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## CANADIAN SCENES AND HOMES.

BY MRS. A. CAMPBELL, OF QUEBEC.

"Jessie, would you like a walk upon the ice-bridge, after tea, to see tommy-cod fishing?"

"Yes, I should, very much, Willie."

"Well then, hurry up your operations, and we'll be off."

This short conversation took place between a brother and sister—the sole occupants, save a servant-maid, of a small house on L— street, Québec. The rest of the family lived at Montreal; but William G—, having been put in charge of a branch-business opened at Quebec, was obliged to look upon that place as his future abode; and his parents, rightly judging he would be happier and safer hedged in by home influences, had furnished the small house in which he now lived, and sent his sister to take charge of it for him. And such a neat, snug little home as it was, too—the envy of all his bachelor friends. Jessie, herself, was glad of the occupation, and the opportunity of being useful to her brother, for whom she had most affectionate admiration. And the feeling was mutual; for, as he looked upon her an hour later, equipped ready for the walk,—with short, seal-skin jacket, skirt neatly looped up over a warm, colored petticoat, tight-fitting moccasins, and saucy little cap perched on the top of a most luxuriant chignon,—not a Russian one, my friend, but her very own,—a sly little mink just coiling around her neck and gleaming his diamond-like eyes at you, and her sweet, sensible face, with gentle, womanly look, above all,—the reflection of a truly Christian heart,—he did not wonder that his friend and chum, young Dr. A—, popped in so often—very solicitous about his health, or anxious that he should be supplied with all the latest books and papers.

The winter of 18— had set in sharp and hard, and the magnificent river St. Lawrence, after vain struggles, had yielded at last to the icy grasp of the Winter King, and now lay covered with a windingsheet so hard, smooth, and still, that you could scarcely fancy life—angry, throbbing, tumultuous life—still ebbcd and flowed in its bosom beneath. Our friend Jessie and her brother, as they walked along the street, felt the snow crisp and hard under their feet, every now and then giving out that loud, cracking sound peculiar to very cold nights. For a few moments, they paused upon Durham Terrace, overhanging the river and Lower-Town, struck with the beauty which a bird's-eye view of the scene presented. The broad St. Lawrence stretched wide and white before them, dotted over here and there with brilliantly-illuminated skating-rinks; the opposite shore of Levi with its home-lights peeping out, and the railway-train just rushing off into darkness; with the closer view of the town at their feet, the busy hum of life not yet stilled in it; and the soft rays of the moon casting shadows over the whole,—all made up a picture which they lingered over with delight, till warned by their numbed feet and stinging cheeks that it was time to move on. The ice-bridge was soon gained, the music of a band enticing them towards one of the largest of the open-air rinks, to see what was going on there. They found it was a fancy-ball, and the masked revellers were flying hither and thither upon their skates at great speed. One—dressed as a knight of old—knocked rather closely, and peered rather enviously, into the pretty face of Jessie; but a threatening grasp of his heavy stick, by Willie, was a hint which the valiant *incog.* was not slow to take, and he