

LOCOMOTION IN OLDEN TIMES.

In these days of rapid transit, both on land and water, when every facility for comfort, convenience and despatch is afforded to the traveler, it may be curious and interesting to revert to former modes of locomotion; and in the following brief sketch, we will take, for instance, that which prevailed in this part of Canada, in the early part of the present century.

I.

SUMMER TRAVEL.

Reader, just let us take a trip from Quebec to Montreal. It is mid-summer time, and we have the choice of proceeding by land or water conveyance. The craft then plying on the river St. Lawrence between Quebec and Montreal, consisted of schooners and sloops, each with roughly fitted-up cabins, commanded by a French Canadian, with a crew of from four to six men of the same nationality. If the wind is fair, we may possibly reach Montreal in the course of two or three days; should it, however, prove contrary, or calm weather, we may be a week or ten days on the passage,—rather a tedious voyage,—so, as our time will not admit of such delay, we will go to the livery stables and book our names for the stage coach, which leaves at six o'clock in the morning. After our night's repose, the sonorous notes of a tin horn sound in our ears, and the rattling wheels come to a stop at the door of our residence. The luggage is safely strapped on the back of the stage, and we are comfortably ensconced in the coach. Crack goes the driver's whip, and off start four fine bay horses at a rapid pace, till we reach St. Augustin, fifteen miles from Quebec, where we change horses; and entering a neat, comfortable inn, sit down to a cleanly-laid table, and partake of a hearty breakfast of meat, eggs, coarse sweet bread, toast, butter, and tea. Having done ample justice to our repast, we are summoned to our places in the coach, and off we go again with four fine fresh steeds. The road is very even, and kept in excellent order; almost equal to our present turnpike roads. The country through which we pass is laid out in narrow strips of land for farms, which are cultivated after the rude fashion of the *habitant* of that period. The newly-mown hay sends forth its pleasant fragrance,—the men and women are busily engaged in gathering the stock for the season; patches of wheat, oats, peas, &c., promise a bountiful supply; while the little garden, adorned with flowers around the house, yields the necessary vegetable food. The grotesque attire of the *habitant*,—the men clothed with their home-spun *stoffe du pays* and *bonnet rouge*,—the women in their blue-striped petticoats, and the half-dressed urchins, form a curious group, as they cease their labour to pay a respectful obeisance to the passers-by,—the novel scene forms a pleasant reminiscence; but on, on we go, arriving next at Point-aux-Trembles, where another change of horses takes place; and fifteen miles further on brings us to Deschambault, where we are provided with a substantial dinner, served by the host and hostess in the polite and respectful manner which forms such a conspicuous and interesting characteristic of these worthy people.

The next stopping places, each fifteen miles distance, are St. Anns, Cap Santé, Champlain, and Three Rivers, where we remain for the night at a hotel far-famed in those days for its comfort, convenience and sumptuous fare, and the portly, hospitable landlady who presided over its affairs. The town of Three Rivers is situated ninety miles distant, half-way between Montreal and Quebec, on the confluence of the St. Maurice and St. Lawrence, and at that time was quite a flourishing place, being the depot for the sale of the products of the Eastern Townships; but the course of this traffic has been directed in other directions. It is, however, destined to become a rising town when the St. Maurice district is full opened up by means of railroads, &c. But to return to our travels.

Called from our slumbers to partake of a hearty breakfast, fine fresh fish forming one of the most attractive dishes, we are again seated in our coach, and with four noble steeds we continue our journey to Montreal, changing horses ever fifteen miles, at Point du Lac, Maskinongé, L'Assomption, Berthier and Lavaltrie. From the latter place four grey horses brought our coach into Montreal, which was driven up to the hotel in fine dashing style.

II.

WINTER TRAVEL.

The ground is now covered with its white mantle of snow, and we take another trip to Montreal. Our names are again looked at the same place as mentioned before, and at early dawn we proceed in a cariole to the stage office, where we embark in a capacious vehicle, roofed over on top, the sides fitted up with strong cloth curtains, and furnished inside with a good supply of Buffalo robes; two strong built Canadian horses, placed tandem, form our team. The driver, closely muffled up in a huge Buffalo-skin coat, shouts out "*Marche donc*," and on we skim over the road to the tune of the merry sleigh bells. This peculiar mode of travelling is necessitated by the narrowness of the road which admits of only one vehicle. This proves very inconvenient and uncomfortable when encountering sleighs, as is frequently the case on the route, especially on a *fête* day, when

strings of carioles with *habitants* are on their way to and from the parish churches. The same process of changing horses and sometimes drivers, occurs as previously stated. The incidents of the journey are somewhat monotonous; and now and then those famous bumps phenomenally known as *cahots*, formed by the peculiar construction of the carioles, would disturb our equilibrium, tossing us about like a ship in a heavy sea; and after a violent snow-storm the huge drifts prove a formidable obstacle to our course, sometimes causing a delay of five or six days between the two cities. The cold, keen, sharp wind will penetrate notwithstanding the closely curtained vehicle, and the warmly-heated stove is eagerly sought at the various stopping places, where we meet again with that kind and polite attention from the brawny *habitant* lasses in laying off our cumbersome winter traps on our arrival, and readjusting them on our departure.

What a change has come over the scene since our summer trip! "The harvest is past and the summer is gone," and the out-door work of the *habitant* is now cutting and drawing fuel from the woods, feeding and taking care of the cattle. The flail is pounding out the grain on barn floor, the *bonne femme* and daughters are busy at the loom, spinning wheel, or knitting stockings, the aged *grand-père* is quietly sitting smoking his pipe in the corner, an object of great veneration and respect, a creditable characteristic of the *habitant* being the affectionate regard paid to their aged parents. Again we reach the welcome half-way house at Three Rivers, where a good substantial supper and clean warm bed awaits us, with a cheerful greeting of our worthy hostess. At break of day we hastily partake of a cup of fragrant coffee, don our robes for the continuation of our journey, and at evening enter the streets of Montreal, then dimly illuminated with the "light of other days." Thus, gentle reader, we travelled in olden time; just compare it with locomotion nowadays—"tout cela est changé."

Quebec.

G. S. P.

HEARTH AND HOME.

HYPOCRISY AND TACT.—Many people are so ignorant of all the proprieties of life that they have no other idea of tact than as a species of hypocrisy, and never fail, on opportunity, to characterize it as such. But to the mind capable of the least discrimination the two are as wide apart as are the poles. For hypocrisy is the dumb show of lying, but tact is rather a method employed to avoid lying. Hypocrisy says, "There is no pit here," and skips gaily across; but tact, saying nothing at all about the pit, cries, "Ah, how pleasant it is in the other direction! Let us go that way." Hypocrisy never hesitates at a lie; tact never allows occasion for one.

DEFINITENESS OF AIM.—Half the intellectual failures of the present day come from a lack of definite aim and an unflinching devotion to some special pursuit. When so many interesting fields of inquiry are open, it requires a Roman fortitude of mind to purposely give up all save one or two. But this is precisely what a man must do if he means to make his power tell in the world. To concentrate is to master something eventually, while to diffuse one's time and energy is to acquire a great mass of imperfect knowledge, and to hold superficially a multitude of disconnected facts. There is not a part of the human body, or a branch of any science, upon which one could not spend a lifetime of work and yet leave much untouched.

THE UNATTAINABLE.—As long as there is the slightest probability that you can have a thing which it is proper for you to have, "want" it as much as you like—wish for it, dream of it, strive for it; but, when it is out of reach, make up your mind that it would be undesirable. Forget it, if you find that possible—and much more is possible in that way than one would suppose—and you are all right. There are so many things one can have in this world; but to the foolish man the unattainable is always most precious, whether it be the position that never can be his, the fortune which it is impossible for him to accumulate, or the honour to which he dares not aspire.

WORK AND TRAINING.—It is not the amount of work accomplished that exhausts the strength and leads to a break-down; it is the effort made, and the worry of making it, that overtax the energy of control and the strength of action. Perhaps one of the most prolific causes of collapse in recent times has been the lack of training. This is not sufficiently recognized. In the old days of "apprenticeship" and slowly built-up qualifications for work, youths were especially trained for their business in life, and the difficulties of the career came upon them gradually. Now one-half of the labourers in any department of industry have entered it in some sudden way, and industry has become a general *melée*, in which those who can by effort accomplish the greater results are counted successful. The effortless, though not always the least capable, are vanquished.

TURKISH PROVERBS.—Do good and throw it into the sea; if the fish know it not, the Lord will. Who fears God need not fear man. If a man would live in peace, he should be blind, deaf and dumb. A small stone often makes a great noise. A foolish friend is at times a greater annoyance than a wise enemy. If thy foe be as small as a quail, fancy him as large as an elephant. A friend is worth more than a kins-

man. If my beard is burnt, others try to light their pipes at it. The dogs bark, but the caravan passes. You'll not sweeten your mouth by saying "Honey." They who know most are oftenest cheated. More is learned from conversation than from books. He rides seldom who never rides any but a borrowed horse. The fish that escapes appears greater than it is. Trust not to the whiteness of his turban; he bought the soap on credit.

TO THE MARRIED.—Married life is not all made up of sunshine and peace. Shadows will sometimes darken the domestic horizon; the sun will often hide behind a cloud which apparently has no silver lining. But do not fret over it. Make up your mind to start anew. Begin a white new leaf in your book of experience, and try to forget the blots and erases on the last one. Above all things, preserve sacredly the privacies of your house, heart, and married life. No good is gained by imparting to relative or friend the sorrows and disappointments you endure; and sooner or later you are sure to regret making such a confidence. There are few who can be trusted with the secrets of your daily life; there are few who will not whisper the story of your marital difficulties to some "dear confidential friend," and soon your private affairs are freely discussed by all your acquaintances, and commented upon without stint, furnishing food for gossip over many a tea-table. Build your own quiet world, not allowing your dearest earthly friend to be the confidant of aught that concerns your domestic peace.

THE HEART.—A popular error, of countless ages of duration, has assigned to the heart functions which it has not and cannot have; and the language of nearly all nations has consecrated this delusion. In the heart it places the passions and feelings of the mind; and a "hard heart," a "bad heart," a "kind heart," expressed in brief terms the amount of the error which ascribed to a hollow, muscular organ, insensible under ordinary circumstances, the great, and noble, and tender passions which ornament or dishonour humanity. But although such delusions have been long exploded—with the scientific world—enough of interest still attaches to this organ to render it worthy of all attention. Its mysterious, unceasing rhythmic action, hitherto unexplained; the strength and peculiar character of its muscular fibres; its supply of nerves and of nervous power from a source which seems to remove it from the control of the mind or will; and the unknown way by which, notwithstanding, it betrays the secret feelings of the soul, becoming the tell-tale of that of which it can know nothing; the necessity which connects its motion with life; all these are points which give to its anatomy an interest second only to the brain itself.

GROWING OLD.—The dead are the only people that never grow old. Your little brother or sister that died long ago remains, in death and remembrance, the same young thing, for ever. It is fourteen years this evening since the writer's sister left this world. She was fifteen years old then—she is fifteen years old yet. I have grown old, since then, by fourteen years, but she has never changed as they advanced; and if I am spared to fourscore, I never shall think of her other than the youthful creature she faded. The other day I listened as a poor woman told the death of her first-born child. He was two years old. She had a small washing green, across which was stretched a rope that came in the middle close to the ground. The boy was leaning on the rope, swinging backwards and forwards, and shouting with delight. The mother went into the cottage and lost sight of him for a minute; and when she returned, the little man was lying across the rope, dead! It had got under his chin; he had not sense to push it away, and he was suffocated. The mother told me, and I believe truly, that she had never been the same person since then; she thought of her child as an infant of two years yet. Had her child lived he would have been twenty years old now; he died, and he is only two; he is two yet—will never be more than two. The little rosy face of that morning, and the little half-articulate voice, would have been faintly remembered by the mother had they gradually died away into boyhood and manhood; but that stereotyped them, and they remained unchanged.

VARIETIES.

RIFE OLD AGE.—Living to a ripe old age is not yet one of the "lost arts." The illustrious Pius IX. was spared to see his 86th year. Count de Waldeck, who died three years ago, was past 100. The Emperor of Germany is 82. Marshal MacMahon is 72. The late M. Thiers was over 80, and the historian Guizot had reached 87. Lord Brougham was 89, Lord Palmerston 81, and Earl Russell 86. William Cullen Bryant was past 83. Richard H. Dana, who introduced Bryant to the public, is still living in Boston at the age of 91. Mr. Longfellow is 71, and Whittier has passed 75. Charles O'Connor is 73. Cardinal McCloskey is 68, and Pope Leo XIII. is the same. Mr. Gladstone is 74. Carlyle is 83, and still bright. Emerson is 75, and Victor Hugo 76. Chief Justice Taney was 87. Charles Carroll, of Carrollton, lived to see 91. John Adams reached 92, and Thomas Jefferson 83. Martin Van Buren was almost 80. Stephen Girard died at 81, and John Jacob Astor at 86. Andrew Jackson was 74, James Buchanan 77, John Tyler 74, and Millard Fillmore the same. Caleb Cushing and George Bancroft are each 78. Young men, don't be

discouraged. Take good care of yourselves, keep out of debt, go home early at night, and you may all go into the seventies.

ENGLISH IMPERIALISM.—The Imperialism which in truth disquiets those whose ideal of policy is England's minding her own business is an old, not a new, habit of mind with Englishmen—a native, not a borrowed, principle. It is rooted in the conviction that England has inherited other interests and obligations besides those of her domestic prosperity, her accumulated wealth, and her profitable commerce. To guard the multifarious and complex interests of our Indians dominions, our colonies, and our dependencies all over the world, seems to the majority of the English people a duty that they owe to those who went before them, and to those who will come after them. To turn aside deliberately from watching the enterprises of a great and aggressive power does not appear to them to be "minding England's own business," in any large and generous sense, but rather an indolent and cowardly rejection of national responsibilities. The time is not opportune for drawing back. To recede from the position which the country has occupied would be to incur enormous risks, and to impair an inheritance that is not ours to fling away. Now, more than at any time since the close of the Revolutionary War, is it manifest that all the empires of the earth are on their trial. If England is unable to hold her own, the ruin of her retreat cannot be measured. A nation on which have devolved the cares of a world-wide empire dares not be deaf to the warning of Goethe:—

Du musst steigen oder sinken;
Du musst herrschen und gewinnen.
Oder dienen und verlieren;
Leiden oder triumphiren,
Ambos oder Hammer sein!

ARTISTIC ECCENTRICITIES.—In traversing the grand galleries of paintings in Europe one is constantly annoyed by the astounding anachronism and ignorance of manners and customs in the times anterior to their own which most of the artists exhibit. Take the following as illustrations:—Tintoretto, an Italian painter, in a picture of the Children of Israel gathering manna, has taken the precaution to arm them with the modern invention of guns. Cigoli painted the aged Simeon at the circumcision of the infant Savior; and, as aged men in these days wear spectacles, has shown his sagacity by placing them on Simeon's nose. In a picture by Verrio of Christ healing the sick the lookers-on are represented as standing with periwigs on their heads. To match, or rather, to exceed this ludicrous representation, Durer has painted the expulsion of Adam and Eve from the garden of Eden by an angel in a dress fashionably trimmed with flourishes. The same painter, in his scene of Peter denying Christ, represents a Roman soldier very comfortably smoking a pipe of tobacco. A Dutch painter, in a picture of the wise men worshipping the Holy Child, has drawn one of them in a large white surplice and in boots and spurs, and he is in the act of presenting to the child a model of a Dutch man-of-war. In a Dutch picture of Abraham offering up his son, instead of the patriarch "stretching forth his hand and taking the knife," as the Scripture informs us, he is represented using a more effectual instrument—he is holding to Isaac's head a *blunderbuss*. Berlin represents in a picture the Virgin and Child listening to a violin; and in another picture he has drawn King David playing the harp at the marriage of Christ with St. Catharine. A French artist has drawn, with true French taste, the Lord's Supper, with the table ornamented with tumblers, filled with cigar lighters; and, as if to crown the list of these absurd and ludicrous anachronisms, the Garden of Eden has been drawn with Adam and Eve in all their primeval simplicity and virtue, while near them, in full costume, is seen a hunter with a gun, shooting ducks.

LITERARY.

LETTERS from Byron, Moore, Rogers, Montgomery, and others celebrated in literature at the beginning of the century, will be found in the two-volume "Memoir of the Rev. Francis Hodgson, B.D., written by his son, and published by Macmillan. There are letters from Mrs. Leigh, full of her "daring brother," Byron.

MR. HUBERT HERKOMER, while staying with Mr. Alfred Tennyson in the Isle of Wight, has executed a very remarkable portrait of the poet in black chalk, from which he intends painting a portrait in water-colours to be exhibited at the Grosvenor Gallery next May. He will also make an etching from his drawing, which is affirmed to be "a striking likeness, full of character and vigour."

THE Manuscript Department of the British Museum has acquired a large collection of papers relating to John Wilkes. They comprise many unpublished documents, among which the most interesting are a fragment of autobiography and a commonplace book. The most important particulars in these papers will be incorporated in a new work on Wilkes, which Mr. W. Fraser Rae, the author of "Wilkes, Sheridan, Fox: the Opposition under George III." is now preparing.

THE last number of Macmillan's Magazine contains an account and full extracts from Robert Burns' Edinburgh Commonplace Book, the original MS. of which is in the possession of the publisher. It was used by Dr. Currie in the preparation of his edition of Burns' Life and Works in 1803, and again by Alexander Smith in preparing the "Golden Treasury" and "Globe" editions. But important letters and interesting variations in poems will now be made public for the first time.

It is valueless to a woman to be young unless pretty, or to be pretty unless young. If you want a first-class shrunken Flannel Shirt, send for samples and card for self-measurement, to TABLES, 8 King Street E., Hamilton, Ont.