

Queen Victoria has not a more loyal subject. His loyalty has recently been immensely on the increase; since—since—his daughter danced with the Prince of Wales.

Mdlle. Ernestine is the sole unmarried daughter left to him. She and her brother Charles belong to the go-ahead part of the "jeunesse Canadienne." The Officers of the Garrison are beginning to find out that Mademoiselle is decidedly pretty. Mademoiselle has found out long ago that the society of well-bred young Englishmen is by no means disagreeable. The hospitality of a French Canadian, be he rich or poor, has no limits; but it must be confessed that since his daughter has become a fashionable young lady the old gentleman does not pass a very pleasant existence. In the first place he likes sitting in the house in shirt-sleeves. Mademoiselle insists upon his wearing his evening coat whenever Captain —— comes, which is very often indeed. Then the old gentleman likes a pipe of tobacco. This is strictly forbidden. He likes a little quiet game at cards. This is too slow for the young folks. He does not care much for those brilliant pieces which his daughter executes on the piano, and he thinks of the time when he used to play old French airs on the accordeon to his sainted wife. She loved them and praised them, but things are altered now. The youth of the present day are not what they were in his young days. He sits in his library reading some old French history, or old romance, or old book of devotion. Sometimes he pays a visit to an old friend into whose family Anglicisms have not yet penetrated. Sometimes the old gentleman looks in at the theatre. He never tells his family of these awful dissipations. How he does enjoy the performance! His laugh is quite refreshing, and how he does cry over "Pere Martin."

This is the type of a species soon to pass away. The old men of the next generation will be very different. They will probably be men of enterprise, men of self-acquired wealth, men of science, men of reading and accomplishments.

"I heed not those who pine for force
A ghost of time to raise;
As if they thus could check the course
Of these appointed days—"

All honor for their progress, but whoever loves the courtesy of Sir Roger de Coverly, joined to hearty hospitality and kindness, frugality without meanness, and truth without hypocrisy, united to a child-like simplicity, will always hold in kindly remembrance the old Canadian gentleman of the middle of the nineteenth century.

ALFRED BAILEY.