

taken the trouble to trace the pedigree of all the families in Canada ; on this subject, it is not too much to say, that the veteran historian is a living cyclopedia. 'Tis true, he had ample sources of information at command, having had access to the Register of Marriages, Births and Burials of the Roman Catholic Cathedral at Quebec, and these took him uninterruptedly as far back as 1640, in which year they were destroyed by fire, and restored from memory ; he could also consult the ample details of the several Census Tables, compiled by order of the French Government, yet in manuscript in our public libraries.

It is really singular to notice what a large portion of settlers came from Normandy to New France. Almost all the educated Frenchmen, such as Messrs. Rameau, Ampère, De Puibusque, and others who have visited Canada, have been struck with the resemblance between the customs, manners and language of the French Canadian peasantry of this day, and those of the peasants of Brittany and Normandy. All of them admitted that as a general rule, our *habitants* spoke better French than the same class in the country parts of France. Of course, it is not pretended that even the educated in this country, could compare for the purity of their idiom, with Parisians, who alone claim the right to speak *pure* French. Parisian writers, on this point, have promulgated canons which are rather exclusive. It is pretended for instance, that the nicety of Parisian taste is such, that *even* a Parisian writer who removes for four years from his native city to the provinces, is liable to be detected when he writes. This is going far, and naturally reminds one of the fish-woman of Athens, who, by his accent, detected a new customer as belonging to the suburbs of the city.

When Mr. Rameau was in Quebec, I took occasion to ask him what he thought of our best writers. "Sir," said he, "I will relate to you what occurred to me in Paris last winter. I was acquainted with Canadian literature before I came here, and in order to test the correctness of my own opinion, I assembled some literary friends and told them that I intended reading them a chapter out of two new books which they had never seen before ; they assented ; this done, and replacing the books in my book case, I requested them to tell me candidly where they could have been written. 'Why in Paris, where else,' they replied ; 'none but Parisians could write such French.' Well, gentlemen, said I, you are much mistaken, these books were written on the banks of the St. Lawrence, at Quebec. Etienne Paren, and the Abbé Ferland are the authors. My friends could scarcely be convinced of the fact." I take pleasure in