

THE WORLD OF BOOKS.

A French Canadian Romance.

It is comfortable for such as are groaning under the reign of realism, and to whom the kingdom of romance has become almost a disenchanted realm, to get hold of a book like this; to feel its gentle restoration of the heart's earlier and better feelings, and its awakening of those fantasies of delight, which—let the telescopes and microscopes say what they will—are still the masterpiece of all our seeing. It is, moreover, fortunate when a romancer, who was also a poet, succeeds in finding a kindred spirit who is competent to usher him before that wider world of readers to which his merits unquestionably entitles him.

"Philippe Aubert de Gaspé," his translator informs us, in his introduction, was born in Quebec on the 30th of October, 1786. He died in 1871. He belonged to a noble French-Canadian family. At the manor of St. Jean-Port-Joli, of which he was seigneur, he passed a large part of his life; and there he laid the chief scenes of his great romance. He was educated at the seminary of Quebec, and then studied law in the city, under Sewell, afterward chief justice. Only for a few years, however, did he devote himself to his profession—one from which so many a poet and man of letters has broken loose. He accepted the position of sheriff of Quebec, and afterward came misfortune which Lareau (in the *Histoire de la littérature Canadienne*), passes over with sympathetic haste. His lavish generosity to his friends, and the financial embarrassments into which he fell, his four years' confinement in the debtor's prison, his sufferings of soul and body, all doubtless contributed to the poignant coloring with which he had painted the misfortunes of M. D'Egmont, *le bon gentilhomme*. On his release from prison he retired to his estate of St. Jean-Port-Joli, but not to the solitude and benevolent melancholy of D'Egmont. The romancer was of too sunny a disposition, he was too genuine and tolerant a lover of his kind, to run much risk of becoming a recluse. A keynote to his nature may be found in the bright *Bonsoir la compagne* with which, in the words of an old French-Canadian song, he closed his literary labors at the age of seventy-nine when the last page of the *Memoires* was completed. The story we have translated . . . was published in 1862."

The author, of whom the few foregoing particulars are given, was moved to write a book which might not merely amuse a aimless reader, or divert a most serious one in his lighter hours; but which might express his heart touching matters dear to himself and his race; to depict "life and sentiment among the early French Canadians," in so faithful a manner as to throw "a strong side-light upon the motives and aspirations" of the people he so ably represents; to "gather up and preserve in lasting form the songs and the legends, the characteristic customs, the phases of thought and feeling, the very local and personal aroma of a rapidly changing civilization." That he has succeeded admirably in realizing his purpose I think the reader who is competent and candid will be ready to admit; and that he will see moving, while he turns these pages, the procession of the good old days, and an order of life that now exists nowhere save in romance or history.

The story before us has no complexity of plot, nor rapidity of incident, neither is it, as the translator observes, freighted with a didactic purpose; it is composed in a leisurely fashion, of simple materials, but there is mastery in their handling. Indeed, it is little more than a record of the fortunes and misfortunes of a single family; but therein is woven whatever can lend brightness and charm to the sombre background of warfare and attendant miseries.

The incidents of the story are antecedent and subsequent to the siege of Quebec. Two young men who as companions at college have cemented a friendship which is to endure through life, are leaving their *Alma Mater* at Quebec for the Manor of St. Jean, Port Joli. The one is Jules, a French-Canadian youth, and son of Capt. D'Haberville, seigneur in that delightful retreat; the other, Archibald Cameron, son of the famous Scottish Lochiel, the brave victim of Culloden. The one is a bright, affectionate, romantic, somewhat tricky youth; the other, graver, staid, yet of heroic mould. At Point Lévis they are met by Jose, a retainer of the family, who speeds them on their homeward journey, and beguiles the way with an account of an astounding vision vouchsafed to his late father on the Isle d'Orléans; by which we get an amusing glimpse of the superstitions peculiar to the *habitant*. Arrived at St. Thomas, in the evening, they find the ice breaking in the river, an event which is vividly described; and here Archibald Lochiel becomes the hero of the hour, by the rescue of one Dumais from a situation of imminent and seemingly helpless peril, at the risk of his own life. This episode is followed by a supper at the home of the Seigneur de Beaumont, where Archibald is toasted for his bravery, and where Jules has his jovial trickery well developed. In due time they arrive at the D'Haberville manor house, to which Lochiel comes as a friend by warm invitation. A home it is which the author describes as:

"Situated at the foot of a bluff, the summit of which was picturesquely clothed with pines and firs, whose perpetual green formed a cheerful contrast with the desolation of the winter landscape. A wood of ancient maples covered the space between the foot of the bluff and the highway, which was bordered with hedges of hazel and cinnamon rose." We get glimpses of the "brook which, following through the trees in a succession of foamy cascades down the southwest slope of the hill, mingles its clear current with that of a fountain which bursts forth some distance below," and which, "after winding and loitering through a breadth of uncut country," slips "reluctantly into the St. Lawrence."

Over the pleasant, convivial life at this manor we love to linger. We are reminded

* *The Canadians of Old*, an historical romance, by Philippe Aubert de Gaspé, translated by Charles G. D. Roberts. Appleton's Town and Country Library, No. 62; 50 cts.

of those sunny lines of Irving, which fell in such delightful places; and of some of his descriptions of them in the *Sketch Book*. Some of it is painted in colors *à la Evageline*, and the air is as golden, if not as tranquil. So many figments of that vanished age are here as to make us almost long for at least the domestic side of feudalism—it such it really was—the old stateliness, the mingling of dignity and tenderness, the friendliness, the active joyousness, the devotedness of retainers, the abandonment of love, the romantic chivalry, the breeding, the gentleness and delicacy, the rollicking spirits, the primitiveness of that life. We would win them back again, if we could! Yes, the Maypole, the saints' feasts, the shore-watches, the belief in omens and wizardry, the glamor stories, the lightness of the lute, the ariness of song, with "all Arcadia's golden creed."

Jules, on his approach, exclaims rapturously: "I love everything about us. I love the moon which you see climbing over the wooded crest of the bluff; no where else does she appear to me so beautiful. I love yonder brook, which used to turn my little water-mills. I love the fountain which refreshed me in the August heats. Yonder my mother used to sit," he continued, "pointing out a mossy rock in the shadow of two great beeches."

Soon we make the acquaintance of the household—of Captain d'Haberville—and of his lady, of Blanche, a sister younger than Jules, and of a brother of the captain, known as Uncle Raoul, a tonguey, pedantic sort of person. Here Lochiel experiences a "free-hearted hospitality," and is taken to the bosom of the family as a son. The reader will feel the charm of the "May-feast," and that of "St. Jean Baptiste," as here described; and he will find a mournful interest in listening to the most melancholy story of human ingratitude, when he shall visit the cottage of d'Egmont. There occurs this striking passage:

"Pity is fled from the breast of man to take refuge in brute beasts; and he who has understood the lamb bleats sadly when one of his companions is slaughtered, the ox bellows with rage and pain when he smells the blood of his kind, the horse snorts sharply and utters his doleful and piercing cry at the sight of his fellow struggling in the final agony, the dog howls with grief when his master is sick; but with gossip and festive pleasure man follows his brother to the grave."

But the darker, stormier times arise. The friends are separated. Jules has gone to France, and Lochiel in Scotland has regained his patrimony, and holds a position in the army, Wolfe is at Quebec; but before it is taken Archie has broken his heart and embittered his wife, according to the earlier prediction of a witch, by being obliged to burn the French dwellings upon the South Shore, including the manor of Port-Joli. While he is bemoaning this desolation, and counting himself an ingrate, he is suddenly hurried into captivity by an Indian ambuscade, from which he is suddenly delivered by his grateful friend, Dumais. Hastily must we review these incidents, the meeting of the friends on the Plains of Abraham, the subsequent attempts at reconciliation, the re-establishment of their friendship on something like the old times, and Archie's return when the d'Haberville home had been rebuilt. We cannot dwell on his bootless love of Blanche, nor her high-spirited refusal of his hand, though he sat down contented to pass his days unmarried in her presence. We own ourselves dissatisfied with such a denouement. If it be veritable history we bow and aver that it is not what we should have expected; but if it is invention, we demur at the improbable,—at so needless a sacrifice of another's affection, so visionary a heroism; we question the tenderness of a heart that, with its adored object near it for a lifetime, could never relent nor modify the strictness of its decree.

Such is the story, or frame-work of it, but it is invested with a comely garb of classic French, translated into limpid English. The merit of the translator perhaps may best appear in the little ballads and song-catches of which there are a considerable number. One of them runs as follows:

For thee, dear heart, these flowers I twine,
My Blaise, accept of thy ballet
The warm rose and the orange-flower,
The jessamine and violet.
Be not this passion like the bloom,
That shines a day and disappears.
My love is an undying light,
And will not change for time or tears.

Dear, be not like the butterfly
That knows each blossom in the glades,
And chases them by the daisy and the violet,
Among the laughing village maidens,
Such loves are but the transient bloom
That shines a day and disappears.
My love is an undying light,
And will not change for time and tears.

If I should find my beauty fade,
If I must watch these charms depart,
Dear, see thou but my tenderness—
Oh, look thou but on my heart!
Remember how the transient bloom
Shines for a day and disappears.
My love is an undying light,
And will not change for time or tears.

The purport of this book is the exaltation of old-time virtues, now somewhat fallen into disrepute; the compliance with a popular demand among his people that the stories and traditions peculiar to their race at an earlier date should not be neglected nor forgotten, but be placed on record. "Patriotism, devotion to the French-Canadian nationality," says Mr. Roberts, "a just pride of race, and a loving memory for his people's romantic and heroic past—these are the dominant chords which are struck throughout the story." Surely, as it has been for several years a classic in its original language, and is here spoken of as "the best historical romance, yet written by a French-Canadian, it cannot fail to find, in its new dress many readers among a race who have need of every means to the proper understanding and appreciation of their Gallic neighbors, brothers and fellow country men."

One of our friends reports a communication from John Livingston, of N. B., formerly editor of the Dominion Government's paper, the *Empire*. Ill health compelled him to retire and take a year's recess. He writes from Calgary, N. W. T., and sends the *Herald*, of which he is editor, inquiring about the literati of the maritime provinces.

A little book of poetry in my pocket is an unailing accompaniment of my walks abroad. I invite a spirit to walk beside me, and he works miraculously. Yesterday as I went with him through the pine woods by the river, he made golden eagles to spring upward, white doves to coo in the dark boughs, and shining salmon to fatten their silver gills in the river. Far off I heard the nightingale's song, and ever as I went on the ideal prospect made real more beautiful.

So on our heels a fresh perfection treads;
Reader, can you tell my spirit's name?

PASTOR FELIX.

THE "TIP-TILTED" NOSED GIRL.

Characteristics that May Have Escaped the Readers' Notice.

There is something wonderfully potent about the pen!—we use lead pencils exclusively in our office, so that is a mere figure of speech, but it sounds well to begin an article with, and there is a great deal more in literary style than people would think. But to go back to the pen. It is like the tongue in some ways, because it is so unruly and so apt to get the person who is holding—and thinks he is guiding it—into trouble. It says things we would give worlds to recall, and can't! It puts into cold, cruel, black and white, words which, if spoken, would have been forgotten almost as soon as uttered, but, which said through the medium of ink, sink into the mind as indelibly as tattoo marks sink into the flesh. But it can say pleasant things, too. It can call up bright visions and say Write! And if it has genius enough to help its owner along easily, it may land him in the temple of Fame. This morning mine has called up a vision of "Fair Women," not like Tennyson's "Dream," but a comfortable 1890 dream of pretty girls in seal-skin jackets with Medecis collars turned up to their ears and muffs held up to their little cold faces, to break the force of the chilling blast. I have just been wondering which type of girl I would choose, if I had my choice, and I here come to the conclusion that the lot would fall upon the maiden whose nose turns up! I don't mean the one with a snub nose and freckles. I mean the delightful little houri with that deep crease in her short upper lip, rarely seen unaccompanied by the tip-tilted nose, which seems to lift the lip just enough to show the little white teeth.

I do love a girl whose nose turns up, there is something so roguish about her, so cuddlesome, and huggable, and sweet. She is always full of fun, and she is sure to be clever. I never yet saw a *nez retroussé* on a stupid person; it seems as much an indication of brightness as a clear, full eye, or a broad, square forehead. There are people who say a turned up nose is an indication of ill-temper; but I know better than that. I never knew a girl "of that description," as Lord Dunsany would say, who sulked—and a sulky temper is the only really bad one. She may have a hot temper, and be a perfect little fury for the brief space of ten minutes; but, once the storm has spent itself, the sun comes out brighter than ever, and there are no lowering clouds piled up around the horizon, ready to overspread the face of nature at the least provocation; the clouds on her sunny nature are always evanescent, and she finds life too short for sulking or fretting. She is always a merry soul, and she rarely fails to have the very keenest sense of the ludicrous; she can ever see the ridiculous side of herself, than which, the sense of humor can go no farther in a woman. Where other girls with the regulation nose of classic straightness would lose all patience, the fiery little lass with the upward turning nose will laugh. She can even see the exquisite fun of the situation when she misses the train, and chases it down the platform in the faint hope of overtaking it, and in all probability will give you a dramatic account of the way it happened, if she chances to meet you soon afterwards, and go into fits of laughter over her own discomfiture. I once knew a fun-loving damsel whose nose turned up just a little, only enough to save her, in my estimation, and she held me spell bound for half an hour while she gave me a description of how she went to the station to meet her father in the darkness of a winter's afternoon, was late for the train and met her parent, as she thought, on the way. Unfortunately it was a case of mistaken identity, and the person she mistook for her father was a young married man of irreproachable character, with whom she was totally unacquainted, and it will be many a day before I forget that dear girl's description of her efforts to hug him, and his frantic struggles to elude the embrace, her own speechless consternation when the true situation finally dawned on her, and the common impulse of seeking safety in flight which each obeyed with a promptitude beyond all praise.

Would any girl whose nose did not turn up have "given herself away" in that fashion, and given anyone a chance to laugh at her, just because she could not bear to spoil a joke? I trow not! And so I repeat that I throw the golden apple to the girl with the *piquant nez retroussé* with all the power of which my strong right arm is capable! I pledge her in bumpers of sparkling apolaris water, or insidious raspberry acid, filled to the brim, and I pray that if I ever change my bachelor estate for that of a happy benedict and paternfamilias, and should I, like the German baron, have ten daughters and no son, everyone of those girls may have "tip-tilted" noses. GEOFFREY.

Same Old Wish.

"James, I wish you were a spiritualist."
"Why, my own?"
"So that you might materialize a seal-skin sacque for me this winter."—*Boston Gazette*.

"Isn't it strange how fond the ladies are of French styles?" asked Trotter.
"It is, indeed," replied Passifer. "Why, only today I read of three women, in different parts of the country, who committed suicide by taking Paris green."—*Inter Ocean*.

Wonderful Words! Beautiful Words.

When Professor Morse returned from Europe to America in 1844, he proceeded at once to Washington to induce the House of Representatives to grant an appropriation of \$30,000 for the completion of a telegraph line between Washington and Baltimore. The matter was then referred to the Senate for final action, and on the last night of the session it was passed. Morse was informed of the result of the vote by Miss Ellsworth who had greatly assisted him by her influence. The line was completed, and Miss Ellsworth had Morse's promise that she would have the privilege of sending the first message. Morse had business in New York, and had just money enough left to pay his expenses there and back. On his return he at once sent for Miss Ellsworth and after ascertaining that the line was in order he asked her what message he would send for her; she immediately replied: "What Hath God Wrought!" Words that ought to be written in characters of living light.

Since that time the great telegraphic system has been a boon, and a source of priceless value to mankind. Paine's Celery Compound came to the rescue of the sick and perishing at a time when it was greatly needed. Professor Edward E. Phelps, M. D., L.L.D., gave to the world and to its suffering ones, a remedy for the stay of disease and death, which it never had before. It held out to the weak, nervous, and sleepless victim the beautiful motto, "Use and Find Life;" and those who had faith and used it, were restored to their friends and made whole in mind and body.

Since its introduction thousands in all lands have been restored to health and strength, to sing its praises and to recommend it to others.

Sufferer, from whatever form of nervous disease you may suffer, use Paine's Celery Compound; it possesses today the same healing powers, as in the days of its great originator. It will cleanse and thoroughly invigorate the whole system, and give a tone and vim to the body which will enable you to sleep well, and live happy.—*Adet*.

The Irish Girl Outwitted the Cat.

A New York gentleman has a very valuable Angora cat, and so fine a specimen of her kind, that she is famous in a large circle of fashionable folk. She is not rugged in health, yet she cannot be persuaded to take physic. It has been put in her milk, it has been mixed with her meat, it has been rubbed and violently rubbed in her mouth, but never has she been deluded or forced into swallowing any of it. Last week a green Irish girl appeared among the household servants. She heard about the failure to treat the cat. "Sure," said she, "give me the medicine and some lard, and I warrant she'll be ating all I give her." She mixed the powder and the grease, and smeared it on the cat's sides. Pussy at once licked both sides clean, and swallowed all the physic. "Faith," said the servant girl, "everybody in Ireland does know how to give medicine to a cat."—*Boston Post*.

The New Tariff on Eggs.

Some one has advised the Canadian egg raisers to get the eggs from their hens when they command high prices in Boston and New York; and then they won't feel that extra five cents a dozen which the new tariff imposes.

We think we hear them reply, "well that's pretty poor comfort when the hens and pullets too, instead of laying, are simply standing around looking and asking for more corn." Please keep in mind if you feed them much corn you won't get an egg, that is a certain fact. If we could only get an egg a day or even every other day at this season, we would soon get rich, says many a party who keep hens. John T. Porter, of Scituate, Pa., offers hints to such that they might profitably try.

He writes L. S. Johnson & Co., Boston Mass., "In the contest which began on the 1st of January last I began under many difficulties. I had never used Sheridan's Condition Powder and was pretty much out of count with any food or powder to make hens lay. My hen house was not well heated, but for all that I determined to give the matter a full vote and a fair count. I soon saw enough to encourage the use of Sheridan's Condition Powder, prize or no prize. The result proved I was the sixteen winner. I kept on using the Powder about three times each week after the contest and that during the first 25 days of this month my 22 Black Minorca Hens did what I should have presumed an impossibility. I will make affidavit under the influence of your Powder, that my product was 457 eggs. Now I am fully aware that this means nearly 21 eggs per hen in 25 days; but these are the facts never the less and facts which would have made me the first prize winner could it have occurred during the contest. I challenge the world to excel it, and am willing to enter the list with any who will agree for a prize of \$200.00 and to use a given quantity per hen of your incomparable Powder. I would not be without it though it cost five dollars per lb." L. S. Johnson & Co., 22 Custom House street, Boston, Mass, will send free to any one keeping hens full particulars of this year's premium offers on request.—*Adet*.

Mr. Surgeon on Hard Words.

In the course of a recent address, Mr. Spurgeon said he considered the service of an evangelist to be the most important in which anyone could engage on this side of eternity. There were many ways of preaching. There was, for example, the high falutin style, or that which made the preachers themselves very great, while the Master was somewhere else. If a preacher forgot himself he would preach all the better, while his discourse would go forth with more blessed effect. Some showed a disposition to deal out words and fine sentences, especially when they themselves did not understand them. He advised them, however, not to use hard words which they did not understand; and even if they used such words themselves they should not use them unless they were sure everyone else comprehended them. If they wanted to preach with success, they must be tender, lovable, and gentle, but not sugary. Nor was it commendable to use too frequently the word "dear" in public discourses. Thus one had told him that he had been reading "Dear Hebrews." In opposition to this "dear" business, let them give forth their message from the heart.

The Man Must be the Message.

What we want, observes Rev. John L. Hookins, in a glowing and thoughtful address, is not new information, but new impulse to use what we have, to "stir up the gift of God," that is in us, to go forth with an aroused Christian manhood. Like Christ we must go on the Mount to teach, and then come down to practice what we teach. The man must be the message. God chose holy men of old to write for Him His book; today He chooses holy men to live, and work, and preach for Him. The power to do this depended on their inner life, the "gift of God," stirred up within them to a flame of burning enthusiasm for Him, and the souls dear to Him.

That's the Thing Needed.

Agent—I want to sell you a pair of my patent shoestrings. They tie themselves. Citizen—They won't do. I want a pair that will untie themselves.—*Puck*.

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