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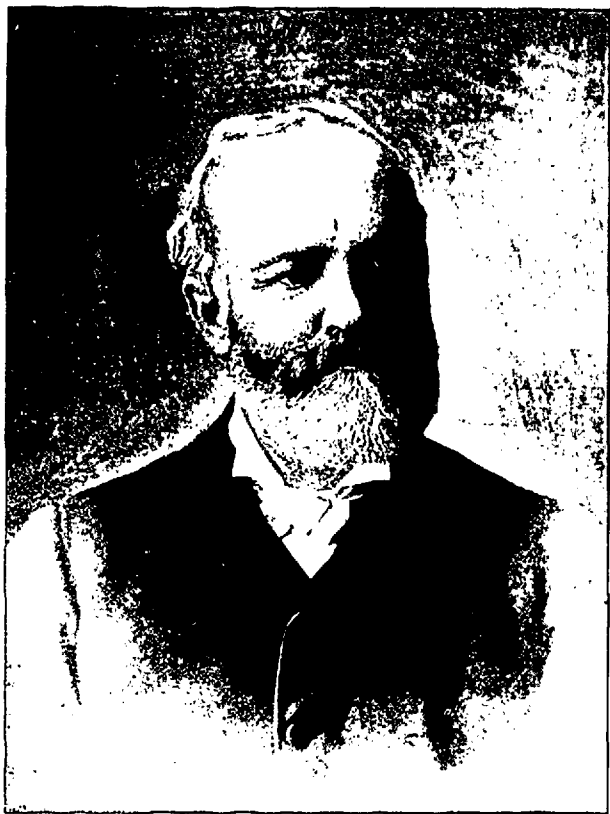
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MEN OF THE DAY



ANDREW GEORGE BLAIR

ANDREW GEORGE BLAIR

In the political life of the Maritime Provinces of Canada, two prominent names force themselves irresistibly to the front. Both are natives of their respective provinces. Both are men of courage, fixedness of purpose, energy, enterprise, and marvellous industry. Both are comparatively young in years, being under fifty, and both began the task of governing, as chief minister, within a few months of one another. Side by side these two men have worked, with only the provincial line between them, and each in his way has carried out to the best of his ability the principles of liberalism in its highest sense. William Stevens Fielding, the Premier of Nova-Scotia, had the great and overpowering influence of Joseph Howe to mould and direct his course, and to instil him with that patriotic feeling and ardor which never deserted him. The lessons thus gained at the very feet of the master, as it were, have never been forgotten by the young disciple. They belonged to the old liberal school, - the school which gave us constitutional government and constitutional freedom, and scattered to the four winds of heaven that curse and clog of our early history and struggles, Family Compactism. Howe was more than a model to his youthful *protégé*. He was his friend and teacher, companion and adviser. It was to the great tribune of the people that young Fielding owed that passion for politics and statecraft, which has never left him. It was Howe who fashioned his career, but the younger man, progressing with the spirit of the age, has made his own record, and time will find his name among the strong leaders of men, in that brave band of sons of New-Scotland who have become famous throughout the length and breadth of the Dominion. Andrew George Blair, the Premier of New-Brunswick, had also, in early life, surroundings which must have made a deep impression upon his mind. He was a mere boy when Tilley and Mitchell, Wilmot and Ritchie,

Street and Chandler were shaping the destinies of his province. The story of the battle for responsible government had, doubtless, been often dinned into his ear, and nerved him in the resolve to add his name to the long list of colonial statesmen, as soon as he had come to manhood's estate. This he did not do, however, as soon as he expected, for it was not until he had reached his thirty-fourth year that he entered the political arena for the first time.

Andrew George Blair was born in Fredericton, York county, New-Brunswick, on the 7th March, 1844. The family came originally from Scotland. The lad was carefully educated at the Collegiate School in his native city — an institution which has turned out many men of promise — and made rapid progress with his studies. He had many brilliant school-mates during the years he spent at his *alma mater*, but none of them seem to have got on better than he. He chose a professional career, and though medicine and engineering offered their advantages to the young student, his predilection for the law gained the mastery, and he made up his mind to embrace it. He left school for the lawyer's office, was duly articled to a solicitor, and, after spending the usual time in study, was called before the Board of Law examiners to give an account of his apprenticeship. His examination was searching and severe, for in those days the old lawyers had ideas of their own as regards the men they would admit to their ranks as equals. They put young Blair through an ordeal which lasted a long while. They plied him with questions innumerable, and tried, in vain, to puzzle him. Then, when all was over, he had the happiness to be shaken warmly by the hand and congratulated on the very successful manner in which he had acquitted himself. Enrolled an attorney, he was in due time called to the Bar of New-Brunswick. This was in April, 1867. Having many friends and being well-known, it was not long before he dropped into a good and lucrative practice. He associated with him Mr. George F. Gregory, afterwards mayor of Fredericton and a member of the New-Brunswick legislature. The partnership, which lasted several years, was only terminated a few years ago. On the 31st of October, 1866, Mr. Blair married Miss Annie E. Thompson, elder daughter of George Thompson, Esq., of the Educational Department at Fredericton, by whom he has had a large family.

In 1878, there was a general election in the province of New-

Brunswick, and this proved Mr. Blair's opportunity and gave him the opening that he had for so many years cherished in his heart. He was invited to contest York county, in the liberal interest. He accepted the invitation, entered upon his canvas with all the zeal and enthusiasm of his nature, spoke night and day in almost every parish of his constituency, and, as he had an agreeable manner and a terse way of presenting his views, he made so excellent an impression on the electors, that at the close of the poll he found himself triumphantly returned. He did not take his seat, however, for then, as now, the defeated candidate had something to say, and, refusing to accept the verdict of the people at the ballot-box, threw the case into the Court room. A petition was filed against the new member. He resolved to waste no time over the matter, but promptly resigned. Mr. Speaker issued a new writ, and on the 14th of November, same year, Mr. Blair had the satisfaction of wresting the victory for a second time. The Opposition was weak in numerical strength. The total membership of the House of Assembly was forty-one. Of these the Government had thirty-four, leaving only seven valiant men to oppose the administration, then led by the Hon. John James Fraser, now Mr. Justice Fraser, of the New-Brunswick Supreme Court. In February, 1879, the Legislature was called together, and though Mr. Blair was a new man, unused to the ways of the House, a tyro in politics, and totally unknown to many of the members, he was selected to lead the party of the forlorn hope. Captain of the corporal's guard he was playfully called in those days. It was not long, however, before he furnished the Legislature with proof of his ability, and convinced the ministerialists and oppositionists alike that, in placing the leadership of his party in his hands, no mistake had been made. He readily mastered the practice and procedure of parliament, and, in debate, some of the "old hands" soon discovered that a formidable factor in the speaking and argumentative power of the House had been added. Next to Mr. Fraser in vigour, on the Government side, was Mr. D. L. Harrington, a fiery and bold debater, a man whom many feared to engage on the platform, the hustings, or in parliament. Mr. Michael Adams, now member for Northumberland county in the House of Commons of Canada, young and full of fight, caring little for the feelings of others, and rich in his vocabulary of epithets, held the office of Surveyor-General. The Provincial Secretary was Mr.

William Wedderburn, now a County Court Judge, a gentleman of fine parts, and highly educated. Polite and courteous to a degree always in his intercourse with his fellows, his style of oratory was incisive and brilliant, and to his admirably chosen diction he brought to bear the melody of a sonorous and captivating voice. Against those four men, during the whole session, Andrew Blair was pitted. His little following stood by him manfully, encouraging and stimulating him by their devotion, sustaining him in the hour of trial by their loyalty. But the work was pretty much up-hill, and a less courageous man might easily have succumbed and fallen by the way. Still Blair persevered. His tact was remarkable, his knowledge of men was great, and his very earnestness and confidence in himself and his cause drew to his side, on occasion, many whilom opponents. At the last session of the Legislature, held in 1882, he had the pleasure and delight of seeing his band increased to seventeen. No wonder the Government viewed that defection from their ranks with fear and alarm. No wonder they hastened to recognize in the leader of the Opposition an intellectual force in the political and economical history of their Province, which was destined, in a very short time, to seize the reins of power, and to supplant them in the affections and regard of the people. To Mr. Blair's credit, it ought to be said here that, during the whole time that he was in Opposition, he never refused to help the government of the day in the house or in committee, with his counsel and advice on all public bills which came up for argument and settlement. He was a true legislator in every sense of the word, and while his life and brains were dedicated to the welfare of his party, he was a thorough man of the world, so far as general politics was concerned, and never lost sight of the fact that love of country and appreciation of good laws -- laws by which the entire community might be benefitted -- came in for his hearty and unqualified support. He approached the discussion of public questions in no narrow or bigoted spirit. He never condemned a measure simply because it was issued at the instance of the Government to which he was, for the time being, opposed. He considered it ever solely upon its merits, and good indeed must be the grounds on which he opposed it. Mr. Blair had not been a member of the House a full week before this trait in his character had been discovered by friends and antagonists alike, and from this discovery much esteem and respect for the new

representative of York flowed. Men understood that in him they had a thinker and a worker on whom they could depend in an emergency. He was a quick thinker on his feet, and when once his mind was made up on a particular subject, he could not be moved. This firmness of his position could not be traced to obstinacy. He felt, by the working in his head, a process of intuition, that he was right in his premises, and he acted accordingly, and in this connection, it may be added, he seldom went astray in his calculations. He was soon regarded as a safe man and a lucky leader. Sailors love to serve under a lucky captain, and, as we have seen, it did not take Mr. Blair long to convince his following, and some of the supporters of the Government in their general policy, that he was the man under whose banner they might serve without losing their self-respect. He had pulled his party together, and increased the numbers of the opposition from seven to seventeen during his first parliament, when the House was dissolved and an appeal was made to the country. The Government had every chance of winning. The sinews of war were in their hands. Blair had never conducted a campaign as the leader of a party in his life. In trying to get elected he had made a canvas which was practically confined to the wants and requirements of a single constituency, and that one of the river counties. The task which fell upon him, therefore, was a most difficult one. He had to manage for the whole province. He had to win back several seats. He had to retain the services of the ten men who had joined his standard, and get them re-elected. The contest was sharp. Blair was elected for York, and when the House met in March, 1883, he had the proud satisfaction of defeating the Government. Mr. Harrington, the Premier, and his Cabinet immediately resigned, and Lieutenant-Governor Robert Duncan Wilmot, once Speaker of the Senate of Canada, sent for Mr. Blair, and entrusted him with the duty of forming a Government. It did not take him long, for the task was completed in one day. Mr. Blair selected for himself the office of Attorney-General. His colleagues were: Hon. James Mitchell, Provincial Secretary; Hon. P. G. Ryan, Commissioner of Public Works; Hon. L. J. Tweedie, Surveyor-General; Hon. William Pugsley, Q.C., Solicitor-General; Hon. David McLennan, President of the Council, with Messrs. A. Harrison and C. H. Labillois, members of the Cabinet without portfolio. On submitting his name to

the electors, as Attorney-General, on the 24th March, he was again elected. As a Minister of the Crown Mr. Blair became an immediate success. By the amiability of his manner he won many friends, and he had not been in power a half year before he gave evidence of his determination to control the ship of state, until he cared no more to hold his position. His colleagues, with fine discernment, were chosen from both the existing political parties, the Liberals, however, as was perhaps natural under the circumstances, preponderating. They got on harmoniously together, friction rarely occurring, and though no legislation of very great moment or importance took place, several acts for the facilitation of business, which owed their paternity to the Attorney-General, were passed. His government grew in strength, and when, in 1886, the Legislature was dissolved and general elections followed, Mr. Blair found himself and his colleagues more firmly entrenched than ever in the esteem of his people. In October, 1887, he proceeded to Quebec with the Hon. David McLellan, Provincial Secretary, to attend the Interprovincial Conference called by the Hon. Honoré Mercier, then Prime Minister of Quebec Province. The meetings, which were presided over by Hon. Oliver Mowat, now Sir Oliver, Premier of Ontario, were held in the Parliament Buildings. In the proceedings Mr. Blair took a very active part, and though the results of the Conference disappointed the promoters, the idea, in the main, was good, and it certainly made the public men of Canada, living and working in the various sections of our common country, and carrying on governments under different lines, better acquainted with one another. If the Convention of Colonial statesmen accomplished nothing more than that, it did well, for the representatives of our parliamentary institutions, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, were present, and took part in the deliberations from day to day. Nor was the purely social part of the Conference neglected. Receptions, at homes, luncheons and dinners afforded the citizens of Quebec the opportunity of meeting the delegates from British Columbia, Manitoba, Ontario, Nova-Scotia, and New-Brunswick, and exchanging opinions and views on the questions of the day. Prince-Edward-Island alone held aloof, her government sending no delegate and declining to be represented. The Premier of the tight little island at that time was Mr. W. W. Sullivan, Q. C., afterwards Chief Justice. He was not in sympathy with the political views of Messrs. Mercier

and Mowat, and though the Conference had been called, apparently, on principles not at all political, but with a view of looking over the provincial fields and comparing their relations to the central government at Ottawa, Mr. Sullivan could not prevail upon himself to attend the meetings. When he first received his invitation to be present with his *confères* at Quebec, it is our impression that he accepted the call. Other counsels prevailed before the date of opening arrived, however, and delegates from the Island took no part in the deliberations. Mr. Blair proved a very valuable member of the Conference. He made a splendid impression on his fellow-members. His tact was wonderful, and his attitude on the various questions which came up for discussion was characterized by breadth and liberality. His policy has ever been conciliatory, and this happy trait in his composition found frequent opportunity for exemplification, during the busy week that he spent in Quebec, drafting and amending resolutions, and debating the knotty points which from time to time pressed forward for solution. Those who only knew him by repute soon had their good opinion confirmed. He wasted no time in useless verbiage, but went to the point at once, and dwelt on the issues before the Convention on the simple but sound ground of common sense. His practical mind was seldom, if ever, at fault, and his colleagues were unanimous in praising his skill and ability. Several of the more important items in the series of resolutions passed at the Conference were by his hand, and in the way of suggestion he frequently proved a useful and zealous mentor. We have seen that the Interprovincial Convention failed to carry out its programme - - a programme which, after all, embraced many sensible features ; -- but time will show that the summoning of the Provincial Ministers to a central place, where public affairs might be discussed in a friendly and reasonable spirit, may not be altogether barren of results, more or less fruitful. Some of the delegates had never met before, others were known to one another only by name. Assembled in convention, they had good opportunities of studying each other, and learning, in an intimate way, the requirements of the several provinces comprising the Confederation.

In 1890, Mr. Blair and his party again triumphed, when, on the dissolution of the House, the country was appealed to for the seventh time since New-Brunswick had entered the federal union with Canada. It had long been the desire of the Premier to abolish the second

chamber, the useless and expensive appendage to the parliamentary system of his province. Ontario had refused, in 1867, to add to her burdens a Legislative Council. Quebec insisted on retaining her Upper House, and the other parties to the union did not object. Nova-Scotia had made several efforts to get rid of her appointed chamber. Mr. Blair had moved in the same direction two or three times, but without accomplishing his mission. The councillors, when appealed to, turned a deaf ear to the plea and declined to commit, upon their own persons, the act of happy despatch, though the act itself would have been the most popular one that they could commit. In vain Mr. Blair pleaded with all his earnestness. In vain he strengthened his argument by urging the great expense of an institution whose power for usefulness was absolutely *nil*. The resources of the province, he declared, could not support two houses of legislation. He waited until he had four or five vacancies, and then filled them up with men pledged to vote for their own decapitation. When the time for the vote came round, some of these new appointees forgot their pledges and the Council remained. Mr. Blair then tried again the art of blandishment. He succeeded in inducing the councillors to consent to abolish themselves, when dissolution of the Legislature should take place, at that time, in the ordinary nature of things, at least four years off. In two years time, however, in 1892, he secured at the hands of Lieutenant-Governor Tilley, who had no obstacle to interpose, the dissolution he asked for. Of course that act destroyed, at a single blow, the Legislative Council. Some of its members showed their good faith by running for seats in the popular branch. In few cases, if in any, were any of them elected. The Government swept the province by increased majorities in many sections, but the fates, strange to say, were opposed to the Premier, and he suffered a bitter defeat in his native County of York, the constituency which he had represented so faithfully and uninterruptedly from the first day that he had entered public life and to whose political welfare he had contributed so largely. Kingston, in one of the greatest parliamentary contests ever witnessed in Canada, that of 1878, treated Sir John A. Macdonald in a similar way. His party rode into power on the N. P. cry, but the veteran was beaten in the old lime-stone city, the scene of his many victories. The life-long allegiance was transferred to other hands. This Sir John felt as keenly as did Mr. Blair

the defection of his old friends, at a moment when he saw the triumph of the principles he had battled for in the other counties of the province. He owed his defeat to the religious cry which had been raised against him, and though his disgust was great, he could not help feeling that he had not deserved treatment of that sort from his constituents. Ungratefulness, in his eyes, was an offense which could ill be condoned, and his self-respect compelled him to retire from Fredericton and seek in St-John, the commercial capital of the province, another home. He removed to St-John, and opened a law office there, and began the practice of his profession. Several members of his party placed their seats at his disposal. The elected member for Madawaska was the first to tender his resignation. Queen's followed, and if report speaks truly, at least half a dozen other constituencies begged him to take the one he wished. He finally selected Queen's County, and though he was honoured with opposition, he carried the day by a very large and crushing majority, forever setting at rest the charge that his personal popularity among the people had been lost. He met the House fully prepared to meet his opponents. The latter failed to dislodge the Government from its place and, after a few ineffectual attempts, the opposition calmed down. It is thought by many of the Premier's personal and political friends that he will not rest to hold in the history of his country a merely provincial position. That he has had his eye on a seat in the House of Commons, for some time, is probably true, and it would not surprise anybody to find that, when the next general election is ordered for the Dominion, Mr. Blair will present himself for a seat at Ottawa, where his talents and abilities may find scope and employment. His home record stands high. His name is identified with many important reforms, and the statute-books owe to him much legislation of a useful and practical kind. He took a very active interest in trying to get for New-Brunswick better terms from Canada. He interested himself largely in all the legislation connected with the Crown lands and products of the forests. And in his own department, that of the law, he has been a ceaseless and untiring worker. About three years ago he was created, by the federal Government, a Queen's Counsel, an appointment which, it is needless to say, pleased well the Bar of New-Brunswick, and added to the list of lawyers entitled to wear the silk one of the worthiest names that ever adorned the roll.

GEORGE STEWART.

Quebec, April, 1893.

2

MEN OF THE DAY



JOSEPH MARMETTE

JOSEPH MARMETTE

Many years ago, as was my wont, I called upon my friend Oscar Dunn, in whose boon companionship I found so much pleasure during my short sojourn in Quebec. I was scarcely seated when a visitor entered, a man still young in years, brown of complexion, low-sized, but erect and well-built. His eyes struck me at once—he wore glasses, which seemed less an aid to their defective sight than a shade to temper their brilliancy. They bespoke a kind, ingenuous nature, coupled with intellectual power and a bright imagination.

“Mr. Marmette,” said Mr. Dunn to me. I acknowledged the introduction with much pleasure. I had already read the *Chevalier de Mornac* and *François de Bienville*, and knew their author before my poor deceased host gave me his name.

Joseph Marmette was born on the 23rd October, 1844, at Saint-Thomas-de-Montmagny, issued of the marriage of Dr. J. Marmette with Miss Éliza Taché, daughter of Sir E. P. Taché. He studied classics in the Seminary of Quebec, and followed a law course at Laval University for three years. Those best acquainted with his character were surprised to see him ply so long a vocation so dry and distasteful, and when at last he threw aside Pothier for a position in the Provincial Treasury, it was only what everybody expected. The change, however, was like abandoning Charybdis for Scylla; but in Canada, as elsewhere, talent is seldom remunerated as it deserves.

In 1882, through the influence of a friend, he was appointed to the more congenial post of agent of the Dominion Government at Paris. His stay there was of short duration; he left for France in May, 1882, and returned home in November, 1883. Of little account was the promising welcome accorded him in the French metropolis, or the practical, intelligent labours that he performed there—his career of usefulness was cut short without previous warning. Yet, thanks

to his zeal and activity, his natural talent for research and the ready assistance of new-made friends whom he conciliated from the first, he succeeded, during the brief time he was in Paris, in cataloguing twelve hundred volumes of manuscripts relating to Canadian affairs.

A work that was destined, in the near future, to be of invaluable service to Canadian historians, gained for him the especial favour of *abbé* Casgrain, who found it of much use in some of his own lucubrations.

He was subsequently named assistant to the keeper of the Federal records at Ottawa, and as the latter has since been superannuated, his promotion to the vacant position would only be regarded as a graceful acknowledgment of his intelligence and ability.

Marmette has given proofs of the versatility of his genius. His *Récits et souvenirs* is a gem in its way, and shows infinite delicacy and taste in conception and execution. Yet, in this line of composition, he has predecessors and contemporaries; but, as bard and historian of the heroes whose deeds shed lustre on the annals of his country in the XVII. and XVIII. century, he has neither peer nor compeer.

What lends a charm to the writings of old chroniclers is the peculiar style of their narratives and the strange flavor of their language and expression. There is no ambiguity — everything is life-like and real. They portray the struggles of their heroes, victorious or vanquished, just as they are, without seeking to mitigate this repulsive feature or that.

Whoever peruses our author's *Dernier boulet* will have no difficulty in tracing a resemblance between him and our chroniclers.

“ Pierre advanced towards the cannon with his father and addressed a soldier who handed a match to the old invalid. ‘ At the word of command, get ready the match.’ The latter, from force of habit, drew himself up to his full height. ‘ Fire !’ cried the officer. The cannon went off with a loud explosion and recoiled. At the same moment a ball from the town struck it, and in the rebound cut the old man in two and disembowelled the son. The former fell a lifeless mass to the ground, whilst the latter, struck in the side, was whirled round with the force of the blow, and dropped into the arms of his wife, drenching her with his blood. The wretched woman for a moment was bereft of speech and motion; then, with an unearthly cry, she flung herself on the prostrate body

“of her husband who lay on his back, the eyes fixed in death. The child, whom she had dropped from her arm in her excitement, besmeared with the blood of father and grandfather, continued to scream in a heart-rending manner. Just as succor was about to be extended to these afflicted creatures—for war has no time for sympathy—three notes of the bugle were sounded. ‘Cease firing!’ was the order given. An aide-de-camp rushed forward. ‘Spike the guns,’ cried he, ‘and beat a retreat! Let the dead be buried within a half hour!’ News had been received by Mr. de Levis that the last of their ships had been destroyed by the British. Their only hope was thus shattered and gone.”

Is this not a vivid word-picture of a glorious and blood-curdling scene? Further on we read: “When all the bodies had been inhumed, the sergeant in charge of the widow wished to lead her away from her husband’s grave—that husband whom she still fancied she beheld, although he was now forever lost to her sight. She refused to leave. ‘But you cannot remain here, my dear woman,’ urged the sergeant; ‘the troops have already begun the retreat.’ She only shook her head, without moving.

“Where do you live?

“At l’Ange-Gardien, she murmured.

“How are you to get there?

“I know not, she replied. Before they butchered my husband and his father, they burnt our home. I have nothing more to live for.—‘But your child?’ soothingly spoke the priest.

“True...I had forgotten, exclaimed she, as she hugged the little one to her breast.—‘Sergeant, said the chaplain, conduct her to Sainte-Foye; she will find shelter there until chance throws her in the way of her friends.’ And thus, leaning on her guide, this heart-broken mother, clasping her infant to her heart, left the scene of her cruellest woe.”

The writer who can stir to their depths the emotions of the reader, as is done here, must have a keenly sensitive nature himself and be able to fully enter into the spirit and sentiment of the dramas which he depicts. Certainly, whatever defects of style or composition may be noticed in the creations of our author, he cannot be denied a seductive imagination, a vivid realism, and the intoxication of movement and action.

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.

His *Fiancée du rebelle* was published in the *Revue Canadienne* in 1875. I regard this as the best of all his creations—it shows more ripeness of thought than any of his other productions. It may be less emotional than his *Intendant Bigot*, but is a more polished and studied composition.

The *Fiancée du rebelle* is a history of the siege of Quebec by the Americans in 1775, and, like the *Chevalier de Mornac* and *François de Bienville*, is given to the description of battle scenes and all the thrilling episodes of war.

I subjoin an extract from the last mentioned novel :

“James Evil then unceremoniously interrupted the *tête-à-tête* “between Alice and Marc Évrard.

“Will Miss Alice, said he, in French, (which he had learned to “speak very well during his travels in France after the seven years “war) honour me by giving me the next dance ?

“I am sorry to have to refuse you, said Alice, since Mr. Évrard “here, whom you appear not to have noticed, asked me to dance “with him before you came.

“Oh ! Pardon me...but are you also engaged for the next dance ?

“I am.

“And is Mr. Évrard still your partner ?

“Yes, replied Alice, slightly colouring, but delighted at the “evident discomfiture of a man whom she detested.

“Oh ! very well, answered Evil, who, darting a glance of hatred “at Marc, turned on his heel and walked towards a group of ladies “whom he importuned to get up a country-dance. As this was an “English dance, and but lately imported by the conquerors, few “understood it. James Evil found it gratifying to introduce this “innovation into Canadian society, as, from his knowledge of the “character of M. Cognard’s guests on this occasion, he considered “that they would readily humor the whim of a British officer.

“Alice and Marc could not well refuse to take part in the country “dance, James Evil acting as master of ceremonies.

“Marc remarked to Alice, as he led her to her seat after the dance, “that he thought she treated the poor Captain rather cavalierly, “although in his heart he loved her all the more for having done so.

“Do you think so ? said she, furtively giving a malicious glance “from the corner of her eye. I care little what he thinks—his treat-

“ment of you was shabby. To spite him all the more and to show our contempt for his new dance, let us dance a *gavotte* together.”

Is the act and the thought that inspired it not natural? Are the Marc Évrards and James Evils, as here portrayed, not characteristic of the times they lived in? Were their quarrels and mode of death not in touch with that stormy epoch?

“Seeing his dying victim staggering towards him, with a sword which defied his remaining strength to lift, a sardonic smile beamed in Evil’s countenance. He awaited the approach of Marc, who crawled towards him.

“Hold! gasped the latter. I have strength enough left...to kill you!

“With up-lifted sword he at last managed to reach Evil. Oh! God, cried he, come to my aid.

“Evil threw himself upon the moribund, disarmed him, clutched him by the wrists and throat, and dragged him to the brink of the precipice.

“You are wrong to call upon God at such a moment, cried he. Vengeance belongs to the Devil, and he is my God. See how he has handed you over to my tender mercy. Laugh best who laughs last. But before I hurl you, body and soul, into the infernal regions, know that at this very moment, under your very eyes, I intend to make your wife my mistress.

“Marc made a last and supreme effort to release himself from the grip of his mortal foe — but in vain. Evil lifted him bodily and threw him over the cliff, his victim disappearing from view with a loud shriek. Now for my little charmer, cried the fiend in devilish exultation. But he never lived to touch her, for Tranquille, Évrard’s faithful servitor, shot him dead on the instant. She, thus unexpectedly delivered from her enemy, flew to the cliff, and whilst peering into the ravine below, was seized with vertigo and suddenly precipitated to the bottom, where lay her husband with life almost extinct. Tranquille cried out in terror on witnessing this second catastrophe. He at once, at great risk to himself, scrambled down the steep rock and with much difficulty reached the spot where his beloved master and mistress lay side by side. He saw at a glance that neither of them had long to live. Marc continued to vomit

"blood, whilst his poor spouse was unconscious. Despite the film of death, Marc's eyes opened and recognized Tranquille.

"Evil? gasped he.

"Dead! answered the other.

"Évrard gave him a silent pressure of the hand and made signs that he wished to be brought closer to the side of his dying wife. When his wish had been complied with, he feebly put his arms round her and pressed her to his heart. She slowly opened her eyes and smiled, and both gave up the spirit in one last fond embrace!"

Marmette is a member of the Royal Society of Canada and was last year elected a Fellow of Laval University.

Vecchio once wrote in the *Opinion Publique* that it was "most pleasing to find in a professional writer a boon companion." It is in this sense that I now desire to continue the story of our author.

The most salient characteristic about Marmette is the largeness of his heart. What he is wanting in height is amply compensated for by the abnormal size of this organ. No one could be more genial or whole-souled. In all his changing moods—joy, sorrow, or anger—he never loses his hold on our sympathy and affection. He is ever courteous and polite, in this respect reminding us of the manners of the old school. For him, in the truest sense of the term, "beauty is a joy forever," and the noble and good, his ideal.

For such as he, Paris must be the only terrestrial paradise. It was there, in the year 1882, that we met and passed in each other's company hours of unalloyed happiness all but too fleeting.

One day we bent our steps towards the *Hirsutes*. I was anxious to introduce my friend to Émile Goudeau, who was president of this club composed of poets, men of letters, musicians, and painters. We found him in the act of declaiming one of his own poems. The hall was crowded, and for a moment we were at a loss where to find a seat, but were conducted without delay to the far end, where Léo Montancey and Marie Krysinska, friends of mine, invited us to sit down. I introduced Marmette. He was soon engaged in an animated conversation with Marie, who seemed to take an interest in him. I plied Léo with a number of questions on all sorts of topics. At last I turned my attention to our two new-made friends. Marmette's eye-glasses had disappeared, and Krysinska, conscious that

she had an intelligent listener, was busy discussing a waltz of hers which was shortly to be published.

"You see, she was remarking, in this composition I was most happy in my inspiration.

"Oh! madam, replied Marmette, it was rather the music was happy, for was it not born of you?" This was a stroke of Trousac, a little malicious, perhaps, but all the same one of Trousac's best hits. It made a very visible impression on Marie. The pause that ensued was awkward, but the arrival of Goudeau put an end to it in a general conversation.

"I am delighted to meet you in Paris, my dear sir. You came from that fine country, Canada, that my friend Puy is so fond of eulogizing. I hope you intend to remain with us for some time!

"Nothing would afford me greater pleasure, answered Marmette.

"Would it be indiscreet to ask if you have come on any particular mission? If I can be of any service to you, I am entirely at your disposal.

"My dear sir, rejoined our author, I am not perfect, and as I came here to attain perfection, I know of no one who could assist me better than yourself."

Goudeau laughed. "My friend, said he, you cannot deny your origin—you are every inch a Frenchman, and if all your countrymen are like you, it is we who should make a pilgrimage to Quebec. But, alas! our imperfections are too many ever to hope for perfection."

I hurried Marmette away; he would have caused me to be forgotten by my other friends; but as there is always something selfish in our natures, I desired to be remembered by them still and had but a short time left to see them.

I glanced at our author on reaching the boulevard and perceived that he had put on his eye-glasses again. I mentioned the matter to him.

"Oh! yes, but they may have another relapse," he answered. And with this rather enigmatical remark, we wended our way to the Café Voltaire for dinner.

"What a jolly place the *Hirsutes*! he said.

"Is it not? I answered.

"Yes, this clubbing together of intellectual men and women is a grand idea.

"None grander, I replied. But the best thing about it is the sanctity of the ties that here unite the sexes.

"Were worthy Faucher here, Marmette smilingly observed, he could exclaim in his most mellifluous accents, smothering for the nonce the aristocrat within his breast: 'Friends, evil be to them who evil think!'"

And having thus spoken, our author readjusted his glasses, which he had again allowed to drop to light a cigar and partake of his coffee.

HENRY DE PUYJALON.

Montreal, 10th March, 1893.

(Translated by W. O. Farmer.)



Fragment.

... Mères venues pour surveiller, jeunes filles et garçons
tous un peu fatigués par le bryet, la poussière et l'ardeur
du midi, s'assirent, d'abord silencieuses et se frottant le
front, sous un bouleau qui, non loin de la rivière, se
dressait coqueusement drapé dans son justaucorps
de satin blanc, et de ses longs bras pendants cou-
vrait de son ombrage cette charmante jeunesse. L'ar-
bre agité amonci par une légère brise faisait bruiser, à
chaque des couples rapprochés, ses feuilles qui murmuraient
amoureusement au moindre souffle comme
sous l'étreinte d'une caresse. Tandis que les grands sapins
d'à côté marquaient leur musique berceuse au pauvre mur-
mure de l'eau qui gazouillait sur les cailloux, et qu'un
pinson des bois jetait au loin ses deux notes unigènes
dont la dernière, quatre fois répétée, formait avec la pre-
mière une quart de lie d'un milieux li pénitentiants....

Joseph Martinetti.