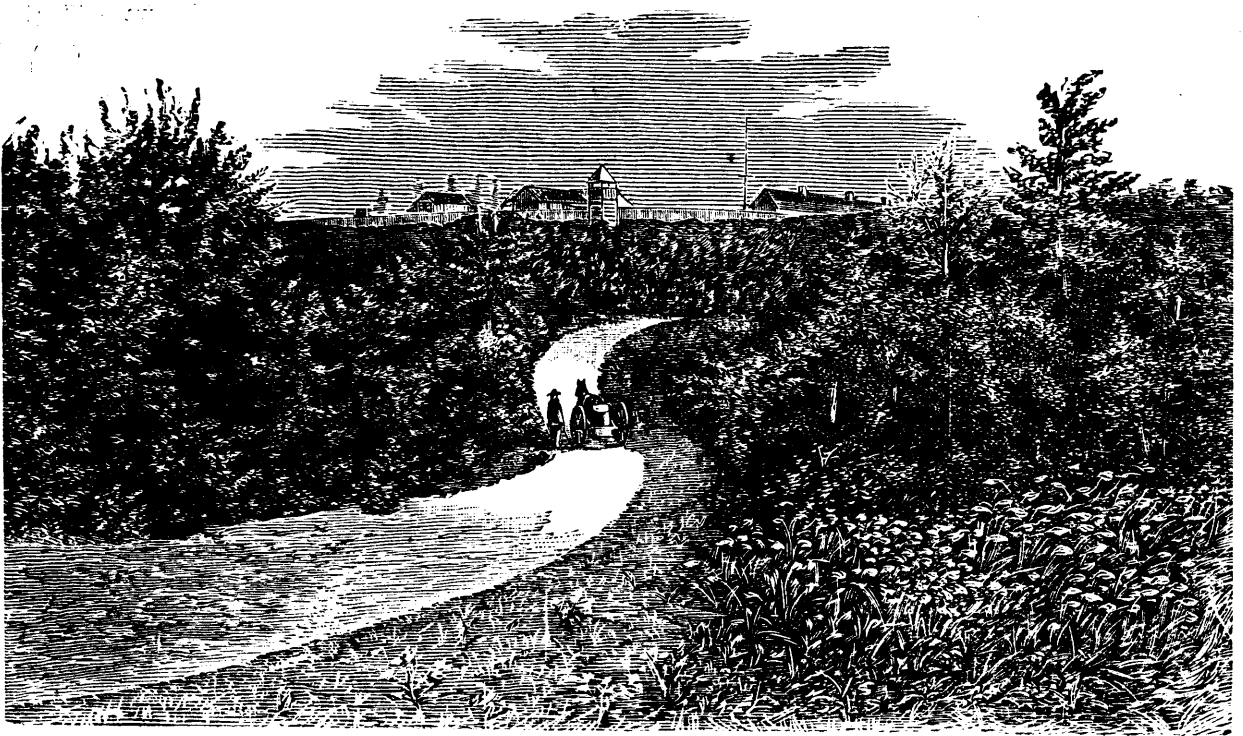




FORT SASKATCHEWAN.

"*Waiteur, apportez-moi—comment appelez-vous cela—du ice creme,*" and soon the liveried attendant returned the bearer of a most ample platefull. The rustic Solon helped himself to a large spoonful, which made his teeth chatter and which he tried in vain to swallow. Enraged, he turned to the disconcerted waiter and roared out at him:

"*Pendard! si c'eut été pour un anglais, tu l'aurait fait chauffer!*" "You abominable rascal, had you intended this for an Englishman, you would have taken the chill off it." And the whole table shouted with laughter, whilst His Excellency tried to keep a demure face.

A FETE CHAMPETRE AT POWELL PLACE.

(From the French of P. A. De Gaspe.)

"At half-past eight a.m., on a bright August morning, (I say a bright one, for such had lighted up this welcome fête champêtre during three consecutive years) the elite of the Quebec *beau monde* left the city to attend Sir James Craig's kind invitation. Once opposite Powell Place (now Spencer Wood) the guests left their vehicles on the main road, and plunged into a dense forest, following a serpentine avenue which led to a delightful cottage in full view of the majestic St. Lawrence; the river here appears to flow past amidst luxuriant green bowers which line its banks. Small tables for four,

for six, for eight guests are laid out facing the cottage, on a platform of planed dials—this will shortly serve as a dancing floor *al fresco*; as the guests successively arrive, they form in parties to partake of a *dejeuner en famille*. I say *en famille*, for an aide-de-camp and a few waiters excepted, no one interferes with the small groups clubbed together to enjoy their early repast, of which cold meat, radishes, bread, tea, and coffee form the staples. Those whose appetites are appeased make room for new comers, and amuse themselves strolling under the shade of trees. At ten the cloth is removed, the company are all on the *qui vive*. The cottage, like the enchanted castle in the opera of Zemira and Azor, only awaits the magic touch of a fairy; a few minutes elapse, and the chief entrance is thrown open; little King Craig, followed by a brilliant staff, enters. Simultaneously an invisible orchestra, located high amidst the dense foliage of large trees, strikes up "God save the King," all stand uncovered, in solemn silence, in token of respect to the national anthem of England.

"The magnates press forward to pay their respects to His Excellency. Those who do not intend to "trip the light fantastic toe" take seats on the platform where His Excellency sits in state; an A. D. C. calls out "Gentlemen, take your partners," and the dance begins.

"Close on sixty winters have run by since that day, when I, indefatigable dancer, figured in a country dance of thirty couples. My footsteps which now seem to me like lead, scarcely then left a trace behind them. All the young hearts who enlivened this gay meeting of other days are mouldering in their tombs, even she, the most beautiful of them all, *la belle des belles*, she the partner of my joys and of my sorrows, she who on that day accepted in the circling dance, for the first time, this hand which two years after was to lead her to the hymeneal altar; yes, even she has been swept away by the tide of death. May not I also say with Ossian, "Why art thou sad, son of Fingal? Why grows the cloud of thy soul? the sons of future years shall pass away, another race shall arise!" The people are like the leaves of woody Morven—they pass away in the rustling blast, and other leaves lift their green heads on high.

"After all, why, indeed, yield up my soul to sadness? The children of the coming generation will pass rapidly, and a new one will take its place. Men are like the surges of the ocean; they resemble the leaves which hang over the groves of my manor; autumnal storms cause them to fall, but new and equally green ones each spring replace the fallen ones. Why should I sorrow? Eighty-six children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren will mourn the fall of the great oak when