

The really clever writer is always able to merge his identity in his work—to suit his style to his subject. That Marmette possessed this rare faculty is apparent from the following passage taken from his *Récits et souvenirs*. It is entitled : *Une promenade dans Paris*. The writer refers to Voltaire's Quay, a spot hallowed to all bibliophiles. —“ From end to end of Voltaire's Quay, starting from the Malaquais “and Conté Quays up to Pont-Neuf, where the statue of Henry IV., “seated on his fiery bronze charger, smiles down cynically on his “people of Paris, every spot of ground is occupied by vendors of “books and *bric-à-brac*. Books are lying about on shelves in the “open air at every turn you take — books and engravings more or “less valuable. You have only to cross the street to show-windows “facing the quays to be confronted with countless rare masterpieces “of the printing art, of binding, and lithography. These you will “find flanked by all kinds of ingenious and amusing knick-knacks, “interspersed with precious relics of by-gone ages—old coats of mail “curiously inlaid with gold or silver; swords with delicately “embossed hilts, the handiwork of some master artificer of the XV. “and XVI. centuries; earthenwares of Bernard Palisy — works in “ivory—miniature statues—porcelains of China, of Saxe, or Sèvres— “treasures all; some of them genuine, others only imitations, but “so skilfully executed as to deceive all but the best *connaisseurs*.”

I could cite numberless other pages as engrossing, but am constrained to deprive the reader of so delicious a treat, as I am confined to the narrow limits of a biographical sketch, at best, but cursory and incomplete

Marmette is one of the most prolific of Canadian writers.

His first serious work is *François de Bienville*, an historical novel, published in 1870. This book gives evidence of a rich imagination, a plot well worked up, with ever increasing interest, and characters delineated to the life. As in all his works that touch upon the past and its customs, he betrays here an intimate knowledge of archeology.

The *Intendant Bigot* appeared two years later and enhanced the reputation of its author for powerful pen and ink portraiture.

The *Chevalier de Mornac*, which followed two years subsequently, is the story of the wild life and adventures of the portionless younger son of a noble family in the XVII. century. The tale is of the melodramatic school and is vigorous, spicy, and well told.