



Mr. J. M. LeMoine, F.R.S.C., of Spencer Grange, Quebec, has put the public once more under obligations to his assiduous and fruitful pen. We have received a copy of his "Historical and Sporting Notes on Quebec and its Environs," which is especially seasonable just now. It is divided into two parts, the first of which was prepared for the use of visitors to Quebec and its vicinity. The headings of the chapters indicate the charms of nature and the points of historic interest on which Mr. LeMoine sheds the light of his gathered lore. We are taken first from Quebec to Montmorenci Falls—a delightful trip, the pleasures of which are manifold enhanced by Mr. LeMoine's instructive companionship. Our next journey is to Cap Rouge, and we return by the Ste. Foye Road, after seeing some of the most picturesque scenery and some of the loveliest villas and manor houses—each of which has its memories and associations—in this ancient province. The author next invites us to Indian Lorette, about which he has much to say that is well worth listening to. It is noteworthy that the term "Ononthis" for "Governor," first employed by the Hurons during the rule of Mr. Montmagny, of whose name it is a translation, is still in vogue among the remnants of that once great nation, and was used not long since in an address to one of our Lieutenant-Governors. "Chateau Bigot: Its History and Romance," closes the first division of the book, and is not the least fascinating of these recitals.

The second part of the volume is even more valuable than the first, as it covers new ground—ground that is also historic, though it is the resort of the hunter and angler rather than of the antiquarian. It carries us, under the same courteous guidance, along the route of the Lake St. John Railway. St. Ambroise, Lake St. Joseph, Bourg Louis, St. Raymond, the Batiscan River, Lake Edward, and other places in this paradise of the sportsman—with which our readers are not altogether unfamiliar—are passed in succession, our Cicirone, from his well-stocked mind, imparting all needful knowledge *en route*. In the course of our journey we traverse "The Land of the Winanish," so copiously illustrated by the pen and pencil of Messrs. Yale and Creighton, and are initiated into the haunts and habits of that mysterious denizen of our inland waters. The rest of the book is devoted to the geography, zoology, botany and traditions of a region which is fast becoming one of the most frequented and famous of our summer resorts. Its great natural features—and its geology is one of the romances of science—the monarchs of its forests, its larger game, the tenants of its streams,—rock and soil and sky, fin and fur and feather—are all depicted for us in Mr. LeMoine's delightful and instructive pages. Nor are illustrations wanting—the value of the guide book being increased by views of Chateau-Bigot, Montmorency and Oniatichouan Falls and Spencer Grange, the author's charming and hospitable home. The publishers are Messrs. L. J. Demers and Brother, Quebec.

Our respected fellow-citizen, ex-Mayor Beaugrand, has brought out a handsome volume, the "Lettres de Voyage," which he wrote to *La Patrie* during his recent tour through Southern Europe and Northern Africa. His route took in the western shores of the Mediterranean, including Sicily and Malta—the range of Roman power and interest at about B.C. 200. His first letter was posted at Le Havre on the 28th of Oct., 1888, his closing communication is dated Paris, May 4, 1889. During the interval he had visited most of the important places in France, Italy, Sicily, Malta, Tunis, Algiers and Spain. Though his primary object was not observation and study, but rest and recreation, he managed, like the hero of the *Odyssey*, to see the cities of many nations and become acquainted with their institutions and manners. This book is, indeed, striking evidence of the wondrous change that has been wrought by steam, as a locomotive agent, in the relations between widely-severed communities, and their possibilities of holding intercourse with each other. The "grand tour" can now be accomplished with an ease, a comfort, and at a cost which, if anticipated a few generations ago, might have seemed to sober people like the dream of a Verne or a Haggard. Now even fair damsels make a girle round the world with as little fear as that which stirred the breast of Moore's perambulating heroine. Not inappropriately does Mr. Beaugrand begin his record with a description of the great company—La Compagnie Générale Trans-Atlantique—on one of whose vessels—La Bourgoyne—he crossed to Europe. That company owns no less than 64 vessels—from 9,000 to 175 tons burden, and from 12,000 to 300 horse power—plying between all points on the shores of the Atlantic and the Mediterranean. At Paris every one was thinking of the Exposition, the preparations for which were being eagerly pushed forward. He found friends everywhere. To be a Canadian was to have friends in Paris in France. At Montpellier, M. Beaugrand was hospitably received by the father-in-law of M. Beulla, of this city. At St. Hypolite-du-Fort he spent some days with Lieut. Chartrand, who has many friends in Canada who are proud of his success. Nimes, with its Roman remains; Montpellier, less ancient, but not devoid of traditions; Nice, with its memories of Greek adventure; Turin, sometime capital of Italy; Genoa, which bore

Columbus; Milan—Navara, Magenta, with their sanguinary renown—and so on to Venice. To the glories of the Queen of the Adriatic M. Beaugrand devotes a chapter. Florence, Rome, Naples—with a glance at the unearthly wonders of Pompeii—Messina, Malta (Valetta), Tunis, are successively reached. It is at this last point that we find the beginning of what is most interesting in the book. The letters from the 20th to the 27th (both inclusive) deal with scenes out of the trodden path even of Madeira travel. M. Beaugrand's observations and impressions in Tunis and its neighbourhood make the freshest and brightest pages in these souvenirs. Of the 125,000 people of the Bey's capital, 75,000 are Moslem, 25,000 Jews and 25,000 Europeans. The French have taken full advantage of the protectorate to establish their prestige there. Before the Khroumis trouble, the Italians had the preponderance. Sorely against their will they have had to yield to their enterprising rivals. Italian is still, however, largely spoken. A considerable portion of the population is made up of Kabyles—some examples of which type we gave in a recent engraving. The Arabs of superior race are taller and more finely featured. The Turks have lost prestige. At a reception of the Resident, Mr. Beaugrand was presented to two sons of the Bey. All the notabilities of the place were present. Of the neighbouring ruins of Carthage an interesting account is given. Mr. Beaugrand also passed near the ancient Hippo (Bona to-day), once the See of St. Augustine. Cardinal Lavignerie has built a fine hospice there. Algiers suggests pirates, and we are told how, after a long run of comparative impunity, the Bey's savage power quailed at last before the arms of France—the last good turn of the restored Bourbon dynasty—Lord Exmouth (or his government) having a few years before missed the opportunity of curbing it in the only effective way. From Oran to Carthage, and other storied cities of Moorish and Christian Spain—Lerville, Grenada, Cordova, Toledo, Madrid, Burgos—and thence across the Bidassoa to Hendaya, Bordeaux, and so northwards to Paris and home! We commend these "Lettres de Voyage" to our readers. They are bright, chatty, unpretentious, but not the less do they abound in manifold information. The book was printed at the office of *La Patrie*.

We have already had occasion to mention a valuable addition to the library of Canadian history, compiled with commendable care, by Mr. Alexander Jodoin, advocate, and Mr. J. L. Vincent, of the Revenue Department. It is entitled "Histoire de Longueuil et de la Famille de Longueuil," and is illustrated by engravings and diagrams. A volume of nearly 700 pages, this record of "a local habitation and a name," is extremely creditable to the patriotic and painstaking authors. The spirit that prompted them to undertake it is worthy of all praise. In the preface the authors proudly refer to the growing desire to learn whatever can be known concerning our historic past. To this end it is necessary not only to examine the public archives that bear upon great national movements, but to collect and consult parochial registers, notarial documents, family papers, and whatever other manuscripts may shed light on the course of our social development. Already a good deal has been accomplished. St. Eustache, St. Maurice, Beauport, Charlesbourg, Riviere Ouelle, St. Francois du Lac, and other parishes of historic interest, have had their annals gathered together and arranged for the historic student. Works of like aim are in preparation regarding Terrebonne, Joliette, Three Rivers, Sorel and other parts of the country. The investigation in this way of the sources of local history is a task that may profitably engage the attention of our scholars and *littérateurs*, and whoever discharges it worthily may reasonably look for his reward in the gratitude of his fellow-countrymen. No person who has read in Garneau, or Ferland, or Sulte, of the exploits of the Le Moine family, can fail to appreciate the labours which have yielded such a harvest as this handsome and well-filled volume. Well does M. Benjamin Sulte utter words of encouragement to the authors and those who follow their example. "What attachment in this world," he exclaims, "in insisting on the importance of such local records, 'can excel that of the memories that bind you to the years and places that are gone! Where your fathers wrought and loved, suffered and fought, triumphed and died—there is your country and there is your heart! You become greater in your own eyes while you thus dwell on the past, and you indulge in the hope that your descendants will in turn bear you in remembrance."

The story of Longueuil begins with the history of the colony. It formed part of that fertile plain which gladdened the eyes of Jacques Cartier, as from Mount Royal he surveyed the vast expanse of the "forest primeval." Whether the portion of the landscape across the river, which he characterized as the finest land that one could see, level and admirably fitted for agriculture, was really under cultivation in 1535 is a disputed point. M. B. Sulte thinks not, though possibly it may have been so in part. However that question may be decided, the history of Longueuil, as the centre of a civilized community, did not begin till 1657, in September of which Charles LeMoine obtained from M. de Lauzon the first of the three concessions that compose the seigniory. That distinguished man, founder in Canada of the family that bears his name, was born in Dieppe in 1624, according to Mgr. Tanguay and M. Sulte; in 1626, according to Abbé Daniel. In 1641 he crossed the ocean to join his uncle, Adrien Duchesne, at Quebec. Entering the service of the Jesuits, he was sent to the Huron country, where he learned the language, and, in 1845, he was capable of assuming

the position of interpreter. From that date onward his career is easily followed. In 1654 he was married to Catherine Primot, on which occasion M. de Maisonneuve gave him a grant of land at Pointe St. Charles. Three years later, as already mentioned, M. de Lauzon made a concession of part of the future seigniory of Longueuil. His subsequent services, his captivity, the homage paid him on his return, the erection of the seigniory, and the issue of letters patent of nobility, follow in their order. The name of Longueuil, which LeMoine gave to his early concessions—a name mentioned in his letters of nobility, and for more than two centuries associated with the family, was taken, it is admitted, from a village in Normandy, not far from Dieppe, and to-day the chief-lieu of a canton in the arrondissement of that name. On this point, on the arms of M. de Longueuil, on the later concessions, on the pioneer settlers of Longueuil, on the census of 1677, 1681, and following years, on Charles LeMoine's death, his will, the inventory, and valuation of his property, his widow, his fourteen children, and his descendants to the present generation, the work before us contains a mass of welcome information. The exploits of Iberville, Bienville, Sainte-Helene, and the other sons of Charles LeMoine, are made more interesting than ever by a number of fresh details. But it is in that which concerns the later history of the family—its connection with that of Grant and the restoration of the title in recent years—that the importance of the work to the student of our history more especially consists. With the unfolding of these family records the growth of the village and town of Longueuil is made to keep pace. Its municipal development, the progress of its churches, schools, trade, commerce, its political condition, and every feature of its life as a community, are described with fullness and accuracy. Besides the engravings and plans, a copious index adds to the value of the work. It was printed by the firm of Gebhardt-Berthiaume, of Montreal.

HUMOUROUS.

ONE tax that we hope will not be removed in a revised tariff,—syntax.

"MAMMA," said a little five-year-old, as his mother was giving him a bath, "be sure and wipe me dry, so I won't rust."—*Christian Advocate*.

A LITTLE girl who had the scarlet fever was told that the disease would have to peel off. "But, if I peel off," she said, "what will hold me together?"

"Well, Patrick, what struck you most during your southern trip?" "The mule, sor!" replied Patrick, with a grin that disclosed the absence of nine molars.

CUSTOMER: "I can't wear this suit, and that's the end of it. It's all shrunk up on one side." *Rosedale*: "Vat you expect mit dem diagonal goots?"—*Puck*.

"WHO was the first man, Tommy?" asked the Sunday-school teacher, after explaining that our first parents were made from the dust of the earth. "Henry Clay, ma'am."—*Yonkers Statesman*.

MR. WINKS (looking over the paper): "Cheap, Drug & Co. are selling all sorts of patent medicines at half price." *Mrs. Winks*: "Just our luck! There isn't anything the matter with any of us."—*New York Weekly*.

"IT is more blessed to give than to receive," mused Harry, after his father had been trying to teach him a lesson in generosity, "I think it would be very nice in me to do the receiving and let others have the most blessing."

IS MARRIAGE A FAILURE?—Rab:—"Weel, Jennie, noo that ye're marriet, hoow are ye gettin' on wi' the guidman?" Jennie:—"O, I canna say that he interefers muckle, but then, ye see, he disna let me interefere ony wi' him."

A MINISTER in Pittsburg met the colored sexton of his church at a camp-ground one day, and inquired, "Will you be at your post in the city next Sunday?" *Sexton*: "No, sah; I have appointed my cousin to affiliate for me on that day."

Two men who had taken more than was good for them were spending an hour over a social glass. "Smith, old man," said the one to the other, grasping him by the hand, and shaking it warmly, "I've known you for the last twenty years, and we have been very good friends, but I never liked you."

A LITTLE fellow, whose fifth birthday is at hand, heard the question of a new-comer, "How old is that infant?" His reply was: "She ain't old at all. She has just begun." After he had seen the infant, he said to his mother: "Mamma, that baby had her hair cut in heaven. I suppose they thought she would not be strong enough to walk to the barber's."

H-ISLANDISH!—Scene, Cove.—Pedestrian:—"Rose-neath's an island, isn't it, Donald?" Donald:—"Teuch, no! Iss tat aal you'll knew? She's a peninsular, if you'll ken whaat tat iss?" Pedestrian:—"Well, Sir Walter Scott, the Wizard of the North, calls it an island." Donald:—"Weel, he'll need to pe more as a wuzard or a wutch to do tat, for ta ferry Tuke of Argyle himsel' canna!"

A LADY once consulted Dr. Johnson on the turpitude to be attached to her son's robbing an orchard. "Madam," said Johnson, "it all depends upon the weight of the boy. My school-fellow, David Garrick, who was always a little fellow, robbed a dozen of orchards with impunity. But the very first time I climbed a tree,—for I was always a heavy boy,—the bough broke with me; and it was called a judgment. I suppose that is why justice is represented with a pair of scales."