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A LADY'S LIFE ON A RANCHE.

LIVING as we do about twenty miles from anywhere on a ranche in the North-West of Canada, we get our magazines rather late, and with more or less irregularity. But we read them attentively, and of course we read anything about ourselves with that absorbing interest which the subject naturally arouses. I was surprised to find myself rather a prominent person in the magazines of last year, and still more surprised to learn that I was a woman set apart, and an object of pity. I learned that "an English lady on a ranche" is a self-d devoted being, a household drudge, to be regarded with respectful admiration and compassion. I learned that I had married a failure, for the young Englishman in the Colonies was set down as hopelessly incompetent, with the best of intentions indeed, but the worst of methods. This part of the history

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I particularly resented, for it is so weak to marry a failure. Then I learned what our future lives were to be. He was to struggle hard, and perhaps, if he were very good indeed, to win a bare subsistence. I was to struggle even harder, in a virtuous and heavy-hearted manner; and virtue would be its own reward—perhaps. We were to have no time for reading or amusement, no congenial society, and apparently no sport. We were to linger out an unenviable existence in the bare-handed struggle to make existence self-supporting, and that was all.

Now I cannot answer for all the English wives on all the ranches in Canada. I can only answer for one ranche which is flourishing, and for one small Irishwoman happily situated on it. There is perhaps a good deal of sympathy between Ireland and the North-West. In the old

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