

## CANADA IN WINTER.

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It is unfortunately true that Canada has been one of the most ill-used and misrepresented portions of the globe, from the time when it was styled "a few arpents of snow" in the reign of Louis XV., to the epoch of the great exhibition of 1851. From its whereabouts to its climate, from its productions to its progression, the majority of intelligent Englishmen, some few years ago, knew far less than about many miserable patches of land, where human flesh was considered the most palatable of digestibles. They could have told you all about Kwang-tung, or the Sandwich Islands; given you accurate statistics of Finland, Hungary or the Cape; but had you asked them of Canada, and what they knew about it, you would probably have been answered—"Oh! Canada's an out-of-the-way hole, somewhere or other on the other side of the Atlantic, where the natives are a mixture of emigrants and wild Indians." Look at the absurd ignorance of the leading papers of England to-day about Colonial matters—and if the *Times* is mistaken in its geography and statistics what must the masses be! "Canada in winter" was once an awful theme of terror to nearly everybody out of Canada. What a shivering, hyperboreal, frost-bound lot of creatures we were supposed to be! Our houses were domestic refrigerators, and we Canadians in an eternal surrounding of ice, snow and icebergs, where caloric never was known! Such tales have done Canada much harm, for a home in an arctic region is by no means pleasant to those who think of emigrating. Canada has been unjustly condemned for her climate. In summer we have some extremes of heat, and in winter some extremes of cold, but what country is without its extremes and its disagreeableness? Canada is not Paradise, neither is England (think of 240 rainy days per annum in Lancashire, in Canada we have 120). If we cannot boast of England's many months of "May flowers," we can rejoice that our "April showers" are not from January to December, when you least expect them. Every country has its disadvantages and its objections; national perfection was apparently never intended.

And now for an account of our winter sports and pastimes, and, first of all, let us begin with sleighing, which is nowhere more enjoyed than in this Canada of ours.

If you want to see sleighs of every date and fashion, come to Lower Canada, where the French Canadian habitant persistently adheres to his antiquated *traineau*, and profits nothing by example or comparison.