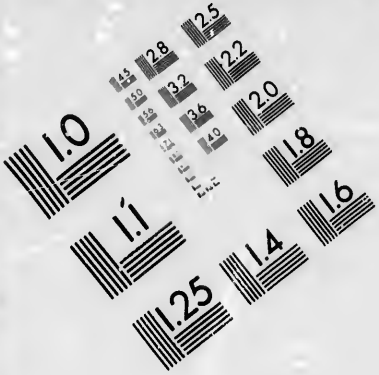

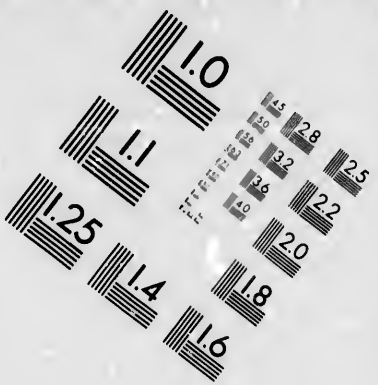

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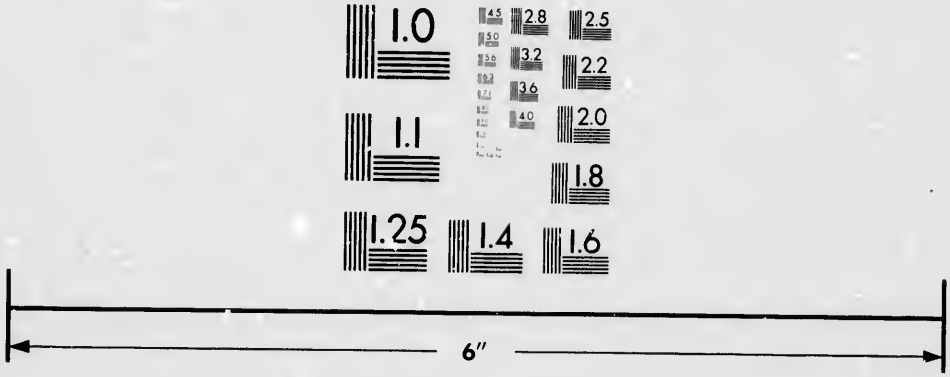

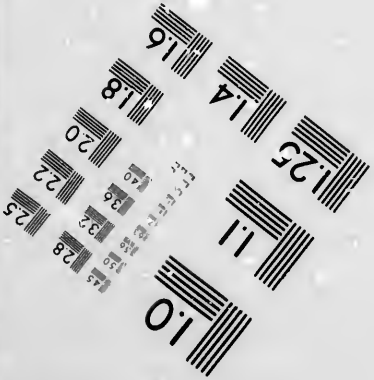

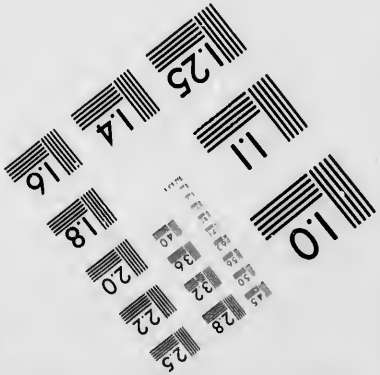

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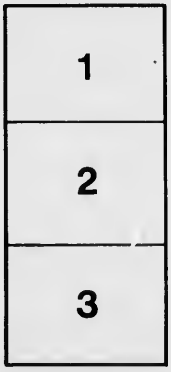

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A CANADIAN SCRAP-BOOK

A CANADIAN SCRAP-BOOK

By Lady Jephson

WITH ORIGINAL ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR

London
Marshall Russell and Co Ltd
Paternoster Row E C

1897

Butler & Tanner,
The Selwood Printing Works,
Frome, and London.

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LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

Preface

IN offering my little "Scrap-Book" to the public, I rely upon the title it bears to explain its heterogeneous contents, and trust that the want of connection between Essays and Stories may be forgiven on the score of its absence of pretension to anything connected.

I should like to take this opportunity of addressing a few words of friendly remonstrance to my Canadian critics. No one who writes should object to criticism, but every one has a right to deprecate misrepresentation. Certain passages in my article, "Canadian Society, Past and Present" (which appeared

originally in the *New Review*), have been quoted in Canada without their contexts, and in this way made to bear a meaning foreign to my intention.

The Canadian Press, with few exceptions, have commented with much bitterness on the sentence: "The withdrawal of the Imperial troops gave the death-knell to Canadian society." One Journal wrote: "To contend that the absence of English officers has affected Canadian society is most pretentious; and it is still more ridiculous to insinuate that the society of English officers, no matter how highly cultivated they may be, is, in a way, necessary to improve the manners or language of either English or French Canadian so-

ciety." I meant, in truth, nothing more dreadful than the expression of a recognised fact —namely, that the elimination of a cosmopolitan element from any society must, of necessity, fatally injure that society. What, for instance, would London, Paris, Vienna, Rome, Berlin, or St. Petersburg be without their flavour of cosmopolitanism? Before long, if left to native resources, these capital cities would sink to the social level of provincial towns.

As for the second indictment, that of want of appreciation as regards the beauty of a Canadian accent, I plead guilty on that score! At the same time, I can honestly say that it has been my earnest endeavour throughout the article to be

impartial and unprejudiced, as a conscientious author ought to be in viewing his subject. I have not set down "aught in malice," and should I in any way have wounded the feelings of my compatriots, I ask them to forgive me if it has been my misfortune to have heard with other ears, and seen with other eyes, than theirs.

My best thanks are due to the editors of the *National Review*, the *New Review*, *The Queen*, and *The Windsor Magazine* for their courtesy in allowing me to republish certain Essays and Stories which originally appeared in their columns.

HARRIET J. JEPHSON.

18, QUEEN STREET,
MAYFAIR,
February 18th, 1897.

The French Canadian *Habitant*

THERE is no peasant so much attached to tradi- as the French Canadian. finds himself on a continent moving spirit is that of ation. The rest of the world is more or less up to electric-tramway elevated railways, and abominations. Factory belch forth their dis- smoke, and saw-mills air with hideous noises, such, almost, of the

The French Canadian *Habitant*

THERE is no peasant so much attached to tradition as the French Canadian. He finds himself on a continent whose moving spirit is that of progression. The rest of the American world is more or less given up to electric-tramway cars, elevated railways, and other abominations. Factory chimneys belch forth their disfiguring smoke, and saw-mills rend the air with hideous noises, within touch, almost, of the

quaint, picturesque French villages which lie nestling to the south of the St. Lawrence. The contiguity of progress and push, of manufacture and wealth, in no wise affects the unambitious *habitant.* He teems with contentment and philosophy. Has he not a decent farm, a tidy cottage, a good wife, an enormous progeny, and a *curé* to help him on his road to heaven? Is it not possible, also, to put by a little money each year towards his old age—enough to procure for him and his a decent burial, and to pay for masses, in the sad by-and-by? What more can a man want? Jacques Bon-Homme has a supreme belief in himself and his belongings, in

his country and its Constitution. A poor *habitant* (the story goes) went to Quebec, and was taken by a friendly priest to see the sights of the city. In a convent church he saw a large painting of David and Goliath. Jacques fixed his gaze admiringly on Goliath. "Ah!" said he, "what a fine man!" "Yes," said the *curé:* "it is a fine man." "Magnificent!" said Jacques; then paused. "I suppose he was a French Canadian?" "*Bien oui!*" retorted the priest, not liking to disappoint the patriot. "O yes! Goliath was a French Canadian."

That strikes the key-note of the French Canadian character. Where people are self-

complacent enough to believe themselves perfect, they do not need to seek improvement, nor do they strain after higher ideals. The *habitant* sees no reason to complain of himself or of his position : he believes implicitly in the wisdom of his forefathers, and remains the most picturesque and only historical figure on the continent of North America. He farms his own acres, owes allegiance to no man besides his priest, builds his cottage on the ancient Norman model, and looks upon all new-fangled inventions (such as steam-ploughs and threshing-machines) as creations of the Devil. Although more than a century has elapsed since the British Standard was

unfurled in the Citadel of Quebec, the *habitant* remains as French as his ancestors were the day they left their country. This, too, on a continent where the English, the Irish, and the Scotch merge their national characteristics in the course of thirty years into those of the ubiquitous Yankee. Jacques, happy in coming under the rule of a generous conqueror, has preserved his language, his laws, and his religion, intact; and he has gratitude enough to value the liberty given him by his English rulers and to make him the strongest opponent of Annexation in Canada.

The French Canadian peasantry are descendants of the

hardy men brought to American shores by Champlain over 200 years ago. Their forefathers were, for the most part, mariners, and the French Canadian of to-day retains traces of his origin in his peculiar phraseology. No true-born *habitant* would use the verb *monter* as applied to a *voiture: embarquer* would be his word: and there are many idioms in hourly use which are essentially and strangely nautical. The *patois* of the French Canadian peasant has long been the subject of discussion and research; but there seems little reason to doubt that it is the dialect spoken by his Norman ancestors 200 years ago. Conservative in

this, as in all else, the French Canadian has preserved the dialect of his forefathers; whilst his French cousin of to-day has kept pace with the times and drifted into more modern forms of speech. The *habitant's* accent leaves much to be desired as regards beauty, and in this respect he shares the fate of his compatriot the English Canadian. American air does not seem to favour the cultivation of soft voices and graceful modes of speech. Our good friend Jacques has a shrill voice, and ugly forms of expression: he calls his wife a "*créature*" and his daughter a "*figue.*"

The *habitants* of Canada are chiefly confined to the Province

of Quebec, by far the elder province in point of colonization, and assuredly the more interesting as regards physical beauty and historical association. From the Gulf, all the way up the wonderful St. Lawrence, the river's banks are dotted with innumerable white houses and villages. Enter any of these, and you find yourself transported to old-world and time-honoured institutions. Here are veritable Norman cottages, steep-roofed, with dormer windows, wide and deep chimneys, picturesque rafters. Cross the road and you see an oven of ancient construction; hard by, a way-side cross, before which the devout peasant kneels in prayer

for a good harvest. In the middle of the village stands the church, severely white-washed, with a red-tiled roof and a picturesque steeple. Glance behind it and you see the *curé's* neat cottage, and his reverence (arrayed in black *soutane*) pacing his garden-walk. Stiff rows of hollyhocks, dahlias, and sunflowers, delight his soul, and are not out of harmony with his prim exterior. Be sure that a convent lurks somewhere near: convents and seminaries are the only educational establishments approved by the orthodox French Canadian. A glimpse over a fence reveals demure nuns superintending the recreations of convent-bred misses, and the

white goffered caps and black robes make us breathe the atmosphere of Old France. The avenues of poplar trees planted by the early settlers in memory of their beloved country help the illusion. On all sides we have evidence of the deep love for his mother country, the reverence for tradition, the piety, and the extreme contentment, which mark the French Canadian character. The *habitant* lives longer than his ambitious, restless neighbour over the border; his digestion lasts; his temperament is placid, and his temper good. When he sins, he wipes out his transgressions by comfortable penance, and when he falls ill he

makes a pilgrimage to "La bonne Ste. Anne."

The *habitant* works hard all summer in the fields, and when the winter's snow covers his land he sets to with a will to make boots of cured bullocks' hide (with uppers of sheepskin) for his numerous family. A skilful mechanic, he makes his own hay-carts and rakes, turns out his own furniture, cures the tobacco grown in his garden, salts his own pork, and builds his own house. Curiously enough, gardening is the one pursuit considered derogatory by the French Canadian. It is thought fit only for his women and children. Vegetables are not much cultivated for home con-

sumption, and are usually intended for market purposes. The *habitant* lives chiefly on rye-bread, sour milk, fat pork, and potatoes. Maple sugar, eggs, and fish are appreciated; but fresh meat is little in demand. Omelettes and pancakes, as in France, are reserved for high days and holidays; and, although the present race of French Canadian women possess infinitely less skill or knowledge in cookery than their French sisters, they can generally toss a pancake with the best of them.

All good *habitants* marry young. Edwin is not usually more than twenty when he woos his Angelina of seventeen. Enormous families follow; but

they are looked upon as blessings in these lands of vast acreage, and Jacques's bitterest taunt is reserved for the luckless wight cursed with the empty cradle. Owing to the prevalence of Canadian cholera, infant mortality in Canada during the hot summer is great; and thus the tendency to over-population is somewhat balanced.

The good wife is no drone in the *habitant* hive. She spins and weaves, making cloth and flannel for her children's clothes, and putting by blankets, sheets, and rough towelling for her daughters' *dot.* She dries rushes, and during the long winter evenings she plaits hats for her family. She knits wool

of her own spinning into socks and stockings, and shapes and makes the simple skirts and jackets which her girls wear, and the loose trousers and shirts which clothe her lads. In point of thrift she is not behind her ancestors. Living amid an improvident, extravagant English population, she remains as careful and economical as ever. If an English family comes to spend a summer in a French Canadian cottage, Jeanne turns out with all her children into a sort of *dépendance*, taking her spinning-wheel and cradles with her. She petitions the cook for tea-leaves, set apart otherwise for the dust-heap, dries them, and stores them against the winter.

She asks for the cast-off and useless clothes, tears them into rags, dips them in home-made dyes, and weaves the strips together, by means of a strong twine, into a firm and useful carpet, called "*catalan*." Her instincts, if immature, are artistic. There is no attempt at tawdry ornament nor gaudy cheapness, no terrible anti-macassar. The walls of the kitchen (which is also the living-room) are of pitch-pine, and the ceiling is made picturesque by rafters. Generally a little staircase, painted deep-red, leads from one corner of the kitchen to the rooms above. The fireplace is open, and much what one sees in Norman cottages. The chairs, severe

but suitable, are made of unpainted wood, which by constant use has assumed a rich tone and polish. The spinning-wheel and distaff gives an air of quaintness to the room, and two rocking-chairs lend the one touch of comfort. Underneath the table is a strip of bright "catalan"; over the chimney-piece is a black wooden cross; near it, a print of Sta. Veronica's Veil. Pio Nono's portrait is in every good French Canadian's house. He has not yet seemed to grasp the fact that another Pontiff sits in the chair of St. Peter. The bedrooms are usually small, carpeted with "catalan," curtained with home-spun material, and having huge

four-posters with feather beds and bolsters of great height.

Compared with most peasantry, the French Canadians are wonderfully clean in their houses and persons. Unlike most peasantry, they nearly all ride in their own carriages. On market-days those living outside towns jog long distances in their carts to sell their produce. There can scarce be a more picturesque sight (be it even the Piazza dell' Erba at Verona, or the Campo dei Fiori at Rome) than the old Quebec market-place as it was a few years ago, with its rows of covered carts drawn up side by side, and filled with little bright-eyed French women offering their wares for sale.

Lamb, butter, eggs, cheese, maple sugar, syrup, homespun cloth, and home-grown vegetables form the staple commodities of the *habitant*.

The ambition of every well-to-do farmer is to have an *avocat* in his family, or a priest; and where enough money can be scraped together to send an olive-branch to a seminary, great are the rejoicings of these simple people. All French Canadians are deeply religious. As a rule their priests are singularly pure in their lives, and wholesome in their doctrines. They are often men of deep learning, and not infrequently of cultivated tastes. They are not devoid of humour. A troublesome parishioner roused his *curé* at uncanonical

hours to baptize his newly-born child. The *habitant* (Gouin by name) had driven some distance in order to have his baby received without delay into the bosom of Mother Church, and was not to be baulked. The *curé* demurred, grumbled, and at last consented, on condition that he should name the child. Gouin was enchanted, and heard with complacence the name of "*Marin*" given to his baby. As he jogged homewards he coupled the names together: "Marin Gouin, Marin Gouin." "*Sacré bleu!*" cried he: "he has christened my child '*Mosquito*'!" Many have journeyed once in their lives to Rome, and brought back the memory of experiences which last all their

lives, and furnish many a tale to amaze "the gazing rustics ranged around." They are all intensely patriotic, and pride themselves on the immeasurable superiority of Canada, in point of scenery, climate, and constitution, to the rest of the world. In times of cholera or of fever the priests have proved themselves worthy successors of the heroic band of Recollect fathers who bore the toil and burden of the day two hundred years ago.

The chief religious *fête* is that of St. Jean Baptiste. Not even in Papal Italy is the procession more picturesque. Emblematic cars and various bands playing the air of "*A la Claire Fontaine*" form part of the procession; but all the interest centres in St.

John, who is personated by a small lad wearing a golden wig, dressed in sheepskins, carrying a crook, and accompanied in his car by a lamb. Another great day is that of the *Fête de Dieu*, in which the Host is carried through the streets to various stations, all prostrating themselves before it. Very picturesque, too, are the ceremonies in connection with the first Communion. Troops of little girls in white muslin frocks, wearing white gloves, and caps covered with white veils, are to be seen, accompanied by proud mothers and fathers, walking about the streets.

Poor as he is, the French Canadian is not without his national literature, which takes

the form of songs. Every *habitant* loves his fiddle, and in fiddling finds his chief amusement when the labours of the day are over. These lays are often curiously Bacchanalian: in contrast with the habits of those who sing them. In M. de Gaspé's valuable book, *Les Anciens Canadiens*, I find two good examples of the style I mean,—

"Oui! j'aime à boire, moi:
C'est là ma manie
J'en conviens de bonne foi,
Chacun a sa folie:
Un buveur vit sans chagrin
Et sans inquiétude:
Bien fêter le dieu du vin,
Voilà sa seule étude," etc.

And

"Bacchus assis sur un tonneau,
M'a défendu de boire de l'eau,

Ni de puits, ni de fontaine.
C'est, c'est du vin nouveau
Il faut vider les bouteilles ;
C'est, c'est du vin nouveau
Il faut vider les pots," etc., etc.

Another is " C'est le Bon Vin qui danse," etc.

Not a few are erotic :—

"C'est François Marcotte,
Qui s'habille ben propre
Pour aller en promenade,
C'est à Deschambault
Chez Monsieur Bondrault.
C'est une fille qu'il lui faut.
Bonjour Madam' Bondrault,—
En faisant le faraud,
Faisant des politesses
Des civilités,
À la compagnie
Marcotte fit un' belle entrée."

"Quand il fut entré,
Il s'agit de parler
Des affaires de conséquence :
De sa bien aimée

Il s'est approché ;
C'était pour la demander," etc.,
etc.

The majority deal with marriage, as :

" Je vondrais bien me marier,
Mais j'ai grand peur de me tromper :
Ils sont si malhonnêtes !
Ma luron, ma lurette,
Ils sont si malhonnêtes !
Ma luron, ma luré."

Another characteristic French-Canadian song is this :

" Mon père a fait bâtir maison ;
L'a fait bâtir su' l'bout d'un pont,
Le beaux tem s s'en va,
Le mauvais revient ;
Je n'ai pas de barbe au menton,
Mais il m'en vient."

Another, better known than any I have here quoted, begins as follows :

"Derrièr' chez nous, ya-t-un étang,
En roulant ma boule,"

and the monotonous refrain is

"En roulant ma boule, roulant."

The manners of the French Canadian are superior to those of his English compatriot in the same rank of life. He condescends on occasions to say "Monsieur" and "Madame"; but he is absolutely devoid of any feeling of social inferiority, and merely gives these titles from a sense of politeness, and as he would do to his equals. Without the slightest taint of Republicanism or of Communism, the *habitant's* views find expression in John Ball's lines:

"When Adam dolve and Eve span,
Who was then the gentleman?"

In a country where all men work, the only distinction between classes, recognisable to him, is that of wealth and poverty, which he understands. With all his simplicity, M. Jacques is keenly alive to the advantages of money, and no Jew can drive a better bargain.

With the upper class of French Canadians (descendants of the *ancienne noblesse* who fled from the horrors of the guillotine and Reign of Terror) it is not within the province of this article to deal. I may say, however, without undue digression, that there are many French Canadian *seigneurs* who received their lands earlier than the French Revolution, under char-

ters of Louis XIV. and Louis XV.; and life and death were placed in their power.[1]

The *habitant*, however, is menaced with a change from his idyllic stagnation. The overflow of the French Canadian population is gradually finding its way into the broad lands of Manitoba. Here a struggle for supremacy between the English and the French recently began. The *habitant* wished to apply his limited views of life. He insisted, besides, upon a dual language, and that French should be taught in the schools. Fearful lest the priesthood should become all-

[1] The de Lotbinières, for example, whose charter, signed by Louis XIV., I have seen.

powerful, as in the Province of Quebec, and the laws be framed exclusively for the French population, the English Canadian resisted. In the end the Englishman triumphed; but time alone can show how far the French Canadian transplanted to Manitoba will assimilate with English ways. In the Province of Quebec he stands alone as

"One in whom persuasion and belief
Have ripened into faith, and faith become
A passionate intuition:"—

faith in his God, faith in his forefathers, faith in himself, in his country, and his belongings. Where, in this doubting, sneering age, can you find a more unique personality?

Madame Yvonne

OUR acquaintance with Madame Yvonne was the result of a fishing expedition made a year or so ago to Lac Bouilly. This lovely but remote spot lies to the north of Murray Bay, a village on the shores of the River St. Lawrence. The Red Indian was supplanted in these regions by the Norman peasant, and though the Norman nowadays is an English subject, he has in no wise altered his character-

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istics or scheme of life to please his conqueror. During the hot summer months fashionable Americans and Canadians come to this primitive village, but happily, so far neither colonial enterprise nor Yankee go-ahead-edness have been able to destroy the local colouring of this charming spot.

The road we took from Murray Bay skirted at first the right bank of the Murray River, a fine stream indulging itself in salmon pools, rapids, and other diversions. On either hand rose green banks and distant blue mountains, whilst a plentiful sprinkling of *habitant* cottages, wayside crosses and out-of-door ovens, gave touches of human interest to the scene.

Our vehicle was a buckboard, an ingenious contrivance of three planks, about one foot wide each and twelve feet long, bolted together and pivoting on the front axles. Our seats were covered from the sun's rays by a rude hood, and our *charretier* sat in front and affably chatted at intervals. Behind us was strapped on our fishing-tackle and gear, and the *charretier* kept guard over my sketching arrangements, our modest supply of food, and our handbags.

As we mounted the steep hills the scenery grew grander and wilder. Beautiful blue-peaked mountains revealed themselves in front, and for middle distance and foreground

we had picturesque snake fences, wayside shrines and quaint French homesteads. Beneath our feet lay a carpet of wild flowers such as few countries can boast. Golden rod, tobacco plant, thistles, Michaelmas daisies, phlox, dock and yarrow, growing together in luxuriance over the road, so that three parallel ruts made by wheels and horses' feet were the only recognisable sign of its being a road at all. By-and-by we reached the top of an immensely long hill, and a cry of surprise broke from our lips. At our feet lay Grand Lac, once upon a time teeming with fish, now, alas! no longer a "happy hunting ground" for sportsmen. On and on we

drove, over terrible ruts, corduroy roads, *cahots*, and up and down such hills as no ordinary prosaic, well-trained English mind could conceive to be possible. When these mountainous ascents were more than usually steep, our *charretier* put his horse into a galop, leaped lightly from his seat into the road, and ran up to the summit as quickly as did his sturdy beast. Petit Lac next came in sight, lying amidst wood-covered hills, with no sign of human habitation near, and after three hours and more of steady jog-trot, we reached our destination, Farmer Bouilly's house by the roadside.

A young man came out and welcomed us with effusion.

"*Papa* and *Maman*," he explained, "were gone to Lac St. Jean, a three days' drive from hence, to see their eldest daughter, who was very well married, and lived in that neighbourhood, but he would fetch his sister Yvonne from her house over the way immediately if Monsieur and Madame would have the goodness to enter."

The door of the house opened directly into the kitchen, which in all French-Canadian peasant homes is the common living-room of the household. This particular kitchen was spacious, and spanned with beams overhead, which time had mellowed in colouring into a rich reddish brown. Across the beams at intervals were narrow rods,

fastened by iron hooks, and used for hanging flitches of bacon. Over the fireplace was a large black cross, and a picture of the Holy Virgin and Child hung on one side, and a huge chromo-lithograph of Guido's "Ecce Homo" on the other. The open fireplace was temporarily closed by a fireboard, and the stove transported across the road, where a rude shed, open at every side, did duty during the hot summer months for a kitchen. A tin pail full of water hung by an iron chain from the ceiling, and a tin mug was hooked on conveniently near. Two rocking-chairs, several ordinary wooden ones, an ancient and well-worn cradle, a table, a row of pegs, a

large saucepan and some cooking utensils, a *bénitier* and string of beads, completed the contents of the kitchen. In the corner of the room a staircase led to the loft above, and three doors opened into as many bedrooms.

I had scarcely finished my survey of the room when Sister "Yvonne" entered, and extended a sunburnt and horny hand of welcome. She was fair and good-looking, with regular features and bright yellow hair, which she wore dragged back and knotted in a heavy coil on the nape of her neck. Her petticoat of grey homespun, loose cotton jacket and blue apron, were not unpicturesque. All the *habitants* of these re-

gions are peasant proprietors. Each farms his own acres, and, from the fact of never recognising masters in others, and seldom seeing people of superior rank to themselves, these simple creatures understand absolutely no social distinction but that of riches and poverty. Madame Yvonne seated herself in the rocking-chair, slapped one of her children, shook the other, and having acquitted herself for the present of what she considered her maternal duties, opened upon me a fire of cross-questions.

"*Votre mari, Madame, est-ce-qu'il est riche?*"

"*Pas du tout, Madame,*" said I.

"*Il est fermier sans doute?*"

"*Non, Madame! il n'est pas fermier.*"

"*Il est marchand alors!*"

"No! he is not a merchant."

"*Comment! ni fermier! ni marchand! ni l'un ni l'autre!* How in the name of goodness is that possible!!" (Intense surprise and incredulity.)

I explained that we hailed from a land called England, which lay across the water. The information seemed to convey very little to Madame Yvonne, save that His Holiness the Pope lived somewhere in that direction. "What! Madame had never seen him! *how* extraordinary!" And she showed no more interest in the conversation as far as foreign parts were concerned.

After a prolonged inspection of my person, Yvonne nodded her head sagaciously, and said, "*Mais tout de même je crois que vous devez être plus riche que moi! J'en suis sûre!*"

"*Qu'est ce qui vous fait croire cela, Madame?*" I asked.

"*Ce sont vos jolies bagues! Mais je crois que je suis aussi bien mise que vous! Voyez! votre robe est en serge bleue et la mienne est en toile tissée de mes mains. Vous avez un chapeau en paille et j'en ai un de même. Vous portez une chemisette et j'en porte une aussi.* I made my hat myself, every bit," she continued, "as I daresay you did yours. Eh! what! you can't make hats, and never learned how to plait

straw! how badly your mother brought you up, to be sure! How many yards of stuff can you spin a year, and how many blankets and sheets and pillow-cases can you make? and how much pork do you salt for the winter? and do you make *all* your husband's clothes as I do? *Comment* none? *Tonnerre de Dieu! C'est véritablement la vérité, Madame, en vérité je vous le dis;* but if you remain so ignorant, you will live to regret it, and your children will be ashamed of you."

"*Mais, Madame!*" I expostulated, "of course my ignorance is very sad, but happily I have no children to suffer from it."

"No children! none! none!" (The usual French-Canadian

family, be it said, is reckoned by dozens.) "*Ciel!* what a useless and extraordinary woman! Why, I have five children, and I am only twenty-four, younger than you! and I make everything they wear except their boots, and those their father makes; but they never wear them, of course, except to go to church, or in the winter out of doors. *Tiens!* I will show you my winter's work!" and she proceeded to disinter from a chest in her mother's room a huge bale of grey homespun, woollen counterpanes, coarse sheeting, and a quantity of wool. "*Voilà! Madame!* that is something to be proud of; I waste no time, you see—I—and when I am not cleaning

my house, I spin and weave and knit and sew, rear poultry for the market, and teach my children their religion. My husband is well satisfied with the bargain he has made, Madame—*cela va sans dire.* He is a worthy creature, and I might have done worse." And so she rattled on, and as she talked I realized more and more that the "peculiar modification of molecules" known as myself, was decidedly at a discount compared to this paragon of peasant capability. Talk of thrift, here was its personification! No need for shops or money, everything was home-made, even to shoes and hats; all things home-grown, even to tobacco and flax. Yvonne had

not yet exhausted the list of her accomplishments. She mentioned incidentally that she wove her own carpets, and when I expressed astonishment she went into a lengthy description of how she treasured carefully everything in the nature of a worn-out garment or rag, and tore such things into strips. "*Et puis, Madame*, I dye them beautiful colours—red, blue, yellow, green —and I weave them together with strong twine, and they are durable and *joli*, these carpets, I assure you." Even the dyes I found were home-made, which argued a certain knowledge of chemistry. I began in amazement to wonder "how one small head could carry all she

knew," and was only roused from my wonder by the sound of my husband's voice, intimating that a long drive in country air had been provocative of hunger, and that a little food would not be amiss.

Our hamper was unpacked forthwith, and I confided to the Epitome of practical knowledge some speckled trout and fresh eggs to cook, whilst I laid the cloth, put out cold edibles, and made our picnic meal pretty by the addition of a nosegay of wild flowers. All being in readiness, I crossed the road to the extemporised kitchen to see how the cooking was getting on, and, to my surprise, found my Admirable Crichton standing with knitted

brows apparently deep in thought, while the trout and eggs lay on a clean cloth in her apron in the same state in which I gave them to her.

"What is the matter, Madame?" said I a little crossly, "and why have you not begun to cook our food?" I felt sympathy for the masculine mind undergoing the pangs of hunger.

"The eggs, Madame! Is it that Madame likes them cooked in cold or in hot water? and the trout, how long does Madame like them to *boil*—one or two hours? People's tastes are so different you see" (with an assumption of great worldly knowledge), "and *nous autres* don't care for fish or eggs;

pork and bread are so much nicer."

Evidently Madame's culinary knowledge was not on a par with her other housewifely attainments; but she carried off her want of information in this branch by a fine bravado, and hinted that I had better do my own cooking, as I was more likely to be content with what I had done myself. Nothing loth, we fried our trout ourselves, boiled our eggs, made some toast, scorched our faces well over the wood fire, and apparently gave much food for meditation to Yvonne and her offspring. When the picnic meal was over, my husband departed to fish Lac Bouilly in the cool evening-tide, and I set

up my easel in the kitchen and began to paint an interior.

"Ah!" said the wise Yvonne, "that is embroidery. *Vous brodez à merveille, Madame.* I can embroider, too; but I do mine with a needle, not a pencil, which is *much* more difficult. I am sure I could do that kind of embroidery if I had the things to do it with. Is it your invention, your own idea, that work? No! How did you learn it? I suppose the nuns taught you; and what does your box yonder cost? Holy Virgin! *cinq piastres! Mon Dieu!* you must be rich—you! *very* rich indeed to afford such extravagances. "*Je suis bien trop pauvre, moi,* for that sort of embroidery. *Mais je crois*

que si j'avais une aussi belle boîte de couleurs, je ne doute pas que j'en saurais faire autant."

Presently the young man of the house (Etienne) entered, sat himself down in the rocking-chair near the door, pulled out a wooden pipe, hummed the air of "*En roulant ma boule*," and rocked himself to and fro as he watched me at work.

Yvonne, at the advent of Etienne, pulled the table into the middle of the room, covered it with a coarse cloth (which she patted lovingly with her hands as she remarked, "*We* have a table-cloth, too, *nous autres*"), distributed plates like a pack of cards, put a bowl of sour milk and a brown loaf in

the middle of the table, and banged her children one after another on chairs round the festive board. Then she called to her brother that his supper was "pra" (*prêt*) and the "*aw*-siettes" on the table, and down she sat to her evening meal. Etienne, at the announcement of supper, rose lazily, yawned, stretched himself, and sauntered to the end of the kitchen. Here, undeterred by my presence, he plunged his head into a basin of water and dried it on a roller-towel, produced a pocket-comb, and after well soaping his front locks, arranged them in the form popularly known as a "cow-lick." The effect of this was so satisfactory to his mind that he gazed with

the greatest complacency and admiration at his reflection in the cracked mirror. Yvonne, whose conceit in everything belonging to her was unbounded, informed me that "*ce joli garçon* was the object of intense admiration to all the girls in the country round; but," she added, "*il est bien trop jeune* to think of marriage yet, *pauvre enfant!*"

Before she returned to her own cottage, Yvonne again expressed regret that her limited means should prevent her from indulging in the strange and original embroidery I did. "*Ma foi!*" said she, "the nuns at the Mal-Baie Convent *là bas* would stare at such work, and the

curé, too. He says I am very intelligent, does the *curé*; *il a raison! Je suis très intelligente, moi!* I can do everything except your kind of embroidery, and I am sure that is not difficult, or you, who cannot spin, or weave, or plait straw, or make *catalan*, or salt pork, could not do it. *Bon soir, Madame!* sleep well. *Mon Dieu! petit Jean*, what mischief are you up to now!" Whack! whack! and a roar from "petit Jean." "*Cher petit chou!*" kissing her baby vigorously, "you must go to bed, and say your prayers, and never forget *le petit Jésu* and *la Sainte Vierge.* You see I know how to bring up my family well, Madame;

the *curé* says so, and the *curé* always speaks truth. Good night!" And so vanished Madame Yvonne!

Monsieur and Madame Doucet

A French-Canadian Sketch

ONE of the most important people in Murray Bay village was M. Doucet, general dealer and provision merchant. He was a tall, thin, wiry man, with a long, keen, ugly face, a complexion suggestive of Indian blood, and a curious twinkling eye. M. Doucet bought up skeletons, bear's eggs and blueberries, furs, moss, tamb.

Monsieur and Madame Doucet

A French-Canadian Sketch

ONE of the most important people in Murray Bay village was M. Doucet, general dealer and provision merchant. He was a tall, thin, wiry man, with a long, keen, ugly face, a complexion suggestive of Indian blood, and a curious swinging gait. M. Doucet bought up wholesale, fresh eggs and blueberries, butter, cream, lamb,

poultry and vegetables, and retailed them to his English customers. Every morning he called for orders, with a book and pencil in his hand, and determination written on his face.

M. Doucet had no sense of social inferiority ; he knew himself to be the richest man in Murray Bay, and he described himself as "*Marchand.*" He thought his business as good as anybody's, and was prouder of his position than a Duke of his strawberry leaves. Accordingly, it was customary of M. Doucet to appear daily on one's verandah with an air of ease (almost of condescension), and to address one with a strange absence of ceremony.

"Good - morning ! What

would you like to-day? I have beautiful lamb and a lovely pair of fat chickens, some veal, blueberries, raspberries, and a variety of vegetables. Trout and smelts of course, and some beef just arrived by the Quebec boat."

"I should like a shoulder of lamb, please, M. Doucet."

"A shoulder! Hum! Well, you can't have one this morning. Mrs. Lake has taken one shoulder, and Mrs. Farr the other. Madame Vaudrier has had to put up with a leg, and Mrs. Earnshaw with another leg, and—well, I have brought you the neck."

"But, M. Doucet, I don't *want* the neck. Have you no more sheep or lambs?"

"No more! *Mon Dieu!*

Have I not enough to feed all Murray Bay? No more! *Ma foi!* Yes, plenty more; but I do not slaughter wastefully this hot weather! I portion out so many sheep among so many clients before I leave home, and each gets shoulders and legs and saddles in her turn. You must not expect them always, madame. This morning is your turn for neck, and—here it is!" pointing to his cart which stood at the door. It was characteristic of M. Doucet, that he would never on any provocation lapse into French except as an expletive. If I spoke to him in his own language, which I took a wicked delight in doing, he invariably answered in English, and put on an air of not under-

standing such deplorable French as mine.

"*Comment allez vous ce matin, M. Doucet?*"

"Um! What did you say? Matting? I don't sell any matting. You will find it at M. Warren's shop *là bas* in the village. I am a merchant of *food*, not of dry goods, milady. What will you this morning? Lamb, veal, poultry, fruit, everything have I," and so ended my attempts usually at making M. Doucet talk his native tongue.

On Sundays M. Doucet wore broadcloth, and shook hands affably with his clients if he met them on the side-walk, commenting airily on the weather, politics, and general topics of interest in Murray Bay village.

He treated us people from England as harmless lunatics; poor ignorant foreigners come to see and marvel at his wonderful country, and compare it enviously with our own outlandish little island.

"I have heard," he said to me one day, "that your England is not much bigger than the province of Charlevoix!"

"Oh, come, M. Doucet," said I, "what next?"

"Well, at any rate, it can't compare with our *bel Canada*, else why should the Queen's daughter have come to live here, and wept such scalding tears when she went back! *Mon Dieu!* but it must be an uncivilized country! The Judge's wife, who has been to England,

says you have no *calèches* there, no buckboards, no blueberries, no buckwheat cakes, no Indian corn, no canvas-back ducks, and no snow shoes. What can the poor people eat! and what must life be like in a country like that!"

M. Doucet had been twice married, his second venture being a woman very much younger than himself. Madame Doucet was handsome, in a florid expansive style, and accomplished according to her lights, for she made wax flowers, bead pincushions, and paper roses. She had also learnt to paint on velvet at the convent, to concoct pine-cone frames, and to strum on the piano. Madame Doucet lived in a big

white house on the top of a hill out of Murray Bay. She came into the village to shop, and in order to impress every one with her grandeur. On the occasions of her visits to Murray Bay, Madame Doucet wore very fine frocks, and a big gold chain and watch and earrings. At home she subsided into dirty *peignoirs* and curl-papers. Madame Doucet quite accepted her position as great lady of the place, and looked upon us summer visitors, who paid for her gowns and gold chains, as interlopers. She bowed with an air of gracious condescension when we met, and regarded my rough serge and cotton blouse as eccentricities, not to say downright follies. Why any one who

could afford to wear silks and satins should elect to appear in wool, was beyond her comprehension. She shrugged her shoulders and threw up her eyes as she marvelled at the *bizarre* ways of English folk. "*Dieu soit béni*, I have better taste than they, M. Doucet," she cried, and M. Doucet quite agreed with her.

Madame Doucet had been married about eight years, and during that time had contributed seven little Doucets to the population of Murray Bay. She viewed with stern disapproval the comparatively limited families of the English-Canadians, and thought that something must be rotten in the state of Denmark in conse-

quence. To her imagination, life, without the annual festivity of a christening, of her neighbours' visits of congratulation, and new baby robes, could hardly be worth living. So the numerous babies found themselves welcome in the *Maison Blanche*, and thrived after their own fashion.

Madame Doucet despised *Catalan* carpets, and patronized Kidderminster, though she had no idea that it was called by that name. She turned out the spinning wheel and rocking-chair, the distaff and loom of the first Madame Doucet, to give place in the sitting-room to four spidery stuffed chairs covered with crocheted antimacassars, a wheezy piano, and two erec-

tions of wax flowers. The unvarnished pine walls were, under her *régime*, covered with a gaudy paper, and the flitches of bacon vanished from sight. M. Doucet admired the superior taste of spouse number two, but tried in vain to live up to it. The antimacassars worried him, and the paper walls were disturbing. Eventually he took refuge in the kitchen, and the "parlour" was reserved for christening parties and the *curé's* visits. Awe-stricken neighbours were received there occasionally, and they sat up very stiff and straight, and tried to look at their ease; but though they did not confess to the weakness, one and all were wishing themselves back in their own *cabanes*.

Even grandeur has its drawbacks, and by-and-by Madame Doucet began to realize that her lot was not without alloy. She dearly loved a gossip, and the discussion of her neighbours' misfortunes was keen enjoyment to her soul; yet little by little her acquaintances came less often to the *Maison Blanche* on the hill. "Who could be comfortable with dusty boots on that grand carpet?" quoth Madame Duval to her gossip Madame Panet. "And I feel so frightened of harming those fine chairs," said Madame Panet in return. Therefore at last the silk gowns and gold chains and kid gloves were left pretty much to themselves, and though

MADAME DOUCET

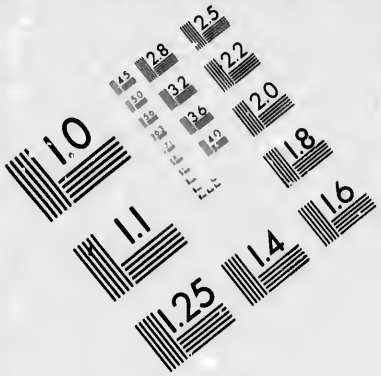
Madame Doucet appreciated the grandeur of her position, she began to realize that even grandeur can be slightly dull.

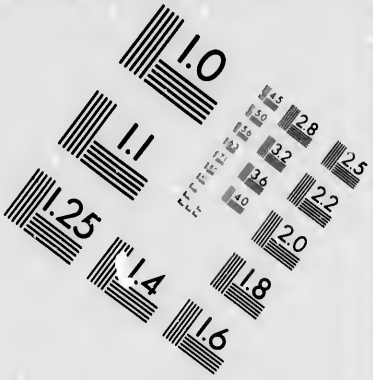
Canadian Society Past and Present

THE evolution of Canadian society, in its gradual development from a monastic and aristocratic origin to the heterogeneous and cosmopolitan institution of to-day, is curious enough. The elements of which it is composed are varied and conflicting. We find two principal races, living on the same soil, dwelling together in peace, but diametrically opposed in characteristics, in habits, in religion, and in language. The

French-Canadian has all the advantages which a prior possession of the soil can give him. He first gave names to its towns and counties, and framed laws for its government. The English-Canadian, strangely enough, derived surprisingly little benefit from his conquest, since full liberty, as regarded their religion, laws, and language, was granted the conquered. He found himself, indeed, in the extraordinary position of being obliged to conform to the laws of those he had subdued. To this day in Canada racial prejudices exist, and though dwelling in outward peace and unity, French and English society have amalgamated very little. The upper

class of French-Canadians are many of them descendants of the *ancienne noblesse* who formed the little Vice-Regal Courts about the French Governors, and obtained seigneuries under Royal Charters. They brought to the shores of New France, and their descendants still preserve, the grace of bearing, the pretty turn of speech, and the charm of manner which so often mark our Gallic neighbours. One needs little imagination to recognise a possible Madame Récamier in many of these stately French ladies, all of whom possess in some measure that peculiarly French gift, *l'art de tenir salon*. Like their sisters across the water, they are all convent-bred. Few have





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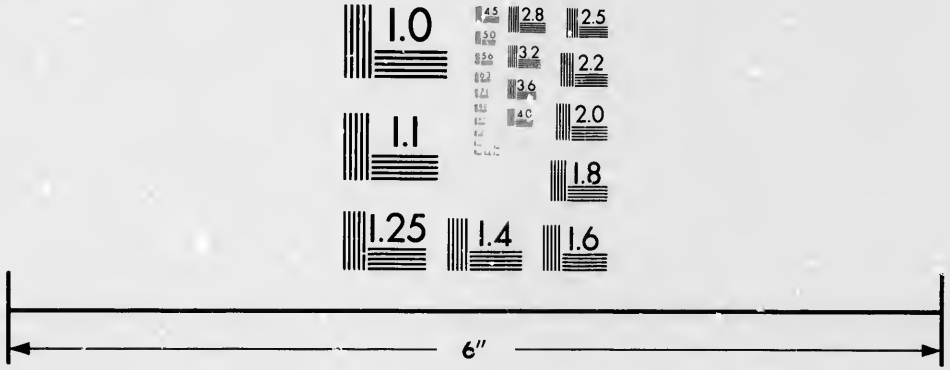

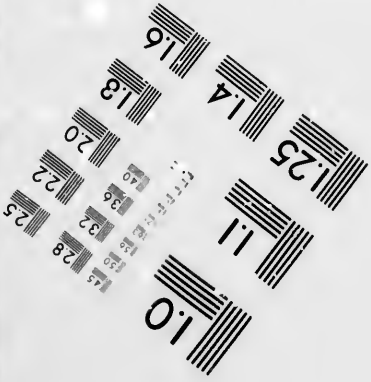

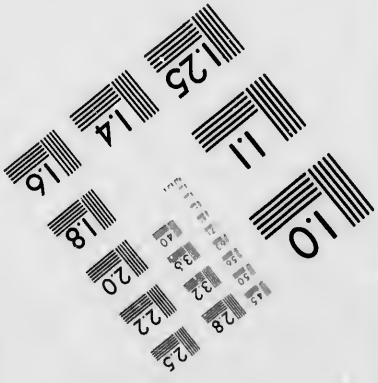

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travelled far or enjoyed educational advantages beyond what a convent affords. The majority, nevertheless, are intelligent and well-informed, witty, and often brilliant — more accomplished than soundly educated. The men are polished and courtly in manner, always agreeable, and apparently well educated.

The English-Canadian, on the contrary, seems in his new sphere of action to have parted in a great measure with the graces of his old life. He has acquired in many instances a roughness of manner and a want of grace of speech which makes him appear as distinct in race from his forefathers as is his brother Jonathan. This is the more strange, since many

English-Canadians trace their descent from noble forebears. Collaterals of the best Scotch and English blood are to be found all over Canada, but the repose of manner, the dignity of bearing which should mark the order of Vere de Vere, are not so often found as they might be in her Canadian descendant.

In the early history of the colony women, except in the capacity of wives, are little mentioned, but in 1639 the Ursulines and Hospitalière nuns arrived, and vied with the priests who had preceded them in devotion and self-sacrifice. The Hospitalières took charge of the Hôtel Dieu, founded at Quebec by a great French lady,

the Duchesse d'Aiguillon, and the Ursulines founded the *pensionnat*, which still trains the minds and fingers of French-Canadian ladyhood. The fame of the saintly Madame de la Peltrie (Mother Superior of the Ursulines) and of Marie Guyart (known in religion as "Ste. Marie de l'Incarnation") lives to this day. These noble women were stirred to the heart by reading the "Relations" of Father Le Jeune, a Jesuit priest and Champlain's chaplain. Madame de la Peltrie spent thirty-two years of her life labouring among the Indians and teaching the children of the early colonists. The Ursuline nuns of the present day have a high reputation for needlework in all

to [illegible], for musical skill, for [illegible], and alas! for the manufacture of pine-cone monstrosities. They are a cloistered Order, and never go beyond the precincts of their convent walls. A tale is told of some [illegible] ladies employing their spare moments in teaching a pet parrot (in all reverence be it said) to repeat prayers. When versed in this holy accomplishment they wrote to their sisters in a certain convent in France: "We send you our parrot, dear sisters, to show you that in this new land we do not forget the offices of our religion. He is a pious parrot, and will repeat to you the 'Ave Maria' and 'Angelus'." The bird was sent across the ocean in a sail-

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ing ship, and during the long voyage he lived chiefly in the forecastle, where the sailors amused themselves mightily by teaching him to swear. Arrived at the convent, in response to the gentle advances of the nuns, the parrot poured forth a volley of such terrible oaths that he was promptly expelled, and the nuns remained not a little scandalised at the form which church prayers took on the other side of the Atlantic.

The early Governors lived at the Château St. Louis in Quebec, which chateau was unhappily destroyed by fire in 1834, "after it had been," says Dr. Miles, "for two hundred years the head-quarters of the French and

British Governors of Canada." Its situation was unique and beautiful, overlooking the St. Lawrence, and commanding glorious views of the Island of Orleans, Beauport, and Pointe Lévis. On arrival of each successive Governor in Quebec, the keys of the castle were handed to him, and he then repaired to the parish church, the chapel of the Jesuits, the "Hôtel Dieu," and the Ursuline Nunnery. At the Château de St. Louis took place the balls and entertainments given by their Excellencies under the *ancien régime*, and even later under English rule. The first ball ever recorded in Canada was one given here by the Comte de Frontenac, and M. le Moine tells us

that the Superior of the Jesuits, who made horrified note of it, adds piously in his journal: "God grant that nothing further come of it." "Tartuffe" (we learn on the same authority) was acted first on American soil in this historic castle, greatly to the disgust of good Bishop Laval, who appears to have attempted the rôle of a Savonarola in this new world.

Round the Governor gathered a little Court of exiled *noblesse*, many of whom belonged to the proudest families of France. The first Bishop of Canada had the blood of the De Montmorencys in his veins, whilst the officers of the famous regiment "Carignan Salières" were all men of more or less noble

birth. Some held offices about the Governor, and in the colony, and not a few owned seigneuries granted to them by Kings of France. The rights of Canadian seigneurs were those of their French prototypes, and they exacted homage from their vassals in like manner. Many of their privileges were extraordinary and immoral enough, and some excuse for the outrages of the French Revolution may be made in remembering them. "Fealty and homage" was rendered by the seigneur to the Governor, and in turn the vassal rendered homage to his seigneur. In Hawkins' *Picture of Quebec* we find a description of the former ceremony: "His Excellency being in full dress and

seated in a State chair, surrounded by his staff and attended by the Attorney-General, the seigneur, in an evening dress and wearing a sword, is introduced into his presence by the Inspector-General of the Royal Domain and Clerk of the Land Roll, and having delivered up his sword, and kneeling upon one knee before the Governor, places his right hand between his, and repeats the ancient oath of fidelity, after which a solemn act is drawn up in a register kept for that purpose, which is signed by the Governor and the seigneur, and countersigned by the proper officers."

M. le Moine, in his valuable book, *Quebec, Past and Present*,

quotes the historian Ferland's description of the way in which *Foi et hommage* was rendered in Canada.

"After the which reply, the said Guion, being at the principal door, placed himself on his knees on the ground, with bare head and without sword or spurs, and said three times these words : 'Monsieur de Beauport, Monsieur de Beauport, Monsieur de Beauport, I bring you the faith and homage which I am bound to bring you on account of my fief Du Buisson, which I hold as a man of faith of your seigniory of Beauport, delaring that I offer to pay my seigniorial and feudal dues in their season, and demanding of you to accept me in faith and homage as aforesaid.'"

Next in importance to the Governor came the *Intendant*, whose office, however, was "judicial and not executive." The most famous *Intendant* of

whom Canadian history bears record was Bigot, who, to quote M. le Moine, " must have not only a sumptuous palace in the city, with women more beautiful than chaste to preside at his *recherché* routs . . . but also a diminutive Parc-aux-Cerfs at Charlesbourg, where the pleasures of the table and chase were diversified by *écarté* or *rouge et noir*." The *Intendant's* Palace faced the river St. Charles at Quebec, and commanded a lovely view of the St. Charles valley and the distant range of blue mountains. The merest ruins remain to-day to show where the palace stood, yet the town gate leading to that quarter is still called " Palace Gate."

PAST AND PRESENT

In 1720 Père Charlevoix describes Canadian society as follows:[1] "The best blood of our country is here in both sexes. There is a general love of pleasure and amusement, with polished manners and a total absence of rusticity, whether in language or in habits, throughout the country." The De Lotbinières, the De Salaberrys, the De Longueils, and the Vaudreuils (amongst others) remain descendants of the *ancienne noblesse* of Canada, and retain, as in 1720, the "polished manners" and "total absence of rusticity" which marked their forefathers.

Such was Canadian society

[1] Vide *Quebec, Past and Present.*

under the old French Viceroys, the Comte de Frontenac, Marquis de Vaudreuil, Marquis de Tracey, M. de Denonville, and Marquis de Beauharnois, among others. With the change of Government in 1759, very little social revolution took place. Lady Dorchester held her brilliant little Court as in French days at the old Château, and there the custom of rendering homage was continued under English rule. M. de Gaspé, in his book, *Les Anciens Canadiens*, tells many a story of the way in which the brave and popular English Governor, Lord Dorchester, endeared himself to the hearts of the conquered French. One anecdote I must give :—

"Madame Couillard, Seigneuresse de Saint Thomas, Rivière du Sud, morte depuis soixante ans, me racontait une scène à peu près semblable : —'Mon père,' disait-elle, 'était bien malade, lorsque je vis venir un détachement de soldats Anglais. Je sortis comme une insensée et, me jetant aux pieds de l'officier qui les commandait, je lui dis en sanglotant : "Monsieur l'Anglais, ne tuez pas mon vieux père, je vous en conjure ! il est sur son lit de mort ! n'abrégez pas le peu de jours qui lui restent à vivre !"

"'Cet officier était le quartier maître Guy Carleton, depuis Lord Dorchester.

"'Il me releva avec bonté,' ajoutait-elle, 'me traita avec le plus grands égards, et, pour dissiper mes craintes, posa une sentinelle devant ma maison.'

"Lord Dorchester, devenu ensuite Gouverneur du Bas Canada, ne manquait pas de demander à Madame Couillard, chaque fois qu'elle visitait le Château Saint Louis, 'si elle avait encore bien peur des Anglais !'

"'Non,' répondait cette dame, 'mais vouz avouez, mylord, que ce

n'était pas sans sujet que les Canadiennes craignaient vos compatriotes, qui n'étaient pas à beaucoup près aussi humains que vous.' "

The Duke of Richmond, Sir Peregrine Maitland, Lord Dalhousie, Lord Durham and Lord Elgin, among others, succeeded to the dignities and responsibilities of Governors of Canada. The gubernatorial quarters shifted from the historic château during Lord Durham's time to the Parliament Buildings. Here Lord and Lady Durham entertained in princely manner, and the traditions of their hospitality in Canada have been for the most part worthily sustained by their successors.

Towards the end of the eighteenth century her Majesty's

father, the Duke of Kent, was stationed in Canada. Tradition tells us that he went much into French society and was extremely popular and beloved. He openly declared his dislike of the hackneyed expression "The King's old and new subjects." "All," he said, "were equally his Majesty's Canadian subjects." In 1782 Nelson lost his heart to a beautiful Canadian, and so infatuated was the future hero that his brother officers were forced to kidnap and carry him on board his ship in order to force him to return to duty.

The withdrawal of the Imperial troops (a most unpopular measure of Gladstone's, by the way) gave, broadly speaking, the

death-knell to Canadian society. The constant succession of English officers (many of them men of birth and breeding) was a factor in sustaining the tone of Colonial society. These men had travelled, were often accomplished and well-read, and intercourse with them could not but give new ideas to the stay-at-home Canadians. After their withdrawal a young generation sprang up, unaccustomed to hearing the English language spoken in its purity. What with Irish nurses, and French and Scotch and American servants, the poor young Canadian of the present moment has little chance of preserving his English accent in its beauty. A twang prevails which is un-

equalled all the world over for ugliness, and the most hopeless feature in the case is that its victim is unconscious of the gravity of his symptoms. He lets the disease eat its way without an attempt to check it, and even jeers at an English accent as "affected," and prides himself on his mongrel pronunciation. This is the more to be regretted, as the young Canadian is a fine, manly, noble creature. He excels in sport, does not know fear, and he has made his mark in Africa. Within the last four years Stairs, Mackay, and Denison, all young Canadians, graduates of the Military College, have done good work as explorers and cheerfully laid down their

lives in the African jungles. The early training of Canadians makes them ideal soldiers. For their own amusement they spend days "in the bush," camping-out, canoeing, shooting rapids, and otherwise training their nerves and muscles in a way no English youth has the opportunity of doing. They become, from constant intercourse with Nature, close students and lovers of its many phases. They learn from the Indians to read the signs of the skies, and the floral wealth beneath their feet, and herbs and their uses are not unknown to them. All men in Canada nowadays follow professions or lead business lives, and an idle man is looked upon as a moral dwarf.

This devotion to work, although in itself praiseworthy and to be respected, gives little chance of travel or the cultivation of the graces of life. Hence Canadian women, having more leisure than men and being naturally versatile and quick, are better fitted to shine in society than their lords and masters. Nearly every Canadian woman sings and plays more or less well. Not seldom she possesses great musical gifts. As regards knowledge of painting and sculpture, the average Canadian is a perfect Goth. This is not difficult to account for if we take into consideration the fact that, in addition to the possession of good music masters, Canadians have the advantage of hearing

the best music of the day. The great singers and pianists and violinists, one after another, visit the United States and tour in Canada, whereas the great works of the Umbrian, Venetian, Flemish, German, and English Schools remain for ever stationary. It is impossible that a love for art and knowledge of it can be fostered where there are no national art collections, nor any means of cultivating the taste; and it is only within quite recent years that the nucleus of a gallery has been formed through the exertions of H.R.H. Princess Louise. Canadians are seldom burdened with money, and as they have not the means to travel as Americans do, that

short cut to knowledge is denied them. In love of sound literature Canadians are not deficient, and there are good libraries all over Canada, besides cheap American reprints of English books to be bought everywhere.

The social amusements of Canada are peculiar and delightful. Balls and dinner parties are the same all the world over, but here exist attractions seldom to be found in other countries. In winter, skating, tobogganing, sliding, moonlight tramps on snowshoes, picnics to frozen falls, and moose and cariboo hunting. In summer, canoeing, fishing, boating, riding, driving, and camping out in parties. Canadians

are extremely social and are averse from solitude in every shape. Even when the yearly visit to "salt water" is paid, they bathe in company and live from morning till night on each other's verandahs. Privacy is assuredly a state little prized in the Dominion.

Canadian country houses answer rather to the description of villas than "places." The general run are two-storeyed and are built with wide verandahs, which shade the living rooms in the hot, fierce summers, and are over-grown with beautiful creepers. These houses are shaded by trees, and are surrounded by shrubberies, lawns, and pleasant gardens. In Quebec the style of domestic

architecture is distinctly French, and all over the Dominion *mansard* roofs are much in vogue. What is known in the States as "Colonial architecture" does not exist north of the American frontier. Country-house life as it is understood in England is little known in Canada, but there is a reason for it, inasmuch as the houses are not large enough for house parties, and in the months of June, July, and August, all the world goes to the seaside or the shores of the St. Lawrence. Entertaining is chiefly done in winter, Montreal, Ottawa, and Toronto being the gayest among Canadian cities. Quebec indulges itself in occasional balls, many kettledrums, skating and

driving parties. A Canadian girl drives alone with a man, toboggans and sleighs with him, and that ogre the chaperon is little obtruded, except as the caretaker of a party, not of individuals. Canadian girls have a very good notion of taking care of themselves, and know how to ensure respect. Certainly no more modest and pure-minded women are to be found anywhere than in Canada, and this in spite of more latitude given as regards the intercourse of men and women. With none of the prudery which exists in France and Italy, there is an absolute propriety, and divorces and undignified conduct in married life are almost unknown. Before marriage the

Canadian girl is allowed her fling, and she dances, skates, flirts and enjoys life to the full. After marriage she settles down to the humdrum details of daily life and the management of a small income with contentment, caring and living for little beyond her husband, children and household Canadian women are excellent housekeepers as far as a practical knowledge of cookery goes, and of the details of housekeeping. They cannot, perhaps, equal Englishwomen in administrative abilities, but their households being so much smaller, as a rule, they have not the same need of these talents. Too often they are inclined to do work out of their spheres, rather than trouble themselves

to train their servants properly. There is no doubt that early marriages and pressure of domestic cares weigh too heavily with Canadian women. Their complete absorption in household matters, however praiseworthy, is deplorable in its results. Gifted with great natural intelligence and talents, they seldom attempt to keep up their accomplishments or improve their minds after marriage. Music and languages and social talents generally languish for need of nutrition. Where there is an absolute contentment there can be no progress, and the result is mediocrity. At an age when the English married woman is the centre of attraction in Society, the Canadian

belle has abdicated and retired into the background of her own accord. There is too little of that *joie de vivre* which lasts with American women into extreme old age, and forms their most potent charm. The genus *Hausfrau* is to be found quite as much in the homes of Canada as in the *Buch-Holz* families of Berlin. Happily the good to be got out of this, and the logical sequence of so much domestic devotion, is that the "emancipated" woman, the political woman, and the professional woman, are as yet unknown in the Dominion.

The beauty of a Canadian woman is American in its character rather than English. You seldom see a figure modelled on

the lines of Juno, but delicate and lovely features are common, and the Canadian woman has matchless feet and hands. Her colouring is often striking and unusual, as, for instance, the combination of dark eyes with yellow hair, or grey eyes with black lashes and eyebrows—combinations which owe their existence largely to the mixture of races. A Canadian woman, moreover, loses her freshness and beauty all too soon, and this fact is largely owing to the unhealthiness of Canadian houses, which, during the severe winters, are kept at an abnormally high temperature. The dry heat of the stoves indoors, and sudden transition to cold winds and frost outside, shrivel the skin

and deprive it of all moisture and freshness.

The majority of English-Canadians are extremely Low Church, and candles and a cross on the altar are looked upon as sure signs of the neighbourhood of the Scarlet Woman. Where such a large proportion of the population is Roman Catholic, it follows as a matter of course that the professors of the Anglican faith should be, as in Ireland, aggressively Protestant. Party strife between Protestants and Roman Catholics runs high. How true is Lecky's axiom: "The chief cause of sectarian animosity is the incapacity of most men to conceive hostile systems in the light in which they appear to their adherents."

Between the Church of England and Dissenters there is much amity and marked friendliness all over Canada. Sabbath observance among English-Canadians is carried to such excess that a game of tennis or "Halma" on Sunday is enough, if discovered, to ostracise socially its perpetrators. A servile respect and ridiculous obedience to the dictates of Mrs. Grundy is everywhere most marked. With much priggishness, however, there is undoubtedly a high code of morals outside of political doings. Perhaps no country can show a more Puritan spirit in family life. The narrow-minded, illiberal tendency is to be deplored : one can-

not but admire the sturdy desire to live uprightly.

"Around the man who seeks a noble end,
Not angels, but divinities attend."

The Judge's Widow

A Study in Human Nature

MADAME LE GROS lived on "The Cape," Quebec, in a large cut-stone house, which faced the Governor's gardens. One section of the Quebec people described her as "that poor dear frivolous Madame Le Gros." Others, who were inclined to frivolity and amusement, called her "that dear delightful charming old lady."

She was the wife of a great local magnate and one learned in the law. The magnate was many years older than his wife, so that when she was a frisky dame of sixty or thereabouts, he was nearing ninety, and had arrived at the state described by Shakespeare as: "*sans* teeth, *sans* eyes, *sans* taste, *sans* everything."

In due course of time the magnate was gathered to his fathers, and his widow grieved for him very truly and warmly. Nevertheless, she was particular to see that her mourning was becoming, and that Plover & Pie sent home exactly the right allowance of crape suitable to an inconsolable widow. All the winter following the judge's

death, Madame Le Gros received only intimate friends, and her historic card parties were discontinued. By way of recreation she drove up and down John Street every afternoon, muffled in her crape and wearing an expression to match her weeds ; nevertheless, her human joyous nature took a pleasure hardly known to herself in the brightness of all about her. She noted the smartest tandems and the prettiest sleighs, whose fur robes were richest, and whose sleigh bells were best mounted. Mrs. May's new sealskin met with her warmest admiration, and pretty Dollie Duncan's snow-shoeing costume she voted *chic* and delightful. She wondered

whether Captain Sumner was really going to fall in love with Miss Hammond, and if Mdlle. de la Rue were trifling with that poor young subaltern's affections. Then she turned her attention to the Cameron children, and kissed her hand to them all effusively. She even stopped her sleigh at Blank's, the confectioner's, and ordered "lollipops" for their benefit. Afterwards she looked in for Vespers at the French cathedral, and drove home well content.

When, however, Madame had dined, and found herself night after night *tête-à-tête* in her comfortable drawing-room with her ancient and uninteresting companion, she began to wish that card parties and grief were not

incompatible. She scanned the *Quebec Chronicle* for news, and scolded Mademoiselle for her stupidity in having heard no gossip that day. She played a mild game of draughts, drank a glass of hot punch, fondled her pug, yawned, was intolerably bored, and went early to bed. The following autumn a few choice friends were admitted nightly for whist, and before the winter closed Madame's receptions were as crowded as ever—Madame meanwhile abating no sign of external grief, and wearing her crape of the prescribed depth.

Madame Le Gros was a wonderfully well-preserved woman. Her enemies (and she had many) accounted for the fresh-

ness and smoothness of her skin by declaring that she slept with beefsteaks tied to her cheeks. Her nut-brown hair was declared to emanate from the barber's shop, or to owe its colouring to his skill; but slander erred in both instances, as it very often does. She had been a beauty in her youth, and she retained a large share of this gift in her age, but she was innocent of dye or "aids to beauty."

I shall never forget my first acquaintance with Madame Le Gros. In my own home the Sunday card parties had been severely condemned, and the old lady alluded to as a sad instance of aged depravity. I had always nourished a keen curiosity to see the inside of the Wicked

House, and, above all, longed to find myself face to face with the wicked person, and one day an unsuspicious friend took me there unknown to my mother.

How my heart beat as I crept after her up the softly-carpeted staircase; and what a sensation of guilty pleasure thrilled me at the thought that I was perilling my soul in the House of Rimmon. In my own mind, from piecing together casual remarks and dwelling upon them, I had conjured up in my imagination a being in whom horns and a tail were marked characteristics. The subject fascinated me beyond description. It seemed to me valiant to imitate Christian and face Apollyon on his own ground, and I remembered well

how Christian had resisted the blandishments of Mrs. Light-Mind and Mrs. Love-the-Flesh. My astonishment and disappointment were great when I was introduced to an ordinary-looking, handsome old lady (who sat tatting at the window), and learnt that she was Madame Le Gros.

"Well, my dear," said Apollyon, "so you are little Margaret MacGregor! How is your pretty mother? Did she send a message to me? No? Never mind! Perhaps we shall be on good terms in heaven all the same."

"Oh, no! Madame," I said, shocked at such levity. "You won't go to heaven if you play cards and wear a wig. Mamma

says so." Madame laughed heartily. "In the first place I don't wear a wig," said she, "and you may tell your mother so, with my love; and in the second place I never see any harm in cards, but a great deal of harm in speaking ill of my neighbours, and that you may tell your mother, too, my child."

Then she praised my blue eyes and golden hair, and said I should keep up the reputation of my family for good looks, and I listened, not altogether displeased, but fearful lest I, like Hope and Christian, should become entangled in the meshes of Flatterer's net. Such remarks as these were strongly reprobated in my own family. "Perhaps," I thought, with a

thrill of excitement, "this was Madame Bubble, and if so, I must follow Standfast's example and resist her enticements mightily."

"My eyes are green and my hair is mud-coloured. Mamma says so," said I stoutly.

Madame Le Gros laughed again, and said something in French to my friend which I did not understand.

"If it prefers to be called ugly, it shall be," she said, stroking my head. "And now go and play me a tune, my dear, something martial like the 'Marseillaise.' *What* did you say? The piano out of tune, Mademoiselle. How can you talk such nonsense, when no one has played on it for over

a year! Very nice, indeed, my child! Now you can come here and I will show you my famous screen. When I am dead and gone you can think of me and it together. Draw out the screen, please, Mademoiselle—so, with the light well on it, that we may see the pictures!"

The piece of furniture alluded to was original enough, and it owed its embodiment to Madame Le Gros' *bizarre* and unconventional mind. It was a white, wooden framework, in which were set numerous photographs and an occasional letter and autograph.

"Now, my love," said Madame, "this is the history of Canadian society and politics

for many a long day. Here you will find the Governors and their wives, commanders-in-chief, military and naval, great statesmen, judges, even two Royal Princes who have visited Quebec. You will perceive that all are signed and dated. Here is Mr. McGreevy, who was assassinated years ago, and Sir Etienne Cartier, and there is Lord Monck, and yonder a bishop. That is a famous general, Sir Garnet Wolseley, and this one here is a Canadian author, Fennings Taylor. I was promised a photograph of Her Gracious Majesty once, *that* would have made my screen complete, but the man who was going to send it from England died,

unfortunately. Now sit and look at all these wonderful people whilst I talk to Mrs. Carr; and, Mademoiselle, fetch the child some chocolates to discuss meanwhile.

By this time, whether influenced by Madame's charm or chocolates I cannot say, but I had altogether shifted my ground in the Pilgrim's Progress. Instead of regarding Madame Le Gros as Apollyon, or even Mrs. Love-the-Flesh, I felt convinced that she was none other than Godly-Man, assailed by those demons, Prejudice and Ill-will. I munched my chocolates, gazed as bidden at the screen, and fancied myself on Mount Innocence.

The room was low-ceilinged

and eminently cosy in shape and arrangement. A fire burned in the grate, and deep arm-chairs covered with old-fashioned chintz were placed on either side of it. The walls were lined with low bookcases latticed in brass wire, and on the top of the bookcases stood blue china plates, a fat Chinese figure—whose tongue kept bobbing about alarmingly—and several gigantic Oriental vases. No books or magazines lay on the tables, for Madame Le Gros never read anything but the daily newspaper. She said she liked to originate ideas for herself, not imbibe them cut and dried out of books. I had heard my mother allude to this idiosyncrasy, and I wondered

whether report had erred again, as it had anent the wig. At all events, I determined to find out.

"Madame," said I, "is it true that you don't like books and never read them?"

"Quite true, my dear, quite true. For once rumour has spoken gospel truth. It is reading too many books nowadays, take my word for it, that makes the majority of people exactly alike. All cut out after the same pattern—all their ideas running in parallel grooves! They read 'Télémaque' and 'Henri Quatre' and 'Charles Douze,' Cæsar and Ovid and Virgil (and I know not what besides), as girls and boys, and when they have con-

sumed the prescribed amount of mental diet they are as stupid and gorged as a boa-constrictor. They have no individuality of thought left, no originality—they can only assimilate. My education was neglected when I was young, and that is why I am not an utterly dull old woman."

Distilled poison again dropped into my ears! I trembled guiltily. What would my governess say to such unorthodoxy?

"But, Madame, what books are these, then, and who reads them?"

"They are books on all subjects, my dear, and were the poor Judge's. He did not agree with me over that matter, which was just as well, as it

gave rise to discussion, and prevented our married life from being dull. He was a wonderful reader, my love; but I think he might have been a still greater man had he trusted his own brains where judgment were concerned, and not leant so entirely on these fusty old legal commentaries. How d'ye do! How d'ye do!" as she smiled and bowed from her window. In a stage aside: "I'm sure I don't know *who* you are! Well, to be sure! that new colonel's wife is always driving about with—but fie upon me now, I'm talking scandal, and what will my father confessor say? I don't mind innocent gossip, but *scandal* is quite a different thing.

Must you be going, Mrs. Carr? Wait a bit! Let me tell you how I punished that impertinent little upstart, Mademoiselle Labouchère. I met her at church last Sunday and she walked home with me afterwards, and all the way she made rude and unkind speeches about her neighbours. When we found ourselves opposite my house, she looked up at my windows and said, 'I don't like your curtains at all, Madame Le Gros; they are anything but artistic' (my beautiful new ones from England, indeed!); 'they look terribly crude and glaring from the street.' So I replied with dignity: 'I am sorry, Madame, that you don't approve of the

effect from *out*side, because assuredly you will never be in a position to judge from the *in*side. I wish you good-morning, Madame,' and I sailed into my house."

With which specimen of Madame Le Gros' repartee we took our departure.

Shooting a Rapid

WHEN I made up my mind to shoot the rapids of the Murray River, a lark across the friends said in a chorus, "Can you swim?" The question was suggestive of difficulties, not to say dangers; but a bath on the latter agreement adds a charm to adventure, and under the guidance of a practised Indian, I

Shooting a Rapid

"Story? God bless you!
I have none to tell, sir."

WHEN I made up my mind to shoot the rapids of the Murray River in a bark canoe, my friends cried in a chorus, "Can you swim?" The question was suggestive of difficulties, not to say dangers; but a dash of the latter ingredient adds a charm to adventure, and, under the guidance of a practised Indian, I

did not feel that there could be any ground for fear. Those among our Canadian friends who had shot rapids described the experience as thrilling and delightful. Who would not run the risk of a ducking for the sake of a new emotion in this effete century's end? Even the liveliest description falls short of actual experience. Here was a chance seldom to be got, and I felt that it would be foolish not to seize it. Meanwhile one was forced to run the gauntlet of remonstrances and advice, such as the following:

Friend A.—"Of course, unless you can swim, it is simple madness to think of venturing."

Friend B.—"You will get

wet through, even if the canoe doesn't upset. The water dashes all over you."

Friend C.—"My cousin took cold from sitting in wet clothes when she shot the rapids last year, and all but died from congestion of the lungs."

Friend D.—"Ten canoes went down the Murray Rapids last week, and five upset."

Friend E.—"Whatever happens, don't attempt to swim; you will cut yourself to pieces against the rocks. Trust to your Indian to save you."

Friend F.—"When your canoe comes to grief, strike out for the nearest bank."

A wise man has said, "In the multitude of counsellors there is safety." I have my doubts

as to the wisdom of that dictum. At all events, after weighing the *pros* and *cons* carefully, I determined to disregard every one's advice except my Indian's, and to pin my faith entirely on what he said, feeling sure that from long experience he was in a better position to advise than any one else.

The rapids we proposed to shoot were those, as I have said before, of the Murray River, a tributary of the St. Lawrence. The point from which our party arranged to start was one some eight miles above Murray Bay village. Our canoes were birch bark of the usual Indian make—that is to say, 14 feet to 18 feet long, and about 2 feet broad, strengthened by cross

battens, yet light enough for a man to portage (or carry) them on the head. These canoes are generally made of one to two pieces of bark, stripped from the tree, and moulded into form by a gentle application of heat. Where the seams occur, they are made water-tight by a composition into which resin and gum largely enter, and this composition no practised canoeman ever goes without. The bark is about the eighth of an inch thick, and, there being no thwarts in a canoe, the greatest caution is necessary in seating yourself.

Having sent off our canoes early in the day in hay-carts, under the charge of our Indians,

to the Pont Rouge, we followed some hours later in *calèches* and buck-boards, which are the only sort of conveyances to be found in these primitive regions of French Canada. Our road lay along the bank of the Murray River, which abounds in rapids and lovely brown pools. The horizon in front of us was bounded by beautiful blue mountain ranges, and green fields and clumps of fir trees made a middle distance. Here and there were *habitant* cottages, steep-roofed, red-tiled, old-world in colour and form. Snake fences divided the fields, and constantly we passed black wayside crosses, with here and there a terrible Calvary. At the doors of their cottages sat

peasant women spinning in the sun and nodding pleasantly to us as we passed. Children, guiltless of shoes or stockings, but otherwise well clad in homespun, played about the quaint outdoor ovens, and we came upon a venerable *curé* lecturing an impish-looking boy who had been brought up for admonition by his mother.

The sound of the fiddle was often heard, for in Canada as in France:

The Frenchman, easy, debonair, and brisk,
Give him his lass, his fiddle and his frisk,
Is always happy, reign whoever may,
And laughs the sense of mis'ry far away.

Once we stopped to listen to

a French-Canadian *chanson.* It ran as follows:

Monsieur Dufroi c'est un bon bourgeois,
Mais il n'nous donn' pas grand monnaie;
On travail ben tout l'hiver;
Au printemps on se trouv' clair!
Dans les chantiers, etc.

Next an opposition fiddle struck up the tune of "Petit Jean," and a manly voice carolled forth:

Quand j'étais chez mon père,
Lil, li li lil, li li lil, lil lil li,
Quand j'étais chez mon père,
Garçon à marier;
Garçon à marier-er-er,
Garçon à marier.

Je n'avais rien à faire,
Lil, li li, etc.,
Je n'avais rien à faire
Qu'une femme à chercher. (ter.)

A RAPID

A présent j'en ai-t-une,
Lil, li li, etc.,
A présent j'en ai-t-une
Qui me fait enrager. (ter.)

Elle m'envoi'-t-à l'ouvrage,
Lil, li li, etc.,
Elle m'envoi'-t-à l'ouvrage
Sans boir' ni'sans, manger. (ter.)

Quand je reviens d' l'ouvrage,
Lil, li li, etc.,
Quand je reviens d' l'ouvrage
Tout mouillé, tout glacé. (ter.)

Je m'asseois sur la porte
Comme un pauvre étranger. (ter.)

Rentre, petit Jean, rentre,
Lil, li li, etc.,
Rentre, petit Jean, rentre,
Rentre te réchauffer ! (ter.)

Soupe, petit Jean, soupe,
Lil, li li, etc.,
Soupe, petit Jean, soupe !
Pour moi j'ai bien soupé. (ter.)

J'ai mangé deux oies grasses,
Lil, li li, etc.,

J'ai mangé deux oies grasses,
Et trois pigeons lardés. (ter.)

Les os sont sous la table,
Lil, li li, etc.,
Les os sont sous la table,
Si tu veux les ronger. (ter.)

P'tit Jean, baisse la tête,
Lil, li li, etc.,
P'tit Jean, baisse la tête,
Et se met à brailler. (ter.) etc.

Poor very-much-married "Petit Jean!" We pitied his woes, and, as the song is characteristically French-Canadian, I have given it. Altogether the drive gave one a pretty, rural, innocent picture of life under conditions foreign to our own. An English person who has not visited the regions of the Lower St. Lawrence can form little idea of the condition of roads. The country, being vol-

canic in nature, is extremely hilly, and it abounds in irregularities of surface. Just out of Murray Bay village we passed a succession of huge green mounds, recalling to our minds the famous Monte Testaccio of Rome. There is no doubt that the Canadian mounds are volcanic in origin, but the French-Canadian has his own theories on the subject. Our *cocher* informed us that they were burial mounds of warriors slaughtered in one of the great battles between Indian tribes of bygone days. Over this mountainous country the roads are of necessity hilly, but the steepness can scarcely be imagined. The sturdy, sure-footed little French-Canadian horses, how-

ever, make light work of mountaineering, and we went up hill after hill at a hard gallop, and came down at a pace which would have been the death of a nervous person. Meanwhile, at every black cross our *cocher* reverently lifted his hat, and between whiles he wove pretty idylls as to the Edwins and Angelinas we passed loitering along the road. At last the Pont Rouge was reached, and here we found our five canoes. By way of encouragement, a young Canadian pointed out to me the very whirlpool in which a lady was so nearly drowned the week before. Then came a chorus of voices: "Remember, five out of ten canoes upset last week!"

A RAPID

"Sit still, whatever you do; the least movement upsets a canoe!"

"Do you mean to say you are going in that long serge coat? Take it off at once, or it will wrap itself round your feet and drown you."

Regretfully I parted with my comfortable coat, and stood prepared for drowning in a serge skirt and silk shirt over bathing clothes, no stays, petticoats, or any superfluous garments being admissible. A rubber sheet was laid in the bottom of the canoe, and on this I stepped gingerly, sitting down with my back to the Indian, and wrapping the sheet round me. The first few strokes of the Indian's paddle were

lulling and soothing in the extreme, and the water placid and glassy as a lake. Suddenly, with a rush, we found ourselves in the tumult of waters. Our little bark swayed from side to side. We could feel the bottom of the canoe yielding to the pressure of water underneath as the pace became fast and furious; we grazed boulders, the canoe grated on a rock, and, almost deafened by the roar of the waters, wet through, despite the sheet, triumphant and excited, we floated into calm water. Having got through safely so far, the Indian steered our canoe head up stream, to watch the others behind us in their progress. One came to grief, whereat my Indian grin-

ned and moralised as to the folly of any but Indians born and bred attempting to paddle their own canoes in such waters. Nevertheless, O most sapient brownskin, we were shown the way by a young Canadian second to none in skill and daring !

Soon we plunged again into the seething waters, and our former experience was repeated. What added to the excitement was that, owing to the narrowness of the channel, we were constantly heading on to a rock which showed its ugly head just above the water ; and at the instant it seemed as if we must touch and go to pieces. Then, as I began my Litany, giving up all for lost, the In-

dian, by a deft stroke of his paddle, changed our direction, and shot us into the only channel deep enough to float us. Throughout our progress down the rapids, I found it expedient "not to speak to the man at the wheel." From the instant of starting he fixed his gaze some distance ahead, and never took it off the swirling waters.

A canoeman has absolute need to concentrate his faculties on the work in hand, since he has at most only a few seconds in which to make up his mind how to meet a constant succession of difficulties wherein a moment's hesitation might prove fatal. Several times we landed at portages to empty our canoes of the water we had shipped.

Once, as we took breath, kind Mr. B—— cut fragrant pine branches, and made a soft cushion for my back, the narrow batten against which I rested being anything but comfortable. From fierce rapid into smooth water we glided continually, breathless from excitement and delight. No one was drowned; not a canoe upset. One only came to grief on a rock. We were prosaically, devoid of tragedy. The last rapid was shot as we neared Murray Bay village, and we emerged from the gloom of the dark, turbulent, narrow river (shadowed by its steep wooded banks) into a world of peace and brightness, where the setting sun was reflected in the

waters of the bay, and not a ripple disturbed its glassy surface. In Sir Philip Sidney's words, it seemed indeed,—

Sleep after Toyle, Port after stormie Sea,
Ease after Warre ;

and, delightful as the "toyle" and "warre" had been, we could, like Sir Philip Sidney, appreciate at its right value the "ease" which "doth greatly pleese."

Winter in Canada

Winter in Canada

THE French-Canadian peasant boasts a song by way of illustration to every epoch of his life. Be it love, marriage, domestic happiness, or its reverse, the birth of children or their deaths, spring, summer, autumn, winter, sport or religion, Jacques Bon-Homme finds a fitting *chanson* to celebrate each event. When the leaves fall, brown and withered, about his house, and the cold

blasts give warning of the coming winter, our friend Jacques takes his measures accordingly. He knows that his farming is over for the nonce, and with cheery philosophy prepares for his hibernal life—that of a lumberman in a backwoods shanty—and this is how he paints it :

Voici l'hiver arrivé,
Les rivières sont gelées ;
C'est le temps d'aller au bois
Manger du lard et des pois.
Dans les chantiers nous hivernerons !
Dans les chantiers nous hivernerons !

And inasmuch as winter in Canada means to the peasant a routine of life in direct contrast to his summer one, so it brings with it a complete change to those of higher de-

gree. As the thermometer falls, the first signal for the struggle is given. Double windows are fitted everywhere, and often double doors. Draughts and icy winds are combated by means of rags stuffed in every window crevice, and paper pasted over them. At last the house is hermetically sealed, and ventilation is supplied only through the *guichet*. Next, the ugly but indispensable black stoves and pipes are put up (where the dwelling is not heated by hot air or water), and the supplies of wood for the winter, and of frozen turkeys and geese, and barrels of apples, are laid in. Lastly comes the first fall of snow, and with it the snow-shoes, the toboggans, the

sleighs, the skates, and the joys of a Canadian winter.

Albeit the thermometer often registers twenty degrees below zero, cold in Canada is bearable. The air is dry and still, the sun shines brilliantly, and snow, when it falls, comes down as dry as flour, and can be shaken off as easily. Skies are bright, and the atmosphere exhilarating, whilst the winter sports are unrivalled. Life out of doors is a perpetual carnival. Sleighs painted red, blue, and every colour, and rich with fur "robes," dart over the frozen snow. There is something inexpressibly joyous in the music of the sleigh-bells, and to those who have never heard them no description but that of Edgar

Allan Poe's could convey their charm :

Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells !
What a world of merriment their melody foretells !
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night !
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the Heavens seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight.
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinabulation that so musically wells,
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tingling of the bells.

The usual sleighs for driving hold only two, with a seat behind for the groom. Fur robes cover the knees, and a long skin hangs at the back of the sleigh by way of finish to the

turn-out. Sleigh bells are sometimes hung above the horse's collar in a high silvered erection; oftener they hang from a scarlet cloth arrangement round the neck. From the fact of the sleighs accommodating only two people, and the correlative being that those two people are generally a man and a woman, the libel anent "Muffins" arose. I find the following good tale in *Recollections of Canada*:—

"It was altogether too bad, the trick they played on young D——. He came out late in the season, about the end of December, by way of Portland. A nice, good-looking youngster, but as ignorant of Canada as any one can well be. So after

dinner, says D——, 'Now tell me, what about the Muffins?' 'What,' said they, 'haven't you secured a Muffin yet?' 'No,' says D——, 'how could I, when I don't know a soul out here!' 'Ah,' said they, 'that's unfortunate; but you're in luck after all. There's just one left, but she's about the nicest girl here. You must secure her at once.' 'But who will introduce me?' says D——. 'Ah!' said they, 'you don't want any introduction; all you've got to do is to go after lunch to-morrow, ring at the bell, and ask for Miss H——; then introduce yourself, and say that you have come to ask her to be your Muffin for the season.'

"D—— called next day, and

saw as he entered the room a particularly pretty, quiet, lady-like woman waiting to receive him. 'I only arrived a few days ago,' he said, 'Miss H——, and I have come without delay to ask if you will honour me by driving out with me for the remainder of the season, as I am assured that, fortunately for me, you are still not engaged as a Muffin.' Miss H—— gave one terrified look at him, under a first not unnatural impression that he was a lunatic, and then, with her hand on the bell, gave poor D—— such a look that the whole truth burst upon him. And all that season, wherever he appeared, a sound like the tinkling of a little bell and a

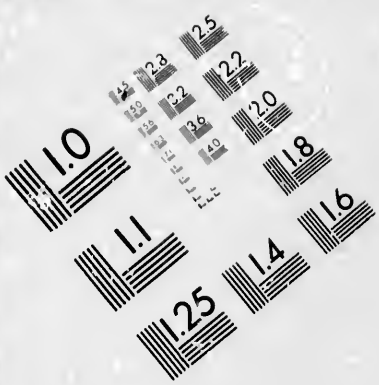
subdued cry of 'Muffins' was heard. He never quite got over it as long as he remained in Canada."

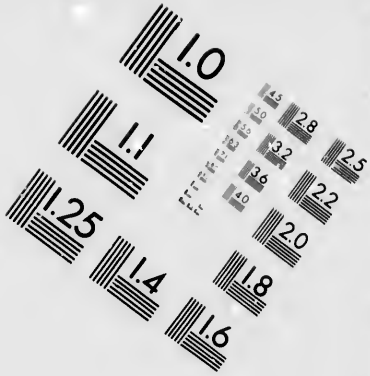
The winter amusements of Canada are many, and next to the joy of driving tandem in a sleigh comes that of tobogganing. A toboggan is usually about ten feet long and seventeen to nineteen inches wide. It is made of the lightest wood, and is almost as thin as paper. At one end (the front) it is curled up, and battens of wood border each side and strengthen it across. The first lady who gets into it sits with her feet curled up inside the front arrangement, and all those who follow, except the last man, sit tailor fashion, carefully tucking

in their skirts and coats from contact with the snow. The last man usually steers with one foot, throwing himself face downwards on the toboggan, but sometimes he prefers to guide with his hands. The sensation of flying through the air at such a pace is thrilling, and the game is one requiring skill and nerve. Of course a steep incline, either natural or artificial, is a *sine quâ non* in the sport.

Sleighs (both for sliding and driving) are steel bound, and their construction is quite different to that of a toboggan. Sleighs for sliding (as for driving) are raised from the ground on runners, and the former are much smaller than toboggans.

In Canadian idiom you "slide" with a sleigh, and "toboggan" with a toboggan. Where the snow is freshly fallen, sleighs for sliding are useless, as the surface must be hard and frozen for them, whereas a toboggan is the right thing. Tobogganing parties are favourite amusements in Canada, and the fun and merriment of them is indescribably delightful. By moonlight the sport is ideal, especially where the tobogganers are in their salad days, and the long walks up the hills, two and two, give opportunity for many an intimate talk. Snow-shoeing is another and a delightful Canadian amusement, one only to be indulged in where there is fresh-fallen snow,





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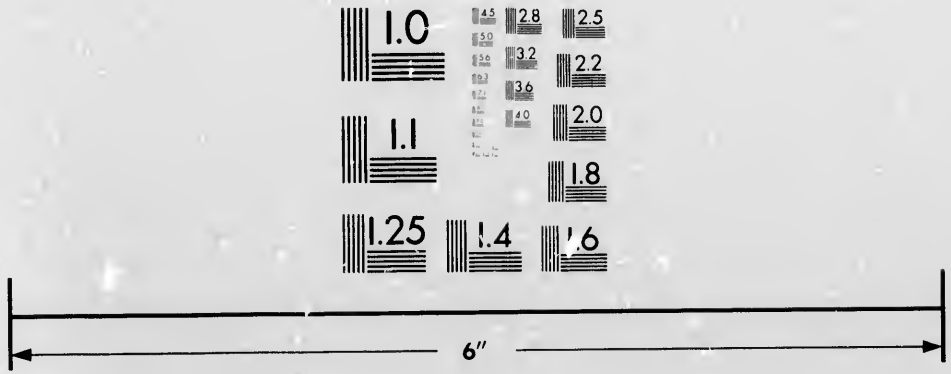

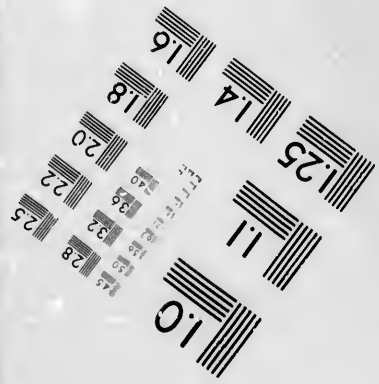

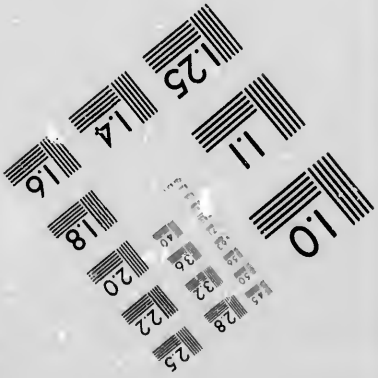

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but which exercises the limbs and brings a glow of healthy colour to the palest cheek. Snow-shoes are made of a light framework of ash or some other light wood, laced across with thongs of deer-hide. Their size is proportionate for man or woman, and in the former is sometimes two feet six inches long. The foot of the wearer is cased in soft doeskin moccasin, and fastened to the snow-shoe by leather straps, which pass round the back of the ankle, leaving the heel free, and merely securing the toes to the shoe. The art in using snow-shoes is that of lifting one foot well over the other, so that you can walk firmly and gracefully without waddling, as the width of the

snow-shoe would lead many people to suppose must be the case.

A torchlight procession on snow-shoes is a most picturesque sight, and one which far surpasses the *moccoletti* of Rome or the *fiaccoletti* of Florence. The gleaming snow, the picturesque blanket costumes of the snow-shoers, the gloomy dark pines lit up here and there by the torches, and the merry, happy faces, make a never-to-be-forgotten picture.

I remember hearing in my childhood a story *à propos* of snow-shoes, which, if not *vero*, is at least *ben trovato*. A Canadian (so they said), who dearly loved his national sports, found himself once on a time in Edin-

burgh during a severe winter. At the first fall of snow out he sallied on snow-shoes for a moonlight tramp round the Castle Rock. The following morning marks were found in the snow of a mysterious nature. The wiseacres of the place took counsel together, and tried to solve the problem. At last they came to the conclusion that an animal hitherto unknown to zoology had, no one knew why, made the circuit of their city in the darkness!

Skating is perhaps a more general amusement than snow-shoeing; but it is so universal a sport now-a-days, that I need not touch on it here. When tired of tobogganing, snow-shoeing and skating, a man can

prove his hardihood by going into the woods after moose and cariboo.

The Scotch sport of curling is much liked and adopted in Canada. Of late years the Ice Palace of Montreal and Carnival have been popular. No doubt the idea of the Palace was borrowed originally from Russia, but its architecture is distinctly English. Imagine a machicolated castle, with towers, slits for the cross-bowmen, and all the other mediæval paraphernalia entirely carried out in solid blocks of ice! When the sun shines the glistening, glittering mass is inexpressibly and marvellously beautiful. Fancy, if you can, a building made of colossal Koh-i-nors! walls

of diamonds! an enchanted palace!

One of the chief glories of Canadian nature is the *verglas*, or glazed frost. This is the consequence of a thaw, followed by rain and a sharp frost. You wake up one fine sunny morning not to find yourself "famous," but the world about you. Every tree is coated apparently with finest glass, and hung with glittering jewels. It is as if an enchanter's wand had transformed a commonplace world into fairyland. Wherever the sun touches the boughs of the trees colours sparkle in its rays, red, green, yellow, and white, like rubies, emeralds, topazes, and diamonds. One looks for Oberons and Titanias in such a

world, and work-a-day ordinary mortals seem out of place.

The celebration of Christmas in Canada is confined to the English-speaking section of the community. French-Canadians (like their co-religionists in Italy and France) keep the New Year as Italians do the *Capo d'Anno*, and observe the same customs in the new country as their ancestors did in France. The English-Canadian hangs up his stocking for Santa Claus to fill, or decks his Christmas tree. The French-Canadian keeps *Noël* as a purely religious anniversary, and reserves all his merriment for the New Year. Many French customs have gradually crept into use by the English-Canadians, and among

them that of New Year visiting. On the *Jour de l'An* Canadian ladies hold their drawing-rooms, and receive their faithful subjects as much as ever did Royal Lady. None but men go these rounds, and woe betide the luckless wight who fails to put in an appearance or offer the season's good wishes! His name is relegated thenceforth to the black books of the household, and his former place in the affections of that family knows him no more.

Canadian houses are eminently comfortable if slightly Philistine. On these anniversaries all within doors is warmth and brightness. Glowing fires send ruddy, cheerful light over pleasant rooms and pretty

women. Tables are laden with good Christmas fare, and everywhere hospitality is the order of the day. Outside, icicles make a fringe to the roofs, the snow lies piled high, often above the level of the windows, and the trees bear a coating of snow and ice. The crispness in the air, despite the cold, is delightful, and sleigh-bells jingle merrily to an accompaniment of crunching snow. Sometimes King Frost, in an amorous fit, kisses our ears too rudely for politeness. Now and then an avalanche of snow from a tin roof overhead perils one's life; occasionally there is danger of upsetting in a *cahot*; oftener still there is likelihood of being buried in a snowdrift, but, take

it all in all, Canada is a rare country. No wonder the patriotic *habitant* sings:—

". . . En expirant,
Oh! mon cher Canada!
Mon regard languisant
Vers toi se portera."

An American Village

EMERSON has likened the student of history to a man going into a warehouse to buy cloths or carpets. "He fancies," says the writer, "he has a new article. If we go to the factory we shall find that his new stuff still repeats the scrolls and rosettes which are found on the interior walls of the Pyramids of Thebes." In the history of the world we find Nature for ever repeating herself; human

genius for ever re-echoing. The Greek temple in process of time became the Christian basilica. The Roman galley was the remote ancestor of the turret-ship, and Cowper has taught us all the antecedents of the sofa. There is nothing new under the sun: "Every novel is a debtor to Homer"; "Every carpenter who shaves with a fore-plane borrows the genius of a forgotten invention." Naturally enough strong family likenesses exist between magpie English villages, and the picturesque timber-framed hamlets on the banks of the Rhine and Moselle. Nor can we wonder that the narrow, malodorous streets of an Italian town arched with buttresses, and hung with dirty

picturesque rags, should claim affinity with Spanish and Greek towns.

If anywhere in this hackneyed earth originality be found, it must be on a new continent, where man in short is not for ever trammelled by what *has* been ; where, thrown on his own resources, his latent creative powers are stimulated, and he does not blindly follow recognised schools of thought.

In a corner of Massachusetts (though a far remove from "cultured" Boston), lies a village as purely original as it is in the law of Nature to be. In detail, this village has the components of all villages, but in the composition of a picture, not in its materials, lies the essence of

originality. In Lenox we find most of the ordinary attributes of English, German, French or Italian villages. Yet the grouping, the posing, the expression, are without parallel on the older continent. Imagine a village abounding with lawns and shrubberies, with gardens and orchards, where never a wall or fence sets up a barrier between the rich man and the poor one. Turf of a velvet-like richness slopes to the road, and with truly democratic principles the inhabitants of Lenox allow the beauties of flower-beds and glowing masses of rhododendrons to be enjoyed equally by those of high and low degree. The side walks are everywhere shaded by magnificent avenues

of elms, and between the planks and the road is a wide border of turf. On either side of the village street are cottages of "Queen Anne" or "Colonial" styles of architecture; and further afield lie statelier dwellings standing in their own parks. Where four roads meet stands the village inn, a two-storied semi-classic wooden building. Mine host, Mr. Curtis, is as much a feature of Lenox as its fenceless lawns. He greets the newcomer with a hearty hand-shake, and speeds the parting guest with the presentation of a substantial bill. To "Curtis' Hotel" come all visitors to Lenox who cannot aspire to the possession of a "cottage," or "country seat."

They find comfortable, even æsthetic rooms, good attendance, and food that no one need despise. None of us poor mortals are indifferent to the charms of creature comfort. Even the great Luther wrote :—

"Wer nicht liebt Wein, Weib und Gesang,
Der bleibt ein Narr sein Leben lang";

and the corollary is, that Curtis' Hotel is always as full as it can hold.

The months for Lenox are September and October, and then all smart American society finds itself in the Berkshire hills. Fashionable Americans play at rural life much as Marie Antoinette did. They profess at Lenox to live in cottages, but

the so-called "cottages" are revelations of beauty and luxury. They wear "country clothes" which, in studied simplicity and elegance, cost Worth and Felix, no doubt, many harassed hours to compass. They drive and ride and dine and dance in company (segregation being a state of life not appreciated by the American fashionable mind). At Lenox, too, they dispense those hospitalities for which Americans are renowned throughout the world. But, before I go further, a word as to the situation and surroundings of this unique village.

Lenox stands on a hill, and is literally hemmed in by mountains. It is in a district which is well-wooded, well-watered,

and which abounds in exquisite scenery. "A country," says a writer, "of valleys, lakes, and mountains, that is yet to be as celebrated as the lake district of England, or the hill country of Palestine." The undulating lie of the land, the belt of blue hills, the lovely lake called Stockbridge Bowl, placed like a mirror to reflect its surroundings, and the unusually fine timber, all conspire to make the scenery round Lenox unique in beauty.

Outside the village, lie houses and small parks dignified by the name of "places." Some of these houses are surrounded by twenty-five to as much as one hundred acres of land. No shooting is to be had with these

properties, but in every other essential they are ideal country homes. The grounds are invariably well timbered, and the arrangement of shrubbery and flower-bed shows to what a pitch of perfection landscape gardening can come. No expense is spared in keeping up these *bijou* places. The leading people in Lenox do not belie American traditions. They have money to gratify every whim, and the last fad of the fashionable decorator is sure to be seen in their houses.

Nearly all the buildings in Lenox are of wood, and the "Old English" and "Colonial" styles are most in vogue. By the adjective "Colonial" (as applied to houses) is under-

stood a type of domestic architecture peculiar to America, and a revival of that in fashion in Washington's time. Curious suggestions of Greek porticos and entablatures, of pillars and pilasters, combine with an extremely homely, comfortable fashion of domestic architecture; and the result is not unpleasing. Incongruity is rampant, and yet the effect interiorly is delightful. One's theories of the pure in art are hourly outraged, and one's prejudices as often undergo modification. As for the so-called "Queen Anne" houses of Lenox, never before were houses half so charming, so cosy, and so unexpected. Quaint chimneys and gables of the strictest and purest "Queen Anne" architec-

ture delight one's senses of the fit; when the sight of a French *tourelle* tacked on, at one corner, and an American verandah, at the other, again outrage one's principles of the pure in art. Nevertheless, the society of this vast continent being cosmopolitan, it is only natural that its architecture should be the same.

"Colonial" houses are nearly always "clap-boarded" outside, and painted a deep creamy yellow relieved by white. Inside, many of the drawing-rooms show shining white classic pilasters, supporting architraves, and friezes ornamented by mouldings or sculpture of "Louis Seize" garlands, tied at intervals by the historic *nœud.*

White and yellow are the prevailing colours of these "parlours," and taken in conjunction with parquet floors, and softly coloured rugs, and draperies, the effect is undoubtedly good. The entrance halls are square as a rule, and modelled often on Old English types. Lowell's house at Cambridge is a good specimen of old Colonial architecture, and in it is much that calls to mind the Adams' style of decoration. The "Old State House" of Boston is another good illustration of the type, and certainly public buildings modelled on classic forms accord more with English ideas of the fitting in art than the domestic-classic.

And the women, who live in

these homes of versatile architecture, seem to us English wonderfully in harmony with their surroundings—charming, lovely, picturesque, and often full of surprises. Less conventional than John Bull's women-kind, more liberal-minded and open to conviction, of intense personality, sometimes incongruous, if you will, but never bores, American women may (like Englishwomen) sometimes be vulgar; they can be on occasions (like Englishwomen) snobbish; they are never, like Englishwomen, dull. No women can touch them for natural straightforwardness of manner, and absence of self-consciousness. There is among the well-bred a charm which is indescribable,

and which, rather than their physical beauty, constitutes their attractiveness. Moreover, the wives and daughters of Brother Jonathan are by no means of Thomson's way of thinking, and scorn the poetic but unpractical idea that—

". . . Loveliness
Needs not the foreign aid of ornament."

To be *bien gantée*, *bien chaussée*, wear well-fitting, smart clothes, and appear arrayed in the *dernier cri du chic*, is the ambition of every well-regulated American female mind. Are not Worth, Felix, and Rouff called in to aid them in the attainment of this end?

During the season at Lenox

festivities are the order of the day. Do we not have morning receptions, concerts, luncheon-parties, afternoon lectures, kettle-drums, dinners, and dances; Lenox energies being even equal to a Virginian reel on the lawn at the unholy hour of 12 a.m.!

No people are so hospitable as Americans, and few can equal American hostesses in grace and charm in entertaining. They are less self-conscious and shy than Englishwomen, more genial and ready-witted. Their absence of conventionality is also valuable to them, as it leads to original experiments in the way of entertainments which no Englishwoman, hampered by a fear of Mrs. Grundy, would dare to perpetrate. Happily the

American hostess has the courage of her convictions, and happily for her also, American guests love novelty. In festive, beautiful, hospitable Lenox the ball is kept merrily rolling, and the marvel is that these delicate, ethereal-looking, fragile creatures can "whirl, and follow the sun," from year's end to year's end.

Whether a collapse comes sooner or later I cannot say, but a visit to Lenox in the height of its season, left one full of admiration for the indomitable energy of its fair inhabitants, full of intense appreciation of the marvellous sylvan beauty of its scenery, and not a little anxious that others should share an unique and delightful experi-

ence. There are few places in this work-a-day world where "nature" is so completely "linked with art," or "fewest faults with greatest beauties joined."

Butler & Tanner, Frome and London.