

The line marked out by the author is well enough distinguished. The talent and remarkable abilities of judge Routhier are sufficient to give him prominence.

The work is replete with superb descriptions, truthfully and magnificently drawn from profound thoughts and sage reflections.

In looking over this volume, in which the interest is ever increasing, the reader has himself the pleasure of participating in a trip which, imparts delightful impressions as to the lasting beauties of these distant regions.

A lake, a river, a forest, a country seem to thrill the beholder with enthusiasm, as the author's pen records the thousand attractions.

The tourists leave Quebec and the first spectacle which strikes one is the majestic river St. Lawrence, when Mr Routhier can not refrain from exclaiming:

"What a beautiful river is our St. Lawrence and how grand an Author he who created it!"

"Verily I adore my books; a tragedy by C. Corneille charms me; a comedy by Racine, or even by Sardou agreeably, affects me; those of Maistre and Veillot fill me with enthusiasm. But our river St. Lawrence is a more beautiful poem than the finest works of these great masters. I have travelled it over often and never tire of it. I have passed hours on its banks infatuated with its beauty and ever finding in it something new.

"There are times when celebrated authors fatigue one and fail to relieve ennui; but our beautiful river is ever eloquent and its charms always reach the heart. They are always exultant when one is happy, triumphant when one is exalted, and melancholy when one is depressed."

And then this striking allusion to the parish of Rivière du Loup so jealous of its rival the town of Kamouraska;

"This little ambitious town," says Mr Routhier wishes to become the *chef-lieu* of the district of Kamouraska and we resist it with all our strength.

But we find ourselves obliged to yield to the pressure ever looking upon it as the *chef lieu*.

It has been ambitious for some years and agitates itself with hopes like a parish which aspires to have a curé.

We know that this hope is about being realized.

Finally we cannot finish without disclosing the beauties of this brochure. One must read this trip to Lake St. John, the witticisms of père L. Lacasse, the original description of the customs of the Montagnais. There are in all these tableaux the marks of the hand of a master.

But we can not do better, in conclusion, than advise our friends to purchase this book. *En Canot* from M. Ovide Fréchette, in Upper-Town, its only publisher.

(*Novelliste.*)

#### EN CANOT.

A short trip to lake St. John by A.-B. Routhier.

We have just received a charming work published by Mr O. Fréchette of Quebec written by judge Routhier, the eminent orator, who is as able with the pen as in speech. As indicated by the title, it is the recital of a trip in a canoe to lake St. John by the Saguenay and is enriched by anecdotes descriptions and experiences of all kinds. We gladly relate the adventures of the travelers and their impressions, and as the narrator and his companions are men of intelligence the recital is most agreeable.

It will be remembered that after the grand national fête at Québec last summer, judge Routhier, the president of the Catholic congress, organized in honor of Mr Clodio Jannet and count de Foucault, his hosts from France, who took part in a Canadian demonstration, a friendly excursion to the Saguenay. Mr. Routhier wished to make known to his visitors one of the most interesting parts of our country. It is the recital of this excursion which gave rise to the happy idea of publishing the history we now give to our readers.

We will not speak of the literary qualities of the author, nor of the work. The first are sufficiently well known and it suffices to say that the work is not unworthy of its author and of his previous productions.

We will refer the reader to the work itself, 202 pages, contenting ourselves in quoting a few extracts at hazard.

"After the excitement of our fête, after the work and fatigues of our meetings, after the somewhat enervating life in town, we wish for a little isolation, a solitude of three or four in the midst of the woods, a tête-a-tête with nature and its immortal beauties.

"Nature! who does not love her, not the least from time to time, in hours of lassitude and aspiration after the ideal? who does not seek her as a consolation, when life multiplies its illusions and its experiences?"

"Hardly have we taken a few steps when we are already rewarded by its beauties.

A light wind scarcely ruffles the surface of the water and the vessel furrows the wave deeply, while astern is an immense drapery of white lace, which follows over the waters and which the wave hardly submerges."