

"When the question of the Union of Upper and Lower Canada came up, my father wrote against this measure, because he considered it prejudicial to his Province. He was tendered a dinner in honour of the verses he published regarding it.

"Mr. Logan entrusted him with the translation of his *Geology of Canada*: this interested him very much; but his eyesight having become affected, he had to give up his work. He also translated Greek and Hebrew.

"My father's favorite reading was the Greek and Latin classics, of which he was very fond.

"One day, his son Gaspard, then a student at the Montreal College, being in need of money, took a book which he considered to be of little importance. When my father learned of this, he exclaimed with surprise and regret: What, you have sold my Pythagoras? This was the sole reproach he made to him.

"He had the misfortune to lose his youngest son, a boy most amiable in character and of exceptional ability; his joy and hope. He died at the age of thirteen, knowing Homer and Fenelon, while he wrote verses with remarkable ease. After this loss, my father became sad and despondent and no longer smiled. One day when we had forgotten ourselves, he repeated to us the words of Madam Letitia Bonaparte: 'One does not laugh in the home of the Emperor's Mother.'

"Stricken with paralysis, he continued to live without the use of his limbs for eighteen months, but