

stretch of the imagination can headlands and capes be represented as sleeping on the bosom of the waters.

" Even old Ocean . . . seems here to have doffed some of *her* wonted majesty of mien. " No one possessing the genius of the English language, no one having even an uneducated *English* ear could have written *her*.

Mr. Lemoine often makes use of inappropriate and ridiculous terms : " The *murmuring* St. Lawrence. " Miscou *shorn* of its inhabitants, " Crews wrecked on the island. " Vessels are *wrecked*, crews are *shipwrecked*. " The English man-of-war *rode* another gale in safety. " It should have been : " *rode out* another gale, &c. " " Paspebiac, with its *roadstead* running out to a point in the Bay. " He undoubtedly meant to say *headland*, as a roadstead cannot *run out to a point*. In another place he speaks of an *erratic* wanderer. That is tautology, for, as every one but Mr. Lemoine knows, *erratic* means *wandering*.

The author of the *Chronicles* is of a scientific turn of mind, and he is extremely fond of exhibiting to the public gaze his inexhaustible fund of antiquarian lore. He never fails to give us the *true* meaning of all the crooked Indian names that abound in the regions of the Lower St. Lawrence. Sometimes, however, his science is rather muddled. Thus he informs us, page 152, that the word *Restigouche* means " a river that divides like a hand. " That is poetical. Mr. Lemoine should have held fast to that definition. Nevertheless, twelve pages further on, he tells us that the same word Restigouche signifies *Broad river*. This little *contre-temps* is clearly traceable to the bee-like disposition of our author who draws his sweets from too many flowers, but who, unlike the bee, cannot convert these sweets into true honey.

One word more and I will draw my too lengthy remarks to a close. Mr. Lemoine's style of writing is an odd medly of pompous, bombastic, grandiloquent phrases