

Secouait le fardeau de ses glaces massives,  
En éclats scintillants les poussait sur ses rives,  
Les broyait sur son sein avec un bruit affreux  
Comme un bruit de volcan par un soir ténébreux,  
Ou les traînait au loin dans sa fuite rapide,  
Comme au fond des forêts un lion intrépide  
Emporte les lambeaux de ces liens honteux,  
Qu'un dompteur osa mettre à son pied généreux."

I cannot without regret take leave so soon of our gifted fellow-citizen. But my lecture must come to an end. M. Lemay is still young, (born in 1837.) What great things may we not hope for from his genius and well known industry?

And now, craving your indulgence, and nothing less than a plenary one, for the many omissions of this necessarily hurried discourse—but what do I see? There's old Fadladeen again! will there be no end to cant? Criticism—sound criticism—all must bow to. But the cant thereof! Of all the cants that are canted in this canting world, although indeed, it cannot be denied that the cant of hypocrisy is the worst—the most criminal, the cant of criticism is the most pretentious and the most tormenting. It never has been known to be productive of good. Evil only can arise from its application. It is one of those things which appear to exist for no other purpose than the punishment of mankind. By its stolid persistency, it ruffles the sweetest temper, makes the warm current of life grow chill and stagnate in the veins, sours the very soul itself, and like vermin on the expanding buds of spring, seizes with deadly grasp, the most promising seeds of genius the moment they have begun to germinate. It is the "malignant star" under the influence of which the most gifted among the sons of song are doomed, not unfrequently, to wither away and perish. (*The pompous Fadladeen desires to be heard*). Why my Lord Fadladeen, I thought you were gone: "I did not go far. I rejoice in being here, not for any pleasure I have enjoyed, but because it affords me an opportunity of protesting against such lecturing. The dignity of the sublime art of oratory requires a more sustained and formal style. It is completely thrown from its exalted sphere when it descends to the familiar forms of conversation. So great an art was never designed for any less important purposes than to influence the judges of mankind or to move vast assemblies. I grant, indeed, that oratory may be employed in order to inform the minds of men. But when so employed, it must appear in its proper garb. When stripped of its befitting ornaments, and exposed in rags and almost nude, before the rude world, it can no longer be recognised as oratory. It sinks into that contempt which is the well deserved lot of those, who whilst they might be, and ought to be, rich and distinguished, aim at finding happiness in poverty and obscurity. It will be pretended, perhaps, that when oratory becomes conversational and discursive, it is capable of embracing a greater variety of topics and of discussing them more copiously and completely. But it cannot be maintained that any purpose however good and noble, can be sought by means that are unworthy. The diffusion of knowledge no doubt, is a great end. But can it justify the most ignoble means? Ought the divine power of oratory to be sacrificed for the sake of communicating information which may be acquired by reading and in many other ways? Ought the goddess of the sublime gift of speech to be stripped of her garments, torn from her pedestal and dragged in the mud, in order that people may be told in a homely style quite unsuited to godlike eloquence, how many songs have been written for their amusement? "I deny that Poetry is intended only for amusement." "Let me proceed, if you please; you hold that by adopting that undignified conversational manner, you can discourse more freely and impart knowledge which could not be conveyed in the more lofty and appropriate style of oratory. But, what have you done? You have talked only of some poets who, you say, are more distinguished. You have indeed given dates of birth and other circumstances which have their proper place in a Parish register, but which are quite superfluous and irrelevant in a discourse on the noble art of Poetry. It would have been more to the purpose if you had spoken more at large and in language suited to so high a theme, of all our talented youth who have been favored with the divine *afflatus*. It is well known that there are many in this privileged land, where the language of the primitive Bards and Troubadours is still spoken, who are gifted beyond their fellows. It is notorious that there are many such. But who they are is not so generally manifest. To withdraw these sons of genius and the muses from their unmerited obscurity, is a task worthy of the sublimest oratory as well as of that learning which, you say, can be imparted in an undignified *tête-à-tête* fashion, but which, I insist upon it, ought never to be degraded any more than oratory itself, by the trivial and colloquial manner of the drawing room,—a manner, I am sorry to observe, which is passing from the fashionable circles

to the lecture room, and must speedily corrupt, if it does not meet with some salutary check, that eloquence which if allowed to appear only in its native grandeur, could not fail to maintain its empire over the minds of men."

Notwithstanding all this pompous criticism, the Lecturer was honored with a unanimous vote of thanks. He bowed his acknowledgments, and lest even a work of supererogation should go without its reward, he proposed three cheers for that Prince of critics, MY LORD FADLADEEN!

## CANADIAN HISTORY.

### Memoirs of the Richelieu.

No. 6.—ROUVILLE MOUNTAIN.

The chain of mountains named Rouville, Rougemont, St. Pie, and St. Thérèse is doubtless part of the system in which the White and Green mountains are included. The first of these is a distinctive feature of the Richelieu river, and for that reason, claims our attention in these historic papers. It commands the stream from Rouse's point to Sorel. It is visible in every part of it, and forms in the different windings a variety of views which are one of the peculiar beauties of the Richelieu landscape.

The mountain takes its name from the Sieur Hertel de Rouville, who was the first Seigneur of the domain on which it stands.

It is also called *Belail* or *St. Hilaire* mountain, after the two villages that lie at its base.

Besides being one of the highest elevations in Lower Canada, it has other characteristics which give it a special picturesqueness. Its side from the river is a precipitous crag of syenitic rock, but its land-sides are beautifully undulated in gradual slopes. It was for a long time famous for its *sucreries*, that is its abundant growth of superior maple, which yield unusual supplies of the saccharine water. In old times, the declivities of Rouville mountain were merry with laughter and song, when the white March sunlight played in among the fair girls that braided St. Catherine's tresses, or in plainer language, made taffy under the bleeding maples,

Rouville Mountain was likewise celebrated for its apple orchards. These have not yet entirely disappeared, but they are not what they used to be, when the *Grise* and *Fameuse* were among the glories of this boreal climate.

The mountain possesses a geological curiosity, which is, of itself, sufficient to deserve a visit. It is a beautiful lake, nearly on its summit, and situated between two slopes. A ramble over the mountain in summer and sailing on this lake, would well repay any tourist in an artistic or scientific point of view.

The history of Rouville Mountain is limited to an imposing religious ceremony, which took place on the 6th October, 1841.

The celebrated preacher, Forbin de Janson, Bishop of Nancy, France, after some missionary labors in Canada, proposed to erect a *Via Crucis* on the slopes of the mountain, and plant a colossal cross on its highest point.

On the day just mentioned, the Catholic Bishops of Montreal, Kingston, Sydime and Nancy left the Seigneurial Manor, in the state coach of the Hon. Hertel de Rouville, and commenced the ascent, accompanied by an immense multitude of carriages, horsemen and foot pilgrims. When they reached the mills of the Seigneur, the prelates were met by a host of clergymen, who had come from every quarter of the country, and bent their way towards the beautiful lake. There the Bishops put on their Pontifical vestments, then stepped on a raft which had been prepared for the occasion, and launched out some thirty or forty yards from the shore. There an impressive discourse was pronounced by the Missionary Bishop. His audience was immense—some 25 or 30,000 persons all pressed together on the shore, in the trees, on the impending rocks. An old man, who witnessed the scene, assured us he could never forget it. It reminded him of our Blessed Saviour preaching at Lake Tiberias.