

THE SCRAGGS CORRESPONDENCE.

TO MRS. TATTLEWELL,

THE PROSPECT,

MONTREAL.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

After a very pleasant journey to Quebec, in the Directors' car, and they—I name no names,—were all so kind going down, and had nice lunch, and—wasn't it wicked?—some sparkling champagne in oh! so cunning a cupboard, that I felt quite exhilarated, and did not suffer the least fatigue all the way.

What a dear delightful place Quebec is to be sure. You know, since the seat of Government has been taken there the people do not consider it necessary to think of doing much business of any other kind. You cannot imagine how delightful the society of the sweet place is. There is none of that shabby penuriousness that characterises the pitiful set in Toronto. Money is not thought of in the same way at all. As that delightful creature, the Right Honourable P. J. O. Ch—(I must not mention names lest I should be accused of breaking Government secrets) says, in his beautiful, beautiful English, and with his elegant little lisp, "My dear Madam, we leave the petty considerations of economy to those vulgar *bourgeoisie* in the other Province. As for us, we are gentlemen, the rightful possessors of the soil. We shall have a gentlemen's government, and if we make not, as you other descendants of shopkeepers say, the two ends to meet, why, we shall apply to the Dominion Government for fresh supplies. *Voilà tout!*" and he smiled so gaily, that he looked charming. He also said they always would manage to get a soft, easy Treasurer, of English extraction, on pretext of respecting the rights of the minority, and added, with his charming smile, "We always contrive to get one who has the tenderness of heart, and the softness of head to do as we tell him," and he laughed so good naturedly, "and then every one applauds our liberality. Oh! I assure you, it answers *à merveille!* The last little man was very good, and if this one had not been also very squeezable,"—here he stopped and pleasantly whistled softly, as if to himself, a few bars of the street air, "Not for Joe." Still, he has his cares, poor man! What station, however high, is exempt from these? He complains that in spite of the very high state of education shown by his reports, the Fr—ch C—n—d—n people are so modest that they will not write, and decline to read, in case they should be thought conceited; and those who have overcome this diffidence, and venture to show the benefits they have derived from the admirable school system, are all anxious to devote their talents to the service of Government. Kind and worthy gentleman! he has done everything possible to gratify this desire,—has a host of clerks, an army of pages, messengers and principal and deputy chaff-waxes, crown lands' officials, fire marshals, and lately tried to get up a grand army of police,—not that the Province requires it, for he assures me it is very quiet,—but to satisfy the just claims of his friends who look to him for support.

I remarked his liberality in giving so many offices to Englishmen, when he laughed his peculiar light-hearted

joyous laugh. "Yes, my dear Madam," he said, "we are very liberal: it is good policy. We make a point of putting in good English, Scotch and Irish names. But," he said mysteriously, "they are all true *enfants du sol*. One got his Scotch name because he succeeded to the tavern of one of the *Sauvages Écossais* who go *sans culottes*, and, as he kept up the old name on the sign, he came to be known by it, and so retained it. *Par exemple*, there is our noble friend the Hon. Fr—s—r de B—rri, whom the mocking call *Friseur*, how much Scotch blood is in his veins? Yet, does it not look well for our liberality when returns are asked for of the nationalities of those employed, to point to long lists of Frasers, Munroes, Rosses, and such others." And he smiled, and retired humming *en roulant ma boule*. Dear, amiable soul. How he must be beloved.

But I must reserve a description of my interview with Royalty for another letter.

Your devoted friend,

SAMUELINA JOHNSON SCRAGGS.

P. S.—Be sure, my darling Mrs. Tattlewell, that you do not repeat what I tell you, as my letter may in some sort be regarded as containing state secrets.

SHODDY TRIUMPHANT.

Although it is a strict rule with GRINCHUCKLE never to use the paste and scissors in the preparation of his valuable sheet; there must, on the present occasion, be an infraction of the rule, for the purpose of exhibiting the Jenkins of the Boston *Journal* in all his glory:

AMERICAN GIRLS AT COMPIEGNE.—Accounts from Paris say that Yankee girls are in high favor at Compiègne. The Prince Imperial dances every evening in the large drawing room with the pretty American girls who are among the guests staying at the Castle, invited especially to please the heir to the throne. Miss Payne is the most conspicuous in the group; she appears every day in very marvellous toilettes, and her fine chestnut hair is always a point of particular admiration. Her mother is almost as youthful-looking as her daughter. Miss Parsons is another American young lady at present a guest at Compiègne; she is gay and lively, and possesses all those attractive qualities which make the ladies from across the ocean such welcome visitors in the highest circles of Parisian society. Miss Jerome, a belle with red hair, is a third American young lady whose good dancing and pretty dresses are always worth looking at.

Although it is painful to GRINCHUCKLE to drag Miss Payne before the Canadian public by her nut-brown hair; yet, when his *confrère* dons the Republican plush, to flaunt the folly of plethoric shoddy, the former feels it a duty to have a fling at it "as it flies." The extract warrants the supposition that Miss Payne is a member of the Corps de Ballet, and appears in her professional capacity to exhibit her "marvellous toilettes" to the youthful despot. In that case, the marvel of the toilette must be, like Nanny's under garment, in longitude "sairly scanty." Jeames deserves thanks for the information he supplies with respect to Mrs. Payne's juvenile appearance. We suppose she fulfils the function, of what, in theatrical parlance, is termed a "dresser," and is occasionally employed to fill up the back-grounds of the tableaux. Still it is an important piece of information that the American mother of a matured daughter *looks young*. She must be a *rara avis*; and if Barnum should again venture in the show business it is to be hoped he will secure her services and bring her to Canada. Jeames, of the *Journal*, wishes it to be inferred that one of the three ballet women stands a chance of being selected by the Imperial lad, that Republican America will supply an Empress to Imperial France, and that, should the lot