

been in great distress. The "Herald" makes mention in several places of gratuitous distributions of food to the poor, by charitable citizens, particularly one instance, in which the Freemasons were the actors. On the 24th June, 1789, the five Quebec lodges celebrated the anniversary of St. John, not only by a masonic dinner, but also by distributing four hundred and fifty loaves among the indigent of all creeds. It is worthy of remark, as showing the good feeling then existing among the people, that the *Curé* of Quebec was willing to give certificates to those of his flock who desired to participate in the charity of the brethren; for all applicants had to bring certificates from their clergy; and, judging from the large number relieved, many of them must have belonged to the Roman Catholic faith. In 1790, wheat, flour, and other provisions were imported by Government, to remedy the scarcity of food in the Province.

The commercial advertisements in the "Herald" are worthy of notice, as they give us a glimpse of the mode in which business was then conducted in Quebec and Montreal. The stores seem to have been kept on the village plan,—they were places where anything and everything could be procured. In one shop, among a great variety of other articles, you might have found dried codfish and fashionable ribbons, in another, oranges and surgeon's instruments, in a third, smoked herrings and white kid gloves, and so on *ad infinitum*. One tradesman carried on tailoring and bookbinding in the same workshop, another, (a professional perfumer), sold boots and shoes as well as perfumes. Now and then slaves were offered for sale, sometimes with the guarantee of a "title." A more praiseworthy business,—the trade in the fish of the river and gulf—was energetically followed. In 1788, more than eight thousand five hundred tierces of salmon were exported from Canada, besides large quantities of other fish. Commercial transactions in those days, however, seem to have been beset with difficulties as regards exchange. Mr. Moore published a book of "Easy Rules" for changing the different currencies of Great Britain and America into each other. This work contained *fifty-four* rules to aid the merchant in converting *eight* currencies, viz. Sterling, Army, Lawful, Halifax, New York, Massachusetts, Pennsylvania and South Carolina.

In the days of the "Herald," the means of communication, between different parts of Canada, were, as might be supposed, both scanty and uncertain. The mails from Quebec generally reached Montreal in about two days, but when a gentleman wished to pass between the towns, and did not travel by mail, he had some difficulty in effecting his object. Such was the case with Mr. Moore, who in June, 1790, inserted the following notice in his paper: "Any gentleman having to visit Montreal, the printer will be happy to take a carriage with, he is ready to start at an hours notice." The English mails were usually despatched by the packet from New York, and left Quebec about four weeks before her departure, while mail communication with the settlements in Upper Canada was *supposed* to be weekly, but it would seem from the "Herald" that it was not by any means regular.

The European news contained in the "Herald" was always about three months old, a state of things which would no doubt be unsatisfactory to the Canadians of the present day. Mr. Moore, however, did his best; adopting every means to secure the latest intelligence and giving copious extracts from the English newspapers. This part of the Herald must have been deeply interesting to its readers, for great events were then transpiring in the Eastern hemisphere; and even now these paragraphs seem new and fresh, and bring the scenes and incidents described vividly before the mind. The French revolution, so soon to become a carnival of blood, was then irresistibly progressing, and we have lengthy accounts of the debates in the National Assembly; the storming of the Bastille, with a list of the inscriptions found on the walls of the cells, the submission of the king, and the grand ceremonial of the 14th July. There are also speeches by Wilberforce on the slave trade, by Pitt on the Can-

ada question, and paragraphs relative to the anticipated war with Spain, accompanied by lists of the fleets possessed by that country and Britain, in which are named some of the ships now famous in history. There is intelligence from the war between Austria and Turkey, news from Russia about the Empress Catherine and Paul Jones, and from India about Tippoo. Nor is America neglected, for there are numerous items from the United States, where the people were fast recovering after the war of Independence, and the Government proclamations, (many of which find place in the "Herald,") bore the signatures of Washington and Jefferson. Among less important news, there are accounts of the depredations of the Indians in the State of New York, and of the progress being made in the settlement of Kentucky.

A glimpse of the darker side of the good old times is given us by the following advertisement copied from the "Herald" of the 36th October, 1789. It tells its own mournful story:

The poor criminal prisoners, nine in number, humbly appeal to the feelings of a humane public to consider their distressed situation, and with all submission, pray relief. Donations received at the prison.

I might select from this old newspaper many other interesting things relating to the Canada of last century, but my notes are already too long. I must, however, refer to one curious glimpse it gives us, of the domestic economy of the old Quebecers. In 1790 there was in general use a very pleasant beverage, which has disappeared from the tables of polite society, and is only seen in the apple stalls of modern times. I allude to *spruce beer*. This article might fairly have been called an "institution" of the ancient city, if the "Herald" speaks truly. The two volumes are full of it. First there are advertisements of the essence of spruce to make the beer, then a grand quarrel arises among the patentees of the essence, bringing grist to Mr. Moore's mill in the shape of long advertisements and angry letters, and showing the growing importance of the business. This quarrel is followed by still more advertising of the indispensable essence, the matter culminating, (towards the end of the second volume), in the establishment of two spruce beer breweries, for supplying the "public in general at their residences," with the very best manufactured article, either double or single. How we should smile at the appearance of such an announcement in one of our daily newspapers!

And now I close the "Quebec Herald," the work of busy minds and hands in this old city seventy-six years ago. Mr. Moore has left his office opposite Freemason's Hall, and with all his workmen, subscribers and correspondents, has departed to the silent land. The "Herald," too, is long since dead. May its precious remains rest for many years to come in the library of the Literary and Historical Society! H. K. C.
Quebec, January, 1866.

Επιγρως.

CHRONOS pangs'd on the ragged steep and said:

"Dost weep for the loss of a damsel dead?"

He laugh'd a laugh of glee,

He laugh'd a hollow mock,

A bitter scorn to me,

That raved against the rock,

And echo'd oft in the valley below,

Where resteth and listeth my lost love low.

Helios halted his horses and said:

"Dost weep for the woe of a damsel dead?"

He bent his broad face down,

Until his great red eyes

Peer'd from under a frown

Of clouds in the moody skies,

And burn'd and blaz'd in the valley below,

Where resteth and listeth my lost love low.

And the glimmering night faint starr'd and fair

Teem'd in rustling robes from the fragrant air,

Until the less'ning cliffs

Faded into the dim

Depths, in windy rifts

Of darkness, and the glim

Of gold was drown'd in the valley below,

Where resteth and listeth my lost love low

Lennoxville.

FREDERICK.

A SLIDING PARTY.

AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

"HULLO Harry, old boy, how are you? Going to the Meltons to-night?"

"I should rather think so. Half of our fellows are asked, and all the beauty of your 'antiente citie.' It's going to be awfully jolly, I hear."

"Glad to hear it. Come down with me now to Henderson's, to choose a 'toboggan'—mine's a wreck from our last party—and then we'll go out to the rink. The band plays this afternoon."

"All right," was the reply, and the speakers—a young Canadian barrister, fond of fun and Pothier, and his friend Harry, *un jeune militaire*,—turned down by the Ursuline Convent on their way to select a 'toboggan' for the evening's work. There we will leave them for the present, and rejoin them in the evening of this cloudless, bright, January day, at the scene of action.

Eight o'clock—the moon a couple of hours above the eastern horizon—and by twos and threes the fortunate invited are arriving at Melton Hall, the country seat of a successful Quebec merchant. We dash up the avenue in the centre of a column of carioles to the music of merry sleigh bells, our toboggans dragging in the rear. A sudden halt at the door, which is immediately flung open, and a blaze of light streams forth full in our faces, almost preventing us from seeing the group of graceful forms that flit across the distant end of the hall. Mr. and Mrs. Melton are in the drawing room, as hearty and kind as ever, receiving the guests as they enter, and then directing them to the breakfast room to see Edith, who is there superintending the tea and coffee.

"May I get you a cup of coffee?" Miss Shelburne, before we start, are the first words we catch distinctly on entering that apartment, and looking round we recognize in the speaker's manly voice that of Will Noble, one of our friends of the morning, now ready for action from his perfect get-up. The pea jacket and bright sack, knickerbockers, and fur gauntlets are just the thing for the occasion. The ladies, too, are all prepared; beautiful figures are well set off in the neat, close-fitting dresses of grey or brown, trimmed with scarlet, blue, or fur, looped up, and showing feet—*oh! si bien chaussés!* And direful batteries of killing eyes are made more deadly still, half masked beneath the jaunty caps of velvet and seal-skin, worn *à merveille*, and firmly secured by the no-end-useful cloud.

"Thanks, no—I would be sure to scald myself, or spill it, or do something equally awkward, I am so excited to be off. This is my first sliding party, you are to know; we don't have these things in Upper Canada—at least where I come from—and I have heard so much about them lately, I am very anxious to see what they are like in reality," answered Mabel, or, as she was generally called, Queenie Shelburne, as she looked up into Will's face, the picture of bright anticipation.

"Well—remember, first slide with me. I'll take good care of you," he looked as if he could. "Ah! there is Edith Melton," he continued, as he caught sight of a handsome, dark-eyed beauty at the other side of the room, "I must go and pay her my *devoirs*, and at the same time will see what I can do to hurry up the start for you; for Edith is of such a dreadfully *lazy aller* disposition that half the night will slip by before she thinks of starting." (Will had a shocking bad habit of *travestie* in quoting French.) "*Au river*, Miss Shelburne," and he bowed himself away.

"Good evening, Edith," he said, as he held out his hand to the daughter of his host. "How d'ye do? Miss Weston," as he bowed to a beautiful girl with bright Titian hair, who was leaning on the arm of the fair Edith.

"So, Will, you've come at last. I've been waiting for you this half hour to help me attend to this crowd and get them started. The boys have been on the Bijou hill all the afternoon, and report that it's in splendid order."

"Yes," put in Jack Melton, a youngster of about twelve. "Tom and I were on the hill all day, and if we haven't made two jolly bumps for the girls, it's a caution." "Well, Jack, if they