

and humble, and seems by her civil, decent air to apologize to them for being so much more agreeable than themselves, which is a fault I, for my part, am not in the least inclined to be ashamed of."

"Your idea of Quebec, my dear, is perfectly just: much hospitality, little society, cards, scandal, dancing and good cheer, all excellent things to pass away a winter evening, and peculiarly adapted to what I am told, and what I begin to feel, of the severity of this climate." And again hear this spirituelle coquette describe Emily's friend, the "divine Col. Rivers."

SILLERY, 4th January (1766).

"I am very fond of him, though he never makes love to me, in which circumstance he is very singular: our friendship is quite platonic, at least on his side, for I am not quite so sure on the other. I remember one day in summer we were walking *tête-à-tête* in the road to Cap Rouge, when he wanted me to strike into a very beautiful thicket: 'Positively, Rivers,' said I, 'I will not venture with you into that wood.' 'Are you afraid of me, Bell?' 'No, but extremely of *myself*.'"

What a nicely told little love story the old hermit of the Island St. Barnaby, opposite Kamouraska, furnishes? What a fascinating picture Bella Fermor does draw of Bic, which she visited one bright September day, when the forests are decked out in all their autumnal splendour: she can scarcely tear herself away from the enchanted spot, and concludes by wishing she were "Queen of Bic." But I must close this sketch of an interesting work which, if republished, would find readers by the thousand.

*J. M. Lemoine.*

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