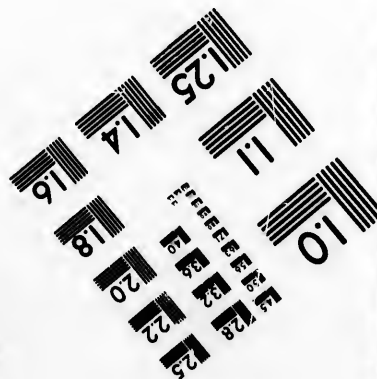
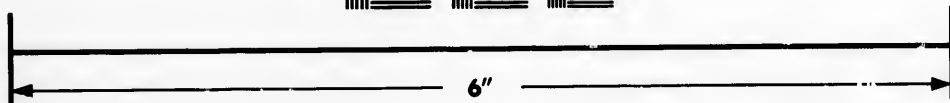
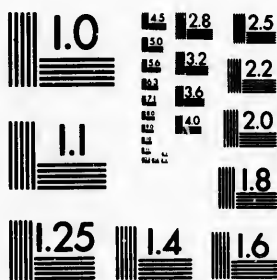


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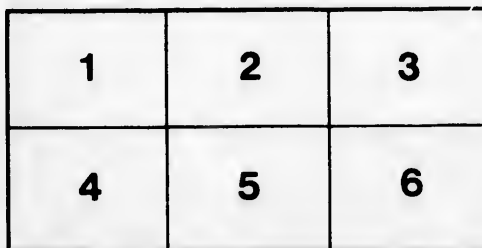
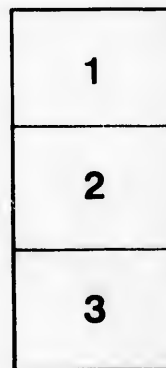
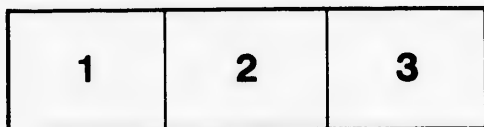
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(CURIOSITIES OF CANADIAN LITERATURE.)

MR. J. P. TARDIVEL'S

“BRIDGE OF SIGHS.”

“ O wad some power the giftie gie us
To see oursel's as ithers see us!”

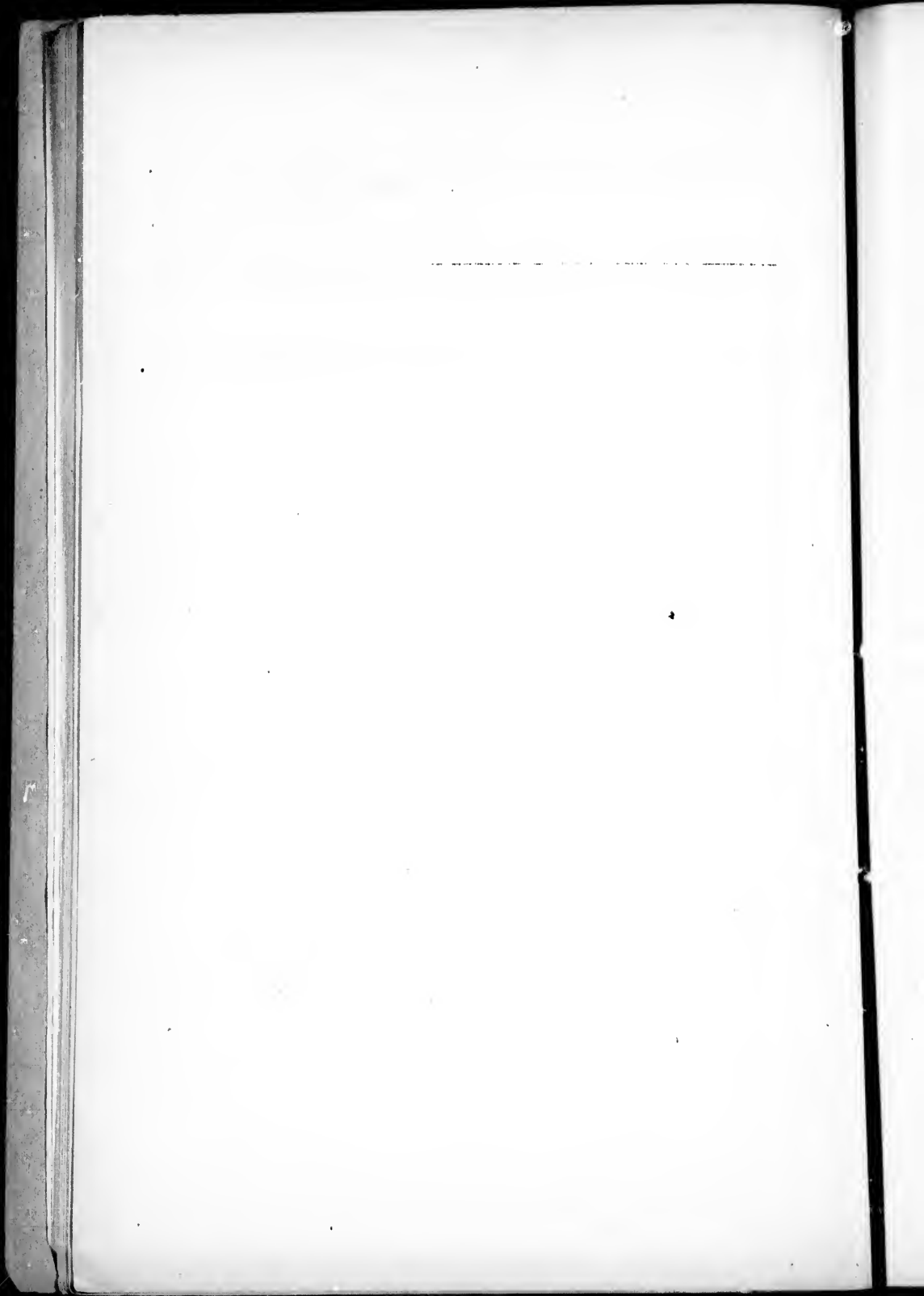
Scottish Bard.

PHILOLOGICAL STUDIES,

INSCRIBED WITHOUT PERMISSION,

TO THE AUTHOR

Of the *Brochure* “Borrowed and Stolen Feathers.”



Mr. Tardivel judged by English and other writers.

CHAP. I.

A DANIEL COME TO JUDGMENT.

THE AUTHOR OF "BORROWED AND STOLEN FEATHERS."

(Written for the *Morning Chronicle*, 29th November, 1878.)

Criticism, as an art, may be practised either with great advantage or great detriment to a national literature. In comparatively young countries, like Canada, where literary material is not over abundant, nor remarkable for variety, great care should be taken to avoid the encouragement of a spirit hostile to literary enterprise in any of its legitimate departments. Few industrious and talented authors can be expected in any young, struggling community like ours, the vast majority of the members of which must devote all their time and abilities to the dry, practical work of winning a bare subsistence. With us the necessary, the indispensable occupations must needs absorb by far the greater portion of our energies; yet our moral and intellectual interests demand as much attention as we can spare to so refining and enlightening a pursuit as literature—a word of comprehensive meaning. Even of the small number who possess the taste, time and information qualifying them for authorship, but few can be expected to appear in the character of originality. In one sense, indeed, no historian—however fertile and brilliant—can lay claim to this quality, since he mainly deals with materials, in the shape of memoirs, antiquities and ancient or modern records of all sorts: the products of the most varied intellects, digesting, combining and arranging them in the manner thought most suitable for his purpose. Now the men who quarry and hew the different stones of an edifice are as indispensable as the workmen who place them in their designed positions, thus carrying out the architect's most skilful and symmetrical plans. Each set does useful work, being mutually complementary and helpful. Mr. LeMoine, the author of *The Chronicles of the St. Lawrence*, as an antiquarian, explorer and chronicler, has done a great deal to rescue many of our early legends and historical episodes from oblivion, and to make the life, manners and circumstances of Canadians of the olden, and even of later times, better known and appreciated than was otherwise possible. Tourists from all lands, and writers on Canadian and American history, biographers and *littérateurs* of every class have acknowledged the value of the materials so abundantly garnered in his sketch-books. Now, this gentleman, while not pluming himself upon wonderful originality, has undeniably rendered good service to Canadian letters. His compilations present the best points and beauties, practical and fanciful, of many works inaccessible to the general reader. It would, therefore, appear anything but generous to applaud bitter, spiteful attacks on this author. These remarks are suggested by the brochure "Borrowed and Stolen Feathers; or a Glance through Mr. J. M. LeMoine's latest work—*The Chronicles of the St. Lawrence*," by J. P. Tardivel. The critic displays characteristic, innate modesty and the spirit pervading his pamphlet, in a passage on page 7, as follows:—

"The *Gazette*, the *Mercury*, and the *Canadian Monthly* having more than exhausted all that is to be said in favor of the *Chronicles*, I deem it meet that the public should be shown the other side of the medal, as the French say. And as no one seems inclined to perform this rather delicate operation, I, who am accustomed to the frowns and sullen looks of irate authors, take upon myself the ungrateful task."

How arrogant and self-sufficient! "One accustomed to the frowns and sullen looks of irate authors!" Why, Æolus, from "the native land of storms" happily described by Virgil, could not have boasted a more trying and hardening experience than this! No wonder this critic is merciless; Peregrine Pickle being humane by comparison, and ancient Pistol, modesty itself! Surely, "the giant's strength" should be wielded with mercy, and "not as a giant's," particularly in the case of an opponent or victim deemed so insignificant. But severe critics have always suffered the consequences of their inhumanity and inordinate conceit. A masterly English critic has said:

" 'Tis hard to say if greater want of skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill."

"Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely, who have written well."

It is impossible to glance, even hastily, at this hypercritical production of Mr. Tardivel's without seeing how much he might be improved by laying to heart the moral of the above lines. He commits the very faults ascribed to Mr. LeMoine, such as "Gallicisms," redundancy, tautology, incogence, etc.; and yet the former is understood to take a particular pleasure in serebching out real or supposed defects, minute however they may be, in the works and style of our most promising French Canadian authors, *entr'autres*, MM. Faucher and Marmotte. In lieu of even such trifling provocations, he is said to "invent" mistakes for the pleasure of knocking them down in the fashion of the old "Aunt Sally" sport, so attractive to bumptious youths at holidays gatherings. Surely a boasted son of Ohio, whom his friends speak of as "a better English than French scholar," should prove above such petty devices in his self-imposed task of clarifying the parallel streams of French and English literature, in the Province of Quebec. He has shown no sense of the truth of the proverb touching the duty of those who live in the frailest of glass houses, as may be further proven by a reference to *Le Journal de Québec*, of the 18th and 21st instant. In these remarks I do not apologise for literary thefts on the part of anybody; nor, in protesting against acerb criticisms do I undertake to be Mr. LeMoine's champion.

In the compass of a paper like the present I can mention only some of the mistakes, faults of grammar, bad style, etc., to be found in "Borrowed and Stolen Feathers." I shall, however, conclusively show that with Mr. Tardivel, correction like charity "should begin at home." Passing over, in what is designed as a plain preface or introduction, the after-dinner rhetorical flourish—"this Canada of ours,"—I find "public prints" introduced as an "invention." I have always understood "the printing press" was invented, and that "prints" meant cotton goods; but his "inventions" are neither understood nor valued. Afterwards Mr. Tardivel speaks of "gaining access to the outside world;" a very vague, mystifying region, perhaps. He means probably the moon, as the nearest "outside world," and most suitable to his mental condition. Should he undertake a journey to that orb, I will wish him heartily *bon voyage*, as perhaps others will too. In an other sentence appears a specimen of those "Gallicisms," so frequent in this pamphlet, and which Mr. Tardivel, finds objectionable in Mr. LeMoine. "He did not give himself the trouble" etc., and further on appears the following imitation of Western wit and profundity: "A man, even if he be the editor of a newspaper, has a perfect right to be stupid if he sees fit." How could a man be stupid if born clever? What has "right" to do with it? And why bad grammar? The author of such "smart" sayings will never need to feign dullness, his "right" to appear in such a character "there is none to dispute." A subsequent sentence contains the assertion "this is digression;" the indefinite article "a" should not have been so uncharitably crowded out. Liking sound better than sense, Mr. Tardivel remarks at the foot of page 5: "Perhaps Mr. LeMoine *hesitated a moment ere he resolved* to hurl his death dealing thunderbolt at the head of the ill-starred (*sic*) Chapin, thus allowing the *wretched* man to escape over the dark river and depriving the world of a priceless treatise on plagiarism." It would be instructive to learn how Mr. LeMoine could "hurl a thunderbolt" without the necessary opportunity—and how could Chapin be "wretched" by an "annihilation" never experienced? Then again he writes of "fulsome, almost nauseating praise bestowed in the *Chronicles of the St. Lawrence*, exciting his curiosity." I cannot conceive that anything "fulsome or nauseating" could "excite curiosity," except in a chemist or village gossip. At the 18th line of the same paragraph there is a reference to writers "in the regions of the Lower St. Lawrence," which is a rather amusing classification. Mr. Tardivel also thinks that as to certain defects he has discovered in *The Chronicles* "none but the blindest of critics could have failed to perceive them," and "no one possessing the genius of the English language" could have written them. How much of this may be applicable to Mr. Tardivel I leave to my readers. At page 26, "Ignorance of things most elementary" should be written "ignorance of elementary things." The author is wrong when he reproaches Mr. LeMoine with having been the first to use the names of countries as adjectives. A glance at the advertisements of any of the English papers in this city will show his error. At page 29, Mr. Tardivel tells Mr. LeMoine that he should have written "a good pair of heels," instead of "a pair of heels," whilst both are mistaken—"a clean pair of heels," is in true slang parlance. "Faro-bank advertisements" are alluded to at page 31: the law does not countenance gambling concerns, and therefore such advertisements are never seen. On page 7 will be found a new commodity introduced in the shape of a "biased praise," which "has no more the right," etc. This sentence has nearly as many faults as words; Gallicisms, pleonasm, etc., being liberally strewn through it. Its writer should have explained "biased praise," if he is not fonder of and given more to "biased blame." In the next paragraph he speaks of three journals having "more than exhausted all that is to be said on the subject." To use Mr. Tardivel's own words: "That (*sic*) is one of those things which surpass

the ken of mortal man" (*vide* "Borrowed, etc.," page 28). At page 30 Mr. Tardivel writes: "For loose, careless and ungrammatical sentences recommend (*sic*) me to the *Chronicles*, they are as

"Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
In Vallambrosa."

It may be a strange coincidence, but when I read these lines, I felt like substituting for "the *Chronicles*," "Borrowed and Stolen Feathers." Further on, in this pamphlet such literary weeds crop out as the following:—"I take upon myself" for "undertake;" "to be performed by the unlucky reader," instead of "to the unlucky reader," etc. Also on page 7, "how can they (the public) choose if they are continually misled by reviewers of new books who indiscriminately laud to the skies every work that comes under their notice?" What a blessing to have so pure a writer guiding one's judgment, and saving one's pockets in the purchase of new books. Mr. Tardivel himself "would have shown more respect for Latin grammar" if he had written *NE plus ultra* instead of *NEC*. At pages 16, 18, 19 and 20 may be found such literary gems as "This is low," "Let us now behold," "Sets himself deliberately," "Let us now gaze," etc., etc. Elsewhere we have the wrong words for synonyms, "paraphrase" for "parody," &c. "The clippings" of which Mr. LeMoine's book is composed can be divided into three categories; "classified" would be better than "divided." I find also "showing up" Mr. LeMoine in a "new light" for "new character." "I might continue my strictures on 'Borrowed and Stolen Feathers' *ad infinitum*, but enough has been said, I fancy." To use one of this critic's misquotations as applied to Mr. LeMoine's errors, *le jeu n'en vaut pas la chandelle*. Cornille says in *Le menteur*, "*Le jeu NE vaut pas la chandelle, cela NE vaut pas la peine, les fruits qu'on ferait. Et le jeu, comme on dit, n'en vaut pas les chandelles.*" Mr. Tardivel is sorely more fortunate when he quotes poetry. The introduction to Part I, of "Borrowed and Stolen Feathers" begins with a selection from one of La Fontaine's wittiest fables; in the last verse a word of a different number of syllables is substituted for the original, thus changing the whole metre. If Mr. Tardivel's memory is faulty, he should not trust to it. It is hardly fair to treat in such a manner the great French fabulist, making him appear a poor versifier. If he were a member of *La Société d'Admiration Mutuelle* I might understand Mr. Tardivel's object in misquoting him. The critic of *The Chronicles of the St. Lawrence* writes:

* * * * *
*Il est assez de geus à deux pieds comme lui,
Qui se parent souvent des dépouilles d'autrui
Et que l'on APPELLE plagiaires.*

In the original the last verse reads:—

Et que l'on NOMME plagiaires.

A strange inference from an alleged remark of the late Charles Lever, to the effect that there is some incompatibility between genius and the mastery of several languages is introduced into Mr. Tardivel's *brochure* to help to lighten and recommend it. The author has not the penetration nor wit to see the novelist's real point—in fact lacking the fulcrum of adequate perception to work the lever—or labors in vain at the wrong end. But why enumerate other blunders and literary eye-sores, such as the use of *contretemps* for "mistake," "true honey," etc? What is false honey? The critic's imagination has carried him into the "wax" or the mud, and left him in it floundering, where, in the hope of this predicament proving instructive and disciplinary I shall leave him for the present. In conclusion I would remark that as literary men in Canada are not sufficiently rewarded and otherwise encouraged, under existing circumstances it appears as short-sighted as it is ungenerous to aggravate their difficulties, by detracting from their real merits and disparaging their well-earned fame. Ere I draw these lines to an end I must, in fairness and in justice to Mr. Tardivel, add that "Borrowed and Stolen Feathers" is not without its merits; there is humor and skill displayed in some passages, and with more study and less conceit the writer of them may yet make his mark in the annals of our literature.

Quebec, November 28, 1878.

TIMOTHY TICKLER.

(From Morning Chronicle, 3rd December, 1878.)

TO THE EDITOR:

SIR,—An article signed "Timothy Tiekler," in this morning's CHRONICLE, has drawn my attention to "Borrowed and Stolen Feathers," in which Mr. J. P. Tardivel recently appeared before the public. I have carefully read the brochure alluded to, and I wish, if your space will allow, to offer a few remarks in addition to those already published by "Timothy Tiekler."

Mr. Tardivel strives to prove that the greater portion of the "Chronicles of the St Lawrence" is a mass of unscrupulous plagiarisms, and that the remainder, Mr. LeMoine's own, is written in very bad English.

The first charge, that of plagiarism, will be best left to Mr. LeMoine himself; but I may remark that his task will not be by any means difficult, if all the cases brought forward by Mr. Tardivel can be as easily disposed of as the one which (on page 16) he terms the most revolting and impudent of all. It consists of six paragraphs, at page 216, translated from M. l'Abbé Casgrain, under the heading in small capitals,—"A CANADIAN COTTAGE." The whole is between inverted commas; but two of these have also been placed at the end of the first paragraph, probably through an oversight of the compositor. Yet these two commas *de trop* are sufficient for Mr. Tardivel's purpose! Is this acting in good faith? Is this consistent with his assertions that he is "not personally interested in the matter," that what he has undertaken is a "painful duty," an "ungrateful task," and that he undertakes it only because "no one seems inclined to undertake the rather delicate operation."

The second charge against Mr. LeMoine, that of inelegant and faulty English, is one in which Mr. Tardivel seems to take particular pleasure. His *forte* is evidently his knowledge of the Queen's English, and, in fact, his remarkable command of it has been mentioned in several of the French papers. It may therefore seem strange that, not only do errors exist in Mr. Tardivel's pamphlet, but, he himself commits every fault which he censures in Mr. LeMoine's book.

Mr. Tardivel considers that enclosing sentences within inverted commas, without giving the name of the author, is not a sufficient acknowledgment. As this rule should also apply in his own case, he will, perhaps, favor the public with the names of the authors of two of his quotations, i. e.: "Do unto others as you would that they should do unto you" and "The pen is mightier than the sword." He also suggests that the latter quotation should be *paraphrased* as follows: "A pair of scissors are more scvicable than a quill," A pair of scissors are ! !

"I deem it meet that the public should be shown the other side of the medal, as the French say." Do the French say "that the public should etc."?

Mr. Tardivel's introduction, forty-four lines long, contains at least twenty-five grammatical and other errors. I shall be happy to point them out to him, unless he can get some of his friends, once more, to *help him to take the pains* to find them out.

"There is no law," he says, "which proscribes *foggism*." But is there not one which proscribes the use of such a word?

He has an idea that walls are adorned with *handbills*, and also, probably, that "woefully" (with an e), "cooly" (with one l,) "illstared" (with one r,) and "blans" (for blank) are models of orthography.

"There is not even an inverted comma to show that they are horrowed." Will Mr. Tardivel explain how he would show a quotation by an inverted comma?

The motto for part II of his brochure is "Learn to write well or not to write at all."—Dryden. Is he sure that this was written by Dryden?

He believes that Mr. LeMoine is the first writer who has used names of countries adjectively. Has he never met such expressions as, for instance, Norway Pine, Turkey Rhubarb, or China Asters?

Elsewhere he says, "the proposition which the unwary might deduct from the premises." Why not say deduce?

Again, he says that Mr. LeMoine is a *copious translator*.

To say wrecked crews instead of shipwrecked crews, he considers ridiculous. On that point, let him, for once, consult a dictionary.

"In a paper published recently in the *Canadian Monthly* Mr. LeMoine speaks of *beef moccasins*!" And so he does in the "Chronicles," page 258, and why should he not? Is the expression not English?

He quotes "Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks in Vallambrosa." Instead of "strew" Milton wrote "strow," a word of which Mr. Tardivel has perhaps never heard. Moreover, as to the aptness of the quotation, can he state for a fact that the trees in Vallambrosa are not *pinces*?

Mr. LeMoine writes: "Paspeblac, with its roadstead running out to a point in the Bay," and Mr. Tardivel thereupon remarks that "he undoubtedly meant to say headland." I do not think he did, for it is a *sandbar*, and not a headland.

On the last page Mr. Tardivel writes :—"He is a poor though slavish translator." Does he think it strange that a man should be poor notwithstanding his being slavish ? Is he unable to associate, in his mind, poverty with slavishness ?

At page 30 he makes this strange request—"Recommend me for loose, careless and ungrammatical sentences." He actually begs to be employed as a writer of bad English !

Commend me, however, to Mr. Tardivel, for "loose, careless and ungrammatical sentences," and for antiquated, pretentious and misapplied words, some of which I exhibit in the following sentence :

"I opine" that "sundry" examples which have been given "anent" what Mr. J. P. Tardivel "knoweth" in "matters literary," will "determine him" to get rid of the "impression erroneous" that he "possesses the genius of the English language," or that his "ken" of English is such as to excuse him for "little rocking" whether he "says his say" in a manner that "shocks" "even an uneducated English ear."

Yours truly,

J. P. DER TRUVEL.

Quebec, November 29, 1878.

Mr. J. P. Tardivel.

THE SECRETARY OF THE MUTUAL ADMIRATION SOCIETY.

(To the Editor of the Morning Chronicle, 16th December, 1878.)

SIR,—A short time ago, I saw in the *Canadien* the first part of a *compte rendu* of a meeting of the Mutual Admiration Society. A second instalment was promised, but has not yet been published. In the meantime, I must, to use Mr. Tardivel's own native slang, "say my say." In the above article, Mr. Tardivel states that the Society had been called together to pass judgment on a criticism by Timothy Tickler, which was published in the *Chronicle* of the Friday previous. After a careful examination of the criticism in question, I must admit that I failed to discover therein the errors attributed to it by the Committee of the Mutual Admiration Society. On reading the first few lines of this report I was struck by the peculiarity of its style; it resembled in every respect some of Mr. Tardivel's productions that I had read in the *Canadien* some time previous, and I was astonished to find him acting as Secretary to a Society which he had so often reviled. With your permission, Mr. Editor, I shall, in a few words, endeavor to clear up some of the obscurity in which the Committee or their Secretary seems to be involved.

Mr. Tardivel says that Timothy Tickler gives no proof of the assertion that "he" (Mr. Tardivel) "is said to invent mistakes for the pleasure of knocking them down." It is evident that Mr. Tardivel has forgotten how he distorted the finest passages in Mr. Faucher de St. Maurice's latest work, *De Tribord à Babord* for the purpose of correcting his own wilful misrepresentations. But without going so far back, I will give proof enough of Timothy's charge in the report I am now reviewing. To begin by the following :—(I translate.) "He, (Timothy Tickler) asserts that *prints* mean only cotton goods." This is a poor attempt to deceive. Mr. Tardivel had written in "Borrowed and Stolen Feathers" that "public prints were invented." Timothy Tickler affirmed that the "*printing press was invented*," and that prints meant cotton goods. The first part of this sentence, as Mr. Tardivel would say, "is passed over entirely unheeded;" in the second he invents the word *only*, in order "to knock it down again." Then to come to the pronoun *they* as applied to "the public." Every one who reads "Borrowed and Stolen Feathers" will see at once that Timothy's parenthesis (the public) is merely explanatory. He cited only part of the sentence; "the public" is in the unquoted portion of the phrase. Now as regards the conjunction *is*. Let any one peruse the paragraph alluded to and it will be found that Mr. Tardivel has shown a woful disregard of Murray, whom he so freely quotes. It is as follows :—

"If Mr. Editor choose to place Mr. Le Moine above the rest of mankind, if to him it seem preferable that the reading public *be let astray* (why not say *should be let astray*)then, of course, we have only to bow our heads in humble submission.....A man even if he is the Editor of a newspaper has a perfect right to be stupid if he sees fit."

Why the subjunctive mood in one case and the indicative in the other ? And where does Timothy Tickler say, that *if* ALWAYS requires the subjunctive ? My opinion is that Mr. Tardivel used both moods in the hope that he would agree with Murray in one sentence at least. Then Mr. Secretary says, that "*To give himself the trouble*" is pure English, and in support thereof, that *es donner le trouble* is a

"frightful Angliolism" Here he "invents" a translation: *prendre, se donner de la peine* being the expression which he badly renders into *Ed.*, "sh La Rochefoucauld wrote: "Jamais personne ne s'est donné la peine d'étendra et de conduire son esprit aussi loin qu'il pourrait aller." And LaFontaine,

"Travaillez, PRENEZ DE LA PEINE
C'est le fonds qui manque le moins."

Another of Timothy's sentences criticised: "It is impossible to glance even hastily, through this hypercritical production of Mr. Tardivel's without seeing how much he might be improved."..... Mr. Tardivel objects to 'a hasty glance;' he says, "*lorsqu'on glance c'est toujours* hastily." One might as well find fault with the expression "to run quickly." And does not every one who reads French know that *un coup d'œil rapide*, nay, *un coup d'œil prompt* is used by the best French authors? Condorcet in speaking of Linnaeus writes: "*Il avait reçu de la nature ce coup d'œil prompt et juste qui suit tout.*" But Mr. Secretary seems to be particularly anxious about the pronoun *he* in the above quotation from Timothy Tickler. Read Murray again: "Pronouns agree in gender, number and person with the nouns for which they stand." Mr. Tardivel is the only person mentioned in that sentence and *he* alone will doubt that the pronoun *he* refers to himself. 'Drowning men will catch at straws," but Mr. Tardivel thinks he has grasped a plank of safety in the word "*Gallicanism.*" He has evidently not read Gladstone, who uses this word in precisely the same sense—"anything French or from Gaul." But why be such a stickler when, with his usual ill luck in quoting, Mr. Secretary treats his readers to *anciens superlativement*. Rabelais wrote *supercoquillien-tiens*, and Littré, *supercoquillien*, thus throwing on Mr. Tardivel the responsibility of "inventing" a new word. Mr. Secretary further says that "the Committee has read *cette* élucubration with pleasure." This is not French. The dictionary gives this word as admissible in two meanings only. 1st—In the sense of *veilles* (lucubrations), "*Tel est le fruit de ses élucubrations.*" 2nd, as "*un ouvrage composé à force de veilles et de travail,*" and in this latter signification it is used only in the plural. "*Il nous présente ses élucubrations.*" Still another "invention" by Mr. Tardivel: "*Mr. Koanturel essuie son pince-nez avec émotion.*" The French say "*Pincer le nez à quelqu'un; lui tirer le nez.*" Once more the pitiless dictionary is against the Secretary! To wipe a "pince-nez," even "*avec émotion*" (why not *avec* his *hundertknecht*?), is not to be found in Littré. But I am losing sight of "Borrowed and Stolen Feathers," one phrase alone of which I will submit:

"Not being personally interested in the matter, I should have been willing to leave Mr. LeMoine alone in his glory and his plagiarisms until doom's day....."

Five errors in two lines! Bad spelling, incorrect use of the auxiliary, (*should* instead of *would*;) redundancy, obscurity and "invention." Where did Mr. Tardivel see doomsday written as he has given it? Why not quote "alone in his glory"? Does he mean to leave Mr. LeMoine in his plagiarisms until "doom's day," or does he mean to leave the plagiarisms until that interesting epoch? "A wicked and perverse generation asketh for a sign" that will explain this mystery, and I fear they must wait "until doomsday." And of such beauties is "Borrowed and Stolen Feathers" made up!

Towards an ordinary writer some of this fault-finding might seem hypercritical; but is it possible to be too severe on one whose friends claim him to be as refined an English scholar as Addison, as great a purist as Boileau, or as renowned a critic as Johnson? For my own part, I would rather rank him with such an illiberal, aggressive hair-splitter as Fréron. Yet with all its faults I might have overlooked the Secretary's report were it not for its utter scurrility. The tone adopted and the language used towards a respectable professional gentleman, whom Mr. Tardivel's "coward conscience" must accept as his teacher in the elements of the English as well as the French language, will elicit but one opinion; that the writing of such an article is an act of coarseness and ill-breeding, which, in Mr. Tardivel's own words as applied to Mr. LeMoine, "should for ever banish him who committed it from the society of gentlemen." I am not astonished that Mr. Secretary withholds the continuation of his minutes.

Quebec, December 14, 1878.

THWACKUM.

P.S.—On the evening of the day in which the above appeared in the M. CHRONICLE, Mr. Tardivel published his long-promised continuation of the Committee's report. I was pleased to see that he had struck gold at last. Being unable to write either French, English or Latin, he has "invented" a language or rather a jargon which no one will criticize. "To such base uses may we come, Horatio!" I now bid Mr. Tardivel adieu!

THWACKUM.

(From the Morning Chronicle, 8th January, 1879.)

GASPÉ, 7th December, 1878

TO THE EDITOR:

DEAR SIR,—Yesterday our fall fleet, bound for Jersey, Brazil, and the Mediterranean, successively sailed past the Battery of Fort Ramsay, with a parting salute from Edon's wharf; in all, seven good and staunch ships, the "Cornucopia," "Dawn," "Standard," "Esperance," "Canada," "Glen Feadon," and "John Clark." No more arrivals now from sea, no whaling, no bank, nor shore fishing; after the most open, the mildest of autumns, the grim phantom of winter is shaking defiantly at us his hoary locks. 'Tis true, we can for our evenings fall back on whist, back gammon, and some mellow Newfoundland old port carefully stowed away. Whilst recently indulging in a retrospect of last summer's events, my mind reverted to the praiseworthy doings of one of the leading literary men of your city, in order to bring us, poor Gasponians, to the front. You must be aware, Mr. Editor, of the crowds of travellers, pleasure-seekers, &c., our salmon rivers, scenery, sea bathing facilities, each summer attracts down here. If we are at all known outside we owe it partly to the facilities for summer travel the Gulf Ports steamers have afforded us; partly to the pains some talented friends have taken to record in print the happy hours they may have spent among us.

Since the appearance of the *Illustrated Atlas* of Gaspé views, published by the late John Pye, the letter-press of which was furnished by Judge J. G. Thompson, Ex-Sheriff Vibert, J. J. Fox, J. Edon, D. Stewart, and others, no work has been more welcome here than *The Chronicles of the St. Lawrence*, a judicious compilation of history, anecdotes, shipwrecks, notes of travel, &c., which has won for the writer scores of friends in every nook of our vast, picturesque, but neglected, and oft-ignored sea-board.

Judge of my surprise in reading in your columns, that if it had warm friends, the volume also could boast of a spiteful and puny detractor. I made the discovery that the writings I so much liked, were not original. What was here implied, I could not fathom? Had any one expected a novel? A work of fiction—the outburst of an imaginative brain? From the *Prospectus* I had looked for a historical record, a compilation of curious facts, diversified thoughts, the testimony of many writers, a web of annals; in fact, the *Chronicles* of our noble river. I next learned what I had expected, that the effusions of several French, as well as English Canadian writers, had been drawn from to compile the *Chronicles*, singular to say, to the injury of such French authors. How these French books, however attractive, should have suffered by being introduced to the notice of the English public, is a mystery to me. Though my collection of French works is precarious, it rests with me to supplement it by borrowing from a kind friend, my neighbor. I therefore felt curious to procure some of them in order to compare with the *Chronicles*. The repeated quotations from and allusions to these writers and others, in the text—in foot notes—in the table of contents of the *Chronicles*, evinced the constant desire of the author to make due acknowledgment, to ticket each mine from which precious ore had been extracted.

Among other tit-bits of information, I recently saw with satisfaction, the public denial, given by the Revd Abbé Casgrain, to the charge brought against Mr. LeMoine in connection with the Abbé's own writings. I was wondering, too, whether my jolly friend the "Port Admiral," J. U. G., who delivered with such gusto his story of the Big Whale, would not have a word to say. In M. Faucher's work, *De Tribord à Babord*, I recognised in a modified and a more extended form, some graphic summaries he had condensed, of noted shipwrecks and marine incidents. I also noted the many acknowledgments credited to this work in the *Chronicles*.

A friend just now writes to me that a scurrilous brochure, written in execrable English, had been launched to obtain notoriety. Let it pass! Having said this much in praise of Mr. LeMoine's excellent compilation, I would like to give the writer a bit of friendly advice. His book is capital as it is; but in order to complete it, could not Mr. LeMoine add, by way of appendix, a record of the most memorable shipwrecks, from the Exchange Register of Halifax, of St. John, N.B., of Quebec, supplemented with details from old residents on our coast. Such record to show loss of life, loss of ship, cargo, value, when, where, name of Master, &c.; also, a tabular statement of statistics of trade, navigation, earliest arrivals from sea, latest departures, population of each settlement, &c., together with a more extensive chart of the Gulf.

The whole respectfully submitted.

E. J.

MR. TARDIVEL JUDGED BY SOME OF THE WRITERS WHOSE WRITINGS, HE STATES, WERE UNWARRANTABLY USED, BY MR. LEMOINE.

*E. LEF. DE BELLEFEUILLE TO J. M. LEMOINE.

Montréal, 18 Novembre 1878.

James M. LeMoine, *Ecr., Québec.*

CHER MONSIEUR,—J'ai l'honneur d'accuser réception d'une copie de votre intéressant ouvrage *Chronicles of the St. Lawrence*, et je vous remercie pour ce gracieux envoi. J'ai parcouru avec intérêt les pages de ce volume et j'y ai vu avec bonheur que vous y avez rendu justice à la charité chrétienne et au dévouement de nos bonnes religieuses de l'Hôtel-Dieu de Montréal en parlant des lépreux de Tracadie. Je suis flatté qu'à vous avez bien voulu vous servir de mon nom et des travaux que j'ai publiés sur la même question en mettant vous même des faits aussi intéressants devant un public plus nombreux que celui auquel j'avais pu m'adresser.

Je suis convaincu que vos lecteurs anglais admireront comme vous et comme moi le zèle désintéressé et l'abnégation qui ont poussé des femmes délicates à consacrer leur existence au soin des malheureux malades que repousse le monde et qui inspirent l'horreur autour d'eux.

Agroez, Cher Monsieur, &c.

E. LEF. DE BELLEFEUILLE.

“The Chronicles of the St. Lawrence.”

To the Editor of the Morning Chronicle.

DEAR SIR,—Under my *nom de plume* “Stadacona,” I find myself, to my surprise, figuring amongst the unfortunates whose writings would have been ruthlessly pillaged by the writer of the above work, as stated in a certain *brochure*.

Allow me this early opportunity of protesting against any such assertion. My *Whale* story is given as a quotation with inverted commas, from the “*Port Admiral*” himself in the “*Cruise of the Dolphin*,” which concludes the *Chronicles*. I furnished it to Mr. LeMoine at his request, and was personally thanked for it, as a souvenir of a very pleasant trip we made together, round the Harbour—the arena of the whale adventures.

Quebec, 16th Nov., 1878.

“STADACONA.”

(From the Morning Chronicle, Quebec, 16th November, 1878.)

TO THE EDITOR:

DEAR SIR,—In turning over the pages of a pamphlet, recently issued in English against Mr. J. M. LeMoine, the appreciation of which I shall leave to others, I notice that my name is included amongst those of the writers whom Mr. LeMoine would have pirated in the “most revolting and impudent” manner. For what concerns me, I hasten to enter my protest against such an assertion, lest my silence should be construed into an approval. I have not only no reproach to make to Mr. LeMoine, as to the mode with which he dealt with my writings, but I esteem myself happy, in having been enabled to contribute to a portion of the undeniable good his works have done.

Despite certain incoorrections of style, I am of opinion that there is not another Canadian writer, who has done so much to make known to the English-speaking population of this country and of the United States, our historical traditions, and that, always in a friendly manner.

Quite familiar with the English idiom, deeply read in Canadian story and connected by family ties and social intercourse with both nationalities, more than any other writer, he has been the sympathetic and connecting link between the two races.

I cannot help but admiring the perseverance and patriotism, which, during the last twenty years, in the rare hours of leisure, left by incessant duties, have actuated his efforts to popularize our annals amidst a class of readers, previously indifferent or hostile. It is gratifying to me to testify to him my share of gratitude, and in saying this much I am merely echoing the sentiments of all those of my brother *litterateurs*, whom I have here consulted on this point.

Quebec, 15th Nov., 1878.

L'ABBE H. R. CASGRAIN.

(From the *Morning Chronicle*, Quebec, 19th November, 1878.)

TO THE EDITOR :

SIR,—I notice with pleasure in your columns the frank and loyal letter of Monsieur l'Abbe Casgrain, one of the most distinguished of our French Canadian litterateurs. He indignantly repels the charge of plagiarism in connection with his own works, made in a certain *brochure* against Mr. J. M. LeMoine, his fellow laborer, in illustrating the beautiful history of our common country. Permit me to state, that when honored by the Quebec *Literary and Historical Society* with the collection of material for the historical celebration of the defence of our city in 1775, (a task for which I was unprepared,) M. LeMoine, with the generosity of his character, collected for me and put in my hands the material of his own researches, which alone enabled me, a comparative stranger, to place before the Society the records they desired. He refused the public acknowledgment which myself and the Society were eager to make. So far from wishing to engross literary honors during his long connection with the institution, it may safely be asserted, that though the highest recognition the Society could confer, its presidency, was more than once within his reach, yet for one year only, (during the twenty of his labors,) did he reluctantly consent to accept it.

I am pained to believe that the source of Mr. LeMoine's offence lies in that very gentleness and generosity which has made him to some extent, the historical peace-maker, the Washington Irving of Canada, seeking ever and always to portray (but never at the expense of truth,) the noblest historical features of the two chivalrous races composing the Canadian nationality, instead of sowing seeds of bitterness for future sons of Canada, by wickedly exaggerating the few stains that may alas! always be found on the noblest of national escutcheons.

Your obedient servant,

T. BLAND STRANGE, Lt.-Col., R. A.,
Vice-President, *Literary and Historical Society*,
Quebec.

Quebec, 16th November, 1878.

Subjoined are a few of the notices published by some of the leading Reviews and Periodicals in the United States and Canada:

(From the Boston "ATLANTIC MONTHLY" Magazine for September, 1878.)

"In his *Chronicles of the St. Lawrence* Mr. LeMoine has done for the region adjoining the lower part of that river, and for some coasts of the Maritime Provinces, what he has already so pleasantly done for Quebec in his "Maple Leaves," and his "Quebec: Past and Present." In those books or collection of essays he preserved a body of tradition and anecdote nowhere else accessible to the travelling reader, or indeed to the stationary general reader. History, too, wherever it could lend interest to localities mentioned, was intelligently and skilfully adjoined, and there was a vein of agreeable and sympathetic comment running through the work. The present volume has the same characteristics, and the same desultory form. It is the record of three excursions from Quebec—one reaching as far as Halifax,—and including the Saguenay and all other tributary regions of interest. Whoever has travelled in French Canada—the real Canada—has had provoked at every turn a curiosity which this book is admirably adapted to satisfy; and it is charming to find that every picturesque and romantic spot, which looks as if it ought to have its legend, really has it. The sportsman, also, who resorts to Canadian waters, will be glad of what Mr. LeMoine has to tell him; and we can honestly commend the book to people who cannot visit the region of which it treats, as a treasury of curious reminiscence and tradition very interesting to turn over."

(From "Canadian Illustrated News," 3rd August, 1878.)

THE CHRONICLES OF THE ST LAWRENCE.

"I pray you, let us satisfy our eyes
With the memorials and the things of fame
That do renown this city."

Shakespeare.

So said Sebastian when he entered a city in Illyria, rendered famous by Shakespeare in that most enchanting comedy—"Twelfth Night." So also must many a tourist have said to his *compagnon de voyage*, when visiting the city of Quebec, which is replete with traditional lore, quaint legends, and historic incidents of men renowned for their deeds.

For Christian service and true chivalry
As is the sepulchre in stubborn Jewry
Of the world's ransom, blessed Mary's Son.

All the visitors to the ancient capital who have read Mr. LeMoine's delightful volume "Quebec: Past and Present," must have satisfied themselves that there were in the city many memorials and things of fame of which they would have known nothing without his friendly guidance. If the stranger, or I should say rather, pilgrim, to Stadacona owes a debt of gratitude to Mr. LeMoine, the lover of the romantic shores of the St. Lawrence from the Island of Orleans to the Island of Anticosti is so much the more indebted to him for his "Chronicles of the St. Lawrence." Personally, having been in the habit for many years past, whenever opportunities presented themselves, of making a trip either by steamer, sailing vessel or pilot boat to the Lower St. Lawrence, and being now tolerably familiar with its shores and the picturesque villages which fringe its hill sides, I most cordially thank Mr. LeMoine for his "Chronicles," and must confess that I have not, for a long time, read a book with so much interest and pleasure. I am not going to write a criticism on the book, neither to dwell on the skill and abilities of one, whose reputation as an antiquary, archæologist and a scholar is as well known in the Province of Quebec as the maple trees are in the autumn for their beautiful and luxuriant foliage, when clothed in a "proud prosperity of leaves." But I am going to recommend diligent reading of the "Chronicles" to all who have ever travelled by water from Quebec to the Atlantic, and more particularly so to those who have never seen the thousand natural beauties and the magnificent Laurentian mountains, which everywhere present themselves to the eye, and so strongly appeal to the imagination and the feelings during the trip down the river.

Perhaps no excursion on this continent can be made where there is such a variety in the phases of the scenery as that existing between Quebec and the "Gulf Ports." Again, for convenience, expeditions and safe transit, the Gulf Steamers *Secret* and *Miramichi*, and the River Steamers *Saguenay*, *Union* and *St. Lawrence* afford everything that can be desired. But the mere trip to and fro, beyond a momentary gratification to the eye, and imparting a healthful glow to the cheek, and invigorating the body, is not seeing the St. Lawrence in the way to appreciate the spirit of Mr. LeMoine's "Chronicles." The rapid passing in a steamboat the Island of Orleans, Isle-aux-Coudres, Murray Bay, The Pilgrims, Rivière-du-Loup, Tadoussac, Bic, Rimouski, Metis, Cape Chatte, Cape Rosier, Gaspé, Percé and other places *en route* to Pictou, will not enable the tourist to form even a remote idea of the romantic inland scenery, "where scarce a woodman finds a road, and scarce the fisher plies an oar," but where every mile is rather "magnificently rude" or sublime in its grandeur. As a hurried walk round the Louvre and the Vatican with an ordinary cicerone, or through such glorious fanes as Canterbury, York and Westminster, Gloster, Wells and Salisbury, accompanied only by the subsaerist or verger, will not let the student or pilgrim, however intelligent or perspicacious he may be, grasp the beauties, whether of sculpture, painting or architecture, presented to his view, neither will a temporary halting at the wharves or landing places of the different villages enable the *voyageur* to find that

"There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society where none intrudes,"

or to find that infinite pleasure in the "Chronicles" which the writer has done in consequence of his familiarity with the places and the peoples so graphically described by Mr. LeMoine.

It is strange how wonderfully little our American and Canadian tourists, in general, know of the glories which lie concealed here and there, in fact everywhere, *en route* to the unfashionable regions of Bic, Rimouski, Metis and Gaspé, and it is also strange that poets and artists have not turned for their inspiration and for their pictures to the everlasting hills, the mountain torrents, the secluded valleys, the quiet dells, rivalling in grandeur and beauty those scenes of which such men as Petrarch and Salvator Rosa have given such wonderful pictures in words and on canvas. It is true there is not the vivid interest attached to the Saguenay or the Metapedia, the Godbout or the Restigouche as there is to the Rhine or the Thames, the Tiber or the Po. The German Teine and the English Thomson have immortalized their rivers, and Byron and Rogers have done the same for the Italian rivers, while such artists as Turner and Stanfield, Roberts and Prout have made us familiar with everything worth seeing or remembering from the Orkneys and the Hebrides to the Archipelago, from the Isle of Man to Cyprus. Would that such men as Church and Bierstadt would do for the Lower St. Lawrence what they have done for the Andes, Niagara and the Yosemite Valley, the latter destined, through the liberality of the artist, to adorn the walls of the Benaiah Gibb Art Gallery. There is a field open for Jacobi and Allan Edson.

THOS. D. KING.

Montreal, August, 1878.

(From the "Montreal Gazette," 6th August, 1878.)

It does not seem long since we had the pleasure of reviewing in the columns of THE GAZETTE Mr. LeMoine's exceedingly interesting historical work, "Quebec, Past and Present." We now meet him again in a new rôle, or, at least, with additional functions added to those in which we know him so well. As an historian, an antiquarian and a naturalist he has already rendered services to his native land which cannot be too highly appreciated. We have now to welcome him in the garb of a traveller, or, rather, of one who, having completed his wanderings, sits down to pleasantly recount all that he has seen and heard. Mr. LeMoine has not, however, passed beyond the confines of Canada in search of a subject, and those who read the instructive pages of this, his latest work, will be proud to acknowledge that on Canadian soil and Canadian waters he has found no lack of topics of abundant interest. The book is well named—consisting essentially of "Chronicles of the St. Lawrence," of everything, in fact, that the author could learn, directly or indirectly, of the people, the scenery, the productions and the associations of the shores and islands of the majestic river below Quebec. We are introduced to the author on board the good steamer "Gaspé," as it glides through groups of lovely islands, on its way to the Gulf ports, in September, 1871. After a pleasant sail, we are taken ashore at Gaspé, which, we are told by the way, once boasted of a Governor of its own. It is known that Major Cox held that office in 1775. This fact serves as a starting-point for a long course of multifarious information as to the past and present of the peninsula—its early discovery, its successive settlements, its points of interest, the character, occupation and amusements of its inhabitants. Nothing is omitted, even to the curious changes which, in successive generations, have overtaken the names of places. The towns and villages are minutely described. Douglstown, Malbaie, Port Daniel, rise before us in graphic pen-paintings. We are told strange stories—comic as well as tragic—of the native tribes, the Micmacs and the Pasbejjacs. When we reach Pointe-au-Maquereau, we are reminded of the terrible shipwreck of the Colborne in 1838, one of the survivors of which Mr. LeMoine, by a singular

chance, found in a friendly host, who narrated to him his reminiscences of the disaster. Passing through Pabos, Grand River, Cap d'Espoir and other localities, we come to Perce, of which Mr. LeMoine gives an interesting historical sketch from the time of Jacques Cartier's visit in 1534. The noted rock is viewed from the standpoint of the poet as well as the naturalist, romantic legends being told of it. A chapter is devoted to Sir Hovenden Walker's expedition and the shipwreck of his squadron in 1711. We are then taken to the Magdalen Islands, which are described under various aspects, their commercial value being especially dwelt on. Anticosti is similarly treated, and many thrilling legends and touching narratives diversify the account. One of the most thrilling descriptions in the book is that of the Lazarretto at Tracadie. Probably there are some of our readers who are not aware that the Oriental plague of leprosy has such fearful illustration in the fair Dominion of Canada. Of late the subject has attracted considerable attention from scientific men. In this sad episode there is one thing especially pleasing—the heroic self-sacrifice of the missionaries and sisters who minister to the wants of those strangely afflicted people. After accompanying Mr. LeMoine to Dalhousie, Campbellton, St. John, N.B., Halifax and Prince Edward Island, we come to the close of the first part of his admirable work, with minds well stocked with rare and various knowledge.

The second part is called "Lights and Shadows in the Kingdom of Herring and Cod." We begin this voyage with Mr. LeMoine on board the steamer "Secret," on the 5th of June, 1877. As its name indicates, this part is chiefly taken up with the same places as the former part, to which it is complementary. It introduces us, however, to several new scenes, and shows us old ones under new phases. As an account of the extensive "Kingdom" from which it takes its name, as it is at present, it has no ordinary interest and value. Those who would gain an insight, in the pleasantest possible way, into the great wealth of our Laurentian and tributary waters, as well as of the chief scenic and other characteristics of the lower St. Lawrence, could not do better than take the trip with Mr. LeMoine's book in their hands. We can guarantee that they will not be disappointed.

The "Cruise of the Dolphin" is an account of a visit paid by Mr. LeMoine and a party of friends to the beautiful Church of St. Romuald, the Beauport shore, and other places in the environs of old Quebec interesting from scenery or association. The "Cruise" which was made in the Government steam launch, on the memorable date, September 13th, last year, is delightfully narrated, and the tourist needs no more pleasant or trustworthy guide in his introduction to the historic scenes of the ancient capital. The "Cruise of the Dolphin" cannot fail to inspire the readers who have not yet had an opportunity of obtaining Mr. LeMoine's other publications on the same subject with the desire of surrendering themselves unconditionally to his guidance in a more extended exploration of the historic scenes of our Canadian Gibraltar. Such persons we would recommend to lose no time in purchasing the author's now standard work, "Quebec, Past and Present," to which we referred at the beginning of this notice. The information contained in this excellent work they will find copiously supplemented in the "Tourists' Notebook" and the "Album Canadien." The rest of Mr. LeMoine's publications are "Legendary lore of the Lower St. Lawrence (1862)," "Maple Leaves," (in three series, 1863, 1864 and 1865), "The Sword of Brigadier-General Montgomery—a Memoir (1870)," "Jottings from Canadian History (1871)," "Trifles from my Portfolio (1872)," "L'Ornithologie du Canada (1860)," "Les Pecheries du Canada (1863)," "Memoire de Montcalm, Vengee (1865)," "Notes Historiques sur les rues de Quebec (1876)," and "Tableau Synoptique des Oiseaux du Canada (1877)." A new series of "Maple Leaves" was also published in 1873.

(Toronto Meth. Magazine.)

"No river in the world better deserves to be celebrated in song and story and historic chronicles than our own noble St. Lawrence. For sublimity of scenery, for romantic memories, for historic associations of grandest inspira-

tion, with what other river shall it be compared? To Mr. LeMoine the writing of these chronicles has been an eminently congenial task. Probably no man living is so thoroughly versed in the ancient lore of French Canada, or is so instinct with enthusiastic love of her heroic past. The old legends which haunt the quaint villages of Lower St. Lawrence and their varied associations of romance or war, are carefully woven into the texture of these chronicles. No tourist amid its picturesque scenery, no student of its heroic history, should be without this interesting and instructive volume."

(From the New York "NATION," 11th July, 1878, a Weekly Gazette of Literature and Commerce.)

"*The Chronicles of the St. Lawrence.* By J. M. LeMoine. (Montreal: Dawson Bros.; Rouse's Point, N. Y.: John W. Lovell. 1878.)—Mr. LeMoine is well known in Canada and out of it as the author of many works, some historical, some relating to natural history, and some to angling. In his four volumes called 'Maple Leaves' he gives a collection of disconnected but exceedingly interesting sketches of Canadian history, founded on extensive research and written in the easy and entertaining style which always characterizes him. We also have from him two works on Canadian ornithology, 'L'Album Canadien,' 'Notes Historiques sur les Bues de Quebec,' 'The Tourist's Note-Book,' 'Quebec: Past and Present,' 'Les Pecheries du Canada,' and various other works in French and English. He writes in either language with equal facility. The present volume is thoroughly characteristic of his style and mode of treatment. It is divided into two parts; the first a sort of itinerary of a voyage from Quebec to the Maritime Provinces, and also of the famous "round trip" to the Saguenay and back. The second part is a series of descriptive and historical sketches of the chief localities of the lower St. Lawrence. The book contains a prodigious amount of information, partly concerning the past and partly the present, sometimes drawn from study and sometimes from observation. The style is off-hand, rapid, and now and then careless; but as the volume is meant as much for the deck of a steamboat as for the study-table, this can hardly be reckoned a serious blemish. What it most needs is an index of localities. With this addition, it would be the pleasantest and most useful companion for the tourist that it is possible to conceive; without it, it is a treasury of curious knowledge rather perplexing from its abundance and variety. Everything is here—history, legend, anecdote, the fanciful and the practical; and nothing is wanting but the means of finding them without trouble—that *sine qua non* of the tourist."

