

employed in producing, among other things, a monstrous pie, called in French, *pâté*. It was composed of the following substantial elements: One turkey, three pigeons, three partridges, two chickens, one dozen of snow-birds, and the tenderest and most succulent portion of two hares, the whole sandwiched between slices of pork and ham, and intermingled with highly seasoned meats finely minced. One of the difficulties of the cook would be to construct such a colossal framework of pastry as would retain its shape and withstand the weight and pressure of the mass of meats enclosed. This vast gastronomical *chef-d'œuvre*, of course, would stand as the *pièce de résistance*, in the centre of the table, and the other dishes comprising the remainder of the *menu* were placed at different portions of the board, before the guests sat down. An easy and friendly species of *etiquette* prevailed, each guest helping his neighbor to what he desired, being assisted in return, while the host dispensed to all a portion of the *pâté*, which formed the chief object of attraction. It was usual before dinner to whet the appetites of the ladies by a sip of cordial or *liqueur*, and that of the gentlemen by a glass of absinthe *frappé*, or Jamaica rum. As with us now, soup was served first, and fish was seldom partaken of; there were no *entrées* and few vegetables; but the more substantial meats were always on the table and in abundance. The desserts generally comprised fruits in season, the usual made-up dishes of to-day, and such foreign favorites as still retain their place at our tables. The beverages were claret, ale, cognac and sherry; the cognac was taken before the fruit and the sherry afterwards. To read of such *menus* makes the mortal of this latter half of the nineteenth century sigh for the appetite and vigorous health of his ancestors.

Another custom sometimes observed in villages of the district of Quebec is the erection of what is called *un mai*, a sort of may-pole, in honor of some notable or popular seigneur, or the election of the mayor of the parish. On the morning of the day when the compliment is to be paid, generally in the month of May, the recipient suddenly finds his house surrounded by a merry throng of the peasantry, bearing with them a tree with the branches lopped off, and only the top remaining. Attached to the top is sometimes a weather-vane, painted red and green. All the crowd engage in digging a hole in front of the house, and then plant the pole. The moment it is raised, they fire salutes in honor of the event. Formerly some nimble boy would climb the pole and entwine the vane with ribbons or evergreens, shouting, "*Vive le Roi; Vive le Seigneur,*" and the crowd would take up the cry and repeat it with lusty good-will. A grand feast was then given by the *Seigneur*, while frequent salutes