

TO MY ENGLISH READERS.

A YOUTHFUL poet, L. H. Frechette, assumes in the preface of his charming little volume, "*Mes Loisirs*," that every book ought to have something of a preface, were it only a note of interrogation—?

Without admitting or denying this proposition, I have a word to say to my readers (if I have any), not precisely to tell them that the modest *Maple Wreath*, I now lay before them, is worthy of their approbation,—as it must stand or fall on its own merits,—but merely to ask on one point a little forbearance.

Just let some of them imagine they have to write a book in French. Would not the bare idea make them feel as nervous as a fish out of water? Such is the feeling which comes over me in inditing one in English. This little volume may, perhaps, add another to the many proofs that no man can write well two languages. What remains to be done? Nothing, I fear, except to mend my ways and my English, should I ever repeat the attempt. A portion of the historical, legendary and sporting intelligence herein contained is scattered through many old books and memoirs, not of