

"ROCKS AND REEFS."

SKETCHING ADVENTURE IN BRITTANY.

SOME few years ago I was on a sketching tour in Brittany, and spent August and September—the last two months of my long holiday—at a fishing hamlet, which I had come across during a previous excursion.

In this primitive, old-world village, which presented many attractions to an artist, I found suitable quarters with the family of a respectable fisherman, Jean Thébault by name, simple, pious folk, who did their utmost to make me comfortable.

I was the first Englishwoman who had ever stayed at Saint Pierre, and was therefore an object of intense interest to the villagers, who evinced the deepest curiosity as to my ways and habits, my dress, and even my food; but what astonished them more than anything was my thoroughly English custom of bathing in all weathers.

The Thébault family consisted of honest Jean (who was a veritable "toiler of the sea," and spent most of his time on board his fishing boat during the summer, and all the long winter cod-fishing off the coast of Newfoundland), his wife Susanne, two daughters, Modeste and Fifine, and last, but by no means least, the grandmother, Manon, a venerable dame of ninety-eight years of age.

To poor old Manon my presence in the cottage was at first a source of anxious terror, and she would cross herself devoutly whenever the English heretic passed the threshold; but in time we became very good friends, and she would entertain me with stories of her youth, when St. Malo was attacked by the English. If half she told was true, our sailors must have treated the unfortunate "Malouins" with great brutality in those "good old days when George III. was king!"

One particular story, which was evidently her *pièce de résistance*, as she never tired of repeating it, was that "she herself, with her own eyes," had seen the English burying the villagers up to their necks in the ground, and making their heads the targets at which they aimed balls. I am not sure that the balls were not cannon balls!

Susanne would at this point interrupt the narrative by suggesting, with native politeness, that the English had changed much in this last hundred years, and that it was difficult to believe, looking at madame, that they ever could have been guilty of such doings.

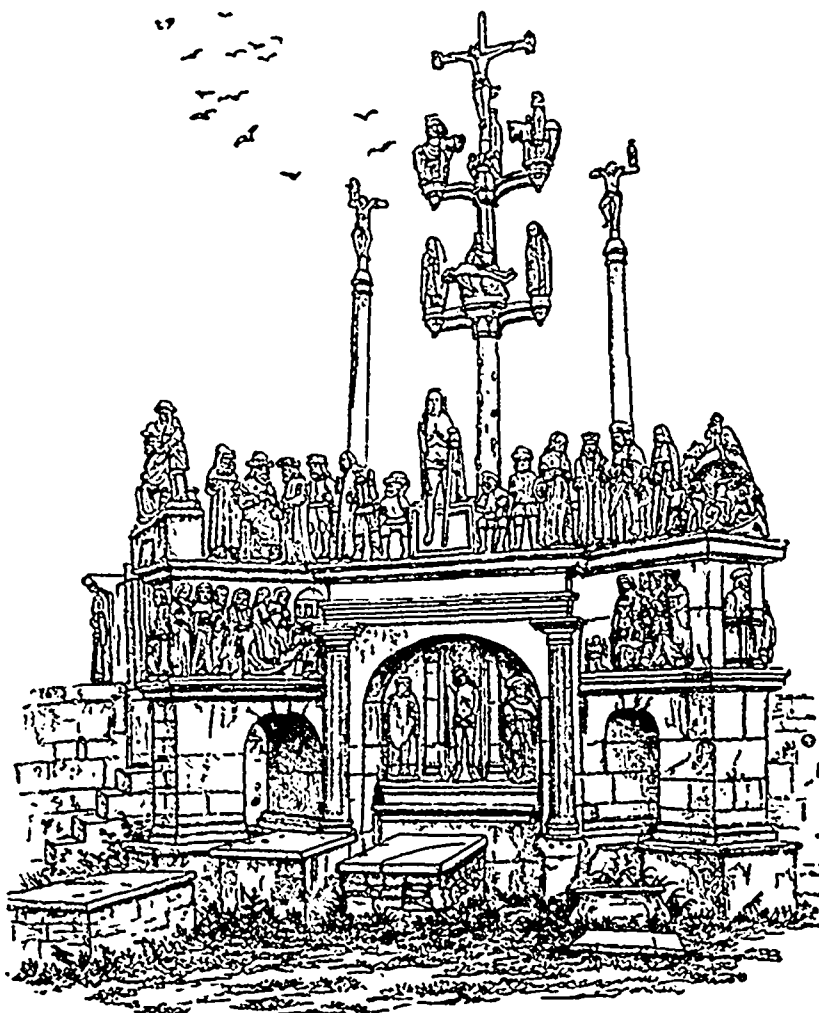
The village of Saint Pierre was surrounded by picturesque and varied scenery. It was situated on the shores of a lovely bay, enclosed by wood-clad hills, fig-trees laden with delicious fruit growing down to within a short distance of the shore; and when the fleet of fishing-boats lay at anchor, the picture that

presented itself was one in which a seascape artist would have revelled.

At one end of the bay, about a mile distant from the village, was a bold promontory, on the other side of which a totally different description of scenery met the eye. Here the coast was guarded by bristling rocks and reefs, over which the sea dashed and foamed with

fearful violence, whereas in the bay it was generally without a ripple.

One day it happened that I had been sketching a great "Calvaire," with the different wayfarers who paused to kneel and say a fervent prayer for their loved ones at sea (at the same time not forgetting to observe every movement of the Englishwoman at



"I HAD BEEN SKETCHING A GREAT CALVAIRE."

