

In many places the outward resemblance of this people to our poorer Irish is very striking. The broken panes in the windows are stuffed with old hats, and the clothes of the peasantry often in tatters. The smart French character of not a few modern houses, whitened over with quicklime, suggests a growing aversion to live in the old Celtic filth;—even these more inviting abodes, however, are within anything but clean and comfortable—according to our notions; and then, what is Irish enough, the new taste for this kind of display too often leads the farmer to spend upon a dwelling what he must raise by a mortgage upon his acres—in the upshot losing both house and land, and compelled to begin the world anew in a log-house. Though comparatively uneducated, they are ready-witted; and in morals, all writers assign them a high place. Robbery and violence are unknown among them—even theft is almost unheard of. They are modest and simple-hearted; and owing probably to the practice of early marriages, the sexual licence, too prevalent in France, is here altogether absent. They are an easy, gay, goodnatured race. They never seek employment abroad so long as they have a barrel of flour in the house; and when hired they are not to be depended upon as servants. A trifle will take them away from their work—and so many church-holidays interfere with it—for they are all zealous Roman Catholics—that British settlers rarely retain them unless when no other *helps* are to be had, or when they are willing to bind themselves to regular attendance, despite of their Saints' days.

These are not men able to cope with the sturdy Anglo-Saxon in the great battle of life; and wherever the two races are intermingled the French go to the wall. At Belledune, for instance, the present settlers are Ayrshire men, though all this coast was not long since extensively occupied by the French. These canny Scots have their wits about them wherever 'Johnny Crapaud' happens to possess good or easily improvable land. His thoughtlessness and improvidence give them too many opportunities of buying him out; and the *habitans* are fast retiring into the interior.

'With all this,' says Mr. Johnston, 'the French are the most cheerful people in this country; and one cannot mix with them without feeling that their easy contentment may possibly be more productive of positive worldly happiness than the restless, discontented, striving, burning energy of their neighbours.'

Mr. Johnston, like most other travellers in the United States, was struck with the gravity and decorum with which public discussions are there usually carried on, and the complete apparent self-possession of the speakers. Our insular nervousness is a thing
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