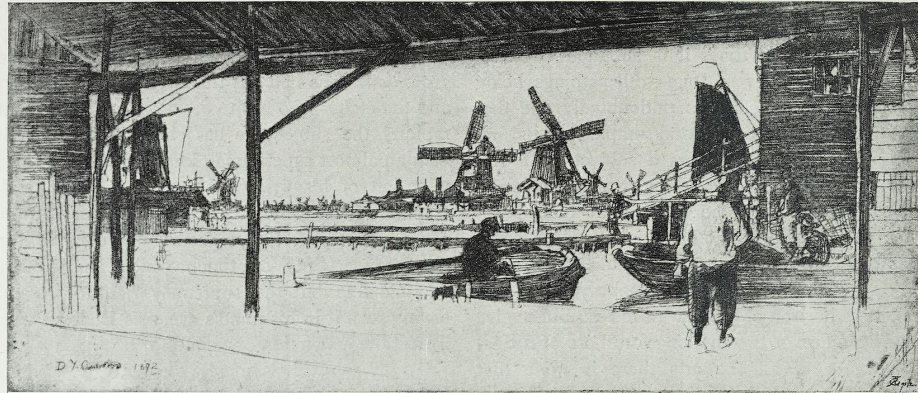


Quebec as a Sketching Ground

"ZAANDAM WINDMILLS"

BY D. Y. CAMERON

not for its merit, but because it had been bitten in on a copper-plate, then it seemed as if these simple axioms had been entirely forgotten by public and etchers alike. To-day, however, the photogravure has driven the commercial etching out of the field, and so there is a hope that its future may be in more legitimate ways, and that the real masters who never pandered to the taste of a debased craze will resume supreme authority, and attract successors as capable as Mr. D. Y. Cameron has already proved himself to be.

QUEBEC AS A SKETCHING GROUND. BY BERTRAM GROSVENOR GOODHUE

MY DEAR—, — You will, no doubt, be surprised at finding a letter of mine interspersed with sketches, since I have always expressed but slight regard for such things ; but, my dear fellow, there are sketches—and sketches. When one works with the simplest materials like my B. pencil and schoolboy's pad—well and good—those are sketches ; but it's a different thing when he spends several days on each one of his drawings from Nature ; and then, when the winter cometh and no man can sketch, goes back to town and holds an exhibition (duly posterred) and sells those same sketches for good round sums.

Before sending these to you, I tried to clean them up a bit, and now I'm almost sorry I did so, because they were never more than merely personal memoranda, and would have been more valuable to me in their first state.

Do you remember our adieu to Mexico, four

years ago, when we came out of the little station at Paso del Norte ? and how we felt that we were saying good-bye to all that is beautiful on the continent ? And we were not far from right, you and I, looking at the thing from our bigoted point of view. And do you remember how we sat in the "smoker," alongside of all the garrulous dons, and settled for ever the difference between the beautiful and the picturesque ?

Well, allowing Mexico to represent the one, Quebec certainly will do for the other, for it's all picturesqueness and no real beauty. It isn't a difficult place to reach, once you make up your mind to it, for, leaving Boston at one in the afternoon, you will find yourself with me the next morning. It took me longer, but I've been vagabonding it all the way. The country is lovely, after a "beauty unadorned" fashion, from the time you emerge from the White Mountain region—that Paradise where the Hebrews and their ancient enemies, the Philistines, live in apparent harmony and great numbers—until you arrive at Levis, just across the river from Quebec. I suppose the White Mountains are to be admired, since so many seem to do so, Hawthorne among the rest, but to my mind they are a bit too violently Alpine. The whole of the journey, too, is through quite classic ground for America ; one ought to read up on the French and Indian wars before starting. I didn't myself, but you must.

I am stopping at Miss Leonard's on the Place d'Armes, and my lodgings are all I could ask, though as different from anything of the sort we have in the States as is possible to fancy. The price of my little room, with three good meals, is \$1.50 a day, and this is about the average rate