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MONTHLY REVIEW

OVIDE FRECHETTE Proprietor Editor

TO THE PUBLIC.

We have the honor to inform you that we deem it our duty in accordance with the desire of our English speaking compatriots to reproduce, the charming work "*En Canot, petit voyage au Lac St Jean*," by the honorable Judge Routhier. All those who appreciate the high talents and brilliant literary ability of Judge Routhier, can not fail of approving of this wish to publish the new production of this eminent author. Amateurs of literary tastes will find in it all the qualities necessary to assure the success of a work of this nature; style, elegance and naturalness, lively and sprightly dialogue, varied descriptions, humorous dissertations, noble thoughts, all concur to render this work one of the most interesting that can be read.

Judge Routhier wrote the book at the desire of Messrs Jannet and count de Foucault, with whom he had made the trip to lake St John, during last summer. The public is fortunate that the desire was so brilliantly realised.

We do not doubt that all who follow intellectual pursuits would wish to procure the story of this trip.

The press has paid him the highest compliments, as may be seen by reading the extracts from the different journals.

We can not too much encourage well written works and fine thoughts which do honor to our national literature. A writer of the abilities of Judge Routhier, contributes more than can be conceived to the prestige and reputation of a people.

We have therefore confidence that intelligent readers to whom we address this circular will prove that they can appreciate his talent in procuring as soon as possible a copy of this charming volume, of which we publish a beautiful edition, illustrated with views of the Saguenay, etc., and richly bound. We will issue a limited number and we request our friends not to delay in giving us their orders. This charming book will be mailed free, on reception of price, seventy-five cents (75).

OVIDE FRECHETTE, EDITOR,

11, Buade Street, Quebec.

P. S. The address must be written as plainly as possible,

From the "*Morning Chronicle*"

EN CANOT

Those of us who remember Judge Routhier's fascinating little volume, *Causeries du Dimanche*, which deals in a bright and skilful way with a variety of topics, religious, political, critical and historical, will be prepared to greet his latest contribution to the world of letters with a good deal of genuine enthusiasm. The chief charm about the writings of that delightful French critic, Sainte-Beuve, is the wonderful, almost magical, analytical power which he possesses to a superlative degree, and which may be detected in even the most slender of his essays. All his literary performance are modelled apparently after a plan of his own. They are rich in color, full of allusion, *spirituelle* in treatment and elegant in phraseology. His *Causeries du Lundi* reveals these characteristics of his at their best, and strikingly illustrate his force and spirit as a writer of nervous and scholarly prose, enlivened here and there with real poetic feeling. Judge Routhier's style, to a very great extent, is enriched by many of the strong features which individualize the writings of Sainte-Beuve. He is a keen analyst, his humor is graceful and piquant, and his method, generally, is successful. His French, as one might expect from a gentleman of his eminence as a scholar and man of letters, is singularly pure and perfect. Indeed his essay on Louis Veulliot and his critics, and the companion article on his friends, the criticism on Victor Hugo, and the pleasant paper on Lamartine would find acceptance in the pages of the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, and similar publications of high critical calibre. This much for Judge Routhier's place as an author. With his opinions, literary and otherwise, we cannot always find it possible to agree. He is never radical, and his estimates on books and on those who write them are as orthodox as his views on the religious and political aspects of the day. He is a powerful advocate and the master of a style at once strong and incisive. As he always argues from conviction, a good deal of his inner consciousness enters largely into his work, and stamps it with an ardor which is sometimes irresistible and often very strongly marked.

En Canot, is full of happy illustrations of airy, out-

door life, stories of forest-adventure and wanderings, pleasant sails on beautiful waters, quiet talks with congenial spirits on nature, poetry, romance and the everyday topics which three or four brilliant men might find to talk about at the close of some glorious summer's day in the woods and among the trees. With count Foucault, M. Claudio Jannet, judge Routhier, last July, spent some pleasant days on a trip to Lake St. John, and the incidents of that voyage and the impressions which grew out of it are here set down in a racy, delicious and delightful style. Every page is healthful and buoyant, and treats the reader, as John Burroughs does sometimes, and "Ik Marvel" oftener, to glimpses of things in nature and in every day life, which are all the more enjoyable because they are pointed out by an observant man, whose eye and taste for colour and harmonious tints give an appreciative flavor to his thoughts and ideas. This appreciation finds ready and acceptable expression in all that judge Routhier has to say about the solitary Saguenay, Malbaie, Tadousac, Lake St. John, the Voices of Nature, the Legend of Stella Maris—spiritedly and graphically told—the account of the Montagnais Indians, &c., &c. There are fine descriptive passages here and there, which the reader will love to ponder over, and read again and again. We had marked several of these for quotation, but they should lose so much of their beauty and *verve* in any translation we might make, that we forbear, and invite the attention of our readers to the book itself, where they may taste the honey in all its sweetness and purity, for themselves. The musical and literary *soiree*, which comprises Chapter IV of *En Canot*, introduces the leading poem in the collection, the legend already mentioned, and which is full of imagery and true poetic fire. Further on, in Chapter XII, there are some clever couplets, quatrains and bits of verse, strikingly *apropos*, and all of them bright and delicately worded. Indeed at every turn, one finds in this excellent little story-book of travel, through one of the most picturesque districts of Quebec, something which is interesting, instructive, and entertaining, and which reflects the light-heartedness and buoyant spirits of the author to a high degree. Humor, too,—refined and delicate—is nowhere wanting either, and the chapter entitled: *Un Excentrique* is very neat. It records the experiences of My Lord G. which are very amusing and laughable. Other chapters, which will arrest the reader's eye, are *la Vache-Caille et le Rapide Gervais*—powerfully sketched—*La Venise du lac*, and *Les Premiers Saut*, each of which must add materially to the author's reputation as a descriptive writer. All through the work—from the start of the expedition at Mal-

baie in July, to the return home,—there is not a single dull page. The impression which the perusal of the volume leaves upon the mind of the reader is in all respect pleasurable, kindly and sincerely sympathetic. *En Canot* is neatly published by Ovide Fréchette, in whose name the copyright of the book is taken out, and who has it for sale. It is dedicated to the author's friend and companion during the trip, so graphically described,—the count de Foucault.

From the "Daily Mercury"

LITERATURE.—We have received from Mr O. Fréchette a neat volume entitled "*En Canot*," by the Honorable Mr Justice Routhier, which is an account of a trip to Lake St. John, and dedicated to Count de Foucault, who accompanied the author on the trip so delightfully narrated in these pages, and which commenced at Malbaie on the 30th. July of last year, when the author gives rein to his imagination and descriptive powers in sketching the scenery and attractions between that place and Tadousac, now and then spicing them with sallies of wit. The judge, the Count, and Mr Claudio Jannet seem to have been *bons compagnons de voyage* and to have vied in excelling each other in promoting the flow of soul in repartee, music and intellectual converse. With such the time passes merrily, and poems and airy sonnets are given, whose persual will delight the reader, who cannot but regret, if he be of the same temperament of the travelers, that he formed, not one of them. Prominent among their poetical effusions must be mentioned "*Stella Maris*," robed in affecting imagery and ravishing the reader with its beauty. After reaching Lake St. John the author describes the peculiar customs of the Montagnais Indians. Next is given an amusing account of the eccentricities of a gentleman called Lord G. The glorious scenery in the vicinity is enjoyed by these appreciable tourists, to whom the "voices of nature" had no uncertain sound, but even amidst the excitement of shooting rapids, was responded to by notes of music and poetry. In *La vache caille* and the rapide Gervais wonder and terror are co-mingled, and their joyous spirits were ever uppermost till their canoe voyage terminated at Chicoutimi. In that grand river, the Saguenay, the author is refulgent of ideas, and if such be possible, enhances the stories of the wonderful impressions which are created by the scenery of that weird stream. Those who have visited these places may realize the picture so graphically described

by this author; those who have not, cannot but aspire to participate in the pleasures which he experienced. The work is for sale only at the book store of Mr O. Fréchette, in *The Mercury* buildings, Buade street.

EN CANOT.

A trip to Lake St-John by A.-B. Routhier, O. Fréchette editor 1881.

This is really for us a pleasure to announce to the readers of the *Courier*. We love so much our Canadian literature, we are so ardently interested in its progress, that all which can add lustre to it and its attractions seem a personal advantage. We therefore congratulate ourselves and we hope that the literate public will felicitate itself as we do on the appearance of this work, so refreshing, so touching, in such an amiable and charming spirit lightening those severer labors and enlivening some two hundred pages — and reveling in a style as graceful and magnificent as the country which it describes.

In the month of August last, judge Routhier made a trip to Lake St-John in company with some friends M. Claudio Jannet and count de Foucault. It is this trip we now discuss.

The title gives a good idea of the work. The travelers, united by sentiment and taste, withdraw from the excitement of the city to enjoy the delights of nature. They directed their course to Lake St John made so celebrated by the writings of *pere* Lacasse and Mr Buics. In his description the author describes musical and literary soirees when an amiable clergyman of the country volunteered his assistance.

The trip continued. Soon "an immense mirror of silver azure" appeared before the astonished gaze of the tourists. It was Lake St John.

From that moment what richness of description, what change of tableau. At one time in their bark canoe the travelers were lazily gliding on the surface of the grand lake; the sun setting in a cloud of purple succeeded by a melancholy sadness and followed by a star lit heaven rendering brilliant the whole horizon. Soon the clouds increased the cataract raged and the rapids became enhanced, while the Montagnais Indians Thomachiché and Tienniche deftly paddled the light canoes. At Indian Point we had presented a custom, a marriage ceremony of the Montagnais Indians. Amidst all these incidents conversation did not flag but was animated and in which each took his part. Repartees were brilliant and bons mots were frequent, and humorous couplets were marvellously improvised. If, by chance, when the hour of repast

arrived or one felt disposed to dreaming, there was nothing lost in the silence for at that moment the mind of the author was most appreciative.

We can not refrain from citing a few fragments of the chapter intitled "The voices of nature," "O nature!" said M. Routhier, "how thy beauties clothe thee as a garment. If I raise my eyes, I can but admire the inimitable azure of illusion, and if I lower them it is but to rest them upon the verdure, symbolical of hope. And it is thus we pass through life, illusion covering us and hope deluding and leading us astray. Oh nature! that I had thy innumerable voices to celebrate thy beauties and render homage to thy Creator.

"Yes, what is really remarkable is the superabundance of life which circulates in the zones of creation. At this very moment the birds fly over our heads while the fish swim beneath the canoe which bears us. Life exists in the trees which shade us and amongst their roots the worms and insects build their dwellings. Life! Life everywhere. Death even creates life. Destruction and universal and perpetual renewal. Youth alongside of decrepitude. Increase out of destruction. Resurrection constantly veiling death. Oh wonderful lasting miracle! of which we know not its mysteries and which should ever recall our immortal destinies. As all animated matter ceases to exist, why should not our bodies also live and why should our souls not die?"

One can not say or think anything better. By such sayings is literature enriched.

But why enter into such useless details. Every one wishes to read and see the new production of this eminent writer. We will satisfy our literary critics by recommending them the dedication to the Count de Foucault, the legend *Stella Maris* and the chapters entitled *The Venice of the lake* and *The voices of Nature*.

In conclusion we desire in sincerely thanking judge Routhier, to express a hope that we shall soon again have some other work from his facile and brilliant pen.
(*Courier du Canada*.)

" EN CANOT "

THE STORY OF A TRIP TO LAKE ST-JOHN.

"A book anxiously expected for several weeks, the story of a trip to Lake St. John, by Mr Jannet, count de Foucault, the reverend *pere* Lacasse and judge Routhier and which has just been published.

There has been given us a simple tale, a description more or less detailed of the fertile valley of Lake St. John, and here we have a beautiful volume of over two hundred pages brilliantly written.

The line marked out by the author is well enough distinguished. The talent and remarkable abilities of judge Routhier are sufficient to give him prominence.

The work is replete with superb descriptions, truthfully and magnificently drawn from profound thoughts and sage reflections.

In looking over this volume, in which the interest is ever increasing, the reader has himself the pleasure of participating in a trip which, imparts delightful impressions as to the lasting beauties of these distant regions.

A lake, a river, a forest, a country seem to thrill the beholder with enthusiasm, as the author's pen records the thousand attractions.

The tourists leave Quebec and the first spectacle which strikes one is the majestic river St. Lawrence, when Mr Routhier can not refrain from exclaiming:

"What a beautiful river is our St. Lawrence and how grand an Author he who created it!"

"Verily I adore my books; a tragedy by C. Corneille charms me; a comedy by Racine, or even by Sardou agreeably, affects me; those of Maistre and Veillot fill me with enthusiasm. But our river St. Lawrence is a more beautiful poem than the finest works of these great masters. I have travelled it over often and never tire of it. I have passed hours on its banks infatuated with its beauty and ever finding in it something new.

"There are times when celebrated authors fatigue one and fail to relieve ennui; but our beautiful river is ever eloquent and its charms always reach the heart. They are always exultant when one is happy, triumphant when one is exalted, and melancholy when one is depressed."

And then this striking allusion to the parish of Rivière du Loup so jealous of its rival the town of Kamouraska;

"This little ambitious town," says Mr Routhier wishes to become the *chef-lieu* of the district of Kamouraska and we resist it with all our strength.

But we find ourselves obliged to yield to the pressure ever looking upon it as the *chef lieu*.

It has been ambitious for some years and agitates itself with hopes like a parish which aspires to have a curé.

We know that this hope is about being realized.

Finally we cannot finish without disclosing the beauties of this brochure. One must read this trip to Lake St. John, the witticisms of père L. Lacasse, the original description of the customs of the Montagnais. There are in all these tableaux the marks of the hand of a master.

But we can not do better, in conclusion, than advise our friends to purchase this book. *En Canot* from M. Ovide Fréchette, in Upper-Town, its only publisher.

(*Novelliste.*)

EN CANOT.

A short trip to lake St. John by A.-B. Routhier.

We have just received a charming work published by Mr O. Fréchette of Quebec written by judge Routhier, the eminent orator, who is as able with the pen as in speech. As indicated by the title, it is the recital of a trip in a canoe to lake St. John by the Saguenay and is enriched by anecdotes descriptions and experiences of all kinds. We gladly relate the adventures of the travelers and their impressions, and as the narrator and his companions are men of intelligence the recital is most agreeable.

It will be remembered that after the grand national fête at Québec last summer, judge Routhier, the president of the Catholic congress, organized in honor of Mr Clodio Jannet and count de Foucault, his hosts from France, who took part in a Canadian demonstration, a friendly excursion to the Saguenay. Mr. Routhier wished to make known to his visitors one of the most interesting parts of our country. It is the recital of this excursion which gave rise to the happy idea of publishing the history we now give to our readers.

We will not speak of the literary qualities of the author, nor of the work. The first are sufficiently well known and it suffices to say that the work is not unworthy of its author and of his previous productions.

We will refer the reader to the work itself, 202 pages, contenting ourselves in quoting a few extracts at hazard.

"After the excitement of our fête, after the work and fatigues of our meetings, after the somewhat enervating life in town, we wish for a little isolation, a solitude of three or four in the midst of the woods, a tête-a-tête with nature and its immortal beauties.

"Nature! who does not love her, not the least from time to time, in hours of lassitude and aspiration after the ideal? who does not seek her as a consolation, when life multiplies its illusions and its experiences?"

"Hardly have we taken a few steps when we are already rewarded by its beauties.

A light wind scarcely ruffles the surface of the water and the vessel furrows the wave deeply, while astern is an immense drapery of white lace, which follows over the waters and which the wave hardly submerges."