

P R E F A C E .

Written under the pressure of a calamity—by no means the first of the kind, as the reader will find, though, from the peculiar circumstances attending it, by far the heaviest, as its effects must shadow, in some degree, the remainder of my life—no one can be more sensible than myself of the many imperfections of this, my first essay in the field of literature, which ill health has also often compelled me to lay aside. Possibly, under happier circumstances, it might have been more worthy of perusal. As it is, I trust it to the indulgence of the reader.

C. E. H.
No. 1 Grande Allée,

Quebec, June 1st, 1875.