

priest in the diocese was ordered to find out if the proscribed journal were read by any persons in his parish; and, if any such there were, to interdict them for a repetition of the offence. Now the offences alleged against *Le Réveil* were—copying something written in favour of evolution, without refuting it; copying an extract from an address of Castelar in favour of religious liberty; but really, for advocating toleration. M. Buies, in his journal, encroached in no respect upon the domain of dogmatic religion; his offences, in the shape of clippings, were such as no one in an English country need fear to publish, in apprehension of penalties, either civil or ecclesiastical. In Quebec, unhappily, our French neighbours live in another atmosphere—rather Spanish, than French—in which, if a *littérateur* refrains from the expression of religious opinions which might prove unacceptable, he is ostracised by the hierarchy, deprived of his livelihood, and pilloried before a superstitious people as an atheist or a communist—a pariah, breathing and moving in the atmosphere of free British institutions—the liberties of which are withheld from him by the illegal and meddlesome intrusiveness of the Roman hierarchy. If it be necessary to protect the freedom of election from priestly interference, it is equally necessary to strike a blow for the freedom of the press.

M. Arthur Buies is a Canadian martyr to freedom of action, more than of freedom of opinion, though he has suffered in the attempt to assert both. For that reason it seems to us that he deserves fitting introduction to the free English-speaking people of the Dominion, and cordial recognition at their hands. It was our intention to attempt, by translation, to give some notion of the author's lively and clear style in these *Petites Chroniques*. They relate to a variety of subjects, and it might be possible to make some extracts which would show, to some extent, the author's power and piquancy of expression. It is to be feared, however, that the aroma would evaporate in the process of translation, and therefore we recommend the lively little papers to the attention of French readers. They will find in them, photographed by the hand of a master in the literary craft, the social life, the politics, and the intellectual life of Quebec as it is to-day. The sketches of our Canadian watering-places on the Lower St. Lawrence and Saguenay are exceedingly graphic—indeed, it would be difficult to find their counterparts in English. Finally, the writer's views on the Temperance question will strike the reader as fresh, original, and certainly worthy of attention.

It is sad to think that the advent of the Liberal party to power has not improved M. Buies's fortunes, or returned him any recompense for the persecution he has undergone. This is the opening of his "Prologue," in which, in a humorous pathetic fashion, he makes his

complaint: "More Chronicles! Yes, Chronicles again. I desire, however, from the opening page, to dissuade my readers from perusing them. And since they are the only resource left to me, whose name is marked on no other budget, to me, an advanced *Rouge*, so far advanced that my friends had lost sight of me on their advent to power, now ere long four years ago. Four years! It is nothing in the career of governments, may be; yet, how it reckons in the life of individuals! I have beheld my fortunes dwindle in proportion as the Liberal vote increased, and so soon as the Liberal majority becomes overwhelming, I shall be nearing the verge of starvation. If my party remain in power two years longer, the Ultramontanes will find themselves obliged to bury me at their own expense, and—I shall be avenged. I am not even an Honorable, in spite of my grey hairs, and I have seen Fabre pitchforked into the Senate without having any such fate threatening myself. Already I am drifting, with full sail, to a mature age—an age without rashness, because it has lost its illusions—and have not been an office-bearer for a single day; I know not the blessing of an official chief, and already my past is reckoned by lustres whose numbers inspire me with solemn disquiet as to the number of them which are left for me to run. All official delights are unknown to me, and I have spent whole nights in dreaming of a sinecure which would enable me to erect a literary monument for the benefit of posterity—I mean the posterity nearest; that which will follow the monument at once on its erection, and prove itself worthy of it, by heaping up for me the proper reward." Then follows a passage worthy of the irony and serio-comic vein which pervades the foregoing, in which M. Buies assures us that he despises all earthly things, and amongst them either office from the party or contributions from the public. Indeed, there is a Parisian flavour throughout, which seems to come as an hereditary gift to some choice spirits in Canada—the humour and the plaint, the sadness and the jest, are so inextricably wedded in one compound. And if we could hope, as reasonably we may, that M. Arthur Buies, with the limpid and vigorous language at his command, might be induced to try his hand at some sustained *Causées de Lundi*, more earnest in purpose, though not less lively and critical than those of Paris, he might be the Ste. Beuve of Quebec, if only the ecclesiastics would but leave him severely alone.