

to his zeal and activity, his natural talent for research and the ready assistance of new-made friends whom he conciliated from the first, he succeeded, during the brief time he was in Paris, in cataloguing twelve hundred volumes of manuscripts relating to Canadian affairs.

A work that was destined, in the near future, to be of invaluable service to Canadian historians, gained for him the especial favour of *abbé* Casgrain, who found it of much use in some of his own lucubrations.

He was subsequently named assistant to the keeper of the Federal records at Ottawa, and as the latter has since been superannuated, his promotion to the vacant position would only be regarded as a graceful acknowledgment of his intelligence and ability.

Marmette has given proofs of the versatility of his genius. His *Récits et souvenirs* is a gem in its way, and shows infinite delicacy and taste in conception and execution. Yet, in this line of composition, he has predecessors and contemporaries; but, as bard and historian of the heroes whose deeds shed lustre on the annals of his country in the XVII. and XVIII. century, he has neither peer nor compeer.

What lends a charm to the writings of old chroniclers is the peculiar style of their narratives and the strange flavor of their language and expression. There is no ambiguity — everything is life-like and real. They portray the struggles of their heroes, victorious or vanquished, just as they are, without seeking to mitigate this repulsive feature or that.

Whoever peruses our author's *Dernier boulet* will have no difficulty in tracing a resemblance between him and our chroniclers.

"Pierre advanced towards the cannon with his father and addressed a soldier who handed a match to the old invalid. 'At the word of command, get ready the match.' The latter, from force of habit, drew himself up to his full height. 'Fire!' cried the officer. The cannon went off with a loud explosion and recoiled. At the same moment a ball from the town struck it, and in the rebound cut the old man in two and disembowelled the son. The former fell a lifeless mass to the ground, whilst the latter, struck in the side, was whirled round with the force of the blow, and dropped into the arms of his wife, drenching her with his blood. The wretched woman for a moment was bereft of speech and motion; then, with an unearthly cry, she flung herself on the prostrate body