

trotting races, skating masquerades, concerts, balls, *tableaux vivants*, torch-light processions, and other forms of recreation are, in one or other mode of exhibition, quite familiar to the gay youth and mirthful age of Montreal. That is, in truth, the most important fact in connection with the Carnival. Of added features, the reception of the Governor-General and the vice-regal party, the concourse of visitors, and the castle of ice are the most noteworthy. Of course, too, every point of interest is intensified by the spirit of a common purpose and the prevailing enthusiasm.

Montreal has six well organized snow-shoe clubs, the oldest of which dates back to 1840. No doubt, long before that time informal gatherings of snow shoers had tramped it merrily through our winter woods, when on the 9th of January, 1666, M. de Courcelles set out from Quebec on an expedition to the country of the Agniers. Major Herbel de Rouville, with a party of French and Indians, travelled on snow-shoes from Canada to Deerfield, Massachusetts, in the winter of 1704. The motive of the foray was the recovery of a bell that had been ordered from France for the use of the little church at Caughnawaga, and which is still in existence and an object of much veneration. From that time on the *raquettes* must have been in frequent use amongst the French Canadians, though their adoption as means of healthy exercise and pleasure is comparatively recent. Carioling seems to have been the favourite out-door amusement of the *jeunesse dorée* of Quebec towards the close of the last century. An old carioling song of that period is extant, of which the following verses may serve as a specimen:—

"Not all the fragrance of the spring,
Nor all the tuneful birds that sing
Can to the plains the ladies bring
So soon as carioling.

"Nor Venus with the winged loves
Drawn by her sparrows or her doves,
So gracefully or swiftly moves
As ladies carioling."

The snow-shoers, too, have their poets, and there is nothing more inspiring than a snow-shoe chorus joined in by the whole company on the line of march. The following stanzas are from a great favourite with the Montreal Club:—

"Chilliest of skies above,
Coldest of fields below,
Bound to the shore we love,
Ever and on we go;
Far as the eye can peer,
Where the goal of the mountain shines,
Our forward course we steer,
Up to the feathered Pines;
Tramp, tramp, tramp,
Vive la Tuque Bleue.

"What if the tempest roars,
What if the wild winds blow;
Our buoyant spirit soars
Over the steppes of snow;
Swift as the antlered deer,
Light as the soft gazelle,
The hedge and the wall we clear,
And the gorge that we know so well;
Tramp, tramp, tramp;
Vive la Tuque Bleue."

Besides the Montreal, there are the St. George, the Canadian, Les Trappeurs, the Argyle, and the Maple-Leaf clubs, every one of which has its own uniform.

It may seem strange that curling should have found a local habitation and a name in Montreal before snow-shoeing. On the excellent authority of Col. Dyde, C. M. G., this appears to be the case. In an interesting contribution to the carnival number of the *Witness*, he describes a match that took place in 1835 between the Montreal and Quebec curling clubs. There are now three well-organized clubs, each with double rinks and club room.

Though tobogganing is an ancient sport in Montreal, it was not until 1880 that it was thought worthy of organization. There are now four fine clubs, one of which bears the name of our Governor-General. They have all their own slides. That of the Park Toboggan Club is situated in a spot, known as "The Pines," famed for the beauty of its surroundings, and one of Montreal's chief attractions. The total run there is 1,300 feet with a fall of eighty-four and a-half feet. It is double, each slide being ten feet wide. The total length of Montreal Club (three slides) is 1,500 feet; of the Lansdowne, 1,800, and of the Tuque Bleue, 1,200.

His Excellency and Lady Lansdowne must have been pleased at the reception with which they met. The living arch was an arch of triumph in more than one sense. Apart from its living freight, it was a handsome structure, well planned and well put together. Two solid towers, with their connecting and dependent arch, had been so built as to furnish standing room, hidden by greenery, for over two hundred blanketed snow-shoers. Surmounting each tower was a star of snow-shoes, and above the arch was a scroll formed of three toboggans, with the motto, *Virtute non Verbis*, and underneath, in distinct significance, the city's "Welcome." The tasteful costumes, mingling with the foliage of the evergreens, were quite effective.

The imposing castellated structure which bears the name of Ice Palace is believed to be the third of such fabrics as yet erected. The first, that of the Empress Anne of Russia, erected at St. Petersburg in 1740, and described in Cowper's poem, "The Task," had no successor until a happy thought gave existence to the architectural fancy that lent so much *éclat* to last year's carnival.

"In such a palace poetry might place
The armory of winter"

"Silently, as a dream, the fabric rose;
No sound of hammer or of saw was there.
Ice upon ice, the well-adjusted parts
Were soon conjoined, nor other cement asked

"Than water interfused to make them one.
Lamps gracefully disposed, and of all hues,
Illumined every side; a watery light
Gleamed through the clear transparency, that seemed

"Another moon new risen, or meteor fallen
From heaven to earth, of lambent flame serene.
So stood the brittle prodigy; though smooth
And slippery the materials, yet frost-bound
Firm as a rock."

There could hardly be a truer description than that which the poet's creative eye enabled him to write of a structure which he had not seen with his bodily vision. But, of course, there is room for any variety of plan in ice as in stone-work. Montreal's first attempt was admirable, when it is considered that the builders had no experience to guide them. That of this year is a much finer building. It is a castellated structure which would be imposing even if it were built of stone. Its length is 160 feet, and greatest breadth sixty-five feet, while the height of the central tower is eighty feet. No description can give any just notion of the impression conveyed by this shapely mass of ice. Seen by a person unwarned its effect would certainly be startling. There is a weird and ghostly look about it that recalls some of the imaginings of Gustave Doré.

The scene on Wednesday night was memorable. Such a concourse of people has seldom come together in Montreal. The attraction was the attack and defence of the Ice Palace by the snow-shoers. The weather, which was so bright and cheery on Monday, had undergone some change for the worse, but the drizzle had ceased, and the leaden skies were favourable to the pyrotechnic display which was to light up the heavens. From whatever side one approached the palace, the ethereal towers, glimmering with the electric light, formed a conspicuous object, and once the eye rested on it, it was not easy to withdraw the gaze. Every now and then the blaze of many-coloured fireworks crossed and re-crossed the dome, descending in showers of light of every shape and hue. The snow-shoers, in their gay uniforms, were ready for the word of command, and, after some pretty evolutions, marched, each man bearing a torch, towards the slope of the mountains. The crowd, though pressing and jostling, was induced to make a path for them. It was a novel and interesting sight, as the long line of torch-bearers, first white, then red, made its way to the summit, where they began such a storm of shells and rockets as gave a fair idea of a genuine bombardment. The scene was one to fire the heart of the dullest beholder and the miscellaneous multitude entered heartily into the spirit of it. The sight of so many people might well give rise to conflicting emotions, for, however joyous the occasion, there is much of solemn suggestiveness in a vast throng of human beings. "When the sun set, where were they?" When a few suns set where will that great multitude have disappeared to? On the very spot where they stood, around that castle of ice, had once lain the forefathers of the hamlet—for then it was little more. On every spot almost on which a foot rested tears had been shed over the grave of the loved and lost. And long before those vanished forms had made their appearance on that or any scene, another people, whose hospitality had been the first ever offered to civilized man on the site of this great city, had lived and loved and suffered and passed away, by what cruel breath of fate no one knows. When to the summit of that same mountain to which he gave its name, Cartier was guided by some of his simple, trusting hosts, on what a different scene did he gaze from that which meets the eye to-day!

There is one lack, of which the visitor to Montreal, who has had experience of Quebec, may sometimes be made conscious. Montreal has no Le Moine. Historians there are, indeed, learned and conscientious, by whose research the Province and the Dominion have largely profited, and will still profit. But there is none to whom every spot to which history or tradition has attached some association is an object of tender interest and care, as every notable point in and around Quebec is to Mr. Le Moine. Such a *vates sacer*, on whom he might lean for guidance to the many localities and buildings and sites that have had a memorable share in our annals, many a stranger visiting our city would thankfully appreciate.

It was thoughtful of the committee to open all the libraries, museums, art gallery and other storehouses of knowledge and culture to the strangers attending the Carnival. Much as there may be to attract in the amusements of the week, there must be a few who, in such a continuity of pleasure, will long for quiet intercourse with a book, a picture, or such relics of the world's past ages as the Redpath museum contains.

The idea occurred to a few ardent students of making our historic *personnel* a feature in the Victoria Rink masquerade. As a picture of life and beauty, and brightness, and joy, the scene, on that occasion, could not be surpassed. The building, which is considered one of the finest on the continent, was adorned with all that taste and loyalty could suggest. The ice temple was "a thing of beauty," though obviously not a "joy for ever," and the grotto might have been the home of winter fairies. Montreal is famous for the skill of its skaters, and the evolutions of the fair *figurantes* at the carnival evidently astonished some of the strangers. As for the historical figures, there was Jacques Cartier, who may have crossed that very spot when he touched the blind, and the lame, and the feeble that were brought to him, and comforted and inspired them with the spirit of gratitude, if he did not heal them. And Champlain, who came later by a life-time to find no trace of that peaceful habitation of a simple race, and Frontenac, who revenged their wrongs by breaking the power of the haughty Iroquois; and Wolfe, who effected what the Kirks and the Phipses and the Walkers had attempted in vain, making Britain mistress of the Gulf and