

of it. One is irresistibly reminded of the story of Sheridan and his son, who wanted to go down a coal mine. "But why?" asked the father. "Well, to say I have been down," was the reply. "Very well, you can say so all the same," was the prompt rejoinder.

One of the leading French papers says, "as to Sarah Bernhardt, she is sinking from an artist to the inferior level of the Siamese Twins, the Child Giant and other "phenomenons which the mob are allowed to contemplate at so much a head." And the paper goes on to predict that sooner or later the public will revenge itself on these over-rated people, by whom it will fancy it has been duped, though in reality it dupes itself.

This prophecy as to the consequences is founded on a knowledge of the English variety of human nature. While a thing is "all the rage," we go any lengths in the absurdity of enthusiasm. We cannot take attractions offered us, mildly and temperately, but go frantic over them. Then comes the reaction, and having been enraptured with our toy, we begin to pick it to pieces. We shake the sawdust out of the doll in our violence—and there is an end of it. The worship of the idol of the hour is all in all, but directly it is over, woe to the man who tries to revive it. Utter failure is his inevitable lot. This rule will apply to the Comedie Française, to "Pinafore" and the rest. This season it is the "correct thing" to see them, to talk about them and to write them up; but let them come again next year, when the *furor* has subsided, and what would the reception be? Empty houses, absent critics, public indifference.

This is the natural consequence of "rushing" a novelty up to sensation point, whence it is sure to drop. The same thing is apparent in private life, and more particularly in the fitting up of our houses and the cut and quality of our clothes. Take colour for example. How long is it since everybody rushed into aniline or coal-tar shades such as Solferino or Magenta? And who even tolerates them now that the "rage is over? They have been supplanted by neutral tints—by washed-out pinks, and sickly greens, and indescribably unwholesome yellows. These will in turn weary the eye and give place to another "rage." Furniture manias are even more serious, because they cost so much. All at once we have seen people playing at living in Queen Anne's day. Or going back to William and Mary, when they would have us believe society lived in a blue china world, and as a rule hung up the plates and dishes on hooks in the drawing-room. The Japanese "rage," too, has lasted a long time—long enough for the English market to have utterly demoralized the Japanese markets, to say nothing of giving rise to home makers of sham Japanese ware. It will of course give place to something fresh, and the moment our present treasures are voted "common" they will be worth nothing.

It is impossible not to regret this popular failing, if only because it makes us ridiculous. A mob rushing first in one direction and then in another, and after one foible and then as madly after something else, cannot be taken for a sage, steady, cultivated people. Civilization should by this time have taught us to appreciate the intrinsic value of things, as distinct from the mark which the fashion of the movement sets upon them. Emerson seems to be describing a flock of sheep in the words I have quoted: "After running each tendency to an extreme, they try another tack with equal heat." It is not creditable as the description of a great people.

Quevedo Redivivus.

OUR SUMMER RESORTS.

No. V.

"O ye valleys! O ye mountains!
O ye groves and crystal fountains!
How I love, at liberty,
By turns to come and visit ye!"

Crossing from Tadousac in either of the steamers belonging to the St. Lawrence Navigation Co. to the opposite shores in about one hour and a half we come to a remarkably rocky peninsula about two miles long, 300 to 400 feet high, upon the top of which is the village of Cacouna, among whose houses and cottages stands prominently the large and lofty St. Lawrence Hotel. Skirting the shore for about five miles to the westward we arrive at the Rivière du Loup pier. The river is so very shallow that boats cannot ascend it for much more than a mile, and not even then at low water. Consequently, a carriage is necessary, in order to reach the pretty little village of Rivière du Loup, which from its length commands a fine view of the river St. Lawrence, the expanse of which is broken by Hare Island in mid stream. It is about seven miles long in the direction of the river and less than a mile wide; its height does not exceed two hundred and fifty to three hundred feet; it has no inhabitants, nor any attractions for the tourist in search of the picturesque, though it is tolerably thickly wooded. There are a pleasing variety of fine landscapes in the neighbourhood of Rivière du Loup, which is famed for its purity of air, and the geniality of its climate during the hot months of July and August when the denizens of Quebec, Montreal and western cities of Toronto and Hamilton are suffering from the Dog Star's heat, and are panting for the sea breeze. One of the chief natural features is the grand fall in the river, which, when full, astonishes the beholder; though it is not half the height of that of the Montmorenci, nor half the width of that of La Chaudière, near

Quebec, yet it is very imposing. In this village and its neighbour Cacouna there are many calm and quiet spots where one can read and meditate, and many shady recesses where one can sit or sleep at his ease, "by none offended, and offending none!" At Rivière du Loup commences the Intercolonial Railway; the river is here crossed by a bridge of three spans, the foundations are rock, on the bed of the river, and so also is the river "Isle Verte," a few miles east of Cacouna; both bridges are built on the Howe truss principle, and the roadway runs on the top of the girders, which are of wood, all the other bridges on this railway being of iron. The first place that may, after leaving Cacouna, be called a summer resort is the village of Bic, the approach to which, through several spurs of headlands, is very beautiful. The harbour, which is landlocked and nearly dry at low water, and never very deep at high water, is surrounded by high hills which protect it from storms,—an advantage for those fond of boating. There is a retired beach especially devoted to ladies and children, where, as the tide comes in, sea-bathing can be thoroughly enjoyed. On the opposite side to the eastward is Campbell's Point, facing the river St. Lawrence; this forms the entrance to the harbour, which is about two-thirds of a mile, the passage being obstructed by two round and rocky islets called the Bicoques; between these small vessels may anchor. Some of the hills or summits of the high lands of Bic are more than 1,200 feet high above the sea level, and from them may be obtained a magnificent view of the St. Lawrence, Bic Island, at a distance of about two miles from the coast, forming the foreground. The island is about three miles long and a mile broad; its shores are of slate rock, and rise to more than 140 feet above the level of the sea. It is very thickly wooded, the water is very clear, and there are some small bays with sandy beaches where good bathing can be had. It is, on a calm day, a famous place for picnics, and is much patronized by the visitors from Quebec and Montreal, who are getting more numerous year by year. There is good fishing in the neighbourhood. Trout can be obtained at St. Fabien, where there is a pretty lake, well known to the disciples of Isaac Walton, and mackerel and herring at Otty Bay, where the railway, which left the shores of the St. Lawrence at Trois Pistoles, again touches it and so continues to Rimouski, another watering place patronized by the citizens of Quebec and Montreal. In neither of the places is there a good hotel, and, strange to say, though surrounded with fish, one can rarely, except on a Friday, procure any worth eating. Any delicacy, either in the way of edibles or viands, must be imported. A slice of good beef, a cut of roasted veal, a broiled chop of mutton, and a glass of Bass' ale or Guinness' porter, cannot be had, or even a bottle of St. Julien; nothing but eggs and bacon, or ham and eggs and a decoction of a Japan tea, and that so weak and flavourless that I would as lief drink milk and water (sky blue), if it were not for the name of it. Rimouski, or, to give its aristocratic title, St. Germain de Rimouski, if it cannot boast of a good hotel, is proud of being an Episcopal see, and in possession of a fine "Cathedral Church," a Bishop's Palace, two Colleges, three Convents, and many good private residences. Opposite Rimouski is the narrow Island of St. Barnaby, about a mile and a half long; it is well wooded, and is composed of slate and greywacké rocks. The channel between the island and Rimouski is dry at low water; its shallowness, together with the island and the Government pier about 2,150 feet long, form a barrier against the heavy seas, which occasionally are dangerous to small vessels. From the wharf the mails are despatched in a small steamer to the Allan's Line, which upon their arrival from England and Quebec come to an anchor in the bay, and discharge the outward bound pilot and take on board the inward bound. Father Point, distant about three miles E. by N., is the rendezvous of the pilots, many of whom reside there; on its extremity there is a light-tower, octagonal in shape, painted white, which exhibits a fixed red light.

From Rimouski the Intercolonial Railway skirts the shore of the river as far as Little Metis, which may be called a Scotch settlement, where the Gaelic language is more generally spoken than the "Canadian French." Here the line turns in a southerly direction to cross the highlands, dividing the waters flowing into the St. Lawrence from those flowing into the Bay of Chaleur by the Metapedia, a tributary of the Restigouche. There are many steep grades and sharp curves between Little Metis and the summit at Lake Malfait, which is 743 feet above the sea-level actual measurement. The distance is about 20 miles through an intricate hilly country, in some parts wild and rugged; an impracticable primeval country, with very few traces of civilization but the railway itself. From this, the highest summit of the line, there is a slight descent to the Metapedia Lake, which is about sixteen miles long and three miles wide, and would probably be frequented by tourists if it had the advantages of a good hotel and small steamboats and sailing craft like Lake Memphremagog, which in some respects it rivals in beauty. Now, none but the keenest sportsman and most enthusiastic fisherman would think of encamping on its shores, which are haunts of the bear, the wild cat, and the fox. As there is a considerable area of good farming land—some say a belt ten miles broad, containing 130,000 acres—near Lake Metapedia, it is to be hoped that at no very distant day this comparative wilderness will "rejoice, and blossom as the rose," and become, like the neighbourhood of Memphremagog, full of cultivated fields and wide-spread pastures; its valleys and plains adorned