

hand that I regret being obliged to deprive him of this pleasant amusement, and to compel him to pare his claws. I glory in my age and idleness, like the Figaro of ironic memory, and besides, have not enough *amour-propre* to be the least tenacious about my literary productions. All my ambition is to note down some episodes of the good old times, some remembrances of a youth, now alas ! long passed away.

Many of the anecdotes which I relate, will probably appear worthless and childish to many of my readers ; let them, however, throw the blame upon some of our most eminent literary men, who have begged me to omit nothing that might throw light on the manners and customs of the Canadians of old. " What may perhaps appear trivial in the eyes of strangers, cannot fail to be deeply interesting to true Canadians, particularly when chronicled by a septuagenarian, born only eight and twenty years after the conquest of *La Nouvelle France*."

This book, then, shall be neither too foolish nor too witty. Too foolish ! why an author should always have some self-respect : too witty ! why then it would only be appreciated by very clever people ; and under constitutional government, candidates generally prefer quantity to quality. This book will be perfectly Canadian in style ; it would be somewhat more difficult for a septuagenarian to change that, than to change his old coat for one fashionable at the present day. I make known also that I must have elbow room, and must not be subjected to any of the prescribed rules (with which I am well acquainted) in a work like the one I now offer to the public. Let then the purists, the professional authors, shocked at its many defects, call it a romance, memoir, chronicle, salmigondis, *pot-pourri*, anything they like, it makes no difference to me.

My little preface finished, I begin this chapter in earnest by the following beautiful lines, as yet unpub-