

the almost tender way in which he spoke of the efforts of others. He wore the famous old overcoat and always dressed in black, the bourgeois ideal of respectability.

J'étais vetu de noir comme un parfait notaire,
Moins les besicles d'or et le jabot plissé

as he sings in 'Le Requiem d'Amour,' the sole relief being the faded colours of the overcoat and a white or blue tie.

Here is one of his kindly practical jokes. One New Year's Day, being as usual *sans souci et sans six sous*, he replied to the demand of the *conciërge* for the customary present by a hearty grasp of the hand and 'God bless you, my friend, that's all I have about me just now.'

One might imagine from the tone of *La Vie de Bohème* and from the author's poverty and frequent visits to the hospital that his manner of life conduced to his misfortunes; but, in spite of the insinuations of the *de Goncourts* in their journal, the testimony of all his friends is against this. From their evidence and that of his other writings we know that his manner of life was singularly temperate; indeed there was little or no opportunity for waste of time and energy in the face of his constant difficulties; and the tender, yearning way in which he so often alludes to home and home life is a strong indication of his predominant feeling.

* When the Frost with lines that glow
Etches his fancies on the pane,
When over all the roofs, the Snow
Flings her soft ermine thick again—
Forgotten, and forgetting, we
Will dwell apart nor wish to roam
From where our love lies tenderly,
In the sweet selfishness of home.

In 1860 the Government granted him a small pension, and in January he received the Cross of the Legion of Honour. Everything seemed opening before him; he was at work on his much loved volume of poems, actually correcting the proofs, when the call came for which he had so often waited in the days of weariness:—

I've waited long to follow thee,
Where thou wilt lead me I will go.

Without money, the only place was the hospital, the goal of that path he had travelled so bravely—and to the *Maison Dubois* he was carried and laid in bed No. 14. "No. 14," he murmured, "it was in No. 14 poor Jacques died."

This was on the 26th of January and on the 29th his journey was at an end, and perchance it was the peacefulness foreshadowing the rest of that land into which his soul was entering, that inspired his last words—*pas de musique, pas de bruit, pas de Bohème*.

WILLIAM McLENNAN.

LOUIS LLOYD'S LETTERS.

UNLESS you have had the opportunity of becoming rather satiated with French gardens and English parks, the stumps and leafless trees and leafless trees and stumps will begin to pall upon you ere reaching Winnipeg from the East. Fire has made such sad havoc everywhere, the once noble army of pines seems now little better than some war-stained contingent leading a forlorn hope against Canadian Pacific railroads and similar innovations that our modern humanity is heir to. Yes, the woods are battlefields indeed, with the ground dyed purple and red, and the blackened, tottering veterans, and the pale, delicate-limbed recruits. I felt suddenly how much more soul there was in that savage, silent country, than where nature has been petrified by science and art into something scarcely surpassing a chromo. For this reason, if for no other, it awakens a sympathy, it possesses a fascination new, inspiring, and were we not all either British Nimrods, or emigration agents up here, our literature might gain that before which the annals of Acadian life would pale. But in front rush four colonists' cars, so I shall abandon any further dissertation concerning unsung mountain sprites and mists, till you have heard the result of my personal interview with some hungry generations, which, however, on the whole, showed no very appalling signs of being likely to tread us down.

The swept and garnished colonists' car you may have seen, minus its human freight, is, believe me, quite a different thing from the colonists' car stocked with the surplus population of British cities and German bourgs. Picture some London alley on wheels, rattling, jolting, made hideous by that grumbling, scolding, squalling, indigenous to the British Isles. It was very funny to find how these sons of, I fear, often far less noble parentage than the soil, demanded separate cars, and that very strict differences should be made where Providence had quite forgotten them. "We 'aint goin' to be put with them furriners, not we. Ugh! (Nudging my elbow suggestively) to goa near the door of that there furrin car is quite enough."

As a matter of fact, the much despised "furriners" proved the most interesting, the most polite, naturally, the most cheery travellers on board the train; and if the German infant looked elsewhere for his happiness than in the attainment of "Pear's," such a natural failing was sufficiently covered by his guardian's beaming countenance, which might have formed an excellent stove-polish advertisement.

The first persons whom I spoke to came from Nantes, France. There were two families, one of eight and the other of more christian dimensions. They had been assisted in some measure by a French emigration agent, so that their expenses, including \$12 per head from Quebec to Winnipeg, seemed moderate enough to them. Monsieur's ideas concerning his pros-

pects, his future occupation, his obligations, the geography of the country, were as vague as those of his fellow passengers: "A Vinnipeg," "nach Vinnipeg," and for the rest the Lord will provide. Both English, French, and Germans professed to be well satisfied with their reception, despite the shock a simple mind must experience upon meeting in the stump, so to speak, that which the constructive faculty of Herr Agent had pictured luxuriant, dignified, lacking nothing but immigrants. I had some fussy, fuming, complaining English dames to thank for my pleasant conversation with the Frenchmen. An officious old woman wondered at a very high pitch whether "that lady could do somewhat to make them French keep to their side o' the car. They've took half," she continued, "and now two o' the men must be comin' our side, and takin' the upper berth over a lady wid four children, and the lady can't stand it. I wish ye'd speak to their children too ma'am, they're just awful," and so on and so forth. As I had myself not seldom to wink at the placing of a very ponderous portion of snoring humanity on the shelf above me, even while travelling in those palatial C. P. R. Pullmans, and as the youthful Briton's manners appeared by no means superior to those of the *mioche*, I found any gratuitous reprimands quite unnecessary. Instead, however, I asked questions about "the prospects" in France; and we chatted away, they with beaming countenance, with enthusiasm, with hope. The men's clean, dark blouses and intelligent faces promised much. These colonists were perhaps the most encouraging specimens I saw. They had no fantastic ideas about Canada's being a sort of nirvana where landlords cease from troubling and the lazy winebibber is at rest. On the contrary, I could enunciate no theory on the efficacy and dignity of labour with which they did not seem to be already familiar. With the Frenchman's "knack of hoping," his frugality, his perseverance, it must strike us as very extraordinary that he does not succeed more brilliantly when transplanted to foreign parts. Would the French of emancipated ideas concerning what is due to that cross-crowned gothic edifice yonder, climb higher? From the Germans themselves I could only ascertain that they were all farmers, bound for the immigrant's Mecca, Winnipeg, which city, I was finally led to infer, expressed to them the whole North-West territory. In Winnipeg itself I learnt these solid, bovine, patient, hard-working Teutons as colonists surpassed every other nation.

Having discovered a young English immigrant whose attention was neither distracted by six yelping children, nor the prospects of duck shooting, I forthwith assailed him with my questions. As you may imagine I was quite unprepared for any aptitude at repartee:

"Do I like the country? Ay-e, but it's an ole tale to 'ave to work for 'is livin'. I thought you was goin' to give us a livin' without our troublin' a bit. That's what I want, somethin' new like that. No, it aint too comfortable in this eer smokin' car, but, ye see, we broke down the other, so there's no 'elp. Yes, we do keep pretty separate from them furriners, only (with a twinkle) of course it mayn't be always so."

Having gleaned all I could among the colonists, there was nothing to be done but to return to the contemplation of the stumps and charred woods without, or that of the enviable occupants of the parlour-car within. At Sevanne, however, some eighteen hours from Winnipeg, the profound monotony was broken by a troop of Indians, squaws and children, standing there like cattle, dark, strange, picturesque in the red sun-light. They looked at us with an amused, not to say sarcastic air, peculiarly irritating. The laugh was turned on them, however, when a facetious cow-boy close by suggested the possibility that the pantaloons of the younger members of the tribe had been taken in weekly numbers of which the series was very far from being complete.

The morning and the evening of the third day, and — dinner, a meal which we enjoyed after a leisurely fashion, not being either Yankees or ranchmen. Even the "younger son" who had visited India, enjoyed the C.P.R. culinary productions "down to the ground;" for this information I feel sure the C.P.R. will feel becomingly grateful.

Winnipeg! Winnipeg!! Winnipeg!!! But there is no particular rush. The Englishman smiles blandly in that quizzically interrogative way you know. The American "guesses he's deuced glad the enterprise is over for the present." Sambo comes buzzing round expectantly. Sambo has been as unfailingly polite and attentive during our journey as the prospect of final reward we held out to him the first day could possibly have led us to expect; nor does he desert us in this our hour of need. "Guess the crop of porters was frozen too," remarks the American, for not only cabmen, but almost all official gentlemen except the tall man with a baton, whose rôle seems to do "nothing but roar," are forbidden the platform. Apart from this inconvenience at the station, our stay in Winnipeg proved as delightful as all sorts of unexpected hospitality, the study of curiously developed character, and glimpses of an unconventionality ye wot not of, could make it.

I don't think we half realize how strong a factor in the people's future education will prove the plan on which their city is built. What else can they breed, those little, huddled-up European towns, but intrigue and murder and all crimes that hate the sun. A great boulevard cut through the rotten heart of London would very quickly drain Trafalgar Square. Whether Winnipeggians understood this theory when they laid out their Main Street, their wide thoroughfares generally, I cannot say, but it is very certain their social life has something of prairie freedom and latitude which at once dispenses with much clandestine manoeuvring, and widens the path of salvation to an encouraging degree.

One can't help being favourably impressed by a place whose cabs are as delightfully comfortable as gondolas, whose highways are paved with cedar blocks, where even the poaching cow on your future host's front plot looks a welcome ten times more warming than the mincing reception of the dames