, who was full of talk. All were Irishmen, with one or two exceptions. Captain Shelley was himself a man gifted with genuine Hibernian wit, repartee, and unctuous eloquence; and, true Irishman that he was, he was deeply interested in politics. The subject then uppermost in his mind, as in that of most residents on the Humber at the time, was the approaching election of a representative for the insular Legislature. The conversation in that little cuddy was lively enough, eliciting much laughter, and some shrewd and serious argument. But Captain Shelley, ever on his feet, as if addressing an audience, was the hero of the hour; and the roar of thunder, and the loud beating of the rain on deck only seemed to add to his eloquent vivacity. Among other remarks, alluding to the would-be gentry at St. John's, he said: "They bring up their sons to despise business; they educate them for lawyers, and they become mere two-penny-ha'penny button-tossers, without brains enough to last them till morning, be the night ever so short." Again he remarked: "I have no enemies, or at least, if I have, they don't live long."

The rain slackened toward sunset, and we returned to supper, when the Humber was all aglow with a magnificent burst of sunlight, and spanned by a perfect rainbow.

The Captain of the *James Dwyer*, a schooner lying near to us, gave a dance that night in a vacant loft near the wharf. He wanted to ingratiate the people, and incline them to trade with him, and this was the means he wisely adopted. To him the expense was very trifling, while it produced a genuine sensation at Petipas, and put every one in the best of humor. I don't think that I could ever forget that dance. It left a very singular impression on my mind. The night was perfectly clear and serene. From the schooner we could hear the people picking their way down the rocks to the scene of festivity. Then the squeak of the fiddle floated over the water, and a steady beating sound began, heavy and regular as the drumming of a shuttle or the beating of flails. With it was perceptible a certain rhythm at intervals. What we heard was the heavy tramp of the dancers. Evidently, they were not chasing the hours with flying feet shod with Parisian pumps and slippers. When this had lasted for several hours, we could stand it no longer, and decided to go on shore and see the dance ourselves. Part of our crew had already preceded us, and we found them excited with gin, and aiding to give the girls of Petipas royal sport.

On landing, we met the skipper of the trading schooner, himself both trader and Captain, a tall, well-made person, six feet in his stockings, straight as a ruler, and combining in his manner and expression shrewdness and executive ability. His strong hand and his quick, decisive manner, showed the commander; while his somewhat refined features and clear, sharp, gray eye, indicated the man of business. "Walk up, gentlemen; walk up and make yourselves at home," he said, in a pleasant but au-



The Dance at Petipas.

thoritative tone, as he showed us into the building where the dance was going on, for he was both host and master of ceremonies. There was not a light visible to guide our steps as we stumbled across a high threshold out of the moonlight into a darkness that might be felt.

"Look out for your heads! turn to your right!" he called out, as he heard us tumbling over each other, groping for something to take hold

of. Finally we hit on a ladder, and knew by the sound that it was leading us to the festal hall. Some one opened a door suddenly, and revealed the floor of a loft, on which we hastened to plant our feet.

Through a low door we entered a small, low-ceiled room, dimly lighted by two or three tallow dips, set on a barrel in bottles. The air was confusedly hazy with the dust beaten out of the floor and the rafters above by the tread of the dancers. Several score of people were crammed into a small compass, and care had been taken to keep doors and windows closed. For people so accustomed to exposure, they showed a wonderful dread of fresh air. The spectators, consisting of matrons, children, and old fishermen, were seated on a bench running round two sides of the room. The music was supplied by an uncouth fiddler, who sat on the window-seat, with a violin to which he beat time, thumping his heels against the wall. The provisions for the entertainment consisted of some very bad gin, set out with glasses and hard-tack on the head of a barrel. In the center of the floor were half a dozen lads and as many lassies engaged in a dead-and-alive waltz, without any apparent beginning or end to it. They reminded me of a group of puppets arranged with wires, moving about as they did with the interest and gracefulness of so many wooden figures. It was one of the most amusing sights imaginable. There was no expression in their faces, but they hopped up and down with a steady tattoo on the floor. After this movement had lasted for some moments, without any apparent change in the position of the human puppets, the fiddler sent his tune away up into a diabolical squeak. Responding to the crescendo, each swain fairly lifted his partner off her feet, whirled her about the room, and planted her squarely on the floor in another place, and the tattoo was resumed with a persistent fury for monotony, that continued until the next shriek of the fiddle-bow once more altered the position of the couples. This might have continued endlessly, without the least variation, but there seemed to be knots in this rope. When these were reached the dance stopped and a rush was made for the refreshments. In one of these interludes we made our escape.

"The young people seem to be enjoying themselves," said the host, as we emerged once more to the fresh air. "I hope you enjoyed yourselves, too. Won't you come aboard, gentlemen?"

Accepting his invitation, we scrambled into the cabin of his schooner, and were surprised to find what a fine vessel she was, how completely equipped and thoroughly stored with goods. The cabin was like a country store, the sides being lined with shelves, on which was piled a little of almost everything required by a rural and fishing population.

We straightened out our crew in the morning, by ordering them no shore to fill the water casks and bring off a sheep. After that they were sent to the windlass to heave up the anchor, and we made sail for St. Pierre. We had a dead beat against a strong breeze to South Head; but the day was superb, as if this noble bay wished to fix a favorable impression upon the memory of the voyagers who had come so far to see it. Blomidon soared majestically above us, the monarch of that mountain land, crowned with a wreath of roseate clouds, and the surrounding isles were suffused with the glow of a peaceful sunset. The water of the Bay of Islands is as blue as that of the Mediterranean. In this case it can not be due to a larger proportion of salt, which is the cause of the intense hues of the sea in warm climates, so it must be attributed to the great depth of the Newfoundland bay. As I gazed entranced on the lovely scene before me, I was able for the first time to realize, by the aid of the golden haze veiling the long slopes and tumbling steepes, the grandeur of the sierras which inclose the Bay of Islands. The silence was intensified by the silvery waterfalls dropping from crag to crag many hundred feet with an ethereal motion, and yet giving forth no echo or sound of their dashing, so distant were they from our ship. But to the eye they appeared to be only a few brief furlongs away. The full moon loomed above the mountain-tops, solemn and glorious; and in that weird stillness, and touched by an awesome feeling creeping over us, as if we were alone in all the mysterious vastness of an unknown and unexplored region, our little schooner, seeming puny as a cork-boat, was fanned past the Titanic cliffs which form the gateway of the bay. It was two in the morning. All slept save the watch and the writer. No sound was heard except now and then the low sighing of a passing gust through the sails, or the long, low, far-away boom of the surf rolling into the caves of the implacable cliffs, and reverberating with muffled thunder down that iron-bound coast.

But sentiment was soon forced to yield to reality, for we were becalmed on a lee shore, and were rapidly drifting toward it with the heaving of the swell. After exhausting every device in vain, we were happily saved from the doom which drew nearer every moment by a light breeze off the land. The following day was of that nondescript character which infuriates the mariner to the last degree. Baffling winds and calms, thunder-squalls, and the prospect of another night in the vicinity of this coast, terminated in a sunset of more than usual magnificence, with a wild burst of rain hurrying over a leaden sea, attended by several rainbows and masses of cumuli rolling up sublime over the Bay of Islands. I never

knew the sign of the rainbow to fail at sea. It is the infallible prognosticator of bad weather when seen at morning; while the most cautious mariner may pace the night-watches in hope and dream sweetly of his home when the bow of promise arches opposite to the setting sun. The mercury now rose rapidly, and by midnight a fresh northeaster set in. This was exactly the wind we needed. At breakfast-time every heart on board was exhilarated. We had reason to rejoice, for the little schooner was bounding ahead wing and wing on the rising sea, with half a gale dead aft, and "Ho, for St. Pierre!" was again the cry.

V.

BORNE by the Newfoundland breeze which roused us from apathy the second morning after leaving the Bay of Islands, we cherished hopes of seeing St. Pierre by night of the morrow.



Map of the Cruise from the Bay of Islands to St. Pierre.

Cape Anguille appeared in sight about noon, and we were abreast of Codroy at sunset, with the lights of St. Paul's Island bearing about west on the starboard beam. This island lies in the strait between Cape North and Cape Ray, and were it not for the powerful twin light-houses which warn away the mariner, would be a most dangerous foe to ships, owing to its precipitous cliffs. The current of the St. Lawrence runs on the west side with great velocity, and, in fact, is a serious obstacle to vessels coming on this coast from the south and east. I remember once being in a bark which attempted to make Sydney in a gale of wind. Before we could get into port the violence of the northwester

of wind. Before we could get into port the violence of the northwester

forced us to heave the ship to on the port tack. This was toward night, and by daybreak she had drifted with the current out of sight of land, eighty miles to leeward. We thought of touching at Codroy, where the scenery is said to rival that of the Bay of Islands, although on a less extensive scale; but the heavy sea, together with the fair wind bearing us toward St. Pierre, led us to keep on our course. Cape Ray was passed in the first watch. It is a bold headland, many hundred feet high, like all this remarkable coast. A pyramid island projects beyond it, crested by the star-like gleam of a friendly light-house. All the following day we carried the wind with us until night, and to stimulate the wakefulness of the crew we offered a prize to the one who first sighted the light of St. Pierre. The dangers attending approach to these islands, especially the fog liable to appear there at any moment, made it exceedingly desirable to get into port before a change of wind. But no one was destined to win the prize; for when morning dawned the islands were discerned still so distant that the light-house could not be seen. The fact was that the wind failed us just when we most needed it. But although it was calm, an enormous swell from the southwest set in, indicating a storm blowing in that quarter and liable to reach us, bringing with it the dreaded fog that would oblige us to put out to sea again. To make matters worse, a light wind carried us actually within two miles of the passage between Miquelon and St. Pierre. At night-fall we were becalmed, unable to get in or make an offing. The glass was falling, and the little vessel was rolling her scuppers under, entirely helpless. A sublime thunder-squall struck the schooner in the first watch. The lightning resembled rockets shooting from the horizon to the zenith, and the thunder rolled over the surface of the sea like the balls that Rip Van Winkle heard in the Catskill Mountains. A sharp wind out of the southeast and a fog of the most opaque character followed, and we were, therefore, in a condition to consider any change as preferable to the existing order of things. We lay off and on all night, entertained by the roar of the surf on the ledges which skirt the islands. We tacked at daylight with an ugly reef just under the bow, and the steam fog-horns of the two islands moaning through the dripping mist. The light-house and fog-horn of Miquelon have been long an absolute necessity; for on the long low bar between Great and Little Miquelon many a good ship has laid her bones. Two steamers were wrecked there last year.

"It's no use talking," said our old skipper; "we can't dodge around here among them ledges. I've got to look out for the ship and the lives on board. You may want to risk trying the passage; but if this fog don't lift soon, we'll have to stick the schooner out to sea. This ain't no place

to be fooling with fogs and reefs." He said this in a tone and with an energy of manner which indicated that the lion in him was aroused, and would not be trifled with. We, on the other hand, were as strongly determined on keeping close in, feeling our way by the lead and the sound of the fog-whistles, and watching for the first break in the fog to work the ship to an anchorage.

At this critical moment, when a conflict of authority seemed imminent, we were all standing on the bow peering into the fog, and trying to discover something. The roar of the surf was near at hand, and the skipper was about to give the word to put up the helm, when the fog suddenly parted. Directly over our heads loomed the red cliffs of Miquelon, glowing with the morning sunshine.

"Down with your helm, hard down!" cried Captain Welsh; and the little schooner shot up into the wind, with a foam-whitened reef close alongside, and fell off on the other tack. The wind now shifted several points, and the fog reluctantly "scoffed" away, giving us a clear passage with a strong northeast breeze, which enabled us to work up the channel, past the grand rock called Colombier, which lies off the northern end of St. Pierre. On the opposite side, on Miquelon, is a remarkable natural arch bathed by the sea, which merits more reputation than it enjoys.

On passing Columbiere we discovered a scene of maritime activity scarcely equaled on this side of the Atlantic. The transition was somewhat sudden, because St. Pierre is a sterile rock, three to four miles long and six hundred feet high, with ragged outline, and offering scarce a sign of life on its sea-side, which bristles with picturesque but inhospitable crags. But the port and roads present altogether a different appearance, and, in fact, an animation scarce equaled by any other seaport in the world. We gained a hint of what we were to see when a pilot lugger darted around Colombier and glided close to us, showing a crew in blouses and tufted French sea-caps. She was exactly like the pilot luggers of Bordeaux, and nowhere else in America is such a craft to be found. And yet when we at last opened the roads of St. Pierre, we were completely surprised by the scene which lay before us. I had but to close my eyes and open them, and I seemed to be once more in Europe, entering some busy port on the coast of the Mediterranean. The illusion was complete. On our right towered some tremendous cliffs, and a picturesque columnar beacon arose in the foreground. On the opposite side lay a group of rocky islets, crested by forts bristling with useless cannon, and succeeded by the fishing village of Isle aux Chiens, in the center of which stood a great church and the customary cross. At the lower end

of the roads toward which we were heading, the roofs of St. Pierre clambered in a dense cluster up the steep hill-side, smitten by the splendor of the sun's departing glory. Across the water stole the sweet music of the cathedral bell calling to vespers. But still more surprising was the activity and bustle apparent all over the port. Only at the wharves of Liverpool or New York can crowds of shipping be seen gathered in such dense masses of masts interlocked by ropes and yards. Although it was Sunday evening, this hardly seemed to make the slightest difference at St. Pierre;



A Street in St. Pierre.

ships were loading and unloading, and the musical singing of sailors at their work could be heard far and near, softening the creaking of blocks. Schooners and luggers were creeping lazily into port, with the measured stroke of sweeps as in olden time, and women could be seen fishing or rowing, their babies clustered in the stern of the boat with their fists in their mouths, just as in Brittany. The only sign to show that it was Sunday evening was the measured toll of the bells from the churches, and the melody of accordions or flutes from boats filled with laughing girls and



Evans. sc.

A Fishing Gang at St. Pierre.

their lovers gliding away into the shades of twilight, which gradually drew its veil over the scene as our cable rattled in the port of St. Pierre.

As soon as our sails were furled and the schooner made snug for the night, the crew demanded leave to go on shore. But previous experience with them had warned us to keep a strict watch on their movements; and much to their irritation, therefore, we gave decisive orders that the boat should not be lowered into the water that night. We also forbade any one coming on board. The latter order remained in force during our whole stay at St. Pierre; otherwise we should have been overrun with *canaille*, who would have demoralized the crew, and perhaps have run them off to other vessels.

Ships for the most part anchor in what is called the roads, between St. Pierre and Isle aux Chiens, which is as snug a harbor as could be desired in most winds. But in northeast storms the roads are greatly exposed, and then the inner harbor is completely packed with vessels. This little port is entirely landlocked, and is provided with docks and wharves. But the low depth of water excludes vessels drawing more than thirteen feet.

On the following morning the officer of the port came on board in French uniform, and, after extracting a fee, gave us a permit to land or sail free from further charges. We then ordered our boat alongside and went on shore. A nearer approach to the town, instead of dispelling, rather heightened, the impression that we must be in some seaport of the old world, which had been drifted across the Atlantic, away from its moorings, and planted here.

St. Pierre and its adjacent islands of Miquelon, or Langlade, and Isle aux Chiens, form the last bit of territory in North America on which France has retained her grasp. Tradition states that these islands were known early in the thirteenth century to the Basques, who frequented the Newfoundland Banks, engaged, it is said, at that early period in pursuit of cod-fish. We do not see how such a tradition could have arisen unless founded on fact; and yet historians do not seem to have given it much attention. It was not until 1604 that a fishing settlement was begun at St. Pierre. In 1713 the colony numbered three thousand souls, and had become a very important fishing port. In that very year St. Pierre was ceded to Great Britain, together with Newfoundland, the French being merely allowed permission to dry their fish on the adjacent shores. But when the victory of Wolfe resulted in the loss of Canada to France, she was once more awarded this little group of isles lying off Fortune Bay, to serve as a depot for her fishermen. The French now gave themselves in



Government Houses and Town Pumps at St. Pierre.

earnest to developing the cod-fisheries, determined, apparently, that what they had lost in land should be made up by the sea. In twelve years the average exportation of fish amounted to six thousand quintals, giving employment to over two hundred smacks, sailed by eight thousand seamen. The English recaptured the isles in 1778, destroyed all the stages and store-houses, and forced the inhabitants to go into exile. The peace of Versailles restored St. Pierre to France in 1783, and the fugitives returned to the island at the royal expense. The fisheries now became more prosperous than ever, when the war of 1793 once more brought the English fleets

to St. Pierre. Again the inhabitants were forced to fly. By the peace of Amiens, in 1802, France regained control of this singularly evanescent possession, and lost it the following year, when the town was destroyed. In 1816 St. Pierre and Miquelon were finally re-ceded to France, in whose power they have ever since remained.

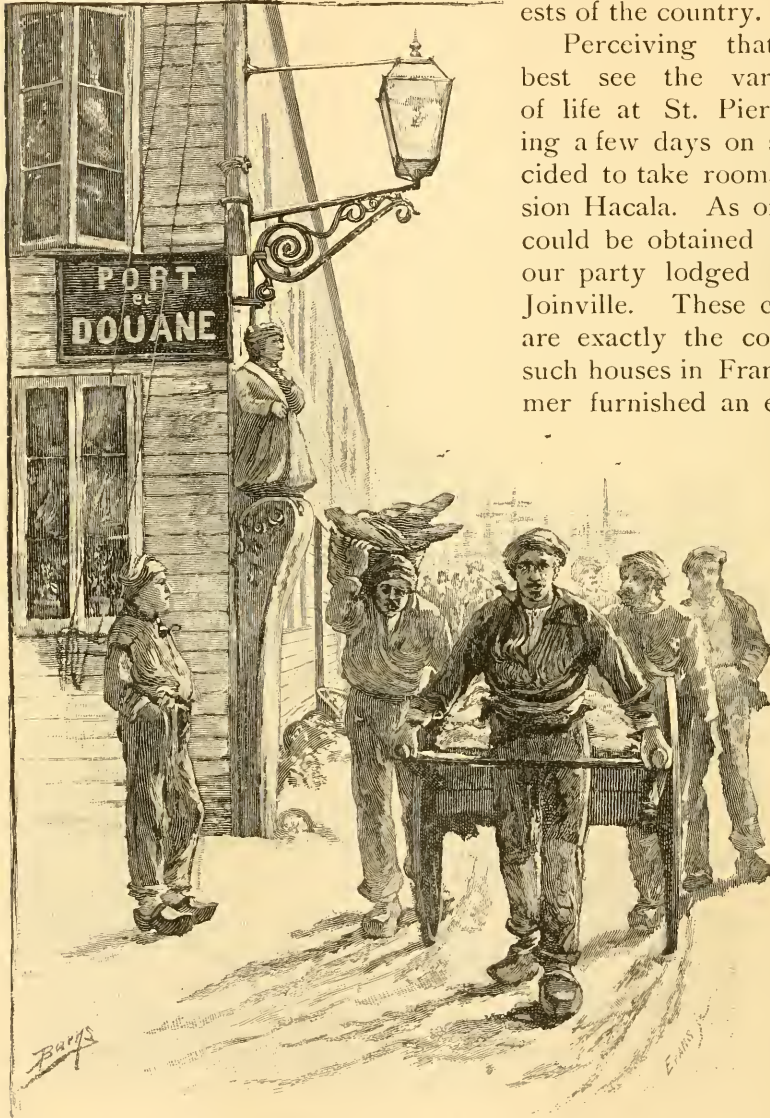
Moved by a wise policy, the government aided the unfortunate merchants and fishermen, and offered a subsidy on the vessels employed in the fisheries. The results have amply justified the outlay. St. Pierre is now in all probability the most important fishing port in the world. The population, it is true, is comparatively insignificant, numbering 5,440 for the three islands, of which 4,804 are resident at the port of St. Pierre. But of these, only 783 are foreigners, and all are more or less dependent on the fisheries, while the number of sailors sometimes congregated at St. Pierre raises the population for the time to over ten thousand. But it is in the shipping that we learn of the importance of St. Pierre. In 1881 the number of entries at the port reached 2,615, while the clearances were 2,590, representing a total of 254,190 tons. Even taking into consideration the fact that many of these vessels entered more than once, yet it indicates great bustle and activity for so small a place, more especially as the season lasts only for six months.

There is another feature attending this movement in shipping which it would also be difficult to parallel in any other important port at the present time. There is a small tug owned at St. Pierre; two steamers also touch there bi-monthly from Halifax and St. Johns. But, with these exceptions, it is exceedingly rare to see anything but sailing-ships at St. Pierre. The appearance of the port conveys almost the illusion that one has returned to the age before steam, while the wholly foreign and old-time aspect is strengthened by the curious and picturesque yawls, luggers, top-sail schooners and full-rigged brigs which swarm in the harbor. The tricolor and gay burgees are also seen on all sides, giving color to the scene. This is indeed a place for the marine artist to visit. By far the greater part of these vessels are French. Many of them are employed, of course, in catching the fish. But the remarkable fact remains that the greater part of the fishermen come from Normandy and the south of France in spring, and return thither for the winter. The values represented by the exports of St. Pierre in 1882 reached the large figure of 20,883,624 francs. The total commerce was nearly 40,000,000 francs (\$8,000,000). These data relate chiefly to cod-fish and the salt imported for preserving it. All the salt used by the French fish-stations elsewhere on the coast of Newfoundland is first brought to St. Pierre, and thence

reshipped. Ample, massive quays of masonry have been constructed, and everything about the harbor indicates that paternal policy which in France supervises the commercial interests of the country.

Perceiving that we could best see the various aspects of life at St. Pierre by spending a few days on shore, we decided to take rooms at the Pension Hacala. As only one room could be obtained there, one of our party lodged at the Hôtel Joinville. These establishments are exactly the counterparts of such houses in France. The former furnished an excellent *table*

d'hôte with wines; the latter afforded meals on reasonable terms *à la carte*. The beds were precisely the beds of Havre or Bordeaux, with red canopies and dense coverlets of down. We were lighted to bed with the brass



A Street Corner.

candlestick familiar to all who have been in France. Always during the

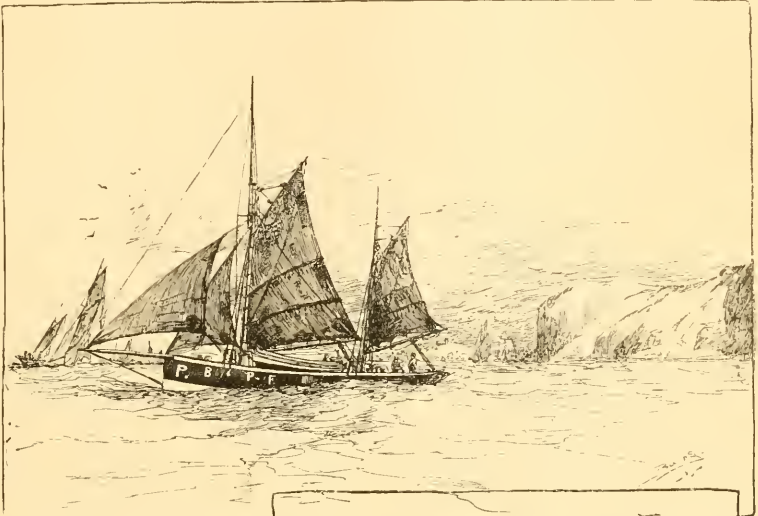
day the café of the hotel was noisy with the talk of ruddy Gascons or pale blue-eyed Normans, playing checkers and quaffing absinthe, cognac, or *café noir*, or chaffing with Jeanne, the piquant waiter-girl. Every type of the French race was to be seen in this thriving little town.

The cafés and cabarets of high and low degree are found at every turn. On

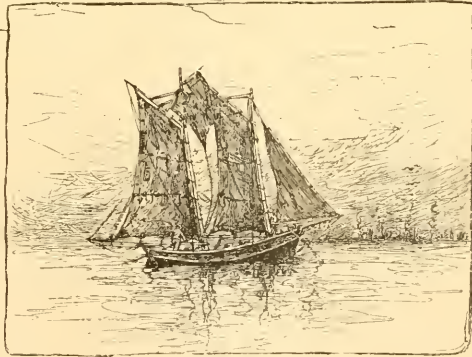
the Cathedral square is the Casino, which includes a theater for the private theatricals acted and attended by the élite of St. Pierre. Owing to the large number of sailors sometimes in port, which

occasionally exceeds that of the entire resident population and garrison, unusual precautions are taken to insure quiet and security. At ten o'clock at night the roll of a drum orders all the cafés and public houses to be closed, with the exception of the Casino and the Hôtel Joinville, which may be kept open until eleven. This rule is enforced with undeviating strictness, and helps to convey an impression of military discipline, which at once distinguishes the place from any other town in America, and transports the imagination back to Europe. A small garrison occupies barracks at the terminus of the principal street.

This little colony of scarce five thousand souls has all the machinery of



A Sketch off St. Pierre.



A St. Pierre Fishing Boat.

a large government, and seems as if it were made to put under a glass case, as a complete and portable epitome of civil and military organization. With the exception of the governor, who is appointed by the home government, the colony of St. Pierre is left to take care of itself. The governor, who is the Count of St. Phalle, occupies a commodious and picturesque residence facing a terrace, and approached from the *place* by a double stair-way, flanked by the lodges of the porter and the guard. The Count is assisted by an elective council. The judiciary is elaborately arranged and conveniently lodged in an elegant stone court-house. It includes a chief-justice and all the various grades common in French administration of justice. There is also an insular department of marine affairs, a marine court, departments of war and finance with separate buildings, a board of health, a department of religion and one of public instruction, a chamber of commerce, besides, of course, a careful system of pilotage, a bureau of charities, a superintendent of roads, and the like. The fact is, that the system of government is so complete, while the population is so small, that every prominent citizen has an office, and some actually serve in several official capacities. This is, indeed, the paradise of office-seekers. Furthermore, not to be behind the mother country, this tight little isle actually boasts of owning as citizens not less than eight chevaliers of the Legion of Honor.

The day after our arrival we found out that St. Pierre may be considered famous for something besides its fisheries, that is, its fog. I am inclined to think that this is the central depot where this article is stored for the rest of the world. We remained at St. Pierre eight days, and during seven days a fog as opaque as the walls of Babylon enveloped the harbor and the hills. At rare intervals it would roll off the hills and give a view of the town; but for seven unbroken days the lighthouse and the harbor were concealed, and it required great care to row about the port and discover one's own ship. For seven long days the steam fog-horn never ceased blowing its shrill warning once a minute. While that horn blew we knew, whatever the time of day or night, that St. Pierre was an isolated islet shut out from approach, and the sensation produced by the thought was peculiar, and different from anything I had previously experienced. The town, strange to say, seemed to be quite free from fog during all this interval. In thick weather the approach to the islands is hazardous, and three vessels went ashore during that week; one of them, a large English bark, proved a total wreck. Many is the noble ship that has gone to pieces on these inhospitable reefs. But during all this time we found no lack of entertainment. There was a zest, a piquancy, to

every scene and object about us, which gave the place a human interest I have rarely enjoyed to such a degree on this side of the Atlantic. The natural vivacity of the French seems to have lost nothing by being transplanted to these bleak isles. The superstition and the intense worldliness of the Latin, tempered by streaks of religion, were evident, one might literally say, at every corner; for images of the Virgin, or of saints, more or less quaint, are common on the street corners, sometimes protected by a roof and lit by a dip-light, or candle. Indeed, among the first objects to confront the eye as one enters the port are an immense crucifix crowning the hill on which the town is built, and an image of the Virgin in a natural niche in the cliff overlooking the port, two hundred feet above the water. Pretty maidens, reminding one of Languedoc, trip to the street-fountain with their water-jars, and cross themselves one moment as they pass the image of a saint, and the next instant exchange merry glances with a passing lover. Perhaps that interested person is clad like a peasant in the south of France. Every other man one meets in the streets wears the French blouse, heavy sabots, and a blue beretta. The latter is a felt cap peculiar to the peasants of Béarn. Perhaps, too, this blouse-wearing lout is driving a cart drawn by oxen yoked with the immense carved and tasseled yoke employed in the south of Europe. When you see this creaking wain laden with barrels of wine approaching, drawn in this wise and guided by the aforesaid slouching figure past the image of a saint, you say involuntarily to yourself: "Is there not some mistake about this? I thought I was in America, but surely I must be in Biscay." The Gallic love of dogs is also prominent at St. Pierre. The number of dogs actually licensed is out of all proportion to the population. They appear at every corner, and even the peddler's cart is drawn by dogs. Many of them are of the Newfoundland breed—large, handsome, and dignified, as who should say, "Before the French came we were lords of this island." A fight of Newfoundland dogs is of daily occurrence on the quay, and is characterized by a massiveness truly colossal. I saw nine of these noble fellows engaged one day in a general battle. A crowd collected at once; but no one seemed inclined to interfere, for the very good reason that there is scarcely a man who does not confess to himself a certain zest in watching a dog-fight, a feeling society sometimes obliges us to conceal.

One of the most common street sights of St. Pierre is the town-crier. Does a merchant receive a fresh invoice of goods, he advertises them by this means. Is there to be a fête, or a rifle-match, the place and date are proclaimed by the same personage. He wears a uniform, and calls attention to his proclamation by a preliminary, soul-stirring fanfare of a bugle.

As he marches from street to street he is followed by a crowd of boys filing behind him, and keeping step like soldiers, while they sing "Enfants de la Patrie!" or the Marseillaise. When he reaches the bronze fountain in the great square facing the harbor, the interest aroused by the approaching bugle reaches its climax; every one stops in his work, and all gather in a crowd to learn the news. This is indeed a lively spot, where merchants with wise heads discuss trade; where the idlers about town



The Cathedral.

stroll with their dogs; where the ships unload their cargoes; and where the ladies promenade at evening. One of the most characteristic features of St. Pierre well illustrates the French love for the beautiful. There is scarcely a tree on the island, and but little grass, the vegetation being confined to moss on the hills, and minute vegetable gardens in the city. But as one walks through the little town he hardly feels the barrenness of nature, for every window glows with the splendor of house plants in full

bloom, generally geraniums of vivid hues. It matters not how humble the dwelling, its windows are radiant with scarlet, and orange, and emerald.

Society at St. Pierre is by no means dull; on the contrary, it is eminently French. One of the wealthiest citizens is an aged widow, who in her own right carries on fishing, builds ships, and conducts the largest trading-house on the island. One finds the same restraint regarding the women obtaining here which is so common in all Latin countries. A lady must not walk abroad without a companion. She would be liable to insult, or suspicion at least, if she were to do so. The English ladies, of course, do as they please about this as in other matters, while the French shrug their shoulders and spread out the palms of their hands with a grimace, as if to say, "What more could you expect from them, for they are English? Peste!" At the same time there is a license in conversation permitted, which would be considered singular in English or American society. Considering that it is a French sea-port town, St. Pierre seems, however, to be unusually correct in its morals.

These peculiar ideas regarding the conduct of women were strikingly illustrated by a trifling incident at the Hôtel Joinville. The maid of the inn was a charming young girl, who attracted much attention and flattery by her piquant manner. It was considered almost a matter of course that the men who frequented the café would chaff her with questionable jokes, and put their arms around her waist. But when the landlady heard that my companion was taking a sketch of her, she hustled the girl out of the room in high dudgeon.

"Oh, but, madame, why not let me finish the sketch, now it is begun?"

"No, never, monsieur. What would become of her if it were known that a gentleman had taken her likeness away with him to New York? It would never do; *je vous assure qu'il est impossible!*"

The people are mostly devoted to business, which they follow with that extreme thrift peculiar to the French. But there is much intelligence among them. The education of the girls is quite satisfactorily promoted by a nun's school, which has considerable repute in the maritime provinces. I was surprised to find it resorted to by English girls from Nova Scotia. Until recently, the French have shown much jealousy regarding the intrusion of foreigners into the business of St. Pierre; but this prejudice is less strong than it was. There is, however, little social intercourse between the French residents and the English, who now form a colony of several hundred, with a chapel of their own. They preserve all their national traits with emphasis. With true British fervor they engage in athletic sports, such as rowing and swimming—in which the French take

not the slightest interest—and have festivals, picnics, balls, and a rink by themselves. Many of the English at St. Pierre are connected with the management of this, and of the French Atlantic cable which lands at that island. It is a little singular that, although the cable is owned chiefly by French capitalists, it is operated entirely by English electricians. The director at St. Pierre is Mr. Walter Betts, a man of fine scientific attainments. We were indebted to him and the other gentlemen of the telegraph commission for many kind courtesies. Our party was also very



Fishing for Squid.

kindly entertained by another prominent English citizen, Mr. Trecker, the United States consular agent. Never did we find the time hanging heavily on our hands. There is a charm in the isolation of a small island which is most delightful, at least for a while. One of the most interesting spots at St. Pierre is the *place* on the quay, already alluded to, and the center of which is adorned by a *jet d'eau* issuing from a bronze fountain. The handsomest fountain in the city is, however, the square bronze structure in front of the cathedral. This structure, by the way, although one of

the few buildings of St. Pierre constructed of wood, is possessed of some architectural merit.

The establishments for the drying and preservation of fish, which are of such importance here, are fortunately on the outskirts of the town, and in no wise obtrusive. It can not be by any possibility affirmed that there is anything æsthetic about the drying of fish; but as offering a study of human nature, it is not without its advantages.

One of the sights of St. Pierre is the fishing for squid. These fish, it may not be generally known, belong to the species called the cuttle-fish, or octopus, although, of course, very much smaller. During the latter part of the season, the cod-fish can be caught only with squid. He is an aristocratic fish, is the cod; for he has decided tastes of his own, and lives up to them. He knows his ultimate destiny, but proposes that it shall be accomplished in his own way. He is resigned to being caught; but it must be with squid at one time, and with hake at another. Now, there is a fish with a character to him! For the convenience of the fish trade, the squid very accommodatingly consent to make the waters of St. Pierre their resort, and the number caught in the harbor during the season is enormous. They are all taken by hand, and they collect in such dense masses that if one but drop a jig surrounded with sharp points, it is sure to catch something, as long as there are any squid there. Men, women, and children collect in boats wherever a school of squid has settled. The scene is of the liveliest. Sometimes fifty boats, large and small, may be seen in a solid cluster, with several hundred persons flinging the squid into the boats as fast as they can lower the jig, and vociferating at the top of their lungs. This will continue for several hours, till a moment comes when every one becomes aware that the squid are satisfied with their share of the sport, and have taken French leave. One by one the boats detach themselves from the group, and wander aimlessly about the harbor, searching for the lost squid. Finally, a solitary boat is discovered attached by a line to a vessel and slyly drawing up squid. Immediately the word goes around the harbor, and from all quarters the boats are seen shooting with the utmost earnestness toward this quarter, and in a moment, as it were, a crowd has again collected. The squid bring half a cent apiece, and form one of the most important sources of revenue at St. Pierre.

The Sunday before we sailed a great annual shooting-match was held on the hills above the town. Owing to the density of the fog, the sport was somewhat impaired; but the occasion brought together a good crowd after the morning mass. The following day the fog cleared away, and we seized the opportunity to slip out of the port before it should close



Curing Fish at St. Pierre.

in thick again. Our crew were getting restless, also, and needed some occupation to keep them out of mischief. Two of them had already succeeded in getting themselves drunk on bad wine, and, after trying their best to stab the by-standers, were compelled to pass the night in the guard-house.

But before taking our leave of St. Pierre we were treated to an amusing incident. There was staying at the Pension Hacala a Canadian of un-



G.P. Williams. sc.

The Town Crier.

limited loquacity and assurance, who made the landlady believe that while ostensibly we were pleasure-seekers, newspaper men, and artists, we were really Americans of leisure and money, who thought no more of five-dollar gold pieces than a Frenchman does of a *sou*.

"Now, if you follow my advice," he said, "you'll make a round penny out of them, and you'll see they won't even notice it!"

The advice fell into willing ears. We said nothing, but waited to see the result when the time for settling arrived. Madame was an absurdly long while figuring on the bill. Besides swelling the usual items far in excess of the customary charges, Madame Hacala actually had the assurance to charge full board and lodging for the member of our party who had lodged at the Hôtel Joinville.

"How's this, madame? I haven't stayed at your house; I've only dined here two or three times. What's the meaning of this item?"

"It is true you did not stay here; but you engaged a room, and you must therefore pay for it."

"But I did not occupy the room, as it was already occupied. I only engaged it in case it should be vacant on a certain day; but it has not been vacated. No; we shall not pay that charge, madame. Permit me to say it is an outrage and a swindle."

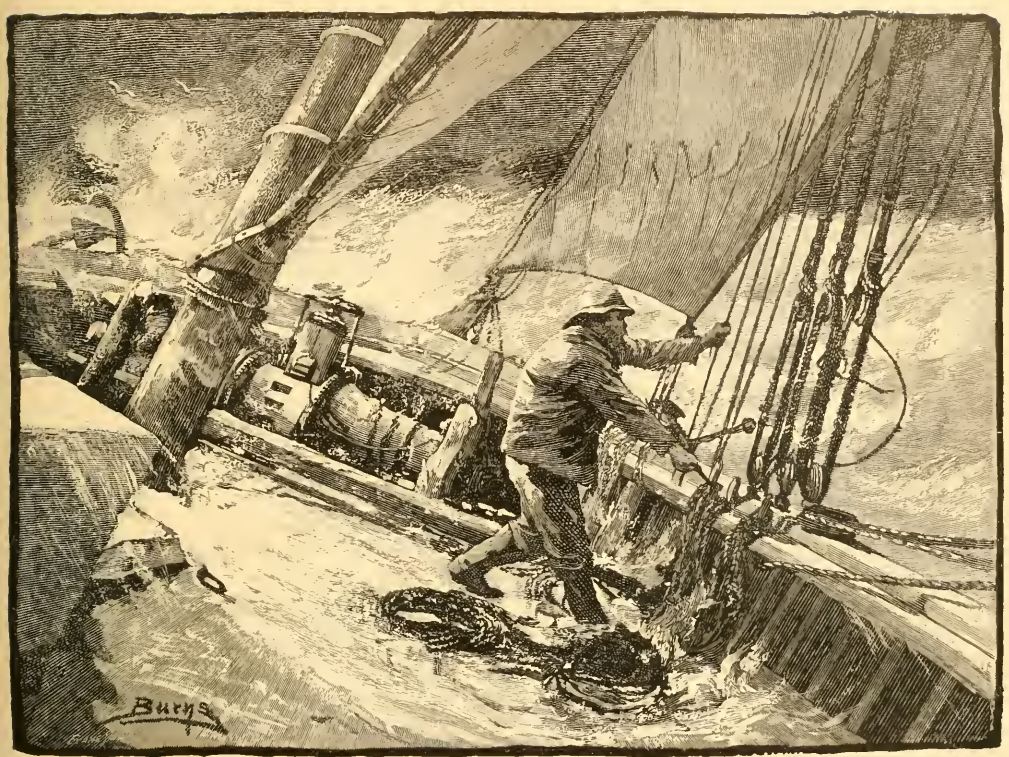
"Then monsieur does not intend to pay his hotel bill?" she said, shrugging her shoulders and making a sickly grimace in reply.

After some palaver the widow was forced to recede from some of her charges, which would not bear scrutiny.

The sun shone out brightly over the crags of St. Pierre as our little schooner drifted out to sea through the northern entrance. It had been blowing a gale of wind for two or three days and we encountered a high swell. Captain Welsh had been very reluctant to leave, and was full of forebodings when a dark night closed us in with a light head wind. With his usual caution, he steered for a good offing; and at daybreak we were well to the southward of our course, but heading for Sydney with a heavy wind.

VI.

AT day-break of August 18th we had hoped to see the high land of Cape Breton Island, but were greeted instead by a boisterous southwest gale, attended with fog, which turned into violent squalls of wind and rain and a savage sea, which, by its short, steep waves, showed that we were coming under the lee of the land. When the



Struck by a Squall.

southwest wind concludes to swell to a strong gale it is of short duration, either backing around to southeast or shifting to west-nor'west. We kept a sharp lookout in the rapid squalls, and at noon the wind shifted to north-west. At once the murky horizon began to clear away, and the lookout at the mast-head cried "Land ho!" There, indeed, was the land, twenty miles away; but the prospect of reaching it before night was slim, as the wind now fairly screeched, raising an ugly, cobbling sea which, with the strong tide and current, scarcely allowed the little *Alice May* to hold her own under the short canvas to which she was stripped.

But toward evening the wind moderated, and, with the change of the tide, we stood in quite near to the land, and gazed astonished on the noble coast lost to view far away in the brooding north. After sunset the wind came out stronger than ever, and, as Captain Welsh was unfamiliar with the harbor of Sydney, to which we were bound, we gave up all hope of getting in that night, greatly to our disappointment, as the time allotted to

our cruise was now getting short and every day was valuable. While we were discussing the prospect below in no very amiable mood, the mate put his head down the companion-way and shouted :

“ There’s a tug alongside, sir, bound in ! Do you want to hail her ? ”

We cleared the stairs at a bound, and, as we saw the tug passing us at the rate of twelve knots, did not stop an instant to deliberate, but hailed her with, “ What do you ask to take us in ? ”

“ Ten dollars ! ”

“ All right ; lay alongside and take a line aboard ! ”

In two minutes we were attached to the tug, our canvas was lowered and furled, and in an hour we dropped anchor in a snug haven amid a cluster of ships’ lights twinkling in the water around us. We had arrived at Sydney. This port depends entirely for its importance upon its coal mines. The island of Cape Breton is completely seamed with veins of coal, which are worked at various places. Louisburg and Sydney are, however, the chief mining centers, and the latter has a large export trade. The harbor is large and secure, but owing to the character of the weather, insurance is doubled on ships going there between the first of October and the first of April. Sydney really consists of North and South Sydney, which are situated five miles apart on the same bay. The former, although the larger of the two places, has little to attract. But South Sydney, where our courteous consul, Mr. Lever, resides, is a charming village, with green, sloping banks gracefully meeting the placid waters of a beautiful cove. The water is so deep near the land that the largest vessels can moor within a few yards of the shore. This is a magnificent bay for boating, and South Sydney can be safely recommended as a summer resort. Two large French ships of war were lying there at the time of our visit. The house of the French consul comes close to the water ; its ample veranda, overhanging willows, and smooth-shaven lawn aided to give a semi-tropical air to the town. Both here and at North Sydney churches abound, and the kirk and the papacy seem to be diligent in gathering flocks into the fold, the Catholics outnumbering the Protestants. The natural limits of each would appear, however, to have been reached for the present. The emigration from Cape Breton to the United States keeps pace with the natural growth of the population, which is very meager. It does not exceed seventy-five thousand, on an area larger than Massachusetts. North of the Bras d’Or, between St. Anne and Cape North, is an immense tract covered with primeval woods, which has never been fully explored. The axe has not touched the dense forests, nor has the rifle of the settler disturbed the bear, the deer, and the caribou, which

still roam there at will. Judging from the character of the coast, which is broken and sublime, the interior must be rich in attractions to the artist, the sportsman, and the adventurer. There is little enterprise at Cape Breton. "What our people want," said a gentleman to me, "is money."

But something more is needed, and that is that willingness to dare which is called enterprise. It must be conceded that the long winters tend to check immigration and to foster emigration, while the yield of the mines and the fields and the large exportation of beef cattle are sufficient to keep the people comfortable, at least, if not wealthy. It is rare to see any signs of poverty at Cape Breton. The result is to make them generally contented. They all own their farms and homesteads, and every commodity is cheap. Most of the worthy islanders are of Scotch descent, and a hale, hearty, buxom race they are. Those who come thence to the United States should be welcomed, for they are of a nature to add real strength to the race now building up in this country out of the various peoples flocking to our shores.

There was nothing to detain us long at Sydney, while the famous Bras d'Or yet remained to be seen. Louisburg we decided not to visit, because our time was short and little remains of the former town. We therefore took a fresh stock of water and provisions on board, and the second morning at dawn stood out to sea. It was a superb day, one of those which make the heart light, and we had a fair wind to carry us to the Bras d'Or, only two hours' sail from Sydney.

The conformation of Cape Breton Island is peculiar. It is divided into two nearly equal portions by an arm of the sea some sixty-five miles in length. These two halves are united at the western end by a neck only a mile wide. A canal was cut through this some years ago, allowing the passage of ships of one thousand tons, and the island now virtually forms two islands. At the eastern extremity the entrance is nearly occupied by Boulardrie Island, and the narrow passages on two sides are called the Great and the Little Bras d'Or entrances. The latter is very narrow and tortuous, and hardly accessible except to boats. But the former is nearly a mile wide in parts, and the approach is, in nautical language, clear, or free from reefs. On emerging from this strait, one comes into two noble sheets of water, called the Great and Little Bras d'Or Lakes. It is evident at a glance that this conformation of land and water must offer a fine opportunity for inland cruising.

Our fair wind suddenly shifted into our front, and we now found we should have a dead beat under press of sail to get in before night. The winds around these highlands are very puffy and capricious, but we were

amply repaid by the beauty of the frowning cliffs toward which we were heading; the colors of land, water, and sky were the most harmonious and beautiful we had yet seen during our cruise. The light showers and magnificent rolling masses of cloud added grandeur to the cliff, over one thousand feet high, trending north and south, and suffused with the most exquisite gray and purple and blue and pale green.

In the afternoon, as we were drawing near to St. Anne's Bay, the wind shifted again with a violent squall, carrying away our stay-sail. But it was in our favor, and the little craft responded to the blast with wild glee, bounding through the water at a rate which soon carried us past Cape Dauphin's cliffs to the entrance of Bras d'Or. The channel widened after we entered, but the wind failed when we had proceeded two or three miles, and we anchored under a magnificent precipitous mountain, ten hundred and fifty feet high. It is called Mount St. Anne, or Kelly's Mountain, and forms part of a range which extends along the coast to Cape North. Farm-houses were to be seen snugly situated on velvety slopes, and the crow of chanticleer floated over the water like a welcome to this favored region.

The following morning at day-break we were aroused by the familiar click of the windlass, orders having been given to start for Baddeck as soon as it should become sufficiently clear to sail without running ashore. But the wind was ahead, and we had ten miles to beat with short tacks against a strong current. Only one shoal lay in the channel, and that was buoyed. We therefore gave ourselves, without thought, to preparation for breakfast, and were discussing the probabilities of dining at Baddeck, when a harsh grating sound was heard under the keel, as the schooner lifted her bow and brought up all standing with an ominous shock.

"Isn't this a pretty way to end our cruise—in broad daylight, too!" we all exclaimed in chorus, as we tumbled on deck. We were hard and fast on a rocky shoal, and the prospect was good that we should stay there, or at least be forced to heave out our ballast. The wind was light, and we could get little help or comfort from that quarter. The vessel had missed stays when near the shoal, and the current had carried her right upon it. There was a good depth under the stern, fortunately, and once more we carried the anchor out in the boat and dropped it in deep water; but no one on board had any idea that it would prove of any avail, the vessel seemed to be so firmly fixed on the rocks. We all bowsed on the cable with a will, but were not surprised to find that our efforts made no impression. We had about concluded to start the ballast, and a gen-

eral feeling of depression and disgust prevailed, altogether too deep for tears, when, to our surprise, the ship made a sudden movement, then yielded yet further to the gentle coaxing of the hawser, and finally slid easily into deep water and floated. We could only account for her getting off on the presumption that she had lodged on a ledge which had split away by the pressure of the keel. But apprehensions and surmises now



The Bras d'Or Lakes, Cape Breton Island.

gave place to rejoicing. Soon after, a staving easterly wind added to our good luck, and drove us up the strait as if we were bound to the gold mines instead of the Bras d'Or. The approach to the first, or smaller, of the two lakes is exceedingly beautiful; the hills, receding on either hand from the shore, are crowned with tuft-like forests, nodding over the lovely slopes. The scenery here is much like that of the Hudson. As we opened the lake, palisade-like plaster cliffs began to appear, greatly adding to

the effectiveness of the prospect. In some places they were shaped like the columnar bastions of the Giant's Causeway; or, anon, their grayish-white rocks, spotted with lead-colored tints and overgrown with vines or dwarf cedars, bore a marvelous resemblance to some of the old castles of Europe.

These plaster cliffs form one of the prominent features of the scenery in many parts of Cape Breton, not only by the water-side, but inland as well. When the rock is broken, it has a beautiful creamy white color; but the weather gradually tones this down into mellow, harmonious grays. The plaster is a deposit of lime, which has proved a considerable source of profit to the island—more, perhaps, in the past than at the present—both for plastering houses and for enriching the soil.

At last a light-house appeared, perched on the brow of a lofty cliff. It seemed strange to see light-houses in a small lake, conveying the impression that it was a miniature sea. This idea was emphasized when another small light-house was discovered at the end of a wee bit of an islet which helps to form the quaint little harbor of Baddeck; and there, too, lay Baddeck itself, a miniature sea-port in a miniature sea! The effect was almost whimsical. Here is a capital city, compact and complete as cities abroad, with its light-houses, its ship-yard, its wharves, its custom-house, its bank, its court-house, its jail, its suburbs, its hotels, its old mansions, and what not besides, and yet numbering only about a hundred houses and a population of five hundred!

We arrived at Baddeck, the capital of Cape Breton, about three P. M., and immediately landed to get the letters we expected to find there. From the day we left Charlottetown we had not heard from home, nor for six weeks had an opportunity been offered us to send letters that would reach home sooner than if mailed by us at Cape Breton, so meager are postal communications in some of the places we had visited, while, in several cases, the monthly boat had sailed the day before we could reach it. It was Sunday afternoon, and, of course, the post-office would be closed. But we determined to make an effort to get a sight of our correspondence before another sun should set.

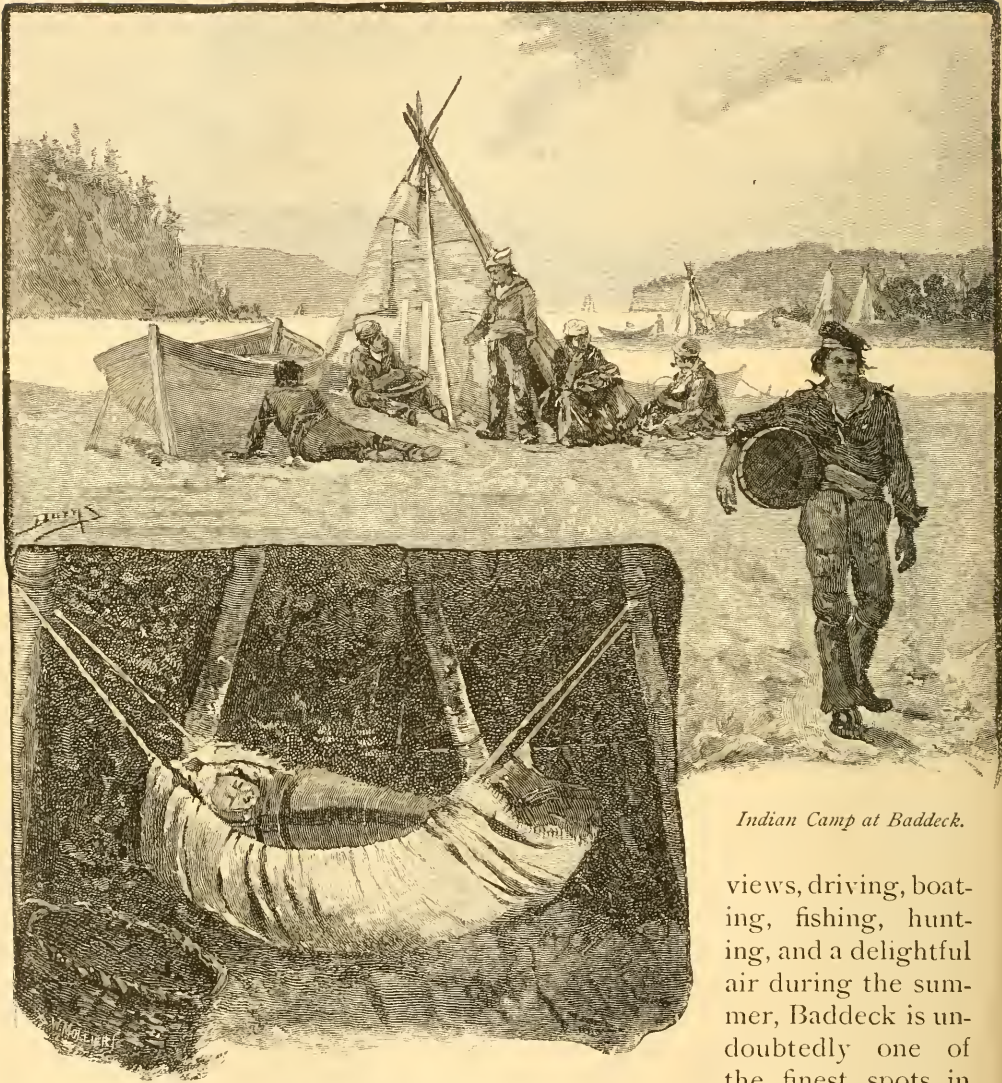
The post-office was in the residence of the post-master, a picturesque cottage half concealed in shrubbery. That dignified official had been to church, and was at home reading the weekly newspaper and the latest monthly magazines from the United States. He received us politely, but blandly declined to desecrate the Sabbath by entering the office and giving us our letters, which, he kindly informed us, were there awaiting us and would be given to us on Monday. But he was willing to listen to reason,

and when we told him we had not had a word from home for two months, he saw the point, and graciously relented. In a few minutes we had a pile of letters in our hands, and hastened to the hotel to read them.

The situation of Baddeck is exceedingly beautiful, on the slope of a steep hill whose summit commands a superb view over the Bras d'Or lakes. One of the most interesting houses in Baddeck is the residence of Mr. Campbell, who represents this district at Ottawa. A fine stone wall, bearing marks of age, and a venerable row of poplars give a certain air of decayed gentility to the place. The jail is a low, brown, black-roofed stone building adjoining the post-office. It is the oldest as well as the most interesting structure in the town. It stands directly on the street, without any inclosure, but the windows are secured by iron bars, which give a grim aspect to what might otherwise be taken to be a granary. No prisoners were confined in the jail at the time of our visit, nor was there evidence that any had been there for a long time. But the jailer's family occupied it; and it was not unusual to see two pretty faces gossiping idly behind the bars, and embroidering the while, as one sometimes sees gayly tinted flowers clambering over the crumbling walls of an old fortress.

On market day the streets of Baddeck are lively with Highlanders coming in from the country-side to barter their produce, and Gaelic is heard on all sides. It is by no means uncommon to find some among them still who speak only Gaelic. We saw a lassie at the school-house door gayly discoursing with a grave young man, possibly one of the trustees, and her flaxen elf-locks, bright blue-gray eyes, rosy cheeks, tall, shapely form, and elastic step were for all the world so thoroughly Scotch one might have sworn she was Burns's Highland Mary.

The suburbs of Baddeck extend east and west along the water-side. The east suburb, if we may so term it, consists of a most beautiful and romantic road, somewhat elevated about the beach, and extending to the bottom of a deep cove where ships load coal and lime. It is skirted on the water-side by birch and cedar, gracefully overhanging the bank. Attractive cottages are on the other side at rare intervals, hidden in groves of natural growth thinned out. A church, finely situated on a knoll midway, gives a *point d'appui* for the eye, and accentuates one of the loveliest drives in British America. Along the entire distance one gazes upon the grand heights of Mount St. Anne and the island-studded waters of the Bras d'Or. Anywhere near New York, this noble natural esplanade would be greedily seized by land speculators, and would soon be lined with elegant country-seats. For a combination of attractions, including



Indian Camp at Baddeck.

A Wigwam Cradle.

views, driving, boating, fishing, hunting, and a delightful air during the summer, Baddeck is undoubtedly one of the finest spots in the gulf provinces, and it is a great

matter of surprise that some of our people do not make it a summer resort. Land and provisions are at present exceedingly cheap. The difficulty is, in going to any new place, that no sooner do the people imagine there is to be a demand for their property than they ask inflated

prices, which tend to drive away the new-comers, who might eventually give land a fixed and reasonable value.

The other suburb of Baddeck is on a low point adjoining the western end of Cape Breton's capital. Doubtless without deliberate intention, this has been made very attractive to tourists. The houses are exceedingly picturesque, and give the impression that their occupants are enjoying a sort of perpetual picnic. To be more precise, we will say that we found there a genuine aboriginal camp, composed of bark wigwams and inhabited by real Indians, who, in spite of the tattered vestments which a neighboring civilization has forced upon them, retain a certain savage aspect



On the Road to Baddeck.

that is not without interest and piquancy. As one approaches the camp, through a grove of dwarf cedars, he discovers unmistakable evidence of Indian life in the groups of dogs sleeping on the turf or fighting over a bone. Then papooses, more or less nude, are seen tumbling on the grass in rude sport—black-eyed, black-haired, copper-colored, and unspeakably filthy and stupid. There is no mistake in the symptoms. We are on the edge of an Indian settlement pure and simple. The wigwams are constructed wholly of birch bark, and are occupied, summer and winter, in preference to any other habitations. We found the inhabitants of this suburb not unwilling to receive visitors with a gruff, surly courtesy.

Their speech is pure Algonquin, although some of them speak broken English. In two or three of the wigwams we noticed stoves—a concession to a progressive civilization which was very amusing, especially when the pipe could be seen peering above the pointed roof of the conical bark structure. The infant papooses, tightly swathed in swaddling bandages, were suspended in leather hammocks, and were curious and nondescript objects, little dreaming that they were the rightful owners of Cape Breton Island, yet were destined to be robbed of their inheritance by the law of the strongest. It is a fact that the Indians of Cape Breton still consider themselves to be the rightful owners of the island, and, while living on friendly terms with the whites because obliged to do so, bear them no good will. It is not so many years since an open attempt was made to assert these views, when, under the influence of liquor, a number of them undertook to break into a house, violently declaiming against the invasion of their rights. At present no one is allowed to sell liquor to these Indians, and they are, for the most part, an inoffensive race, devoted to a life of indolence, with intervals given to fishing and the making of tubs and baskets. The Indians of Cape Breton are Micmacs, and number, perhaps, two thousand. There is a large settlement of them at Whycomagh, where they live in neat huts on a reservation of two thousand acres. Near the western end of the Bras d'Or they own an islet, called Indian Island, on which there is a large Roman Catholic Church. Once a year, on the third of August, they assemble there from all this region, put up wigwams for the occasion, and spend a week in reviving Indian games and ceremonials. Religious services are also performed in the church, which are intended to sanctify them for the ensuing twelvemonth. Each individual is expected to give the priest ten cents before he can be absolved. As these Indians are wretchedly poor, receiving pay in kind for what they produce, it is said that many find it difficult to contribute even this minute offering.

The day after our arrival at Baddeck it blew a violent gale of wind. But the weather moderated the following day, and, after laying in the usual stock of fresh provisions, we headed our little vessel once more to the westward. The Little Bras d'Or Lake is about ten miles square, although really much larger, owing to the deep bays which make in several directions. It comes to a narrow passage, when it merges in the Great Bras d'Or Lake, which is called Barra Strait, or Grand Narrows. This is one of the prettiest parts of the Bras d'Or. The large lake is about fifteen miles in width. The northern side is picturesquely clustered with islets; but the southern side is fringed with vertical plaster palisades,

which tend to make this lovely sheet of water dangerous to small vessels in northerly gales, owing to the under-tow. The short waves raised here in a storm are sometimes quite dangerous, and small vessels have been known to founder in the Great Bras d'Or. It came on thick with rain and half a gale, which made it a little difficult to discover the outlet for which we were heading; especially as the mate and the captain were at variance as to the location of the gray headlands looming faintly through the mist. But the Sydney steamer came along at this time, and by watching her course we were able to find the point we were seeking.

When it was no longer of much consequence whether it was clear or cloudy, the sun came out in a blue sky and a lovely afternoon attended our onward course. As we entered the narrow channel of the west Bras d'Or, we had Indian Island close on the port beam, and obtained a clear view of the church and the wigwags. On the starboard was the light-house of Cape George. The light-keeper occupied a unique residence; it was the cabin of a large vessel which had been wrecked there some years before.

At this place we met a fleet of rakish schooners, standing eastward and looking very saucy as they danced over the waves and careened over in the brisk breeze.



From St. Pierre to Georgetown.

We now entered on a very enjoyable and interesting part of the Bras d'Or, suggesting by its features the Thousand Isles. It is thronged with little islands, and the shores are deeply indented with fairy-like coves. The channel is very tortuous, requiring many short tacks and the greatest circumspection to avoid getting aground. The farm-houses were scarce, and sometimes we seemed to be in a primeval solitude. There was an abundance of water-fowl, and the gray eagle could be seen soaring far up in the azure above. The air was soft and balmy, and the temperature ranged at sixty-five. The wind was dying out, and it soon became evident that we should be unable to pass the canal at St. Peter's that day, as we had hoped. But there were compensations in the delay. We anchored between two lovely islands, and went on shore to forage and "view the landscape o'er." Stopping at the farm-houses, we found the people courteous and ready for a chat, and we decided that one might find less agreeable ways of passing an August afternoon. At sundown some of our party took the boat and tried a few shots at the ducks, which abounded, but with rather indifferent success; our boat was not

suited to such sport. But there is no question that, with the right apparatus, a good sportsman could bag many a fine bird in the Bras d'Or. The abundance of animal life in the woods was vividly impressed on us at sunrise. The placidity of the scene was phenomenal; the smoke arose in spiral columns from the farm-houses, the cattle bells tinkled in the meadows; and, in every grove and thicket about us, we heard or saw plover, yellow-hammers, and squirrels. Indians were also on the shallows in canoes spearing eels. One of them came alongside and begged for a crust of bread. He was a miserable, sickly, blear-eyed being, the very last dregs of a race that has run out. A Highlander also visited us, with a lamb killed that morning in the hope of supplying some passing schooner. We bought it for five cents a pound, and found it sweet and tender. The wind and tide favoring, we now sailed up to St. Peter's, at the extreme end of the Bras d'Or. This canal is of great advantage to coasters, especially during the autumn. Of course, there is no navigation here during the winter and spring, owing to the ice. Eleven hundred vessels pass through this canal annually. Our crew towed the *Alice May* to the lock, and at dinner-time we were once more afloat on the waters of the broad Atlantic, in St. Peter's Bay, and heading for the Lennox passage between Madame Island and Cape Breton. The scenery was quiet but pleasing, and Indian encampments were seen in several places on the sea-shore. As we sailed out we met a most dilapidated schooner coming in, on the way to the Bras d'Or for plaster. She belonged to Charlottetown and was of unknown antiquity. She and her skipper, Captain Foley, who was also the owner, had sailed together for some thirty years. As she went by us, Captain Welsh hailed him, but received only a sardonic grin in return, although they had been acquainted since boyhood.

This Captain Foley was just such a character as Victor Hugo likes to portray, being indeed an example of human nature exaggerated to caricature. The schooner herself was a character. Her rusty sides had once been painted black; her rotten rigging hung slack from the gray masts; and the evening wind seemed to sing through her sere, tattered sails, as she slowly glided by us on the glossy tide with the silence and weirdness of a phantom ship. Often had Captain Foley sailed her alone; once he took her without assistance from Charlottetown to Arichat. The constant watching, together with the bad weather, exhausted the old fellow, and, after dropping anchor, he went below for forty winks; but the winks ran together in an uninterrupted sleep of three days. When the old man awoke he had lost his reckoning, as he had likewise nearly lost the number of his mess, and he had to go on shore and inquire the day of the

week. Latterly this nautical hermit had selected a humpbacked companion to accompany him, as guide, protector, and friend. This precious specimen of misshapen humanity seemed to be well suited for the exalted position to which he had been elevated. He was seated on the taffrail, looking over the shoulder of Captain Foley, who was steering. He was, without exception, the most satanic-looking being I have ever seen. His distorted features were covered with a ragged black beard; he was blind of an eye, and one of his teeth projected like a tusk. The pair reminded me of Caliban and an ape holding idyllic converse on a bark "built in th' eclipse," and "rigged with curses dark." Although the evening was fine, there were numerous indications besides the falling barometer that we were about to have a heavy storm. There was a large ring around the moon, and that sad, foreboding wail in the rigging which strikes the mariner with apprehension. The signs rapidly accumulated which indicated a gale before morning; and here we were, becalmed and unable to get anywhere. We launched the boat, and the crew made an attempt to pull us around a certain vexatious buoy, which being once passed we could keep away several points and take advantage of the sou'west air now trying to blow. After rowing awhile, the crew began to grumble; the captain went out on the forecastle, fairly aroused to senile wrath, and, in the quavering tones of old age, thundered out: "Row away like good fellows! get her around that buoy! don't let's hear any more of this laziness! What are you made of, I should like to know, that you can't pull an oar ten minutes without howling? Shut up now, and pull away!"

This had the true ring in it; the men fell to with a vim, and struck up a song whose variations were vocal more than verbal, as all there was to it was "Hurrah, my boys, we're homeward bound!" The time of sea songs is, alas, over! The poetry of the sea is not found in studied lyrics or epics now, but in the hearts of those who love to wander over its wide and desolate wastes of gray and listen to the piping of its storms.

By midnight the breeze had considerably freshened, and, as we were then near the land, we anchored for the nonce until we could have daylight. At dawn it whistled a living gale of wind out of the northeast. As we were in an exposed position, we made sail and ran for a lee. We found a snug place at Grand Digue, and rode with both anchors close to the shore of Madame Island. A number of other schooners also ran in there for shelter. It blew violently all day, and, as we afterward learned, a number of wrecks occurred on the coast.

But we seized the occasion to enjoy a ride to Arichat. The wind was accompanied by a pelting rain, but, armed with India-rubber coats and

heavy boots, we could afford to defy its worst. We hired two open buggies and started. The distance was seven miles across Madame Island, over solitary, rolling, russet-lined moorlands, whose monotony was broken by thickets of whortleberry bushes, or clumps of alder and dwarf cedar,



Cape Porcupine. Cape St. George, from Hastings.

or here and there a rain-dashed lake nestling like a dimple in a hollow, the haunt of water-fowl. On our left we saw the village of Biscouche, a small sea-port on the northern side of the island. The landscape, if not strictly pictorial, was full of sentiment and delicate suggestions of color, and con-

veyed a grand impression of space. It reminded me of Millais's famous painting, "Over the Hills and Far Away."

Arichat is in reality a French town under the English flag. It was at one time a place of considerable importance on account of its fisheries, in which were employed a large number of pinks and schooners. From one cause and another this source of revenue has fallen off. But the great firm of Robin & Co., of whom I have already spoken, have one of their establishments at Arichat, conducted with their usual method and neatness. A cannon announces the hours for work and rest, while the bell of the convent rings over the isle at the same hours. An island across the entrance to the harbor is called Jersey, after the island where Robin & Co. originated. Their establishment at Arichat was first on Jersey; but it was burned, together with a number of their ships, by American privateers during the Revolution, and they then removed it to its present location. The cod sent from here goes chiefly to Spain.

Arichat is a very interesting little town, albeit now in its sere and yellow leaf. It straggles chiefly along one street, facing the sea on a bluff. It was at one time a place of considerable wealth, evidences of which remain in some of the very pretty cottages, decorated with carved cornices and embowered in shrubbery. As these houses face the sea, they all have a covered porch, to protect the entrance from the cold sea-winds of winter. The willow appears to thrive better there than any other tree, and a number of venerable and noble examples are seen in the main street. As at St. Pierre, the windows are all filled with house-plants. The physician of the place advertises himself by a large pink-colored mortar, peeping through the shrubbery in front of his house. His name is De L'Espérance—not a bad cognomen for a doctor. There is a large church at Arichat, and a conventual school for young ladies, which has a wide repute throughout the maritime provinces. I thought to myself that the poor girls who go away from home to study in that dormer-windowed hall, without a tree around it, and overlooking the vast solitude of ocean, must sometimes think it a bleak and sad place, and especially those whose windows overlook the hill-side cemetery adjoining, which reminded me of the old grave-yard at Plymouth. It is affecting to ramble through the old cemetery at Arichat; for, in the frequently repeated family names and the tokens of affection, which appear oftener than in any other cemetery I have seen, one seemed to read the sad story of a society once happy and prosperous, but now gone to decay. The McNiels seem to have been one of the leading families of Arichat, who, although of Scotch descent, often intermarried with their French coreligionists.

We dined at the minutest and quaintest of little inns, kept by Mr. Finlay, whose wife laid before us a capital meal for only thirty cents each, and seemed so anxious to please that it is only just to call the attention of strangers to their house. A curious and absurd breed of dogs was pointed



Lovers' Lane, Hastings.

out to us as peculiar to Arichat. They are like Newfoundland dogs, large, black, and shaggy, but some waggish fate has robbed them of their tails, leaving only a shortish stump.

We had a wild, windy ride back to the *Alice May*, but one of Henry's choice ragouts and smoking cups of tea in a cosy cabin were ample compensations. On the following morning we sent our boat across the strait to procure some potatoes from the farmers. The sailors were directed to dig them out of the ground themselves. With the aid of the spy-glasses we could easily perceive the rogues flirting with the rural maidens.

After dinner the gale had sufficiently moderated for us to beat up the Lennox Passage, and we made sail. The channel is well marked by buoys, but care should be taken, nevertheless, to cast the lead, and not venture

too near in shore. The *Alice May* raked up the mud once, but got off immediately. Both she and her captain did their prettiest that day. Toward night we opened the Strait of Canso. It was still blowing a very fresh breeze, making it next to impossible to work up the strait. A fleet of vessels was, therefore, lying in the Habitants' River Roads, near Bear Head, waiting for a change of wind. We followed suit and came to anchor for the night. Ere long we were visited by the captains of two square-rigged vessels, bound, like ourselves, for Charlottetown. This interchange of courtesies by ships on a voyage is a very pleasant feature of sea life. Good-will is at once established, and notes of experience are exchanged in a friendly, chatty manner, with perhaps a social glass, and then they part, probably never to meet again in their wide wanderings.

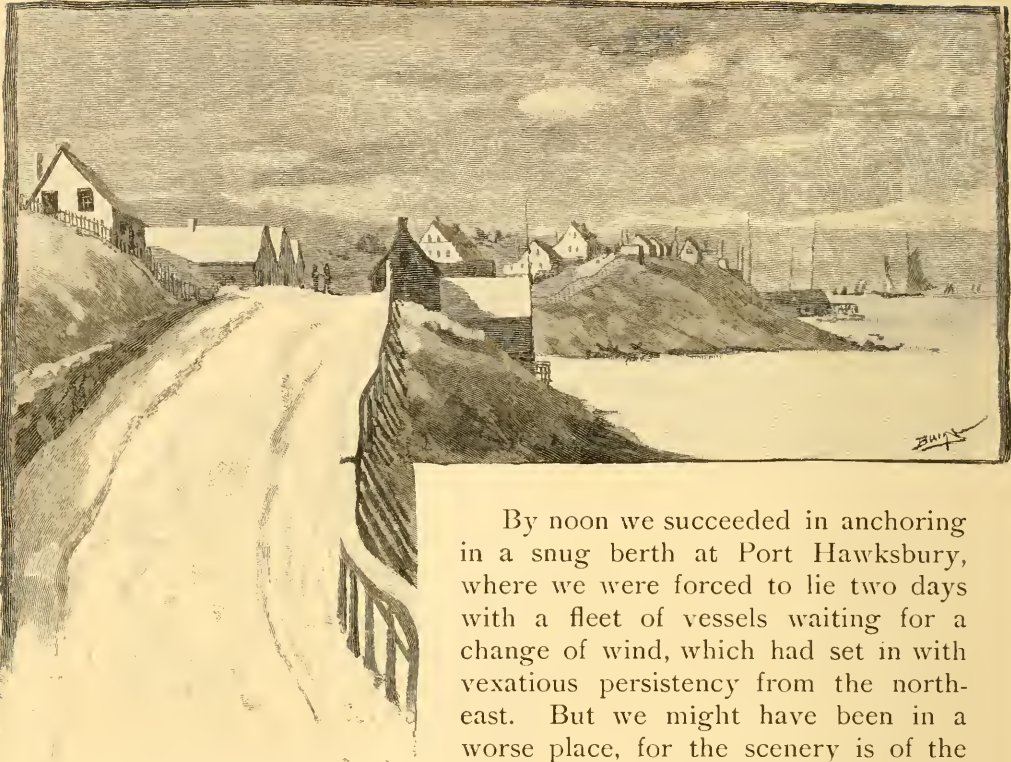
The wind was still ahead the following morning, but we concluded to take advantage of the in-going tide and beat up as far as Hawksbury. But the rest of the fleet decided to wait for a change of wind. The tide through the Strait of Canso, or Canseau, when going with the current, runs from five to seven miles an hour, and, when opposed by a southerly wind, produces a violent sea, which it is impossible for a vessel to breast. But with the aid of this tide a fore-and-aft schooner can beat up when it is not blowing too hard. The strait averages from one to two miles in width, and is about twenty-five miles long. The entrance is very beautiful and impressive, and the prospect increased in loveliness and variety as we proceeded. On one side we had Cape Breton Island, and on the other the shores of Nova Scotia.

Previously we had had much reason to find fault with the captain during a dense fog, when we discovered him sleeping in his bunk below, and only one man in charge of the wheel and the deck. No fog-horn was blowing, nor was a lookout kept at the bow.

"Where's your fog-horn, Captain Welsh?" we demanded with indignation. "Is this the weather to lie below? You ought to have a sharp lookout on the bow, and keep the horn going!"

"Oh, never you bother yourselves about the ship; I'm looking out for her. It don't make much odds about blowing the horn; other vessels coming this way will blow their horn, and we can keep out of the way when we hear them."

"Suppose every shipmaster should reason in the same way, where should we be?" we cried, thoroughly out of patience with such inane and childish recklessness. And thereafter we compelled him to keep a lookout forward, and to have the horn blown every two minutes whenever there was any fog.



A Street at Arichat.

By noon we succeeded in anchoring in a snug berth at Port Hawksbury, where we were forced to lie two days with a fleet of vessels waiting for a change of wind, which had set in with vexatious persistency from the north-east. But we might have been in a worse place, for the scenery is of the most exquisite character, and I often wondered while there that so little has been written about the loveliness of the

Strait of Canso. The shores of Cape Breton are here more varied and picturesque than in any other part of the island, while the opposite shore of Nova Scotia rivals it in attraction. There is, also, more of the human element in this neighborhood than one sees in many of the prettiest parts of the maritime provinces; and this, in my opinion, always adds greatly to natural scenery, by contributing aids to sentiment, such as old mills, old granges, old orchards, leafy lanes, dilapidated wharves, church spires, quaint inns, and the like. Now, the region around Port Hawksbury and Port Mulgrave, which lies directly opposite, is abundantly provided with all these features, which make it of especial interest to artists, and, in fact, to all of cultivated minds. In a lesser way, of course, it reminded me frequently of the finest parts of the Bosphorus. There are some delicious bits of picturesqueness at Port Mulgrave, to which we crossed by a steam

ferry-boat, and found ourselves at last in the land of railroads. On that side, also, a little further up the strait, broods Cape Porcupine, a magnificent precipitous headland, six hundred and forty-three feet high, but easily looking as if it were ten hundred feet. From its shape and position Cape Porcupine commands the entire strait, and gives character and force to every prospect from all points.

But if we had to choose between the two shores, in a region where a comparison would seem especially invidious and superfluous, give us the inexhaustible beauty of the Cape Breton side. For three days we explored its attractions on foot, proceeding well up toward Port Hood on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and it seemed as if it exceeded all the beautiful scenery through which we had passed, for giving the largest variety of pleasure to the summer tourist.

On the third day we managed to beat up to Port Hastings, the most beautiful spot on the strait, and anchored there in a small cove, desiring to have the vessel near at hand, in order that we might the more readily study the neighboring scenery. The high sea and wind forbade any attempt to proceed further. A fleet of schooners was lying there, also wind-bound. When rounding up to anchor, the *Alice May* fouled with one of them, carrying away her starboard cathead, and receiving some slighter injury. The result was a vigor of speech on both vessels which nearly terminated in blows.

Port Hastings was formerly called Plaister Cove. Some noble cliffs are there, at the mouth of a beautiful stream which empties into the strait. The town is built upon an abrupt height, and from a distance seems to be about to slide into the sea.

Port Hastings might easily pass itself off for a village on the Rhine, with its rambling lanes embowered with willows, its houses straggling down a steep, and its church perched on the highest coigne of vantage. The road toward Port Hood follows a plateau, below which the farmers were raking in their hay, close to the sea; beyond, on the left, towered Cape Porcupine; while on the right towered the craggy coast ranges of Cape



An Old Cottage at Arichat.

Breton. Many a buxom Maud Müller, raking hay in a straw hat, was to be seen in the meadows, and the whole scene was pervaded by an air of pastoral peace, and rounded into completeness by the blue waters of the sea, fading into the cloudless azure above us.

The wind at last seemed inclined to relent and give us a chance to get home. Accompanied by a fleet of schooners, we beat out into the gulf past Cape Jack on a beautiful quiet morning. But the wind freshened again, and we had a hard beat all day to get around Cape St. George, after passing which we could keep away and have the wind abeam.

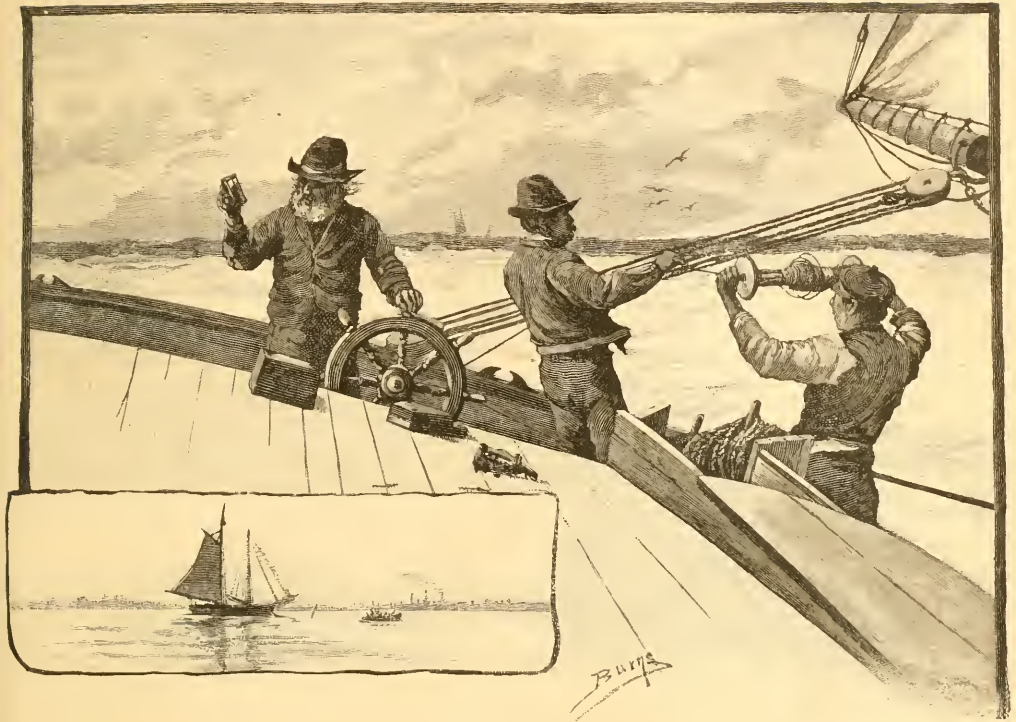
The breeze fell at night and the moon arose at the full, sheening the oily surface of the swell with a broad band of quivering silver. The presiding spirit of that region evidently intended that we should have pleasant recollections of the last night of our cruise.

At daylight we had a chance to form one of the quick decisions common in sea life. By our charter, we could leave the schooner at any port



The Oldest House in Prince Edward Island.

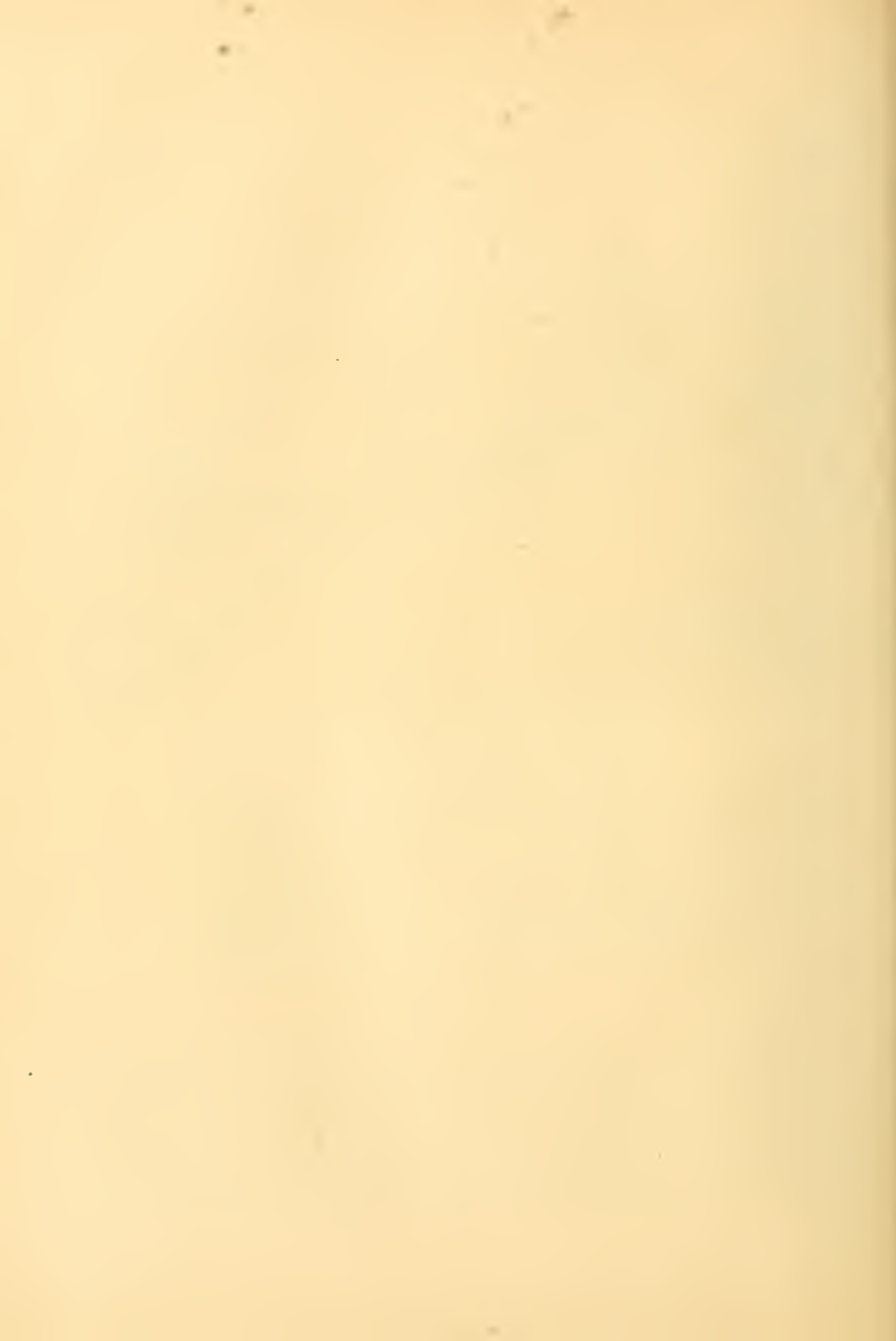
in Prince Edward Island. The captain and the owner were anxious that we should take her back to Charlottetown; but it was a matter of time with us now. The wind seemed to favor continuing to Charlottetown, and we were heading in that direction, when the wind suddenly canted several points. Instantly the word was given to alter our course and head for Georgetown, at the eastern end of the island, where there was a railroad



Heaving the Log.

station. In an hour we sighted land; at noon we found ourselves passing through a crowd of fishing schooners, and toward evening we entered the port of Georgetown and beat up to an anchorage off the town. Ten minutes later the anchor was down, our traps were in the yawl, we shook hands all around, and took our last farewell of the good little schooner *Alice May*, which had carried us to many places and safely over many waters.

Before closing the journal of our cruise in the *Alice May*, it would be doing injustice to our feelings to omit a cordial acknowledgment of the many courteous and hospitable attentions for which we are indebted to Col. Dunn, United States Consul at Charlottetown, since promoted to the post at Valparaiso; and also to Frederick Hyndman, Esq., United States Vice-Consul at Charlottetown, and numerous other hospitable friends who aided us to enjoy our summering about the Gulf of St. Lawrence.



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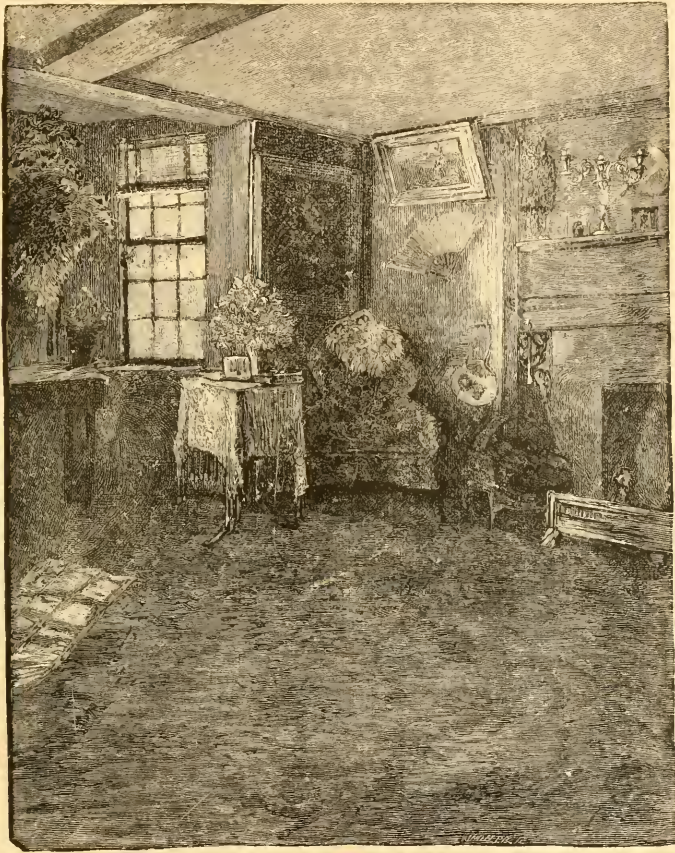


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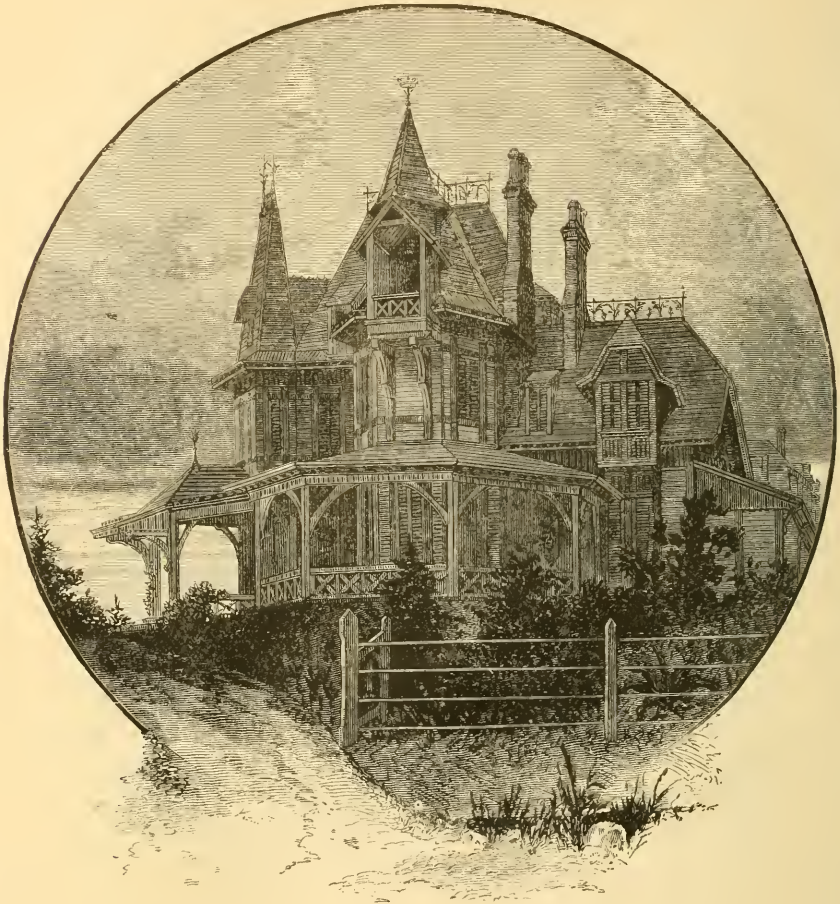
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